

1960 OVERSEAS TRIP HIGHLIGHTS

Walter Beuttler

[Comments: 1) All scriptures are from the KJV except where noted. 2) This message has been transcribed word for word (from Beuttler's own teachings) as accurately as possible (due to the quality of the recording) thanks to Mrs. Pearl Ray who can be reached at dray@wilkes.net. 3) Beuttler had his own dictionary of favorite words he used throughout his messages, and they have been transcribed and spelled out accordingly. 4) Spelling on certain proper names, airports, hotels, locations, etc. may not be exact. 5) Messages were spoken late 1960's, early 1970's. 6) Beuttler was a Bible teacher at NBI (a.k.a. EBI, Eastern Bible Institute) for 32 years traveling worldwide since early 1950's until a year before he went to be with the Lord in 1974.]

Now I had wondered what I should do this evening because I naturally am aware of some things. Some people grumble when you give a travel log. Others feel disappointed if you don't, so I'm going to try to be all things to all men that by all means I might please a few. (Laughter) I hope this works. We'll see.

First of all I'm going to give you a geographical outline of the journey that I want to discuss with you which took place this past summer. I've been doing this now for a number of years. I'm beginning to forget how long. Very few people realize that this overseas work is one of the fruits of the 1951 revival. I don't think anybody has any idea, but I know how it happened. So I'll give you first of all an outline over the whole itinerary so that in your mind, you know where we're going. Then I'll come back home again and give you a panoramic view of various high spots by showing you some slides. That won't take long.

I like you to bear in mind lest you be too disappointed. I do not take a camera with me. I have no time for photography. I'm too busy. So I'm under obligation to buy some slides. That means that I don't have slides of mission work, missionaries, but rather panoramic views, and yet I think they have a limited place since I don't take much time with it.

I want to share some highlights of God's working on the field and different happenings. Then we'll come back again and summarize the whole thing by giving you some observations. Then I turn to the scripture for about 10-15 minutes in order to apply some of these things to you.

This journey began in the middle of May. It started from New York to Paris, then Copenhagen, Denmark, then over the North Pole to Tokyo, Hong Kong, Manila, Vietnam, Singapore, Indonesia, Australia, Fiji Islands, Samoa, back to Fiji, Honolulu, Los Angeles, New York, 38,000 miles of travel visiting altogether 13 countries, utilizing 9 different airlines and spending \$2,150 for the ticket.

Now we'll come back to New York. That's where we're going to go. In the providence of God, I was able to take my first jet flight to Paris in a Boeing 707

and got to Paris in 6 hours and 50 minutes flat. I remember the days when it took 18. Then they cut it down to 14, then 12. Now it's 6 hours and 50 minutes. We would have gotten in sooner than that, but bad weather near Paris delayed us. We had to make an instrument landing and that takes extra time.

We were flying at 41,000 feet. You don't know you're traveling. You just sit in a living room. It sounds like a freight train is rolling by somewhere, but there's hardly any vibration, no sense of motion whatsoever. If you don't look out, and even if you do, you're just not aware that you're going and yet you're traveling over 500 miles an hour. That's almost as fast as some of them are driving around these grounds. (Laughter)

The one stop in France that I was scheduled for, the only one was Rouen. I wish I could give you the whole picture, the whole story. It goes way back to my first visit some years ago in France. I had great difficulty in being accepted, and wasn't accepted until God began to pour out His Spirit and everything changed.

There Brother Farino, who is just about a friend of mine and Myra's second Dad. She fell almost in love with him. She wanted me to throw a mud bath just like his. (Laughter) I almost did, but I haven't had the courage.

He arranged in his large assembly in Rouen for a national convention and I certainly don't try to exaggerate, but at the end the brethren said it was their greatest convention since 1935. It was beyond anybody's expectation. Now I didn't count them. There was no need. They rented a theater with a seating capacity of 2,500. One afternoon, a holiday, that's part of the reason for it, it was filled. To tell you the truth, when I walked into that arena, because I didn't know what was coming, and saw 9 tiers of people in that round theater filled, and then a balcony with 4 more tiers. There were about 150 preachers on the platform.

