

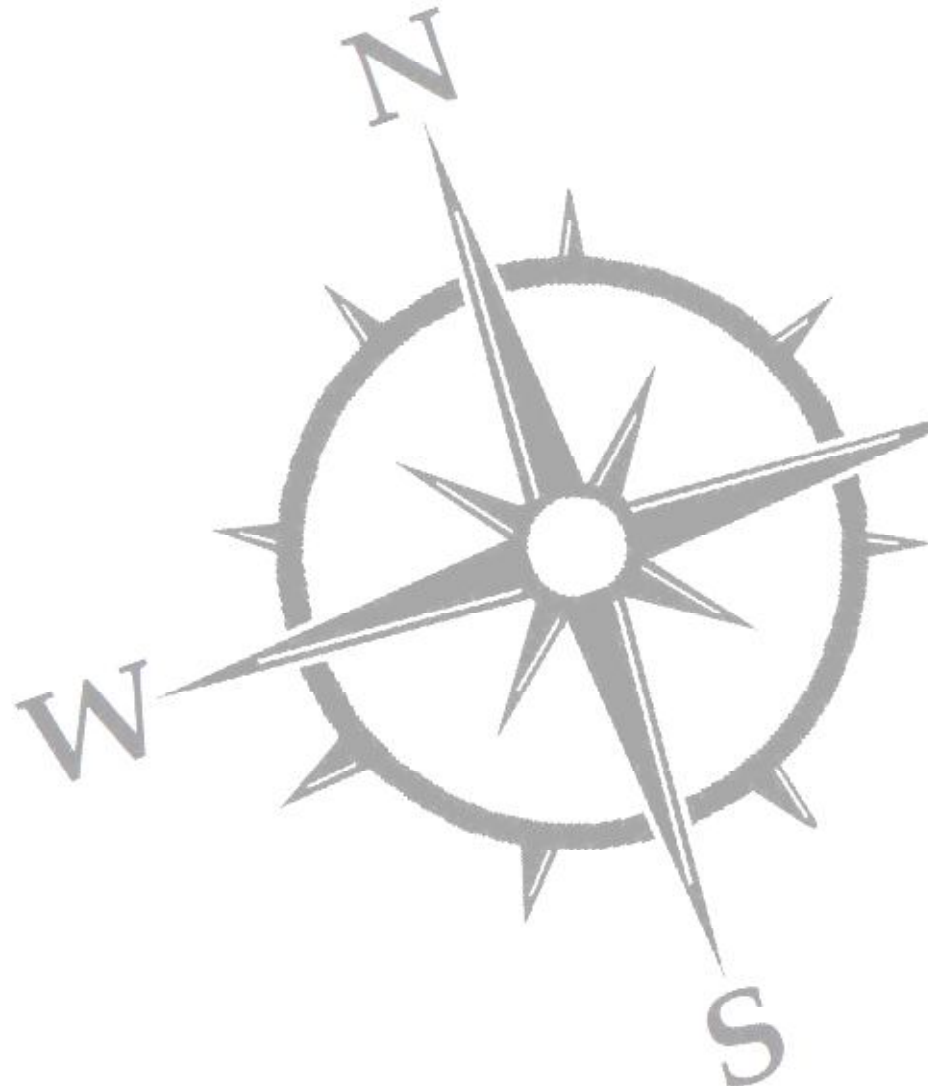
The Life of Nate Saint

(1923-1956)

Lesson: 1.26 – Serving Missionary Snapshot Series

This story encourages Christians to be actively serving their Lord and to be ready for Jesus' return. The Lord wants to find his servants busy serving when He returns for them. Nate Saint went all over the world and used his love for flying to help serve missionaries and the Lord. He never gave up or quit serving the Lord. Nate watched God do some amazing things, but he realized how important it was for him to be ready and available for God to use.

"But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant." – Matthew 23:11







Please Note: This story contains subject matter that can be scary to younger children. It is recommended for 3rd graders and above (or based on leader discretion).

Introduction:

Have you ever seen a house or building being built? People who build things use all sorts of different tools to make the job easier. Without a saw, cutting wood may take a while. Our story today is about a missionary pilot who used his plane to help missionaries tell people about Jesus' love. Some people needed help...will our missionary find a way to get there in time to help? Let's listen carefully and see what happens in this story about Nate Saint...

Missionary Story:

"There he is!" shouted Bob Hart pointing to a small clearing below. I looked out of my airplane window just in time to see Frank Mathis standing near a hut a couple hundred feet below us. Frank was waving his arms with a very confused look on his face. "I know what he is thinking," I said to Bob,

"he wonders why we are here in an airplane...he knows there is absolutely no place for me to land for miles and miles."

