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A Word from the Author

In 1998, I spoke at a church in the American Midwest recounting stories of an old Bible smuggler. One way we used to help the church in the Soviet Union was to bring in ink for the underground *Christianin* presses of the Unregistered Baptists. Probably the most successful method was to put the thick, black ink in plastic bags and take it in concealed under our clothing. We normally wrapped the plastic bags in medical tape to prevent bursting. We then boarded a flight for Moscow or Leningrad. In 1982 one of our couriers, a woman named Trisha Bernard, was apprehended at customs in Moscow. They stripped-searched her above the waist and discovered a large bag of ink on her back. Soviet customs officials asked her what was in the bag. Her reply was as quick as it was creative, “I was dancing Saturday night and wrenched my back.” She did not exactly say it, but implied this was for her backache. The officers immediately returned her ink bag with an apology for the inconvenience and delay. She later successfully dropped the ink with Russian believers who used it to print Scriptures for those who had none.

I didn’t see a problem. God, once again, miraculously provided to carry on His work.

After the meeting, though, a young woman approached me. “That story about the ink was terrible. That woman lied. When the Nazis asked Betsy ten Boom if she had Jews in her house, she said yes and pointed to where they were. God protected them anyway, and Betsy didn’t lie. If you were really doing God’s work, you wouldn’t have to lie either.”

It wasn’t a statement. It wasn’t even a question. It was a challenge. I took the bait.

“I know Betsy was a great woman of God, but you won’t find her name in the Bible. You do find a prostitute there named Rahab. She protected God’s people by lying to evil authorities who would have killed those she protected. The Bible calls her righteous for this act of faith.”

The young woman did not look convinced. For the first time, I began to realize there were people who did not understand the situation in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. In general, they agreed

with the smuggling of literature and other helps to the persecuted church. When it came to specifics, though, some people were less than approving. Others questioned whether a Christian could even be involved in covert actions. One major American mission group publicly declared that they did not believe in the smuggling of literature. That same mission came to us with their books and asked us to smuggle for them. We did.

Years later, I met a former Norwegian team member, and we sat reminiscing about the old days. She said it felt like we were talking about somebody else, as though she was never a main character in the stories. What's more, when she told others of how it was in the 1980s, they usually gave her one of two looks. The first said, "You are exaggerating or lying." The other said, "You *were* and quite possibly *are* nuts. Why would anybody *think* of doing such things?" Why, indeed!

I have written this book to tell the story of Bible couriers. They were not supermen or superwomen, just Christians with a burden to help. They took risks. Some were caught and beaten. Others were imprisoned. All knew fear firsthand. Perhaps the most unusual part of their story is that they were volunteers. The believers in the East were born under iron-fisted, Communist rule and essentially had no choice about what difficult circumstances they endured for the Name. For the couriers, it was different. They *chose* to help, no matter what the cost. They voluntarily put themselves in harm's way to help their brethren.

The following story is true. Unless otherwise noted, I have altered the names of Trippers¹ but not those of Stasi² and KGB officers, informants, or faithful pastors. Some dates and locations are altered, but the core of the story is as it took place and taken from notes and reports written at the time of the incidents, the memories of Trippers and contacts, and declassified East German secret police files. Most conversations are made up but based on the personalities or memories of those involved.

Scripture constantly exhorts us to remember His works and the wonderful things He has done. This book is my attempt to do so, to gather memories, both the good and the bad, from years of covert actions behind the Iron Curtain. To God be the thanks and glory.

¹ Tripper: *The Team's* designation for anyone who traveled clandestinely bringing helps to Christians behind the Iron Curtain.

² The Stasi were the East German secret police also known as: *MfS (Ministerium für Staatssicherheit)*. In English: Ministry for State Security.

