

**Rev. and Mrs. Nguyễn Linh
Life and Ministry**

*“Praise the LORD, my soul; all my inmost being, praise his holy name. Praise the LORD, my soul, and forget not all his benefits.”
(Psalm 103: 1-2)*



*Thanks be to God for his indescribable gift!
(II Corinthians 9:15)*

*I can do all this through him who gives me strength.
(Philippians 4:13)*

The following memoir is a compilation of praises and thanksgiving to the Lord, and to our wonderful Christian brothers and sisters. We thank God for His grace and mercy that had called us to be His servants for over 60 years. Thanks be unto the Lord!

We had the privilege of serving the Lord in Vietnam for 23 years (1952-1975) and for 40 years (1975-2015) in the United States.

I am the eldest daughter of the late Rev. & Mrs. Hieu Van Phan. My parents had two sons and six daughters. (My older sister died at the age of five months.)

Phan Thị Mary
Phan Thị Thành-Tâm
Phan Thị Ái-Lan
Phan Ứng Nghiệm
Phan Ứng Thời
Phan Thị Thái-Bình
Phan Thị Thu-Hương

Rev. Nguyễn Lĩnh
Rev. Đoàn Văn Tê
Rev. Lê Phước Nguyên
Mrs. Sherril Phan
Mrs. Châu Phan
Mr. Liễu Chánh Trực
Rev. Phan Quang Vinh



I would like to begin by sharing what I know about the life and ministry of my parents that spanned from south to central Vietnam over the course of forty-five years. Both Mom and Dad were born into a pagan family that practiced ancestral worship. As a young

man, Dad was a secretary for a government agricultural company in their hometown of Ben-Cat (Thu Dau Mot). They got married in 1924. Dad recounted how he had a short temper and much like other youth at that time, he drank and smoked cigarettes. My Dad was introduced to the Lord in 1925 by reading tracts that were given by The Bible Association. He received the Lord into his heart at an evangelical event in Thu Dau Mot.

My grandparents were not happy that my Dad became a Christian. They thought that being a believer would make him somehow dishonor them since he would no longer participate in ancestral worship rituals. But thanks be to God, my father prayed and asked the Holy Spirit to be with him. He became bold in witnessing to my Mom, his parents, all aunts and uncles. Eventually, eight members of my family became Christians and later started a church in Ben-Cat.

God's awesome grace and mighty power had saved my parents and they answered His call to serve. My father quit his promising job, and together with my mother, said goodbye to their parents, siblings, and hometown. By faith, they went to the Bible Seminary in Tourane (Danang), immersing themselves in studying God's word. My parents faithfully and wholeheartedly served the Lord for 45 years – with sacrificial dedication to their ministry. Dad and Mom served the Lord in these churches in the south: Tra-Vinh, Phong-Phu, Ham-Long, Ben-Tre, and Bien-Hoa.

In 1941, my father was assigned by the Vietnamese Alliance Church to be a Bible Professor at Danang Seminary. Our entire family moved to central Vietnam. The war broke out in 1947 so the family had to evacuate to Phong-Thủ where the late Rev. Hoàng Trọng Vân was pastoring the local church. We temporarily stayed with Mr. & Mrs. Cửu Khoái and Mr. & Mrs. Phan Phụng Phẩm. Mr. & Mrs. Cửu Nhạc and the congregation in Phong-Thủ supplied us with rice during those months. We were so thankful for the love we received from these dear brothers and sisters during that difficult and challenging season.

In 1948, the Church District assigned my father to serve as pastor at a church in Hue for a two-year term. The church bought a piece of land on Ngu Vien Street. Pastor Nguyen Van Phu came to serve later. The church structure was built and still remains to this day. My father was the lead pastor at the church in Danang from 1950 to 1958. After that, he asked to be moved back to the southern region to serve the Lord at churches in Vinh-Long, Bien Hoa and as director of the orphanage in Ben-Cat. My parents eventually retired and became active members at Truong-Minh-Giang church.

My parents' first-born child, a daughter named Phan Thị Liễu-Hạnh, died from an illness at only five months of age. My parents were new believers at that time. My maternal grandparents, being unbelievers, were superstitious. They blamed the death of their granddaughter on the fact that my parents unknowingly named their child using some other lady's name so in turn, that lady wanted to rid of their child. So when I was born, my maternal grandparents insisted on naming me. They named me "Ba" which simply means the "number Three". I was named with a plain Ba Thi Phan, to avoid another death in the family. When my parents went to seminary, my parents renamed me as Mary. When I became an American citizen, my name was changed once more to Mary Phan Nguyễn.

Praise the Lord that all my six siblings and I live in the United States. My father's youngest sister, wife of the late Rev. Nguyễn Duy Xuân, still resides in San Diego. One of their sons is Rev. Nguyễn Duy Tân and resides with his wife Đoàn Thanh-Thủy in San Leandro. Mrs. Nguyễn Duy Xuân is currently assisting her daughter Nguyễn thị Tuyết-Mai and son-in-law, Pastor Phạm Quang Trực at the Vietnamese Church in San Diego. My father's niece Phan Thanh Khiết is also serving the Lord with her husband Rev. Trịnh Chiến in Việt-Nam.

My father was very earnest in evangelism and his prayer life. He wrote a song about sharing faith titled "God Sent Me," and he enthusiastically taught it to every church he visited.

God sent me out to preach everywhere, I volunteer to do it, I am willing so. He told me to go out and preach the gospel, I dare not delay, I must do it right away.

My parents were brought to America in 1975 by their eldest son Phan Úng Nghiệ̣m. They resided first in San Jose, California. My father continued to preach at churches in San Jose, San Francisco, Pasadena, and Oakland, as well as serving as Head of Prayers-For-Revival team of the Vietnamese church district. My mother went to be with the Lord on May 17th, 1993, and my father, on May 8th, 2002. My parents had left us examples of love, sacrificial living and endurance in ministry. Praise the Lord!

Our Life

I was born on July 10th, 1928 as my parents were getting ready to go back to seminary in Da Nang for their second year. I was baptized in 1941 by Rev. Nguyễn Văn Thìn. My family happily served the Lord at the church in Đà-Nẵng. This church was established in 1911 and has a large congregation to this very day. The church commissioned many preachers who served throughout all the regions in Vietnam. Praise the Lord! I am grateful to have been raised in a family model of sacrificial living.

I had the chance to meet the first Superintendent of the Vietnamese church, the late Rev. Hoàng Trọng Thừa and his wife in Đà-Nẵng. The majority of pastors whom I knew have all gone to be with the Lord, having received their crowns of glory. They left future generations with examples of sacrifice, dedication, and suffering for the sake of the Gospel. The war between Japan and France broke out in 1947 so my family had to go back and live in the countryside. We had to use oil lamps for light and hunt for bamboo and bagasse. Mrs. Ba Tặng (wife of Pastor Tôi) showed my sisters and I how to pull silk. To earn money for food, we sold the silk thread at the market for cloth-weaving.

