

Preacher Huan Escape¹

LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW one morning, I saw two men on a motorcycle whiz by. Could that be Huan? I couldn't believe my eyes! But the one on the back of the motorcycle looked like Pastor Huan – returned from the dead! Yes! It was he!

All of us on our mission property in Da Nang came running to crowd around him! We had the same feeling that the disciples of old must have experienced when Peter was delivered from prison and appeared to them. We'd had no word of him or Tue since they are taken by the Vietcong from the leprosarium over six months ago!

First thing, Huan burst into tears and told us that Preacher Tue was dead! He hadn't been able to stand the hard captivity and longer and had tried to escape, but the Communists shot him!

Huan was swollen up with beri-beri and was pale with anaemia. He said "I've gone through a terrible time! I'm happy to be free, but I'm so sad that Tue couldn't escape also!"

We took him immediately by car over the orphanage where his wife and children were staying. They wept with joy and relief as they fell into each other's arms. The dark night of waiting was over and all the suffering! But oh, the awful sorrow for poor Mrs. Tue and her children! They knew dear Tue was now in heaven where happiness is boundless and inexhaustible, but how they missed him during these years here on earth!

After some weeks, Huan felt strong enough to tell us the details of his captivity and escape. We well remembered the night when Huan and Tue were called out of their prayer meeting their patients at the leprosarium by a group of hundred Communists with guns. The chief had put him his gun in Huan's face, asking "*Why are you making it hard for the Communists here at the leprosarium?*"

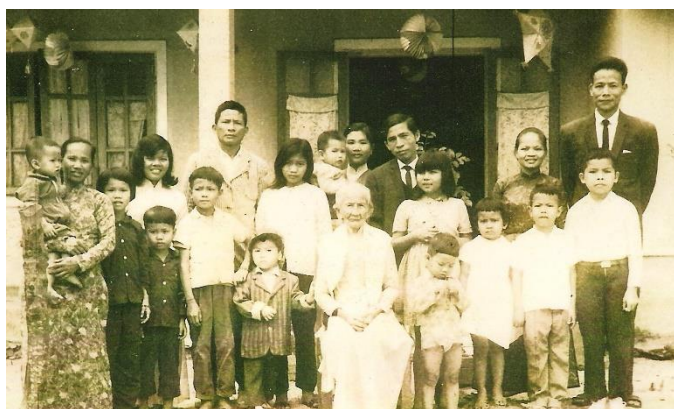


Figure 1: Pastor Tue: first from right. Pastor Huan in the middle

Why are you helping the Americans to catch us? Why don't you give us food and medicine?"

Huan answered, "*We cannot give you food and medicine. We only have enough for the patients. Also, if week-end gave these things to you, the Americans and the Vietnam government soldiers would catch us*".

The Vietcong continued asking "who did you help the Americans marines two days ago to hunt for a house with some Vietcong in it near the leprosarium?" Twice the Americans had

caught the Vietcong doing this.

The communists marched Tue and Huan off in their bare feet, their hands tied their backs, and with their eyes bandaged, into the night. The preachers were filled with horror at being caught by the communists. They could hear their wives and children crying and leading for them.

¹ Source "*The ten dangerous years*", Mrs. Gordon H. Smith. ISBN 0-8024-8582-0, 1975, Moody Press ISBN 0-8024-8582-0, 1975, Moody Press

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Huan said they were taken to a Vietcong headquarters, underground, about three miles from the leprosarium. It was strongly reinforced with sandbags. They had to wait there for ten days until higher officers in the Vietcong arms would order them taken up to the high mountains.

The underground hideout was small and dark. It was full of bugs and mosquitos. The men were given only a little rice and some salt and a little water, twice a day. They had nothing else to eat.

