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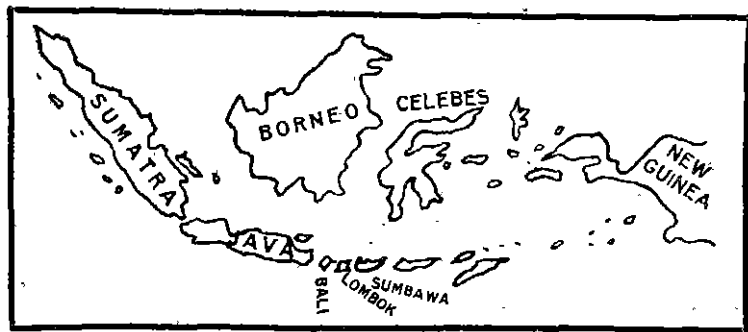
No. 2

*A Missionary Newsletter concerning the work
of the
Alliance Mission
in*

BORNEO

and the adjacent Islands of the

DUTCH EAST INDIES



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— EDITORIAL —

*"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving,
withal praying also for us."—Col. 4:2,3*

We want to thank the readers of *"The Pioneer"* for their prayers on behalf of the work in the Dutch East Indies. Andrew Murray said, "There is nothing that can so help us to prove the power and the faithfulness of God to His Word, as when we reach out in intercession to the multitudes either in the Church of Christ or in the darkness of heathenism." We would ask you to continue with us in prayer for this needy and vast field.

PRAISE the Lord for opening up the way for Mr. and Mrs. Fisk to go up the Kajan River as far as Boelongan and for the ministry which they have already had among the Dyaks. Pray that the Lord will make them a blessing as they work among the Dyaks, and that they may get the Dyak language speedily.

PRAISE the Lord that permission has been granted by the Dutch Government for our missionaries to labor in Borneo and Lombok.

PRAISE the Lord for supplying through "The World Wide Christian Couriers" and "The Defenders" the funds needed to purchase a motor boat for missionary work in Borneo.

PRAY for eleven new missionaries needed to carry on

advance work in the Dutch East Indies.

PRAY for the opening of a Bible School at Makassar.

PRAY for The Chinese Foreign Missionary Society and its work in the Dutch East Indies.

PRAY for the publication of Gospel tracts in Malay, and also for the translation of *The Bible Magazine* into Malay.

PRAY for Mr. and Mrs. Brill in their work in the Island of Lombok, and for Mr. Clench in Dutch Borneo.

PRAY for funds needed for advance work into the interior of Dutch Borneo.

PRAY that Mr. Jaffray's visit to the Dutch East Indies may bear much fruit and that he may have Divine guidance as to the opening up of other centres in that field for missionary work.

— Tidings from Lombok —

By Rev. J. W. Brill, Ampenam, Lombok

Balinese Hindu Temple showing worshipper placing a basket of food on the altar as a sacrifice.

"Behold the Lord's Hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear." Thank God! We have many things to be thankful for, and I want to relate a few of them.

One afternoon we noticed many Balinese women passing the house with large baskets on their heads, that were filled with food and fruit, and each basket was decorated with fancy cut palm leaves. We asked our servant where they were going, and he told us they were going to the temple, as it was a Balinese Feast Day. Later in the day we visited this temple. We found the men waiting outside the temple, while the women went in and prepared the feast. The whole of their feast



is offered to their god, which they claim is the same God as we worship; then it is all taken back and eaten. At this temple they treated us with utmost respect.

One day we visited a Balinese Temple about twelve kilometres away from here. From there we went to a place called Praja, which is a good center for our work in that section. It is 30 kilometers away from Ampenam. I learned that it was a center for the soldiers and that there were about eighty there. Many of the soldiers in the Dutch East Indies are Christians from Menado and Ambonia. This will be the first outstation we will want to open as it is an important center, and the soldiers that are there will

form a nucleus for a church I expect to go to Praja again soon and sell New Testaments to the soldiers there. I wish you would pray for these soldiers, that the Word of God will work in their hearts to bring about the will of God in their lives. I have already been given permission to have a service with them, but of course it would be quite informal consisting of reading the Word and a short explanation of it. Pray that God will raise up a native worker for Praja in the near future; we could use one now if we had one. We ought to have about six native workers soon, and it is not too early to start praying to that end.

