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The children need our help

Miss Gladys Cann began her service as a B.M.S. missionary in India in 1934. In 1942 she moved to Chandraghona and it was from there that she came home in 1959. When Bangladesh gained its independence in 1971 it faced a massive task of rehabilitation. Gladys Cann offered her services for a few months and returned to Chandraghona. Here she writes of her work in providing medical care for children in "Under Fives Clinics".

THERE are children in abundance, skinny, spotty, full of disease, half alive with dull lustre-less hair and eyes. Children with swollen bellies, legs and arms. All due to lack of sufficient food.

All the more poignant to us from a wealthy country. What have we done to deserve our sufficiency of food, clothes and shelter? Moreover a great number of us were able to have more than the necessities of life. We could afford extras to make our life more worth living. Music, books, pictures, and such like in our homes. I think very many of us who saw the tragedy in Bangladesh will never be quite the same again.

By the standards of the people in whose country we were, we represented wealth, prosperity, security, we have opportunities for education and for health. They have none of these things. With a number of other people from the western world I was in the Chittagong Hill Tracts to try to bring a bit of health, and perhaps a little happiness into the lives of some of the children, and as a by-product to their parents.

Where there is poverty, great hunger, much heat and many flies and also no good water supply there is plenty of sickness. Some of the



A child nibbles at its record card as it waits its turn at the under fives clinic.

sicknesses are preventable, even in the midst of hunger and poverty. We hope that of the many treated children a great number will grow to adulthood.

Once arrived in the Hill Tracts it was easy to get to work. Preparations had already been made for "Under five year old" clinics to be opened. One was already well established and flourishing a half mile or so from Chandraghona.

I started about five miles away from our Christian Hospital. One of the rare wealthy local Mohammedan families loaned a large room, adequate for the job. Prior to starting the clinic three local helpers and myself spent a few days going round the large town propagating the news, explaining what it would all be about and urging parents to bring along their children for the preventive treatment against the killer diseases.

Our little group soon resembled the story of the Pied Piper. Fifty, sixty or more children,

along with some adults, followed us around. When we stopped at a roadside shop to talk some kind of a seat was given us. Not many folk could provide chairs for four, so we were given an iron or solid wooden chair, sometimes a wooden bedstead, and there we held "court".

Men and women, mostly men, seemed to spring out of the ground, so quickly did they gather round. The men were vocal in their understanding of our purpose and welcomed the project. Many promised to bring or send their women folk with the children. This town was predominantly Mohammedan and almost all the women were strict about wearing the all covering cloak (Burka).

Eating milk

On a Monday morning we arrived at the clinic room with all our equipment, which included a hundred or so pre-sterilized injection needles, syringes, thousands of Vitamin tablets, anti-malarial tablets, cough mixture and diarrhoea mixture. Also a plentiful supply of ointment for skins. We did not set out to be an out-patient department of a hospital but a clinic in its own right. We did not intend treating diseases except those incidental to our work.

We also had to supply our own soap, nail brushes, towels, dusters, wash-hand basins and the buckets for the water which we drew from the house tube well pump. Later we found we also needed hurricane lamps when our work was not finished by dark.

Naturally we had to keep some kind of simple record of what we were doing and to whom we were giving injections. Record cards and a register was sufficient.

Hundreds of children attended daily and the mothers found it hard to understand why we could not give our medicines all at once to save them coming often to the clinic. The children could not understand why they could not eat their vitamin tablets (sweets to them) all at once. Some did.

When the dried milk powder became available we were soon using up to 7 cwts per day. Few families had a tin for the milk and so the skirt of their soiled dress or sari, or some rags were used to take home the precious powder. The

children soon came to love that milk and as they arrived at the clinic used to run to the milk sack to snatch a handful to eat while they waited their turn for treatment. For a short while we had "lumpy" solid pieces of milk. This was eaten with great relish by the youngsters. I do not think the mothers often got a look in to share the milk. I know it was not meant for them but it must have been tempting. We did have a small supply of special milk for the nursing mothers.

The condition of some of the children brought tears to the eyes. A child two months old was brought along and had a discharging ear. When I went to look I found a plug of very dirty cotton wool inserted. I gently pulled on this thinking it did not go far when to my horror I found this was not so. I actually extracted about four inches of the pack. Poor baby. What it must have suffered from the pain, and was it now deaf in that ear? Maybe.

