

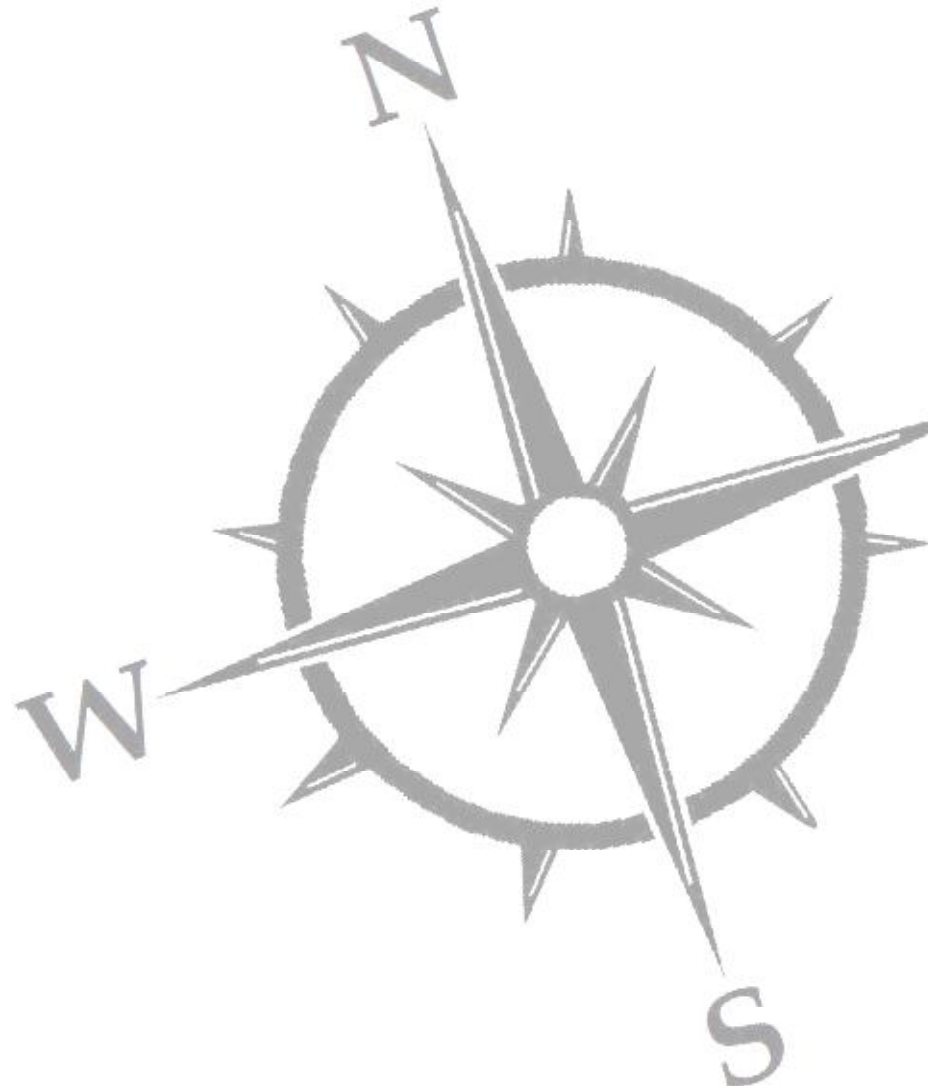
The Life of Nate Saint

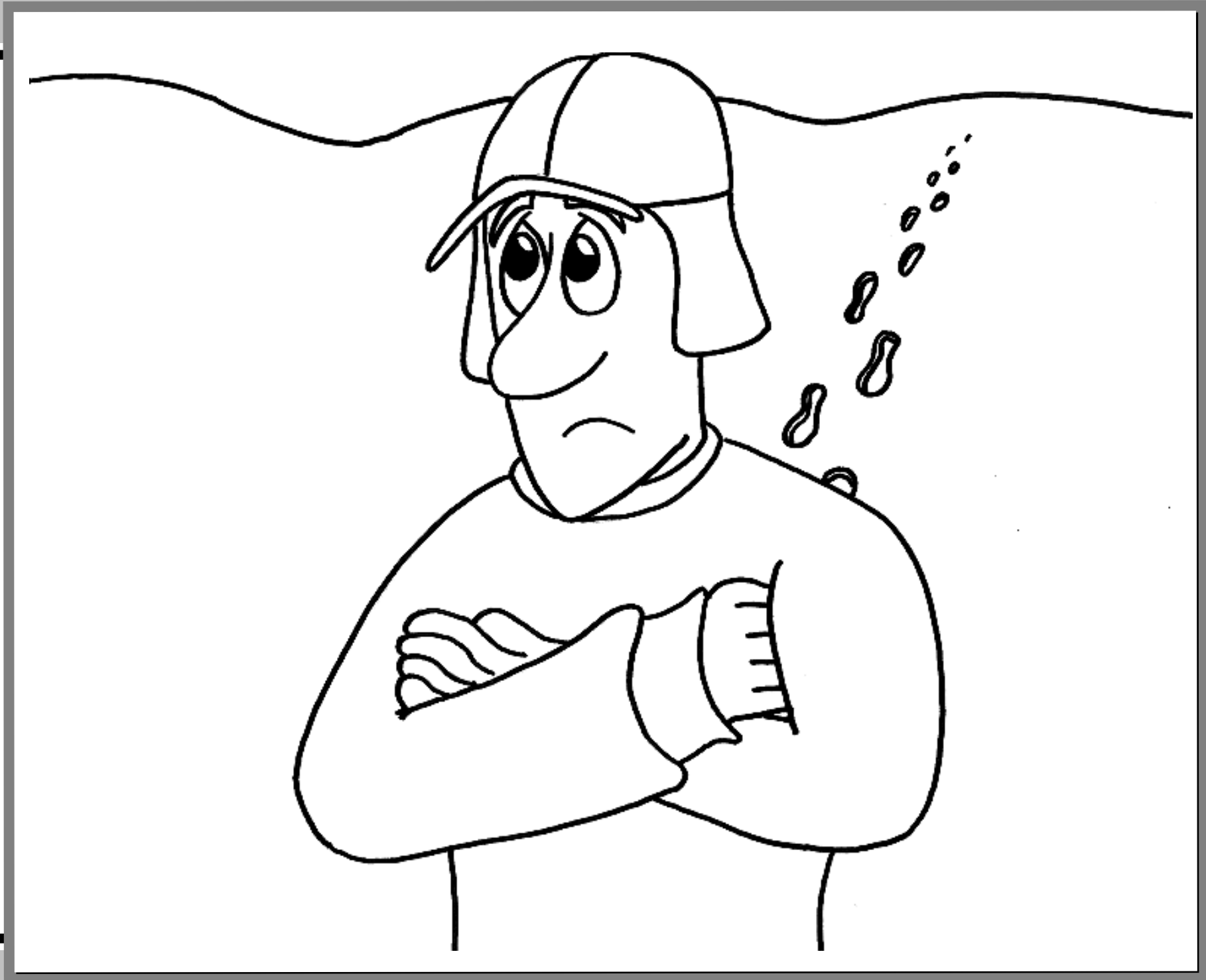
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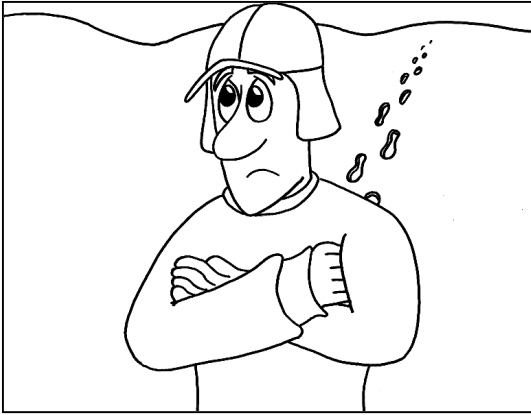
Lesson: 4.28 – Purpose Missionary Snapshot Series

This story reminds us that God has a special purpose for each Christian's life. It should be our goal to be more like Christ, and try to be all that Christ has in mind for us each and every day. Nate Saint's hiking plans had started out well, but were turning out to be a disaster. God spared Nate's life several times because God had something very special for Nate to do. What will happen?

"For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end." - Jeremiah 29:11







Introduction:

What is supposed to happen when you flip on a light switch? The light comes on. You can stand there all day and every time you flip the light switch, the light comes on. A light switch does what it was made to do... to turn the light on. Just like the light switch, God has a purpose for each Christian as well. We must do what God has created us to do. Our story today is about a missionary in Ecuador. God had something very special for this missionary to do. Let's listen carefully and see what happens in this story about Nate Saint...

Missionary Story:

CRUNCH! CRUNCH! The snow crunched under my boots with each step I took on the trail up to Glacier Point in Yosemite National Park. It was December of 1945, World War II has just ended and I was waiting to receive my discharge papers so I could return home. Two army buddies of mine and I had decided to camp out in Yosemite National Park just to get away for a day or two while we waited for our papers.

