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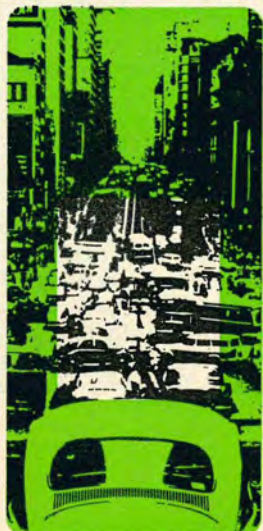
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HERALD

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MARCH 1974



ARE WE GOOD PARTNERS?

A. S. Clement, General Home Secretary, reviews our contribution to mission overseas.

WHEN the General Synod of the Church of England met last year, the Earl of March caused quite a stir. He raised the question of the rightness of the proportion which was given to mission overseas in relation to the proportion spent at home. He drew attention to the fact that between 1968 and 1970 the income of parish church councils had increased by nearly three million pounds. Of this increase, parishes had spent 95.1 per cent on themselves; and giving to the Church overseas had actually fallen by 1.3 per cent. He called for silence "while we reflect on what these facts must appear to say to Christians in Africa, Asia, and Latin America."

If figures were available for our own Baptist churches, would they reveal that we also ought to be pondering the same question? It may be that you can yourself obtain the information regarding the giving of your church. Certainly you can reflect, if you wish, on the proportion of your own personal giving. Of the giving of the Church of England the Earl of March said: "Our present level of giving does not demonstrate true partnership." What are we to say of the present level of giving of British Baptists?

Too much? Too little?

This year the Society has had to make a special appeal for substantially increased financial support. The reason has been readily understood and accepted. To accomplish the work to which we are committed more money will be required because costs have risen at home and abroad. Last year we asked for one-tenth more. One-tenth more was received. In conse-



A young couple outside the Barisal Baptist Church where they had been married. We can become partners with them in working in Bangladesh.

(photo B. W. Amey)

quence, we were able to meet all the commitments of that financial year, clear away the deficiency of the previous year and begin the present year with just a little in credit. This was most encouraging. We are profoundly grateful to God for such a fine response. But this year we have to ask for an increase of one-fifth more. That is, of course, an increase of one-fifth over the fine record of last year.

Are we asking for too much? I do not think so. If you judge the appeal in relation to the finances of the last five years you will discover that it is a very modest one. We have asked for such small increases each year that together with this present increase of one-fifth, the average increase each year works out at a rate less than the rate of inflation. In real terms, that is to say in terms of purchasing power, we are not in fact asking for more. So perhaps the question we

should be asking is: are we appealing for enough? There is a great deal more that we could do overseas, and that we ought to be doing overseas. I do not think it is beyond our capacity to achieve an increase much greater than one-fifth. It is a matter of responsible stewardship and right priorities.

Are we being fair?

As far as I can judge, it seems that each year the proportion contributed by the British Baptist churches generally to mission overseas becomes less. What is contributed for the maintenance of the home churches, their work and witness and other home objects becomes correspondingly more. The home churches have their own grave problems. The cost of maintaining property is rapidly increasing; and much church property is old. The stipends of ministers should be raised to a more worthy level. Every means of education, propaganda, and publicity is more costly. The churches have their obligations to the Unions to which they are affiliated and to united schemes for evangelism and

mission in Britain which needs to be more effective and more sustained. Ministers have to be trained and schemes for lay-training fostered. Worthy provision has to be made for retirement pensions for ministers. The home churches undoubtedly need more support and are right to ask for it.

But how seriously do we regard our obligation in the world mission? How seriously do we regard our obligation to help and strengthen the churches which have, under God, come into being through the work of our missionaries? How seriously do we regard our obligation as Christians in Britain to share fairly our resources with our fellow-Christians in other parts of the world? We in Britain are among the relatively wealthy Christians of the world—the haves! Our missionaries live and witness and serve in lands where the majority of Christians are relatively very poor—the have-nots! Ought we not to do our utmost to ensure that the proportion which we contribute to causes overseas does not grow less? It seems to me that this at least is required of responsible Christian stewardship



The administrative building which forms the centre of the work at Amp Pipal in the Gorkha District of Nepal. Two B.M.S. missionaries work at Amp Pipal in partnership with other missionaries and Nepali nationals.

(photo B. W. Amey)

today. Furthermore, we must remember that much of what we contribute to mission overseas is to enable our fellow-Christians in Africa and Asia themselves to serve and assist deprived, undernourished, illiterate, and sick people who surround them in their millions.