Another child of about three years old had an abscess on its head. It had burst and to prevent the discharge spilling down the face the bright mother or father had corked the hole with a neatly fitted piece of bamboo. Of course there was a considerable swelling building up. When I un-corked the abscess there was a veritable Niagara of discharge. It took a bit of explaining that such wounds must not be "corked". Eventually the wound healed. The child did develop more later but eventually all cleared, perhaps due to the regular supplies of milk and vitamins.

Too weak for an injection

Another very wet morning a mother and her son brought along three very young children, hardly clothed and drenched. All were shivering, woebegone and dejected. All looked very sick. We got some hot water from the nearby house, making up some milk for them, not having any sugar available the children did not like the drink. However, we encouraged the mother and son to have it instead.

The children were far too sick and hungry to give them injections. Hopefully I sent them home with a supply of milk powder and vitamin tablets and asked them to come along the following week. I thought the three children would die, but no, the family turned up as



The Rev. Rajen Baroi, Secretary of the Baptist Union of Bangladesh, leads a short service at one of the clinics.

requested all looking very much better, the children had been drinking the milk. Injections and explanations were given and further supplies of food to take home. They continued to visit us regularly and we had the pleasure and a certain amount of satisfaction of seeing that family able to smile and laugh once more.

We had to say no

While I was in the Hill Tracts for those eight months three clinics were opened. I do wish I had some photos of some of the children before treatment and after. Such a miserable crowd who gathered each day it would be hard to find in any country but where there was abject poverty. Before I left those same children were alert, alive, full of fun and able to play. As we were clearing up one evening someone produced a very old cloth ball and began to kick it around. A number of children were still around and they immediately joined in. Such laughter and shrieks of delight which was good to hear. I joined in much to their joy, for it all added to the fun.

Four months before I would never have believed that this could happen. What a miracle vitamin tablets and regular supplies of milk powder worked? God's hand was surely around

us, caring for those children and showing them His love through His gifts of food and medicine.

Statistics, well, what are they worth? We saw 18,979 children. They made a rough total of 28,735 visits. On our busiest days we saw 400 to 420 children. I did have writers cramp, or almost, at the end of the day. I would not say those numbers could not be faulted, they are an understatement rather than an overstatement. How we managed to see so many in a day I do not know but once we were settled and each knew our job the work went with a swing. We often co-opted the young men who sometimes came to watch.

It was with sorrow that we had to refuse to open clinics in other villages. Men came to see me begging that we treat their children. They were willing to find us a room, give us meals and help in every way if only we would visit. But people, supplies and money were limited. To many it seemed unfair to choose one village rather than another, but what else to do? Many of us are hoping that the Bangladesh Government will hear about the work and becoming interested will encourage their nurses and doctors to open such clinics. Please remember the needs of the children and their country in your prayers.

Experience of Christ's love leads to service

by David Masters

B.M.S. Missionary in Zaire from 1969

Education to all according to age aptitude and ability was the slogan when free education was introduced by the government nearly 100 years ago.

This was the time when Grenfell was exploring along the River Zaire and seeing whole populations lost in spiritual darkness who did not know of a Saviour who loved and cared for them enough to die for them.

As Grenfell and his successors had experienced this love they could not but seek to love God and obey His command to go and preach the gospel, heal the sick and teach. 1 John 3: 17 asks "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

B.M.S. and other missions in Zaire have over the years sought not only to share the good news of Salvation but to meet our brothers needs not for such things as each house with a bathroom, or a fair old age pension, full employment which we all consider so essential here in U.K., but his more basic need for a healthy body and an informed mind.

Thus equipped our Zairian brother, if he has experienced Christ's love in Salvation for himself, will be motivated in his turn to share the gospel and the physical and educational good things he has received, for the benefit of all, and another step forward in the development of Zaire has been taken. Still today in Zaire a large proportion of education especially nurses' education is provided by missions.

It is, of course, essential not to mistake our priorities. The Zairian who has struggled much more to obtain his education, often at great parental sacrifice, is under a much greater temptation than his British counterpart to use his position solely for personal and family advance. I am convinced that only a personal experience of Christ can bring to full fruition the education and health care investment being made in Zaire today, and for that matter in Britain.

Coming back to continue medical studies here in Britain after four years heading up a nurses training programme in Pimu, has made it very obvious to me the contrast in medical training and education in general.

Education for all—In rural Zaire still a large proportion of school age children have no schooling because of lack of even primary schools. There are even fewer secondary schools, and one's parents have to be relatively rich to send you to one. Unfortunately there are great lacks e.g. one primary school of 300 children I visited did not have a single printed book.