The park was empty so we had our pick of camping spots. When we woke up the next morning, a thick fog had settled in. Everywhere around us was covered in a thick, gray blanket. "I'm hiking up to Glacier Point," I said after finishing breakfast. My two friends were worried about the fog and did not want to go. I stubbornly had decided that I would hike it alone. I threw on two sweaters, filled my pockets with peanuts to snack on, and headed off down the mountain trail.

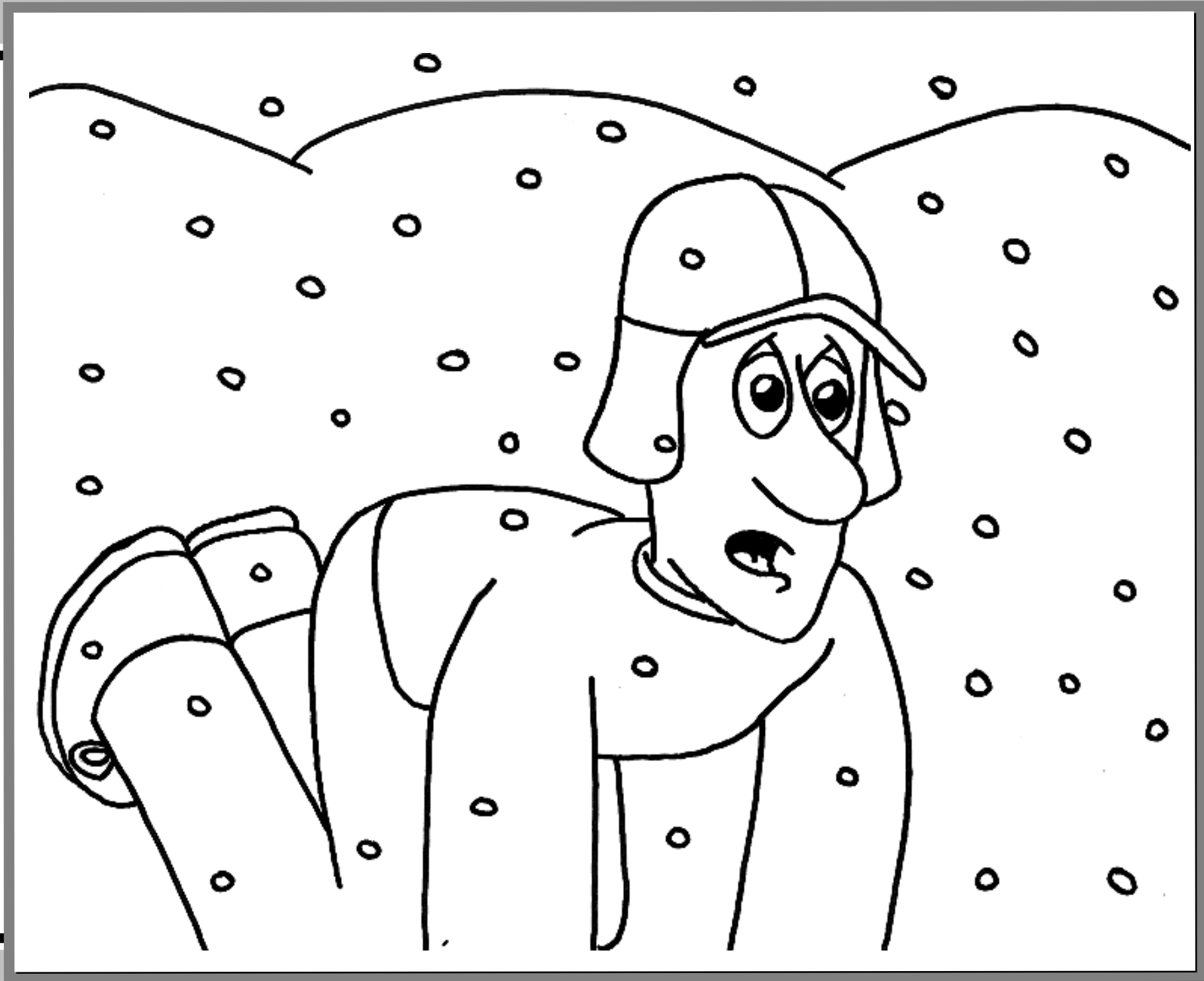
"What are you up to?" a park ranger asked a mile or so down the trail. I told him that I was hiking up to Glacier Point. "This is not the best weather for a hike up the mountain like that and not all by yourself neither," he said. I told him that I would be just fine. The ranger told me that if I did make it to the top that there was a photographer named Douglas Whiteside who was spending the winter in a cabin up there and would surely welcome me in for some hot cocoa. I thanked the ranger and set off. I hoped that as I climbed the mountain, I would climb up high enough to be above this fog and would feel the warm sun on my face. The trail was clearly marked and I whistled as I walked along.