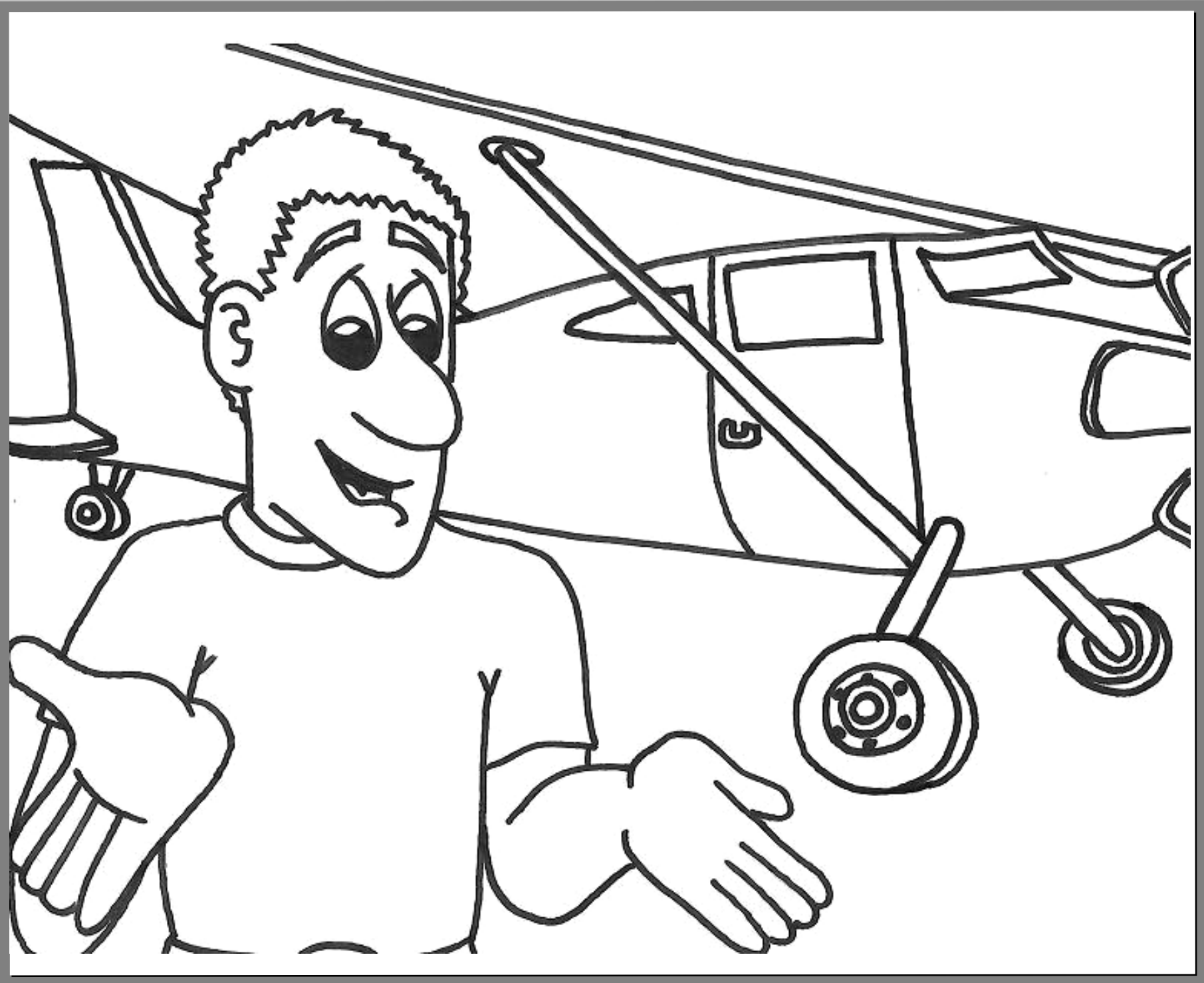
Frank was a missionary who was doing some translation work in the area. He had received an urgent message that an entire Indian village near Arapicos had been infected with a disease by some soldiers who had traveled through the area. One young warrior had already passed away and unless someone came to help, the rest of the village was doomed. Frank had set off down the jungle trail right away. Soon after, Bob Hart called me asking if there was anything I could do to help out. "I may just have the thing," I told him. It wasn't long before Bob and I were lifting off the runway on our way to Arapicos. Sitting next to me on the seat was a new invention I had just recently come up with. I had discovered that I could lower a bucket from my airplane and then begin to fly around in circles over a certain spot on the ground. As long as I kept flying the plane at the same angle around the circle, the bucket would hover in the one spot above the ground below.

