



# THE YALE STANDARD

Vol. VII No. 1

When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. Isaiah 59:19

Spring 1977

## AFRICA:

### The Call of A Continent

They were slain in Rhodesia, victims of the racial strife that is burning up that country. They fled Zaire in 1964 when the Simba tribes rebelled and attempted to take over that country. They were held captive by Angolan troops invading Zaire in March.

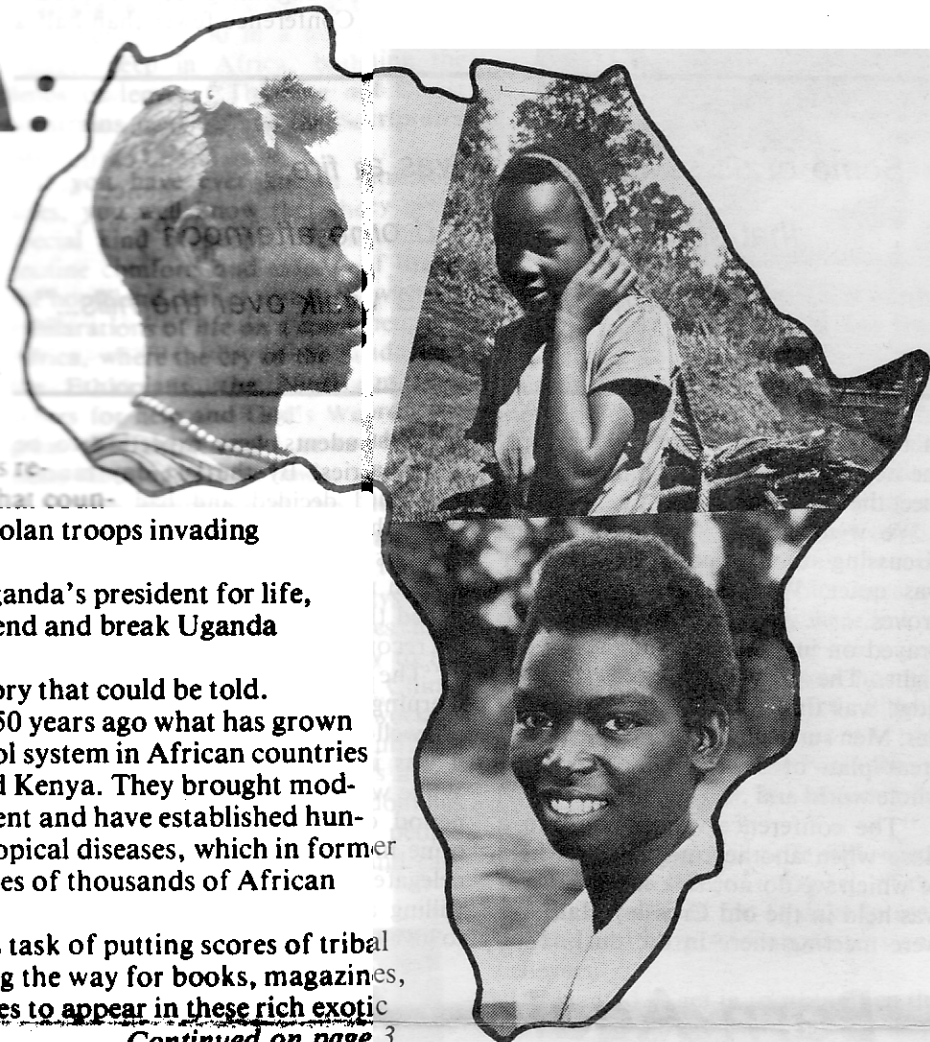
They are targets of Idi Amin, Uganda's president for life, and his blood-stained attempt to bend and break Uganda into his totalitarian mold.

This is only the prelude to the story that could be told.

At the same time, they founded 50 years ago what has grown to be a surprisingly advanced school system in African countries such as Uganda, Zaire, Nigeria and Kenya. They brought modern medicine to the African continent and have established hundreds of clinics that treat deadly tropical diseases, which in former decades claimed unhindered the lives of thousands of African children.

They have pursued the laborious task of putting scores of tribal languages into written form, paving the way for books, magazines, newspapers and especially the Bibles to appear in these rich exotic

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## BORN AGAIN

### A New Birth Of Liberty For America

In ten or fifteen years, Yale undergraduates can expect to find themselves making decisions that affect hundreds, perhaps thousands of lives in business, government, medicine, education and other fields.

For years Americans generally assumed that the well-educated people who occupied these positions would somehow make the right decisions—at least until the troubles of Vietnam and Watergate began.

