

## NONE BUT GOD

The Testimony of the late Dr. H. Mel Rutter, from WWII to a life of missionary service.

**"...he being dead yet speaketh."** Hebrews 11:4

Part 2: MOMMIE, DON'T TELL THEM!

We were engaged in combat with the Japanese, somewhere on the Island of Luzon, in the Philippines, during World War II. My buddies and I were awaiting orders to go into combat. We read everything that was posted on the bulletin board, to keep up with the news of other fronts. I read several news flashes, and then, my eyes fell upon an article which I could not believe. This was no article for an Army bulletin board. I read it again, and the tears began to flow unabated down my cheeks. Then, I read it the third time to make sure of what I had read.

The Allied Army (principally British), who had occupied the terrain north of Singapore, had almost been driven out. However there were a few scattered troops who were still being mopped up by the invading Japanese. They used their torture devices, when the people would not give the information they desired concerning the whereabouts of the British. In this particular instance, they seized the Chieftain's wife and gave her the usual treatment of driving long splinters of bamboo under her fingernails. Even though this excruciating pain usually forced them to talk, she refused to tell anything. Then, the crafty Japanese officer noticed that a beautiful bright-eyed little girl seemed to be suffering along with the woman in her torture. He deducted, correctly, that this must be the daughter and, so, devised a plan to torture her. He knew that many times this had worked when nothing else would. So, they prepared an intense fire, nothing like a bonfire for a picnic, but just a bed of live coals over which danced white-hot flames of death. They looped a heavy rope and placed it under the armpits of the little girl. Then, she was drawn up into a tree and suspended directly over the livid coals of fire. She was hanging so close to the flames that the intense heat was not only causing her to perspire freely but causing the very juices of her body to ooze through her pores.

The Japanese officer asked the mother where the British had gone. "I will not tell!" was her quick retort. Then, the officer drew out his cavalry saber and, very deftly, cut a few strands of the rope. "Now, where did they go?" he demanded angrily. "I will not tell!" shouted the mother. He cut a few more strands of the rope. This procedure was repeated several times until the rope was dangerously thin. Memories of happy days with her little girl and many plans for her future raced through her mind, as she quickly decided to talk. She was noticeably shaken, as she saw her child suffering such excruciating pain and knew that at any moment she could fall into the torture pit below and be burned alive before her very eyes. "I will tell you! I will tell you!" she screamed. The pains which she had suffered, as they drove the bamboo under her nails, had not caused her to talk, but they were nothing to compare with the terrific tearing of her mother-heart, as she saw her own little daughter suffering such physical torture. Up until this time, the little girl had not made a single sound, but, as she heard her mother scream out, "I will tell you!" she raised her tortured little face toward Heaven. And, even though it was twisted in suffering, there was a beautiful radiance, as she called out, "Mommie, Mommie, don't tell them, don't tell them. Jesus will take care of me!" At that very moment a P-40 zoomed over from out of nowhere and sent the Japanese scampering for cover expecting strafing that never came. Strange as it may seem, the Japanese never returned to continue their torture, and the mother was able to see her little daughter delivered from the very jaws of death. Many reasons for the deliverance could be conjured up, but we who know the Lord Jesus as our own personal Savior know that He was just protecting His little saint who had been faithful even in the face of death. I was NONE BUT GOD.

I was so choked up and I could not explain to the others why I was crying; so, I turned and walked down toward my tent leaving them to read the article for themselves. I kept thinking **"...the same yesterday, today, and forever."** The same God Who delivered His saints as recorded in His Holy Word. I was thinking, also, of the ones who had been allowed to die for His glory. Stephen had looked up and said, **"...Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God"** (Acts 7:56). The Holy Spirit again used His bit and auger of love as He drilled deeply into my soul. I could hear His wee small voice saying, "Mel, somewhere back yonder was a real missionary, this time a Britisher, really born again, really called of God, really burdened for souls, and here is one of the products. This little native girl so loved her Savior that she was willing to die for the British who had brought the Good News of Jesus to her."

Yes, just a little girl, but faithful! Friend, if you know Jesus as your own personal Savior, how faithful are you? He has only asked that we be faithful. It is not our work but His; we are not responsible for the results, only to listen to His leading and do His will. Remember, we who are His blood-bought children are stewards of His grace, love, mercy, and Gospel. I Corinthians 4:2 says, **"Moreover it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful."**

Semper Fidelis, Always Faithful,

*Chaplain Ron*



**Above:** Dr. H. Mel Rutter, President Emeritus, and International Representative

**Below:** The agency in Natchez co-founded by Dr. James Crumpton and Dr. Mel Rutter, and where Chaplain Ron served as Vice President

