

INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURES

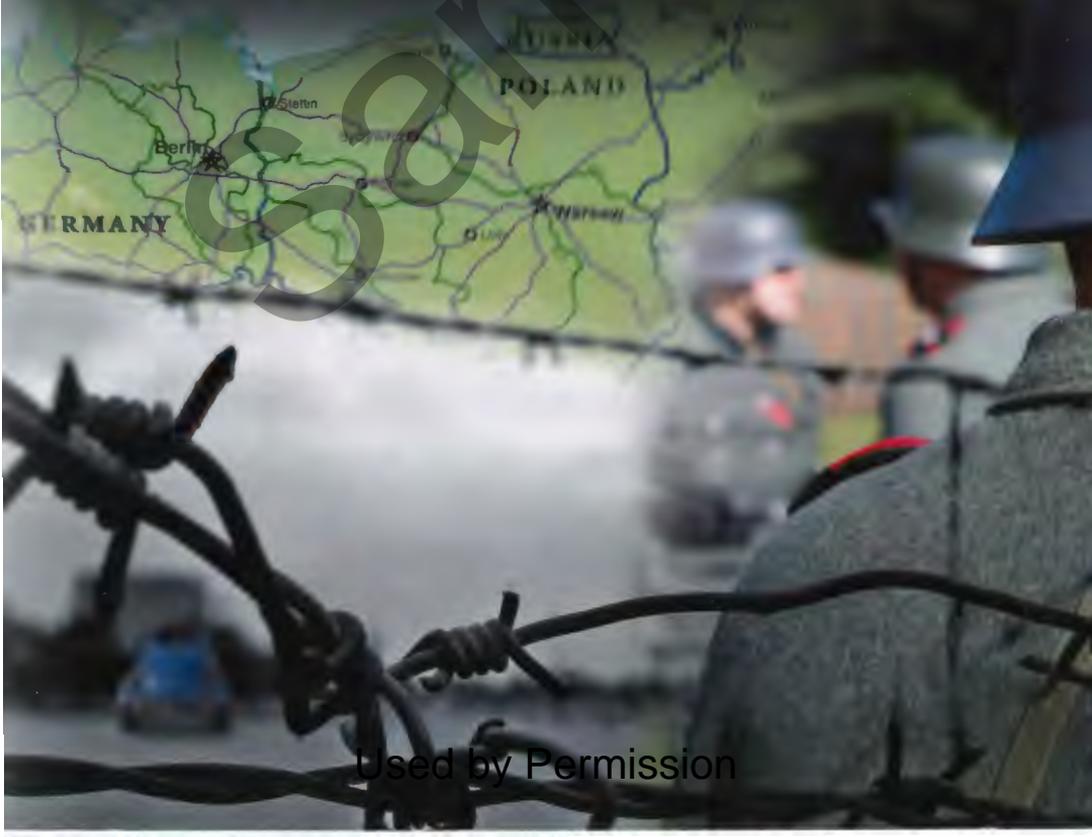
INCLUDES *GOD'S SMUGGLER*

# THE NARROW ROAD

*Stories of Those  
Who Walk This Road together*

## BROTHER ANDREW

WITH JOHN & ELIZABETH SHERRILL



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# THE NARROW ROAD

*Stories of Those  
Who Walk This Road Together*

**BROTHER ANDREW**

WITH JOHN & ELIZABETH SHERRILL



**YWAM PUBLISHING**  
Seattle, Washington

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**The Narrow Road**

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Originally published by Revell,  
a division of Baker Book House Company,  
Grand Rapids, Michigan, 49516, U.S.A.  
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International Adventures edition 2011  
Published by YWAM Publishing  
a ministry of Youth With A Mission  
P.O. Box 55787, Seattle, WA 98155

Second printing 2015

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ISBN 978-1-57658-559-7

**Printed in the United States of America**

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Sample

## Smoke and Bread Crusts

*"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future." —Jeremiah 29:11*

FROM the time I first put on wooden shoes—*klompen* we call them in Holland—I dreamed of derring-do. I was a spy behind the lines, I was a lone scout in enemy territory, I crept beneath barbed wire while tracer bullets scorched the air about me.

