

Harris, Stephen Public Speech USS Pueblo 3-7-78

[Speaker 1]

Thank you very, very much. You better not do that too often. You're going to have all of us in the East Coast out there who've been watching the weather forecast and what's been happening, actually.

But thank you ever so much for welcoming me here in your fine city. I'm not a stranger here. If you have any knowledge of this thing called the Pueblo Incident, which I was involved in, you'd be aware of the fact that the Pueblo was sort of born across the Sound and Brown River.

We came to Brown River in early 1967, just after we were married, and we spent five months here in the Northwest. And we discovered that this is a fantastic place to spend a five-month honeymoon. You just don't know how fortunate you are.

I'd like to express my thanks, especially, to Cliff and Brendan Barker, who have been hosting and hostessing me here this past weekend and early this week. They have been the most gracious in opening up their home to me and providing me the most comfortable place to stay. I say that because I know many of you have friends who will be coming to visit Seattle, and it may be the place to stay, but just getting something to cook for them is fantastic.

It's great to cheat, he says. What brings me here, of course, is that event in our history, which happened a decade ago. The Pueblo Incident.

Ten years. Do you believe that? It hasn't been, indeed, been that long.

We quietly observed the passing of the decade here in January of this year. And I know in the minds of many of you it seems that it hasn't been so long, that you remember the details of this event very, very well. And what accounts for that?

Well, you'll recall that at the time we captured the ship, there was a tremendous amount of press coverage for this particular event. Hardly a day would go by when there wasn't at least something in the newspaper or the nightly TV news broadcast or in the weekly news magazine something about this particular incident. And then we sort of stepped across the threshold of history.

The first of more than a dozen books began to appear on the market. And we progressed further down the road of history. Adapted to the stage and played in Washington, D.C., then off-Broadway in New York City for a time. And that play was further adapted for television and ran on ABC at least three times with Hal Kohlbrook. And this was a very good production as far as accuracy was concerned for those of us who were watching it. It was really like going through the event again.

I understand that PBS is going to run this program again sometime in the future if they've not already done so. 1973 was a year in which our prisoners were released from North Vietnam. And I know you recall that event how dramatic it was to see on television.

It far outshadowed or overshadowed what we had gone through, but still it was a reminder of the Pueblo incident. It was a memory of seeing us return. In 1975 there was another incident which was a reminder of the Pueblo affair.

This time it was the Mayaguez incident. Very, very similar. The difference was that the Mayaguez was a merchant ship.

Another difference was that the reaction to that incident was a bit more decisive than it was in our case. And it was resolved very, very quickly. So with all of these reminders we find that people are well aware of what my shipmates and I went through.

But there is something about all of this that hasn't yet really been told to the extent that it should. It's what I consider the most important side of all of this. And that's what God was doing.

Do you know what He was doing in all of this? The answer, of course, is no. Make it on page one.

And yet He's been alive. He was for all of us on that ship in one way or another. And He's alive in the hearts of many people here tonight who are dedicated to the cause of the Christian Businessmen's Committee.

All of us on that ship recognized at the time of its capture that a humanist, a poet, of late the last century and early this century was quite wrong when he penned some very eloquent songs. And you've heard them before. I am the master of my faith.

I am the captain of my soul. Now that sounds good. Poetic.

Dramatic. But it's theologically very lacking. I'll tell you something.

When you're aboard a very small ship surrounded by five heavily armed North Korean high-performance control vessels that are shooting at us, inflicting direct hits upon us, and our little ship was unarmed, to a maximum speed of twelve knots, with the sea following, wind was stirred, going downhill. I'm just asking under those circumstances who is the master of whose faith and who is the captain of whose soul? And it was at that point that we recognized that we never were in charge of our own personal destinies.

And a lot of us think that we have control of our lives, but it takes an event like that to wake us up to the fact that we indeed do not. When all this was happening, I just reacted in disbelief. Here this tenth or twentieth or thirtieth great power in the world was taking on the United States of America.

This just wasn't happening to us, but it was. And I saw that to endure this ordeal, whatever it was to be, was going to require a special kind of strength. It was a kind of strength that I really didn't have, that I didn't need.