More not less

In Zaire the churches are in a time of testing. Numerically most of them have made great gains in the last few years; but there is a serious shortage of pastors and catechists. In some churches a gap is revealing itself between the old and the young. The young have more opportunities in education than did their fathers. Many of the faithful pastors are of the generation of the fathers. They may have fine qualities of character and the fruits of long pastoral experience, but their formal learning is limited. They do not always feel adequate to deal with the educated young people; and educated young people can sometimes be impatient and intolerant with them. It is understandable, therefore, that the leaders of the Baptist Community should be so insistent on the need for help in the training of pastors and church leaders. The Community, in common with all Christians in Zaire, are having to think deeply and make difficult decisions on a number of ethical issues rising from rapid social and political changes. There is, for instance, the problem of resolving the tension between a Christian's responsibility to Christ and a Christian's responsibility to the State of which he is a citizen and to the political party which claims to represent that state.

This then is a critical period in which our help to the churches in Zaire should be in no way diminished.

The great and widespread needs in Bangladesh are well known. The government has a seemingly impossible task in restoring what was devastated in natural disasters and by war and improving the general economy. Our churches have much to rebuild and reinstate for which substantial financial aid from us is required. New opportunities have presented themselves, particularly in the border districts, through the seeking of Christian instruction by large numbers of Hindu families. New churches have come into existence. The services of our educational, medical and agricultural missionaries are highly valued and

insistently demanded. This is not a time when we can in good conscience consider reducing our help.

Reference is made in another article to the challenge in Brazil for the extension of our activities through the newly developing regions of the Mato Grosso towards the Amazon valley itself. But all work in Brazil is becoming more expensive. To maintain our present much needed contribution to mission in Paraná including the new medical work and the work in the Litoral, and to begin the new pioneering work in tropical Brazil, really requires greatly increased resources in persons and finance.

Responsible stewardship

Much could be written about the opportunities and challenges of other aspects of our work in Zaire, Bangladesh and Brazil, and indeed in India, Nepal, Sri Lanka, Jamaica and Trinidad as well. To do effectively what we can do and ought to be doing today at the call of God, the Society needs constantly increasing material resources. Are these resources available in the Baptist communities of the British Isles?

We believe that they are. We believe that if only the situation is understood and the record of our work rightly appreciated, then there will be a generous response. It is really a question of responsible stewardship of all that we have received from God Himself.

There are a number of ways in which you can become a partner to Christians overseas.

- (1) Send a gift to the B.M.S. now.**
- (2) Send a gift to the B.M.S. regularly.**
- (3) Give to the B.M.S. under covenant.**
- (4) Put money in your B.M.S. missionary box regularly.**
- (5) Use the B.M.S. Shareholder's envelopes each month.**
- (6) Give your home to the B.M.S. to make a home for furlough and retired missionaries.**

The General Home Secretary is willing to give further advice on the way you choose to give. Write to him now at:

**93 Gloucester Place,
London, W1H 4AA.**



Cuiabá, centre for new B.M.S. work in Brazil.

(photo A. S. Clement)

We must be on the frontier

by John Pullin

B.M.S. missionary in Brazil from 1969

WHICH brings us at once to the problem that always faces those who are engaged in Mission. Where is the frontier? In Brazil the answer must be the pioneer areas of Mato Grosso.

That is not to say that Mato Grosso is the only frontier that Brazil presents today. Paraná still offers many opportunities. Looking to the future the Amazon region will be another great challenge. But for today the State of Mato Grosso, especially in the North, offers the most exciting challenge of all.

The State of Mato Grosso lies at the heart of the continent of South America. Its capital, Cuiabá, is at the geographical centre of the continent. The State has until recently been little known and largely unexplored. All this is changing as man seeks to conquer one more barrier in the march of civilization.

Daily, new families are arriving from all over Brazil in the hope of making a new life for themselves. Why? Why leave the known for the unknown, the developed for the undeveloped? For most the real reason can be found in their home towns, where the poor become poorer and the opportunities fewer, especially for those who live off the land. Government propaganda has been aimed at these people, many of whom are accepting the challenge and helping with the development of Brazil's vast interior.

The jungle is being cut down and model cities are being built. Land is sold cheaply or even given; in addition the government is giving help to each family in the initial period. But progress for these people is very slow and the life very hard and many are returning home discouraged and dissatisfied. However, the majority are staying and looking to the future.

In November 1973, on our way home to the U.K. we visited the Northern Association of Mato Grosso, making the city of Cuiabá our base and staying at the home of the Rev. Bon and Mrs. Hope, missionaries with the Southern Baptist Convention. During this visit we were able to talk with a number of national pastors and visit a number of the churches. We were able

to visit the First and Second churches of Cuiabá, the church at Salto dos Ceus and some Christians in the city of Caceres. From all the message was loud and clear.

(1) THE GEOGRAPHICAL CHALLENGE

Using Cuiabá as the centre, the Northern Association stretches westwards 440 miles, eastwards 375 miles, northwards 565 miles and southwards 250 miles. A great problem for those engaged in watching the growth in population and directing the evangelistic effort of the Church to meet that growth.