I recall hearing bombings daily. Every house received a shelter. We returned to Đà-Nẵng after a few months in Phong-Thủ. We followed Mom and Dad to Huế to serve the Lord in 1948. There were only a few members at this church – Mr. & Mrs. Kiều-Thành, Mr. Minh-Ký, Mr. Bùi-Thành and some other families. My parents were invited back to pastor the church in Đà Nẵng in 1950, after two years in Huế. Peace had returned to the region so the church grew– I remember friends like Hường-Thành, Nguyễn Hữu Bôn, Trần Hoán Khanh, Cụ Bốn Tị, Thị Ích, Sáu Tuyển, Nguyễn Ngôn, Nguyễn Ngưu ...

As the eldest daughter in the family, I was very close to my parents. I helped them with all aspects of their ministry from

evangelism to working with the children. I was delighted as if I had received a precious gift every time someone received the Lord – *“What good will it be for a man if he gains the whole world, yet forfeits his soul?” (Matthew 16:26a).*

Eventually, I received a personal invitation to serve the Lord. I remember a song written by Dr. Tống Thượng Tiết titled “Vanity” (found in the old Hymnals, page 385)

East is vanity, West is vanity, South is vanity, North is vanity, All is vanity except what is done for the Lord.

My parents observed my heart to serve the Lord so they encouraged me to return to seminary for my second year. I quit my job and went back for the 1951-1952 school year. I had prayed that I could clearly know the call of God in my life to serve Him.

There were three classes of students at seminary at that time:

1. Married with children.
2. Single males.
3. Single females.

There were about twenty female students who came from the North, Central and South. Mr. J. D. Olsen was the school’s president. The teaching staff was composed of Reverends Ông Văn Huyền, Lê Nguyễn Anh, Lê Văn Long and Vũ Văn Cư.

Male and female students were intimidated by Professor Mr. Van Huyen because he was very strict. I was fortunate as only preachers-to-be would have to take his class. All students had to participate in the on-campus Chapel for prayer and worship at 10 AM daily. The professors took turn to preach. Male students in the graduating class were also invited to preach (they had to practice preaching before going out into the field) and lead the service. Our professors were older so they had a strict way of teaching. We had to memorize lessons and a lot of scripture. I am thankful for I still recall many verses by heart. Mrs. Olsen and Mrs. Carlson taught the female students how to teach children using

picture felt boards. We really loved these classes because they helped the kids to understand and retain the Bible stories. We were also taught necessary classes on the responsibilities of a pastor's wife.

One male student was assigned to beat the gong signaling time for class. We were not allowed to be late. We easily fell asleep during the afternoon classes on the geography of Palestine and the book of Acts taught by Professor Vũ Văn Cu. I recall everyone being elated to hear class dismissal gong.

Regarding meals, Mrs. Thi Ich was the leader of her kitchen staff. Breakfast was served everyday after morning devotion – white rice porridge with salt, sometimes rice porridge with mung beans. No coffee or soda. Only green tea and cold water from the well. Three-dish meals were prepared for lunch and dinner. Raw or steamed vegetables, a bowl of soup, and some sort of savory meat or fish. We enjoyed special dishes for holidays. Students who had extra money could buy special noodles like Mì Quảng from Mrs. Sáu Tuyên or tasty Bún Bò with pig feet from Mrs. Phước. Ladies who craved sour fruit often went to Mrs. Lê Nguyễn Anh's garden for “chùm ruột.”

Ladies who craved pickled fruit often came to Mrs. Lê Nguyễn Anh's house for “chùm ruột”, made from fruit from her garden. Food from the Seminary's kitchen were very simple, no milk or butter as ingredients. The students were healthy, happy in the spirit of sacrificially living in Christ's love, learning His word daily. They were being trained physically, mentally, and spiritually in order to be a great soldier for Christ after graduation.

Mrs. Thị-Ích came to the United States in 1975. She had twelve children, and among them, the Rev. Trần-Thượng-Nhon, wife of Rev. Dương-Kỳ, and the Rev. Trần Thương. Praise the Lord that she had supported the seminary for so many years.

As I studied God's Word, my conviction grew to follow my parents' footsteps to serve the Lord. Romans 10:15b, *"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!"* Everything on earth will pass away like chaff, but *"... they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."* Daniel 12:3b.

I prayed earnestly for God to send me someone that also had a servant's heart so we could serve the Lord together. At the time, there was a young man by the name of Nguyễn Lĩnh who was an administrator for a French company. Lĩnh was encouraged by Rev. Lê Khắc Chấn, Pastor of the church in Nha-Trang, to go to seminary. By fall of 1948, Lĩnh quit his job, and together with Lê Khắc Cung, son of Pastor Chan, they entered seminary. Lĩnh's family did not want him to go to seminary because they had just relocated to the south. In addition, his younger brother had just passed away due to a sudden illness. The family felt that Lĩnh should have stayed home to help out financially but by faith, he made the decision to go to seminary. When not in school, he took a job as secretary to Dean Olsen to make some extra money for school. People from his home church in Nha-Trang often lovingly sent him money to help. He took one year off of school and with five other older students including Nguyễn Văn Vạn, Nguyễn Văn Tư, and Lê Khắc Cung drew the musical notes for the big Vietnamese Hymnal. Because of that one year delay, he had the opportunity to meet me at seminary. Dean Olsen introduced us to one another and with the approval of my parents, Rev. & Mrs. Phan văn Hiệu, we became engaged in April of 1952 and later married that same year on August 17th. It was a beautiful wedding, officiated by Missionary Carlson at the church in Đà-Nẵng. We thank God for His perfect will in our lives. Isaiah 55:8-9.



On our wedding day, August 17th, 1952

Serving the Lord: In Việt Nam (1952 – 1975)

At that time, graduates had to be married before going out to the field to serve the Lord. Rev. Lê Văn Long, Superintendent of the Northern-Central Vietnamese District, commissioned a 24 year-old student preacher named Nguyễn Lĩnh, newly graduated, newly married, to go and plant a new church in Ben Ngu, in the city of Hue. Bến-Ngự was close to the Thượng-Tứ gate leading to the Imperial Palace. There was not a single Christian there. At that time, graduates had no input and had to go wherever the district sent them. Upon graduation, Linh gave a speech with the title “Opening and Building God’s Kingdom” – that speech was printed in the Vietnamese Christian Magazine (Thanh Kinh Bao). Huế was the Capital City of Việt-Nam at the time. There were many Buddhist temples and Catholic churches. There was only one Protestant church located on Ngự Viên Street, near Gia Hội and Đông-Ba Market.

“Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war” ... By His grace, we trusted and obeyed Him, and leaned on His promise to Joshua~ *“Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go.”* (Joshua 1:9). My husband went to Hue ahead of me to rent in the downtown area a place that we could both live and use as a church. We hung an “Evangelical Church” sign out in front. There was a total of seven people present at our first church service in October of 1952. My husband rode his bike daily to meet people and share the message of Christ with them. It was difficult for people to receive the gospel as many were deep into their generational Buddhist traditions. By the way, when we left Đà-Nẵng, there were about 200 Christians at that church where Rev. Phan văn Hiệu was pastoring. That church was very active.