Some of the secondary schools are better equipped but too often the syllabus is geared to a European setting and the out-dated teaching methods. The shortage of places means that certificates as such are vastly overrated. However the state is currently making steady progress in all spheres of education. Please pray for more good teachers both Zairian and expatriate especially in rural areas.

According to age—In the past in Zaire children in primary schools were often in their teens on admission, which meant that they were married with families before getting very far. The State is gradually solving this problem but there is an inevitable back log of intelligent citizens who, had they started off ten years earlier may have become specialist doctors. Now they are unable to continue training beyond nursing grade because of their age and commitments.

The same applies to church leaders and teachers and storekeepers and civil servants. Please pray for these folk often frustrated especially at seeing Europeans with perhaps less intelligence being their superiors, simply because they were born in a country with good free educational facilities.

The nurses teaching laboratory at Pimu, Zaire.



Ability—Where competition for school and university places is so high it is unfortunately sad that it is not always the most capable child who gets on. An underdeveloped rural area may well have difficulty in persuading good or even qualified teachers to live there so that a capable child may fail in his entrance exams elsewhere because of this.

There is a tremendous market in forged 11+ certificates and biased examiners abound. A capable pupil may have poor parents who feel that any education beyond 11+ is for intellectuals only and not a worthwhile routine investment.

Capable girls are particularly handicapped by the low prevailing moral standards, and teenage pregnancy often curtails their studies. Please pray for all who are able to obtain secondary education, or more that they may realize that with this privilege comes a responsibility to serve their fellow citizens. Pray also for all examiners that they may be fair without regard to religion, tribe, bribery or family ties.

Aptitude—The government of Zaire is pushing ahead with a programme of schools for the non-academic child too. At present these are based on two years secondary education and

include schools for tailors, mechanics, electricians and also auxiliary nurse training comes into this category.

Unfortunately there are great practical difficulties in finding qualified teachers and money for the expensive equipment needed. The need for such schools is made evident by the frequent sight of a pupil who has failed to make the grade to complete secondary education but will not deign to take up employment of any more practical turn preferring to remain idle.

Sadly nursing is linked with trades so that the more capable pupils tend to by-pass it; and for many applicants to nursing schools it is a last resort when unable to continue into the 3rd form of secondary school. In most cases a testimonial of aptitude is of little value.

Please pray for those choosing from hundreds of applicants to the nursing schools that they may accept those who will make the best use of the training.

Finally let each of us who is a committed Christian, blessed by being brought up in a rich, well educated and well doctored country ask ourself what we are doing for those in need in Africa.

Evangelistic team moves out from Bolobo

Bompensole, the first of the two villages to be evangelized was only 20 km. away, so we arrived after an hour or so and on seeing the village ahead struck up our hymns again. The inhabitants certainly knew we had arrived! The village is quite small, maybe some 70 or so mud huts, which probably means a population of 400 or so, with only ten adult Christians. The majority of the village are quite indifferent to the gospel, or even ignorant of it, many also having polygamous marriages.

At about 4.30 p.m. most people seemed to have arrived back at the village from the fields so we divided up into five groups of two people, with one or two of the village Christians coming along to help and set out to talk with people in their own homes, inviting them to the evening service.

Night was falling at about 6.15 p.m. when we reassembled at the hut which one of the local Christians had put at our disposal. Since as usual a crowd of small children had gathered to stare at the visitors we took advantage of the situation by striking up a few simple and catchy hymns and choruses. Soon the crowd had grown including a number of adults, and we taught several hymns to those gathered there, all of whom were very eager to learn and were soon singing as lustily as if they had known the hymns from birth.

B.M.S missionaries and evangelism

After eating our evening meal of kwanga or rice with fish or a little meat we again began to sing in front of the house, stayed there until a sizeable group of villagers had come, then acted as 'Pied Pipers' singing as we slowly strolled in the moonlight over to the church.

The service went well, being

Five centres of evangelism in Brazil

At Beltrao, Frank Vaughan has begun a meeting for boys, something along the lines of Boys' Brigade. The national name for this Baptist movement is *Embaixadores do Rei*—Ambassadors of the King, and seven or eight boys have already signed on.

At Pato Branco, a new preaching centre has been set up near the centre of the town. The Baptist Union of Paraná has bought a wooden house with space in it for a preaching hall and a caretaker's apartment. A small Sunday service has been started. Join your prayers with those of Valerie and John Furmage that this work may grow. Pato Branco is the "end of the asphalt" but the beginning of hope.

