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A view of Vellore from the hospital

(photo B. W. Amey)

Strong arms and rubber sandals

*The Work of Rehabilitation and the
New Life Centre at Vellore*

by Ann Bothamley, B.M.S. missionary.

Have you ever thought how you would manage if you had an accident which made it impossible for you to walk again, or if you lost a leg?

In this country you would be well looked after by the National Health Service; you would have expert medical and nursing care, and from the moment you entered hospital people would be planning for your discharge back into your former environment. There would be services available to redesign your home, perhaps building a ramp, and maybe providing a

downstairs toilet. A wheel-chair would be a necessity, enabling you to continue to earn your living and to play your part in the community.

But what if you were born in India? You might have been the young lad who, falling from the top of a coconut palm, sustains irreparable damage to his spine; or the dhobie who can no longer stand waist-deep in the river washing clothes because some disease has paralysed his lower limbs. You might even have been the man one sees dragging himself along the bazaar, his hands and twisted legs covered with old pieces of rubber tyre.

What of these people? Has nothing been done for them?

Perhaps one of the greatest medical problems in a country like India today is rehabilitation. We can perform skilled operations and straighten limbs, but what happens to the patient when he leaves hospital with some permanent handicap?

Are we able to do enough to help these people to once again have a place in their home surroundings? Very often our answer still has to be "No".

Over many years now the Christian Medical College Hospital at Vellore has sought to do something about this problem.

Let us take a bus out of the busy town, teeming with people and animals; out along the road towards the site of the Medical College, past paddy fields, local women drawing water from the well, and rope basket makers spread out along the roadside. The bus draws up and we step down to find ourselves in a rural setting. A hundred yards down the road, set among flowering shrubs and palm trees, is the Rehabilitation Centre. It is of single-storey construction, built around an open courtyard. The person in charge who comes to greet us is, herself, in a wheel-chair.

A group of patients, also in wheel-chairs, are throwing a ball to each other under the shade of some trees. Their arms need to be exercised in order that they may become strong enough to manoeuvre a wheel-chair alone, and support at times the weight of limbs unable to move

independently. A double amputee, balancing with great effort on his crutches, slowly makes his way down the path towards us. It is here, in this Rehabilitation Centre that some patients at least are going to be able to gain independence which will enable them again to take a place in the world outside.

But these patients are the few. There are many more, like the dhobie, who will never be able to afford a wheel-chair, and anyway, how would he be able to guide it over the rocks and uneven ground that surround his little village hut? An occupational therapist has visited his home and designed a table at which he can sit to iron, with a heavy charcoal iron, the clothes which his son now washes. This partnership provides a living for them both.

Then there is the amputee who has come from a village in the South and already spent months in hospital. He can be fitted with an artificial leg from the hospital's splint workshop, but these appliances are costly. How can one portray to the reader the agony of trying to find enough money for crutches or an artificial limb, and what this can mean to a villager who has already borrowed money from family and friends in order to make his way to Vellore?

The New Life Centre at Bhaygum, a few miles from Vellore. Paul Brand carried out his first operation to restore the use of limbs to leprosy patients in the building pictured here.

(photo B. W. Amey)



These patients need, not only financial assistance, but that understanding and involvement which seeks to understand how they can be helped to live again. Probably in a village, with no running water and the simple things we regard as necessities in this country. Sheltered workshops and the provision of commodities which would make life easier are not usually for India's village folk.

We have mentioned the splint workshop—artificial limbs and crutches; but there they also make sandals, Black rubber sandals—for whom are these being made?

Back out again, near the Rehabilitation Centre, we cross the road to the Medical College Campus, and find ourselves face to face with a notice which reads: "New Life Centre". New Life? For whom?

As we walk down the rough path we appear to be in a typical South Indian village. Simple thatched mud huts with white-washed walls surround an open space. Everywhere there seems to be activity. Here is someone operating a small printing press, while in a workshop opposite the sound of an electric saw can be heard. Four young boys are making wax cartons, and not far away another is tending a baby calf. As we stand wondering what this all means another young man arrives on a bicycle and proudly shows us the large eggs nestling amongst the straw in a basket on the handlebars.