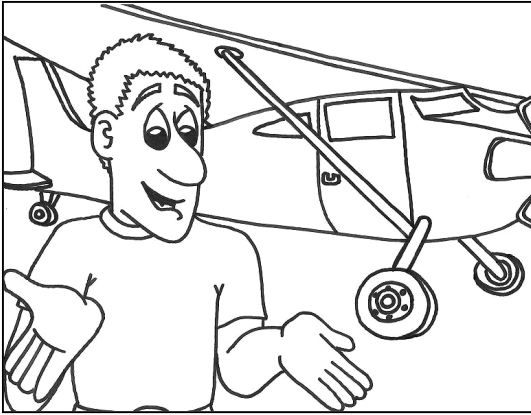
"Put the telephone in the bucket and then slowly lower it towards the ground," I loudly said to Bob so that he could hear me over the loud engine of the Pacer plane. The bucket trailed behind the plane like a tail. Once all the telephone wire had been let out, I turned the plane sharply and began to fly in smaller circles. As I did this, the bucket went from trailing behind us to where it was hovering just a couple of feet from Frank. Frank ran over and grabbed the bucket. He pulled the blanket off of the top and found

the phone. With a surprised look, he put the phone up to his ear. Through the crackles, he heard Bob say, "Hey Frank, it's Bob...what's the situation down there?" "It's bad," Frank said, "most of the village is sick." Bob wrote down the symptoms that the people were having and handed the paper to me. I flipped on my radio and contacted the hospital at Shell Mera. I spoke with a doctor there who quickly diagnosed the problem. "We'll be back shortly!" Bob said to Frank and then quickly pulled the wire and bucket back up into the plane. When we arrived back in Shell Mera, my wife Marj was already there waiting for us with the medicine we needed to treat the village. We refueled the Pacer and were back in the air in no time on our way to Arapicos with the life-saving medicines.

Later that night, as I sipped my coffee, I shared how wonderful it felt to have saved lives without ever having landed the plane. "I remember when I first wanted to fly to El Real several years ago," I continued, "first we could not find a pilot. When we found one, he was drunk and rude and charged us way more than necessary to make the flight." I was grateful we could use our plane to help out our fellow missionaries like this now. "I don't think that's the last time you'll make use of your wonderful bucket-drop idea either," Bob Hart said with a smile. Little did I know how right Bob would be.

Around the same time that I flew medicine into the village in Arapicos, some missionary friends of mine were working with another tribe known as the Quichua Indians. While working with the Quichua Indians, they learned of a nearby tribe of





Indians known as the Aucas. The Aucas were a fierce tribe with many cruel customs. If the Aucas saw anyone who was not from their tribe, they would sneak up and kill them with their spears. They also used their spears on each other, killing their friends and family over even the smallest things. The Auca people lived in constant fear of being killed. The Aucas needed to hear the gospel.

One afternoon, I was flying along the edge of a river when I spotted several huts from the air. That evening I met with Jim Elliot, Roger Youderian, Ed McCully, and Pete Fleming and we came up with a plan to try to reach the Aucas for Christ. We learned that one Auca girl named Dayuma had run away from the Auca tribe when someone tried to kill her. She was now living with the Quichua Indians. We spoke to Dayuma and began the first steps of our plan.

We decided that flying above the Auca village and dropping off gifts to them would be a good way to make friends. The first present we left the Aucas was a shiny kettle with a lid. Inside the kettle, we put twenty brightly colored buttons. It was very

windy that first day and Jim nearly got the bucket caught in the trees as he was lowering it. All the Aucas were afraid of the plane and hid from us. When we returned a second time, we brought a small knife wrapped up in paper with ribbons on it. This time the Aucas came out of their tents excited to see what was coming. A gust of wind blew the bucket right into the river, but it didn't take long for one of the Aucas to dive in after it and bring it to the shore. Every week after that, we returned with different gifts such as shirts, plastic cups, candy, pictures of each of us, and a flashlight. On our sixth flight, the Aucas held onto the line when we dropped our gift off. They put a headdress of feathers and even a live parrot in the bucket for us.