Now, I am an officer in the United States Navy, and I have been for almost eighteen years, and that's a strange statement to make, I suppose. This was my first experience in combat, and I have to confess to you I was a bit uptight. And I can confirm for you the words of

Winston Churchill, who could say this much better than I could, had to be saying anything better than I could say it.

He said this, there is nothing so exhilarating as being shot at without results. Well, I've been there, I know what he's talking about. But the war was a source of the strength that I needed, and it was in one personal possession, one that I felt that I would need the most in these upcoming hours.

And that was my Bible, which I took and tried to conceal under my jacket, with the hope that I would have it with me for whatever crisis awaited us in the next few seconds or the next few decades. The future was a terrifying unknown, as our capture was imminent and indeed occurring. And soon, of course, our ship was boarded, and it wasn't long before I was confronted by one of the North Koreans.

I didn't speak his language, and he didn't speak mine. But he had a way of communicating. He communicated to me the fact that he wanted that object that I was trying to conceal.

It's amazing what a bayonet point coming in the direction of the stomach will do to the language barrier. And so, without any real choice in the matter, I surrendered that object, that Bible. Now, what was on his mind that I was trying to conceal was not a rifle, a .45, a grenade, or just some heavy object that I would throw at him, some weapon that I would use against him. Imagine his surprise when I handed him a book. An innocent-looking black book that had come through the pages, and he found nothing harmful there. But what he didn't know was this, that that black book was far more powerful than any weapon that I could have concealed.

That black book was far more powerful than any weapon that man has ever devised or ever will devise, no matter how devastating it might be. Because that book was the word of God. If that version was now gone, I was not going to see it again.

Sometime later, we arrived in North Korea. Our wrists were tightly bound. We were blindfolded.

We arrived first at a place called Wonsan. It's a major naval port on the east coast of North Korea. All we could recall of that place were the aural impressions, the sounds of the troops marching in the streets, and the sounds of an angry crowd shoving at us.

And they took us aboard a train, and we started an all-night ride through the mountains of North Korea. Temperatures were well below zero that January night. And all night long, as we wound through the mountains, I could hear the moans of our wounded men ignored by the North Koreans.

And the thoughts passed through my mind, that, well, if they're going to kill me, they sure couldn't get along with me to do it. Finally, we arrived at our destination. The blindfolds came off.

They unbound our wrists as we stepped down. We saw lights. And motion picture cameras began grinding away.

And still cameras were punctuating the scene with their flashbulbs. And one of the pictures that was taken at that moment appeared as a cover of the next issue of Newsweek. There we were, center stage of a major propaganda event.

Not very relevant participants, either. Catapulted into fame, but not quite the way we would have designed for ourselves. And finally, our eyes became used to the surroundings.

We saw that we were standing on the platform of a large railway station. And we could now see that the first light of day was silhouetting the buildings of a built-up downtown area. We were in a good-sized city.

But still, we really didn't know where we were. We guessed that from the size of the place that we might be in the country's capital, a place called Pyongyang. But we didn't know where we were.

For sure, because secrecy is a technique that's extensively used by the Communists. Control of information is absolutely vital to the advancement of their cause. And they were not making any exception in our case.

So it was actually several months before they would admit to our location. But it was indeed Pyongyang. We started to ride through the streets of that city, just beginning to be illuminated by the first light of day.

This was our first look at a city, a country, under Communism. And I was struck by the sterility of this place, the monotony, the dull, sad appearance of all of our surroundings. The blocks and blocks, the same dull, grey structures were stretched as far as the eye could see.

There was nothing beautiful about this. It really characterized the kind of life of the people who lived there. And I was struck also by the godlessness of this particular city.

That's just about impossible to describe, but for anybody who has traveled to a Communist country, this eerie feeling just permeates the whole atmosphere that somehow God doesn't live here. And it's ironic because Pyongyang was once a center of missionary activity. It was once called the City of Churches.

No more. Not now, but the time has to come. Finally we arrived at the edge of the city at a run-down military installation.

We were taken off the buses that brought us there. We were marched into the building past two lines of their troops facing each other. And as we did so, some of their men thought it would be amusing to work some of us over.