All these boys are wearing rubber sandals made in the splint shop at the hospital. Some of them have plaster casts on their hands and fingers. These boys have come to live here for up to three years after undergoing reconstructive surgery for leprosy. Their often clawed fingers have been straightened, and here they learn to care for those hands, to protect them against the damage that can occur when sensation is lost.

Paul is in charge of the New Life Centre, and his open face and ready smile bear the scars of leprosy. It is from him that many of the boys learn how to live again, for he is a radiant Christian. His fingers can never be straightened as irreparable damage was done before modern surgical techniques were available. Yet no trace of envy mars the joy with which he tells of others who can now use their straightened



Paul, who is in charge of the New Life Centre, stands by the methane gas producer. Cattle dung is poured in daily and gas is forced from it under pressure and piped to one small gas ring which provides the cooking facilities for the Centre.

(photo B. W. Amey)

fingers again. Each has to learn to find again a place within the community, like Adikesavelu, who was found to be an expert in languages, yet with hands so crippled that he could no longer type or hold a cup of coffee. Adi had treatment at Vellore, and as a language teacher at the hospital, has guided many missionaries and newcomers to Vellore through the intricacies of the Tamil language.

This all seems a far cry from the bleeding stump of a hand thrust under one's face on a bus, and the pitiful sight of some leprosy patients in the market place. Yet both exist within the same area, for there are many leprosy sufferers in South India.



Paul and Ann Bothamley stand by the chapel of the New Life Centre. They symbolize the partnership between missionary and national, while the chapel is a reminder that at the heart of all B.M.S. work is worship and witness to the new life found in Christ.

(photo B. W. Amey)

Some people say that missionaries should concentrate more on evangelism, for the developing countries are setting up their own hospitals and health services, and there are always organizations like Oxfam and Tear Fund to care for the physical needs of the people. Yes! medical missions will still be irrelevant while some Christians in this land fail to understand that the love of Christ was shown through caring for people in their wholeness.

People do not come to know the Lord by their hundreds in India today, or in their tens. They come in ones and twos, through a life they see lived in a hospital ward or in a rehabilitation centre, where a missionary visits week after week for months on end, showing the love of Christ by caring and involvement. They come to know Christ through the services held in the simple chapel at the New Life Centre, and the witness of the people who tend ulcerated hands and feet,—through a Rehabilitation Centre and a New Life village that would not have existed but for the love of Christ in the hearts of His people which led them to action.

The Story of Walthamstow Hall 1838 to 1970

The Story of Walthamstow Hall was published by the Carey Press in 1938. That story has now been reprinted as the first section of this new book. The second part continues the story from 1938–70. It was in that year that Miss E. Blackburn retired after twenty-four years as headmistress and Miss E. Davies, was appointed to succeed her.

Some names recur throughout both sections of the book for the school, which is essentially a family, has gained the support of succeeding generations within a family.

On every page there are names that will revive memories, but the book is not written as an exercise in nostalgia. It is the factual record of the growth of a school that today can take its place alongside the best in the current pattern of education.

It was in the 1870's that the move to Sevenoaks, Kent, was planned and effected, but Walthamstow Hall remained a private boarding school for missionaries' daughters until 1921. In that year the Board of Education recognized it for receipt of grant and Kent Education Committee agreed to aid it on condition that a quota of free place pupils were accepted from the local elementary schools.

Consequent on the Butler Education Act of 1944, Walthamstow Hall became a Direct Grant School and this it remains, to bring to the British educational system that variety and independence which it would be a tragedy to lose.

Many children of B.M.S. missionaries are glad that they had the benefit of the education Walthamstow Hall offers. It is to be hoped that many more will enjoy this benefit in the future.

Meanwhile Baptists can read about the school in which they have an interest and which they can support. (B. W. Amey).

The Story of Walthamstow Hall is obtainable from Miss Renee Harvey, Walthamstow Hall, Sevenoaks, Kent, TN13 3UL. Price: £2.25 (including postage).