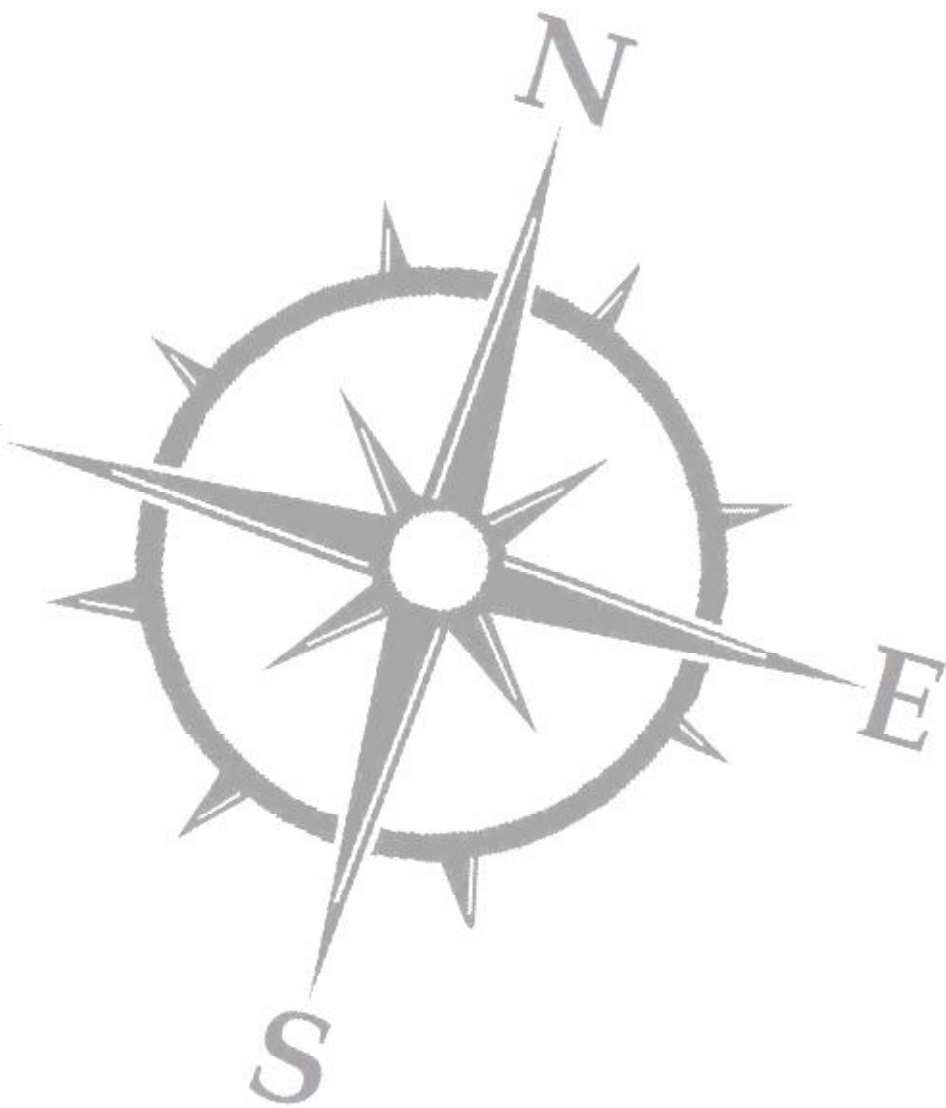
After two months of flying and dropping gifts, we decided it was time to try to land on a beach near the Aucas and build a small tree house to try to make contact with them. For three days we stood at the river's edge across from their village and shouted Auca phrases like "Come down to the river," "We want to meet you," and "We are your friends." Finally, on the third day, a man and two women came to the river's edge. We welcomed them, gave them gifts, and showed them the plane. The man, who we nicknamed George, pointed to the plane and then pointed to himself. "He wants to fly," said Pete. I took George up inside the plane. He was so excited that he shouted and waved to his people from the plane. That evening we radioed our families. "We made contact today," we told them, "we are excited... maybe God is opening their hearts...we'll radio again tomorrow...over..."

Application:

You know, boys and girls, Romans 6:13 tells us the importance of making ourselves available for God to use. We never know what God has for us or how we fit into His plan, which is why obeying God immediately is so important. Nate loved using his skills and inventions as a pilot to help missionaries be able to better give the gospel to others like the Auca Indians.

Sadly, three days after that first visit, Auca warriors made a terrible mistake and attacked and murdered those five missionaries on the beach. However, Jim Elliot's wife, Elizabeth, and Nate Saint's sister, Rachel, courageously returned and lived with the Auca tribe. The tribe wept and cried when they realized what they had done and many came to know Jesus as their Savior. Did those missionaries waste their lives? The five missionaries wouldn't say that at all. They understood that Christians are sometimes called by God to fall to the ground and die like seeds so that good fruit can grow. Their sacrifice led to many of those same Aucas who speared them coming to Christ. The news of the five missionaries shocked the world and sparked thousands of Christians to commit to serving the Lord as missionaries. Even to this day, the sacrifice of the Auca Five reminds 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 1.27 on page 90 in your England 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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