A little Beuttler from Green Lane walked into one of the side entrances, I tell you I began to shake and quake and sweat because I'm just not used to that style. I stopped for a moment and said, "Beuttler, you've got to face it." (Laughter) I walked in and spoke through 9 microphones, and felt quite at home once I got off the ground.

There were representatives there from various European countries: England, Norway, Scandanavia, Switzerland. A number of brethren had come from Africa just to attend the convention. I can honestly tell you in the hearing of God that God gave us a wonderful time. Now 2,500 isn't much to us, but there was no advertising: the lame walk, the blind see, the deaf hear and the dead are raised. It just wasn't there. They just said a teacher, Walter Beuttler is going to be ministering for one week. They didn't even tell the people I was from America because that would hinder attendance. They didn't let the people know I was American. Then they found out, but they didn't want the people to stay away because I came from America. That's exactly what they would do, and from what I know, I wouldn't blame them. You might not understand that, but I do.

During the week, in the morning and afternoon, we had only the French brethren together with the delegates that had come from the other countries. Attendance varied there at the Bible studies. I suppose it averaged around 150-175 with their wives. In the evenings we had big meetings, also Bible teaching. In case you think I do nothing but sight seeing, for that one week I put in 21 services from Sunday to Sunday. They were not short ones, usually 1 1/2 - 1 3/4 hours. One time it was 2 1/4 hours long. It was a heavy week of work, but God moved in a wonderful way.

We had several movings of the Spirit. You don't get much of that overseas. Preachers began to make confessions. There are people who don't believe in that, but God does. I saw them hugging each other, getting reconciled. When I left I was told, "Brother Beuttler, our movement was divided into three sections, and in these meetings God united us as one. Next year we're going to have a convention in Paris where we could never hold a convention because of the division." They had come together and now are holding a great convention next year in Paris as a result of the moving of God. There was nothing sensational; simply the ministry of the Word, the touch of God, the working of God through the Word brought about the tremendous transformation. This is not exaggerated. In fact, it is understated. That's right.

I don't mind telling you that the brethren were so grateful that when I left, they handed me the terrific sum of 250,000 French francs or \$500 offering for the week's services. That of course, melted away in the course of local travel here and there, but never before had I received such a token of appreciation for one week of ministry. The brethren were so happy and have already arranged for another convention in 1961 because next year it's allocated to Africa or I would be at the convention in Paris. So thank the Lord for His remarkable working. If you knew how hard it was to get started, you would say that it was nothing but God.

From there I had to go to Japan and the best way, quickest way was by way of the North Pole. I was somewhat disappointed with that. The weather wasn't good. There was some very beautiful spots, endless ice as you got up near the Polar area. There were wide cracks where the ice was breaking up because of the summer. Some sights, particular of the northern coasts of Greenland that was absolutely spellbinding. Everything was ice and snow, but the desolation of that wilderness and the brilliant white, to me, was a sight to behold.

Going over the Pole is a strange thing if you think of it. If you don't think of it, you don't know it. You go north hour after hour. It gets to be light when it's supposed to be dark. The sun is high in the sky at midnight. Without turning one degree, you go north, then at a certain spot, you're headed south without turning. East becomes west, west becomes east, left becomes right, right becomes left. If you want to know what time it is, it is any time at all that you want to say. If you say 3:00 o'clock, it's 3:00 o'clock. If you want to say 11:00 o'clock, it's 11:00 o'clock. It's any hour you want it to be as you go over the Pole because all these time

segments come together there. If you don't think of it, you don't know the difference.

From Copenhagen it was a 16-hour flight to Anchorage, Alaska. That was an eery place. I thought it was evening and it was morning. I got so mixed up. It took me the longest time to get unmixed. I couldn't get my bearings. Things just weren't right. Then there was another 12-hour flight from there to Tokyo. To land in Tokyo, to me, is always a nice experience because the Tokyo International Airport is the most efficient airport I have seen anywhere in the world. I think I've covered close to 50 countries, and always admired the Japanese efficiency, how they take care of things. You don't fumble around. Somebody's there right away to take care of you.

We had a meeting in Tokyo with the national workers for a week meeting in the Bible school there. To minister to Japanese brethren is a fine experience. It has its difficulties or dangers. They're quite intellectual and love to debate. What saves me is that I teach on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, and tell them so. They came into Tokyo from all the various islands. I was told that everybody had attended. Later I learned that one or two were missing for various reasons, but they had gathered from all over the islands, a lovely group. The missionaries had hardly paid for their fare in their local churches for the other part, a result of my previous visit there.

