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The "Weak Thing"

SWEAT POURED DOWN THE DOCTOR'S FACE as the hands of the clock continued to advance. Close by, the young mother writhed in agony. It was obvious that this would be a very difficult delivery.

Today the solution to such a complication would be simple—a phone call, an ambulance screaming its way to the hospital a few minutes away. But in 1915, hospitals were doorways to death as often as they were doorways to life.

Finally the doctor spoke. "Mr. Cutts, there is no way that both the mother and the baby are going to survive. Whom shall I try to save?"

Five years earlier, a widow had emigrated from England to America with her three children—19-year-old Leonard Cutts and his younger brother and sister. They had settled in Scranton, Pennsylvania. While working for the Scranton Lace Curtain Company, Leonard became acquainted with a fellow worker, Eva Itterly. Courtship ensued, and their marriage followed in 1914.

By August, 1915, Leonard and Eva were living in the village of Chinchilla, a few miles north of Scranton. The young bride and groom had

already shared a year of marital bliss and tonight their happiness was to increase with the addition of a new family member.

The doctor's bleak statement was totally unexpected. His devastating question burned into young Leonard's mind. "Whom shall I try to save?"

Len looked down at his beloved wife who tried in vain to suppress her screams as the pressure increased. His mind raced back to the day when she had told him that a little one was on the way. There had been the joy of watching the unborn baby grow. Would it be a boy or a girl? Who would the baby look like? The layette had been lovingly prepared; the tiny garments were all ready. Now the beautiful dream was turning into a horrible nightmare. What kind of a life would it be trying to raise a little one without his cherished Eva?

"Doctor, by all means, try to save my wife."

And so the sentence of death was passed to the baby. The doctor reached for the ugly tools that could place a dead infant on the sheet.

Finally the awful ordeal was over. A baby boy lay there twisted and discolored from bruises, his right eye dangling by its cords on his cheek. But he was breathing! The omnipotent God had plans for that baby.

As the years passed, the tiny, twisted body stretched toward normalcy though never quite attained it. The child's left side developed faster than the right, giving the appearance that half of

two different bodies had been fused together. Baby Bill's first faltering steps began not at ten months, nor a year, nor two years, but at four. This representative of *homo erectus* was more often in a heap on the ground.

When God was choosing a missionary to slog through the difficult terrain of interior Irian Jaya, no one would have guessed that He would pick such a misshapen bit of humanity for the job. Or would they? First Corinthians 1:26-29 (KJV) reads: ". . . not many mighty . . . are called: But God hath chosen the . . . weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; . . . That no flesh should glory in his presence." Our God is sovereign. He decides to do things no one would expect Him to do and then carries out His plans to perfect completion.

I was the baby just described. Now, in 1989, I am 74 years old. After serving more than 35 years in the interior of Irian Jaya, Indonesia, I look back in amazement at the evidence of my Lord's almighty power throughout the years of my life. He has performed miracle after miracle, enabling me to complete the task to which He called me. I can take no credit for what happened. I can only humbly rejoice at what the sovereign God has been able to do with the "weak thing."