

BRIDGE OF BLOOD

Jim Elliot Takes Christ to the Aucas

Cast:

ELISABETH: *narrator of the play*

JIM: *Elisabeth's husband*

HOST: *may be worship leader or pastor*

R1: *male who portrays: Nate Saint; student body president*

R2: *female who portrays: Marj Saint; Mrs. Shuell*

R3: *male who portrays: Pete Fleming; college student*

R4: *female who portrays: Olive Fleming; Miriam Shuell*

R5: *male who portrays: Ed McCully; Wayne Mr. Shuell*

R6: *female who portrays: Marilou McCully; Dayuma*

R7: *male who portrays: Roger Youderian; preacher*

R8: *female who portrays: Barbara Youderian*

This cast list is the recommended assignment of parts. If a larger cast is desired, simply divide the parts further.

Props:

Metal stools for each cast member

Sound Notes:

Organ music is needed. "Nothing Between My Soul and My Savior" is recommended, as well as "Be Still, My Soul."

Stage Arrangement:

Diagrams appear throughout the script indicating actors' positions. The following symbols are used:

○—Stools

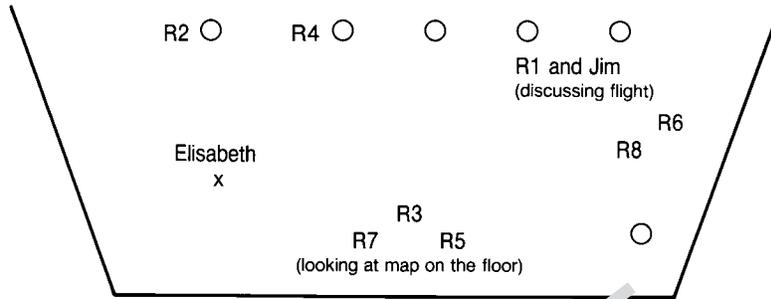
△—Actor's back to audience

▽—Actor facing audience

↑↓—Actors move as per direction of arrows. Also indicates how stools are moved.

ACT ONE

(Blackout—all performers come to the stage, strike strong action poses, and then “freeze.” The cast will again be in this exact stage picture for the final scene before the men leave to set up camp at “Palm Beach,” the location of their deaths.)



(Lights up)

R2: Excuse me, Ed (R3, R5, and R7 are looking at map on floor), would you care for a brownie?

R3: No thanks, Marj. I've had plenty. How about you guys? (They nod a friendly "no.") I guess we've all had plenty. You know, Mrs. Saint, we're going to miss your cooking out in the jungle.

R2: Oh, knowing you guys, you'll come up with something pretty good. Or at least, "interesting."

R3: I think "interesting" will be closer than "good."

R5 (looking at map): I would think that this is the best place on that sandbar to land. See here . . . then we've got room to turn the plane easily for takeoff. Wonder if that's what Nate is thinking.

R7: The trickiest part of the whole deal will be getting that tree house in and out of the plane, but Jim says it'll fit. (Getting up) Excuse me, pioneers. I need to ask Nate again about the portable tree house. (Crosses US to JIM and R1.)

R6 (packing gifts in boxes in pantomime and checking for breakage): This is good . . . this is good . . . this is . . . Would you look at this one! (Pantomimes holding up string of beads, and other women admire it.) I'd like to have some of these beads myself. Barbara, some of these Indian women will have nicer jewelry than we do.

R8: We'd better get some more cloth to wrap these mirrors, they break so easily, and who can afford seven years of bad luck!

ELISABETH: This should work. (Hands R8 more cloth) Be sure and mark these boxes, "fragile."

R5: So what! Ed used to work in the post office. Say, Marj, how about bringing those brownies over here? (R2 crosses to women's group, leaving R4 alone.)

R7 (*struggling with words in a humorous way*): Biti-biti . . . pooly-ma-loopi! Jim, I sure don't have the ear for these Auca phrases. Could you give me some more lessons?

R5: I think that we all need the practice. Come over here, Jim, and let's have a schoolroom session. We need to know how to speak to our neighbors when they come calling!