*I will remember the works of the LORD:
surely I will remember thy wonders of old.
I will meditate also of all thy work,
and talk of thy doings.*

Psalms 77:11-12

Acknowledgments

Many people contributed to this book, and I owe them all a word of appreciation. First of all, I thank Astrid Rose, Jutta Pasemann, and Mrs. Thabet from the German Federal Stasi Archives for making available photocopies of documents of some Trippers, *The Team's* sister organization in Germany, a SOUD file, Major Bartnitzek's service record, photo, and college dissertation, and the documents launching "Operation Container." A very special thanks to the nameless person (you know who you are) who provided Gerd Bambowsky's records. Over 1,300 pages of declassified documents from the Stasi archives were gleaned, sorted, scanned, and read in compiling this book.

I also thank former Trippers, other mission personnel, and the publishers who gave interviews or supplied photos, especially Trisha Appleton, Brother Victor, Tom O'Malley, Erwin Damson, Friedrich Haennsler, and Wolfgang Buehne.

And, of course, very special thanks goes to Roumen Papratilov, Alex Erdelyi, Peter and Doris Hess, and Helmut and Helga Weidensdoerfer for their contributions. These real-life saints endured so much and took so many risks for the Gospel but stayed uncompromised and still burn today in their zeal for Jesus Christ.

Barbara and Rick provided editing and gave excellent suggestions on how to improve the clarity of the text. Rick, in particular, hammered home that passive phrases are a big no-no, while Barbara gave helpful ideas on how to clarify situations and timelines for the reader.

When I read acknowledgments in other books, I always wondered why authors lavished thanks on their spouses for their patience. Now I know. As I wrote this book over the last two years, I was often zoned out and living in another world and another time. My wife had the patience of Job with me, and unlike Job's wife, she encouraged this endeavor and deserves a word of thanks.

Lastly, and most importantly, I thank the Lord of heaven and earth for the many miracles, big and small, that enabled the Trippers and the saints in Eastern Europe to carry out this incredible ministry. Only eternity will show the fruit of all their efforts.

Chapter 8

Suspicion

Bucharest, Romania
August 1964

Ron Lockman¹ was an evangelist in Israel but now on his way to a mission conference in Belgium. Four other men accompanied him on their long, overland journey through Turkey, Bulgaria, Romania, Hungary, and into Western Europe. A Romanian Jewish Christian pastor had recently been released from prison after serving fourteen torturous years behind bars for his uncompromising preaching of the Gospel. Given his propensity for Jewish evangelism, Ron convinced his team to try to visit this pastor and hear his unique testimony.

They made their way to Bucharest and found the home of Pastor Richard Wurmbrand² and his wife, Sabina. Pastor Wurmbrand had recently been released from custody. Other visitors were present as the five were welcomed into the living room.

A group of fifteen sat in an oblong circle and Brother Sam³, one of Ron's troop, scanned those present to guess which of the fifteen had just come out of prison. He couldn't tell. Nobody fit Sam's definition of what a persecuted believer should look like. Sam turned to his left and asked the man seated there, "Who just spent fourteen years in prison?"

The man pointed to somebody beaming with energy and joy.

No, Sam thought to himself. *This man couldn't have just come out of prison.* Turning again to the man on his left, Sam asked, "How do you know he was in prison so long?"

"Because he's my father."

As Richard Wurmbrand spoke to the little group and explained his desires and visions for the future, Sam was astonished. He

¹ Not his real name.

² Two years later, Romania expelled Richard Wurmbrand. He went on to found the mission *Jesus to the Communist World* or *Voice of the Martyrs* as it is known today. His biography is available as *Tortured for Christ*.

³ Not his real name.

expected Pastor Wurmbrand to be cowed and cautious, not brave and bold. Instead, Richard spoke of preaching in Paris night clubs and of going to Israel and preaching Yeshua Meschiach in the Knesset. This was not what Sam expected to find at all.

Some months later, Sam returned and again visited the Wurmbrands in their Bucharest home. Richard and Sabina were talking in Romanian about a man. Not knowing the language, Sam asked what they were talking about. Sabina explained that they were discussing the man who had betrayed Richard to the authorities, the man who landed Richard in prison for fourteen years.