Every time the American marines came scouting near their hideout, the Vietcong made the prisoners each go into corridors off the main underground cell. There they had to lie down on the ground, and the Vietcong staked out their hands and feet and gagged them with cloth in their mouths, so they couldn't call out to the Americans. They put booby traps with grenades on top of the cell roofs, so that if the prisoners tried to escape, they would be blown up.

After ten days in this painful hiding place, the orders came that Tue and Huan were to leave Cam Hai and be marched away up into the high hill. Their hands were tied behind their backs, Theo had no shoes and no underclothing. They just had one shirt and one pair of trousers each, and it was very cold up in the hills.

Huan thinks they went southwest of Da Nang, over near Laotian border. He didn't know exactly. Anytime they passed a backcountry Vietnamese village, the communists called out all the civilians, old men, women and children and made them curse and scorn Tue and Huan, and mock them cruelly. The old men had to take swords and pretend to cut off the prisoners' heads. Women and children had to throw stones at them, hitting them painfully.

Then they began climbing the mountains trails. They went by night now, with no light, and with their hands always behind their backs. In the day time they were half hidden in underground holes so that they couldn't be spotted by American search planes.

Their feet became bloody and torn from the rocks, brush, and briars. For ten long, hard, exhausting nights they climbed. Bloodsuckers stuck them in packets, drinking their blood avidly. The lower branches and leaves were covered with the creatures. Blood ran down the prisoners' legs, and they couldn't use their hands to get the leaches off. When they became so full of blood that they fell off, ulcers would form on the skin in three days time and often became infected. There was no medicine to heal them and no bandages.

Sometimes it rained in torrents. The paths became streams and the prisoners splattered upward in their bare feet in the water, mud, rain, mist and fog. Theo was tramping up in the clouds, in the chain of forested mountains, sometimes cut by deep ravines. Along with bloodsuckers, there were mosquitos, and vicious-biting insects.

They became very dirty and longed for soap. The Vietcong wouldn't let the prisoners bathe in the rivers. They forced them to drink water at any dirty stream. They had to drink, as they became very dehydrated, and they drank any water they came to.

Their only food was half of a small of cold cooked rice, twice a day. Sometimes the rice was uncooked, the guards wouldn't light any fires for fear the Americans scouting planes would see the fire or smoke.

After ten days of great suffering, they reached the jungle Vietcong trail which linked with the Ho Chi Minh roads. They were now in Vietcong country, 4000 to 5000 feet high up in the mountains. The

communists now untied their hands, as the prisoners wouldn't be able to find their way back from here. There were many North Vietnamese troops up in these mountains, and they were on the move for attacks. On their backs they carried guns, rockets, missiles and grenades, dwarfing their small, scrawny frames.

By now, Tue was becoming worn out. The suffering mountains trails, the loneliness, and despair broke his spirit. For over a month he'd borne the pain of it all, and now he didn't have the strength to bear it any longer, he tried to make an escape, but the communists were soon after him and shot him in the back. Huan saw the bloody clothes they brought back} week-end know that the living Saviour was right at Tue-s side with outstretched arms to carry him straight into the bosom of heavenly Father. Tue was a wonderful young pastor and servant of God.

Up at the Vietcong camp, they put Huan into a tiny bamboo hut with some other prisoners. There were captured men from Da Nang, Hoi An and Tam Ky. It was rainy weather and extremely cold. The prisoners had no blankets and no fire. They all had to go into the forest with guards and cut down branches to make their beds. They slept on these branches and tried to cover them with the leaves. Huan doubled his sore feet up under him. The frigid winds of the mountaintop were like needles sticking into him.

The next morning, Huan that five prisoners had died in the night from the cold and rain, with having no food, only a few rags for clothing, and no medicine. The communists made Huan dig the graves for the five men.

For nearly six months Huan was up in the high mountains with ten South Vietnamese prisoners. There were no Christians among them, and Huan was not allowed to talk about Christ to them.