JIM (*draws men USL for meeting*): Come on, guys. You've got to learn those words. Tomorrow will be here pretty soon, and we've got to be ready for whatever happens. January 3, 1956, is going to be a great day! (*Actors freeze.*)

(HOST *comes to the stage and walks between the "frozen" characters as he or she addresses the audience.*)

HOST: Forty-one years* seems like a long time, and it is a long time for the living, but for the dead, merely a pause between moments of eternity. On January 8, 1956, just five days after this meeting at the Saint home, Jim Elliot, along with these other missionaries, met death in the form of Auca lances on a muddy sandbar along the Curaray River in Central Ecuador. These men had come to the jungles of Ecuador to share the message of Christ's love and the people they had come to serve killed them. The world called it a purposeless nightmare of tragedy, but a lost and dying world could never understand Jim's creed: "He is no fool who gives what he cannot keep to gain what he cannot lose." The waves of the river quickly erased these missionaries' footprints from the sandy beach along its shores, but the waves of time cannot, and must not, erase the memory of these men from the hearts and minds of God's people. These men gave their lives in God's service, with, as Jim would say, "reckless abandon to the will of God."

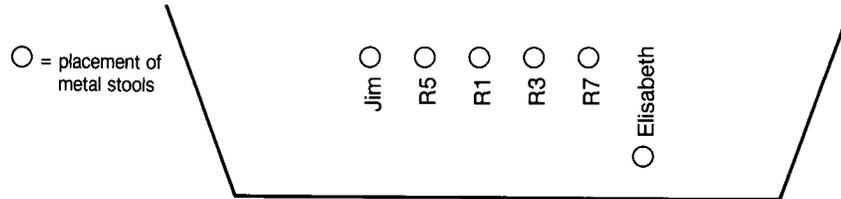
Not all the saints were present at Pentecost, nor were they martyred by the pagan Roman emperors, for these men who gave their lives to form the "Bridge of Blood" to the Aucas were saints in the fullest meaning of the word. Jim Elliot, Pete Fleming, Ed McCully, Nate Saint, and Roger Youderian died serving their living Christ. Tonight, we tell you their story. Remember, this is a true story! In fact, much of the script that you will hear tonight is taken from the actual letters and diaries of the slain men and their wives. And who better to tell this story than Elisabeth Elliot.

(HOST *should be standing by ELISABETH when this is said so that the speaker can gesture toward her.*)

*Note: This date should be changed according to the time span between January 1956 and the date of the production.

HOST: Tonight we tell you their story with the prayer that it will better prepare you to live, and perhaps die, serving the Lord Jesus Christ.

(When HOST finishes introduction, the cast breaks freeze. Men move to stools and all women, except ELISABETH, leave platform. ELISABETH moves to stand by JIM.)



ELISABETH: Jim Elliot was born in Portland, Oregon, the third child of Fred and Clara Elliot. Jim accepted Christ at an early age, as did all the Elliot children. Jim was only six when one night he spoke to his mother about his salvation experience.

(JIM comes alive, pivots on stool, and faces audience.)

JIM: Now, Mama, the Lord Jesus can come whenever He wants to. He could take our whole family now because I'm saved.

(JIM keeps face toward audience but lowers head out of scene.)

ELISABETH: Through high school, Jim kept a very firm testimony. Being quite an extrovert, as well as a successful athlete, Jim was well known among the students. But Jim never dropped his testimony to win popularity: Christ and biblical principles always came first.

(Cafeteria scene—JIM carries stool D5R and is seated as R5 student comes from the men on the stools and carries his stool and places it beside JIM. This man is now the student WAYNE. Offstage focus is used.)

R5: Hey, Jim! What ya got for lunch?

JIM: Same as usual; protein dieter's special (*pantomime of removing food from lunch bag*): One peanut butter sandwich, two oatmeal cookies, and an apple. Say, what are you doing on Friday night?

R5: Nothing, as far as I know, why?

JIM: How'd you like to help me take my Sunday School class roller skating?