The Holy Spirit led us to the local hospital where we ministered to patients who were very ill. We shared with them the message of Christ and over time, seven patients received the Lord and many

received physical healing. They began to attend church. Many out of town patients were healed, returned to their respective hometowns and grew in their faith. Among them was Mr. Ngô Kiệt who had recovered from a serious lung condition and went back to worship with the church in Bình-Son (Châu-Ô), and eventually led his whole family to the Lord and be baptized. Mr. Ngô Kiệt was later on elected to be the church's treasurer. One soul that is saved is worth more than the whole world!



Church Congregation in Huế City

We served two years in Ben Ngu, followed by the church in Tram Hanh, which is 27 kilometers from Dalat. At that time (August 1954) Vietnam was divided into two. We moved from Huế to Trạm-Hành to replace Pastor Dương Kỳ, who moved to Mũi-Né (Phan-Thiết). We inherited from Pastor Dương Kỳ three churches in Trạm-Hành, Cầu-Đất to the north, and Lạc-Lâm to the south. Trạm-Hành church was built on a hill and it had 20 stone steps to reach the entrance. The church and parsonage originally had thatched roofs, wooden floors and walls. Tram Hanh had a cool

climate year-round and the roads were very slippery when it rained due to the clay soil. When we first moved there, church members warned us not to go out at night, especially around midnight because we might encounter hungry tigers hunting for food. There was a thick jungle behind the church property which made wonderful hiding places for different kinds of wild animals. During the rainy seasons, we could see tiger footprints on the church grounds.

There was no electricity, indoor plumbing, telephone, television, radio, or indoor bathrooms in the village of Tràm-Hành in 1954. We had to use oil lamps or mancheon lights. We were elated that forty people showed up for the first church service when we first arrived. There were more Christians in this remote, underdeveloped area than there were in further developed Bến-Ngự. We had to walk on these small garden paths in between rows of cauliflower, chayotes, carrots, celeries, and potatoes ... with our eldest daughter Nguyễn thọ Hồng-Bích carried in our arms every time we went out for prayer meetings in homes. It was very difficult to walk on the slippery paths after each rain. Most people in the neighborhood were church members so whenever there was an invitation for a prayer meeting at one home, everybody showed up. Church members really loved us and one another. They could not wait until Sundays to go to church. They were eager to learn the God's word in Sunday school classes. There was no phone for us to make calls reminding them to go to church but they were faithful to be there at every meeting. Then on Sunday, Mr. & Mrs. Xã-Nấm, Mr. & Mrs. Tư-Thói, Mr. & Mrs. Khiêm, Mr. & Mrs. Lê Tiếu... all came to church carrying with them all kinds of vegetables that would last us the entire week. Mr. & Mrs. Nguyễn Văn Sanh would come back to Tràm Hành from Đà-Lạt every weekend. They went to church every Sunday and brought us fresh beef, pork, and fish. What a treat because normally, we only had dehydrated fish, shrimps, or preserved fish ... We treasure the love and support that these members lavished on us. Tràm-Hành had a custom of having a roast pig for

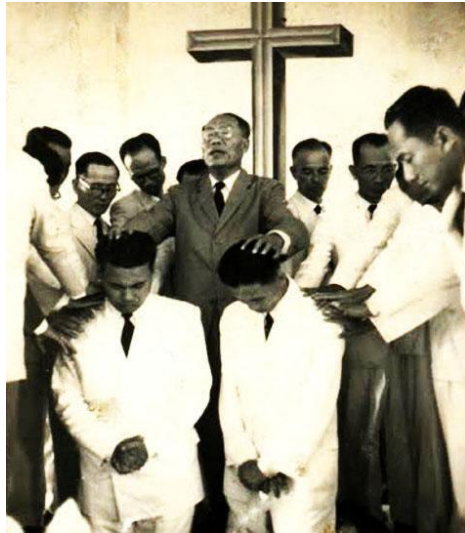
Christmas Celebration. It was a lot of fun with the presence of members from neighboring churches such as Đà-Lạt, Cầu-Đất, Đon-Dương, and Lạc-Lâm.



Church in Trạm Hành

I went back to Nhatrang and had a safe delivery of our second daughter Nguyễn Thọ Lưu-Phương in 1955. Our third daughter Nguyễn Thọ Cam-Tùng was born in Đà-Lạt in 1957. Rev. & Mrs. Phạm Văn Năm helped us with room and board as we were waiting for delivery date. We appreciated their help so much. The Lord then blessed us with the birth of our first son in June of 1958, while my husband was away at a conference in Tam-Ky, where he was ordained. The contractions came earlier than expected in the middle of the night so I had no way to go to Dalat. I was nervous with my husband being gone and I was home with three small daughters and a friend from church. I got very worried and prayed and was reminded of this verse~ *"And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."* (Psalm 50:15). The Lord also reminded me of a midwife from Dalat, who usually came back to see her mom in Tram Hanh on Sundays. They lived near the church so I asked her to come over to assist with the birth. Our son was born right on our bed, under the light of a mancheon lamp, safely at 1 AM. There was no medical equipment available in Tram Hanh in 1958. We are so

thankful because the Lord took care of everything for us. It reminds me of the chorus of hymn number 276 in the Vietnamese Hymnal *"God will take care of you, through everyday, o'er all the way. He will take care of you, God will take care of you."* We were thirty years old at the time, having served for six years, and living by faith alone. *"Call to me and I'll answer you, and will tell you about great and hidden things that you don't know."* (Jeremiah 33:3). Jehovah Jireh (Genesis 22:14b). We named our son Nguyễn Thọ Hân. The whole church was happy as well and we had a big feast to celebrate.



Ordination

Cầu-Đất church was small, members included families of Mr. Cửu-Nhung, Mr. Bồn-Chất, and a few others. At 8 AM every Sunday, my husband would get a ride on Mr. Ba Ký's bus to get to Cau Dat. He brought his bicycle along because it was very tough to get up the winding hill. Cau Dat has been known for producing wonderful tasting teas. Around 10 AM after the service, my husband would get on his bike, and would ride downhill back to Tram Hanh just in time to preach at the 11 AM service. During that time, I taught Sunday school classes at the home church. After preaching, my husband would get back on his bicycle and ride downhill to Đon-Dương (Dran) to visit families of Mr. Ông Đào

Hữu Phỉ and Mr. Đào Hữu Hanh because there was no Vietnamese church there. Once in a while, he would visit Rev. Phạm Xuân Tín who was missionary to the Chru; later on, Rev. / Missionary Samuel Ông Hiền replaced Rev. Phạm Xuân Tín.