They walk miles for medicine

by Edna Skirrow

B.M.S. missionary from 1955

IT was a great joy to us to know that we were to be transferred back to Rangamati in the Chittagong Hill Tracts of Bangladesh.

Four years previously we had been sent from Rangamati to Rangpur in the north. Now we were to return to the place we looked upon as home.

When we moved to Rangpur in 1969 we hired a truck to take our luggage. After the looting of the Rangpur bungalow in 1971 a landrover was big enough to take all our things, plus seven passengers.

The journey was done in stages with stops of one night in Bogra, and three nights in Dacca. Then on a December evening in 1972 we arrived in Chittagong our last stopping point before Rangamati.

The Rangamati bungalow had also been looted in 1971. As we did not know the state it would be in Gordon and Nesta Soddy drove us (Keith, myself and our two sons) up for the day. Work had been going on to repair furniture, doors and windows but I thought it would be a good idea to see the place before we moved in.

It is forty six miles to Rangamati from Chittagong. There are new things to see on the way. An Earth Satellite Station is in the process of being built. Further in the hills rubber trees are growing. Then we came upon hillside after hillside of pineapple plants. Around one bend in the road we came upon ten elephants.

We reached the top of the last hill and there lay Rangamati spread out before us. The lake shimmered in the sunlight and the hills rose to a blue sky in the distance. A few more miles and even more bends in the road and we were home.

The condition and contents of the bungalow

were not as bad as I had expected to find them. The church secretary and his family had lived in it for some months. Indian soldiers had occupied it for some time in 1971. Puja ceremonies had been held around a lovely tree in the front garden, Hindu gods had been put up and worshipped in one of the bedrooms and "Officers' Mess" written over the sitting room door. Now we were back. The local Christians were pleased to have us occupy once more the mission bungalow.

For me little has changed in Rangamati during the last five years. The church life goes on in the same sleepy old way. We listen to and rejoice in the revival we hear of in the north of Bangladesh. We pray that revival will reach the Hill Tracts too.

We read in the papers of robbery with violence and murders every day somewhere in the country. We all experience rise in prices on practically everything, but then what country in the world does not these days?

So we settled down to life in Rangamati. Keith into his work among the church workers of the Hill Tracts and, over a wider area, with the Pastors' Training School and The College of Christian Theology.

Myself to being wife, mother, teacher (to Peter and John), swimming instructor, headmistress, part-time cook, nurse, comforter. Then last June I began an "Under-fives" clinic on our veranda. Chandraghona had several of these going in villages near to the hospital and I wondered if I too could do something in this line.

UNICEF let me have some medicines free to under fives. Chandraghona hospital also gave me some medicines. Another relief organization, CORR (Christian Operation for Relief and Rehabilitation) gave me five 50lb bags of powdered milk. At the end of June a woman came with her small child asking if I had some milk to give away. I gave her half a pound and some vitamins. Off she went quite happy. The next day six mothers and babies came. The following day twelve and so it snowballed.

Besides vitamins I was able to give medicines for worms, diarrhoea, coughs and colds, sores, scabies, etc. But it was the milk they were really

The Rev. Keith Skirrow (left) and Mrs. Skirrow, standing with their two sons and other missionaries at Dinajpur, where they worked before returning to Rangamati.

(photo B. W. Amey)



after. There are no milkmen to call everyday to leave milk on your doorstep. The price of powdered milk in Bangladesh has almost trebled over the last few years.

A few weeks later after the beginning of my clinic, I was literally up to my eyes in powdered milk, relief soap and baby food and medicines when two visitors, nursing sisters from Chandraghona, came. They were able to help me finish the clinic by giving out the milk while I wrote names in the register and on tickets. By the end of that particular morning I had seen ninety children. So I said, "No more milk". It was impossible for me to go it alone with such numbers. I decided then to leave the giving of relief food to the Catholic Mission in the town and I would just concentrate on medicines.