Education, it seemed, carried with it an element of infallibility. That notion, however, was shattered as revelation after revelation showed young, college-educated men enmeshed in moral and political morasses. The nation reeled, an Administration fell.

In *The Best and the Brightest*, David Halberstam showed how a group of brilliant university intellectuals, with the best of motives, led our military into a series of blunders in Vietnam. Almost 50,000 Americans died. Many, many more came crippled home, wounded and drug-ridden. And much of Indochina was wasted by war, left an easy prey for the Communists.

What began with the glamor of Green Berets combatting the menace of Communism ended with scenes of fleeing refugees and unsolved legacies of American dead.

Likewise, in *Blind Ambition*, John Dean describes how the consuming desire to win an election blurred the moral sense of our high government officials as they

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## Decision On Mount Hermon

Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, has been waiting expectantly for years beside the Connecticut River, waiting for the Mount Hermon Conference to reconvene. Up to this day, however, it has not seen the like. Though many decades have passed since then, the effect the conference had on the students who participated and on many other people in countries around the world has scarcely been surpassed.

Dwight Moody had called the conference, the first national inter-collegiate Bible study in America. Mr. Moody was one of the two or three most prominent evangelists in American history to that day, an unlettered ex-shoe salesman whose message commanded the attention of English nobility as easily as that of his beloved street urchins he cared for in Chicago.

To a generation resigned to an "every man for himself" approach to life, the immediate outcome of the Mount Hermon Conference may seem strange, though the actions taken were simple enough. By its close, 100 young men had decided to give their lives away in the bright New England summer of 1886.

John R. Mott, in later years a leader in what came to be called the Student Volunteer Movement, was a student then, and by his own reckoning the conference marked a

decisive turn in the course of his life. What follows is excerpted from his first-person account, written down when he revisited Mount Hermon years later:

"There came together here at Mount Hermon in the month of July, 1886, 251 student delegates. We came from eighty-nine different universities and colleges. With nine of my fellow-students I came from one of the eastern universities, Cornell University.

"The leading universities of Canada were represented, likewise every section of the United States, unless it was the Pacific Coast. There were some quite large delega-

tions, especially from Dartmouth, Amherst, Yale, Cornell, and Randolph-Macon, one of the colleges of Virginia.

"Among the delegates were a few professors and teachers, but speaking generally, it was an undergraduate gathering. We met for a period of four weeks. . . . We had one platform meeting each day, which was what we might call a double-header or a triple-header.

"Another feature of the daily program was the little company—little, I say, although before the conference was over it included nearly every delegate—which met

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## The Making of Paradise

Step back with me for a minute, and let me show you Hawaii. I was born and brought up there, yet I know few people who could tell you what Hawaii was really like—long before Hawaii Five-O and the Don Ho Show.

We'll have to take a long step back, about two centuries, for we must meet an orphaned Hawaiian, Henry Obookiah, who came to the doorstep of Yale, and wept. He never returned to Hawaii, but Hawaii would never be the same. . . .

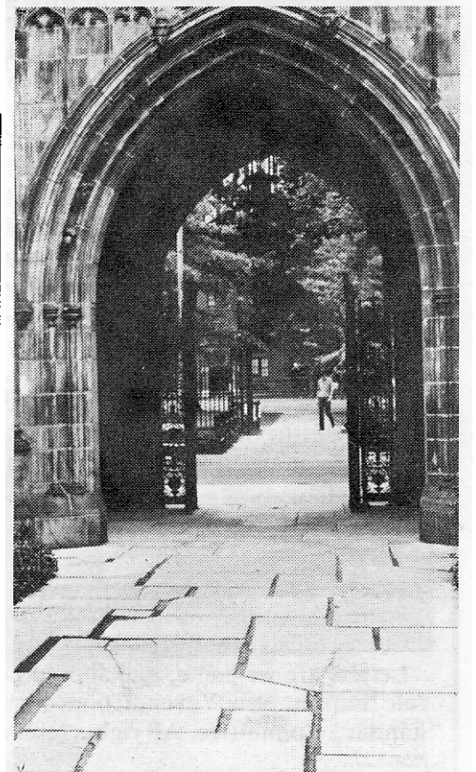
*Hawaii, before 1800.* Flowing white, a stream of water cascades down seventy feet of jagged rock into an emerald pool. Only the

water's splash, and the shouts of war, break the silence of paradise.

The nearby king has died, and the chiefs fight for control in a bloody civil war. There will be a new king soon, and new chiefs, but the bloody, feudal system grinds on. The chiefs (*alii*) own the land. Commoners (the *makaainana*) are serfs.