(2) THE GROWTH IN NORTH MATO GROSSO PRESENTS A GREAT CHALLENGE

This growth is thought to be still in its initial stages and is being felt in almost all the region. However, it is more clearly seen in the city of Cuiabá and from there north and west. There are many people who believe that this growth will continue and merge with the expected growth along the transamazonian highway. This growth is resulting in the forming of many new congregations and preaching points as Baptist families move into the new towns and start work in their homes.

(3) LACK OF WORKERS

The present task force of nine national pastors and one missionary cannot take full advantage

of all the opportunities. The greatest need of the moment is for workers to help in meeting the challenge.

With this message from national leaders in our minds we have tried to analyse our feelings after making the visit. Certainly the work is not unlike Paraná was in the 1950s and 1960s. Yet it can never really be the same because of the vast distances involved. However, the challenge is the same as that found by B.M.S. missionaries in the first fifteen years in Paraná.

The need is not only for ministers, although this will remain the main task for B.M.S. missionaries. There is an urgent need for medical help in the region. Another B.M.S. mobile dispensary in Brazil, this time in Mato Grosso, would be a real contribution to the region and naturally to the witness of the Church.

With such great distances we ought not to close our minds to the aircraft as a means of transport. Perhaps the appointment of a pilot would be a future development.

There is scope in the region of Mato Grosso for many kinds of missionary enterprise.

Always on the frontier? It is the belief of the writer that to be on the frontier in Brazil must mean the placing of B.M.S. missionaries in Mato Grosso in 1974, in the certainty that many others will follow into this new and exciting field of service.



The first Baptist Church, Cuiabá, Brazil.

(photo A. S. Clement)

SIDELIGHTS ON TEACHER TRAINING

Pat Woolhouse writes after a few months at the Teacher Training Institute, Kimpese, Zaire, and **Eileen Motley** reflects after thirty years.

United Nations Day

"Another anniversary I celebrated for the first time this year was United Nations Day. I must admit I hardly knew when it was, but it is observed here with gratitude. Our usual morning prayers were given over to a special act of worship and then in the evening there was a special presentation to which almost everyone turned up, despite a downpour at the last moment. Music was played from many of the different countries represented here and from others too, while some of the senior boys read short accounts of the work done by different U.N. organizations and mimed some of their activities. The evening ended with an appreciation by the Director of the work being done at that minute by U.N. Forces and a prayer of thanksgiving. Perhaps we who have never needed the same kind of help from the Organization do not really appreciate its inspiration and present work. Like so many things, we just take it for granted."

How to take an offering

"For the first time I saw the collection taken in what I gather is quite a traditional way. The plates were first sent round as in most churches, but then the offering was immediately counted—it was for Bible Society funds—and decreed insufficient, so while we sang a succession of choruses, folk were cajoled into turning out their pockets and bringing forward whatever they found. I can imagine the reaction if this were to happen in the English churches, but it had the desired effect and the final total was almost double the original."

Thirty years on

"Thirty years out here has passed with the joy of seeing so many old students in places of responsibility, and children of earlier ones from here and from Angola now in school or, as are five of them, in University Medical School. The majority from here, where our specialization is Biology/Chemistry and Maths/Physics, are in various Scientific Departments though there are others in Law School, in Sociology, at the National Pedagogy Institute and in the Faculty of Theology, as well as in the Joint Protestant Theology School at Kinshasa.

"Just today I met again the Rev. Marc Masembo, student in the Theology School when I was here in 1962-66, now Legal Representative and Superintendent Minister for the Boma Mayombe area. His wife, who could not even read then, is a leader in women's work; their son Robert is now a leading Pharmacist and Consultant for the Government. The Executive Committee of the Board of Governors of I.P.E. (Teacher Training Institute) has just been meeting too, and I found its president and all its Zairian members were old students of mine."

B.M.S. INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP

There are now members in countries in Africa, Asia and Europe. Many of these are educationists and range from those responsible for a kindergarten to university lecturers.

Letters have been received from Lusaka, Zambia; Sierra Leone; Uganda; Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia; Saudi Arabia and Austria.

The purpose of the Fellowship is to link together Baptists who are serving overseas in secular occupations. As one of the more isolated members wrote, "membership has given a sense of belonging".

Details of the B.M.S. International Fellowship can be obtained from:

**Miss F. A. Brook,
93 Gloucester Place,
London, W1H 4AA.**

ANGOLA



Seki, a village near San Salvador, destroyed by Portuguese troops.