R5 (*fumbling for excuse*): Well, . . . I don't know . . . I'm pretty busy and . . . homework! I've got an awful lot of homework to do. (*Sees someone approaching in offstage focus*) Say! here comes Mr. Student Body President. (*Impressed*) Wonder what he wants?

(R1 doubles as student body president and has moved up behind and between stools on which JIM and R5 are seated.)

R1: Hello, Jim . . . Wayne. How's everything?

R5 (*too eager to impress*): Real good, Bob!

R1: Say, I hope you guys have made the right kind of plans for Friday night.

R5: What's going on Friday night?

R1: The all-school dance. The biggest party of the year, and I have your tickets right here, so if you'll just pay me I'll . . .

JIM: You don't have my ticket!

R1: What do you mean? Don't tell me that you're not coming?

(*There is an awkward silence.*)

R5: Oh (*trying to salvage conversation*), I just remembered, Jim and I are taking his Sunday School class roller skating.

R1: What? Not the church deal again. Look guys, you can go roller skating anytime, but this dance only comes once a year.

JIM: It isn't just roller skating, Bob. It's my Sunday School class. These kids have been looking forward to this outing for months. Several have already invited friends who don't know . . .

R1: Listen, Jim, if you don't buy a ticket, a lot of the other guys won't either, and the student body needs the money. We all have to support the school, and you're just as much a part of this student body as I am.

JIM: Bob, I appreciate your situation, but my first responsibility is to Christ. I believe that Christ put me in the world to share His message with others. It's really a matter of priorities, Bob, and for me, my first priority is doing what God wants me to do. So, that means two things; *one*, I'm not going to your party, and *two*, I am going roller skating.

(*R1 and R5 with stool move back to original position—JIM remains with head down, out of scene.*)

ELISABETH: In 1945, Jim enrolled in Wheaton College, intent upon the task of pleasing his Lord. Jim sought out friends that he knew would help him grow spiritually. With some of these friends, he developed habits that would shape his life. During his freshman year, he wrote his father of life in the dormitory.

(*JIM comes alive and faces the audience—remains seated on stool.*)

JIM: Several of my housemates and I have begun to have prayer together here in our den, and such times we do have. The firstfruits of glory itself! As soon as we hit upon a subject that has a need for God to fill, we dive for our knees and tell Him about it. These are the times I'll remember about college when all the philosophy has slipped out memory's back gate. (*Lowers head*)

ELISABETH: During my freshman year at school, I became acquainted with this man who was to become so much of my life. While at Wheaton, Jim began a journal that now reveals his deepest thoughts from those days. Kept up until his death, the last few pages of the journal were found scattered among the sticks and leaves on that sandbar along the Curaray River. The intense desire to win souls, coupled with a total abandon to serve Christ, pointed Jim to the mission field. Hardship, sacrifice, and even death, are not uncommon among missionaries, but this did not deter Jim from seeking to do God's will. In his journal, he wrote:

JIM (*comes alive*): God, I pray Thee, light these idle sticks of my life and may I burn up for Thee. Consume my life, my God, for it is Thine. I seek not a long life but a full one, like Yours, Lord Jesus. (*Lowers head*)

ELISABETH: Certain student elements told Jim that he was making a big mistake in considering some lonely mission field. After all, they reasoned, wouldn't it make more sense for him to stay in America and minister to those who could most appreciate his value?

(*College student scene—R3 doubles as student and comes to stand beside JIM. Offstage focus used.*)

R3: Jim, wasn't that startling what the chapel speaker said today? The youth of America are a neglected mission field!

JIM: It's often their own fault. They've got radios but don't want to listen to the gospel. Old family Bibles do little but fill up a bookshelf.

R3: Don't be so negative, Jim. Think of the numbers of young people who could be encouraged to come to Christ if someone, such as yourself, would dedicate his talents to the task. There are many large churches willing to pay good salaries to talented college graduates who will come and minister to their young people.

JIM: Agreed, there's a lot of work that needs to be done in America, but a life of baby-sitting a bunch of spoiled delinquents for some big church isn't the kind of work that I want to do. God hasn't called me to that.