What milk was left I gave to the very little babies. Numbers dwindled to manageable proportions. Those who really needed medical help came. Some walk three miles to the bungalow and three miles back home, just for worm medicine for their little ones. Medicines are very expensive in Bangladesh. The life-saving drugs are often far beyond the pocket of the Bangladeshi.

I had to give my youngest son a course of oral penicillin. It cost just over £1.00. This is at least three days wages for the daily labourer.

In a newspaper some months ago it was reported that "the per capita income is about 300 taka per annum". That works out to be about £18.00 a year. "Surely", the paper said, "the lowest in the world". Can you wonder that these mothers are glad to get free medicines for their children.

In six months I saw eight hundred new children and one thousand eight hundred repeat visits. When it was known that I was to be away for a few months several mothers came and wept at my feet, "Who will look after our children. Where shall we go when you are not here?" They are like sheep without a shepherd.

There are tremendous opportunities throughout Bangladesh to show the love and compassion that Jesus gave and goes on giving today. Did He not command us to go out to preach, to teach, to heal? In Bangladesh, "the blind can see, the lame can walk, the lepers are made clean, the deaf hear, the dead are raised to life and the Good News is preached to the poor".



Balangir church.

(photo B. W. Amey)

Missionaries leave but Christ remains

Wilma Harkness writes of the faith of the Christians in West Orissa, India.

THE B.M.S. and the United Christian Missionary Society (Churches of Christ, America), have been contributing money and personnel to the work of the churches in Orissa. Now the churches are planning to become self supporting.

The Baptist church leaders voluntarily decided that contributions for church and evangelistic work would be phased out over a period of years and this is what is happening. Most of the churches in Orissa are now part of the church of North India and the Executive of the C.N.I. are encouraging the various dioceses to become self supporting as soon as possible.

This has been particularly hard for the church in West Orissa which is very poor. The pastors

and church leaders have found it hard to understand the necessity for this. For so long they have depended on the West to a very large extent for the money both for maintaining the ministry and for outreach. Some of them thought that the churches overseas had ceased to be concerned.

Some leaders have tried to show them that to be a strong church they must learn to rely more on God and they themselves must make more effort. This is not easy when the standard of living is so very low and in the past few years the rice crop has been poor.

A town church like Balangir is not quite so badly off but the village churches find it very difficult to give if the rice crop has failed or has been poor. We would find it difficult too if often we had no more than one meal a day.

What then is happening? Money which was formerly used for church and evangelistic work is being used for other purposes. Emphasis is being placed on Stewardship not only of money but of time and talents.

Leaders and children from the churches in the Balangir District



Stewardship campaigns are being conducted. One was conducted in the Balangir church and as a result the giving was trebled. It is hoped that the giving in all our churches will be increased because of these campaigns.

One sad consequence of the curtailment of funds for church work is that many of the Pastors and church workers had to be retrenched. For these men it has been very difficult. For the most part it has been the younger men, those near to retirement and those with little training who have been retrenched. Some have gone back to weaving as many of our villagers are weavers; some are selling cloth at the bazaars. I know one man who had little training and was one of the first to go and he is now doing coolie work in the rice fields and preaching the gospel in his spare time.

The emphasis these days is on Lay Training both for men and women and some of the money is being used for this purpose. Classes are being held each year for those who are keen enough to come and learn and enthusiastic enough to want to pass on the message

(photo B. W. Amey)



of God's love without any monetary reward.

It is by gossiping the Gospel at the village wells, in the bazaars, by the tank where they bathe and wash their clothes that the Gospel will be spread.

I can think of one girl, Orpal, who came into our Adult Literacy Class for teenage girls. She had only four months with us and then she was married. Soon after she left us and went to her husband's village.

The next time she saw us she asked for some pictures and said that it would help her when she told a story to the women in her village. This is what we hope that the women who come to our Lay Training Classes will do. We hope that they will get a new vision of Jesus Christ and His love and with renewed zeal will go back to their villages and pass on the good news.