(Photo: D. H. Nearn)

David Grenfell—formerly *BMS Field Secretary, Angola*, writes:

All of us, especially if we have a few notes to jog our memory, can recall past events. Obviously, certain times, such as Christmas, Easter, or summer holidays, are easier to recall than others. The Editor remembered that March was an important date with people involved in Angola and its problems and so has asked me to recall Angolan events. I have many memories of March involving the Angolan people.

MARCH 1960

We had a visit at Quibocolo from P.I.D.E. officials (The International Police for the Security of the State) from Luanda in connection with the visit of two Americans to San Salvador in January.

I had been staying there when the Americans arrived from Belgian Congo. They told us that they were looking for students who could profit from a scholarship to an American University. We had no student up to university standard, but suggested they call at the office of the secretary of the Protestant Alliance in Luanda while they were there. What we did not know was that these men had a political reason for visiting Luanda; to interview underground nationalist leaders. They succeeded in doing this and on their return to the States revealed what

they had learned at a press conference called to coincide with the opening of a trial of some fifty nationalist political leaders and sympathisers in Luanda.

Though I was questioned for a long time it is not my interview that made the occasion stick so clearly in my mind. It was the fact that I was able to watch how these policemen behaved as they interviewed Africans. This was in our sitting room, which no doubt cramped their style. Each person interviewed had to stand toe to toe with the interviewer. The questions were shouted at him and he was told to "reply without thinking".

All this was because our local Superintendent had told these P.I.D.E. men that our Young People's Society was suspect, even though he himself had burst in on one of the meetings and

had checked the accounts and read the minute book. The accounts, monies, and minute book were taken away and further meetings forbidden until their enquiries had been completed. They never had another meeting.

Exactly one year later, these young people had to flee for their lives: some, including the president and the secretary, never made it, while others had amazing escapes as the local police reacted violently to the events of 15 March in other parts of Angola. There was no African violence at that time in the Quibocolo district (called Maquela, which includes Quibocolo). African violence locally came later.

MARCH 1961

The important day was the 15th. My colleague, Rev. Avelino Ferreira, and I were in the Post Office in Maquela when a man belonging to the secret police came rushing in and seeing us, said as he passed, "Something big is happening". That was all we knew until we heard the world news on the radio that night. Though we did not know it, it was the end of an era. Everything as we knew it then had received a death blow. The well organized evangelical work of a 7,000 strong church; the educational work at the central school with several regional schools; the medical work on the mission station, only a dispensary but with plans drawn and the money raised to build a brand new hospital. Today the site of the mission is overgrown and the buildings destroyed.

In the days and nights that followed there was much police activity and then stories of many arrests and near panic in the villages every time a police car came along. The police spread the news that everyone, on the approach of a police car, must stand perfectly still. If they moved they would be fired at, and this is just what they did.

The next step, when the police wished to question a man, was taken at night. There were even visits to the mission for this purpose to pick up some of our Angolan staff. The inevitable counter move was that none of the men and boys slept in the villages, or even on the Mission Station. All the schoolboys fled.

The climax came when planes napalm-bombed the villages, some of which we watched from our house. Then everybody fled and this time, not just to the bush but to Congo. Within a very short time the only people we saw at the mission were thirteen very old men and women. At that time the radio was the most important thing in our daily lives; from Luanda, Leopoldville, and the B.B.C. from London. We heard on one occasion that we at Quibocolo had been attacked by terrorists, which was never true. One Sunday evening, on the B.B.C. Church Service, the congregation sang, "*Great is Thy Faithfulness — All I have needed Thy hand hath provided*", and my thoughts turned to the trials and sufferings of many Christians I knew personally and I wondered just what they would think if they could hear this hymn. I know now that their faith was greater than mine.



Luanda, capital of Angola.

(Photo: W. D. Grenfell)

MARCH 1962

We were now at Kibentele, the "we" being my nephew Jim and myself. We had been three months in the missionary house that had been kept empty, just in case a missionary did return to this station. As in all missionary houses there was the usual standard pieces of furniture and the missionary was expected to bring everything else, crockery, cooking pans and kitchen equipment and soft furnishings such as beddings and blankets. As we had left Angola with only a suitcase each, all these things were lacking and our salvation was that the last occupant of the house had left behind some odd items of crockery and kitchen utensils.

Our experience as youthful campers stood us in very good stead in our culinary arrangements, Jim being responsible for the main course while I did second course and made the tea. His method was a very simple one. Take a saucepan and put into it anything you may have; and food was not plentiful; top it up with water and put it on the fire to cook. Serve the liquid first as soup then the rest on the same plate for the main course.

Jim had his problems, of course, often we went a long time without seeing any potatoes. Once we went as usual to the local market and saw some packets with the word *pomme* in the text. We knew enough French to understand that *pomme* was potato so, thinking it must be powdered potato, we bought the packet and that night Jim put half of it into the saucepan. It did not fluff up as expected, but we thought that this may be due to too much water. We were both fond of soup but it was not a success. The next time a French speaking colleague came our way we produced the packet and asked for a translation. It was potato starch!

