

# The Life of Richard Wurmbrand

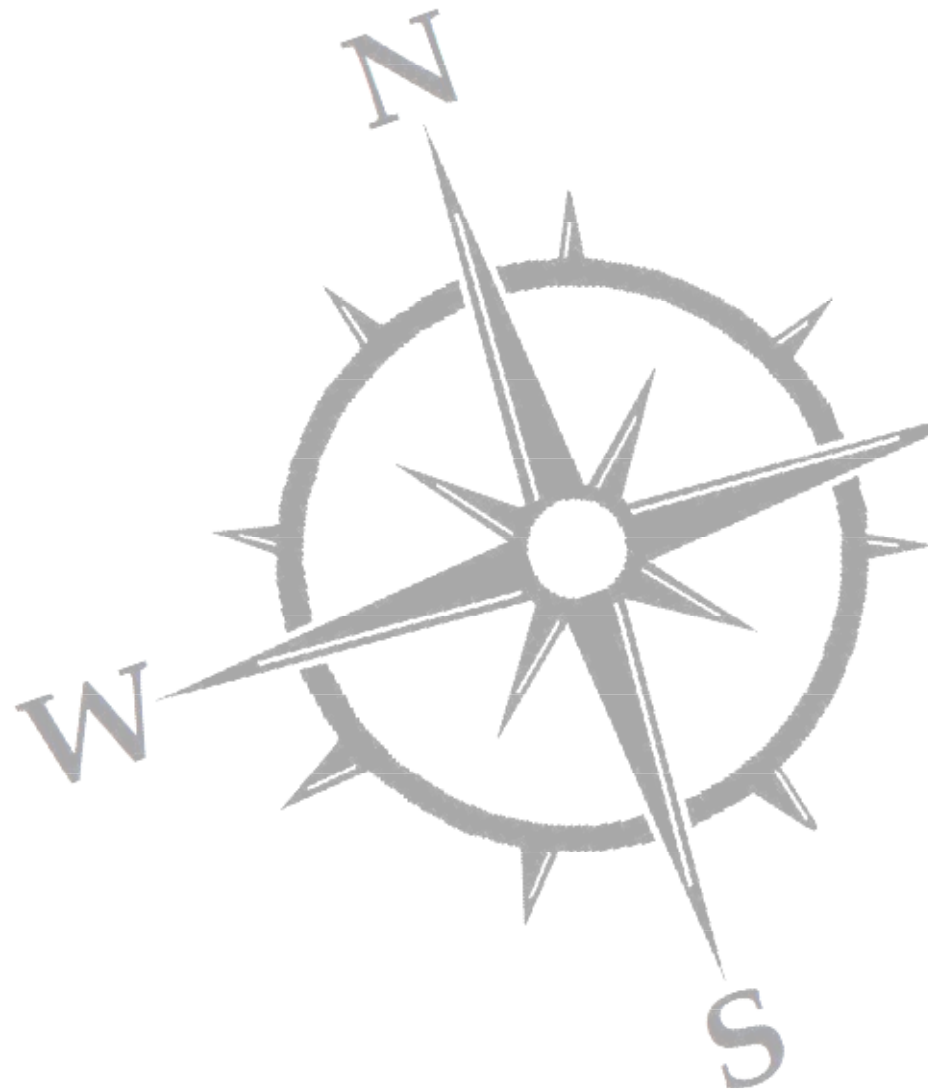
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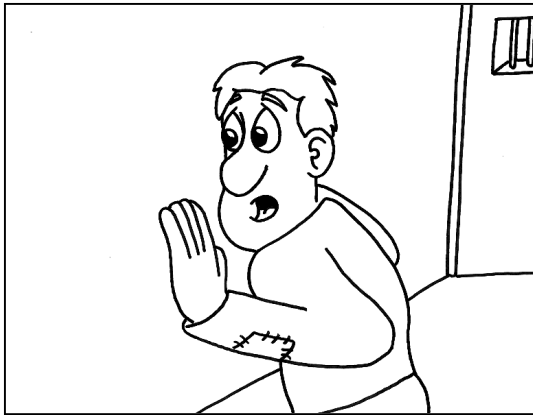
## Lesson: 6.28 – Boldness Missionary Snapshot Series