Later that day, Richard and Sam were walking through the streets of Bucharest when they met a man. He was obviously an old friend of Richard, for they embraced warmly. They chatted a few minutes and then parted company. Wurmbrand and Sam resumed their stroll. Sam thought it odd that the man had the same name as the one who'd betrayed Richard and asked if he was a relative to the man.

"No. He is the one who betrayed me."

"But...but you embraced him like he was your best friend!"

Richard paused. "Sam, we all make mistakes."

And that was that. Richard Wurmbrand had forgiven the man who had caused him and his family unbelievable heartache. The encounter left a lasting impression on Sam. It was hard to interact with such a hero of the faith and then live a mediocre Christian life.

After much careful and prayerful consideration, four years later, Sam founded *The Team*. He never forgot those first encounters with Richard Wurmbrand.

From early on until December 1973, Underground Evangelism⁴ financed *The Team* and gave generously to supply literature and construct special vehicles with hiding places. For many reasons, the two groups decided to part company in the winter of 1973. Underground Evangelism gave 20,000 DM⁵ per month to print literature, purchase and build special vehicles, and pay for facilities. With the parting of the ways, those funds stopped immediately and the vehicles were returned to Underground Evangelism personnel.

Financially, *The Team* was left high and dry with no operating funds, no vehicles, and no literature to transport. *The Team's* leader

⁴ Known to Trippers as "Uncle Edward".

⁵ German Marks. This was the equivalent of approximately \$12,000.

in 1974, Jack Hafner⁶, called team members to pray and fast on the first three days of January 1974. Should they dissolve *The Team* and all go home, or would God provide for them to start anew? It was an impossible prayer request. Where could 20,000 DM a month possibly come from? On day four, Hafner received a phone call from Bernd Dyck at LiO offering to support *The Team* with travel funds, supply literature, and provide the means to rebuild the special vehicle fleet. The amount: 20,000 DM per month. It was an incredible answer to prayer and a confirmation that the literature-delivery ministry was on track, viable, and needed.

Over the next seven years, *The Team* slowly rebuilt its literature inventory, recruited new Trippers, and expanded its fleet of special vehicles. A shop was purchased to build those vehicles, and various team houses rented. Trippers hauled literature and printing supplies throughout Eastern Europe and even to the Soviet Union.

The Team blossomed and began obtaining literature from other groups. Child Evangelism Fellowship (CEF) provided literature and flannelgraphs for all the countries. Mission-Sued-Ost-Europa⁷ supplied Polish literature. Arpad Kovach in Stuttgart supplied Hungarian literature. BEE⁸ gave materials for Romania. Friedrich Hännsler in Germany continued to give freely of his literature stocks for East Germany. The work of the *The Team* expanded exponentially, much of it thanks to LiO and the tireless Erwin Damson.

So when Damson called on a sunny July day in 1978 and wanted to borrow a vehicle from *The Team*, Jack Hafner wasn't going to turn him down. But Hafner had no idea that the Hungarian interior ministry police⁹, on orders from the Stasi, would be waiting at the other end of Damson's journey. It was the first vehicle license plate that the Stasi would collect from *The Team*. It would not be the last.

⁶ Not his real name.

⁷ English: *Mission to South and East Europe*

⁸ Bible Education by Extension. BEE existed to train pastors in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union and had a large pastor's library they were endeavoring to translate and transport to all countries in the region.

⁹ The Hungarian secret police, the AVO/AVH, was dissolved after the failed Hungarian revolution of 1956. The AVO was so violent and so hated by the Hungarian public that it was closed down after the Warsaw Pact invasion of 1956 and never re-constituted.