Our "servant problem" seems to be solved, for which we thank God. The first servant that we brought from Makassar proved to be a failure. She had a terrible temper. We prayed with her and for her, but it seemed of no avail, so we had to dismiss her, and pray that God would work in her heart. I wish you would join with us in prayer for her. The same day that we dismissed her, another girl from Menado, a Christian, came asking for work, and we hired her. She has proved herself to be a very valuable servant, and exemplifies a fine Christian spirit. She is also anxious to read her Bible in her spare moments. The

other servant we have is a Balinese man, who works well and shows an interest in the Bible and the Lord Jesus. He has asked to take a Malay Testament to his village for his friends to read. Two of his friends are coming to our home to have us explain the New Testament to them. Thank God for this interest. Pray for him and for his friends.

Last Sunday we gathered some of the children of the neighborhood in for a Sunday School. We taught them a hymn and our servant girl told them a short Bible story, and had prayer and dismissed them. There were about thirty in all, and about ten outside the fence who were afraid to come in. They were all interested and we are expecting more next Sunday. We wish you would pray for them and for our servant (Antji is her name), who helps us, that she will be filled with the Holy Spirit. Among these children were Balinese, Saksaks, Javanese, having religions—Mohammedan, Hindu, and Buddhist.

We are rejoicing because of what God has been doing, and now we long for the time when we can speak this language well and can do more effectual witnessing for the Lord Jesus. We ask your prayers to this end.

First Experiences in the Interior of Borneo

Rev G. E. Fisk, Boelongan. Dutch Borneo

Mr. Fisk with two Dyaks

The trip up to Boelongan was one of the most interesting that I have ever taken. It was most interesting to me because it was the first glimpse that I had really had of Borneo itself. We made this trip on a Government launch. The pilot of the boat, a Malay boy, would work the launch from one side of the river to the other, avoiding the sand bars, and in this way we were many times brought exceptionally close to the jungles on both sides of the river. Once I saw a bird of paradise covered with feathers of many bright colors fly among the small palm trees. A short time after seeing that bird the pilot suddenly cried, "Look, Toean!" I looked and there was a big crocodile making his way through the water, with



his ugly snout sticking above the surface. When he saw the launch he sank like a hundred pounds of iron. Not far above this place we made a sharp turn and on the right hand of the bend in the river was a sand bar. Lying on this sand bar like harmless logs were two more of these ugly fellows.

Farther up the river we saw the famous Borneo long-nosed monkey. The trees in certain places were filled with them. Some were sleeping in convenient crotches in the trees, others were frisking about merrily, and others were engaged in well known monkey business,—flea hunting and scratching.

About two-thirty in the afternoon, the boat made a turn that brought us in view of Boelongan.

It was in the distance so all we could see was little patches of red sticking out here and there between the big tropical trees along the river bank. These red patches proved to be roofs. There is a peculiar law here saying that if one must paint his roof, it must be done in red. Therefore there are many red roofs in Boelongan. After much tooting our launch pulled up alongside the — what shall I say — the municipal pier?

—We have had many and varied experiences with the Dyaks here. We feel more than ever before that we made the right move when we came to Boelongan. Almost every day something happens to show that it was the will of God. One day while I was doing some personal work with a Dutch trader, two Dyaks came to the door and asked if I would buy one of their coats. The Dyak coat is made from the bark of a soft wood tree. We began to talk together in Malay. While we were talking several other Dyaks came into the house and sat down, making themselves very much at home. It was not very long before their sharp eyes caught sight of our little folding organ, and there was not anything left for me to do but to play it. I discovered after playing several types of hymns, that they were especially fond of

march tunes, such as "Onward Christian Soldiers." After such a piece there would be grunts and whoops of approval. The music attracted other Dyaks, who were out in the street, and before the evening was over there were more than fifty Dyaks in our large front room. We had to push the furniture back against the wall to make room for them all. They sat on the floor, native fashion, in little semi-circles. After playing a few hymns for them on the organ, I asked my wife to sing with me. They seemed to enjoy the singing even better than the playing, so we sang for them for some time. Then for a little variety, my wife played the organ and I tooted on my cornet, much to the joy of the "wild man." Then one of the Dyaks asked if we had a talking machine, so that was the next musical instrument to be put into action. We are more than thankful to the folks in the homeland, who made it possible for us to have these valuable helps in the Lord's work among the Dyaks. After playing two or three records for them I began to tell them through a Dyak, who spoke good Malay, just why it was that we came to this part of the world. I told them as best I could about Jesus and His love, and that it was

this love that had prompted us to come out here. I wanted them to know about Jesus and His love.