This story encourages us not to be afraid of the world. The world will put pressure on us to conform to their way of living, but a Christian must have the courage to stand for what is right. A Christian's road is not easy, but it is the only road that will take them where they want to be. Richard Wurmbrand was going to be in trouble for obeying the Lord. He decided to obey the Lord and trust God to keep him safe.

*"The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion." - Proverbs 28:1*







### **Introduction:**

Have you ever been afraid? Maybe you were afraid to go down into the basement when the lights were off, or maybe you were afraid to ride on a roller coaster at an amusement park, or maybe you were afraid to go swimming for the first time, or ride a bike for the first time without training wheels? Our story today is about a missionary Pastor in Romania. This missionary was not afraid to stand up and defend God's Word and God's church. He could be killed, seriously hurt, or bad things could happen to him or his family. Would God keep him safe and protect him? Let's listen carefully and see what happens in this story about Richard Wurmbrand...

### **Missionary Story:**

TAP! TAP! TAP! "Is that a mouse?" I wondered as I glanced around my prison cell. I didn't hear sounds very often in here, the guards made sure of that. You see, I was in solitary confinement, which meant that I was supposed to be alone at all times. I wasn't allowed to see or speak to anyone, not

even the guards. The few times that I had managed to catch a glimpse of the guards, I noticed that they had cloth on the bottom of their boots so that I didn't even hear them walking around the hallways outside my cell. My cell had no windows and was located underground, which meant I could never tell whether it was daytime or nighttime. The only sound I ever heard was the bell that rang outside the prison each evening.