Gerd Bambowsky's apartment
East Berlin, German Democratic Republic
September 15, 1978

CI Bambowsky received the LiO courier at his apartment. The courier arrived in a Ford station wagon, and Bambowsky noted its license number. The car had a special hiding place, but the CI was unable to view it because the courier had already extracted the load of sixty books and stashed them in a small gym bag. The courier had a crib sheet with instructions on how to find Bambowsky's apartment. He tore it up and threw it in Bambowsky's wastebasket. After the courier left, Bambowsky fished it out and reconstructed it before passing it and the license number on to his handler later that afternoon. If nothing else, Bambowsky was a very thorough spy.

Ministry for State Security (Stasi) Headquarters
East Berlin, German Democratic Republic
October 17, 1978

Captain Bartnitzek typed another report from a meeting with CI Bambowsky. Two days earlier, two Germans from LiO had met with Bambowsky and delivered a load of 660 pounds of Christian literature to him. Bambowsky noted the license plate and described in detail the construction of the hiding place in the Volkswagen van. The walls had four inches of hollow space where literature was stashed. The Trippers had unloaded in Bambowsky's garage in Berlin, and he'd taken careful notes on how the system operated. Two more drops were scheduled for that week, and Bambowsky would rendezvous with them at autobahn rest stops on the way to Berlin.

The CI told Bartnitzek that Erwin Damson was going to bring an American, Tom O'Malley, the new leader of a group called *The Team*, to meet Bambowsky on November 27. They would rendezvous at the Post Train Station on Friedrichstrasse at 9:30 a.m. It was the first time CI Gerd Bambowsky had ever heard of *The Team*. Nobody else in the Stasi had ever heard of them either.

Bartnitzek concluded his report with a list of measures to be undertaken immediately:

SUSPICION

1. Notify customs to watch for VW Bus FN – AZ 617, the van the Germans were driving.
2. Add the vehicle to the Watch List.
3. When the vehicle next enters East Germany, Department VIII¹⁰ is to be notified and the vehicle followed.
4. Contact Comrade Schroeder from Department VI¹¹ and run a search for all VW, Fiat, and Ford vans with special roofs through which side walls might be accessed. These vans should be weighed to see if they are carrying more than their registration papers would indicate.
5. For the planned meeting with the leader of *The Team*, work out a Special Measures plan.

As with so many of Captain Bartnitzek's suggested measures, no Special Measures plan was worked out. Manpower wasn't available, nor did the Stasi take *The Team* seriously at that point. *The Team* was an unknown element, and there were other pressing matters and only twenty-four hours in a day. But at least they would find out O'Malley's real name as he crossed the border with Erwin Damson. O'Malley's cover would be blown.

The Team Office
22nd District, Vienna, Austria
October, 1978

For a Tripper, the prime directive from *The Principles* was "Never tell a contact what mission you are with." For ten years, *The Team* sent out Trippers, and no contact nor any eastern security service was the wiser that they existed. If a contact would ask, Trippers would say a small group of Christians in the west sent them, or maybe LiO or CEF or even that the Lord sent them. For a decade, *The Team* operated under the radar. They sent out no newsletter, took no public meetings, nor publicly raised money for the persecuted church

¹⁰ Department VIII was responsible for Observations, Investigations, Searches, and Arrests.

¹¹ Department VI was responsible for Border Control, Travel, and Tourist Traffic.

behind the Iron Curtain. *The Team* left it for the big, well-known organizations to call for prayer and collect funds. *The Team* Trippers quietly and unobtrusively did their courier ministry without ever taking “credit.” It was fine if other missions took “credit” for what *The Team* was actually doing. It was a workable situation with the visible missions doing public work, and *The Team* carrying out an invisible ministry.

That is until October of 1978. Erwin Damson unintentionally disclosed the existence of *The Team* when he set up the meeting with CI Gerd Bambowsky and Tom O’Malley.

