



Woodside Baptist Church

Missions

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Champlin Family



In 1954 at the age of 22, Darrell and Louise and their baby David arrived as missionaries in the Belgian Congo, Africa. For ten years they lived in the deep jungles of the Belgian Congo as "jungle rats," in a mud and stick house with dirt floors. Jonathan and Deborah were born there. Thirteen churches and seven Christian schools were established, and 36 national preachers trained.

In 1964 they were evacuated from Congo after the destruction of their mission outpost and the burning of all the churches and schools. 20 preachers were murdered, hundreds of national Christians were massacred, the sister of Louise's sister-in-law was martyred, and the survivors were driven into hiding in the jungles.

The door to the Congo stayed closed, so the Champlins were led to the jungles of Surinam, South America in 1965. They entered a mission field where none of the previous three missionary families had lasted more than a year. Their fourth child, Ethan, was born that same year. Since 1965, the ministry has grown to 9 churches, 11 chapels, a Bible institute, 2 clinics and many evangelistic outreaches in villages and towns over a 150-mile area.

Since 1977, the Champlins have represented Independent Faith Missions. In 1983 they began teaching missions classes in Bible colleges across the United States. Dr. Champlin currently serves as President of IFM.

Independent Faith Missions

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fire dance

3 messages

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Thu, Sep 17, 2009 at 7:49 AM

Reply-To: "champlin@ifmnews.com Darrell Champlin" <darrell>
To: Dave TheJwDoctor <thejwdoctor@gmail.com>

Dear Brother Weeks,

In response to your e-mail downloaded September 16, 2009 here in Surinam, South America concerning my "walking on fire" experience I write to give you a brief explanation. In the first place, the fire dance took place here in Surinam on the Cottica River in the village of Ricanau Moffo. Louise and I had previously served for ten years in what was then the Belgian Congo, Africa Louise, in fact, grew up in the deep jungles of the Belgian Congo before coming to the USA to complete her education. We met at Bible college in Los Angeles, California and returned together to the Congo. After ten years there, upon our departure for the USA we were informed by the newly independent government of the Congo that missionaries were to be banned from the interior but were free to work in the cities.

The prospect of being banned from our jungle ministries led us to begin looking for a new field. An Evangelical Methodist pastor, knowing of our problem, informed us that the Evangelical Methodists had sent three different missionaries to the Cottica River of Surinam, So. America, all of whom had shortly left from working with the fierce bush negroes and found easier experience with deep northern indian tribes, thus abandoning the Cottica River. I went down to Surinam on a "look see" trip, not knowing the language, but was able to find a fellow with a dugout canoe at the Cottica riverside market who was willing to take me in his little dugout canoe to see what it looked like. We went approximately thirty miles down the river and made an attempt to go ashore in a number villages, only to be waved off. Two villages allowed me to come ashore so they could get me close enough to spit on me. At one of the villages, while others were spitting, a woman named SaPoetia turned to her young daughters and said, there he is, there's the messenger God has sent to us. This because a black couple, a German couple and a Dutch couple in that order had given up on their attempt to reach this people. At that point in time I did not, of course, understand what she said but could see she was speaking positively. Now, fast forward. We went down to Surinam, moved into the 18 x 20 foot frame house on eight foot stilts in the swamp just upriver from the village abandoned by the previous missionaries, and there we were.

Again, fast forward, the missionaries are now speaking the local language, souls are being saved for the first time in their two hundred year history, leadership is being trained in their language, a church is going up, local children are being educated, a man lying with no heartbeat, not breathing, given up for dead, has been raised in the presence of the village leadership in answer to prayer. It is evident this white man must be stopped. Solution: call in Apoetoe the famous fire dancing witchdoctor and break this missionary's power by showing him up in the presence of the entire village. I was, in effect, ordered by the village chieftain to come and watch the fire dance. End result? I watched a virtually bare man clad in only a loincloth dance barefooted on broken beer bottles and knee high fire, unharmed !!! Now the witchdoctor turned to the crowd and said "if you will follow me I will give you this power". At that moment the Lord said to me, "Just do the dance that he did," so I took off my shoes and socks and being an obedient son, I did so in the power of the God of heaven without being burned or cut. To make a long story short, the witchdoctor was broken, the drummers got up and left along with the people, and I walked back over the trail to our little house. My feet were hot, but I could not see either burns or cuts. Went to bed, woke up at six a.m. when the rising sun shown through our bedroom window, found my feet in good shape and jumped out of bed at the call of people in front of our house. A group of folks had come from the village with the question "missionary, how are your feet?" Take a look at my totally undamaged feet, was my response. "O, God is powerful" tell us the way and we will walk in it, and they did.

Looking forward to hearing from you and in the meantime meeting at the Throne of Grace,