Some of us came through that line pretty bloody. This was our welcome to North Korea. This was a preview, a kind of thing that we could expect for the next several months.

We were taken inside. We were split up into groups of four. And we just waited for what we really had no idea.

After several hours they came after me. Somehow I've been identified as one of the ship's officers. Even though I tried to maintain a low profile, they ultimately found out who I was.

They took me out into the hallway where I joined the other five officers of the ship. We were marched down to the room at the end of the hall where present were North Korean military personnel, most of the officers with an Army Major General presiding. A quick glance at that room suggested to us from its arrangement that it might be some kind of a court room.

Well, we found out very quickly. For us, it was. We were to be placed on trial right then, right there.

As we were marched into that room, the gentleman in charge was pounding his fist on the table and screaming at us in a language we could not understand. We sensed that he was less than impartial. And as we were paraded before him, his interpreter began to speak.

His English was not perfect, but this is essentially what he said. You are charged with having intruded the U.S. armed imperialist spy ship Pueblo, deep into the territorial waters of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea, and you have committed hostilities in our waters. How do you plead?

Starting with Commander Booker, the commanding officer of the ship, we stood up and insisted upon our innocence because at no time had our ship ever been inside the territorial waters of North Korea on that day of the capture or any other time. We had not been inside the limit that was recognized by the United States. We had not been inside the limit that was claimed by the North Koreans, which was considerably further out.

And as for hostilities, by the way, I make a point of that because there are still people who believe that Pueblo was not where it was supposed to be, and it was at all times. And as for hostilities, we were not able to fire back at the enemy, despite the fact that we did have some token armament on board. So we denied these false and ridiculous charges.

But do you think that it was the Communist plan for us to be found innocent? We listened, in part, as the interpreter again spoke. This time these words were the crimes that have been committed against the sovereignty of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

We find that the entire, the entire Pueblo group is guilty. The punishment is death. All 82 of you will be executed today at sundown.

One by one. The youngest man first while the commanding officer will watch. You'll be the last to be executed.

What's it like when you're told you're going to die? I'll get into that in just a moment as to what it was like for me. But I'd like to pause and just have you reflect upon that question as it affects you.

What would it be like if you were on the receiving end of a pronouncement like that? Now, I'm not looking for an emotional reaction. I'd like you to consider that in light of the personal relationship that you have with God at this very moment.

Does the relationship that you have with Him come with a 100% guarantee that you will spend all eternity with Him in a place called Heaven? There are a large number of people in this room who can make that claim without any hesitation whatsoever. They know.

There's perhaps a good number of people in this room who are not sure of any particular guarantee that they might have with respect to a personal relationship to God. Their future is uncertain in their minds. And there are perhaps some in our midst who would have to admit that they'd be very honest in doing so with no relationship to this whatsoever.

And we don't come here to condemn anybody for that. We come here as members of the Christian Businessmen's Committee to tell you, friends, there is hope, that you've got to come God's way. And that's what this is all about.

And that's what excites me. Now, what was this like for me to receive that kind of a pronouncement? As you can imagine, something of that magnitude is the kind of thing that the mind just cannot assimilate right away.

We were shocked, naturally. We were just numb. And very quickly they took us out of there, back to the dingy cell where we had been locked up just a few moments before.

And as they shoved me inside and as the door banged shut behind me, I just burst out saying to the other three men present, you're going to shoot us today. Without realizing what I was saying, without realizing what kind of impact those words would make, naturally the men were shocked. But what followed was just a total and terrified silence.

I walked over to the edge of the crudely constructed bed that the North Koreans had provided, sat down, and began to piece things together. And after a bit, the shock and the numbness went away and was replaced by the realization of what, as far as I knew, was scheduled to happen. And with that realization came an emotion.

But it was not fear. It was a different emotion. It was an emotion that was related to a seemingly insignificant rainy October evening in 1963.

At that time I was a Lieutenant J.G. a bachelor serving as communications officer aboard a destroyer based in Newport, Rhode Island. And at that particular time in my life we had come through the tail end of the Cuban crisis and a very high pressure deployment of the 6th Fleet in the Mediterranean. And after that, it was sort of unwinding trying to put all the pieces together, but it was still a busy task.