They had to work very hard, digging the campground, cutting wood for the communists, and planting rice. One night in the forest Huan with other prisoners and guards met a tiger. Its orange eyes shone out brilliantly. Another times Huan was there, the Vietcong killed tigers. They ate the tiger meat, which is very strong-smelling, tough, and gristly. The communists killed leopards, too, and ate them. They ate rats, nests of birds, monkeys, they lovely gibbon apes, and any meat they could find. There were very few deer left.

Huan and other prisoners got none of the meat. They just had their two small handfuls of rice each day. They had to work all the time. Patched of rice fields up there grew the dry mountain rice, and Huan was forced to work in them and in the gardens. All of these were hidden in narrow valleys for fear of American planes sighting them.

Because he just got rice, Huan became ill with beri-beri and began swelling up. He was very anaemic too. He gathered and ate any leaves that were scented like herbs, and they helped him.

By now his shirt and trousers were hanging in dirty scarps and rags. So he and other prisoners were given the black calico Vietcong pyjamas. Huan was in bare feet continually, and he had no way of cutting his toenails. Finally they fell off because he was in water and mud so much and the bushes and thorn prickled and tore at his feet.

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After one month in this Vietcong camp, the communists took Huan to another hideout to make him carry provisions for them. At this place, he and the other prisoners had first cut down bamboo to help build the houses for this headquarters for the Vietcong.

One night, while there, one of the prisoners, a man from Hoi An, twenty-seven years old, tried to run away when the guards weren't looking. Huan knew this prisoner as he had been caught at Cam Hai about the same time as Huan and Tue.

Many soldiers followed him, found his tracks, captured him, and brought him back. They put his feet in stocks, and he wasn't given any food for five days, just a little water to drink.

Because this one man had tried to run away and was put in stocks, all the other prisoners were punished in the same way. They, too, had to have their feet in stocks, night and day for 5 days. The holes of the stocks were very small, and Huan said they couldn't move their legs. Those were five days and nights of unspeakable torture, but Huan said he had Almighty God to see him through with patience and courage. He pitied the other prisoners who knew not Christ, the Saviour.

The prisoners grew long beards after every two or three weeks, they used fire to burn off their own beards.

Then the Vietcong told all the prisoners that they would be going down to the lowlands to get food and supplies. Huan found out that they were going down to Thanh My and Truong Duc areas. He knew Thanh My, as our mission had a church three years among the far-back Vietnamese settlers on the Thanh My River and among the Kati tribes-people in the surrounding tribal villages.

Before they left, Huan and two other prisoners, at night, had to hull rice in a mortar made from a tree trunk, each man lifting and lowering in rhythm a heavy pillar of wood on the rice. Huan has a frail little body of about eighty-five pounds, but he had to ply the heavy pestle vigorously.

Then Huan and other prisoners, with their guards, walked down to the market at Thanh My. It was exciting to get to a place in the wilderness that he knew. There were backwoods Vietnamese there who were forced by communist terrorists to trade fish, clothes, and medicine from Da Nang, selling all of this to the Vietcong.

The guards made Huan and the other prisoners carry again, fish, salt, corn, and betel nut up the mountains trail to the camp. Their bamboo tribal back baskets were heavily loaded, and their shoulders were sawed by the liana of the shoulders straps.

Suddenly, one day, Huan saw two American marines who were prisoners to the Vietcong. Their hands were tied behind their backs. They were wearing Vietcong sandals made from pieces of automobile tires and rubber thongs, and they had on the black Vietcong cotton clothes. Their hair and beards were long. Their guards made the American carry big, heavy cans of rock salt on their backs. The white men are very sad and wouldn't speak. The Vietcong had their guns pointed at the prisoners's back. They went one way and Huan's group went another.

Huan saw Thanh My River, recognising it from being there on former preaching trips. He didn't see any of the old Katu villages week-end used to visit. Week-end knew that the communists had killed four of our Christian Katu chiefs there, and the villagers had been forced to follow the communists far back into the mountains and become their slaves.

