

June 18

On assignment in **Ambon and Samarinda, Indonesia**

I wrote last year about a young man named Septer, who was martyred for his faith here in Ambon.

Just a few years ago, Ambon was a dangerous and bloody place for Christians. Hundreds of Christians were slaughtered in the city. Heads were placed on poles by the side of the road. People believed killing Christians pleased God and guaranteed them a place in heaven. Fleeing Christians were machine-gunned on the Ferry boats as they tried to flee.

Septer was a gentle, competent young man who was president of the Bible College in Ambon. One Friday he rode his motorcycle to the airport with a student on the back. They were stopped by a mob coming out of the mosque. The tore them from the bike, tortured them for many hours in ways I cannot describe in this letter. Finally, when they would not deny Christ and quote the Muslim creed, they beheaded them. They dragged their bodies to the nearby river and dumped them. Septer left behind a pregnant wife.

No one was ever prosecuted for the murders and it was reported the army was complicit in standing by while these things happened.

We stopped by the side of the road where these events took place and I had to ask forgiveness for the anger I felt towards these people. The Bible school has moved on with even more registered to study and minister in this place. "Our battle is not with flesh and blood..."



The Muslims would not allow them to bury the body in the city so Septer was interred on campus in a grave dug by the students.

We flew from Ambon with 2 stops, Makassar and Surabaya, on the way to Balikpapan. One of the stops is described in the email:)

From Balikpapan, we drove more than 3 hours to Samarinda. A full, 18 hour day. We arrived in Samarinda at 2:00am in the midst of a major flood. The old SUV had water over the floorboards as we inched along in the dark.

We met Rev. Lieow from Malaysia. Rev. Lieow works with our Partners International Singapore office. He speaks many languages, including several of the Dayak dialects in Kalimantan. He is an unusual man in that he deals with possession, dreams and many 'spiritual' issues that the tribal people encounter daily. It is very foreign to a western mind, but very real to the people living in Borneo.

Tomorrow we speak at the graduation of Dayak students who work far up the rivers (Dayak means 'from up the river'). These people have a history of their grandfathers eating their enemies. It keeps you on your toes when you are speaking to this crowd! In the back of your mind, you are wondering whether they are thinking "if we smoke this big guy, we will have food for 18 months".



College president Samuel and Dr Ron, board member



Student Daniel with machete scar

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