It was all very new, yes, very new to them, and they listened with ears, eyes, and mouths open. Not one left the house while the story was being told. When I stopped speaking several said something to the Dyak, who had been interpreting. He told me they were asking how soon it would be before we intended to come up to their country. Some asked why we did not come at once. Their people back in the interior wanted to hear this message too. They seemed very anxious to know something more about this new religion. Oh, but I am praying so hard that funds enough will soon be available to make a trip up into the interior.

After my little message in Malay, I told the Dyaks that I wanted to make the room they were in a Dyak room, so one by one they began to take ornaments from their bodies to give to me to decorate the room, bracelets, anklets, etc. Two Dyaks gave me their hats. Two others passed over their bark coats, and so the Dyak implements and ornaments rolled in until we had a good offering. This scene was a very touching one and it would be impossible to put into words

my exact feelings at that particular moment. May the Lord hasten the day when we will be able to be among them. They are here in Boelongan for a few days and then they are gone again.

One day we had a little added excitement in Boelongan. I was in the back of the house when my wife called me to come to the front to see what the Dyaks were doing in the street. I heard them yelling and thought that they were at some of their games that they seem to love so much, but when I arrived at the front of the house I discovered that it was no game, but looked a great deal like a wild Indian war dance. The Dyaks had their long knives out and were dancing round, swinging their knives over their heads, and yelling at the tops of their voices. I ran up the street to see just what was the matter. After pushing through a circle of mad Dyaks, I saw a Dyak lying on the ground seemingly dead. Two of the older Dyaks were rubbing him down with cold water that they had carried from the river. Upon examining him I found that he was only unconscious. He had been given a blow beneath the heart by a Javanese. The Dyaks were wild. They were mad enough right then to kill any number of Malays and if the

lieutenant and his soldiers had not arrived on the scene, I believe there would have been some real trouble. The Dyaks were wrought up to such a pitch that they were driving their knives into the ground with terrific force, at the same time making blood-curdling yells. It seems that the Dyaks were having a racing competition with the Malays, and the Dyaks were winning, therefore one of the Malays hit the first Dyak that got in his way. The Malay was caught and put in prison. I was very thankful that no one was killed. The road that night was exceptionally free of Malays. They were all home with their doors and windows tightly closed. The next day things seemed to be back to normal again. The Dyak was well and happy, while his adversary was eating rice and fish in the prison.

I have purchased a *prau* (native boat) and have had a workman fix the back for my motor. I am praying that someone will be moved to send something this way to help to fix up our little boat. With a small amount of money I would be able to make my little *prau* ready for long trips. As it is now it would be impossible for me to take Mrs. Fisk with me on very long trips. But with a little work it could be made very comfortable. Scat-

tered along about six days' journey up the river there are eight Dyak villages. I would like to make a trip in my *prau* to these villages in the near future.

The river has started to rise since we reached here and our house is absolutely surrounded by water. Huge logs and all kinds of wood have been coming down the river and passing in front of our house like a straggling naval fleet. The natives have collected a great deal of this drift wood for fuel. They dash out into the swift current with their little boats and grab pieces of wood that happen to be near their boat and pull them in. One day I was watching two men collect this wood and one of them, making an attempt to grab an extra large piece, was almost pulled into the racing river. I held my breath when I saw this near accident, because the river is full of crocodiles and there have been some sad experiences in our immediate neighborhood with the boats during the past days.

One day a Dyak girl fell into the river and was immediately attacked by a huge crocodile. Her brave brother dove into the water to save her, and in the struggle that followed both of the Dyaks were terribly torn up. Nevertheless the boy saved his sister. He died a few hours

later in the hospital. The sister is expected to live. The Dyaks are very brave, and when a loved one is in danger, will stop at nothing to help the one in need.

We feel definitely and clearly led of the Lord in coming here

and realise that it is a big stepping stone in our move to reach the Dyaks, who have never heard of Jesus and His Love.

Pray for us as we go on in His Name.