Their lives are fenced in by *kapus*, the deadly lattice-work of Hawaiian tabus. The priests (*kahunas*) enforce the *kapus*, binding the people—on pain of death—to beware in every aspect of life, from

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# Mount Hermon 100 Responded; 16,000 Followed

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for an hour every morning to discuss methods of carrying on work among our fellow students in the schools and colleges.

"In the long afternoons and in the early evening, often beneath these beautiful elm trees . . . I remember discussions about the superhuman work of Christ in conversion, about the principles that should guide one in choosing a lifework, about the second coming of our Lord. As a result of these many discussions under the trees, possibly even more than through public addresses, men's doubts were dissipated," and their faith became a reality.

"Another part of the daily program was the opportunity for personal fellowship. We roamed up and down this side of the river, and we crossed the river and climbed along the sides of the distant hills. Sometimes a man would go alone, again there would be two men; at times, a little larger company—it might be an entire college delegation.

"In my library at home . . . is a leather-bound notebook in which I wrote down very carefully full notes on all the sermons and addresses and discussions of those four wonderful weeks. I first took them down roughly, and then during the afternoons I copied them in ink, underlining with red ink the points that had most laid hold on me. Many delegates worked over their notes, not only copying them but applying them, reflecting upon them, saying, 'What does this mean to me? What should this mean to others through me?'"

"At the beginning of this conference nobody had thought of it as being a missionary conference. Several days had passed before the word missions was mentioned. If I remember correctly, over two weeks had passed before that great theme was suggested on the platform. But there were causes hidden in the background.

[At Princeton, a missionary's son and daughter, Robert and Grace Wilder, had prayed that the Lord would use Mount Hermon to point many to become missionaries. Robert, a Princeton undergraduate, went to the conference, Grace prayed for it steadily at home. Back at her own college, Mount Holyoke, she was one of thirty-four young women who a few years before had signed a declaration—"We hold ourselves willing and desirous to do the Lord's work wherever He may call us, even if it be in a foreign land."]

"So Robert Wilder began from the very first day at Mount Hermon to search for and find kindred spirits. He discovered Tewksbury of Harvard, and Clark of Oberlin, and one or two others and brought them together daily for united prayer. . . . They did not confine their meeting to those who had decided to be missionaries, but added others who were thinking seriously about the subject and who honestly wanted to face facts. . . . The men who attended those meetings found it impossible to pray without work. They could not pray for the world's evangelization without dealing with the question of the missionary call. . . . Wherever you went you heard them

talking about it.

[Meanwhile, July 16th saw the first missionary address in an evening meeting, and another followed within a week. That brings us to July 24th:]

"Then came a meeting that I suppose did more to influence decisions than anything else which happened in those memorable days. . . . The speeches were short, not averaging more than three minutes in length. Each speaker made one point, the need

after man arose and told the reason why he had decided to become a volunteer. God spoke through reality. There was a lack of hypocrisy and of speaking for effect which gave God His opportunity to break through and give a message that men would hear. It was not strange, therefore, that during the closing hours the numbers of volunteers greatly increased.

"At the beginning of the Mount Hermon Conference fewer than half a

giving all men an opportunity to know Christ.

"Some of us saw that here was a fire that should spread, and one afternoon a number took a walk over the hills . . ."

Robert Wilder and another man from Princeton spent the next year going from college to college, and indeed the fire spread. No one is sure of the number, but at least 16,600 students left their homes over the next five decades for overseas service as a consequence of the Mount Hermon Conference.

The 100 who volunteered that summer denied their own self-interest in order that Jesus Christ might be made known to men and women afar off, whom they had never met. Nothing in their story, however, advocates self-denial for self-denial's sake. Self-denial alone is devoid of content, a spiritual and natural dead end. What they chose is different and far better, for they denied themselves in order to present their every faculty, resource and time to the Lord Jesus Christ, and He did through them what could not have been done in any other way. As St. Paul said, many years ago:

"I call upon you then, brothers, through the tender mercies of God, to present these bodies of yours as a sacrifice—living, holy, well pleasing to God, the one reasonable service you can offer. And don't plan your lives to conform to this present age, but be thoroughly changed by the renewal of your mind, in order to make proof for yourselves of the will of God, that it is good, well pleasing, and perfectly complete." (Romans 12:1,2)

**"Some of us saw that here was a fire  
that should spread, and one afternoon  
a number took a walk over the hills..."**

in the country which he represented, the need for men to come out to help meet the crisis.