R3: How do you know? Show me the verse where God called you to go to some dirt village and waste your life on a handful of Indians. Saul received his call on the road to Damascus when he saw a bright light. When did you see your bright light?

JIM: Saul didn't have a New Testament. Our young men are going into professional fields because they don't feel "called" to the mission field. We don't need a call, we need a kick in the pants. We must begin thinking in terms of going out and stop our weeping because they won't come in. Who wants to step into an igloo? The tombs themselves are not colder than are most of our fundamental churches. May God send us forth.

(*JIM and R3 move back to original positions.*)

ELISABETH: Through careful searching of the Scriptures and much prayer, Jim answered God's leading to work among the Quichua Indians in Ecuador. After graduation, Jim and I continued to write, sharing our thoughts and then gradually our hearts, but we did not marry until October of 1953, as we both felt that our lives with God must come before our lives with each other. Jim felt the need to go to Ecuador with a man who could help in this pioneer work, and he earnestly prayed for God to fill this need. Pete Fleming, a friend of Jim's for many years, had also felt an increasing burden for unreached peoples, and he and Jim prayed for God's guidance in the possibility of their going to Ecuador together. A Dr. Tidmarsh, missionary to Ecuador, had corresponded with both Jim and Pete and was able to visit them while in the States on furlough. When he returned to Ecuador, Pete wrote him and told him of God's working in his life.

(R3 moves to CS and faces audience.)

R3: Since your visit I have been very much in prayer about going to Ecuador. Jim and I have exchanged several letters in which I told him of the increased desire to go forth, and of the scriptures that God seemingly had brought to mind to confirm it. "He that taketh not up his cross after me is not worthy of me," "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me," "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." This does seem to be the Lord's answer to my prayers. (*Lowers head*)

ELISABETH: Pete and Jim's first task in Quito, Ecuador, was language school, and both men began this hurdle with energy. While in school, they sought to find out all they could about the primitive tribes of Indians that inhabited the jungles of Ecuador. This was where Pete and Jim first became aware of the Aucas. It was not possible to study the remote tribes of the Amazon jungle for very long without coming across the name of the Aucas. From the reports of hunters, oil companies, and friendly Indians, a picture of an intelligent, cunning, and industrious people emerged. But the picture also revealed deeply rooted hatred of intruders and great spiritual darkness. Pete and Jim spoke often of the Auca problem and prayed that if it be God's will, they might be the ones to take Christ to the Aucas. In his diary, Pete wrote . . .

R3 (*comes alive*): I am longing to reach the Aucas. The thought scares me at times, but I am ready. I would gladly give my life for that tribe if only to see an assembly of those proud, clever people gathering around a table to honor the Son—gladly, gladly! What more could be given to life? (R3 returns to original position.)

ELISABETH: We now have two of our missionaries on the field. The third member of the team was Ed McCully. Another Wheaton College grad who had excelled in debate and campus leadership. After graduation from Wheaton, the former student body president continued his training in law school. He took a job as a night clerk in a hotel so that he could study at

night. But instead, he began to spend more and more time studying his Bible. God worked in Ed's life and opened his heart to foreign missions. Just four months after graduation from college, he wrote Jim and told him of the Lord's dealing with him. (R5 takes CS.)

R5: Since taking this job, things have happened. Each night the Lord seems to get hold of me a little more. Night before last I was reading in Nehemiah. I finished the book and read it through again. Here was a man who left everything, as far as position was concerned, to go and do a job. And because he went, the whole remnant back in Jerusalem got right with the Lord. Jim, I couldn't get away from it. The Lord was dealing with me. On the way home yesterday morning, I took a long walk and came to a decision. I have one desire now—to live for the Lord, putting all my energy and strength into it. Maybe He'll send me someplace where the name of Jesus Christ is unknown. Jim, I'm taking the Lord at His word, and trusting Him to prove His word. Well, that's it. Two days ago I was a law student. Today I'm an untitled nobody. Thanks, Jim, for intercession on my behalf. Don't let up. (*Lowers head*)

ELISABETH: After dropping out of law school, things happened fast for Ed. Within a few months, he had married and enrolled in the School of Missionary Medicine in Los Angeles. Here he spent a year of intensive study as he gathered support for his mission work. Following God's leading every step of the way, he and his wife, Marileu, and eight-month-old Stevie, set sail for Quito, Ecuador, in December of 1952. Shortly after their arrival, Ed visited Jim and Pete at their mission station, Shandia. After returning to Quito, he wrote his parents . . .