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Huan, and other prisoners, and the guards got back into the Vietcong mountain territory with the food and provisions. There were many North Vietnamese troops who had just arrived at the camp. These wore different clothes, khaki-coloured uniforms, and their hair was cut short. They looked healthier. They wore military hats with the communists star. On their chest pockets was the sickle and hammer insignia. They were the same height as the South Vietnamese men, about five feet tall, but like the southerners, they were strong and wiry.

In the month of August and all the fall months, it rained heavily in the mountains day and night. Huan and other prisoners caught dysentery from drinking dirty water, eating hard, uncooked rice, or from other sources of germs. He had no medicine. The cold and wet meant much suffering for them. Huan looked for firewood, and they were able to light a small fire underground. The guards let the sick ones with stomach cramps get near the fire. They longed for a sunrise and the warmth of the sun.

The Vietcong guards now said: "Week-end must continue on our way very quickly, up into more jungle mountains to another Vietcong headquarters".

One very sick prisoner couldn't keep up with them. He had fever and was vomiting, he was shaking with chills and had no medicine. So the communists tied his hands to a tree and left him. When they returned to get him, they found him dead. Huan had to help bury him right there the trail.

They went to the other Vietcong headquarters in these mountains and were there for five days. Then they were sent down to buy more food at another Vietcong market on the Thanh My River. While there, the American Phantom jets came bombing. The Vietcong had a network of tunnels to which they could run and make a fast fadeout. The prisoners and guards waited in this secret hideout until it was dark. Then they came out and went to every bamboo hut in the village. The people were well subdued and gave the communists all the supplies they could carry. Then the procession returned hurriedly up into the mountains.

At 10 P.M. the terrifying American plane came bombing as the group climbed up the mountains trail. Huan fell down with his heavy basket of food on his back. The branch of tree pierced his side. The blood flowed, and a sick feeling beat all through him. He moaned in his helplessness. The plane roared overhead, but the Americans couldn't see them under the dense forest trees.

After the plane went, the guides put Huan into a hammock and made the other prisoners carry him to the top of the mountain. The communists talked of how they hated the Americans and they told the South Vietnam prisoners to hate them too.

They had no medicine or bandages for Huan's wound, but they put on plaques of tobacco leaves. Huan longed for penicillin but later he got other leaves from the forest and chewed the leaves with salt and put this on his side. The leaves have chlorophyll in them and somehow the wound healed.

He had to stay three more weeks in the mountains base waiting for the cut to heal. He prayed all the time, and he said he felt the Lord Jesus very near to him, comforting him. He thought a lot about his wife and his children, and he tried to plan how he could escape. His thoughts were often on eternity and all the everlasting happiness and glory God has prepared for His children in heaven. There would be no pain and suffering, no more sorrow and heartaches and bondage.

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He longed exceedingly to taste some meat or fish or some “*nuoc mam*”, the fish sauce that the Vietnamese people love. He could smell the fish and “*nuoc mam*” that the Vietcong were eating and how his mouth watered. He humbly asked his captors for some fish bones to grind up, fry, and eat. Huan told me “*I had the No. 1 priority on this delicacy*”. The other prisoners didn't take any of it, as they saw he was not wasted away, and he needed the calcium from the bones.

“I ground the bones into powder between stones, and it helped me” Huan said.

Then after a few days, the Vietcong's sow in the camp gave birth to little pigs. One died and the Vietcong gave the little dead one to Huan. He cooked it with his handful of rice and the feast strengthened him greatly.

The captors became a little more friendly and talked a bit to Huan now. They questioned him about his work and at the leprosarium. They asked, “*why the Vietcong captured you*”? *Were you sad? Do you hate us? Are you angry at us?* Huan remained silent.