Church Congregation in Tràm Hành

After visiting Đon-Dương, my husband would then ride his bike to Lạc-Lâm for a worship service at Mr. Bộ Hoàn's house. Mr. Bộ Hoàn was Rev. Lê Trung Thành's paternal grandfather -- most church members of this church are his descendants. After preaching there, my husband would leave Don Duong on a bus, with his bike on top of it, and finally arrive to Tram Hanh around 9 PM. A few years later, we would take the bus to Lạc-Lâm for my husband to preach there. At times, we stayed over at Mr. Hoàn's house in order to do extra visitations. We both young and energetic at the time, so we were able to be serve the Lord at three different churches every single Sunday. Thinking back, I am so thankful that my husband never had a bike accident. Psalm 23 was so helpful to us in trusting Him every day.



Church in Trạm Hành

The church and parsonage in Trạm-Hành eventually replaced the roof to a metal roof to prevent leaks. My husband became chairman for the Christian youth and was in charge of the team publication “Sức Mới” (New Strength). There was no computers back then so it took a lot of time to publish. He also wrote the lyrics of “Tết Ta không chi vui bằng” to the tune of “Mến Yêu Jêsus đêm ngày” so the children can sing on Vietnamese New Year’s Day.

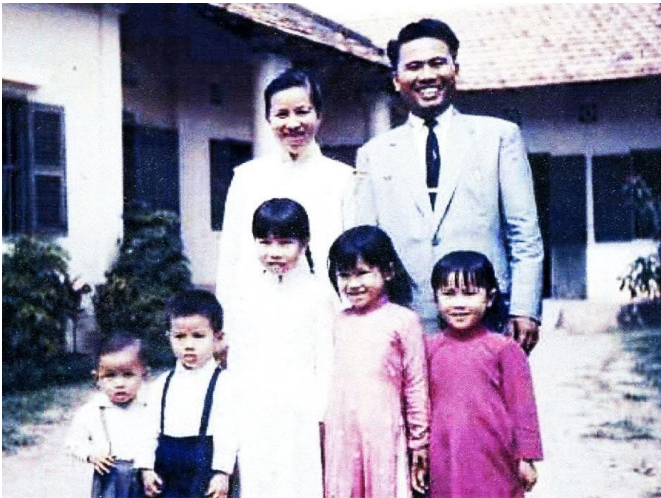
The Lord gave us another son in 1960. He was born in Đà-lạt, Tuyên Đức province, so we named him Nguyễn Thọ Tuyên. Praise the Lord that we got serve for six years in Tram Hanh where we learned to live modestly and by faith. We felt the Lord's presence and served with joy.

Sunday gatherings were very fun but during the weekdays, we did not have any visitors. It was just our family. Our house was on a hill with the train station at the foot of the hill. Every time a train went by, we would stand at our window and wave to the passengers. Once in a while people we knew would wave back to us.

At one point, all five of our children contracted the measles. Being inexperienced parents, we got very worried. Doctors and hospitals were far away in Đà-lạt, which was 27 km away. We just prayed and gave them Euquinol. Praise the Lord, they all recovered and we never had to take them to the doctor. Hallelujah!

It was a wonderful experience to serve the Lord in Tram Hanh because church members there loved one another and showed respect and compassion to the pastor. We stayed with the Tram Hanh church the longest time than at any other location during the 23 years of service in Vietnam.

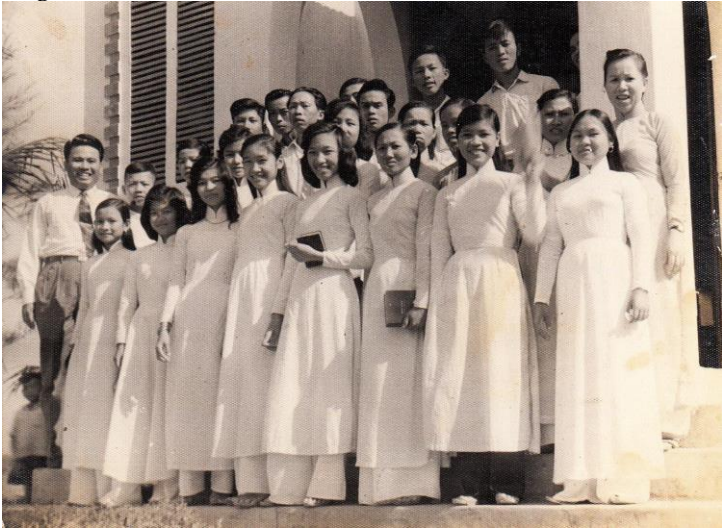
After six years in the highland, we wanted to move back to the warmer region. We prayed for God's will and the church in Quang Ngai voted and invited us to come there to replace Pastor Lê Châu.



In front of the parsonage in Quảng Ngãi

Our family of seven moved to Quang Ngai in August, 1960. Every church in Vietnam at that time had a parsonage right next to it for

the pastor and his family to live so it was convenient. Quang Ngai church was bigger than the church in Trại Hành. There were so many families that faithfully worked with us serving the Lord -- Mr. & Mrs. Phạm Am and their twelve children. Their daughters Na and Khiêm were in the youth group, teaching the young children, and Sunday school classes. Then there were families of Mr. & Mrs. Phạm Viết Chừ, Mai Thọ, Bùi Tảo etc... Praise the Lord for the support from all these families. We felt so encouraged.



Youth Group of Quảng Ngãi's Church

After the 1975 event, a lot of former youth from Quang Ngai church who came to the United States had answered God's call to serve the Lord such as Rev. Mai Hữu Phước, Rev. Phạm Thanh Vũ, and Rev. Phạm Thanh Duy. While serving in Quang Ngai, we often accompanied missionaries like Mr. and Mrs. Livingston to evangelical events in Bình Sơn, Châu Ổ, An Cường, Phước Thiện, and Lệ Thủy... Many people became believers and have stayed strong in their faith. They went on to serve such as Pastor Huỳnh Sĩ Hùng and some others that I cannot recall.

With God's grace, the mother church in Quảng Ngãi planted another church in Nghĩa Hưng. There were Mr. & Mrs. Tô Cảnh,

Mr. & Mrs. Tô Tịnh, Mr. & Mrs. Đặng Ba etc... Rev. Hồ Hiếu Hạ was the first pastor at Nghĩa Hưng church. Quảng Ngãi church also bought a piece of property in Xuân Quang. The church board stood on that piece of land and prayed with us for a church to be planted someday in Xuân Quang. My daughter Cam Tung and I went back to visit Quang Ngai in 2004. The church in Quảng Ngãi was no longer there but we worshipped instead at the church in Xuân Quang instead. Praise the Lord for His providence. Hallelujah!

Together with Mr. & Mrs. Livingston, we also went to Mộ Đức and Đức Phổ to spread the gospel. Mr. & Mrs. Trần Huỳnh lived there. A number of people returned to the Lord. Our house was submerged close to two feet of water during a flood in 1962. It happened at the same time Rev. & Mrs. Phạm Văn Năm came to the church as our guest speakers.