At Guarapuava, two young

very ably conducted by one of the Bible students and ended with an appeal, to which one young man openly responded; an act which demanded a great amount of courage in front of 150 or more people with whom he lives from day to day, most of whom are very unsympathetic to the gospel.

From what we heard later, others had been challenged and may well follow his example in coming days. Please pray that in such an unfavourable environment this may be so and that the local Christians, though small in numbers, may be given renewed courage to witness boldly in future as some did while we were there.

women have been baptized and Keith Hodges has been on a prospecting visit to Laranjeiras do Sul, 40 miles down the road. "The Orange Trees of the South" is a pleasant enough name to live with but Laranjeiras is a place where most men still carry a gun.

Roy and Ann Davies are at Paranaguá where the church has celebrated the remarkable success of Paraná's first Sponsored Walk. A large and active young people's group have raised nearly a thousand pounds towards the cost of a new organ for the oldest church in Paraná.

We met this group a second time at neighbouring Antonina where a rally of the coastal association young people was held. Antonina, formerly a port of some significance, is losing out with the silting up of the estuary and one feels an atmosphere of depression in the town. This, however, has not spread to the church which is beautifully cared for and well attended.

Your attendance is requested

This is election time for the B.M.S. Committee. The newly appointed Committee meets, briefly, during Assembly week and thereafter three times a year. Sub Committees meet more often. Mrs. Joy Crowther of Gloucester, a member of Committee since 1968, writes about the call to Committee she receives, along with other members.

IN his biography of William Carey, S. Pearce Carey gives a description of the first Valedictory Services of our Society, when Carey and John Thomas were set apart for their service overseas. It was both a solemn and sad occasion, and a very busy one, but as the day drew near to its close Carey managed to snatch a few minutes with Ryland, Sutcliffe, Fuller and Pearce who had shared with him in the formation of the Society. Together they pledged loyalty to the new enterprise. Later, Andrew Fuller described what happened.

“Our undertaking to India really appeared at its beginning to me somewhat like a few men, who were deliberating about the importance of penetrating a deep mine, which had never before been explored. We had no one to guide us; and while we were thus deliberating, Carey, as it were, said, ‘Well, I will go down, if you hold the rope’. But, before he descended, he, as it seemed to me, took an oath from each of us at the mouth of the pit, to this effect that ‘whilst we lived, we should never let go the rope’.”

That covenant was kept by those men, in each case to the death.

Ever since that day, 20 March, 1793, the work has continued on that basis. When men and women hear and answer the Call of the Lord to serve Him overseas and are sent out in the name of the B.M.S., they go to their work in the knowledge that those at home will “hold the rope”. Not for them the additional strain of being sent out in the name of a society which then leaves them to fend for themselves, or to be daily in doubt as to whether or not support will be received from the home base. Baptists have always honoured the pledge given so long ago,



The Mission House, 93/97 Gloucester Place, where many of the Society's Committees meet.

to support by prayer and in practical ways those who go overseas, in their name, on behalf of the gospel.

This support, if it is to be adequate and effective must be organized. You may meet a missionary for the first time when he or she arrives at a church for a missionary weekend. Behind that visit there lies preparation and organization going back across many years.

A young would-be missionary needs to have a “Call” very carefully tested by experienced and dedicated men and women. They will talk with the candidate before suggesting suitable training. Also, before a missionary can be appointed the needs overseas have to be assessed and consideration given to the resources available for the work to which the missionary is to be sent. Once an appointment has been made arrangements are put in hand for passage overseas and a host of other things.

During service overseas contact has to be maintained between the missionary, the Society and the churches. Information about the conditions, news of special events, details of the daily work and health of the missionary; all these items of news must be collected in the Mission House and then passed on to the churches as quickly as possible.

The bridge

When it is time for the missionary to return home on furlough, arrangements have to be made for accommodation, possible further training, and a programme drawn up for visits to the churches. Behind the missionary who speaks at the missionary meeting there is a great deal of prayer, of concern, of organization and planning. All carried out in order to honour the pledge given so long ago to, "hold the rope".