As all good hostesses know, the "sweet" course can be the most difficult to plan. Bananas were our great standby but sometimes I was inspired to more complicated effort. Once when we had some rice AND condensed milk, I planned to make a simple rice pudding. True we did not have any nutmeg, as all best rice puddings have on the top, nevertheless I was sure Jim would enjoy the change from bananas. I began with one saucepan full of rice and watered condensed milk, but I was in despair when from that one pan I had filled several other containers. Still, I thought, the bucket will hold quite a lot yet.

Market day was the highlight of the week for always in the large crowd were people whom one had last met when in Angola. This particular March day we were walking through the crowd and the goods set out on the ground when I heard a yell from the distance, "*Mfumumu, Mfumumu*". (Every male missionary was called *Mfumumu* in the Lower Congo, it means "chief" or "sir"). I turned and saw a very large woman heading my way. I could write reams about this woman, but suffice it to say that though physically strong and good looking too she was not mentally sound. On she came and I stood my ground. She reached me with arms high in the air, then wrapped them around me, picked me up and whirled me round and round. I with my arms pinned to my sides could do nothing but smile at the cheering crowd.

MARCH 1964

Once again a crisis situation arose. We were then doing refugee work among the Angolans who had fled and were still coming over the Congo frontier. 20,000 new refugees had come to Kibentele in 1963. Because it was the rainy season the first part of 1964 had been fairly quiet, but in March alone we received some 12,492 new refugees, most of them in a pitiable condition. We had nothing to give them, no food or clothing.

We had been receiving our supplies from the American A.I.D. programme, but they had told me that in future they could no longer give me supplies direct but would do so through the United Nations Relief Deputy in Leopoldville. The Deputy was willing to do this, but he had difficulties with the Congo Officials. It was a slow business and we were getting desperate.

I went to Leopoldville and saw the American A.I.D. Director, who I knew had food available, but he was adamant and refused to help. So I said to him, "If you do not give me the food I will call a press conference and tell them of your decision". He then relented and let me have some food on condition that I returned all the sacks to him. That was all right with me and I returned to Kibentele. Two weeks later I was back in the A.I.D. Director's office again for another 15,000 new refugees had arrived. The food we were receiving was nowhere near enough but, more than that, it was necessary to

Mrs. W. D. Grenfell speaking to a company of women at Quibocolo, Angola.

(Photo: W. D. Grenfell)



plan for regular adequate supplies to reach us, not only at Kibentele but for distribution centres, to be set up, at two other places at least between Kibentele and Matadi, namely, Songololo and Son Mpangu.

The answer I received was depressing, no increase and no change in the existing arrangements. From the A.I.D. office I went to the office of the leader of the U.P.A. (Union of the Peoples of Angola) and I asked to see the President. He was told that I was there and he invited me in straightway. To my surprise I found he was holding a press conference to tell the world of the arrival of many thousands of new refugees. He told them who I was and said I could verify all he had been saying. They were invited to question me. It soon came out that I had come to Leopoldville to get food for the new arrivals and had failed. I did my best to find excuses for the Americans, though I did not tell them why they would no longer give the food directly to me.

When the report of the interview came out the bald facts were that many new refugees had arrived and that the U.S.A. had refused to give food to help these starving people. You can guess the American reaction. I was invited to the Embassy to meet a man who had just arrived from the States. He was what they describe as a "trouble shooter" and was on official business, not this matter. He told me I was irresponsible and that what I had said was not true. I told him just why they had refused to give me food directly, giving the history of events. He would not believe my account so I told him that I could produce letters, but what finally convinced

him was the fact that the A.I.D. Director would only let me have these limited supplies on condition I returned all the empty sacks. (As you will have gathered, sacks figured prominently in the story). He telephoned the Director and called him over to verify this.

Within a minute he turned to me and told me that I could have all the food I needed. I was to make out estimates for a year's supplies and let them have it. They in turn would come and see the situation and check my estimates and if all was in order the food would come through.

There is a tailpiece to this story. I had mentioned that many of these refugees were suffering from malnutrition who desperately needed special food such as milk and dried fish, of which we had none. A couple of weeks later I had a letter from a Swedish firm of dried fish exporters who said they had read my story in the local press and wanted to help. They could not give me the needed dried fish but if I could find a backer they would supply what I needed at cost price. The following week that letter was in the hands of Oxfam who placed an immediate order to the value of £5,000. The Oxfam Director happened to be in Leopoldville just at that time and came to Kibentele and saw our work. It was while he was with us that I gave him the letter. He also gave us grants for medicines, seeds, etc., to the value of a further £2,000. What a wonderful blessing this proved to be.