Of course we didn't have any real enemies in my hometown of Witte—not when I was very small—so we made enemies out of each other. We kids used our *klompen* to fight with: any boy who got himself hit with a wooden shoe just hadn't reached his own fast enough. I remember the day I broke a shoe over by enemy-friend Kees's head. What horrified us both wasn't the enormous bump on his forehead but the ruined shoe. Kees and I forgot our war long enough to try repairing it. But this is a skill gained only with time, and that night my hard-working blacksmith father had to turn cobbler as well. Already that day Papa had got up at five to water and weed the garden that helped to feed his six children. Then he had pedaled four miles on his bicycle

to his smithing job in Alkmaar. And now he had to spend the evening gouging a little trough across the top of the wooden shoe, pulling a wire through the trough, nailing the wire down on both sides, and repeating the process at the heel so that I could have some shoes to wear to school.

“ANDREW, YOU MUST BE MORE CAREFUL!” said my father in his loud voice. Papa was deaf and shouted rather than spoke. I understood him perfectly: he didn’t mean careful of bones and blood, but of hard-earned possessions.

There was one family in particular that acted as the enemy in many of my boyish fantasies. This was the Family Whetstra.

Why I should have picked on the Whetstras I do not know, except that they were the first in our village to begin talking about war with Germany—and this was not a popular subject in Witte. Also they were strongly evangelical Christians. Their God-bless-you’s and Lord-will-ing’s seemed sickeningly tame to a secret agent of my stature. So in my mind they were the enemy.

I remember once passing Mrs. Whetstra’s kitchen window just as she was putting cookies into the oven of her woodburning stove. Leaning against the front of the house was a new pane of window glass, and it gave me an idea. Here would be my chance to see if the ever-smiling Whetstras could get as mad as other Dutchmen. I picked up the piece of glass and moved ever so stealthily through the lines to the back of enemy headquarters. The Whetstras, like everyone in the village, had a ladder leading to their thatched roof. Off came my klompen, and up I went. Silently I placed the pane of glass on the chimney. Then I crept back down the ladder and across the street to post myself out of sight behind a fish-peddler’s cart.

Sure enough the smoke backed down the chimney. It filled the kitchen and began to curl out the open window. Mrs. Whetstra ran into her kitchen with a scream, jerked open the oven door and fanned the smoke with her apron. Mr. Whetstra raced outside and looked up at his chimney. If I had expected a stream of rich Dutch prose I was disappointed, but the expression on his face as he climbed the ladder was entirely of-this-earth, and I chalked up for myself a tremendous victory against overwhelming odds.

← A TRAVELER'S STORY →  
**BANGLADESH**  
 BOLD PERSISTENCE IMPACTS OTHERS

Tofael is a young student of the Bangladesh Institute of Christian Theology. He came to know the Lord as a young person and heard His call to full-time Christian service. For one year he underwent extensive studies and training at the Institute. His training ended last year.

While he was evangelizing in a marketplace together with fellow students, a group of unbelievers who did not like to hear the truth got annoyed and tried to silence Tofael by mauling him. He was totally unconscious with bruises all over his head and body when his attackers left him, his body sprawled in the street. His fellow students were so shocked that at first they could not do anything. His teachers at the Institute were concerned that Tofael and his fellow students wouldn't

evangelize anymore because they were afraid.

But the students had been studying the life of the early Church. They had learned that persecution helped spread the Gospel and that God brought great results from the believers' suffering. They were emboldened by their learning and by Tofael's persistence in sharing the Good News, despite what happened to him.

Tofael's testimony made a profound impact on his fellow students. As a result, fervor instead of fear filled their hearts. They kept on honoring God in their conduct and their words, though many people rejected them and their message.

After his graduation, Tofael returned to his home village and is now a worker in their church.



Another favorite enemy was my older brother Ben. Typical of older brothers, Ben was a master swapper. His corner of our common loft-bedroom above the main floor of our house was splendid with things that had once belonged to me or the other children; somehow we could never recall what we had received in exchange. His chief treasure was a piggy bank that had once been our sister Maartje's. In it Ben kept the pennies that he earned doing errands for the burgomaster or tending garden for Miss Meekle, our schoolmistress. Events in Germany were now in the news more than ever, and in my fantasies Ben became an

enormously wealthy German munitions maker. One day while he was out earning more pennies, I took his bank down from its shelf, slid a knife into the opening, and turned the pig upside down. After about fifteen minutes of narrow escapes from the brown-shirted guards patrolling his estate, I had collected nearly a guilder from the enemy.

That part was easy. Much harder was the question of what to do with my spoils. A guilder was worth twenty-five cents—a fortune for a child in our little town. To have arrived in the sweetshop with that much money would certainly have caused questions.