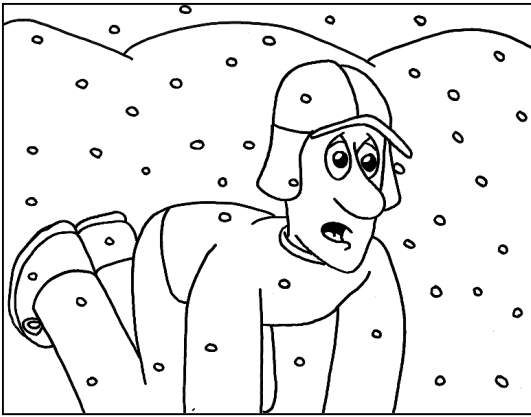
However, the higher I got up the mountain, the thicker the fog seemed to get. On top of that, it also started to rain. This didn't worry me though. My two sweaters did a pretty good job of keeping the rain out and I could still clearly see the trail. I told myself that I could always turn around if things got worse. Besides, I had noticed a telephone wire strung above the trail over my

head. I was sure that led right to Douglas Whiteside's cabin. Onward I hiked for another hour or so before my legs began to ache. I tried to walk backward for a bit to stretch my legs out. As I got higher on the trail the rain turned into light snow and before too long, light snow turned into heavy snow. I trudged on through the snow, but I was starting to get cold and a bit worried. I had no idea how much farther the cabin was up the mountain, but at least the telephone wire was still over my head. As I walked through the snow, I started to come up with some emergency plans. "If I get too tired, I will just break the telephone wire," I said to myself. "Then when the rangers come to fix it, I will be rescued." If I had only been thinking clearly though, I would have remembered that wires like this one often broke during winter from the weight of the snow and wouldn't be fixed again by the rangers until the spring.

I continued. The cabin couldn't be much farther ahead. The snow was already six inches deep, and my legs were feeling very heavy. After a little while longer, I had to use my hands to help lift my legs with each step. I had to stop every few minutes to rest. I was shivering so hard that I had a hard time getting my hands into my pockets to grab some peanuts and an even harder time putting them into my mouth and chewing them. I reached down and grabbed a handful of snow and put it in my mouth. I looked at all the swirling snow around me "At least I know I'll never die of thirst up here," I said to myself.

I continued. I was having a hard time





making out where the trail was in the snow. I could not feel my toes. I was cold. I was just about to flop down in the snow from exhaustion when I spotted something. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. No, I wasn't seeing things! There in the snow were some footprints... fresh footprints. They must be fresh or the falling snow would have covered them up "I'll bet those are Douglas Whiteside's footprints," I said with relief, "and his cabin must be very close by."

With new strength, I trudged on following the foot prints in the snow. As I walked though, I realized that something wasn't right. I was exhausted and having trouble thinking clearly so I stopped and leaned against a tree for a moment. And then it dawned on me. Douglas would be wearing boots in weather like this. But these footprints were bootless. I could even make out the toe prints. I stepped on one of the prints and realized it was much wider and bigger even than my army boot was. These weren't Douglas's footprints... these were made by a bear! I was following a bear up the mountain! I decided I would just have to

deal with that later and continued up the trail. Finally, totally exhausted, I fell into the snow. I slammed my hand down against the snow. "Why had I been so foolish? Why didn't I listen to my friends or the park ranger?" I thought. I thought back to the New Year's Eve service in Detroit where I had dedicated my life to being a missionary. Now because of my foolishness, I would never be able to do that. I got back up on my feet and I did something that I should have done a long time before... I prayed. I didn't plead with God or say anything like "God if you get me out of this mess and I'll live for you." I had already committed my life to God to be a missionary. I simply prayed and thanked God for all that He had done for me in my life. I stumbled on. I searched the sky above me for that telephone wire and finally spotted it. I followed it with my eyes into the trees and then I saw it... the cabin! It was about a hundred yards in front of me.

I took two more steps before falling into the snow again. My face was so numb I couldn't even feel the cold snow against my cheeks. I lay there for several minutes and then forced myself to get back up again. I stumbled and fell two more times before my feet touched the wooden boards of the porch. I fell against the door. I let out a weak "Hello?" and the door burst open and a wave of warm air hit me. I stumbled past Douglas and fell into the nearest chair. God had allowed me to live! Never again would I take such a foolish risk like this one!