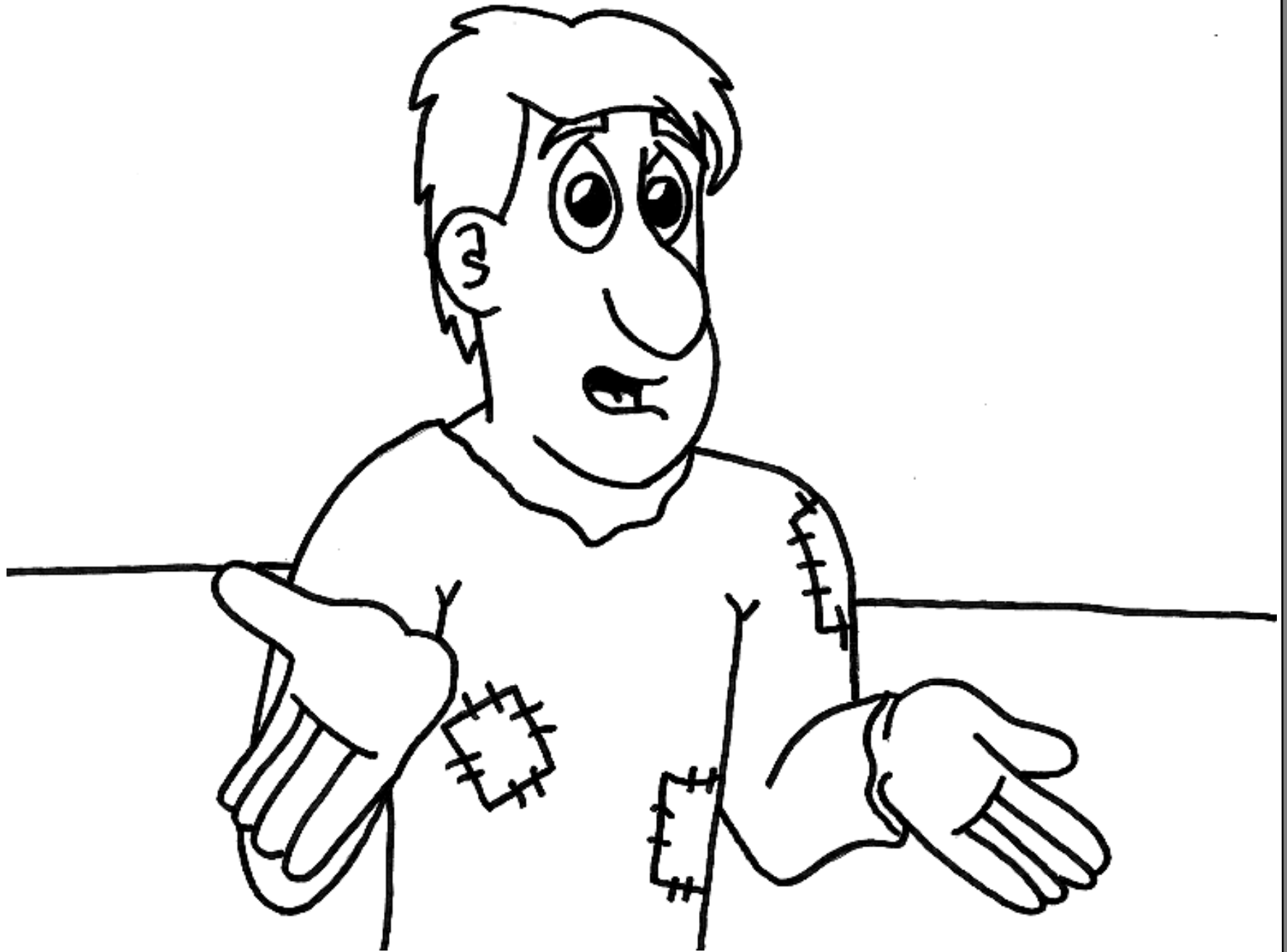
"Why was I in prison?" you may wonder. I simply spoke out and said that communism and Christianity would never be able to work together. Communism is a terrible kind of government that is very hurtful to the people under it...especially to Christians. Communists also do not allow anyone to say anything bad about communism even though it is a terrible kind of government. Because of what I had said, I was arrested, beaten, and tortured. The communists wanted me to stop talking about God and Christianity, but I could not do that.

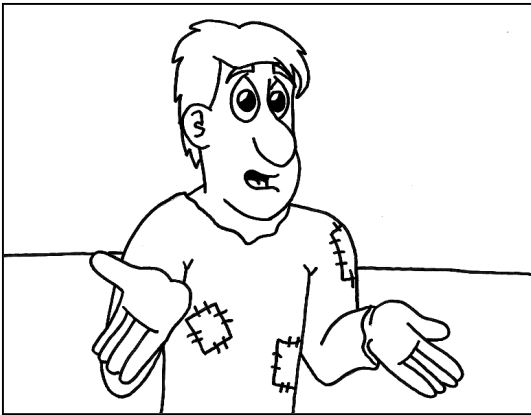
I remembered back to when I first came to the prison in 1948. The chief guard brought me into a room and sat me down. "I said that I wanted the names of those you are working with. They are enemies of our government and must be dealt with. All the people that you gave me on this list died years ago. You will either give me the names or we will find painful ways to get the names from you. Do not test me!" the guard said slamming his hand down on the table. I began speaking softly. "Colonel," I said, "Communism will never win over the power of God's love. God changes you from the inside with love, not from the outside with

force as Communism does. There is a God and eternal life! All of us, even you, will die someday. I hope you will be ready to meet Jesus." The guard stood up angrily. He called one of his men into the room. "Let's see if a little bit of pain will make you talk," he had said.