SOME SKETCHES OF BORNEO

By Rev C. D. Clench, Balikpapan, Dutch Borneo

"Paul", said I to my fellow-worker during one of my early days in Borneo, "we've got to get a cook! There's no use trying to live in a land like this without a cook. We've got to get a boy and train him—get a really green boy so we can start from the beginning and start him right,—see?" Paul took this weighty matter to some of his Chinese friends, and one of these friends started various Malay "boys" on the road that led to our house. We finally selected our "ideal"—a very green, and unspoiled boy. His name was Solomon!

Solomon was a peculiar youth, somewhere this side of twenty. On his Mohammedan head he wore a Mohammedan red velvet fez. On his clumsy body he wore a shirt and a pair of shorts and a *sarang* (native skirt) for dress parade. On his face he wore a stolid expression of—I don't exactly know what.

"Alright Paul, teach him how to cook," and I composed myself at my study table, and prepared to enjoy life in Borneo.

"What in the world is the matter with that fellow's feet?" Scuff, scuff, plop, plop, plop!—"Say, tell him to pick those feet of his up, what in the world—?" Paul at once took this matter in hand, that is he took Solomon and tried to make him understand some good Malay. Solomon's face lit up with one of his rare grins and he answered in good Malay; scuff, scuff,—plop, plop, plop!

Our "boy" Solomon blankly refused to sleep by himself in the servant quarters. We let him spend the nights at his home, with the kindly reminder that we would appreciate his reappearance in the morning, and we certainly did, after waiting most of the morning for him!

"Why don't you teach him to cook something?" "He doesn't learn," answered Paul. "Where

are all the forks?—what is fork in Malay?" "Sendok". "Hai Solomon, sendok!" There was no answer, for Solomon seemed to be afflicted with deafness around meal time—"SOLOMON, sendok!" And still no answer,— "SOLOMON, SENDOK!" Something stirred, and then scuff, scuff—plop, plop, plop; in came Solomon with a dirty dishrag!

One Saturday morning our "boy", I mean our "cook", came later than ever, and he found me hungrier than ever. "I'm going to teach this fellow how to work." Paul looked both interested and alarmed and followed me into the kitchen.

On the floor of the kitchen were last night's dishes, still unwashed, sitting in the puddle where Solomon had left them, and where he usually washed them. We heated up some water, and I proceeded to train Solomon. He looked and acted blanker than ever, but it wasn't any use. We began to clean the kitchen up, and handed our boy a whitewash brush. After some argument he gingerly took it and began to splash around. But while Paul and I were busy elsewhere Solomon disappeared—and we did the whitewashing! He came back late in the day, and we surprised him with a gentle request that he whitewash the one remaining room! Solomon

sat down on his haunches to meditate—we stuck to our ultimatum—our "cook" slowly gathered himself together, put on his *sarang*, gave us a reproachful look, and then departed—scuff, scuff, scuff—plop, plop, plop!

And now comes Karang! Karang was a Malay and then some! Born somewhere in Java, and educated on board ship visiting nearly every port in Malaysia, he was a unique character. His appearance?—well, it had been his misfortune to fall in love. This love affair brought Karang a deadly rival, and there came a fateful day when his rival leapt upon him. Karang saved his life but carried the history of that encounter in the form of one blind eye, and the loss of the end of his nose, and the disfigurement of his upper lip! Once while aboardship a heavy piece of cargo fell upon his right foot, and left him maimed and lame.—This was the general appearance of Karang.

In those days Paul did most of the speaking in Malay; he was "chief speaker."

"What does he want?" I asked. "He wants to come and be our cook," answered Paul. From further conversation with Karang, it developed that he was a master-cook with a long and imposing line of references, that he was also an expert

washer, and could iron enough starch into our clothes so they would stand up (and make us stand up too), and that he could do anything and everything under the sun, and do it better than anyone else. We were impressed and felt sure that his gleaming white coat bespoke of efficiency, while the fancy Malay turban on his head made him like a very sultan. We capitulated, and Karang moved into our servant quarters the same night.

There was no getting round the fact that our new cook "knew his stuff" when it came to laying out the table. After our struggles with Solomon it was thrilling to sit down to the table and have a beautiful white cloth, and napkins, and finger bowls! We were "sitting pretty", and Paul and I began to take a new interest in life.