Not everyone is called to work overseas, but because of the need for many "ropeholders" all may be involved in the work. To some there is given the opportunity of service as a member of the B.M.S. General Committee and sub-committees. These committee members are the men and women who try to be a bridge between the missionaries and the people in our churches. Working to make every pound contributed to the funds of our Society stretch as far as possible. Seeking to make the work of the missionaries as effective as it can be. Trying their best to work with the Mission House staff. Using every means available to keep the churches informed of all that is going on.

The advocate

Many harsh words have been said and written about committees, but such strictures do not apply to all committees, and certainly not to those B.M.S. committees on which I have been privileged to serve in recent years. Names, facts and figures, budgets, deficits, surpluses: these can be very ordinary, even boring, but not when the imagination allows them to be transformed into efforts to spread abroad the good news of the Lord Jesus. In the committees we deal with facts and figures, but always within the context of the gospel; always within the great words of William Carey, "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God".

"Your attendance is requested". The summons to London is a doorway of opportunity, a chance to help in the work of our Society, an invitation to learn something more about the work at home and overseas. The Agenda is worked through point by point, the business is completed and then comes the journey home.

This is not the end, however. A member of B.M.S. Committee is concerned with more than the organization in London. The news of what is happening overseas has to be got across to the churches. Much propaganda is undertaken by the Headquarters staff and by the missionaries on furlough, but there is also needed the personal contacts open to committee members. Reports at Association and District meetings, talks given to various gatherings of our people, and, on occasions, a share in deputation week-ends. All these afford opportunities to help the missionary cause to come alive.

Many and few

A child places a coin in a missionary collecting box: A missionary conducts a baptismal service on the mission field. The child and the missionary are separated by many thousands of miles, but they are joined in the same endeavour. Without the contributions of the many at home the work of the comparative few overseas would be quite impossible.

When seen like this the work of a committee member becomes very much worthwhile. It takes little imagination to feel an affinity with those men in Leicester in 1793. They saw William Carey and John Thomas as going out in search of treasure for the Kingdom of God, and they saw themselves as sharing in that search by their involvement in the work at home. At the beginning of our Society, the men overseas and the people at home were to be one in the great work of evangelization.

The privilege

This is how we see it still. It is all one work; the work of spreading the good news of God's salvation through Jesus as Saviour and Lord. To have a part in this great enterprise is privilege indeed, making it a joy to receive a call to the committee, "Your attendance is requested".

Bricks, books, and batteries

by Margaret Hughes

B.M.S. missionary on study leave from Zaire makes a few comparisons

AS I returned to University just a few days ago to begin my second term I was struck by one of the few posters already up: "Grants" "Everybody out", "Pawb allan" (College notices are bilingual in Wales). My heart sank at the thought of a strike. While the one last term against expansion was not enforced by pickets and those who wished could go to lectures freely, the idea of a strike still brings too much to mind the disorder we have suffered in Zaire in the past.

I remember walking into a 5th year classroom one morning and finding just one boy. "Oh", I asked, "Have you had P.E.?", expecting they were merely late back. "No" came the monosyllabic reply. "Where are they then?" "Outside". As no further information was volunteered, I thought I might as well carry on while we waited and go over problems I had corrected.

Soon "Traître! Traître!" came the cry outside. It was obvious Kamanga was not meant to be inside the classroom at all. We did our best to ignore the interruption. Pebbles began to land on the corrugated roof. I tried to carry on as if nothing was happening. Then came half a brick; I jumped a mile! Then—ssssss—the air was being let out of my tyres. The Headmaster was not on the premises. We stuck it till the end of that lesson, then I fetched the headmaster from the primary school next door.

What was the trouble? They had nothing against me. They had gone on strike because they did not have a Maths teacher. He had left a couple of months before, and so far the headmaster hadn't managed to find another. They were tired of having no Maths lessons, and worried because they would have A-levels next year. How irrational to refuse the lessons for which they had got a teacher! But they had



The Headmaster, Mr. Richelle, supervising the unloading of science equipment at Kisangani.

become so frustrated and angry they had to express themselves somehow.

How much most of the students here take for granted—lecturers always there, and usually on the dot too. At secondary school level one occasionally hears of a school that lacks a teacher, but it is rare. In Zaire it is rare to find a school with a complete staff. In a letter from Ngombe Lutete recently, Miss Stockwell wrote of a neighbouring school where at the beginning of the term they had only two teachers out of thirteen needed. She herself was looking for two more staff in mid-November, having had to dismiss two teachers who had false diplomas.