MARCH 1967

This was our last March in Africa. There was no crisis or pressing problem and on the 18th we

were again in Leopoldville to attend a United Service of Protestants from Angola. Actually, these Christians meet for a united service once every month and naturally I have been to some of them. This one was special because it was the sixth anniversary of the beginning of the open struggle against the Portuguese.

The packed service was held in one of our B.M.S. churches, Dendale. Most of the speaking and singing was in Portuguese, the hymns, the Bible reading, and the sermon, but the prayers were in the African languages of Umbundu, Kimbundu and Kokongo. A choir from one of the political parties sang "Blest be the tie that binds", and the women's choir from another party sang in Portuguese, "*Minha Patria para Christo*—My country for Christ". In the original version, the country was Portugal, but this was changed to Angola. All the leading Nationalist leaders were there. My part was to give the blessing.

It was a wonderful sight to see so many Angolans of differing political views, worshipping together to whichever Christian tradition the Christians of Angola owed their love for Christ, they all belonged to one Church and held identical membership cards, "The Church of Christ in Angola", then in brackets, and in small type, "Methodist Branch", or "Baptist Branch", and so on. To the refugees, this has been of real value and blessing.

MARCH 1974

When thinking today of Angola, some thought must be given to the political situation even though our prime concern is the spread of the Gospel. I am not suggesting that we send political missionaries in the same way that we send doctors, nurses, teachers, agriculturists, but we should know something of the conditions under which the Christians have to work and live. This is essential if our prayers are to be realistic and effective.

Throughout the 1960s there were many different and divided Nationalist Parties amongst the Angolans and often their views were far more local (tribal) than national. Last year (1973) saw an agreement signed that brought the major parties together to work as one unified opposition to the Portuguese control of their land. This will undoubtedly mean increased guerrilla

activity inside Angola which will in turn affect the daily lives of all who live in that land.

Politically, the Protestants in Angola have always been considered by the Portuguese, long before 1961, as far to the left and very radical in their thinking. It was no surprise therefore that the Protestants were held responsible for the 1961 uprising. This deep distrust of the Evangelical Christians has continued through the years. The church has been severely restricted in its work and witness, and individually, many members have suffered physical hardships and material losses. Thus, with increased guerrilla activities both in the north and the south the problems and hardships of the Evangelical Christians will greatly increase. But it is not only Christians who will suffer but everyone living in a district where an incident occurs. Injuries and death, hunger and homelessness, panic and flight, and more refugees.

The north has been through this tragic experience and, with 400,000 refugees already in Zaire, it is tempting to think that the consequences of renewed warfare cannot be as bad as then. But it could be. There are still a great many people living in the north, also they are much further from the frontier. These people, and there are many Christians among them, are not free to move about as they wish and every precaution is taken to prevent any contact being made with the guerrillas. Life is very difficult and everyone is suspicious. There may be an informer within ones own family, as many have discovered to their cost.

An additional hardship for the Evangelical Christian is that no meetings for worship or prayer are allowed. Some, a shrinking number, still meet together, but if they are caught, then the punishment for "activities against the State" is very severe. Most of these village people are not politically minded but they would welcome a change from the present restricted way of life. This is not to say that they would welcome an armed struggle in their district; the memories of what happened last time is still with everyone but the very young.

Longing for home

And what of the refugees living over the border in the safety of Zaire. Do they remember those terrible years? While they are still second class

citizens their lot is infinitely better than that of the people who could not get away. Some only wish to forget the past and to stay in Zaire. For life is better than they ever knew in Angola. The great majority also know this but there is a deep longing, which is inherent in all Africans, to return to the land of their birth. Here, the memories of the past are vital. They do not trust the Portuguese. In their hearts they know that under them, they will never be free, or respected, or have the same opportunities, as they now enjoy. But they would like it to be so, not only for themselves, but for their relatives over the frontier. Their problem is, what can they do? There have been several pacifist nationalist parties, but all have got nowhere at all. Some which co-operated with the Portuguese because of promises given, were banned inside Angola when their usefulness had ended. The others were ignored. They could not even get replies to their letters to the Portuguese. Regretfully, to many therefore, the path of violence seems to be the only way they can get any response, any hearing of their appeal for justice from the Portuguese and the rest of the world.

The men who took up arms eleven or twelve years ago are now that much older and therefore any new increase in guerrilla activities will require a large number of younger men. These fellows went through the early sixties as children, an experience that they will not have forgotten. Their fathers had had very little education but this will not be true of them and thus they will know through their reading and listening to the radio a great deal about other African independent countries and the rights of all human beings and the possibilities of great achievements if the opportunity was to come to them as Angolans.

What would you do?