Volksmission Office

East Berlin, German Democratic Republic

November 27, 1978

Erwin Damson and Tom O’Malley sat across from Gerd Bambowsky. Tom did not like what he saw. CI Bambowsky sat at his desk wearing a black leather jacket and had a strange aura about him. Tom couldn’t put his finger on it, but there was something odd about this man, and it unsettled O’Malley immensely.

“So, Tom, where are you from?”

“From the United States.”

“Have you lived in Europe long? Where do you live now?”

“A few years.”

“Is this your first time to East Berlin?”

They were normal questions, but something about Bambowsky set O’Malley on edge, and he wasn’t going to say any more than he had to. Erwin stepped in.

“*The Team* can help you. They can deliver books to your contacts. We just need to have people who live closer to the Berlin transit routes.”

“I’m trying to find some new drop sites. With my studies, I’m so busy, but I’ll get to it when I can.”

They chatted for another hour discussing Bambowsky’s distribution plans. When they finally left, O’Malley was relieved. “Erwin, there’s something strange about that fellow. Are you sure about him?”

“We’ve been working with him for many years now and have confidence in him.” But it didn’t sound that way to O’Malley. Damson’s expression belied the fact that he was clearly disillusioned with the

Chapter 15

Prison

Bohunice Prison

Brno, Czechoslovakia

Monday, February 14, 1983

Jackson, Johnson, and Miller spent the night in separate cells not knowing when they would be released or see each other again. They were still in street garb and not in their permanent cells yet. A loud and irritating buzzer woke the inmates at 6 a.m. Breakfast was brought to their cells an hour later. The rest of the day was rather boring as prisoners were called out of the four-man cells for interrogation for whatever their crimes, or supposed crimes, might be.

At 5 p.m., Jackson was taken from the cell to be questioned by an StB interrogator accompanied by Josef S., the interpreter from the border. Jackson was the first to be grilled, but the interrogations were made using the same fill-in-the-blank forms for all three and followed *The Principles* almost verbatim. Jackson and Johnson had been interrogated during other trips in Hungary and Bosnia respectively, but Susan Miller had never been through a genuine interrogation, just the practice grilling at team orientation. She felt miserable and a personal loss at *Johnny* being taken. She was the third of the Trippers to be interrogated that afternoon and was in no mood for StB lies and trickery.

“Miss Miller, what is your name?”

“Susan Miller.”

“What is your address?”

“It’s on the visa form.”

“Yes, but we cannot read it.”

Susan didn’t want to give it to them, but it was on her driver’s license which they had taken the night before. She wrote down her address and noted that Janet Johnson had written her address on that same sheet of paper earlier in the day.

"What town are you from?"

"San Antonio." It was on the visa form, so Susan was giving them nothing new.

"What is your education?"

"That's irrelevant."

"Just tell us, high school or university?"

"Why should I answer that? It's irrelevant."

"Of course, you have to answer us. It's on the form!"

"No, I'm sorry, I am not going to answer you." The interrogator was getting upset and so was Josef S. They thought she was stupid for not answering. Susan pressed her knees together, so they would not see her shaking.

"Have you been to this country before?"

"It isn't relevant."

"What? You refuse to answer, again?"

"Yes."

"Just tell us if you have been to this country before."

"Why are you asking me these questions? I want you to show me in writing what law has been broken." Of course they couldn't. There were no written laws forbidding the import and distribution of Christian literature. There were only unwritten, secret police mandates forbidding it.

"But you already know. It's there in the minutes."

"What minutes? I haven't seen anything in English showing what law I've broken. Show me a law in English!"

"No!"

The interrogation lasted another twenty minutes with the interrogators getting more and more angry, and Susan getting more and more obstinate. She was maintaining her composure and told the inquisitors nothing of any value, just like Johnson and Jackson before her. Had the Trippers been hauling guns or political literature, they would've been beaten or drugged to make them talk. But it was bad publicity to proclaim that Czechoslovakia had religious freedom and then beat up foreigners bringing Bibles to the country. The only real tool the StB had was intimidation, and it was not working, because the Trippers had been trained for this. The StB wouldn't torture foreigners engaged in religious activities, though they had no such scruples regarding their own citizens.