R5 (*comes alive*): I have just spent 12 days in the jungles with Jim Elliot and Pete Fleming among the lowland Quichua Indians. If the Lord permits, we hope to locate there in a few months. During these days, many incredible sights came to my eyes: the endless line of people seeking medical aid, the weird chant of the witch calling, the helpless cry of the death mourners. I praise God for bringing us to this land to work with these people. I pray that we might be faithful to our calling.

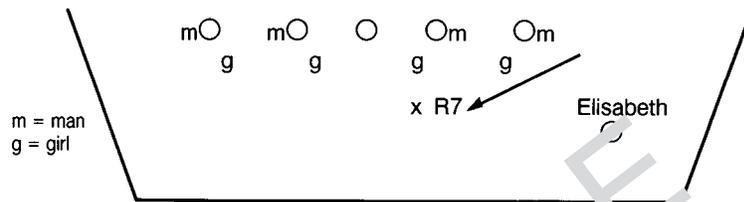
(R5 moves back to original position.)

ELISABETH: Because of the extremely dense jungles of Ecuador, a few miles separating mission outposts could mean a few days of travel. The coming of the missionary pilot was truly a great boon to these remote outposts, and one of the best pilots was Nate Saint. Born into a strict and loving family of fundamental Christians, Nate had a boyhood of discipline and Bible training. As a 13-year-old boy he accepted Christ as his personal Savior at a Christian camp.

Nate's boyhood was marked by two powerful happenings: at the age of seven he had a plane ride. That ride left him with a lifelong desire to fly. Also, he was stricken with the crippling disease, osteomyelitis, which left his right leg permanently scarred. After high school, repeated attempts to

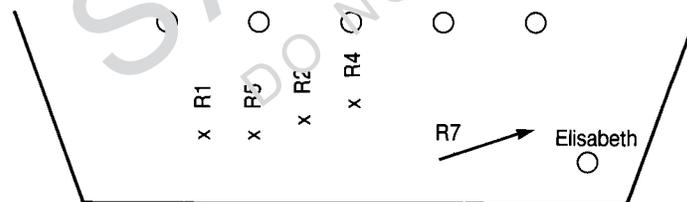
get into the military air corps were always stymied when Nate’s osteomyelitis wounds were discovered. As a young adult, Nate sought God’s will for his life, but frustration and indecision plagued him relentlessly. Stationed in Detroit as a flight mechanic, Nate faithfully attended church services where the preaching of the Word continually prodded his sensitive heart.

(Nate Saint church scene—“Nothing Between My Soul and the Savior” is either played on organ or piano to cover movement of cast or have the cast sing one verse. ELISABETH does not sing as she watches the action of the cast. The cast gets in position and listens to the “preacher” speak with offstage focus.)



R7: Can you sing the words of this song with a clear heart before God? Is there really nothing between your will and God’s will? Are you ready to follow the will of God anywhere? Please, let go of the past and claim a future with Christ. Lord (cast bow heads during prayer), grant Thy blessing on us, keep us from sin, and open our hearts to know Your will. Amen.

(Song is played again to cover movement. JIM, R3, R7 return to stools. R6 and R8 exit. R2 and R4 double as MRS. SHUELL and MIRIAM. R5 doubles for MR. SHUELL.)



R5: Excuse me, young man. My name is Albert Shuell. This is my wife and my daughter, Miriam.

R1: How do you do, sir! I’m Nate Saint. I surely do appreciate your church services.

R2: We’re so glad to have you come. I’ve seen you here often and couldn’t help but notice that you always come alone. It must be lonely for a serviceman to be away from home for so long.