Karang was a rascal, and I mean rascal in the most rascally sense of the word. On his arms he carried in tattoo work the evil desires of his heart. He loved to spend our money, and until we came to ourselves, he spent it. He would go to market and buy so much more than we could eat, that he would be sure of a good share of it.

Once when Paul was off up the Mahakam River for a month, I ran completely out of money.

We had nothing but rice and milk in the house and so we ate nothing but rice and milk for nearly a week. Karang became quite depressed.

Karang had a sense of humor; he always set the table just so. He would put the sugar and milk as far away from me as possible so that I would have to stretch clean across the table to reach them. He always set a nearly empty bottle of tomato ketchup alongside the salt and pepper. One morning I ventured to take a smell of that ketchup,—whew! I threw it out the window! He loved to have me roar at him, and then he would sing out, "Yeh,tuan!" and come galloping to me, for his lame foot made him hobble when he walked and gallop when he ran. He was proud of his ironing ability, and when some neighbors, who passed through our yard, had the temerity to "kid him" about it, he borrowed my hammer and nailed the back gate shut so that there was no more short cut through our yard. Then he went on with his ironing! Three times he brought us soup that was composed of nothing but hot water and white pepper; the first time we "fell for it", the second time we politely set it over on the extreme edge of the table, and the third time we "fell on him." He would come to

us almost every day just before meal time with an innocent look and utter the word "habis" which means "finished," thereby signifying at the eleventh hour that there was no more rice, or sugar, or no more potatoes. That is a bit of Malay that I'll never forget—"Habis, habis, tuan!"

He was our "cook" for two months. During that time he he had me sick regularly about twice a week, and I sometimes felt too dead to live. His style of cooking was after the Dutch custom of plenty of grease, and he liked to cook enough at noon to warm up for supper, but when it came to that, NOTHING DOING!—not after

the flies, and the ants, and the heat had seasoned it. Just before he left us he bought a noisy alarm clock, and was like a boy with a new toy, for he had it going all hours of the day and night. He used it to inform me when it was time to stop work and come to eat. I mean he tried to use it for that, but I put in an objection.

At the end of two months Paul and I found that we were going bankrupt. We heroically resolved to let Karang go. For a few days we helped him along until he got a new job, and after that he passed out of our horizon.

Paul and I are the "cooks" now—tough luck!

THE CHINESE CHURCH AND THE ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH SEAS

By Rev. Leo T. Chao, Wuchow, South China

(Translated from the Chinese)

In the fall of 1929, I was sent to the Dutch possessions of the South Seas and visited the two islands of Celebes and Java, with the object of looking into the prospects of missionary work for the Chinese Church in this field. I was absent two months, and a deep impression was made upon my heart by the Holy Spirit.

I wish at the present time to give briefly some of these

impressions for the sake of my fellow believers in China.

*The People of these Islands
are Waiting*

That the inhabitants of these islands should hear the Gospel and be saved is a part of God's great plan. The evangelization of the islands of the world is an important and urgent piece of work yet to be done.

The Prophet Isaiah speaks of

the Lord Jesus as "God's Elect," the One in Whom He delights, and the One upon Whom He has bestowed His Spirit, in order that He may proclaim His message to the nations. He then adds, "*The isles shall wait for His law.*" (Isa. 42:1-4). The word "wait" indicates our responsibility to pay our debt by quickly preaching the Gospel to these people. They have already waited a long time. Who will take the Gospel to them?

The Field is Vast

The boundaries of what in Chinese is called "Naam Yeung Kwan To," which being literally translated is "the Flock of Islands in the South Seas," stretch from Sumatra to New Guinea, a total distance greater than that from Ireland west to the Black Sea. The islands here are like the sands of the seas—innumerable; 70 or 80 percent are Dutch possessions. In those parts that are most accessible, and where western civilization has taken root, the Gospel is known, but in the interior of many of these islands, where the people are still in their savage state, and in many of the smaller islands that are less accessible, the Name of Christ is totally unknown.

The Chinese Resident in the Islands

The inhabitants of these islands are composed of many

racess, but the Chinese are to be found everywhere. In the more developed islands, such as Celebes and Java, Chinese merchants prosper on every side and they have organized schools of their own, and even into the far interior the Chinese merchant takes his wares and carries on a thriving business.

The Chinese languages most current among these islands are Fukinese (Foochow and Amoy), Cantonese, and Hakka. Mandarin is used in the Chinese Schools and is therefore understood by the rising generation.