As they led Susan back to her cell, she took comfort knowing that God had promised the right words when a Christian was brought before kings and magistrates. That included the secret police.

Bohunice Prison

Brno, Czechoslovakia

Tuesday, February 15, 1983

The guards came for Janet in the morning, removing her from her cell for another round of questioning. This time there were three people present: Josef S., the prosecutor, and a young woman typist.

"Miss Johnson, do you confess that you were in a van with James Jackson and illegally brought literature to our country?"

"No, I'm a tourist and have no knowledge of what Mr. Jackson was doing, and I don't know why you are holding me." Johnson was not ratting out Jim, but simply following the pre-planned story line if something went wrong. "I want to speak with somebody from the Canadian Embassy!"

"We already notified the Canadian Embassy, and you cannot request to see them. If they are interested, they will contact you." Josef S. went on to explain Johnson's legal status: an attorney would be appointed and in two months there would be a trial. "Since you don't have a legal address in Czechoslovakia, we will hold you in the prison for protective custody. Do you agree with this?"

"I'm not going to answer. I don't understand your laws or your legal jabbering, so I refuse to answer."

Josef S. exploded. "Just say 'yes' or 'no!'"

"How can I answer when I don't know what you're talking about?"

"You're not helping yourself here at all. We can give you one to five years of prison for what you've done. We will give you three days to reconsider and start answering our questions. You can make it easier on yourself if you would just cooperate."

This same scenario played out twice more that day as both Jim and Susan had their turn with the prosecutor. The prosecutor knew he held all the cards, but it didn't seem that way. These prisoners knew what to say or, more frustratingly, what not to say. Somebody had trained them.

Bohunice Prison
Brno, Czechoslovakia
Wednesday, February 16, 1983

The guards led Jackson down the hallway for his first shower since leaving Austria on the previous Sunday. He had been wearing the same clothes for four days and was given a set of brown prison sweats and prison pajamas. Then they took him for a physical where an English-speaking doctor asked him questions about his medical history.

“What are you here for, anyway?”

“I brought some Bibles to your country, and the border officials didn’t like that.”

“Well, I hope you get out in 2-3 weeks.” The doctor seemed sincere.

Jackson was photographed and that day decided to go on a fast until they brought him a Bible. Henceforth, he would not eat anything.

The guards relocated Jackson to a new cell, number 110 on the third floor of the prison facing Brno, which would be his home until released. He had new roommates, one named Michael who claimed to have been caught in a crop duster trying to escape to Austria with his family, but the plane crashed four kilometers from the border. The other man, in his mid-twenties with multiple tattoos, had been in prison for sixteen months without any charges for talking about wanting to hijack an airplane to the west. There was no hijacking nor had he attempted one. He’d simply been shooting the breeze with cell mates his last time in prison in Prague. One of them ratted him out.

Bohunice Prison
Brno, Czechoslovakia
Thursday, February 17, 1983

After skipping meals the day before, Jackson skipped breakfast that morning. He was taken for a chest x-ray as part of normal prison procedure. When the guards brought the noon meal, Jackson offered his to his cell mates. They both waved off the offer. Their curious expressions said they were interested to know how this battle of wills would play out.

When the guard picked up the food trays and noticed somebody wasn't eating, he yelled at Jackson's cell mates. "Who isn't eating his food?"

Richard Repa, the tattooed man, answered, and the two exchanged words before the guard slammed the door and left.

"What did he say, Richard?" Jackson wanted to know.

"He ask who no eat. I say you no eat. He ask why. I say you want Biblia. He grrrr and go."

"Good. I told that to the doctor in the infirmary, but he probably didn't pass on the message." Repa had no idea what Jackson was saying, but he smiled. Michael was not smiling, and he studied Jackson intently.

That afternoon, the guards came for Jim and he was taken for questioning by the StB.