R1: Yes, ma’am . . . it is. But, I manage, I guess.

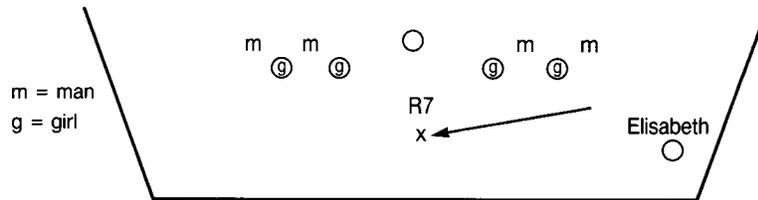
R2: Do you think there’s any possibility that you might come home for Sunday dinner with us? We have plenty to eat!

R1: Thank you very much. I’d surely enjoy that. It’s been a long time since I’ve had a home cooked meal.

R2: Well, then, we'd better hurry, or that roast may be part charcoal.

(Group lowers heads.)

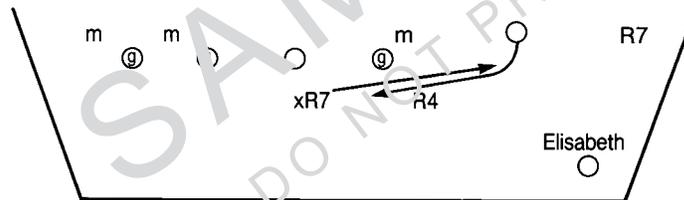
ELISABETH: And so began a brief but close friendship between this young man and a godly family. Miriam was strongly attracted to Nate and prayed diligently that Nate would let God have his life. Miriam belonged to a Christian club and Nate occasionally attended meetings with her.



(Club scene—Readers sit on or stand by stools along the back of stage but leave center clear for R7 and R4. Cast listens to testimony with offstage focus.)

R7: And now, Miriam Shuell will come and share her testimony. She told me that she's a little nervous, but I know she'll do a fine job. C'mon up here, Miriam.

(R7 exits CS as R4 comes to speak facing audience.)



R4: Thanks, I am a little nervous, but, for some reason, I really feel as if I'm supposed to share my testimony tonight. I just have so much to thank God for. First of all, He saved me by His grace. I really can't comprehend all of what that means, but I do know that salvation is the greatest gift in the world.

When a friend gives you a wonderful gift, you usually try to find a way to give a gift in return. So, I've decided to give God my life to direct as He pleases. Sometimes I imagine that a roaring fire is burning up a great house. And when all the walls, floors, and roofs are gone, only a few precious stones will remain. I guess my life is like that. Someday I'll see Jesus face-to-face and all my good works and so-called virtues will burn up just like that house, and all that will be left are the souls that God has brought to himself through me.

The way I figure it, I've only got about 70 years at the most to thank God for something that He did for me that will last for eternity. Because God commanded us to go and because I want to serve Him, I've decided to give my life to God for mission work. I don't know when or where I'm going, but I do know who's leading the way.

(All women except ELISABETH leave stage. All men sit on stools with backs to audience except R1, who remains standing facing audience with head down.)

ELISABETH: Nate felt this testimony very deeply, and the Spirit of God led him to yield his life to full-time Christian service. In a letter to a friend, Nate described the effects of this testimony service.

(R1 comes alive and moves DSC.)

R1: As soon as I could, I stepped out of the building to get away from people and things, so that I could see what the deal was. As I walked, I prayed to God and gave Him everything I had. A joy, such as I had never known since the night I accepted Jesus' forgiveness of sins, seemed to leave me almost weak with gratitude. I was completely relaxed and happy. The old life of chasing things of a temporal sort seemed so absolutely insane, once the Lord had shown me the new plan. Before this, I had no idea of the real truth of the statement, "He that loveth his life shall lose it." Now it seems quite clear. *(Lowers head)*

ELISABETH: In a letter to his mother some months later, he again shared his new calling, telling of his desire to serve and foreshadowing his going to the Aucas.

(R1 comes alive.)

