January 27, 1989

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"Jim slung the carrying net across his forehead and started for the front door. As he put his hand on the brass handle I almost said aloud: 'Do you realize you may never open that door again?' He swung it open, followed me out and slammed it, striding down the bamboo trail in his usual firm, determined gait. As we reached the strip, the plane was circling to land, and it was only a matter of a few minutes before Jim kissed me, hopped in beside the pilot and disappeared over the river. On Wednesday, January 4, 1956, he wrote me a penciled note in his diary...'Perhaps today is the day the Aucas will be reached..."

Suffice it to say that on Friday, January 6, 1956 the thrill of Jim's lifetime was given. He took an Auca by the hand. At last the twain met. Two days later, on Sunday, January 8, 1956, the men for whom Jim Elliot had prayed for six years killed him and his four companions."

- Elizabeth Elliott, wife of
slain missionary

Dear ^F2^:

My heart continues to be thrilled with the wonderful fortune I have in addressing you. To a degree, I am a dreamer and am led along by a growing burden which constantly tenders my heart toward you and those you so ably serve.

You might think my quote above a little out of place for Corrections, but I'd like to beg your understanding for just a few moments.

Aren't we a little inspired by such dedication and sacrifice when brought to understand the passion described? This young missionary wanted to **spend his life** reaching the Auca Indians of the Amazon! While yet in college in 1949 he wrote: "He is no fool who gives what he cannot keep to gain what he cannot lose."

In 1948 he prayed: "God, I pray Thee, light these idle sticks of my life and may I burn for Thee. Consume my life, my God, for it is Thine. I seek not a long life, but a full one, like you, Lord Jesus."

As I read the tender account of his final moments before leaving his wife and children, I was particularly moved by the most unsuspecting phrase: "striding down the bamboo trail in his usual firm, determined gait". Even his stride declared the fact that there was a calling on his life. He heard a distant voice drawing him to spend his all in reaching a lost and dying people.

Although his life was taken, the Aucas later were reached and brought to a wonderful hope and joy in knowing the God for whom Jim died.

I'm thoroughly convinced that Corrections needs at least a few dear lives who count themselves part of a special calling! Jim Elliot was a dreamer with a tender, broken heart. Led along by a wonderful love for a special group of people (the Aucas) he prayed earnestly to touch their hands.

In closing, I trust that we can see the same broken, tender heart of God in wanting to touch some hands. Hands are reaching out in the corridors of our world just now, waiting to experience such a passion. A mission field awaits our heart's response.

May we with a "determined gait" be so constrained as to spend ourselves in this most needful hour for ministry.

I write,

With Christ's love,

Jack Crans
Director

JC:al

P.S. "Corrections without God seems to be one of the most frustrating notions on earth!"