"Mr. Jackson, is it true you want a Bible?"

"Yes."

"Do you have one in the van?"

"Call the US Embassy, and they'll send one." Jim's pocket Bible was in the van, but it entered the country hidden in the floor compartment. He knew that, and he knew they knew that, since they'd found all the secret compartments. "When I have a Bible, I will eat."

The StB returned him to his cell empty-handed.

The Team Office – 22nd District of Vienna, Austria
Thursday, February 17, 1983

Richard Henry was unsettled. Jackson and his team had not returned from the trip to Czechoslovakia. The next day *The Team* singles retreat was due to start in Mitterbach in the beautiful mountains of Austria. He called *The Team* to pray for the late Trippers. Perhaps they would still make it back that night. Perhaps it was just car trouble.

Bohunice Prison
Brno, Czechoslovakia
Friday, February 18, 1983

On Friday afternoon they came for Jim again.

"Mr. Jackson, if you persist in breaking prison rules, we will have to take measures against you."

"Which rules have I broken?"

"You are not making your bed properly."

Jackson wasn't expecting that answer. It was true he didn't make his bed as ordered. It was part of his passive resistance to life in prison so as not to fall under the psychological sway of the StB. A bed had to be made in an exact way with no, *absolutely no*, wrinkles. Prisoners had been castigated or beaten for not having their beds made properly. "Come down to my room right now and examine it for yourself if you don't think it is done right." He paused. "Is there anything else?"

"Yes. You are not eating."

"I told you, I will eat when I'm given an English Bible. My roommates don't speak much English, so I see no problem with you giving me a Bible."

"But didn't you bring one with you if it's so important to you?" The question had nothing to do with whether they thought Jackson brought one with him. During an earlier interrogation, when asked what literature was in the van, Jackson had said, Polish, Czech, and Slovak, and nothing else. He also said he'd loaded the literature in the van, but the StB officers didn't believe him, as he made no mention of the personal English Bibles that were in the van. They were toying with Jackson, but he played their game right back.

"Call the American Embassy, and they will send one immediately."

"Okay, you will have one shortly." Josef S. stood up, and the prison guard came in and escorted Jackson back to his cell.

Fifteen minutes later, a guard delivered Susan's pocket Bible to Jackson. It had been stashed in the hiding place in the van. There were, in fact, three English Bibles in the van, one for each of the Trippers for their daily devotions. Jim immediately recognized the small brown Bible and told the guard who delivered it, "Okay, take me back to the Gestapo. I want the girls to have the other Bibles."

The guard left but returned in half-hour and escorted Jackson back to the StB interrogation room.

"This Bible is not from the American Embassy. Where did you get it?"

"We had it in the prison library. It came from another team like yourself."

MIS / BV / Verw. MFS
Dienstseinheit HA XX/4
Mitarbeiter Grimm

Berlin, den 22.03.82

Reg.-Nr. XV 3837 / 82

Teilvorgänge vgl. Anlage
zum Beschluß

MFS
Beschluß

TV Nr. 1 an BV Cottbus
TV Nr. 2 an BV h.M. Stadt
TV Nr. 3 an BV Erfurt
TV Nr. 4 an BV Frankfurt
TV Nr. 5 an BV Frankfurt
TV Nr. 6 an BV Frankfurt
TV Nr. 7 an BV h.M. Stadt
TV Nr. 8 an BV Frankfurt
TV Nr. 9 an BV Frankfurt
TV Nr. 10 an BV Paderborn
TV Nr. 11 an BV Paderborn
TV Nr. 12 an BV Paderborn
TV Nr. 13 an BV Paderborn
TV Nr. 14 an BV Paderborn
TV Nr. 15 an BV Paderborn
TV Nr. 16 an BV Paderborn
TV Nr. 17 an BV Paderborn
TV Nr. 18 an BV Paderborn
TV Nr. 19 an BV Paderborn
TV Nr. 20 an BV Paderborn