We went out of that meeting not discussing the speeches. Everybody was quiet. We scattered among the groves. . . . I know many men who prayed on into the late watches of the night. The grove back there on the ridge was the scene that night of battles. Men surrendered themselves to the great plan of Jesus Christ [for] this whole world and . . . His Kingdom.

"The conference was drawing to a close when another meeting was held of which we do not talk much. . . . It was held in the old Crossley Hall. We were meeting there in the dusk. Man

dozen students were expecting to be missionaries. By the last day ninety-nine had decided and had signed a paper that read, 'We are willing and desirous, God permitting, to become foreign missionaries.' Ninety-nine had signed that paper. Mr. Wilder has the old record.

"The conference closed, but the next morning those ninety-nine met for a farewell meeting of prayer. As I recall, it was in a room in Recitation Hall. While we were kneeling in that closing period of prayer the hundredth man came in and knelt with us. So of 251 delegates, 100 decided that they were willing and desirous, God permitting, to give themselves to this great work of

## Born Again—A New Birth of Liberty

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scrambled to "cover up" the Watergate scandal. His own morals were sacrificed to political expediency until he was trapped with no escape but the truth.

During the Watergate hearings, the nation watched a parade of remorseful faces on their television screens. "I didn't suspect anything was wrong," pleaded Hugh Sloan, "I trusted my boss, Mr. Stans [former Secretary of Commerce]." "All I ever wanted was a good job!" testified another young man from a prominent Connecticut family, a lookout for the burglars.

And since Watergate the nation has happened upon scandals in corporate bribery, fraudulent grain sales, Congressional immorality and Medicaid kickbacks. It has been made perfectly clear to Americans that a person who is an intellectual giant can also be a moral bankrupt.

The nation cannot bear moral bankruptcy on its campuses, because the morality of the university today will be the morality of the nation tomorrow.

Charles Colson attests to that. A successful young lawyer, he ignored moral scruples to follow his political instincts right into the Watergate scandal. In his book *Born Again*, he tells the story. After he fell into national disgrace, the press was astonished to find this political manipulator atten-

ding a prayer meeting. Could he ever be reformed, reporters asked. After years of blind, loyal service as a political hatchet man, this tough ex-Marine paid his prison debt, shed his old life and began anew in Christ.

President Brewster recently called for a raising of "the level of moral consciousness" at the University in order to better serve "God, Country, and Yale."

He is right, and the critical issue re-

atheism and profanity, was converted and "became fully conscious of Christ's power and presence." He led several members of his class to Christ before graduation and later became a minister.

Others became foreign missionaries, first to Hawaii and later to Africa, Asia, and other parts of the world.

The call was not just to "turn over a new leaf" but to begin a new life. "You must be born again," Jesus said

*In a democratic society moral behavior*

*cannot be decreed. It must spring from*

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maining is how that moral change should come. In a democratic society moral behavior cannot be decreed. It must spring from some spontaneous impulse in the people. Ultimately, moral renewal must proceed from an individual's awakening to spiritual reality.

For almost three centuries Yale men have obeyed the call of Jesus Christ. They have turned from decorous morality, or from indecorous immorality, to serve Him. A science instructor named Benjamin Silliman came to Yale with the ambition to be "respectable and respected in society." Within a few years his prayer was, "Employ me in Thy service, use me in Thy own way." He was later called "the father of American science."

Several years later Elias Cornelius, a Yale senior known for his outspoken

to a Jewish ruler named Nicodemus. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Jesus was speaking to an eminent teacher of moral values. But morality too easily fractures under pressure; Nicodemus needed something more. Jesus said, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Nicodemus, a teacher of religious laws and ethical precepts, heard a deeper calling.

In your time of intellectual and academic preparation at Yale, you may neglect to take an important step. President Timothy Dwight, the most prominent American educator of his time, once told his students, "Christ is the only, the true, the living way of access to God. Give up yourselves therefore to Him, with a cordial confidence, and the great work of life is done."

### THE YALE STANDARD

Philip Chamberlain

Mark W. Lindberg

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# Africa's Missionaries Shine In Obscurity

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tongues. And at the same time these missionaries have led hundreds of thousands of Africans to a personal, saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Men and women respond to life's calls on various levels. Some require the luxuries of a modern society; their own needs come first—the lucrative professions, living for the weekend entertainment and excitement, insisting on making this life as comfortable as possible. Others do not require such comforts; place the needs of others above their own; don't seek to build up their bank accounts; find great joy and satisfaction in their daily work.

The world's spotlight has focused on Africa recently, its struggles against racism, tyranny, Communism and mass murder. Yet for a century missionaries have been fighting another war on the continent: their historic and long-standing conflict against backwardness, illiteracy, disease and superstition. In the early days especially they often paid the price and many missionaries were laid into African graves, over which the years of their lifetimes were bracketed by a scant three decades.