But a friend of mine, a shipmate, a fellow officer who was married invited me home for dinner with his family. Now we have hundreds of evenings like that in all of our lives which seem so simple. But in the course of that evening in my friend's home I was issued a challenge.

My friend said to me that what had happened on a cross many hundreds of years ago many thousands of miles away had happened for me, Steve Harris. And that that event couldn't have complete relevance in my life. When I heard that I was beginning to look to see where the door was so I could squeeze out of there rather gracefully because I began to think that this guy might be some kind of a religious nut.

But I didn't bolt from the place. He took down a book from his shelf and it was his Bible. We had a similar book in our home.

In the middle of ours were some pages where we would write down the names of people who were born and who died. And in between those pages and the covers in either direction were a lot of other pages with printed words but somehow we had never read those. My friend had.

And he was rather intimately familiar with what those words said. And among them was a pronouncement that I didn't like the sound of. It said that I was a sinner.

Well I hadn't robbed any banks lately or beaten up on old ladies because that's what I thought a sinner was. But in that Bible page it was saying that each one of us is that all of us have sinned and have come short of God's glory. And we can respond to that as I did I suppose by saying okay, so what?

It says elsewhere in that Bible as he pointed out that the consequences of sin are death. And that death that's being spoken about there is an eternal separation from God. It sounds hopeless.

And if the scripture ended at that point it certainly would be. But it goes on and there's a very important word there. But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

And so my friend challenged me to take a step and invite Christ to come into my life and take over and run things for me. I ultimately surrendered and did that. A lot of rationalization.

A lot of rejection. But ultimately I saw the need to surrender. We said the prayer together there that night on October 3rd, 1963.

That evening took on a special significance. On January 24th, 1968 at a time when I was convinced that was the last day in the life of Steve Harris. At least life on this earth.

Because in recalling that commitment that had been made that night I knew that if that execution were to take place I would be in the presence of God. Now I did not deserve that. I do not deserve that at this moment.

But God makes it possible for us because he made a sacrifice. And he's not going to go back on his word. And so it was with joy and peace in my heart that I could look forward to this scheduled execution instead of with fear.

To be in the presence of God for all eternity is not the kind of thing that we should look forward to with anxiety. If we truly call ourselves Christian there is really no reason to be hung up on the idea of death. We are existing in a temporary situation in our society.

This is but a flash in all of eternity. And I am convinced tough to admit it sometimes but I am convinced that heaven is better than the Pacific Northwest. It is certainly better than Washington, D.C. where I come from and you know that without even having been there all you're going to do is pick up the morning paper. So why should we be concerned about that? There were three other men in my cell with me and I shared with them the fact that what was scheduled to happen didn't have to be a moment of tragedy it could be a moment of triumph. That they too could have the same absolute guarantee of everlasting life if they too would simply do as I have done and invite Jesus Christ to come into their lives.

And if they would do that in the spirit of repentance the record of that sin would simply be erased because the price had been paid in full on that cross so many years ago. Now I don't know what decision those men made in those few hours because they were frightened and confused and they weren't saying anything. But I'll tell you that I was able to scratch out on that pile of boards with which I was working because all of them had become very familiar and I went to sleep and I took an afternoon and the afternoon of what I thought was the day of the scheduled execution.

How is that possible? The Bible tells us that this is the peace that only God can give to us it's not the peace that this world gives to us. It's a peace that is beyond our understanding but it's a peace that anyone can have if you will simply trust Jesus Christ.

Now that sounds very simplistic to a lot of people because the town has some pretty sophisticated folks and they're pretty sharp and they might question something as simple as that but the truth is that our Lord came for all simple and complicated for life and it is not a manifestation of love to throw obstacles in the path of another. You don't do that to a person that you love and God loves you and he doesn't do it to you. So why does he have to make it possible if he doesn't?