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP! There was that sound again. But it wasn't a mouse. Someone was trying to communicate with me...in Morse code! I listened again, "Is...anyone...there?" it said. I hurried over to the wall where the tapping was coming from and knelt and knocked back on the bricks. "yes...I...understand...you. I...am...a...pastor. One...year...in...solitary. I...have...spoken...to...no...one," I tapped out on the bricks in Morse code. The knocking back continued more excitedly this time. "I...worked...for...the...communists. Did...many...wrong...things. Hurt...people. I...need...to...confess. Can...God...forgive...me?" I smiled. "Yes...God...loves...you. He...can...forgive...you," I tapped back. For several hours we knocked back and forth on the wall and I shared with the other prisoner how he too could accept Christ as his personal Savior.

Every couple of days, guards would come and drag me out of my cell and give me a beating. Each time they demanded that I stop talking about God. "Perhaps you would like to know that your wife Sabina has quit being a Christian," the guard said after my beating one day, "and your son...Mihai has become a communist too and now proudly wears the communist red scarf at his school. If you would just turn your back on God and





One day, the guards burst into the room in the middle of my sermon. They grabbed me by my arms and put a blindfold on me. A blindfold could only mean one thing, I was going to stand before a firing squad. As the soldiers dragged me down the hallway, I prayed for God to be with Sabina and Mihai. I prayed for God to keep my family safe. I prayed for God to help the people of Romania. I heard the doors of the prison open and felt pushed up against a cold brick wall. I waited...but nothing happened. Finally, after what seemed like forever, I lifted my blindfold and saw that there was no one there. I was outside of the prison walls! I was free!

I hurried off down the road. It had been eight years since I had been home. I wondered if my family still lived there. I wondered if they would even recognize me. I wondered if they had given up on me and God. I arrived home and nervously knocked on the door. I wondered what I would find. The door opened just a crack. "Who is it?" a voice said from inside. "It is me, Richard!" I said. The door swung open wide and there stood Sabina. "Richard! I thought I'd never see you again!" she said hugging me. As we walked down the hallway, I saw pictures of when Mihai was a little boy. "He must be all grown up by now. Was he in prison like the guards had said?" I wondered. As we came into the living room I saw Mihai preaching to a small group of Christians. God had kept my family strong. Sabina, Mihai, and I knelt on the floor right there and prayed and thanked God for keeping us safe. We recommitted ourselves to Him to be used however He

wished to use us.

