PSALM 114

THE



Years of Ministry

1964 - 2024

For the Lord is good; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth to all generations. Psalms 100: 5 **Dear Supporters and Praying Friends,**

I pray that each of you had a wonderful Easter season as we celebrated the risen Lord. A very dear friend and former missionary coworker, Bernita Preston, went home on Friday. I remembered times together with her in Papua, which brought smiles as I grieved. We will see her again.

You may remember about 3 1/2 years ago, my two first cousins, Evelyn and Lillian, and Lillian's husband, Don, died in a week. Shortly after that, my last living aunt, Luna Knight, died.

I went to Evelyn's grave, reminisced, and rejoiced that I would see her again. I visited my parents' graves and rejoiced that one wonderful day, those graves would open. My Dad died when I was eight years old, and I am looking forward to seeing him. I visited my precious Stepdad's grave and certainly look forward to seeing him again. Of course, there are many more whose graves I could not visit, like my dear friend and coworker, Gail Vinje, whose grave is in Wisconsin.

You also have loved ones and friends who have gone before you. We can all rejoice, even through tears, that He said, "I WILL come again." What a Savior! I am looking forward to seeing Him most of all.

By the way, His grave is empty!

I had the joy of visiting with a former coworker, Margaret Hyatt. I was with her and her family on the same flight when we first went to the field, way back on July 18, 1964 - almost 60 years ago. I sure did enjoy that time together.



The people at Senggo are in the process of making significant repairs to the church. Please pray for them. I hope that you pray for the churches at Senggo and outlying villages. I sure do miss them.

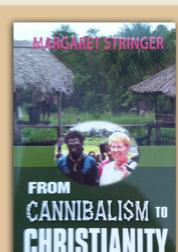


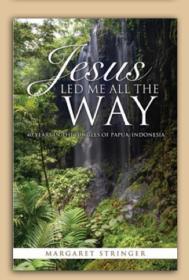




Watching the sky for the risen Savior,

Ministry Resources | Encourage & Inspire





HOSTAGE 22 YEARS in the Jungles of W. Papua, Indonesia

lated into English by

Most of the information in this book was taken directly from reports written at the time the trips

This story is a small part of what God is doing in the Brazza River area of Irian Jaya. Because of space, time, and resource material, and because I was more personally involved in the ministry in Vakabuis, this book of necessity had to be limited to Vakabuis with a minimum of information about some of the other villages.

It was an indescribably awesome privilege to be involved in this exciting ministry. I wish to express my heartfelf gratitude to my coworkers at Senggo, especially to the station head, Clarence Gillett, and Ken Dresser. Their work to keep the outboard motors running correctly and for attention to other logistical problems made the trips as easy and as comfortable as possible.

My thanks to Gail Vinje and Ruth Dougherty for their wonderful fellowship in this ministry. I am privileged to partner with them in writing this book and grateful to them for their narration of these events. We had some great times, which I will not forget, many of which we could not put in the book.

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A missionary to the Indonesian province of Papua, Stringer lived her love for Christ and His children to the exclusion of personal gain and modern convenience. Through detailed memory, anecdotes, and excerpts from her journals, she vividly renders the array of unforgettable characters she lived, worked, and praised with for forty years.

Once, a headhunter, Bidaw, had one jungle fruit he wanted to divide...He peeled it with a dirty ax and shared it the most straightforward way he knew – he bit it in half. I got the half that came out of his mouth. On another occasion, a young fellow...reported that his friend had brushed his teeth for the first time in his life with my toothbrush, three days previously...Loving lost people can mean deliberately exposing ourselves to such things.

This passage embodies the heart of Jesus Led Me All the Way, as well as the casual eloquence of Margaret Stringer's prose. Living out love is an evocative, soul-stirring phrase, containing nothing of the worldly, starry-eyed, stomach-a-flutter ethereal. Instead, the concept seems very like the hammering out of salvation on God's glowing forge.

In February 1983, my friend Gail Vinje, Citak Christians Sahu, and Yakub Fiak, and I found our lives to be in danger and nearly killed by some very primitive people in the Brazza River area...But in just a few days we were evacuated from the field, Sahu said to me, "Just because they were about to kill us doesn't mean that we can forget them. We must go back and tell them God's Word."

To witness such zeal and faith must surely be a moving experience for any Christian, and certainly much more so to one who works in distant and primitive lands. Jesus Led Me All the Way is simply one of the most engaging and immersive recollections of missionary life ever written.

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But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. **2 Corinthians 4:7**