After three weeks in the mountaintop base, Huan's wound had healed and he had to carry food again for the Vietcong. They went down to the Vietcong village once more, near Thanh My, where week-end used to have a church. There they bought a lot of salt and carried it up to the tops of the high mountains to some Katu of tribal villages up there. They would exchange the salt for dried corn, chicken, and pigs. The tribes-people had many animals but were serving for salt.

On this mountaintop, Huan saw a Vietcong hospital made of bamboo and thatched grass shacks. There were many wounded Vietcong soldiers there and much suffering. They had very little medicine or food. They had Vietcong doctors, instruments and nurses (some of them are girls). Both from south and north.

Up there, he saw many tribespeople working for the communists. They were planting rice fields, corn, sweet potatoes, manioc, onions, and tobacco. They had chickens, pigs, cows, and water buffaloes. The communists paid the tribes-people some money, and they had bowls from which to eat, chopsticks, and big pans. They had their tribal gongs, drums, and jars, and they made their sour rice wine up there and drank it from long bamboo stems stuck in the jars. Many of the aboriginal mountain folk had ivory plugs in their earlobes, made from pure ivory of elephant tusks.

The Pkoh tribe in this area won't tame elephants' tusks, so these may have been Pkoh tribes-people. Or they could have sold ivory to their neighbours, the Katu people. Some of the tribespeople had long stretched earlobes, and many wore brass arm rings from wrist to elbow. They smoked long bamboo pipes and had their front teeth sawed off at the gums. The Pkoh tribespeople had all been captured by the communists eight years before and the whole Katu tribe, except for six people, were also slaves of the Vietcong. These tribespeople Huan saw on the mountaintop didn't wear their own handwoven tribal loincloths, wrap-around skirts, and blouses. They were all dressed in the Vietcong black pajamas.

From where they were sleeping, Huan could hear trucks, tanks, and tracked vehicles rumbling in the night. So he is quite certain that they were near the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

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Huan again passed by where the Vietcong hospital had been, but now it was completely destroyed by American planes. From the air, it was just a cluster of bamboo and grass shacks. Huan saw many dead, and a number of Vietcong bamboo huts were smouldering.

Back at the Vietcong headquarters, the prisoners rested a little, then they had to go down again to a Vietcong village near Thuong Duc, a three day exhausting march, to get more food .

There were ten South Vietnamese prisoners and two Vietcong guards. One of the prisoners was by now a good friend of Huan's. He was Mr. Xuan from a village near Da Nang Airport. He had been captured nine months before Huan.

Huan asked his friend secretly *"where are we going", "we are going down near Thuong Duc". "Perhaps we can escape from there, down the river to Da Nang"*

Mr. Xuan was a rich man and he thought a lot his wife, children, and all his family. He longed to get back to them.

By this time, the Vietcong guards believed they had subdued the ten prisoners into obedience to their side. They had been through six months of brainwashing and all of the marches down the mountain trails to get food, the prisoners had behaved well. So during the nights on this trip the guards didn't tie the prisoners up.

As they reached the river at midnight, Huan and Mr. Xuan talked secretly together. Xuan whispered "let us escape tonight to Da Nang" Huan agreed.

When the guards and all the prisoners were sound asleep, Huan and Xuan crept softly away their black pajamas and bare feet.

They looked for the Dai An River, and Mr. Xuan, who knew the district well, was able to find it in the night. The river was at high flood season, but Mr. Xuan was an excellent swimmer, Huan was a poor swimmer, but he would try it.

They hid their black pajamas in some bushes, and Mr. Xuan helped Huan swim halfway across the river. In the middle, there was desperately strong rapids. Huan feared them and was too weak and gaunt to try to breast them. So both men had to return! They put their dry pajamas again and crept back to the camp. The Vietcong guards were still sleeping soundly.

Huan whispered to Xuan "you go and I will stay, when you get back to Da Nang, go to see Mr. And Mrs Gordon Smith. Tell them I tried to escape, but I was too weak" I cannot cross the river".

