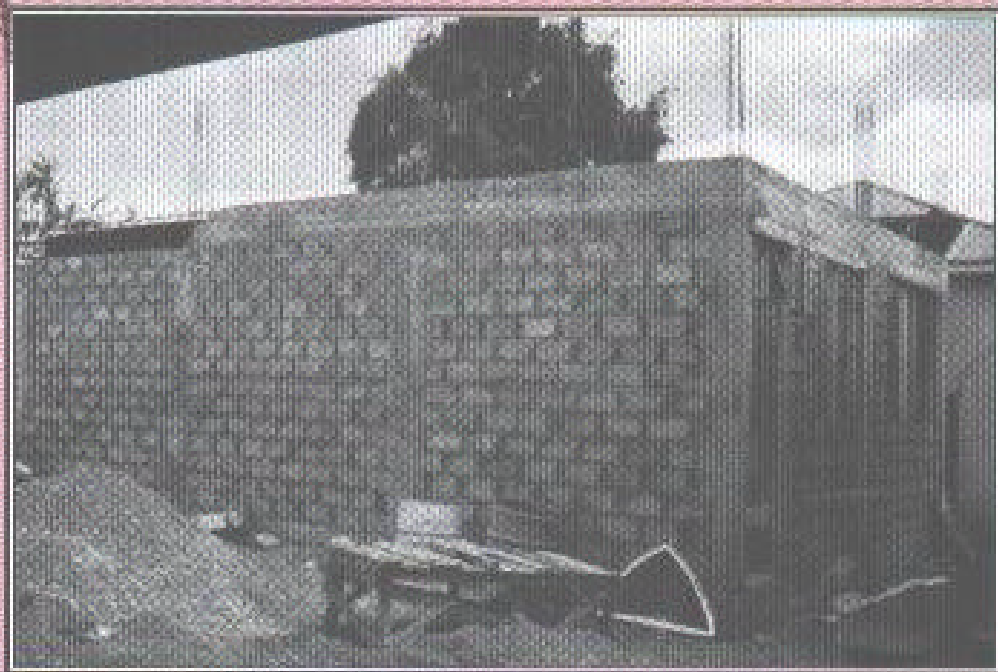


Winter 2003

Gospel  
Mission of  
South  
America

*Celebrating Eighty Years  
of God's Grace  
1923 - 2003*

# Southern Sentinel



# Henry R. Tobelmann with the Lord

August 2, 1909 - November 30, 2003

A Eulogy by George Black

Henry Tobelmann and his wife, Ruth Fissel, both graduated from the old Philadelphia School of the Bible, now the Philadelphia Biblical University.

Their many years of ministry in Chile were characterized by compassion, self-renunciation and obedience. At first the Tobelmanns worked among the Mapuche Indians of southern Chile, earning their love and respect because of their practice of servanthood.

Later, Henry pioneered the work in Serena, a city in northern Chile with twenty-nine catholic churches and little evangelical witness. The group became an indigenous church. Now, fifty years later, it carries a good testimony for the Lord Jesus.

Henry finished his missionary career in Chile with a Sound Truck Min-

istry, taking the Gospel to cities and isolated towns over large areas of this narrow land.

On returning to the States, Henry continued his service for Christ, establishing a training ministry for Spanish-speaking Pastors and lay-workers in the New York-Newark area. This fine work continues under the leadership of his son, Charles.

Henry is remembered in Chile by missionaries and nationals for his love for the Word of God, his dedication to the work to be done and his ability to carry forward a church-planting ministry in the face of strong opposition. He also served for many years on the Chilean Field Council where his experience and wisdom were greatly appreciated. He is survived by five children, Lois, George, Dorothy, Charles and Helen.

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## *Henry Tobelmann wrote from Chile in 1938.....*

Realizing the great need of the Gospel in the outlying territory of Coihueco, a group of native Christians and I planned evangelization trips to these neglected places. One of our most interesting trips was to a gold mining town about twenty miles away. We returned the same day, thus completing a nice walk of about forty miles over mountains and roads beyond description. As for the town, I don't think I have ever seen a more isolated and forsaken-looking place in all my life, but how eager these people were to

receive the Gospel! We were unable to hold an open air meeting as the afternoon was half gone and storm clouds began to appear. As it was, we had to walk an hour in the rain before arriving home. At this mining town, too, we were asked to come back and hold meetings, and so it has been at every place visited. **Truly this country is open to the Gospel and the work falls on the few, but "His strength is made perfect in weakness."**