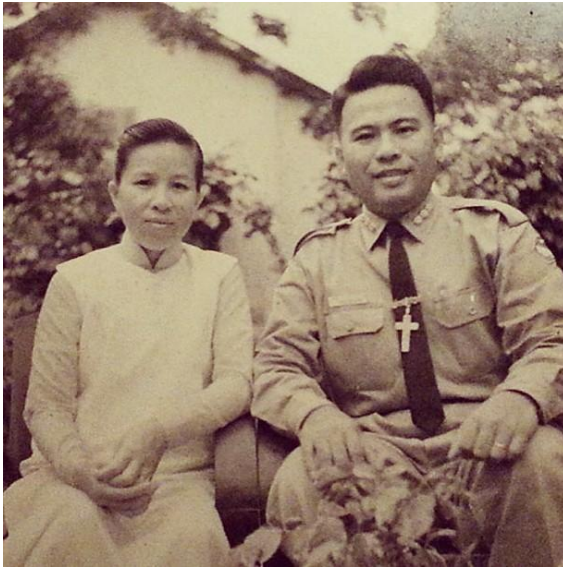
Youth Group of Quảng Ngãi church

We served at Quảng Ngãi church for four years, from 1960 to 1964. By God's grace, the church grew significantly. The church built a brick guest house. Mr. Nguyễn Ất (father of Rev. Nguyễn Văn Hai), a Gideon worker, stopped by and stayed there for a

short time. He would go to the local areas to sell the four Gospel Books: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

Two of our daughters were born in Quang Ngai: Nguyễn Thọ Hồng Bửu and Nguyễn Thọ Hồng Lam.

We learned that the Vietnamese Government wanted to enlist Ministers to serve as Chaplains in the army. My husband enrolled and was a Captain Chaplain from 1964 to 1968 for Corps II which covered the area from Đà-nẵng to Nha Trang. We later moved to work right in the capital of Sài-gòn. During the waiting time to become an official chaplain, my husband served as a pastor for the church in Đà Nẵng. During the time serving in the capital city, by the grace of God, my husband planted Tô Hiến Thành church. This church continues to grow until this very day.



My husband had the opportunity to go to the United States for three months of chaplain training. Another daughter, Nguyễn Thọ Anh Thư, was added to our family in Da Nang, and our third son, Nguyễn Thọ Đô, was born while we lived in the capital (Do stands for capital).



With the Korean Christians in Danang

After being discharged from the Army, the church in Ban mê Thuột invited my husband to be their pastor in 1968, replacing Pastor Nguyễn Văn Thìn. There were around 100 devout Christians such as Mr. & Mrs. Lương Đình Chuyên, Mr. & Mrs. Nguyễn Văn Lượng, Mr. & Mrs. Huỳnh Văn Khiêm, Mr. & Mrs. Thái Bình An, Mr. & Mrs. Châu Nghĩa Thành, Mr. & Mrs. Lê Xuân Vân, Mr. Vũ Như Bảo and their families. There was a basement under the church that was used as living quarters as well as a hiding place from almost nightly bomb attacks. Ban mê Thuột is situated in the highlands with red-clay soil. It was very messy and muddy after each rain. Ban mê Thuột (BMT) was casually dubbed with these nick names~ “Buồn Muôn Thuở” (Forever Sad), “Bùn Một Tấc” (Five-inch Mud), “Bụi Mù Trời” (“Dusty Skies”)... We would go out on our motor bikes to visit families. After several hours, our white clothes would turn yellow. The water there was very dirty and we had to treat it with alum to get clear water to do laundry. We had to collect rain water for drinking.

Ban mê thuột had wonderful produce such as corn, sweet

potatoes, squash, yucca roots, bananas, and all kinds of vegetables. It is also well known for delicious rich coffee. We served the Lord in Ban mê thuật for two years. The church there experienced a happy and steady growth with many added to the fold. With the help of the organization, World Vision, the church was able to build an elementary school. We thank the Lord for all the blessings that He poured down on the church. We often had meetings with small groups at Tỉnh Thương church, and the church in Phước An where Rev. Nguyễn Thiện Tín pastored.

In August of 1970, we moved to Đà-lạt where my husband became pastor there, replacing Pastor Huỳnh Tiên. Đà-lạt church was beautifully built by pastor Mục Sư Duy Cách Lâm. It was situated on a hill, looking down Hàm Nghi and Phan Đình Phùng streets. Đà-lạt had foggy mornings and a cool climate year round that required warm clothing so many people made a living by knitting sweaters. One can find all kinds of beautiful flowers, fresh fruits and vegetables at Đà-lạt's Hoa Binh Market. It was such a refreshing and beautiful sight. There was only one evangelical church in Đà-lạt so Christians from surrounding areas like the family of the late Rev. Phan Đình Liệu, who lived in Trại Hâm, all went to the Dalat church to worship every Sunday. I recall that the Rev. Phan Đình Liệu lived in a small house surrounded by many jack fruit trees. Even in his old age, he was always at church every Sunday. For special occasions, he often composed and recited his own poems as gifts to the church. He often was invited to give the benediction at the end of the service. I was so moved every time seeing him and his wife. What an example for servants of the Lord to follow. Other families such as of Mr. & Mrs. Nguyễn Đễ, and Mr. & Mrs. Lê Trung Lâm also met at church regularly.

Villa Alliance was a center where missionaries met for their annual conferences as well as for retreats. It was also a school for children of missionaries. There were Christian families who worked at this Villa Alliance Center or lived nearby such as

families of Mr. Nguyễn Văn Sanh, Mr. Đinh Văn Cẩn, Mr. Nguyễn Trán, Mr. Nguyễn Thu, Mr. Nguyễn Văn Lón, Mr. Nguyễn Bình Em, Mr. Nguyễn Văn Trọn, Mr. Nguyễn Văn Năng, and Mr. Nguyễn Văn Thắng. Currently, Mr. Nguyễn Văn Năng is a pastor in the United States, and Mr. Nguyễn Văn Thắng is a pastor in Việt Nam. Right in the heart of the city of Đà-lạt there were many families such as of Mr. Đặng Đình Cư (church secretary), Mr. Nguyễn Văn Nghi (still church treasurer until this day), church board members: Mr. Dương Hội, Mr. Phạm Văn Tạo, and other families of Mr. Vũ Đức Nghiêm, Mr. Trần Văn Tư, Mr. Hồ Phiền, Mrs. Nguyễn Hữu Tâm, Rev. & Mrs. Đào Thúc, Mr. Đào Kỳ, and Mr. Đào Tạo... There was the family of Mr. Huỳnh Cưu in Chi Lăng. Later on, the family of Mr. & Mrs. Trần Văn Tư moved to Chi Lăng. A prayer group was started in Chi Lăng at the time and to this day, it is still active and growing. There were still many other families that I cannot mention all. Everyone was unified and participated in expanding the Kingdom of God. The large families of Mr. Dương Hội and Mr. Nguyễn Văn Sanh wholeheartedly served the Lord. We are so thankful to God and grateful for the four years of support we received from the church in Đà-lạt.