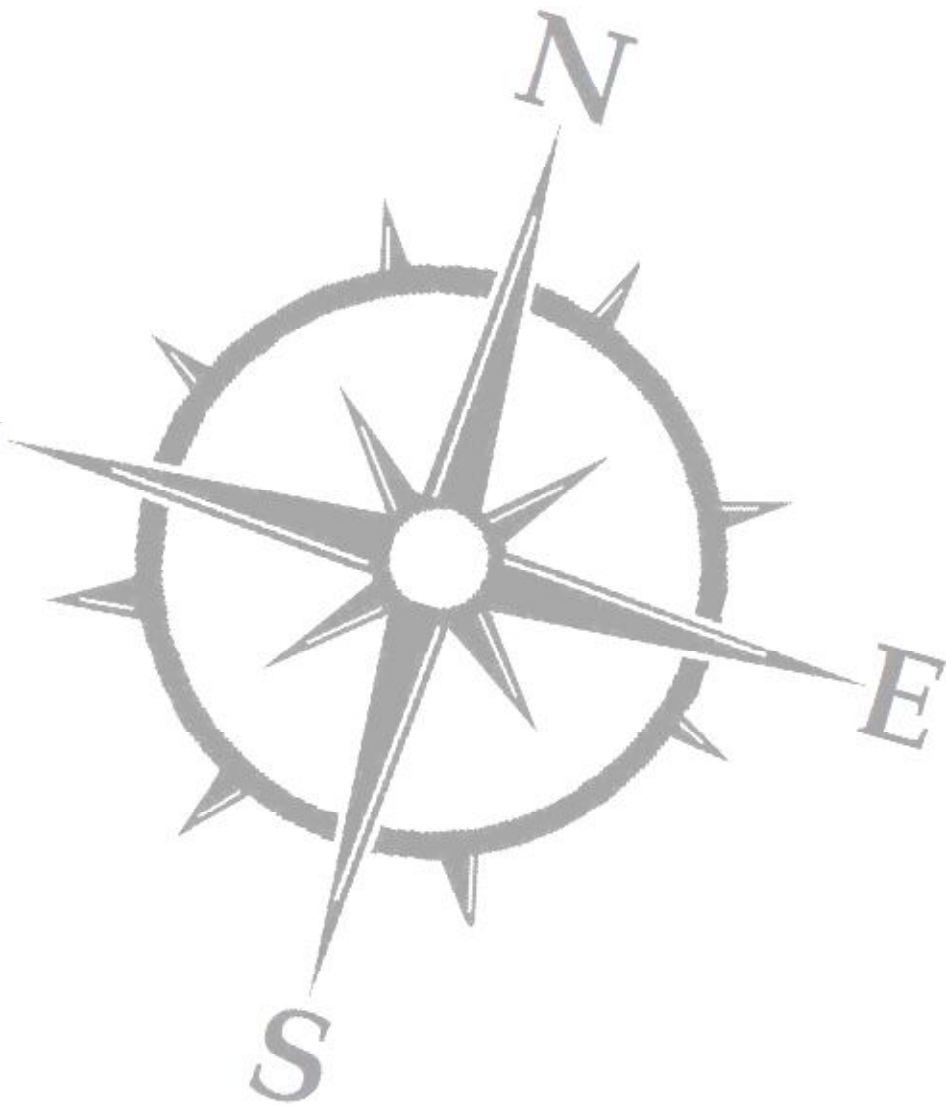
Application:

You know, boys and girls, Proverbs

20:24 tells us that God directs our steps and has a plan for each Christian's life. We never know what God has for us or how we fit into His plan, which is why obeying God immediately is so important. God had spared Nate's life on that hike up to Glacier Point. A few years later, Nate's life was again spared when his plane crashed in South America. Nate Saint had given his life to the Lord and wanted his life to count. He wanted to do amazing things for the Lord.

God did have something very special planned for Nate. In 1956, Nate and four other missionaries: Jim Elliot, Ed McCully, Roger Youderian, and Pete Fleming discovered a fierce tribe known as the Auca Indians. They were determined to tell these people that Jesus loved them. After weeks of dropping gifts from their plane, Nate flew the five missionaries to a beach near the Auca tribe. Something terrible happened on the beach that day, but most of the Auca tribe came to know Jesus as their Savior because of the sacrifice of these five missionaries. The story of these five missionaries shocked the world and sparked thousands of Christians to commit their lives to serve the Lord as missionaries. The Auca five to this day still remind the world that "he is no fool who gives up that which he cannot keep to gain that which he cannot lose."

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to **lesson 4.26 on page 90** in your *India Expedition - Leader's Guide*.)*



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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