

LITTLE SOON JA crouched in the doorway of a dilapidated hut and peered across the narrow Korean street. What she saw was nothing pleasant. Listless men in ragged trousers staggered by. Unkempt women in soiled dresses stared dully at their children. The street was hot and smelly; flies were everywhere. Behind her, Soon Ja heard a rat scurry through the windowless shanty.

It was 1961, and in South Korea

with regular meals, a bed to sleep in, and school to attend, Soon Ja's existence burst into a rainbow of hope. She began to smile. She gained robust health. Today she plays at soccer and kick ball and can run as fast as any other girl. With newfound

Everett Swanson and Compassion minister to thousands of Koreans in the name of Christ



Swanson's arms of compassion enfold an orphan girl

# "Suffer the Little Children..."



Beggar boys see and hear the Word of God



These lepers pleaded for help with their children



These chaplains are ex-orphans

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Compassion was organized by a soft-spoken, 50-year-old American pastor, Everett Swanson, who saw the ragged, starving children of Korea and decided something had to be done for them.

"Back in 1950," Swanson recalls, "I resigned my pastorate and went out in evangelistic work. My first trip was to Korea. There I saw the devastating backwash of the Korean

life for young Soon Ja was a murky blur, a frustrating mystery that made her alternately withdrawn and unruly.

Soon Ja's father, a day laborer, had died of a cerebral hemorrhage while working on a U. S. air base. A few days later, Soon Ja's mother disappeared into the night.

From this twilight zone of misery and rejection, an American soldier rescued Soon Ja. He carried her to a Compassion orphanage. There,

but we try to have qualified superintendents and personnel at each home. The youngsters get Bible instruction, attend Sunday School and church, sing hymns, and pray."

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### Cuban Ambush

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THE WORLD IS dying for want of a Saviour—yet so many who profess to love Him are still living "business as usual" lives, cheating themselves of the "high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

NATE SAINT, in "Jungle Pilot," Harper

Lord was leading them, they set off with their Land Rover, \$50, and faith in God's provision.

Finally arriving in Cuba, the Wares began working with other missionaries. Ted sensed that the pressing needs of Cuba were scattered out in the rural "campos." From then on he concentrated on the back country, holding evening evangelistic services, and establishing churches. As many as 400 people would often come to his meetings, and it wasn't long before the decisions for Christ numbered among the hundreds.

The Cuban experiences left Ted amazed at the power of Christian literature. On one of his trips into an isolated area, he found a little shack with a palm-leaf roof and dirt floor. A tiny old lady welcomed him in. To his surprise, she already knew Christ as Saviour.

"How can this be?" he asked her. "There are no churches or other Christians for miles around."

She told him that 40 years before, a missionary had come and left a tract with her. After poring over its message, she sent to the address for a Bible. Through the tract and her Bible, she found Christ.

In the little town of La Rosa, Ware was in for another surprise. They went in as usual and held an evangelistic meeting. While there, the Wares left some literature, New Testaments, and Gospels of John, and taught the people a few choruses.

They promised that they would return the next Tuesday.

But on the next Tuesday a tropical rainstorm made the roads impassable. The same thing happened the next. And the next. For six weeks the rains came each Tuesday—was Satan using this to make the people think the missionaries were untrue to their word?

Finally, a Tuesday evening came with no rain. The Wares drove to La Rosa, hoping to make apologies and begin once more. When they got there, the Cubans were holding a church service. With Bibles, some literature, and the Holy Spirit guiding them, they had begun their own church. Today, this is the strongest group of any that the Wares founded.

Political pressures increased during the four years the Wares were in Cuba. The Cubans, inspired by Fidel Castro and his rebels, began antagonizing the Batista government. The missionaries recognized the need for social reform, but they also recognized that Batista was allowing Christian churches to work unhindered.

Friction increased between Castro's hit-and-run guerillas and Batista's militia. One evening Ted was driving the Land Rover back from the village of Viana, where they had just held a service. With him were his wife and children, missionary Len Hearn, his wife and daughter, and Miss Catherine Uren.

A gunshot startled all 11 of them. To identify themselves in the darkness, Ted leaned in front of his wife to switch on the dome light. But a volley of shots followed the first. One bullet tore through both feet of Hearn's daughter, Marguerite. Ted, who had leaned in front of his wife,

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to the mission field, in spite of the fact that his age and the size of his family ruled out any mission board sponsorship. And so the Wares had left their comfortable Canadian home and the mission work they had been doing there.

For several months Ware and his family traveled in a general southerly direction. They stopped at churches, held special services, shared their missionary concern, and received enough contributions to keep going. When he reached Key West, Fla., Ware still had \$50, his jeep, and no idea where the Lord wanted them eventually. Unable to go any farther south in the United States, he asked God's guidance. It was then that he felt called to Cuba as an independent missionary.

Most men wouldn't think of crossing to Cuba with five kids and \$50. But Ted Ware's thoughts don't operate in regular channels. An individualist, he is always on the lookout for a fresh way to present his Saviour to the needy world around him. One of his favorite poems, "The Two Paths," by Thomas Wyatt, ends on this note:

*... men of faith climb unscaled  
walls,  
And sail uncharted sea.  
They dare to cross convention's  
bounds  
To set the captives free.*

In Cuba Ted passed convention's bounds in several ways. During four years there, he worked among the

people of the back country, establishing many churches which continue strongly today under the Communist regime. When four bullets from rebels' guns smashed into Ware's head, he was forced to leave Cuba, but Ware thanks the Lord for those bullets today.

While recuperating, Ware conceived the idea of printing colorful Scripture cards for the walls of Latin American homes. He carried out his plan and has distributed a quarter-million of these cards in Latin American countries. A man of growing faith, he now looks forward to entering the opening doors of Spain and pioneering for the Lord there.

As a youth in London, England, 14-year-old Ted trusted Christ as Saviour in a little South London church. Years passed. Ted joined the Royal Air Force during World War II. In 1944 he returned to England and married Mildred, the girl who had invited him to the church where he trusted the Lord.

From the time they were married, the Wares wanted to build their "dream house." And so, after their first two children, Kevin and Clive, were born, they moved to Canada and did just that. But they found that the house failed to provide the satisfaction they wanted. It was after this realization that they joined hands with New Tribes Mission, helping to establish that work in Canada.

When the Lord began urging them into a different service, the picture was very unclear. But, believing the

stars in her eyes, Soon Ja looks toward a brighter and more promising future.

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# POWER for living



His spiritual vision is greater

Missionary Ted Ware was bringing peace to peasant hearts when rebel gunfire downed him—and set him on a new course of service

## Victim of a Cuban Ambush



The riddled Land Rover



Miraculously, four bullets didn't kill him

by Larry Peabody



The Wares with POWER's Larry Peabody

A HEAVILY loaded British Land Rover, headed south, crossed the Canadian border into the United States in 1952. At the wheel was Edward "Ted" Ware. Beside him sat his wife, Mildred, and in the seats behind, five small faces pressed against the windows as the children took in the new scenery. In Ware's wallet

was \$50—all the money he owned as they left their Canadian home to begin work as itinerant missionaries. Not only was he going without mission-board support, but Ted was not certain of their destination.

This kind of uncertainty did not discourage Ted Ware. He was confident that the Lord had called them