Prayer Meeting in Chi Lăng

There are so many beautiful landmarks in Đà-lạt and that is why people from every where came there for vacation. A lot of students also went there for higher education and attended such schools as the Military School, the School of Political Warfare, and Đà-lạt University,etc. Eventually, church membership grew, and the church building had to be extended. World Vision also helped build the Ân Điển Elementary School right on the church property. We had opportunities to share the Gospel to the surrounding neighborhoods.

We met every Sunday from 8-9AM for prayer. Even though the weather was cold and very foggy, many church members faithfully showed up for these early prayer times. Sunday school period was from 9 - 9:45, and the main worship was from 10 to 12 PM. The ladies would return to church for their group meeting at 2 PM. After that, they would walk out with umbrellas to visit the senior members, the sick, or people who had been absent from church. From 7:30 to 8:30 PM, we would try to do outreach but it was difficult because of Dalat's cold evening temperature. However, later on, the young people did have a preaching program also during this time frame that broadcasted over loud speakers to reach down the unsaved people living in areas at the foothill of the church.



Church in Đà-Lạt

We served the Lord for four years in Đà-lạt (1970-1974). Everyone in the church worked together in love and harmony to build the work of the Lord there. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

The Lord blessed us with the birth of our youngest daughter Nguyễn Thọ Hoài Linh in 1971, in Dalat. By 1974, the District assigned my husband for be the Administrative Director and Chaplain for the the Alliance Clinic in Hòn Chồng, Nha Trang. We were very happy to move from the highlands to the beautiful oceanside. Nhatrang had a nice gentle breeze and beautiful beaches lined with coconut trees. So very pleasing to the eyes. Our family was privileged to live in a house right next to the clinic, right in front of the beach. The Bible College (Thánh Kinh Thần Học Viện) was up the hill to the right, and to the left was the Christian orphanage. Praise the Lord that we had opportunities to

serve with these two organizations.

This was the daily schedule at the clinic: Doctors and nurses met in the Director's office at 8 AM for prayer before the work day. Patients came from all over and lined up to be examined. Medications were given for minor cases and for severe cases, they were admitted for care. There were daily 30 minute sessions of sharing the Gospel by Bible college students to the patients prior to their examinations. There were about 30 – 40 patients daily. Sometimes they were brought to the clinic late at night in cars or on gurneys.

We made daily visits to Christian patients as well as non-Christian ones. We comforted them, prayed for them, and shared about Jesus to them. We were heartbroken knowing their sad situation~ people with physical pain and in spiritual darkness, not knowing about their Creator and His power to heal their body and save their souls. Sadly, the clinic is no longer operating.

1975 Evacuation

Everything was going well but then all of the sudden on March 15th, 1975, refugees flocked to our Christian Clinic from Pleiku, and Kontum. The Vietnamese Alliance District's Committee of Relief had to help these people, some Christians and some not. The Clinic was functioning as normal however, the whole atmosphere was grew tense. Early morning of April 1st, 1975, as doctors and nurses were praying before work, they received the sudden order to get out of the clinic because the Việt Cộng already reached Rù-rì Mountains. As for our family, we stayed behind to take care of the refugees who were filling up the clinic by the minute. My husband did not want to leave because ours was a big family – where would we go? How would we live? We did not want to leave my aging parents-in-law and extended families.

All the doctors and nurses already left. While we were still there praying for God's will and debating whether we should leave or not, the District Superintendent Rev. Phạm Xuân Tín walked down from the Bible College (Thần Học Viện) and urged us to leave the clinic immediately, otherwise we would be in danger of losing our lives. We had one hour to quickly gather a few things and left on the clinic's small pick-up truck. We went from Hòn Chồng to Nha Trang to say good-bye to my parents-in-law, Mr. & Mrs. Nguyễn Hứa, and my husband's older brother, Mr. Nguyễn Cẩm, his wife and family. There, we picked up two children of ours, Cam Tùng and Thọ Hân, because they were staying with grandparents at the time to go to school in Nha Trang. We were thinking we would just try to get to Cam Ranh Bay and wait for things to settle and then we would return to Nha Trang. We bought a bag of rice, one case of fish sauce, and one bag of coals because we were not planning to go anywhere far or for an extended time.

It turned out that things were not peaceful in Cam Ranh so we

continued to go straight to Phan Rang to temporarily take refuge there and wait for the right time to get back to the clinic. We stayed in the parsonage of Phan Rang's church. Mr. Hà Thông, a church board member came and unlocked the doors for us because there was no one at the church. My husband had a chance to preach at Phan Rang's church that following Sunday. Besides our family, there were other families from different towns who came to temporarily take refuge in that parsonage. We stayed in Phan Rang two weeks, still with the hope that we would be able to go back to Nha Trang. But on the morning of April 15th, 1975, there were helicopters hovered above our heads and the Viet Cong headed on foot into the city of Phan Rang. In the midst of heavy gunfire, we had to hop on a pickup truck and together with a few more Christians, headed for Phan Ri. Praise the Lord, we heard that shortly after we crossed this one bridge, it was completely destroyed. It was not safe in Phan Ri either, so my husband and Rev. Đặng Đăng Khoa, together with other Christians such as Miss Liên, Mr. Đặng Ngọc Quốc, and Mr. Võ Văn Khởi asked the Christians in Phan Ri to rent us a fishing boat from somebody they knew because it was very dangerous to travel by car at that time. We also hired a number of young men to place the pickup truck across that small fishing boat for us. We then stayed in that crowded boat and nervously waited for the water to rise in order to get the boat out onto the ocean.

After many hours on the boat, we were seasick and exhausted. We finally arrived in Vũng Tàu on April 18th. We got to Vung Tau church and met a large number of Christians who were already there. We ate dinner after several days of eating and drinking nothing. That night all of us slept right inside the Vung Tau church, wherever we could find a place to lay down. We all were so worn out. We did not know what else to do except pray, without knowing what it would be like the following day.

Thanks to the clinic pickup truck with the image of the red cross on it, we were able to zoom straight to Saigon on the morning of

April 19th, 1975. We arrived in Saigon and stayed with my parents, Rev. & Mrs. Phan Văn Hiệu, and waited for things to settle so we could go back to Nha Trang. With a family of twelve, we thought there was no way we could get anywhere further, let alone to another country -- so we were asking the Lord to let us temporarily stay safely with my parents at their home off of Trương Minh Giảng Street in District 3 .