über das Anliegen

eines Operativen Vorganges

1. Deckname Container (ZOV) A13. h.M. xx
2. Tatbestand §§ 97, 98, 99, 106, 107, 108 StGB

eines Ermittlungsverfahrens

(nur bei Ermittlungsverfahren ohne Haft / gegen Unbekannt / bei Übernahme von anderen Organen)

1. Tatbestand

eines Vorganges über Feindobjekt

1. Bezeichnung des Objektes

eines Sicherungsvorganges

Gründe für das Anliegen:

Klerikale Organisationen kapitalistischer Länder, insbesondere sogenannte Ostmissionen entfalten auf der Grundlage eines extremen Antikommunismus und Antisowjetismus eine umfangreiche subversive Tätigkeit gegen die sozialistischen Länder. Dabei steht die UdSSR im Mittelpunkt ihrer Angriffe.

28.02.82 - Ph. H. I. 1855/82 geht auf
29.02.82 - Ph. H. I. 1855/82 geht auf
01.03.82 - Ph. H. I. 1855/82 geht auf
02.03.82 - Ph. H. I. 1855/82 geht auf
03.03.82 - Ph. H. I. 1855/82 geht auf
04.03.82 - Ph. H. I. 1855/82 geht auf
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Grimm, Oberleutnant

Mitarbeiter *

Wiegand, Oberstleutnant

Leiter der Dienstseinheit *

Kienberg, Generalmajor

Unterschrift *

Bestätigt am:

vom

Anmerkung: * Zusätzlich Name und Dienstgrad mit Maschine bzw. Druckschrift angeben.

HA XX/AKG

Form 1 b O 542 776 30.0

The authorization to launch "Operation Container"

MAGYAR NÉPKÖZTÁRSASÁG
BELÜGYMINISZTERIUMA

№ 41-Г-589/1978

MfS - 275 - - 6. SEP 1978 Tgb. Nr. 41448 Wsk. C.	Wsk. Budapest
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BStU - Kopie

30. VII 1978
Совершенно секретно

НАЧАЛЬНИКУ МЕЖДУНАРОДНОГО ОТДЕЛА
МИНИСТЕРСТВА ГОСУДАРСТВЕННОЙ БЕЗОПАСНОСТИ
ГЕРМАНСКОЙ ДЕМОКРАТИЧЕСКОЙ РЕСПУБЛИКИ
ПОЛКОВНИКУ ТОВАРИЩУ ВИЛЛИ Д А М М У

Б е р л и н

Уважаемый товарищ ДАММ !

В ответ на Ваш запрос - телеграмма за номером 691/78 - и на основании личного содействия с, находящимся в то время в Будапеште, капитаном товарищем GERHARD BERTNITZEK - наши органы организовали оперативный контроль пребывавшего в Будапеште DAMSON ERVIN руководителя религиозной организации "Свет на Востоке", действующей под названием прикрытия "Транспорт" и "Апостол". Согласно просьбе товарища Бернитзека наши органы старались оказать ему в работе помощь.

Из-за технических причин не смогли контролировать разговоры Дамсона в гостинице.

В целях использования в приложении направляем Вам следующие материалы:

- Запись и фотоснимки, изготовленные о движении Дамсона во время пребывания его в Венгрии - в Будапеште и на Балатоне, и встречах его с различными гражданами ГДР и ФРГ.
- Фотокопии дорожных документов Дамсона и его супруги.
- Фотокопия въездного листа прибывших в ВНР - Дамсона и его супруги.

Top Secret communiqué between the Hungarian Interior Ministry and the Stasi regarding Erwin Damson's meeting with East German Christians the summer of 1978. The Hungarians assisted Captain Gerhardt Bartnitzek who was in Hungary to monitor Damson as part of Operations "Transport" and "Apostel". They acknowledge they were unable to tap his phone calls for technical reasons but did photograph him and those with whom he met.