Amid all the publicized stirrings of inter-tribal vengeance and bloodshed, men and women constrained by the love of Christ to serve others work quietly, effectively, daily, side-by-side with Africans to make life better—teaching, inoculating, performing surgery, irrigating, well-digging, building and preaching the Gospel.

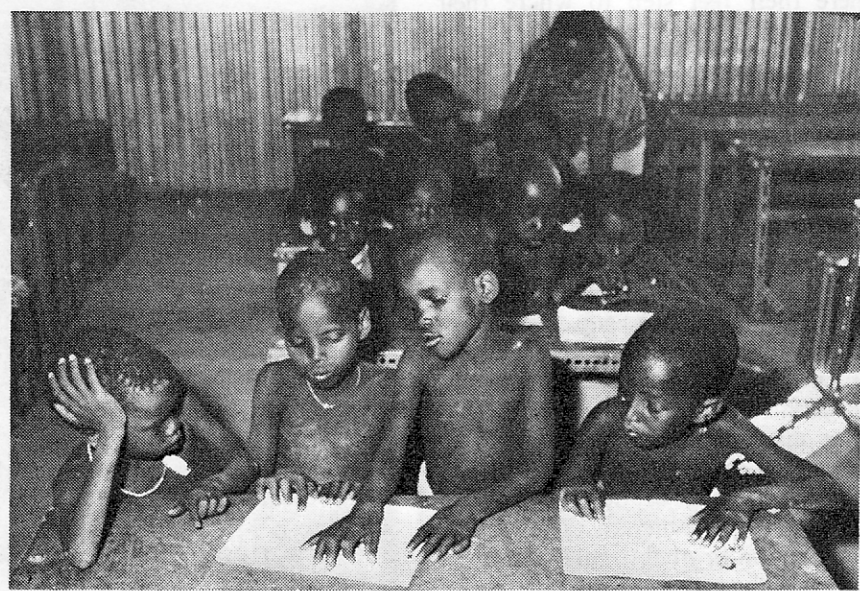
The missionary commitment for these men and women is not for short

terms of service—one or two years overseas, then back to Big Macs, Mustangs, first mortgages and other bounties of advanced civilization—but often for periods of 30, 40 or 50 years.

What makes the commitment so deep is the call—which comes to a particular man in a particular place at a particular time and draws him with a mysterious power to a particular distant region of the earth. Thus it is that a young woman, raised in Georgia, finds herself at 30 in a hot secluded village, deep in Africa, bathing the limbs of lepers. "The love of Christ constrains me . . ." as the Scriptures tell.

If you have ever known missionaries, you well know that they are a special kind of people. To them the routine comforts and safety of life in the homeland cannot compare with the exhilarations of life on a continent like Africa, where the cry of the Sudanese, the Ethiopians, the Nigerians and others for help and God's Word is so great that there could never be too many laboring in these lands.

Though awareness of this life and the impulse to go to the foreign field has almost entirely faded from the collegiate scene, this was not always so at Yale, from which missionaries have gone to many lands, especially to the Middle East, the Far East and China. Yet even today missionary work is among the most adventurous, fulfilling and at times dangerous careers a college graduate can pursue. Boredom has no place in lands where the people drink in every ounce of love and care given to them.



During the uprising in 1964 of the Simba tribes in Zaire, which was then the Belgian Congo, hundreds of missionaries found themselves caught in the middle of a bloody civil war. The Simbas, who had received Communist combat training and military supplies, rebelled against the central government and the Belgian presence in the Congo.

"The attack was not against the missionaries in particular, but because they were Westerners they were linked with the Belgians. Most were evacuated in time, but many were taken hostage by the Simbas," recounted Sidney Langford, home director of the Africa Inland Mission in Pearl River, N.Y., which has over 700 missionaries working in Africa.

In 1965, as the civil strife still raged, Mr. Langford entered into parts of the rebel infested area for 11 days to seek out the surviving African pastors and believers.

"I wanted to get in to strengthen the pastors; encourage them and let them know that the missionaries would be returning as soon as possible. I heard stories that moved me profoundly—how miraculously believers had been saved, but also how some had lost their lives in the struggle," he said.

How many people are needed in Africa?