So Mr. Xuan crept off by himself. He was able to swim across the raging river, escape into Dai An District, where he was soon with the South Vietnamese troops. They helped him to get back to Da Nang to his loved ones. He didn't come to tell us the news and he had to lie very low for months. Today he is a village chief again near Hoi An.

Around 5 o'clock the next morning the Vietcong guards realised Xuan had escaped! They questioned Huan, "Did you know that he was escaping?" *"Do you know where he went?"* Huan answered very innocently, *"I'm sorry. I don't knew where he is" I was sleeping"* Huan had fallen asleep soon after Xuan left.

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The Vietcong guards were very angry and tied up prisoners very tightly. They told the Vietcong control officers in the area about the escape, and these officers searched for Xuan. But he was out of their reach by then.

When the Vietcong guards could not find Xuan, they hurried with the nine prisoners up the hard three-day march to the top of the mountains where the headquarters was hidden. They put all the prisoners in stocks for four days and nights with hardly any rice or water.

Huan lost hope! It was dreadful suffering, and he greatly missed Xuan. He kept praying continually: *"Oh God, help me. Open the way for me to escape from this torture!"*

After three more weeks at the headquarters, the Vietcong told Huan that he and other prisoners were to go down again to the river to get more food. They made long, hard, three-day hike gain.

Near the Thuong Duc section, American planes came into The Valley, strafing and dropping bombs. They flew low over Huan and the other prisoners, and the Americans thought they were all Vietcong because of their black pajamas. They killed one of the Vietcong guards. The prisoners were in great terror, they got down into bunkers underground, but bombs fell near the hiding place. They crawled out of this bunker and ran to another one. After they left the first bunker the planes bombed it for five times! But the second bunker was concealed deeply in a hillside and they didn't bomb it.

When the planes stopped bombing, Huan crawled out of his hiding place and looked for his prisoner friends and the Vietcong guard. The American bombs had killed the second guard too.

Now Huan was "wise as a serpent" he took the dead guard's guns and he led the eight prisoners back up to the mountains to the headquarters. He feared to stay down in the lowlands at that time, as the Americans and South Vietnamese were attacking strongly all the black-clad Vietcong they could see.

Because Huan returned to the headquarters with all the prisoners, acting like a Vietcong guard, the communists now believed that he was on their side. They welcomed him back. Even the other prisoners didn't know that Huan was pretending to be on the Vietcong side. They thought that he had really turned Communists!

After ten days the prisoners had to return again to the village Thuong Duc section for food. They had one Vietcong guard and he let Huan help lead the eight prisoners. They trusted Huan, and he had freedom to go to a number of places. They thought that if he had wished to escape he would have tried to do so when the two guards were killed and would have taken all the eight prisoners with him. But this whole area and the mountains on this side of the river were under strong Vietcong control, and Huan knew that he and the prisoners would soon have been caught.

They arrived at Thuong Duc, and the prisoners were given their first feast of meat in six months. The American planes, in strafing the riverside villages, had killed many cows and buffaloes. So the officers of the Vietcong control in this area ordered the villagers to give some of the meat to the guard and the nine prisoners. Also their baskets would be filled with meat for the Vietcong headquarters up in ten mountains. If the Vietcong villagers had refused to give the meat, the Vietcong would have killed them.

By 1 A.M. the guard and eight prisoners were sleeping heavily after their good feast of meat. Now Huan changed rapidly and quietly from his black pajamas into an old khaki military uniform of North

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Vietnamese which he had recently stolen from the chief guard-s house at the headquarters up on the mountaintop while the guard was asleep.

Huan, now looking like a North Vietnamese soldier, with insignias, crept away from the sleeping prisoners and guard and joined a group of North Vietnam soldiers that he knew was going by ferry to Dai Loc, the big South Vietnamese military Center in the area. Huan changed his voice and talked in the North Vietnam dialect. He is an excellent actor, so the North Vietnamese didn't recognise him in the dark of night as a southerner. He followed near the end of the line of North Vietnam troops and went safely by ferry boat across the wild rapid river to Dai Loc.