We had a week of studies and again several movings of the Spirit which the Japanese brethren so appreciated. They had been plagued with philosophies and intellectualism. Some things I don't say. The Japanese just eat up the philosophies of German philosophers Slymaucher and Bruden. Those philosophies have gone into the ministry, so that the ministers were feeding more on those philosophies than on the Bible. That's what you're up against.

As a result of several moves of the Spirit, the brethren became so hungry for learning more about the Spirit of God that we have made an arrangement to return to Japan in January 1961 for two weeks for special studies on the Holy Spirit. The brethren there have asked for that and the Directors have already given permission to go. If they don't change their mind, that's what we hope to do. They are very, very hungry for the things of the Spirit of God because there has been quite a dryness due to the deadening influence of their intellectualism, various religions and the inherent Japanese love for German philosophers. The fact that I'm a German is a great help. When I told them that I was German born, they lit up. I was told to tell them. So I take advantage of it. I go back to Germany for illustrations and they respond because they think the German people are the best people on earth. They don't know them well enough or they wouldn't think so, but while they think so, I might as well take advantage of it. By the way, this Brother Herman that will be holding the meetings in Tokyo has had very great success. You'd do well to pray for him that God will richly bless his ministry there.

From Tokyo the way led to Hong Kong. There I was ministering in the Bible school and would have been the baccalaureate speaker had I been able to stay. I also ministered in their lovely assembly in the evening. There is nothing special to report, except that those folk are very, very responsive to the truth - not emotionally. They sit there like stone. You get nothing out of them. There's no amen, no response that you can detect. They just sit there as though they were frozen solid, but the missionary said to me, "Brother Beuttler, they will tell you four years from now what you preached today. They listen. They take it in. They want the Word." They don't blow off like a whistle and have nothing left after. They just sit there and take in all the truth they can. They're wonderful to minister to.

I'll make one more stop then we'll change to some pictures to break the thing up a bit. The next stop was Manila in the Philippines. That was my first stop there in the large Bethel Temple in the center of the city. There we had studies again with the workers that came together in the morning in terrific heat. Then I had large services in the evening in that great temple there. Incidentally, if you get to Manila and don't know where the temple is, you can ask any taxi driver to take you to the Christ is the Answer Church. I've tried it several times and it works. Everybody in Manila knows where this church is.

The brethren there felt that my coming was only preliminary to a return visit so we have tentative plans to return to the Philippines, the Lord willing, in 1962 for three weeks in January visiting three different centers, one of them up to the north of Luzon among the headhunters. I don't expect to lose my head. They have a large number of national workers and expect to take me up there for a week of Bible studies.

Incidentally, they have a lot of demonology in the Philippines. In order to get rid of the demons, they had a demon chaser (bangs on metal). That's how they chase the demon out of the house. I don't suppose he goes, but that's how they do it. Incidentally, those headhunters are still active there. If my memory doesn't trick me, about two years ago two missionaries lost their head.

What they do in June is the month of finding a bride. The man who wants to marry a girl has to prove to his future father-in-law that he's a man. The only way he can prove it is to bring to his intended father-in-law somebody's head or he won't get the girl. So in June they go out and find a head and he brings the head by the whiskers, by the hair, and presents it to his intended father-in-law. That proves that he's a man and he gets the girl. Two fellows were desperate and they took two missionaries' head a couple of years ago. My! How they need the gospel! How they need the truth! There's a great work there and I'll probably know more about it, other things being equal, after my visit there at a later date.

Now at this point, we're going to pause. I want to show you some pictures beginning with Paris right down through Hawaii for about 10 minutes. Then I'll resume our journey in Manila and we'll follow the rest of the way.

I spent nearly a month there in meetings with the national workers. Brother Carl Bloom, the superintendent, had arranged them. Now to me this went very well, but their workers are much fewer than other places. I want to mention two incidents here to the glory of God.

We had planned to go to the very far away island of Ambone where a large number of workers had gathered. Some had been waiting there for the Bible studies since April. Think of it! They came that early to be sure they didn't miss it because of extreme difficulty in transportation. We were warned not to go because of the danger of getting cut off. We had some secret information from the US Embassy warning us about a crisis that was to come, but the workers from Ambone had telegraphed and asked us to please come because we had hesitated, so we went.