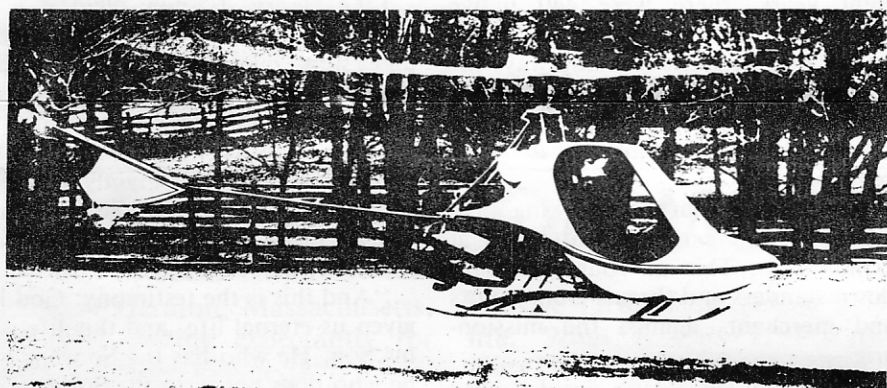
"Opportunities for missions are greater than ever before," commented Trevor Ardill, director of the Sudan Interior Mission in Cedar Grove, N.J., which has close to 1,200 people on the African continent. "Since 1950 the population of Nigeria alone has grown from 27 million to 80 million. We are always finding new unreached areas.

"We have been working in Nigeria since 1893, but a survey recently showed that after 83 years, 35 primitive tribes are yet unreached with the Gospel or with medical help and education. The future of missions is as great as the African population," Mr. Ardill said.

One major barrier to progress in African nations is the multitude of tribal languages. These tonal systems of communication often require years of painful study and analysis by missionary translators before the beginnings of a written language can be formed. In Nigeria alone there are close to 250 different tribal tongues.

People need not fear or wonder if their talents and abilities can be used

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## Why Herb Wants to Fly a Kit

When you meet him, Herb Cook suggests a farm-bred halfback a dozen years out of Michigan State—a solid, 37-year-old outdoorsman with a fresh-air expression, full of a keen-edged zest for life. But Herb was born in Zaire, the son of missionary parents.

During college in the States, he felt that God was calling him to return to Zaire, to return to the people. He knew two of the country's major tribal languages—Lingala and Congo Swahili. After three years in Zaire working with the people to set up much-needed youth programs, the number of locations that sought his help had increased so that travel by Land Rover proved ineffective and nearly impossible. Roads were often washed out and bridges impassable.

He figured that the answer to his transportation dilemma was a helicopter. He could not shake off the conviction that he had to have it, so he prayed. He had no money. The mission board was against it. He did not know anything about flying and he certainly did not know anything about welding. And yet in spite of all these lacks the answer came.

After returning to the States, Herb looked across the table at a dinner one night and told an acquaintance that he needed a helicopter for his work in Africa. It was just a remark, but what he did not know was that the man sitting next to the man to whom he spoke was in the business—helicopter sales. He invited Herb to come over and look at his choppers.

It turned out that the man did not really deal in helicopters, which cost up to \$40,000 for a used one, but in build-it-yourself helicopter kits. But Herb still did not have any money. The kit cost close to \$8,000.

While speaking at a missionary conference in Bermuda, he met another man who had just come back from a vacation in Africa. As a result of what he saw there, the man himself had already reached the conclusion that land travel was not meeting the need in Africa and that the answer was air travel. While talking with the man, Herb mentioned his interest in a helicopter. Before the conference ended the man hand-

ed Herb a white envelope. When Herb looked inside he found a gift of \$3,000.

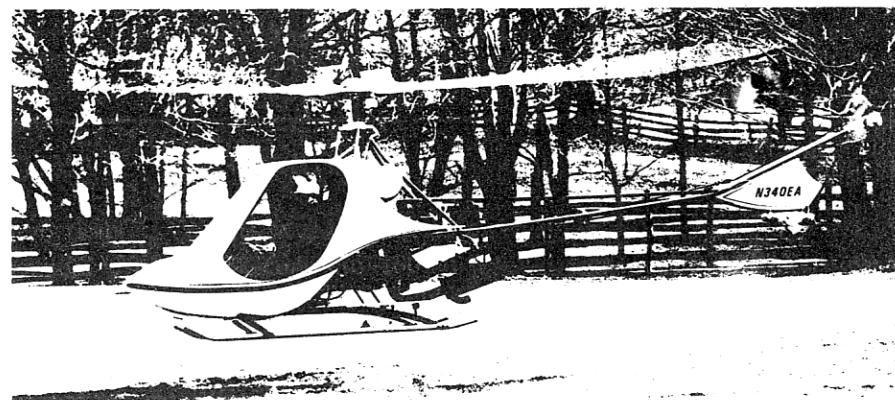
Thus armed, the youthful missionary went back to his board and convinced them that a helicopter was the right thing for him. As a result, he found himself looking one morning at a helicopter kit deposited on the lawn of the mission headquarters in Pearl River, N.Y.