Dr. Carrington wrote on 4th November from UNAZA (Universite Nationale du Zaire), "We still have not begun university classes, though I may start my Education lectures in Biology next Friday". Perhaps the University in Zaire managed to give all the lectures once they start, but there are certainly not enough staff nor enough rooms to permit anything like the

How thankful we were for
the new B.M.S. Renault 4.



individual attention we get here—the chance to sit down twice a week, just three students with a tutor, to sort out any problems.

Another thing that has impressed me here is the wealth of the equipment, even though I have seen comparatively little of what there is. After a few weeks I found myself getting frustrated in Physics practicals. One arrives in the lab: ten pages of theory and instructions to absorb; dozens of measurements to do; sometimes several dozens of calculations to follow (and you cannot take the calculators home with you); wasting time because I did not realize there was another switch on the oscilloscope, or looking down the wrong end of a travelling microscope (it was placed horizontally)! Even in the six hours I would not manage to finish, and would have to go back to the lab on Friday afternoon.

However a letter again from Dr. Carrington reminded me how fortunate I am. Writing at the beginning of December, he said, “We had a meeting on Friday to talk over TP (Travaux Pratiques) here and most lecturers said they just had not enough material to start yet. Fortunately the Botany material is to hand just outside the classroom.

Look at the picture of the headmaster Monsieur Richelle supervising the unloading of a few boxes of science materials arriving at the laboratory of the Protestant Secondary school in Kisangani. Only one other box is already inside, but to us these few boxes represent RICHES. A couple of months later I asked M. Richelle how much we could have to spend on Science Equipment for the following year. “£10” was the reply.

Our school is situated perhaps half a kilometre away from the hydro-electric station, but the electricity Board refused our application to be linked up to the town supply because we are “more than 50 metres from the main cable. Our one twelve volt battery had got to the stage where it needed charging after almost every lesson, and in the middle of one demonstration with a smoke box the light just dimmed and faded until we couldn’t see the rays—thirty disappointed groans issued forth as one. Then one bright spark cried eagerly “mademoiselle, the car”. How thankful we were for the new B.M.S. Renault 4, the old V.W. only had a 6 volt battery.

For the last three years we have had a cylinder

of gas (butane) for the lab, but in all the letters from Kisangani since September I am told there is no more gas available in town. Even with all these problems though, it is a far better situation than when I first began to help with Science teaching. I remember one day at Yalembe heating some sulphur (cadged from the dispensary) in an empty babyfood tin with wire tied round it and held on a twig over a candle! Some secondary schools still have little more than that today—including the three church secondary schools in our region of Zaire: Yalembe, Lingunga, Yalikina—and two of these are obliged to be “science section” schools because the government says there are too many “education sections”.

Many books

Another of the “riches” I appreciate here is the wealth of books. Before courses began in October we had to go to a lecture explaining the library system to us. I could hardly believe my ears when the librarian said we would each receive tickets. Ten! And not just ten altogether but ten for each library we needed to use! What a contrast.

I remembered in 1967 taking a box of books to school once a week—the start of our school library—thanks to a gift from Protestant friends in Switzerland. Further gifts from the American cultural centre, and from Protestant friends in Holland, and others have made our library grow to a whole cupboardful—that probably makes us rich by comparison with the other six or seven secondary schools in Kisangani.

Few books

What of books at the University there? I cannot say at first hand. American, Canadian and European governments and foundations have helped I know, but I have heard professors complaining about the lack of enough books in French. One student raised the problem of there being a single copy of one essential book in the Science library, and a hundred and fifty students to use it. The huge numbers due to the grouping of all students for one faculty on a single campus raise problems regarding library space too. Five hundred students in the first year of the Education Faculty last year. Nor could they afford to buy books for themselves, for lack of



A new building at Kisangani has bars built into the windows for security.

money caused the government to cut the grant of Education students by 50% (last year).

I realize that education is not enough, it cannot give a person a new heart, it cannot make selfish people unselfish, nor sinners into saints. I know there are Christians who criticize missionary participation in educational programme particularly in these days when national governments are doing more. Indeed I spoke to one missionary who was so much against missionaries being involved in education that one felt he should logically remove his children from school altogether, though note that he in fact sent them to a mission school not a state one!

“Spiritual things are more important than material things”. Yet how would we like to see our children’s school stripped of all its equipment and books, and half or all its seats? How can we be content for our children to have so much while others have so little? How can we be content for them to have a teacher for every lesson, while others go without? How can we be content to share the gospel, and keep our education and our material possessions to ourselves?