R1: I've always believed that if the Lord wanted a guy in full-time service on the mission field, He would make him unbearably miserable in the pursuit of any other end. So, I think, the aircraft industry has suffered the loss of a "big operator," and the Lord has won for himself a "lil' operator." The Lord has given me no desire to preach, but I'd like someday to be able to tell somebody who has never heard. Please pray that I'll be kept from useless sidetracks.

(Returns to stool)

ELISABETH: Nate immediately began to search for openings of service in various mission fields, thinking that God had led him to abandon his aviation training. A letter from his father told him of the newly formed Missionary Aviation Fellowship, and God's hand led him to this organization. In November of 1945, he met Marjorie Farris, a registered nurse, and in 1948, they were married on Valentine's Day. They had already answered the call to missions individually before they agreed to go as a couple. September of 1948 found the Saints busily setting up housekeeping at Shell Mera, an abandoned Shell Oil Company outlet that had a fairly intact airfield. Thus Nate Saint had also taken up his mission work in the jungles of Ecuador.

The final member of our missionary team is Roger Youderian. Rog was raised by a devout and loving Christian mother, but it wasn't until he was in the army that he was saved. In 1944, while working as a chaplain's assistant in the European theater of the war, he found his personal faith in Christ. In December of that year, he wrote his mother:

(R7 comes to life and moves DSC to speak to audience.)

R7: The happiest day of my life was the day I accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior for the remission of my sins. And, with God's help, I hope and pray for the faith and strength to glorify our Father through my daily living as a witness and follower of Christ. I used to say, "This is a great world." With this new faith, this feeling has increased a thousandfold, and I fairly ache within from happiness and rejoicing in sharing God's manifold blessing, which He gives to this world with infinite mercy and grace. *(Lowers head)*

ELISABETH: Less than 10 months later, the yielded young man expressed his willingness to follow God's leading into full-time service. *(R7 comes alive.)*

R7: I've a secret to tell you, Mother. In this, more than anything in the world, I want the action to precede the announcement. Ever since I accepted Christ as my personal Savior last fall, I've felt the call to either missionary or ministerial work after my release from the service. Can't say now what the calling will be, but I want to be a witness for Him and live following Him every second of my life. *(R7 returns to original position.)*

ELISABETH: Rog enrolled at the Northwest Bible Schools in Minneapolis and took mission courses. While there, he met and married Barbara Orton. In 1953, they set out with their six-month-old Beth Elaine for Ecuador. The Lord nurtured their interest in this field through the testimony of Frank and Marie Drown, missionaries to the head-hunting Jivaro Indians of Ecuador.

At this point in the story, the men, with their wives and families, are all busy on the field. All on separate outposts, the only links to civilization and each other were the shortwave radio and the yellow plane of Nate Saint. The men had often talked and prayed about the possibility of reaching the Aucas for Christ, but being primarily a nomadic people, the Aucas were almost impossible to locate. However, the prayers of the missionaries germinated on September 19, 1955. While flying a regular air mission, Nate made an unexpected and remarkable discovery. That night, a special prayer meeting was called at the Saint home: Jim Elliot, Nate Saint, Ed McCully, Roger Youderian, and Pete Fleming met to discuss the subject that would decide their destinies.

(R1 and R3 come alive and pivot out to audience. They stay seated on stools and converse with offstage focus. Other men remain in back position until they speak.)

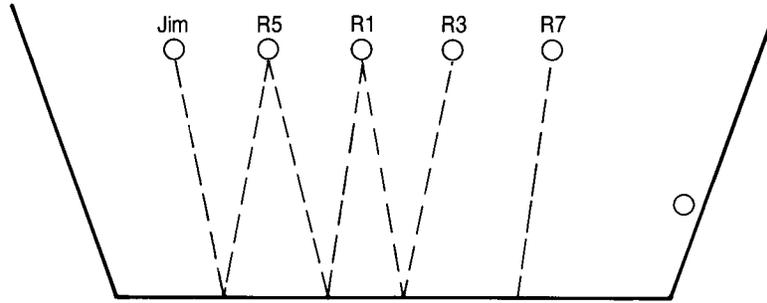
R3: C'mon, Nate. What's the meeting for? Why all the mystery?