On the way on a small two-motor plane on takeoff, one engine didn't act right. After a half hour of flight, the other engine sputtered, coughed and finally died. So we had only one engine left that wasn't functioning the way it ought to and it did not look good. We were over dangerous mountains at the time. We turned around immediately. To make things worse, the passengers got panicky and all rushed over to the side where the dead engine was, while the two of us prayed.

Believe you me, I asked the Lord to call on some of you to pray because it was a question of whether we could get back with the one engine that wasn't functioning anyhow. If that went, that would have been it. We did some sweating. When we got down, landing on one engine, it was a perfect landing. Two fire engines were waiting for us. We weren't out of the plane long before the engine caught fire as they tried to start it to see what was wrong. So I want to thank the Lord for bringing us out of that even though, unfortunately, we did miss Ambone altogether.

Then it was a question what to do. It was too late to arrange for meetings, so we decided we were going to take off for a few days and go over to the island of Bali, one-hour flight away. I think, by and far, it was providently arranged by the Lord for me, because it was one of the greatest educations that I've had in a long time. There's no time to say too much because I don't want to weary you, but I got a tremendous insight there to heathen worship in the raw.

Bali is a very primitive island, very primitive. It is a place full of temples and shrines. I don't think you can stand in any one place and not see a temple or a shrine. They are everywhere. Every garden, every field, every house has its shrine in which to worship god. It's a mixed religion, Hindu, Buddhism and other things all mixed together. The people are very religious.

What inspired me almost was their offerings. They come with their offerings to their idol gods and kneel down and bring them. Say, are those offerings beautiful. They take palm leaves, cut the leaf into narrow ribbons. Then they weave a

beautiful plate for their god. Then they bring the best of fruit they can get, all kinds, and arrange it neatly in a symmetrical pattern. Some of them bring high baskets on their heads. Even though the people are poor, the most beautiful baskets of fruit, carefully arranged, beautifully ornamented. There they come, one after the other, putting the fruit down and offering to their gods. I was touched.

I watched a temple dancer one evening dancing, bring an offering to her god. It was so touching that I had tears in my eyes. I thought, "My! If the Pentecostal people could be as reverent when they bring their offerings to their God as this girl." There was nothing objectionable about it. Nothing you could find fault with of any kind, nothing indecent whatsoever. The way she danced and brought her offering to her god, it was touching.

We had the occasion to visit several temples there and I want to take you there now in imagination and by ear to one of the temples. I hope some of you don't mind, but I like you to get an idea of a characteristic, Indonesian temple music, especially Bali, that they have as they bring to their god their offering as well as other dancers so called, in which they act out some kind of a theme of religious significance to them.

In your imagination, we'll leave and go out by donkey cart, late at night, pitch dark, through forest. After a lengthy ride we arrive late in the evening in a temple where the people are in the process of temple worship. (He plays the temple worship music.)

I want to mention here briefly of a great opportunity to get in on one of their sacrifices. People on Bali had much trouble from rats, disease, bad harvest and the like, and they set aside a special day placating the wrath of the gods.

So they were out at the seashore on a dreadfully hot day. We went along. There they had rituals that reminded me of typology over and over again. They had their bells, incense, singing, instruments, priestly clothing, a cow to be sacrificed, a goat, a sheep and a duck. They consecrated their sacrifice, they cleansed them, anointed them, sprinkled them and burned incense over them. They tied them up, then took them on a raft out to the sea and drowned them in order to placate the wrath of their god. The people brought offerings, heaps and heaps. Somebody even brought cigarettes, and that must have been some sacrifice. What a picture of sacrificing to these gods. How it enters into your heart that we have so much better sacrifice than they, one that really does placate the wrath of God and makes us to be at one with Him.

Briefly I want to mention that we were able to get to a temple where the people are under the power, Satanic power. The meetings were almost like Pentecostal meetings. In the final climax, they fall with their naked bodies, naked from the waist up. They fall with the sword on their chest, throwing themselves on the sword, but the sword doesn't penetrate because they are under the power. You watch and see the sword bent into the flesh, but it doesn't go in.