There are very few missionaries left and the administration of the churches is in the hands of the Indians. Our Indian friends have been sad to see us leave one by one but it has been no bad thing for them to have been forced to take over the responsibility. The Treasurer of the Diocese of Sambalpur is still a missionary, Carole Whitmee, but it is hoped that before too long an Indian will be found to do this job. Handling a lot of money is not a job any of them want to do.

So far the fact that our churches are now part of the Church of North India has not made too much difference in the worship of the church. The administration is somewhat different as we now have a Bishop. Bishop J. K. Mohanty having been a Baptist and Secretary of the Utkal Christian Church Central Council, which was formerly our Church Council in Orissa, knows the churches well and the many problems facing the church.

A few years ago when the changes in finance and personnel were being discussed one old pastor just about to retire said, "When Mr. Herbelet (one of the first missionaries to West Orissa) rises from the grave I will be there for I came to know the Lord through him and there will be all the people I have brought. Missionaries may go but they do not take Christ away with them". So the work will go on. This is our faith.

A brief visit to Bengal brings encouragement

Paul Rigden Green, B.M.S. missionary 1943-1969,
reports on a return visit he has just made.

"*Nomoshkar Saheb!* We have not seen you for six or seven years". I stopped the cycle rickshaw and turned to greet my Hindu friend in the Balurghat bazaar, who then asked, "Have you been posted here again?"

"No," I replied, "I have come on a brief visit".

He enquired in Bengali, "Have you come for '*Bayratay*'?" (just for a stroll, the same word whether for half a mile or half way round the world).

"No, I have come to '*kootoom jortay*'" (to visit relatives), at which there was a knowing smile. After you have had the privilege of working for over twenty years with the same group this was the right word to describe the living bond which had drawn me back to my brothers and sisters in Christ, and what a joy it was to renew fellowship with them.

The district of West Dinajpur with its centre at Balurghat is part of our mission field which fell to West Bengal, India, at the time of Independence. It has been the scene of a small mass movement of converts to Christianity from the Santal tribe, where over fifty of the seventy six churches have been formed in the last twenty seven years. For the last few years these churches have been left without any missionaries as new missionaries cannot obtain visas.

Like the earliest missionaries in Acts one could not help wondering how these young churches were faring; would they fall back for lack of encouragement and guidance?

It seemed good to the Lord and to us (the B.M.S. and my church) to send me last December to visit these Brethren. I met some of them in Calcutta, where I had to secure a special permit to visit this border area. I travelled the three hundred miles to Balurghat by bus and crossed the Ganges on the newly opened Farraka Barage.

I arrived just in time to share in the Christmas end of term celebrations in the boys' and girls' hostels. How good it was to find the High School and the hostels running well. Then followed a succession of visits to many village churches and homes. To them all I played tapes of messages from former missionaries, and recorded messages to take back. In almost every place I went I was just thrilled to see that the Lord had abundantly blessed, the brethren had been kept faithful and there were many signs of progress with new converts.

I was also able to attend two of the regular monthly lay training classes where I was able to speak to about a hundred laymen. To get around this district I was not able to go round in a jeep but by bus and the ubiquitous cycle rickshaw which now plies even along the country cart tracks.

To be there for Christmas, and I had spent more Christmases there than anywhere else, was a great joy, even though it meant moving around all day. Sidcup church had given me the



Climbing after a coconut and eager to get to the top.
A boy at Balurghat.

(photo P. Rigden Green)



Hello, who played the title role in the B.M.S. film, looking at Christmas mail taken to her by Rev. P. Rigden Green during his recent visit. Hello was separated from her mother at the age of four and helped by missionaries of the B.M.S. She now lives in Calcutta.

(photo P. Rigden Green)

Christmas Day offering in advance which enabled me to give some help to villages which had lost their harvest and also to buy several hundred oranges to give to the patients of the Government hospital opposite the mission.

The Matron, who is a church member, has been recently cited in the President's "Birthday Honours" list for her magnificent work during the recent war. I saw the award and the photograph of her shaking hands with the President of India. The generous personal award of cash she is devoting to building a shelter for relatives of patients at the hospital gate.