R1: I don't want to say anything until we're all here.

R3: You sure know how to build suspense. I wish the others would hurry up and get here!

R1: There's the door. C'mon in! It's open!

(JIM, R5, and R7 pivot out to audience and join the scene as if entering room. Note focus lines on diagram.)



R5: Hi, Nate . . . Pete! What's up!

R1: Men, I've prayed about something for five years now. A project that I know we've all talked about and prayed for.

JIM (*eagerly*): Aucas! You've found 'em, Nate!

R1: That's right . . . and only 15 minutes air time from Arrijo.

R5: From my place! If my Indians knew that, there'd be panic.

R1: That's exactly why I called this meeting in secret. If news got out that the Aucas were within striking distance of our Quichuas, a small army would be assembled to go in and clean them out. Something like that would set back missionary efforts another hundred years.

JIM: Maybe some of us should go in to them?

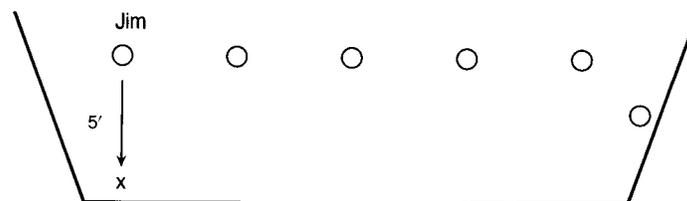
R3: And get murdered like those Shell Oil employees! No, whatever we do, we have to proceed carefully.

R1: I do have a plan if you want to hear it.

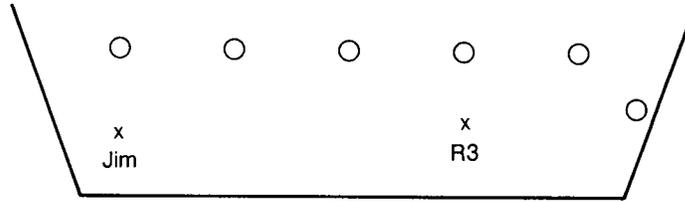
R5: Go ahead, Nate.

R1: We begin by making gift drops over the houses once a week. Using my air-cord release system, we can deliver kettles, machetes, or whatever. We can't even consider going inland to them until they know who we are and that we're friendly.

JIM: But won't that take a lot of time? (*Rises from stool and moves straight DS*) They don't need pots and pans, they need the Savior!



(R3 rises from stool and moves four feet toward audience.)



R3: Hey, Jim! We know that, but on an operation like this, we can't afford to be careless.

JIM: Forgive me if I seem a little overanxious, but this is something I've held before the throne of grace for over five years.

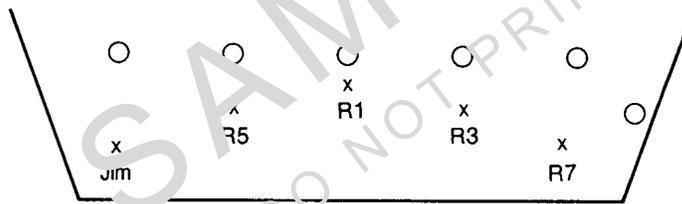
(R7 rises and moves five feet DS to balance stage position of JIM.)

R7: We all have to be careful of being overanxious. We must follow God's timetable.

(R5 rises and moves four feet DS to balance stage position of R3.)

R5: Something else, Nate. We must remember that it may not be God's will for all of us to go. Every man must decide for himself.

(R1 stands and remains directly in front of stool.)



R1: All right, then, two rules: Don't run ahead of God's timetable, and no group pressure. Do we all agree on this basis? *(They nod or smile in agreement.)*

It's settled. Tomorrow we officially begin "Operation Auca" with the first gift drop. God alone knows where this project will end.

(If an intermission is desired, the entire cast may leave stage at this time. If no intermission is desired, the men turn back to their stools and are seated with backs to audience.)