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VIETNAM

The beginning of the work in Vietnam and what God is doing now through the SOC in Vietnam. Page 2



The Call Of God To Vietnam by B. H. Clendennen

This article was written by B. H. Clendennen and published in the Voice of Victory Magazine in the February 1983 addition.

In 1954, I had only been preaching for a few months, and we were in a small country church. My wife and I woke up early to pray together before the children got up. As we prayed that morning, God spoke, "Saigon." I did not know if that was a people or a town, but I found out later it was the capital city of South Vietnam. We knew God was calling us there. It was when the French were defeated at Dien Bien Phu and pulled out. Later, the Americans got involved. But for fourteen years, that city was in me. I knew I belonged there.

The headline "Saigon" would be in the news. In January 1968, my wife and I arrived in that city. We knew nobody. We could not speak a word, but we knew we were home. We also knew we had arrived there on time. And for the next seven years, we labored there. The first day, in a hotel lobby, there was a Vietnamese Colonel, a high officer

in the army. He was sitting there reading the newspaper. When we walked in, I was holding my wife's hand and had a Bible in the other, and when he saw me, he ran toward me. He said, "I have been looking for



The Colonel and B. H. Clendennen talking to Amerian soldiers in Vietnam.

you for seven years."

I said, "Me? How do you know me?" He said, "When America got involved in this war, my government sent me to America to learn your military. And while I was there, I was born again. I was a Buddhist, but now I am born again. That is when I realized that my people were lost. So I begged the army to let me go to preach to my people, but they said, 'No, Sir. You're too valuable to the war effort.' So, in 1961, I began to fast. After many days, I saw a vision. A man was coming, holding his wife's hand and carrying a Bible. He said I saw that man coming, and God said, 'This man will bring revival to Vietnam.' Seven years later, the Colonel saw the beginning of his vision become a reality.

The following Sunday, he had a meeting for me at a Christian Missionary Alliance Church. It was *Continued on page 3*

"A Vessel Meet for the Master's Use"

by Brian Larsen

"If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work." 2 Timothy 2:21

The School of Christ has had the privilege of serving Vietnam since holding its first classes in 2008. Brother and Sister Clendennen first received the call as missionaries to Vietnam in 1954. They would not arrive until January 1968 and labored there for seven years. Since the first SOC of 2008, hundreds have been reached and trained from the North, in

the city of Hanoi, all the way to the South, in the capital of Ho Chi Minh City.

In February and March of 2024, I was afforded the privilege and opportunity to bring the SOC back to Vietnam. My youngest son, Caleb Larsen.

Division, where he served during the Vietnam War in the 1960s. He is also an ordained minister in his Church, which is located in Jacksonville, TX. In recent years, he has accompanied his Pastor on several mission trips around the world, and when he heard about the SOC returning to Vietnam, he was excited to go along, serve, and be a part of what the Lord was doing. This was his first time returning to Vietnam since serving during the war. Some were worried about how this would affect him, but his testimony was, "I went to Vietnam the first time as a soldier in the U.S. Army, but this

do not only through his life personally but also the work that would be done in the lives of each of the students. As the SOC progressed, the Lord began to move in the lives of everyone in this class. For Caleb, the lessons dealt directly with the Call



SOC President

of God upon his life. During one of the final days of the SOC, I was led to teach the lesson from the Paths to Power series, "Soldiers." By the end

of the lesson, the power of

God had fallen on the class, so we were all on our knees, crying out to the Lord. Caleb was the first to come to the altar, and later, he testified that God had called him to be a Soldier in His Army!

This SOC exceeded my expectations, and although we faced many challenges in preparing for this School, we were led by the Lord and His

grace. Every challenge was overcome! We were blessed to have been placed in contact with choice brothers and sisters, who were divinely appointed as the vessels through which God enabled us to hold the SOC. We had students from five different countries around that region of South East Asia. One of the main points of impact in the students' lives was the realization that God does not need much to do much, and if we surrender ourselves as willing vessels, meet for the Master's use, the Lord will then use us for the furtherance of His Kingdom. All of the students have testified to the



accompanied me and my wife's uncle, Walter Yates. Brother Walter Yates is a veteran of the 101st Airborne



time I am returning as a soldier in the Army of the Lord."

This trip would be a trip of several "first times." For my son Caleb, this was his first time traveling alone with me as my cameraman and assistant. His primary responsibility was to film the translator and myself teaching the lessons of the SOC in the Vietnamese language live. In his own words, Caleb expressed how there was a range of emotions for him as we embarked on this trip: Excitement, nervousness, but also great anticipation for what the Lord would

life-changing experience that God brought through the lessons of the SOC.

We were also excited and encouraged

to have had a unique experience with one of the Pastors who attended the SOC. As I taught the lesson "Is Not This The Fast," I shared Brother Clendennen's testimony of having been a missionary to Vietnam in the late '60s and early '70s. After the lesson, the Pastor came to me and said that he had heard this testimony from his Pastor, but he never knew the name of the American missionary. This Pastor's statement encouraged us as the SOC staff to meet and see the fruits of the labor done through Brother Clendennen and Sister Clendennen over fifty years ago!

We are honored to have been a part of this work and are excited to hear the testimonies that will come from the lives of each brother and sister who graduated. To God be the Glory!









THE CALL...

nothing but back-door Catholicism. Death was everywhere. It was filled to capacity when they heard that an American would preach. There was no air conditioner, and it was hot. My wife, the Colonel, and I were the only Christians there. All the others are religious. The Colonel brought me to the Pastor's office, just off the platform, where he introduced me to the Pastor.

As I was sitting talking to the Pastor, I noticed he had an indentation (hole) in his head. As I was talking with him, he said, "You must know that I am a drug addict, not by choice. It was fourteen years ago the Vietcong beat and left me for dead. I was brought south and received medical treatment. My injuries have left me with a headache for fourteen years." He went on to explaine, "I am taking the strongest drugs possible, but I still have the headaches." At that moment God said to me, "Lay hands on him. I am going to heal and save him." I laid my hand on him, and God healed instantly, and

he accepted Christ as his Savior. Now we have another Christian with us.

As we walked out that door up to the platform, we saw a group of men in conversation. When I came out, they immediately looked up, and there was a man in that group who was 85 years old. The minute he saw me, he began to weep. He wept the whole service. When I gave the altar call, many people came. We prayed for hours. Then I prayed for the sick. A little deaf girl was healed instantly. They put my picture and testimony on the front page of a Buddhist paper. I became known all over Vietnam.

Nobody leaves the Church in Vietnam until the Pastor is at the door. So when it was all over, the Pastor, myself, Brother Cong, my interpreter, went to the door. The people were leaving, and the old man continued weeping. I said, "Brother Cong, I want to talk to him when he gets here." So when he came, I said, "Sir, you have been crying since you saw me. Why are you crying?" He

said, "Five years ago, like Hannah, I was praying for revival. Oh God, send revival in this war-ravaged state. God said you will not die till you see the man that will bring revival." When you came out of that office, that same voice said to me, "Look closely, this is the man." He died before I ever saw him again.

God will guide your steps. We saw Pentecost come for the first time in that country. They made me a Chaplain in the Arven Army. I rode their helicopters; never a man had more favor than I had. I was led there by God.



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