These new freedom fighters, in the main, will not be volunteers, but conscripts. They will have a far greater understanding of what it is all about than their predecessors. Many of these young men are Christians and though we may feel strongly that Christians should never, for any reason, take up arms, we must try and understand their thinking. There are many men and women too in our churches who were in the armed forces in the last war. I am not saying we should support the violence but I am pleading for understanding. And this should influence our

prayers that speedily some democratic channel may be opened up.

When recently I wrote about my own frustrations and disappointments, I was reminded by several of my friends that in all this there is a credit side and that I should think more about this. It has proved helpful indeed. The Church at Quibocolo had a membership of over 7,000 men and women who had had a real vital experience of knowing Christ as their personal Saviour. For the majority, this experience was not lost when tragedy fell, but instead, their faith was deepened. Hard shelled reporters with the guerrillas inside Angola reported that every day someone conducted morning prayers. Countless refugees interviewed on arrival at Kibentele spoke of incidents when all seemed lost and of their turning as a group to prayer.

The large number of Angolans in the Lower Zaire Church today is a testimony to their living experience of Christ and of their eagerness to share this with others. Christians from the different areas of Angola, San Salvador, Bembe and Quibocolo, meet regularly in fellowship and are bound together in a Union of Baptist Churches of Angola. The B.M.S. has arranged with the Church of Zaire for this Angola Union of Churches to have direct contact with the Society in London. This is a good thing.

We must remember them

Many young Angolans have received scholarships from the Society so that today there is an increasing number of educated and able people who will be ready to take on the responsibilities of the future. Very gratifying to us missionaries, a surprising number of the young men have taken, or are taking, a full theological course. Yes, there is indeed, a great deal for which we can thank God and look with confidence to the future.

The most important thing we can do is to pray. I hope what I have written will guide you in these prayers. I trust that your prayers will continue much longer than this month of March. Angolans, Portuguese, their leaders and the common people need our concern and our prayers.

“thanks be to God, who giveth, us the victory”

ANDREW OGLE

Andrew Ogle was born on 16 November, 1947, at Loughborough. He died on 17 November, 1973, at Kisangani in the Republic of Zaire.

Andrew's childhood was spent in Bedford and he was educated at Bedford Modern School. He was baptized in 1963 at Mill Hill Street Baptist Church, Bedford, by the Rev. John Cooper.

It was at a B.M.S. Summer School in 1967 that Andrew began to understand the end to which he should aim the theological studies he was undertaking at Oxford and his thoughts turned towards Zaire and the training of pastors.

During his years at Oxford, Andrew was a keen member of the John Bunyan Society, the University Baptist Association, and he was President of this Society in 1968-69.

Andrew's own growing interest in missionary work overseas was encouraged by Margaret Mason whom he had met at Oxford. They married in 1969 and went to St. Andrew's College, Birmingham, for missionary training, followed by a year in Brussels.

In the study of language, Andrew discovered a new talent and interest. At Yakusu, already quite fluent in Lingala after one year, he began to learn Lokele, the difficult lan-

guage of the principal local people of the Yakusu area.

In the Baptist School of Theology at Yakusu, Andrew taught mainly New Testament and Church History. He was an efficient school accountant and librarian, he played the organ regularly for the local church services and took his part in local preaching. He and his wife were totally committed to life and work in Zaire.

Although Andrew had suffered occasional attacks of malaria, there was no reason to suppose that he was not generally in good health so that his death after a short illness came as a stunning blow to all those who knew and loved him.

* * * *

JEAN STOCKLEY

Jean McClure Stockley, née Menzies, was born at Chang Te in the Province of Honan in North China on 9 March, 1898. She and her parents narrowly escaped death in the Boxer uprising in 1900 and her father, Dr. James Menzies, of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission, was killed by bandits in 1920.

In 1927 Jean married Dr. Handley Stockley of the B.M.S. and began a long and eventful period of service in Sian in north-west China. During the war Jean was in this country with the children, but after her husband's furlough in 1945 they were able to return to China together.

They left China in 1950 and for some years enjoyed a united family life in Croydon. In 1957 they volunteered for service in Lungleh, in the Lushai Hills, India, and returned home for retirement in 1962.

Two years later they were at the Rennie's Mill Clinic, Hong Kong, and after a year there spent a year at Chandraghona, Bangladesh, to help out at a time of staff shortage. Their son David had been in that country as a B.M.S. agricultural missionary since 1952.

Jean and Handley Stockley have enjoyed the last few quiet years in Southampton where they have been connected with Thornhill Baptist Church.

Jean Stockley died, after a short illness, on 26 December, 1973.

* * * *

DAISY WEBB

Daisy Muriel Webb was born on 9 December, 1885, at Melksham, the daughter of a Baptist minister, the Rev. G. A. Webb. She was baptized in 1901 at Downend Baptist Church, Bristol.