On Sunday, April 20th, we all went to worship at Trương Minh Giảng church where Rev. Nguyễn Xuân Ba was the senior Pastor. We met many Christians there who were in the same situation, not knowing what the future would hold. But our future was in God's hand. Praise the Lord! We continued to pray for God's guidance and His Will for our life as we clung to the promise of God written in Isaiah 55: 8-9, *"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, declares the LORD. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts."*

My husband drove the pickup truck and returned it to the Mennonite church Monday morning of April 21st. He also gave an amount of money back to the President of the Vietnamese C&MA Board. All of the sudden, my parents got a call from the US Embassy in Saigon advising them and all of their children to hurry to get to the airport to leave for the United States that very night (April 21st). It turned out that their eldest son, my younger brother Phan Ứng Nghiệm, had become a US citizen. He did all the paper work to sponsor us so the Embassy allowed us to leave. However, when we got to the airport, the American officials allowed only my parents and the ones with the last name Phan to leave. So my husband and all my children, Mr. Đoàn Văn Tê (husband of my younger sister, and all of her children), the wife of my brother Mr. Phan Ứng Thời and their daughter, were not allowed to leave. Because our spouses and children could not come along, my sister and I decided to stay as well. We asked my parents to sign the house over so we could stay in their house

after they left because we did not have any hope we could leave the country.

My parents left the country that night. My brother Phan Ứng Thời lingered at the airport. Late that night, one American soldier asked Thời why he did not want to leave because he was allowed to leave. Thời said he remained because of his wife and daughter, as well as his sisters' families that were not allowed to go because they did not have Phan as the last name. That American soldier told Thời to get everyone back to the airport and he would help us all to leave.

At 5 AM on April 22, brother Thời called my husband, his brother-in-law Đoàn Văn Tê, and his wife to gather everybody and get back to the airport again to leave for the United States. We rushed back and were so nervous at the same time because we were a large family without a dollar in our pocket. But we prayed for God to help us knowing and believing that He cares because He watches even a little sparrow. Each of us had only one little bag of belongings that accompanied us from Nha Trang. I tried to bag with me a small electric rice cooker, and a small bag of prepared salt as spice for the rice porridge for my youngest daughter who was only three at the time. That was typical of a mother caring so much for her family.

We rented a vehicle and the driver took all of us to the airport. It was already chaotic and noisy with the crowds of people. Everybody was in a state of shock and lacked for words.

By 5 PM on April 22nd, our whole family and extended family of 24 were put on the floor of a C130 plane. We flew out of Tân Sơn Nhất. We all took a good look at the city of Sài Gòn for a few last moments with a heavy heart not knowing when we would be able to return to our beloved Việt Nam. We were also getting so worried for the relatives and friends we left behind, wondering how they were going to be... By midnight, our C130 landed in the

Philippines and we were transported to Clark Air Base. All the refugees were housed in a big gym and given American food. After staying in the Philippines for one week, we were flown to Guam on May 1, 1975.

In Guam, we were staying in these military tents that were set up on the green grass. Each of us slept on an army cot, and was given a four-pocket American Army jacket. We were fed three good meals a day. Praise the Lord and thank the American government for taking care of us in such warm and wonderful way even though the time of preparation for them was very short.



Camp Pendleton

From Guam, we got on a commercial airplane on May 3, 1975 and were flown to LAX, California. On the way, we did stop in Honolulu of Hawaii for a few hours. From Los Angeles, around 2 AM on May 4, we were driven to Camp Pendleton, an American Marine Base outside of San Diego, southern California. Again, we stayed in Camp Pendleton in the military tents that were just set up. This area got the desert climate – very hot during the day, very cold at night. There were nights we preferred to ride around on the heated Camp busses to stay warm. During one month staying at Camp Pendleton, we had opportunities to participate in coordinating the worship services.

Because of the large size of our family, we could not find sponsors in the southern California; therefore, a Christian Charity organization by the name “Food for the Hungry” took us and hundreds of others to a place in Weimar, northern California, about 45 miles northeast of Sacramento, and housed us in a former hospital. We named this place “Hope Village.”



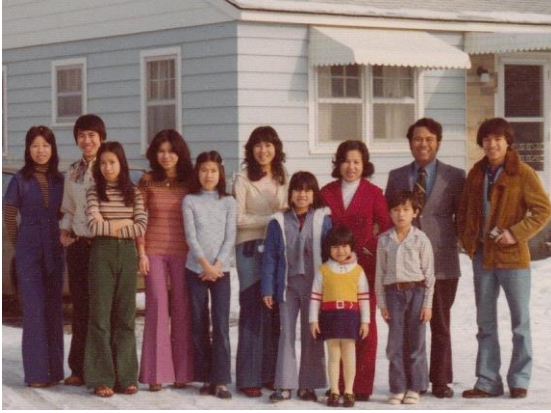
Hope Village, Weimar, California

We had stayed there for two months then my husband and other Vietnamese ministers were invited by the American Christian & Missionary Alliance to attend a Conference in Lincoln, Nebraska. The conference decided to establish the Vietnamese Alliance District in the United States, and voted Rev. Trương Văn Tốt to be the first Superintendent. The Board then assigned my husband to be pastor for a group of Vietnamese refugees in Boise, Idaho.

Serving the Lord in the United States (since 1975)

We were very happy learning the news that my husband could resume his job as a pastor in the United. The twelve of us got on a Greyhound bus and headed for Boise, Idaho. We thank the Lord that Rev. & Mrs. Van Hoogen, Pastor of the Boise C&MA church, had welcome us into their own home while waiting for a house to rent. The Van Hoogens, including their adult children, took us to get all kinds of done for medical and dental assistance, school registration, jobs for our older children. Our older children would do any job they could to contribute to the livelihood of the family – bilingual teaching, delivering newspapers, hotel cleaning, restaurant waitering, lawn-mowing, office cleaning, restaurant bussing, working in fruit-canning factories, animal farms, or at fast food restaurants such as McDonald, and Taco Bell etc ... a big family suddenly evacuated to a foreign country, without any preparation, yet the Lord daily and sufficiently provided for us (Matthew 6:24-34, Philippians 4:19).

We thank God for the Vietnamese families who came to settle in Boise, Idaho such as families of Mr. & Mrs. Đặng Ngọc Lộc, Mr. Nguyễn Trọng Tùng with his son Nguyễn Hùng, Mr. & Mrs. Nguyễn Tuyên, Mr. & Mrs. Nguyễn Nhac, Mrs. Ngọc Anh and her son Thành and many more who came later. Before our arrival, Mr. Đặng Ngọc Lộc helped with church services with these families on Sundays.



Our first sweet home in Boise, Idaho

After a short time, our family of twelve was able to rent a house. It had three bed rooms and one bath but we were so happy because for the first time, we enjoyed the freedom to live in our own home. Praise the Lord!

A big trial came to me in October of 1975. I got severely ill. My legs got severely painful. My knees and the whole face got severely swollen. The pain would come every two hours. Just had to cry. I could not walk. I had to crawl when needed. Mrs. Van Hoogen drove me to see the doctors on those autumn days with yellow leaves covering the streets of Boise. The Van Hoogens, church, together with our family, prayed fervently for a healing miracle on me. Our prayers were answered. By November, health got much better. I was healed by the First Thanksgiving in the United States. Alleluia! We were so comforted by Psalm 103.