This visit was not just for the luxury of seeing old friends but particularly to try and sort out a problem. This needed someone who knew the language, the people and the situation. The seventy six churches of the West Dinajpur Jalpaiguri Baptist Church Union had decided before I left India to enter the new Church of North India. I had been involved in the negotiations and had been present in that upper room at Parchmarhi in central India when the final plan of union had been accepted.

We Baptists felt that far from giving up our cherished Baptist principles and practices we

were able to make the contribution of our particular insights in the wider fellowship, while at the same time we would receive the strength of the wider unity which would further the witness and service for Christ.

It was a matter of disappointment to learn that these churches did not enter the C.N.I. at the time of its Inauguration and it was a matter of deep concern when it was learnt that a certain group of people outside the area was denying the West Dinajpur Union the right to make up its own mind and had brought various strong pressures to bear upon these churches to prevent them entering the C.N.I.

However, the extraordinary thing is that these churches themselves decided, in spite of all this, that they would enter the C.N.I. and the movement for unity has been like a crusade. Instead of just being told that unity was a good thing and voting for it, now they had really to strive for it and the decision is their own and most enthusiastic at that.

The difficulties which had arisen had also the beneficial effect of producing new leaders. In particular Robinson, a bearded six footer, son of the Rev. Samuel Murmu, has become secretary of the Union and has carried through some of the difficult negotiations at this time.

The hospital matron holds the award received recently.

(photo P. Rigden Green)





Simon, Joel and Robinson, officers of the West Dinajpur Union, discuss plans.

(photo P. Rigden Green)

Simon Barla, the son of a Pastor, who had been saved from terrible burns as a lad, a brand plucked from the burning, is now the treasurer of the Union. These two men, now in their thirties, had been among the first school boys when we first opened our hostels and now it is a great joy to see how God has called them into leadership in the Church.

A few weeks before my departure for India I heard that Sunday, 24 February, 1974, was fixed for the special service when these seventy odd churches would be received into the C.N.I. However, my special permit did not extend that far.

There are five of our churches in Jalpaiguri, at the foot of the Himalayas, who had joined in November the Diocese of Darjeeling which largely consists of ex-Presbyterian Churches. I was able to visit Darjeeling to discuss the details of our continuing support for them.

It was perhaps inevitable that in the movement for wider unity there was in four places a loss of local unity and I spent more time speaking to both groups to re-assure them of our continuing fellowship and support. I had discussions with the Bishop of Calcutta and Durgapur, whom I had met a few years ago in

Sidcup. I also spoke to the Bishop of Cuttack who was formerly a Baptist pastor and has the care of the former Baptist churches, now in the C.N.I. in Orissa.

On my last day in Balurghat I visited our oldest church and two of our youngest churches where I witnessed two separate baptismal services. When I used to work there I did not attend such baptisms of new converts from other religions lest it be thought a foreigner was offering inducements. Since this would be my last day there I wanted to photograph this scene on my mind and heart, as well as on film. This new church would be nurtured in the faith and guided into witness and service by the pastors and the lay training classes, all of which would be supported and guided by the Church of North India. This seemed to be the right sort of organization, more suited to fill the vacuum left by the departing "foreign mission", which is seeking to enrich the fellowship and witness through this obedience to the Lord's command.

I left West Dinajpur deeply thankful and confident that the Lord was with His Church and would continue to lead them to increasing stability and fruitfulness. I returned home exhilarated and more deeply committed to backing up the work of the brethren there.

Unexpected guests

Averil Couper, *B.M.S. missionary in Zaire, reports from the hospital at Kimpese, Lower Zaire.*

“Accident! Get all the stretchers quickly!”

An emergency call that goes out all too often at our hospital at Kimpese.

As well as road accident victims from the nearby main road, patients are sometimes brought in from an accident site miles away from the hospital. No ambulance siren or telephone call warns of their approach, but as the injured are carried in to the out-patients and casualty department, routine jobs are left until later and the “not-so-urgent” patient has to wait a few more hours as all available staff do their best to cope with the crisis.

