

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 1: A FORMER CANNIBAL

We landed in New Guinea, early in the year 1944. We were assigned to a relocation center awaiting assignment to our permanent outfits. While there, the soldiers had free time under circumstances that allowed the natural man to give vent to his desires. The harness of society was off, and men were soon to face imminent death. So, the attitude of eat, drink, and be merry prevailed. Everywhere, they were getting drunk on a cheap liquor that brought about insensibility to many and even blindness to some. Poker and dice games were as thick as the mosquitoes. Cursing was the language of the hour.

I wanted to get away from it all, not because I was a goody-goody, a holier-than-thou, or a mamma's little darling, but because I had been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus. When I accepted Christ, I was literally made a new creature in Him. These things had once been attractive to me, but now the attraction had passed away and was replaced by all things being made new.

I wandered away from the noisy din of the camp and, almost before I realized it, was deep into the thick green undergrowth of the jungle. I was musing on the things of God, thinking of my precious wife, back home in Texas, and wondering, at the same time, what I would do if I encountered a cannibal, when suddenly my thoughts were shattered by a hubba-hubba (a term used frequently by G.I.'s of WWII) in broken English. I looked up and was standing face to face with my first cannibal. He smiled, evidently trying to calm my fears, but seeing his pointed, filed teeth stained with betel juice only added to my qualms. I was expecting other cannibals to swarm out of the jungle at any moment and begin making soup out of me. Then, I momentarily forgot my fears and almost laughed, when I noticed that he had green hair! Now you are wondering where he acquired green hair so far away from the beauty shops of Fifth Avenue. Well, you see, the natives like brilliant colors and, at times, they would venture down to the air strips and motor pools where the fellows were spray-painting planes, vehicles, and tanks. As the native stuck his head down closer, in order to see what was going on, the soldier just could not resist the temptation to spray their hair. Then, he would raise up with the color of the paint in the spray gun.

My thoughts came quickly back to my present situation, as I stood facing this cannibal in the dense jungle of New Guinea! I expected him to have a spear in one hand and a scalp in the other, but to my pleasant surprise he was carrying only a book under his arm. Never has my heart been so stirred, or my soul so thrilled, my vision so enlarged, or my life so challenged by any of the great speakers whom I have heard at Bible, Evangelistic, Missionary, or Power Conferences, than in the moment I stood facing the native with the bright green hair. The monkeys ceased their chatter; the birds and insects quieted their various noises. The entire jungle seemed to hold its breath, as the pot-bellied cannibal grinned; again, he showed his pointed teeth, and asked, in broken English, "Is white boy Christian?" I felt as though I were being electrocuted with spiritual joy; it seemed as if the Holy Spirit were playing a tune up and down my spine like a vibrant harp! I was thrilled with spiritual ecstasy, as this humble ex-cannibal asked me if I were a Christian. As I answered him, with a thankful "yes," the tears rolled unbidden over my cheeks, and my heart pounded so furiously in my breast it seemed it would bound right out. As I turned and slowly made my way back to camp, my soul was burning! The Holy Spirit was drilling deeply into my soul with His bit and auger of love. He was whispering, "Mel, somewhere back yonder was a real missionary, born again, really called of God, really burdened of God for souls, and here is one of the products, a poor benighted pagan now a glorious Christian." God had made the first of four life changing impressions upon my heart. My heart was truly aglow, as I returned to camp. God had made a lasting impression. God was working! God was molding! It was NONE BUT GOD!

So, the first native I met was not a cannibal. He was an ex-cannibal. He too, was a new creature in Christ Jesus. This poor savage, who had once delighted himself in the degrading practices of cannibalism, voodooism, and heathenism, was now a fervent soldier of the cross. So in love with the Lord that he was constrained to go everywhere and seek the lost, even if it meant testifying to the invading soldiers who had come to his island in pursuit of the Japanese! This native not only knew Jesus Christ as his personal Savior, but he was a faithful soulwinner.

Friend, you may be highly educated, talented, and have much of this world's goods and wisdom, but have you accepted the Lord as your personal Savior, and, if you have, are you telling others about Him?

Semper Fidelis

Chaplain Ron



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

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