Huan heard some North Vietnamese say, "we shall go this certain way when we leave the ferry boat" so Huan crept away in the opposite direction when they got off the boat.

He decided to hide near the Dai Lọc District government compound. He dug in the sand on the riverbank, took off his North Vietnam khaki uniform, rolled it up tightly, and buried it deeply in the sand. He was only in underpants now and he could pass as a country peasant. He lay down in the sand and waited for dawn.

At 7 o'clock he saw many farmers from the Dai Loc District going with their buffaloes and oxen to work in their rice fields. He walked along with them into a refugee camp nearby.

When he got into the camp, he went to the chef and said "the Lord Jesus Christ has helped me to escape". Could you show me a Christian family here? Huan knew there were many Christian refugees who had fled from the Vietcong at Thuong Duc. The United World Mission had forty or more of the orphans from there in the China Beach Orphanage.

Huan was taken to a C. & M. A. refugee, and this man kindly gave him trousers and a shirt. He took Huan to the C. & M. A. preacher, Mr. Bich, in the camp.

Huan lived with him, hiding from the communists for awhile, and the pastor gave him food. How happy and thankful Huan was! Then Mr. Bich brought Huan to the forty miles into Da Nang on the back of his Honda!

What a joyous reunion it was in the China Beach Orphanage with Huan and his wife and family} His wife had given birth to a baby boy while he was away and now the baby was two months old. It was unspeakable joy that they all wept and wept! They greatly praised and thanked the Lord. Also they sorrowed with Mrs. Tue and her family because Tue had been killed.

Huan and his family lived on our mission property for a few days, taking medicine. After that, Gordon introduced him to Chaplain Nelson on the Sanctuary, the U. S. Hospital ship. Huan was received into the hospital there for over a month. Many American doctors examined him and treated his beri-beri. Every morning Chaplain Nelson helped Huan greatly by praying with him.

Huan was on the hospital ship for Christmas, and Dr. Billy Graham, visiting the American troops in Vietnam, came aboard the ship. He shook hands with Huan and prayed for him. Huan will never forget that!

Mr. Miller, one of the Wycliffe translators, and Gordon showed movies of their missionary work to the patients, spoke to them, and to all the Americans and Vietnamese on board.

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Huan never forgets the wonderful food he received on the ship, and the treats, like American ice cream and candy. How he appreciated the good medicine and care! After his Sanctuary treatment, he was able to begin work again as a pastor.

He asked the committee to send him to a pioneer refugee Center on the edge of Da Nang city called Hoa Khanh, to begin work there from the scratch. There was no church, no houses no Christians. But Huan and his wife served there for two years and built a chapel, parsonage, school, and started a swing class! He led 150 Vietnamese to the Lord and they are fine Christians there today.

Week-end missionaries from Da Nang often visited him there, and Huan specially enjoyed having the Reverend Hank Jones of Campus Crusade preach there. Stanley and Ginny, back from furlough, also were there in the crusade meetings.

The American chaplains in that area helped greatly in getting the material for the church and other buildings. The nearby Force Logistics Center helped, as did the Construction No 8 Battalion, through their earnest chaplains.

While at the Hoa Khanh church, Huan had two kidney stone attacks, and during one the bad spells he was cared for on the German hospital ship Helgoland. For the other attack, he was in the German Malteser hospital in Da Nang. He also had an operation for a dangerous stomach ulcer on the Helgoland.

He is in good health now and today is down at Tuy Hoa on the coast near Quy Ngon, caring for the Hroy tribal church of around 900 Christians in all of that area. He is beginning an orphanage there to care for the many Hroy tribal orphans.



Figure 2: Figure 3: Pastor Huan, first from left, ministered to Hroy congregation and orphans at Tuy Hoa, after his escape