A helicopter kit bears just about as much resemblance to a helicopter as a felled tree does to a two-masted schooner. What Herb saw spread out before him were long tubes of steel, boxes of engine parts, uncut sheets of heavy gauge steel, and a big crate containing the plastic bubble. His task was to cut and weld and shape every major structural part of the flying machine and put them together—from scratch.

It took him more than a year to construct it and another year to learn to fly it. By June, he hopes to be back with his wife and three daughters in his outpost in the northeast corner of Zaire, near the Ugandan border. Now overland trips that used to take six hours will be skimmed off in 30 minutes.

"When God calls you into His service He provides in a real fabulous way," Herb beamed as he told the story of his two-seater Scorpion helicopter. "I had always heard how God provided for other people, but I never imagined this kind of thing happening to me."

Jesus' great commission to His disciples was: "Therefore, go and make disciples of all nations . . . teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely I will be with you always, to the very end of the age." (Matthew 28:20)



## PARADISE—

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where their feet step to where their shadow falls.

The warlike gods the *kahunas* serve demand human sacrifice, and smile on the warring chiefs and their caste system. There is no refuge from their vengeful reach for any Hawaiian, in all the islands of paradise.

**Hawaii, 1808.** The Islands are convulsed with their last great round of civil wars. Young Henry Obookiah (phonetically, *Opukahaia*) loses both father and mother in the violence, and orphaned, flees to the hills with his little brother on his back. The brother never made it; a spear caught him. Henry kept on going.

At last, by a circuitous route Henry finds his opportunity to escape. Begging Captain Brintell to take him on as cabin boy, he and two others, Tomoree and Hopu, take passage on a Yankee ship bound for far-off America.

**New Haven, Connecticut, 1809.** A strange place to trace the making of paradise! But Henry has come this far, and he is all of fourteen years old.

New Haven was a gracious town, far beyond most others of its day, with stately houses and broad streets, and in its heart a precious and substantial, red-brick place of learning, Yale College. At the front steps of this awesome place, Henry weeps brokenly, realizing how desperately ignorant he and the other Hawaiians are.

E. W. Dwight, who in 1809 is just graduating from Yale, finds him, takes him home and begins to teach him.

Later, Henry hears of Jesus Christ, His death and resurrection, His power to give life to those who trust Him. Henry believes, and receives Jesus as his Savior. Filled with new-found joy, he remembers his people in Hawaii and stirs others to return with him, as missionaries. And here is where the story reaches back to Hawaii, by way of Cornwall, Conn., and Boston.

**Cornwall, 1817.** Dwight is teaching a little school for people who want to be foreign missionaries, the first such school in America. Seventeen people attend, a baker's dozen of New Englanders and Henry, Tomoree and Hopu. Henry will not survive the year; illness will take him. Tomoree, Hopu and the rest will not be deterred.

**Boston, 1819.** Tomoree, Hopu and another Hawaiian are setting sail to carry out the mission Henry had inspired. As the *Thaddeus* weighs anchor, you might see about a dozen New Englanders in the mission party. Mark well Asa Thurston, three years out of Yale—he will soon be a close advisor to Kamehameha II and Kamehameha III, each, in turn, the king of all Hawaii.

**Back to Hawaii, 1820.** It is ten years since King Kamehameha I united the Islands, politically, and old tabus are crumbling. The main Westerners around, though, are sailors and merchants. They offer the Hawaiians nothing better than immorality, dishonesty and venereal disease to replace the cruel oppression of old Hawaii.

## AFRICA—

Continued from page 3

on the continent. Doctors, nurses, dentists, teachers, linguists and agriculturalists are especially needed, as well as engineers, builders, mechanics, anthropologists, writers and radio operators. Just about anyone, with whatever skills he or she has, if truly called of God to enter an African country, can be used in significant ways.

Why are people willing to jeopardize their lives for a nation and its inhabitants who are completely alien to them? Why do individuals risk ex-



Waterfall on the Island of Maui

The missionaries' coming has filled the Islands with new controversy. Liholiho (Kamehameha II) is mulling whether to let the missionaries stay. They'll interfere with your politics, take over your commerce, and anger the British, caution the foreign merchants and his other advisors.

But Liholiho doesn't want to decide abruptly. Let the missionaries stay for one year only, and see what they do.

\* \* \*

In another generation the impact of those missionaries became clear:

Two of them, Ruggles and Loomis, put Hawaiian into writing for the first time, and printed it.

posure to often deadly tropical diseases—malaria and yellow fever?