The Chinese Church in the Islands

The Gospel of Christ has developed among the Chinese in Java more than in any of the other islands. In the chief cities, such as Batavia, Bandoeng, and Surabaya there are Chinese self-supporting churches, but the Chinese Christians in many of the smaller cities are left like "sheep without a shepherd." We firmly believe that if Spirit-filled Chinese workers, possessed of patience and faith, were to enter this field, that within a few years many self-supporting churches would be established. There are hungry hearts and willing contributors to be found in many places. This field is then a foreign missionary field for Christ's Church in China of

unparalleled opportunity.

*The Need of the Gospel among
the Chinese of the Islands*

There are several points I wish to set forth under this heading:—

(1) The Chinese merchants in these parts soon become prosperous, and this often leads to reckless and riotous living, which in turn brings its sure reward of sorrow and hardship. This is often seen among the Chinese of the South Seas. Therefore, there is even an urgent need of the Gospel of Salvation among these our brethren, who are far from home and exposed to special temptations.

(2) The educational advantages of the Chinese living in the Islands are much less than those living at home, and the prevalence of infidelity among Chinese scholars, and other ignorant heresies among the people is greater than that in China proper.

(3) The Chinese living in the Islands seem to give themselves up entirely to money-making. The love of gold and silver and the love of pleasure seem to blot out almost entirely any thought or hope of the life to come. There is no remedy for this but the Gospel of Christ.

(4) The Chinese who have been resident in these Islands for

two generations or more have acquired perfectly the native languages, and therefore when they become Christians may become missionaries of the Gospel to the natives in their darkness and ignorance. Is not this an added reason for speedily sending the Gospel to the Chinese in the Dutch East Indies?

(5) The sending out of Chinese missionaries by the home church in China to the Islands of the Sea, and the development of the work among the well-to-do Chinese there, will bring a reflex blessing upon the Chinese Church at home by liberal contributions on the part of these Christian merchants for the extension of the work in China. Such foreign missionary work will thus prove a blessing at home and abroad.

These five points surely set forth the urgency of the Church of Christ in China to carry the Gospel to the Islands of the South Seas. Will it not bring woe upon our Church if we delay to carry out this ministry? (1 Cor. 9:16)

*The Relation of the Chinese
Church to Missionary Work*

One reason why the Chinese Church is not yet self-supporting is because she does not have the missionary objective. The reason why within the Chinese Church there are wranglings and jeal-

ousies is because we are not pressing out and spreading the Gospel Message to others. The believer is the instrument of the Lord. We are the members of His Body. Through us, He desires to give the Gospel to others. If we seek only our own blessing, the Lord must in consequence bestow less blessing upon us.

The Dead Sea only *receives* the waters of the Jordan and passes nothing on. It becomes a sea without life, and its waters are dead. Though it is wide and deep, it has no benefit, no product, no life to pass on and give out to others. If our Church only glories in an increase of membership and the erection of Church buildings at home, and has no vision for the needs of the others outside of itself, it will only be a *Dead Sea!* The Sea of Galilee not only receives, but it also pours forth, and is therefore a living and a beautiful lake. The Church of Christ in China has been the recipient of the Gospel because of the foreign missionary for over 120 years. When will it become a missionary church itself, and preach the Gospel to another people far away?

Not only so, but the Chinese of the South Seas are our own flesh and blood. Therefore, all the more do we owe to them the debt of the Gospel. If we do not carry

the Gospel to them, to whom should they look for help?

Would that the Chinese Church would feel toward their brethren in the South Seas as Paul did toward his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh, when he said, "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart, I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." (Rom. 9: 2,3)

Today we are earnestly praying for a revival in China, but it has not come. Perhaps the Lord is waiting until we first arise and do our part in preaching this great salvation to lost men outside of our own country. Then He will bestow upon us the blessing of a great revival. For the idea of a revival is not only that *my* Church and *my* country may be revived and blessed, but that, filled with the love of Christ, we may desire the salvation of all men, and spread the Gospel to "the uttermost parts of the earth." Those who have the missionary spirit will desire most a revival at home; and those, who are praying most earnestly for a revival at home, will be most earnest in sending the Gospel abroad. Thus the Lord will grant us "exceeding abundantly above what we can ask or think." (Eph. 3:20)