Delay

The time of the accident may have been hours before the arrival of the injured at the hospital and one marvels that the severely injured have survived the long and painful journey. Sometimes there are people killed instantly at the time of accident and others who have died on the way to hospital, bringing grief to unsuspecting relatives.

Depending on the size of the vehicle or vehicles involved, often five to thirty patients are brought in and placed in various positions on the floors of all available rooms. Meanwhile the nurses find those most in need of urgent attention. The shouts and groans are no indication as the most seriously hurt are often the most quiet!

Obviously the poor man with bones sticking out from his leg needs to go to the operating room as soon as possible. Hopefully there will be some blood compatible with his needs in the laboratory. Rarely do relatives arrive on the scene until later. Unfortunately, when the emergency has passed, some take quite a lot of persuading to donate blood to replace that already given to their relative.

Crowds

The inevitable crowd of people block the out-patients department, all curious to know what has happened. The clerk tries to control the crowd and take details of patients for the records. Meanwhile, as doctors and nurses give first aid treatment and write notes of injuries and treatment, other staff members play their part in such an emergency.

Laboratory staff arrive to take blood samples and set to work in their department on examinations and preparations for blood transfusions. The X-ray team get busy taking and developing films and delivering them to the doctor as quickly as possible.

The operating room staff are called and prepare for the first operation. The ward staff have a double problem. More often than not they have to take a look around their already full ward to decide who can possibly leave their bed and continue treatment as an out-patient.

Then the process of cleaning and preparing equipment for the new comers is hardly complete before the first patient arrives. The “guests” are certainly unexpected, but a place is found for them as beds are pushed closer together and others prepared in passage ways for the unfortunate victims of the accident.

Helpers

If the injured were travelling to or from some distant place it may take some days before the news reaches their family and they can make the journey to the hospital. As one nurse has responsibility for 70–80 patients at night he/she depends on each patient’s helper to observe the patient while he/she is busy with others. So hopefully the helper of the patient in the next bed will call the nurse when the bottle of fluid, which feeds the patient through one of his

veins, is nearly empty, or some other need arises.

For those able to eat a normal diet and who have no relatives at hand to prepare food, women from the church put their love and care in action and do the necessary preparations. A little food is sent out from the hospital kitchen each day. About 8 a.m. there is tea and bread, then a few hours later a nourishing soup arrives.

As people involved in the accident inquire the whereabouts of husband/wife or child who were travelling in the same vehicle, fears for their safety may give rise to grief. Kimpese hospital is fortunate in having a hospital chaplain. Although he has many other responsibilities, he is always willing to help and comfort those in need at any time of the day or night.

As well as the dying and the grief stricken, those patients faced with an unexpected situation such as amputation of a limb, are also in need of help. There is a department where artificial

limbs are made and not only do they serve patients at Kimpese, but requests come from other areas of Zaire also.

However, this is perhaps small comfort to those faced with the shock of losing a part of their body. It takes patience and courage as the days in hospital pass into weeks and weeks to months. The healing process may be slow and the physiotherapy hard work.

The physiotherapy department could be the place where courage and determination begin for the patient. During the course of treatment he sees a variety of people. Some paralysed from the waist down, struggling to become mobile with the aid of crutches and braces on their legs.

Little children with polio, some have never learned to walk, are taught to get along with mechanical aids. Certainly the helpful and friendly attitude of the physio staff make life brighter, even if it is a hard grind each day. In a room adjoining the physio department, men who are unable to continue the type of work



they did before the accident learn to make a living as a tailor.

Another bright spot in the daily routine is the morning prayer time. Staff and patients join in the singing of the hymn, listen to verses read from the Bible, followed by a short talk and prayers. During these times, or when there are opportunities for talking with staff members, some learn of the Guest they can invite into their hearts. For those who open the door of their heart to Him, their unexpected visit to Kimpese hospital turns out to be the high light of their life as they put their trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another interesting point of hospital life is the weekly library. A trolley containing children's and adult books, Bibles, magazines and tracts, is taken around for the patients to borrow whatever they choose. For those unable to read there is usually a willing reader in the next bed, or a relative, who will read aloud for everyone to enjoy the contents.