One man got hurt and that brought consternation to them in the service. The leader got up and said, "Somebody got hurt because there is sin among us. We have to confess sin" They waited until somebody confessed the sin, and they all agreed that that sin was the reason why somebody got hurt. The sin wasn't what we call sin. It was one of the elders that had committed the sin. According to their law, they must never hold a service like that inside of three days from the time a person died. The leader knew somebody had died, but he went ahead anyhow. They all agreed that he was the cause of their trouble because he had broken the law of their religion. It was an astonishing meeting and yet you couldn't help but be convinced there was something supernatural there.

An American tourist said to me, "I never believed in anything supernatural, but after seeing this, I have got to." My! How these people need the power of God. We are here today having the advantage of bringing to them what God has given unto us.

In Fiji, as well as Samoa, we had studies of course, but in Samoa I received a very great honor. I was visiting in a native village like you've seen before. The chief heard about my coming and arranged for a welcome ceremony. I was told it was the highest honor that they could possibly bestow upon anybody, and I was obligated to participate. They brought a root from the ground, they cut it up, beat it up, powdered and made a drink out of it. Then we had some kind of a ceremony. I had a drink of that bitter, bitter stuff. O! Did that taste! But it was my honor to drink it, and down it had to go. Then the cup was passed to the various chiefs and the others that had the symbols, and so was bestowed upon me the greatest honor of the tribe according to them. May I suggest to you that in all these areas there is a tremendous hunger for the Word of God.

In summarizing my impressions, I want to mention this to you. *Nowhere do the people want what we might call American Pentecostalism. American Pentecostalism goes over big only in America. I know of no country that wants it. They don't want a shallow, clap, clap, kind of a thing that's popular in the States. If you bring that, you're better off to stay home because they will never, never accept it, nor you.*

But everywhere the people are hungry for the Word of God. Now I'm not an evangelist. An evangelist would say, "The great need is evangelism," which is true, of course it's true. But from the teacher's point of view, I would say there is a tremendous need for Bible teaching. My summer of 1962 is already committed, the Lord willing, and I could go beyond that if I wanted to. I'm simply saying that to show you there's a tremendous field for teaching the Word of God, but not the dry, textbook, spooky type of a teaching. The people want to know that they have heard from God.

Here I say what I've said so often before, "*The world is looking for scientists, the church is looking for scholars, but God is looking for prophets.*" I stand by that

sink or swim. I don't mean by prophets somebody says, "Thus saith the Lord, I say unto thee." No, I don't mean that at all. I simply mean somebody to whom God can speak, and who in turn can share that with others so that people will know in their heart that they have heard from God.

If you students can learn the secret of hearing from God and sharing with others what you have heard with the anointing of the Holy Ghost, the world is your field. You'll never be open for calls. The thousands, and hundreds of thousands are there. That's the truth. The thing to be is the Lord's prophet in a wholesome scriptural sense.

Now I find that there is a tremendous urgency to this matter of going. I know we've got to take something. There's no use going empty. But Communism is a frightening menace. I'm terribly afraid for Singapore. They are taking over Singapore now and the people are almost "stiff" with fright for folk who know Communism, because they are taking over that part of the whole Far East. I think if Singapore goes Communist, the whole Far East, in due time, will follow suit. If that happens, I believe Australia cannot be safe from Communism. They're reaching out their hand all down through the area.

In Singapore, they have done away with street meetings, with the open-air meetings, and putting more and more restriction on the people of God. You can no longer buy property for the church. While we said, the Lord willing in 1962, we're going to have an all-Malayan Bible conference, we all agreed that it might be too late by then because of the stranglehold that Communism is making in that particular area of Singapore and Malaya. As I see it, if we're going to do a work for God in some of these countries, we've got to hustle, because Communism has their agents there working night and day through every conceivable means. Therefore I would say the task is very urgent in some of these areas: Malaya, Singapore, Indonesia, Vietnam, Thailand and all those areas are heavy under the shadow of Communism. Surely the Word of the Lord applies, *Say not ye there are yet four months to harvest*. In other words, Say not ye there is plenty of time. This matter, to me, is of utmost urgency in these areas.