Why are people willing to leave the ease of a modern society and live, in many cases for decades, among primitive cultures where conveniences like running water are unheard of?

This compelling force in a young person's life has its roots in a personal relationship with Jesus Christ—in knowing Him and loving Him as Lord and Savior. Answering God's call to the mission field is answering one of life's highest and greatest callings.

Why do they go? They go because Jesus said *Go*: "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every

## Hawaii—Conceived in Fire

The following is a look at Hawaii by CBS News correspondent Charles Kuralt, from his bicentennial series, "On The Road To '76."

... It was a paradise wasn't it — a gentle Polynesian culture in harmony with nature until we arrived to spoil it all? ... The truth is: Hawaii was conceived in fire and ruled by tyrants. A paradise it never was.

Here, on the Kona Coast, the leeward shore of the island of Hawaii, where Mauna Loa's lava flows collide with the sea, the clean surf has washed away the blood stains. But the wooden images of fierce gods speak of the way of life imported to these islands from the Marquesas and Tahiti a thousand years ago.

The way of life was death.

For taking fish in the wrong place or wrong season — death.

For letting your shadow fall upon royal ground — death.

For a woman found eating a meal with a man — death.

For walking, by chance, in the footsteps of a chief — death.

... For most men and women, there was no refuge from the gods.

They were gods of war, and war was unending. They demanded human sacrifice, and they were insatiable.

The idea of Hawaii as paradise caught in the romantic imagination of Europeans and Americans in the early nineteenth century and stayed there. But Hawaiians, oppressed by their chiefs and by their gods, did not share the illusion.

In 1808, a boy named Opukahaia, fishing with his family in this bay, where men still fish, swam out to a Yankee trader's ship anchored offshore and begged to be taken aboard as cabin boy. He ended up in Cornwall, Connecticut, of all places, and settled down there, telling tales of waving palms and pagan gods. After ten years of that, Cornwall's Congregationalist souls could take no more, and they set sail, as missionaries, to Hawaii.

The building they built on the Kona Coast, of lava rock and coral, Mokuaikaua Church, changed everything — one, gentle god to replace a multitude of fierce ones, a life based not on bloodshed but on forgiveness, and of course, the hope of achieving what no Hawaiian had ever known: paradise.

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Schools were started. After only eight years, there were 440 native teachers aiding the missionaries.

The Bible became in many ways the rule of the Islands.

A law was passed prohibiting sailors from using Hawaiian girls for immoral purposes.

Missionaries warned the king time and again of merchants' attempts at exploitation. This of course brought down slanders and threats from sailors and merchants against the missionaries—

—But the Hawaiians decided they loved them, and would defend them. So the missionaries stayed, and by 1840, Hawaii was recognized worldwide as a civilized nation.

None of the things Liholiho feared had happened. Instead of ceaseless war, a comparative paradise of peace had emerged, and a people free from tyrannical kings, *kahunas* and *kapus*. Kamehameha I and his queen had known there had to be something better than human sacrifice and idol worship when they abolished them, but they hadn't known what.

The Hawaiians had had a thorough dose of sailors' immorality and intoxication, and rejected that. When the missionaries came to serve the Hawaiians' best interests, temporal and spiritual, the people listened. Many believed in Jesus, and Hawaii

was changed.

Like Henry, I know what it is to receive Jesus Christ into my life. I can understand why at long last, peace came to Hawaii.

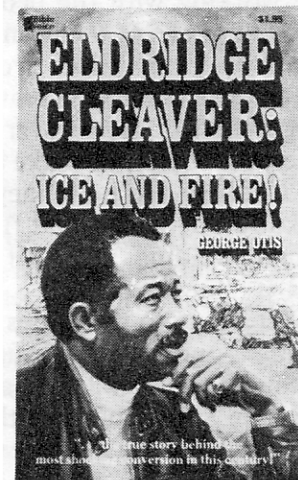
I thank God the testimony of history is there, that Hawaii the unparadise was transformed not mainly by "culture" or trade, but by the Bible and faith in Jesus. It reminds me of another testimony that can never be effaced:

"And this is the testimony: God has given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He who has the Son has life; he who does not have the Son of God does not have life." (1 John 5:11-12)

Randall Suzuka, '80

Photo credits—  
Africa Inland Mission p. 1, p. 3  
Hawaii Visitors Bureau p. 4

### The Story You've Been Waiting For:



... "Cleaver's integrity is a matter for national celebration, toward which I light this candle."  
—William F. Buckley

"I just wish I could be born again every day."  
—Cleaver—People Magazine

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