### **Application:**

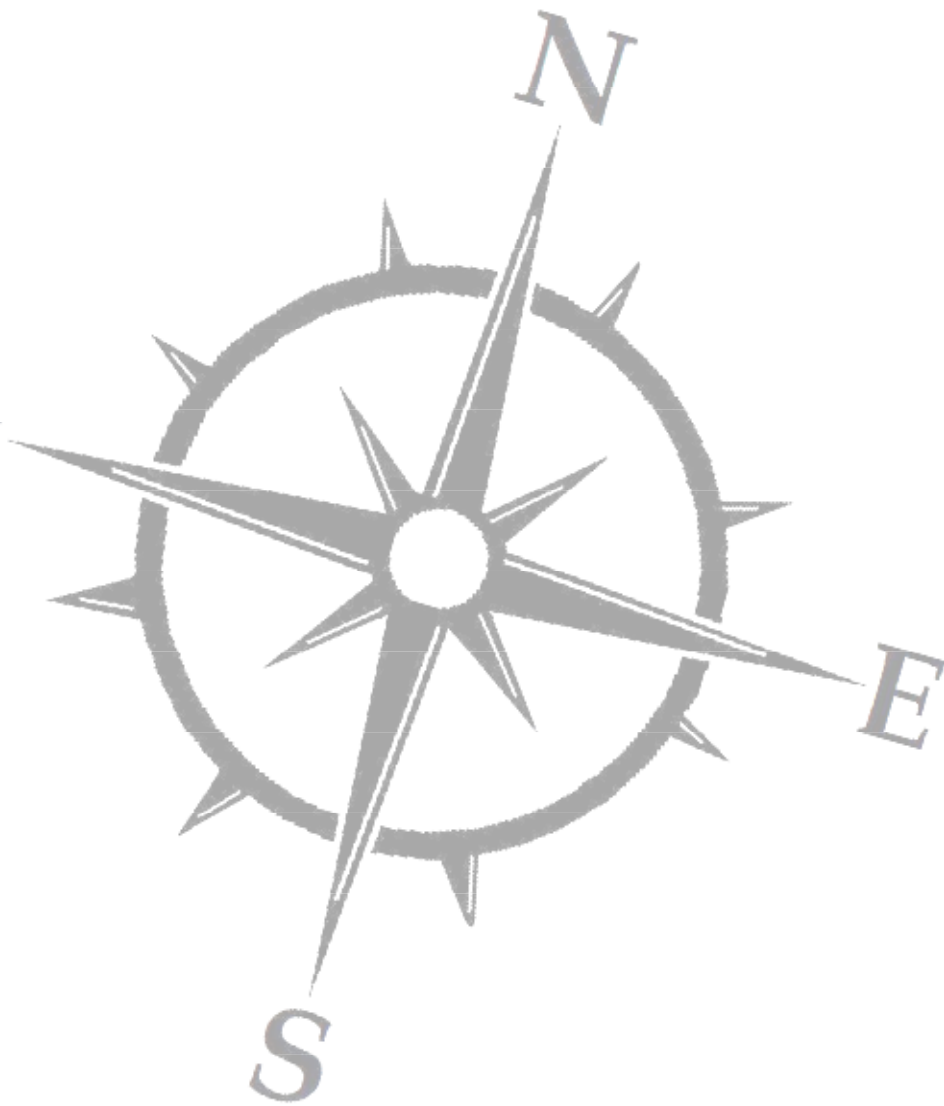
You know, boys and girls, 2 Corinthians 4:3-4 tells us that we must be sharing the good news of the gospel with all men and not keep it hidden. God wants all men to be saved. Richard Wurmbrand was not afraid to share the gospel with everyone he met no matter if he had to use a prison wall to do it.

After being in prison for eight years, Richard was released and began his work with the underground church once again in secret. In 1959, he was arrested again, and released again five years later. Richard and his family then traveled to America to tell the world about the horrible things that were happening in Romania under the Communists. Richard and his family started a ministry called the Voice of the Martyrs to tell the world the stories of Christians who are suffering for their faith. Most people thought that Christian persecution was a thing of the past. Richard's stories were shocking and encouraged Christians to boldly share their faith. The Voice of the Martyrs has more than 60 offices around the world today that provide relief to families of imprisoned Christians in Islamic and Communist countries where Christians are persecuted because of their faith.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to **lesson 6.28 on page 90 in your China Expedition - Leader's Guide.**)*

Christianity, and accept communism, you could leave here too." This saddened me. That night I prayed for Sabina and Mihai. I begged God to help them to stand strong and not to give in. I hoped that they still were living for God, but I had no way of knowing.

After three long years in solitary, I became very sick. The guards moved me to a cell called "the room of the dead," where prisoners were taken to die. It was a small room with about six other sick prisoners in it. Surprisingly, I did not die but started getting better. One day, the guards brought another prisoner into the room. The man was very weak. I offered him some of the food that I had been given for the day. "We should give thanks before we eat," the man said. "So, you are a Christian too?" I asked. "Yes," the man replied, "a couple of years ago, a man led me to Jesus by knocking on the wall of my cell." I jumped to my feet. "My brother," I said excitedly, "we meet at last!" God had used tapping on a prison wall to preach. I was now more determined than ever to continue preaching to my cellmates about Jesus no matter what the guards did to me.



# References

For further reading or to obtain more information on this portion of the life of this missionary, please consult the following sources from which we obtained information from:

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