Speaking of receptiveness to the Word, I was pleasantly surprised in Australia. That's one country I had apprehensions about because it's English. Knowing the traditional conservatism of the British, I was afraid that being a German, I might not go over. But to my great surprise, they were so responsive that when I came home there was already a letter waiting for a return visit, the Lord willing, in 1962. I have found that whatever nationality, whatever people of whatever kind under whatever condition, if you can bring a word from God, they are responsive to it. It seems their nationality, their language, their color, doesn't make any difference, they will know when they hear from God.

In line with this, I like to quote from Isaiah a statement we all know, *Whom shall I send, and who will go for us*. Do you know what I call that? I call that God's dilemma. Now I know that could be debated, and yet there is a color of truth

there. God is in a dilemma, *Whom shall I send, and who will go for us*. I could go to Peru, but I cannot see my way clear until 1963. People are there waiting. they're wanting Bible teaching. Here I look over you, and you know what Isaiah said, *Here am I, send me*.

There's a scripture in II Corinthians that has meant a lot to me. Speaking of the Lord, *the divine yes has at last sounded in him*. God was looking for a man and found that man in Christ, and so *the diving yes has at last sounded in him*. In Jesus Christ, God found THE man who gave to God an unqualified YES. Men today are looking for scholars, for brains, for abilities, for methods and for means. Think of me what you like, I declare unto you, "God is looking for a man or a woman who will give to Him an unqualified YES." If God can find somebody who will give Him an unqualified, unreserved YES, God will let all the rest of the caboodle sit and take you and send you out to feed the hungry. *The divine yes has at last sounded in him*.

Now you wouldn't want to choose the Philippines or Australia or some other country or want to see some of the things I showed you here. That doesn't mean anything when you go because you've got a burden on your heart. That isn't the point. God is looking for this unqualified submission, and believe you me, I believe it's here tonight. Some of us are ready to give to God a YES without reservation. He won't put a \$2,000 ticket in your hand right away, but He will say, "I've found a man or a woman, and I'm going to take them and mold them and prepare them and send them out to some of these people."

Who will go? O! I know there are lots of those who would like to go. I told you two years ago a young man wrote me and said, "I have a family. I have no ministry. I have no money, but I have the gift of travel. Will you take me with you?" There are lots of people who have the gift of travel, but that isn't what is going to do the job. You need to be a prophet. Now don't get that wrong. I don't mean a spooky, woogy, "Behold thus saith the Lord." I don't mean that. I mean a wholesome, scriptural foundational ministry with the anointing of the Holy Ghost that will reach the heart of men and women and do something for them that they can say in effect, *Never man spake like this man, I've heard from God*. Jesus said YES to the call of obedience, *Lo, I have come to do thy will, O God*. The divine YES ought to sound within us in regard to obedience. It should sound within us in regards to the sufferings that are involved.

You have read in Matthew 5 where something is said about the Lord's prophets as part of the thing you must say YES to if you're going to be like Isaiah to go.

"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." (Weep and bemoan and feel sorry for yourself in that day. Uh? No.) Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Matthew 5:11-12

If we're going to say YES to God in this thing, we're not only saying YES to go, we are also saying YES to the sufferings that are necessarily involved in being a prophet and a courier of God. If you want to get a prophet's reward, you must pay the prophet's price. I think that's one reason why there are relatively few prophets. Prophets don't get the applause of the people. They get persecuted. Like Brother Wells says, "The best payday is yet to come." Jesus said YES to all the persecution that came.

“Who is blind, but my servant? Or deaf, as my messenger that I sent? Who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord’s servant? Seeing many things, but thou observest not, opening the ears, but he heareth not.” Isaiah 42:19-20

Here the Lord was deaf and blind to all obstacles. People say, “Don’t go. Don’t go here. Don’t go there. You’ll get into war. You’ll never come back. You’ll die in an airplane crash.” That’s how people talk to you. But when you say YES to God, you say YES to that. Even though people say this and that and express their opinion, you know your calling, you know the way. You say YES to God in spite of what people say. Jesus had to turn a deaf ear to all kinds of people and just go on. He stayed deaf to obstacles. Therefore the need is there, the opportunity is there, the time is short, God is saying, *Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?*

Who will say YES to God? In whom will the divine YES sound at last? Will it sound in you so you will say YES to God, *Here am I, send me?*