I woke up a couple of hours later and I saw that the sun was low in the sky and I expected now that any moment the North Koreans would march on in to pick us up line us up and mow us down. Sunset came but absolutely nothing happened and we waited and we wondered through the night and well into the next day the only clue that we had that this execution was not going to take place was the fact that the North Koreans issued to us crudely made articles of clothing prison uniforms and what we might consider to be the bare necessities of life consisting of a ragged towel a bar of strong soap a toothbrush not much but not the sort of things that a man scheduled to die would expect to receive so the execution was off and still you wonder well how do you know it was even on in the first place and I'll have to come back at you and say I don't for sure but I believe the North Koreans meant to carry this thing out and something caused them to change their minds something like units of the U.S. 7th Fleet steaming in the direction of North Korea in company with a nuclear powered aircraft carrier Enterprise which aboard that warship alone was available more firepower and was expended in all of World War II we think that got their attention we think that they rationalized as we might rationalize in the Washington scene that to exchange the lives of 82 Americans for a patch of ocean where North Korea used to be making South Korea an island is not cost effective well we really don't know the answer but expecting to have this thing carried out was just as real to me or going to be just becomes academic believing this was going to take place I still knew that I had a place with God again not because I deserve it I don't believe these I know that he knows that maybe you don't know that maybe you do anyway I knew that I had a place with him for one reason he said so God writes in the Bible and he writes this only to the believer in the Lord Jesus Christ these things have I written that you may know underline that word know that you have eternal life so we as Christians we who fall under the category and this is a category that is unknown to the public terminology it's bandied about quite a bit we who are born again Christians know that we have this grace and authority the word of God some people say they can't accept the Bible because it has too many conflicts in it and they're right it has too many conflicts with their point of view their biased point of view and their lifestyle but the Bible never contradicts itself anywhere and is a complete record for us to follow it is the

instruction book for humanity and it's worthwhile to read it once in a while it was almost a disappointment that this execution didn't take place because now we were faced with the months of terror and brutality the tortures the confessions the interrogations all of the things that you've read about or can read about elsewhere they're very difficult things to keep recalling and dwell upon they really don't add anything to what I have to say if you like glory details you'll read about it somewhere else and after all of that sort of subsided we were left staring at the four walls contemplating our circumstances and what were they we were not prisoners of war in the traditional sense there wasn't any war so there wasn't a war the end of which we can look forward to in the subsequent prisoner release instead it was a different matter the North Koreans had made their position clear not only to us but publicly as well and they said that the United States would have to admit to having sent the Pueblo into their waters and that hadn't even happened the United States would have to apologize for that and give assurances that it wouldn't be repeated in the future now our western reaction to such a position would simply be that's ridiculous they'll have to change their position but these are oriental people who come out of a culture where to give ground on an issue would result in loss of face and loss of face as many of you are aware in that part of the world is something that cannot be covered so somehow if we were to be released from that prison it would have to appear that the North Koreans had managed to be exempt we couldn't figure out how in the world this would be possible and we lived with that day after day not knowing how we would get out when we would get out the issue was whether now the physical battalion is one thing but the psychological burden of living with that was quite another when you're being pounded on physically you can literally roll with a punch the psychological pressure is something else again and I only state this as a background to the question what do you think a man's attitude towards God would be under these circumstances there it is I suppose that's a reasonable conclusion but the facts are that a man had turned towards God and a quick smart answer to that would be sure foxhole religion and the chips are down to that type of thing but it wasn't that way because it's turning in the direction that God has been a lasting thing for these guys and they began to search the old values that they had learned perhaps in Sunday school or somewhere this didn't necessarily result in a conversion experience that we talk about but it was an awareness and a tendency in the right direction for these guys and it was exciting to me to see what was happening for those of us who had made this Christian commitment at some point in our lives had come to have a severe problem because our main line of communication from God had been cut off that was symbolized by the disappearance of my Bible in North Korea on board the ship you see God communicates to us through His word and when you stop and think about it you realize that He has said everything to us that He's ever going to say all we have to do is consult the Bible and there it is and all instructions will be given all the answers are there that's incredible for a lot of people it's also undeniable but we didn't have that we were cut off from it so we did the only thing we could do start to reconstruct it in other words we decided to make a Bible now I think anybody here even with rudimentary familiarity with the Bible would say that that project was a tad ambitious because if you haven't counted there are 66 books in the Bible there are 1189 chapters and more than 30,000 verses and more than 700,000 words we had some sheets of paper left over from the false confessions that had been tortured out of us and we started writing these things down from memory along with words and hymns and elements of the various church chants and hymns verses verses verses and verses verses and verses and verses and

and verses and verses and verses and verses and verses and verses and verses and verses and verses and sponsored by the North Koreans.