I had it! What if I said I had found it! The next day, at school, I went up to the teacher and held out my hand. “Look what I found, Miss Meekle.”

Miss Meekle blew her breath out slowly. “My, Andrew! What a lot of money for a little boy!”

“Can I keep it?”

“You don’t know who it belongs to?”

Even under torture, they would never wring the truth from me. “No, ma’am. I found it in the street.”

“Then you must take it to the police, Andy. They will tell you what to do.”

The police! Here was something I hadn’t counted on. That afternoon in fear and trembling I took the money into the very bastion of law and rectitude. If our little town hall had really been Gestapo headquarters, I couldn’t have been more terrified. It seemed to me that stolen money must give off a telltale gleam. But apparently my story was believed, because the police chief wrote my name on an envelope, put the money inside, and told me that if no one claimed it within a year, it was mine.

And so, a year later, I made that trip to the sweetshop. Ben had never missed the pennies. That spoiled the game; instead of the flavor of sabotage behind the lines, the candy had the flat taste of common theft.

As much as anything, I think my dreams of thrilling action, my endless fantasies, were a means of escaping from my mother’s radio. Mama was a semi-invalid. A bad heart forced her to spend a large part of each day sitting in a chair, where her consolation was the radio. But

← A TRAVELER'S STORY →

COLUMBIA

GOD'S WORD STILL STOPS LIONS

I don't know what we would do without the Word of God. We see it being fulfilled in our lives. Just as Paul speaks about being freed from the mouth of lions, the Lord Jesus Christ has also freed us.

One night five people came to our door and took me away. After walking for about two hours, they turned to me and said, "We brought you out here to kill you because you support our enemies. If you want to live you have to tell us to which group you belong."

The commander was well known for having killed several dozen people. He put his gun to my head. I looked him in the eyes and said, "I can't fabricate a lie, because if you kill me and I go into the presence of my God, He is going to judge me for this lie. . . . So I would prefer you to kill me for telling the truth, which is that Jesus Christ loves you."

I was forced to walk farther into the jungle for him to kill me, and I asked if he would do so near my home, where my family could find my body. I told him, "You know

something? Jesus Christ loves you. I don't have anything against you. You can kill me, and I will pray to God that one day you will repent and that we will see each other in heaven." When I knelt down to pray, the man became uneasy, ordering me to get up. I said, "I'm sorry, sir. I was just kneeling down to pray before the God of my life so that He would receive my soul."

The man just stood, rooted in front of me, with the gun still pointed at my head. He said nothing for several minutes. I was still sure I would die, so the only thing I actually said was, "Lord, into Your hands I commend my spirit." There were some other men from this group mocking the commander, who held the gun pointed at my head. They were laughing and saying, "What's the matter? Why don't you kill this guy? Hurry up!" The commander gave his gun to someone else, adding, "I am just not capable of killing this man."

He didn't kill me! This is the mercy of God and the power of His Word.

← →

she kept the dial at one spot only: the gospel station from Amsterdam. Sometimes it was hymn-singing, sometimes it was preaching; always—to my ears—it was dull.

# INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURE

## AMAZING TRUE STORIES OF SPIRITUAL VICTORY AND PERSONAL TRIUMPH

ON EVERY CONTINENT, IN EVERY NATION,  
God is at work in and through the lives of  
believers. From the streets of Amsterdam  
to remote Pacific islands to the jungles of  
Ecuador and beyond, each international  
adventure that emerges is a dramatic  
episode that could be directed only by  
the hand of God...

# THE NARROW ROAD

*I crossed over from West to East Berlin at a checkpoint near  
the Brandenburg Tor. There was an eerie quality about it, as  
the land were in mourning. Or in fear.*

*Begin with the incredible autobiography of Brother Andrew. From 1955 to the present hour, this remarkable man has risked his life smuggling Bibles into countries where Scriptures are outlawed. His report, packed with dangerous adventures and high drama, testifies to God's miraculous provision for those who follow where He leads.*

*Journey also into places still hostile to Christians—with profiles on courageous champions of the faith. Meet teens and others across the globe who are mercilessly persecuted for their faith, yet display extraordinary joy. Their stories, along with Brother Andrew's, will forever change the way you walk the narrow road.*

**BROTHER ANDREW** is the founder of Open Doors. Open Doors serves persecuted Christians worldwide through community development, Bible and literature distribution, leadership training and education, and ministries of prayer and advocacy.



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9 781576 585597

ISBN 978-1-57658-559-7

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