Church Congregation in Boise, Idaho

It was very cold during the winter in Boise, Idaho. Looking outside from the windows, it was very beautiful with white snow. However, it was not a suitable climate for Vietnamese so eventually, they moved to warmer climate regions.

We lived in Boise, Idaho for three years. I still suffered from bad arthritis, especially in the winters. A number of families started to move to California; our family moved to Salem, Oregon, which is named the "Green State." We were sponsored by Rev. Bubna, Pastor of the American C&MA church in Salem. We went out witnessing and planted a Vietnamese Evangelical church in Salem. Our eldest daughter, Nguyễn Thọ Hồng Bích, got married to Walter Thomas in 1978, and our second daughter, Nguyễn Thọ Lưu Phương, got married to Rev. Hồ Xuân Phước in 1980 at Salem C&MA church, officiated by Pastor Bubna.

These were members of the Vietnamese C&MA church in Salem at the time: Mr. & Mrs. Trần Văn Tư, Mr. Bob and wife Mỹ Liên, Miss Thu Thuyết and a few more families. Later on, Miss Thu Thuyet moved to San Francisco and got married to Rev. Phạm Bá Vinh. Not too long ago, she got severely ill and went to be with

the Lord. We miss her and her serving heart to the Lord.

The Vietnaese church in San Francisco was without a pastor in 1980 so the church board invited my husband to come to be their pastor. We went there to serve the Lord starting summer of 1981. Our church of about thirty people was meeting in one small room at the Lutheran church. These were the families at San Francisco church at the time: Mr. & Mrs. Trần Cao Hào, Mr. & Mrs. Lê Anh Tuấn, Mr. & Mrs. Dư Phước Minh, Mr. & Mrs. Nguyễn Hữu An, Rev. & Mrs. Đỗ Đức Trí, Dr. & Mrs. Bùi Duy Tâm ... Membership got bigger so eventually we moved to a bigger room, and then to the Fellowship Hall. By the year 1984, the membership got even bigger so we asked to worship in the main church. Praise the Lord for the growth from 30 to 100. That was the work of the Lord. Alleluia!

San Francisco is a very big and beautiful city but the roads are winding up and down on hills because this city was built on hills. Residents and tourists in San Fransico commute by bus or Bart subway. There was only one Vietnamese Evangelical church in San Francisco. We did open a worship location in the Tenderloin area where there was a number of Vietnamese living.

Our third daughter, Nguyễn Thọ Cam Tùng, was married to Nguyễn Trung Dũng, and our eldest son, Nguyễn Thọ Hân married Nguyễn Thị Quỳnh Lê at San Francisco church. Our second son, Nguyễn Thọ Tuyên married Nguyễn Phạm Nga My at North Hollywood, southern California. Our daughter Nguyễn Thọ Hồng Bửu was married to Đoàn Mỹ Tây in Castro Valley.



Church Congregation in San Francisco

From San Francisco to Oakland we had to cross the Bay Bridge. There were a number of members of the San Francisco church who lived on the east side of the Bay Bridge in cities like Oakland, Berkeley, San Pablo, Hercules, Vallejo, Fairfield etc... Because of long distance, many families could not attend church regularly such as families of Mr. & Mrs. Nguyễn Châu Giám, Mr. & Mrs. Võ Văn Thân, Mr. & Mrs. Nguyễn Thành Công, the widow of Rev. Nguyễn Văn Phú, the widow of Rev. Nguyễn Hữu Vinh, Mr. & Mrs. Nguyễn Thái, Mrs. Lý Ngọc Thành etc ...

After four years serving the Lord with the Vietnamese Alliance church in San Francisco (1981-1985), my husband had a vision to plant a church in Oakland so that Christians who live on the east side of the Bay Bridge can easily go to church, hence they would go regularly. There were many Vietnamese living in Oakland so there would be many opportunities to preach the Gospel to them. We started to pray for God's Will.

My husband and children looked for a place to use for worship gathering. Praise the Lord, the Trinity Lutheran church agreed to let us use their facility so within one week, the church in Oakland had their first service on Sunday, June 1st, 1985. Though under a different denomination, the Lutheran church was compassionate and gave us the first year “free rent” – they also made everything so easy for us to grow there as a church. Praise the Lord Oakland church was quickly established. We met for worship every Sunday afternoon from 1 o’clock to 5. At first membership was just a small number; later on, it grew as the result of fervent prayers. There was a strong youth group. The choir was formed and sang at various big celebrations. Oakland church was also the first location in the district to teach the Evangelism Explosion Program “The Life of Jesus Christ” (Chương Trình Phát Triển Thần Học “Cuộc Đòi Chúa Cứu Thế Giê-xu.”)



Church in Oakland, California

While serving in Oakland, by the grace of God, my husband planted a church in Newark, south of Oakland, and a church in San Pablo which is north of Oakland.

My husband entrusted over the pastorship of Oakland church to Rev. Phan Quang Vinh in 1994. The Vietnamese District assigned

my husband to be the senior pastor for the church in San Pablo starting September of 1994.



Church in San Pablo, California

On February 9, 1998, my husband and I left for Europe with plans of visiting and preaching at churches in Germany, France and Switzerland. After a prayer meeting and Psalm 23 sharing in Germany, my husband felt tired and asked his nephew take him to a local hospital. Even though the doctors at this hospital informed that my husband had a severe heart problem, after a few days of rest, he felt somewhat better and enjoyed a blessed time with me as well as with some of our children coming from the United States. My husband was also hoping to recover in order to get back to the United States to continue serving the Lord. But in His will, God brought my husband back to Him in heaven peacefully, with me by his side at 9:16 PM, Friday March 6, 1998, in the city of Bad Karlshafen, Germany, age 70.

After my husband passed away, a group of preachers and Christians from Switzerland, Holland, and Germany came to pay respects, and to offer prayers for our family, from Saturday March 7 to Monday March 9. After that, my husband's body was

transported to an American military hospital in Frankfurt to be processed before being sent back to the United States. We praise the Lord that my husband's funeral took place in Fremont, officiated by Rev. Nguyễn Anh Tài.

After my husband went to be with the Lord, I continued to serve as a Christian Worker for San Pablo church. With the approval from the Vietnamese C&MA District, the church in San Pablo invited our son Rev. Nguyễn Thọ Hân to be their senior pastor from March of 1998 to January of 2004. During this whole time, I would accompany Pastor Nguyễn Thọ Hân and his family every Sunday to San Pablo church to teach Sunday school, worship the Lord with the church as well as with the Ladies Group after the service.

Praise the Lord that the three churches in Oakland, Newark, and San Pablo (which is currently Northshore) are still beautifully active with worship services and evangelism to the fellow Vietnamese in the area.

I started to serve the Lord as a Christian Worker at Silicon Valley church, pastored by Rev. Nguyễn Thọ Tuyên in 2004. I also helped teach the Sunday School adult class and was involved with visitation and prayer meetings. I continued to serve the Lord at Berryessa church from November 2012 until the present time.

Thanks Be To The Lord!

(Finished writing in 2015)