We would be proclaiming their message of how humanitarian their treatment of us was, and how wonderful their system was. But we managed to turn these things around and cause them to be the laughingstock of the world. But unfortunately all that information came back, unfortunately for us.

And we found, or they found, that we had made fools of them, and humiliated them, and caused them loss of face. And it happened at a time when negotiations on our behalf weren't going so very well. And so they sought revenge.

And this was in the latter part of December of 1968. We were now experiencing our worst relations with the North Koreans ever. In that prison.

Our dreams of release and reunion with our families became overshadowed by the faint hopes of physical survival from one day to the next. Because now more blood was flowing. Now bones were breaking.

And it looked very grim. But there was a firm core of us, small in number, praying a very specific prayer that somehow we would be home for Christmas of that year. And if anybody in this room could peer over the earthen wall of that prison, you'd say, those guys in there are nuts.

Something like that can't happen. They're experiencing the worst treatment they've ever had and they're praying for a released human being. We were praying in the faith that it could happen.

I, for one, recognized that God is a little more powerful than the North. I also recognized that he might not have wanted us out of there. But then again, he might.

And we prayed for that possibility. You remember what you were watching on TV on December 24th, 1968. Well, one of the big stories at that time was one of the Apollo missions making a successful orbit around the moon.

This was prior to the lunar landings when men were walking. But at the same time, there was another story which seemed to push that one off the front page. That was a story about 82 men who were seriously undernourished and ill who had the strength to stagger across the field at Miramar Naval Air Station in San Diego into the arms of way-loved ones.

Eighty-two survivors of the trouble had come home. And the next day, Christmas Day, 1968, we, the crew members of the 12th O, were having turkey and all the trimmings at the Naval Hospital in San Diego. We were home for Christmas in answer to a specific prayer.

God is still in charge if we will just place him in charge of our individual lives, of our corporate lives, of our national lives. But it starts with the individual. Let me say this.

If we came back to a fantastic nation, one that is not perfect, one that is not without fault, I'll tell you something. If you can never appreciate what the United States of America is like,

how fantastic it is until you have been denied this country with the very real possibility of never seeing it again. And only then does it mean something.

We are not a perfect nation. And strictly speaking, we're not a Christian nation. But we still have the freedom and the opportunity to proclaim many, many things.

And the most important thing that I can think of to proclaim is the good news about Jesus Christ, which is all that I am trying to do tonight. So in closing this evening, let me go back again to that dingy, dismal, insect-infested prison cell in North Korea and ask you to put yourself there for just a moment. You who have just received the death sentence, do you know that if that sentence is carried out that you will be in the presence of God?

Do you know that? We've talked a lot about death and die here tonight. But for many there are many years left.

And God promises and delivers a more abundant life right here and now. This can be yours if it has never been before. What is it that I'm talking about?

A man whose name is Jesus, and he said, Not I'll show you the way, but he said, I am the way, the truth, and the life. And no man, not one single solitary individual, comes to the Father but by me. I'm going to ask that each person in this place tonight, along with me, perhaps you pray to God that I am the perfect individual.

There are a lot of skeletons in my closet, but God can forgive all of that. And he can forgive you also. If you'd like to have this absolute guarantee that I've been talking about, it can be yours.

And you're probably wondering, well, how? And I'll tell you that all you have to do is ask for it. And you'll say, well, how do I ask for this?

In just a few seconds, I'm going to pray a prayer. I'm going to pray these words aloud. You just be silent where you are.

But if you want the same thing that I have, the same promise from God, the same guarantee, this fantastic relationship, you let this be your prayer as I say the words. Father in Heaven, I recognize now that I am a sinner. And that I, too, need your forgiveness.