There is encouragement and opportunity in Nepal

by Sylvia Slade

B.M.S. missionary at Okhaldunga, Nepal

IT looks as if we shall be without a doctor for some time again. This seems to be the pattern here over the years. The local people just begin to get used to our doctor and put confidence in him and then it is time for him to leave. This could partly explain why the

medical work has not grown and expanded over the last four years.

Sister Hanna who concentrates on Community Health work will also be leaving in two months' time and so far there is no one to replace her. This will leave me alone with the Nepali staff at the dispensary. It will be disappointing if we have to suspend the Community Health programme too just when the idea was growing and developing and the home delivery service was being accepted. I will try to keep up with the weekly children's clinic in the town which was intended for well babies and possibly incorporate the Ante-natal clinic with this.

Before the doctor left I took the opportunity of going on holiday. I visited Tansen where I used to work and it was lovely meeting old friends in the hospital and the bazaar. Some

of the student nurses I taught are now in charge in the wards and are shouldering responsibility. The team in Tansen had a most encouraging time when the annual Nepali Christian Fellowship meetings were held there in October.

The coming months will see more coming and going amongst our staff. Two nurses who went to Tansen for more experience have not managed to get back yet. Another will leave for boarding school next month.

For the coming year the accent here will be on teaching and learning in all fields. The past year saw five of our staff taking government exams so that they can go on for more training.

We hope for a doctor and another nurse to come later in the year—any offers! Both short and long term workers are needed.

ANNUAL BAPTIST ASSEMBLY 1974

Programme of B.M.S. Meetings

Monday, 29 April

11.00 a.m. Introductory Prayer Meeting, Bloomsbury Chapel.
Conducted by Rev. E. G. T. Madge.

Tuesday, 30 April

1.00 p.m. Women's Annual Meeting, Westminster Chapel.
Speaker: Miss Wilma Harkness.
(Luncheon at 12 noon in the Junior Hall.)
2.15 p.m. Annual Members' Meeting, Westminster Chapel.
4.15 p.m. Medical Tea and Meeting, Westminster Chapel.
Chairman: Dr. R. E. Holmes.

Wednesday, 1 May

11.00 a.m. Annual Missionary Service, Westminster Chapel.
Preacher: Rev. Dr. B. R. White.
4.30 p.m. Meeting of elected members of the Committee, Westminster Chapel. (Preceded by tea at 4.00 p.m.)
6.45 p.m. Annual Public Meeting, Westminster Chapel.
Chairman: Rev. A. E. Easter.
Speakers: Rev. George Oakes (Sri Lanka); Rev. John Pullin (Brazil).
Valediction of missionaries for overseas.



The congregation leaving the church at Bolobo. The old hospital building is in the background.

I must go back

by Sylvia James

B.M.S. missionary in Zaire from 1971 gives her reasons for returning

THE country which had been known as Congo became Zaire; the mission hospital to which I went was leased to the Government, its dark, old buildings having given way to light, airy wards. My job as a nurse was slowly transformed into that of an administrator; nationals were asked to change their European names for others more authentically African; the Baptist church of the middle river region joined hands with its sisters in the lower river and upper river and together they became the Baptist community of the River Zaire; ways of sharing our lives changed within an ever changing life style.

No. These are not the reflections of someone who has spent twenty years on "the field". Nor

even ten years. They are just some of the changes which I have seen taking place during two and a half years spent in Bolobo, Zaire.

This is my first furlough and for me it is a time for looking back to what has been, for taking stock of what is now, and for seeking what the future could be. It is true that any living organism has to be constantly changing in order to remain alive, that change is vital, but maybe what is awe-inspiring, challenging, and sometimes frightening today, is the ever quickening, seemingly relentless pace of change.

I went out to Bolobo as a "new missionary", fresh from a mission training programme, inspired with high ideals, . . . and asking a lot of questions. The time which followed was filled in the same curious fashion as time spent anywhere; with satisfaction and with disappointment; with days in which to laugh and shout for joy, and days in which to cry; with the grief and the glory known to God's people wherever they find themselves bound up in the bundle of living with their fellow men.

I look back to the opening of the new hospital block. In one ward, which seemed so enormous, I picture one, solitary, little man, sitting on a new bed between dazzling white, new sheets, wearing one of our new white nightshirts with an expression of absolute bewilderment. That day we had the form of the hospital around us; how were we to help give it meaning for these people for whom it had been built?