For those with minor injuries their stay in hospital will be brief. For the more unfortunate their stay will be a lengthy one, but eventually the day arrives for discharge and a date is



A quiet period in one of the wards of the hospital at Kimpese.

arranged for return to out-patients department for a check up.

As they sit with the crowd awaiting their turn to see the nurse or doctor and a shout of "Accident!" is heard, they will be reminded of their own arrival. Perhaps a conversation with those around them will include the high light of their unexpected stay at the hospital as a patient.

LET

LIGHT

SHINE (2 Corinthians 4: 6)

The Annual Report

of the

Baptist Missionary Society

is now available from:

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Decisions among students

The Rev. William Porch, who is supported by the B.M.S. in his work in Jamaica, sends the following report on a Student Mission.

At the Colleges which I have visited, we met with an enthusiastic response, sometimes seeing the whole College present for the evening meetings. A new song book was a good success and now we are being pressed to issue the music copy. The discussion sessions were full of life and proved most instructive for both students and instructors and these will form the basis of much programme planning in the future.

We saw several people respond to the invitations to trust Christ and dedicate their lives to His service. We cannot say that we saw hundreds but they came and we can record about twenty decisions. We were also able to commence training small groups on each Campus on the subject of "personal witnessing". We used a booklet called "A Master Plan for your Life". Praise the Lord for this success and pray for the continuing opportunity for work and witness in the Colleges.

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THE WIGWAM TUNE BOOK

J. C. Hall and K. Hodson, organist and choir master respectively, at the Heywood Baptist Church, Lancashire, have published a collection of hymn tunes in the music of today.

They are suitable for all age groups and all types of worship. The collection is entitled, "The Wigwam Tune Book". Copies at 40p each, plus 7p postage, can be obtained from either the Wigwam Publications, The Baptist Church, Rochdale Road, Heywood, Lancashire, OL10 1LG, or 96 Howard Road, London, E17 4SQ.

Missionary Record

Arrivals

- 23 February. Miss H. Pilling from Kinshasa, and Dr. N. A. G. and Mrs. (Dr.) Jones from Pimu, Zaire.
27 February. Rev. J. K. Skirrow from Rangamati, Bangladesh.

Departures

- 11 February. Dr. A. M. Smith for Pimu, Zaire.
25 February. Miss A. Flippance for Kinshasa, Zaire.
6 March. Dr. R. J. and Mrs. Hart and family for Chandraghona, Bangladesh.

Acknowledgements

The Secretaries acknowledge with grateful thanks the following legacies and gifts sent anonymously or without address. (5th February, 1974 to 4th March 1974)

General work: Anon., £400; Anon., £5.00; Anon., £25.00; Anon., (E.M.W.) £2.00; Anon., (F.S.) £2.50; Anon., (M.E.C.) £100.00; Anon., (J.B.) £3.00; Anon., £10.00; Anon., (M.K.H., Blaenavon) £2.25; Anon., £10.00; Anon., (Friend Frank) £25.00; Anon., £5.00.

Women's Work: Anon., £0.50.
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Legacies

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Mr. F. J. Catliff	5,000.00
Miss B. M. M. Harris	250.00
Miss W. G. Langridge	20.52
Mrs. F. Lewis	601.23
Mr. G. E. Morgan	533.00
Mr. A. Pratt	500.00
W. E. Stanion	5.35

The B.M.S. acknowledges with gratitude a gift from Southmead Hospital Chaplains' Fund of £10.00.

Death

- 26 February. In Melksham, Rev. Robert Veysey de Carle Thompson, O.B.E., aged 74 (B.M.S. Zaire 1923-1961).

Birth

- 8 February. In Sri Lanka, to Rev. M. A. and Mrs. Churchill, of Ratnapura, a son, Brendan John.

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