

Ho Chi Minh City,

December 14, 2004

My name is Le Quang Du. I was born in 1958. We are a Christian family of five belonging to the Vietnam Mennonite church. Our youngest, a son, Le Quang Banh is mentally disabled and needs constant care. Though we live in hardship our family always trusts in the promises of the Lord Jesus.

Psalm 9:18 - *The needy will not always be forgotten, nor the hope of the afflicted ever perish.*

Psalm 34:10 - *The lions may grow weak and hungry, but those who seek the Lord lack no good thing.*

It is 11:40 PM as I write these lines. This morning, 14 December 2004, I went to visit my child, Le thi Hong Lien, who is currently imprisoned in the Chi Hoa Prison. When she was dragged out for me to visit with her, I could see that her right eye was very swollen and it was still filled with puss. When my daughter saw me she could only stand and cry profusely, her thin arms were wrapped around her fearfully. It is clear that she has been severely maltreated!

Two security police who brought my daughter out said they had brought her from the prison infirmary, but my prison visitation paper said she was in a hospital. The moment I saw my daughter my heart went out to her. All I could do was to cry and pray for her – that the Lord would give his PEACE to me and to my daughter Le Thi Hong Lien.

At this time, about 10:30 in the morning, my daughter and I just stood there in each other's arms crying and praying. Then two female police officers came to me to say that at this time my daughter has completely lost her mind and was constantly urinating and defecating wherever she happened to be – with her clothes on. Because of this they beat her very savagely, even more!

Here is another example. November the 12th, was the day of the trial of the Reverend Nguyen Hong Quang and the other five others. My daughter was one of those five and was sentenced to one year in prison even though she was too weak to stand at the trial and did not respond to questions. After the trial, as she was being transported back to Chi Hoa prison she was again beaten in the prison vehicle by a policeman named Nguyen Dinh Bau. When I first learned this, I did not dare say anything to anyone as others also were still being held and might also be beaten senseless, as my daughter was, until they could not tolerate it or would lose their mind.

As they dragged my daughter back into the prison I watch her feet disappear and I could only weep some more. Tears flowed down my cheeks as I was filled with Jesus love for my daughter. My tears, like two rivers of water – in my extreme loneliness the Lord reminded me of his words in of Luke 23:28. *Do not weep for me, weep for yourselves and for your children.*

When I returned home I did not dare speak out the truth, but sought to give comfort to my family. As I now write down the terrible truth I am again reduced to tears. It is now midnight and most people are mercifully lost in their sleep. But I am in deep anguish for my daughter Lien who is buried in a cruel prison.

O Lord, please keep these tears of mine in a bottle. Amen.

May the peace of the Lord be with you and his children everywhere – his peace until the end.
Amen.

Signed: X Le Quang Du