So tonight, on March 7th, 1978, I invite Jesus Christ to come into my life to forgive me of sin and to be my personal Savior.

[Speaker 3]
Amen.

[Speaker 1]
Just one final thing tonight before we close out this evening. The Christian Businessmen's Committee of Seattle would like a record of your attendance here this evening. At your table, you will find a yellow card roofed around the middle of the table.

And we do ask that each person here please fill out the information on the card. Now, nothing horrible is going to happen to you. You won't automatically be placed on a mailing list.

You won't be bagged for the rest of your life. And people aren't going to come pounding on your doors. But we would like a record of your attendance.

Even though there are a lot of ladies present at this big Christian Businessmen's Committee, we want the ladies to fill these out also, who are here. You'll see the various lines, and they should be self-explanatory to you. We know that many of you are ladies or homemakers, and so you don't have a no-you-mean business there.

After you've completed the information on the lines, you'll see that there are some boxes, three little boxes down there. Two of them are self-explanatory. The first two.

For some reason, the third one, we never say anything about, but there are meetings like this. This is kind of something for the insider, because I'd like somebody to explain CDNC's operation to him as a personal developer. But we don't want to disturb you from checking that box either.

Now, you will see to the right of your card a larger box down in the lower right-hand corner. If you prayed that prayer with me just a few seconds ago, and you invited Christ to come into your life, as I was saying those words, the Christian Business Events Committee of Seattle would like to know that, and stands ready to assist you in this new relationship with God. Now, let me face you to hand.

The check-and-get box is not a condition of being in this relationship. It's just something to assist you. Checking that box has no matter.

In and of itself, checking that box will not enhance your relationship with God. Somehow, he won't be impressed by that. But it's a way of communicating to Christian Business Events Committee that you've made this decision, and they stand ready to help you.

Now, the first thing that will happen is that we'll be provided a copy of a little green book. The title is The Reason Why. And what this little book will do is it will explain to you in much greater detail the significance of the commitment that you have made.

And we'll clarify things for you. We'll give you all kinds of insights into what really leads. Tonight, we can only discuss things superficially.

Now, after you complete filling out this card, we ask you to just place it face down right in front of you. I do thank you very, very much for indulging me tonight. Thank you again for inviting me.

Have a great evening. Thank you on behalf of Lieutenant Commander Steve Garrett, and thank you ladies and gentlemen tonight for joining us for this very lovely evening. I'd just like to remind you of the book that is available at the rear door and our CBMC information.

Also, if you are interested in a tape of tonight's address, it will be available to our CBMC office. When you are back in the car, just simply write the word TAPE. We will contact you, or you may contact our office in this regard.

It will be \$4 per copy. That is all the announcements and all the evening that we have planned. We do want to say again, thank you so much for joining us.

We hope that you will join us again. And with that, you are dismissed.

[Speaker 2]

Lieutenant Commander Stephen R. Harris, U.S. Navy, was the intelligence officer aboard the USS Garibaldo at the time of his capture by North Korea in 1968. Holding the Navy rank of lieutenant ten years ago, Harris was in charge of those who were carrying out the ship's primary mission, along with his shipmates, was captured and imprisoned for nearly a year.

During this time, the soldiers and men of the Parabolo were subjected to physical and mental tortures and the agony, the uncertainty of their fate. The Los Angeles Times called him the most shadowy and mysterious figure in the whole fascinating Parabolo story. Yet rather than speak of the negative aspects of their captivity, Harris discusses from a Christian perspective the importance of religious faith and how the men's belief in God brought them through the most trying times.

Suffering unbelievable atrocities at the hands of their captors, the men of the Parabolo were able to survive. This story of faith is the most important but least told aspect of the entire incident. Lieutenant Commander Harris is a native of the Boston area, a graduate of Harvard.

He is an active member of the Christian businessmen's committees in the Washington area. He is the author of the book, *My Anchor Held*, co-authored by James Hefley and published by Fleming H. Revell Company.

Since returning from captivity, Lieutenant Commander Harris has had more than 600 speaking engagements in the United States, Canada, and overseas as of this March 1978. visit www.fema.gov.