Later, she applied to, and was accepted by, the Baptist Missionary Society and went to Carey Hall, Selly Oak, for a year's missionary training. She sailed for India in October 1915 and her first twelve years there were spent at Buckley House Girl's School in Cuttack.

In 1928 she was transferred to G.Udayagiri in the Kond Hills and remained there until she retired in 1947. She organized a training hostel for young women and taught them to read, sew and launder. Later this hostel became a schoolgirls boarding hostel and she supervised that together with her colleague Miss Freda Laughlin.

After she retired Daisy lived at Weston Super Mare and became a member of Clarence Park Baptist Church in 1949. She died on 9 January, 1974.

STAMPS

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Missionary Record

- Arrival**
7 December. Mrs. A. J. Ogle from Yakusu, Zaire.
- Departure**
10 December. Rev. P. Rigden Green for West Dinajpur, India (short term).
- Birth**
5 November, 1973. To Dr. Bryan L. and Mrs. Whitty, a daughter, Catriona.

Acknowledgements

The Secretaries acknowledge with grateful thanks the following legacies and gifts sent anonymously or without address. (4th December, 1973 to 31st December, 1973)

General Work: Anon., (R.C.) £10.00; Anon., (Alan) £2.00; Anon., £1.00; Anon., £5.00.

Medical: Anon., (W.R.Y.) £15.00; Anon., £5.00; Anon., £5.00; Anon., £2.50; Anon., (M.Y.) £30.00; "In loving memory of Margaret and Arthur" (M.M.F.) £6.00; "In memory of Mrs. F. Warburton", (H.F.T.) £2.00.

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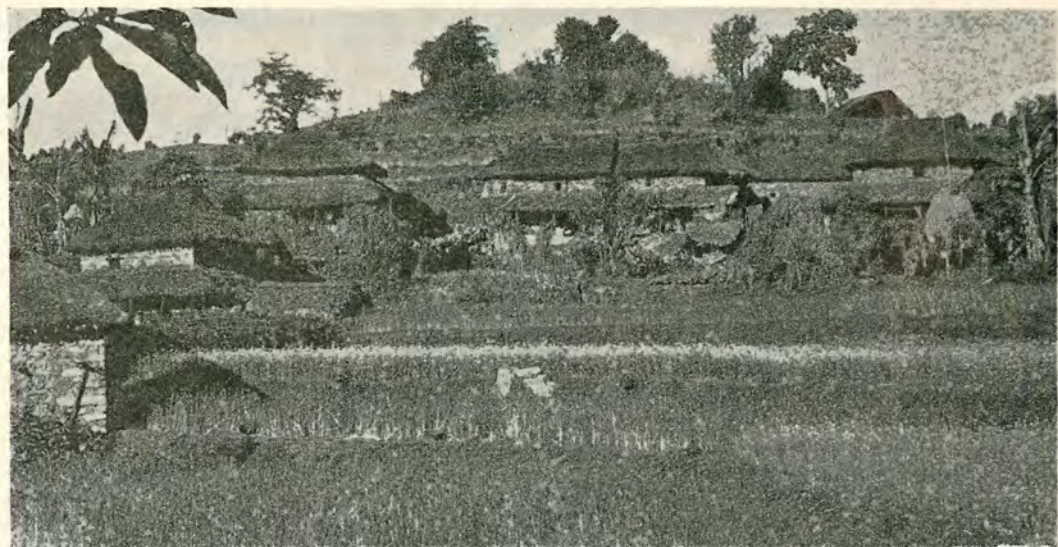
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NEWS FROM NEPAL

TWENTY years ago ten Mission Boards and Societies joined to form the United Mission to Nepal. Now there are 27 member bodies, representing a dozen different denominations.

The U.M.N. has a written permission agreement with the Government for which a renewal has to be sought every five years.

Nepal is 500 miles long and 120 miles wide and with an area of about 54,000 square miles is half the size of the British Isles. The plains are about 600 feet above sea level, Kathmandu, the capital,

is 4,700 feet and mountains rise up to the 29,000 feet of Mount Everest.

The latest newsletter of the U.M.N. reports that the Shanta Bhawan hospital in Kathmandu, pictured below, sees over 5,000 patients a month.

In a survey of 175 children, aged 2-17 years, 100 had never owned a tooth brush. The worst teeth, however, were those of a small child who admitted cadging sweets from tourists.

For the population of 12 million there are 330 doctors and 325 professional nurses. During the first six years of practice Nepali doctors serve two years in a city, two in a mountain area (hillside village, photograph above), and two in the terai, the hot tropical plains near the Indian border.

The B.M.S. is now providing the total financial support for eight of its missionaries serving with the U.M.N.



(photos: B. W. Amey)