Joys and tears

I think of a delighted mother who, after five months of bringing her baby for treatment, saw him stand straight on feet that had been horribly twisted at birth; and of other mothers whose malnourished children died, in spite of food being available; of difficulties to the period of change from mission hospital to government hospital; and of learning, through those same difficulties, so much more about our interdependence as people, about caring, and loving.

I think of times when I felt frustrated in everything that I tried to do, and of the times when I learnt more about acceptance and the ability just to be. I think of forming a circle with over forty pastors and village church leaders, in a church lit by one centrally placed paraffin lamp, singing and listening and sharing the Lord's supper.

When I returned from Bolobo last October the first question that everyone seemed to ask was "Are you going back? When?" A few have asked "Why"?

Yes, I am going back to Zaire. Why? I could very flippantly answer that I'm doing my bit to help Britain's fuel economy; or that my feet are too cold in this climate; or that life on deputation is too busy; or even that peoples kindness in providing hospitality and missionary teas is too fattening! It would be more honest to answer simply "Because I enjoy being there. I am glad to be there". Perhaps that sounds a very little reason; even a very selfish one. Let me explain.

Right in

When I first became aware of God's love and presence almost all of my contact with other Christians was with foreign missionaries. This because I was working in Uganda. At that time I thought that "Go ye, therefore" was a some-

what corny text which was pulled out for every missionary service and which decorated every newsletter or bulletin issued with a missionary flavour.

Now I recognize that "Go into all the world" is not in any way an optional extra for us if we happen to be missionary minded. As Christians we do not belong to an organization which can accept or reject certain areas of concern. Our church is the body of Christ in the world and that "in" must be right in.

Christ began His ministry when he plunged into a river made filthy by the bodies of countless men and women; He continued in a world where some people were striving, others feasting; some were lovely, rejected unhappy; others secure in love; a world where there was hostility at many levels, peace at some; a world that knew political, social and economic chaos; a world in which life was no neat and tidy, hygienic business, but a murky one in which triumph and tragedy, beauty and terror walk hand in glove.

In many respects things have changed. In others they are very much the same. Man's deepest needs do not change, nor does his ability to hurt his fellow man. In our world today we see chaos, but if we learn to listen we can hear that still, small voice of God who made the world and who came into the midst of it all in love. That voice calls us to be Christ's body in the world; we must "Go therefore" into the world, in all its majesty and madness, knowing that it is God's world and He does not change.

Glad to be back

That is why I am glad to be in Zaire. That is why I am going back. Because it is a part of God's world; because history is being worked out there with all the inevitable interplay of goodness and evil and because this is the very stuff out of which God has chosen to fashion His kingdom; because that is where, for this moment, I seem best able to share what has been entrusted to me and also to gain from the richness of what has been entrusted to others. There I am learning how much sharing only leads to increased joy, and that to a point at which it is found that the loser in fact takes all. For that I can only be very thankful and repeat that I'm glad to be there.

Missionary Record

- Arrivals**
 2 January. Mrs. J. K. Skirrow and sons from Rangamati, Bangladesh.
 16 January. Miss D. Smith and adopted son from Hong Kong.

- Departures**
 26 December. Miss A. Horsfall from Brussels for Kisangani, Zaire.
 1 January. Mr. and Mrs. F. Mardell and family and Rev. and Mrs. P. J. Plant and son for Barisal, Bangladesh.
 2 January. Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Sorrill and son for Chittagong, Bangladesh.
 3 January. Rev. and Mrs. D. Doonan and family for Curitiba, Brazil. Miss B. R. McLean for Jaubari, Nepal.
 14 January. Mr. C. Badenoch for Upoto, Zaire.
 17 January. Mr. and Mrs. S. Bull and family for Butwal, Nepal.
 25 January. Dr. H. G. Stockley for Rennie's Mill Church Clinic, Hong Kong.
 7 February. Rev. and Mrs. B. V. Williams and family for Language School, Campinas, Brazil.

- Deaths**
 26 December. In Southampton, Mrs. Jean McClure Stockley (wife of Dr. Handley G. Stockley) aged 75 (B.M.S., China 1923-50; Assam 1957-62; Bangladesh 1965-66).
 9 January. In Weston-super-Mare, Miss Daisy Muriel Webb, aged 88 (B.M.S., India, 1915-47).

- Births**
 4 January. In Worthing, to Rev. and Mrs. Brian K. Taylor, of Campo Mourao, Brazil, a son, Richard Theodore.

Acknowledgements

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