
forward

BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION

“Go Not”

STRANGE words to commence a missionary magazine but a reminder that there is a Lord of the harvest and we are the privileged labourers. Jesus had a plan for His disciples to fulfil and therefore His instructions were specific. Worldly wisdom would have made no restrictions on the territory covered; were not all in need of the message that the heralds proclaimed? Later when Paul and Silas desired to enter Bithynia with the Gospel “the Spirit suffered them not.”

Recently, Morocco has threatened the closure of its doors to missionaries, and missionary work is much restricted at the present time. The sovereign God, in whose hands lie the hearts of kings, has seen fit to allow this to happen, nay, has ordained that it should be so. Sometimes we are tempted to think that we could wage the warfare better than the One for whom victory is certain.

In this issue news is given of three more candidates who purpose to service God in North Africa. The desperate need of North Africa does not constitute the call to go. The Scripture says, “And how shall they preach, except they be sent?” Missionaries need to be convinced that God is calling them to serve Him in a particular place if they are to endure the attacks of the Enemy against body, mind and spirit. We often under-estimate the fierceness of the battle—and there are casualties. Jesus said, “I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves.” We must pray for them.

na|m

SEPTEMBER 1967

NO STAFF

HELEN MORRISS

IN Tunis, my young colleagues the Vishanoffs had a warm welcome and a meal ready for me, and friends of the Church Ministry to Jews supplied me with accommodation for as long as I needed it. I was truly grateful for this.

Then came the business of finding a home. I went straight to the Town Hall and a number of house agents, but they had nothing whatever to offer me. It was clear that I must just depend wholly on the Lord. Finally, after ten days, having found nothing, I set out along an Arab section of the town, hunting out the Arab house-brokers who sit in the coffee shops or in cubby-holes of offices. At last I spied one I had had dealings with before. Did he know of a flat to let—three or four rooms? He eyed me closely and then said he did—a flat quite near, on the first floor, all ready for occupation. Was this one the Lord had been keeping for me? I arranged to see it. There were three comfortable-sized rooms, a little kitchen, a wee court, and a cellar beneath for boxes. It was well-planned. The owner, a wealthy Arab widow, lived above, and it was because she was particular as to whom she had beneath her that the flat remained empty for a while. She seemed disposed to have me, so negotiations started. Her affairs were in the hands of her brother, a barrister, courteous but hard, so there were long hours in his clients' waiting-room, waiting my turn to see him, before the contract was finally drawn up and signed.

The flat had been left in a very bad state by the last tenants, so the next job was to find a man to redecorate the place. This meant a further expense and delay. Then I had to go and tackle the sharks who hire themselves out with their trucks for removals. Reading in Luke's Gospel one morning of how the Lord sent out His twelve apostles, I was struck by the fact that He not only sent them with no provision or purse, but "no staff" as well. Not even the prop which they might quite reasonably have expected for their long journeys on foot. Was it not to teach them to lean wholly on His unseen aid? What a comfort that thought was to me, with so much business to tackle alone.

But the Lord knows when to provide a human prop when needed, and I had two stalwart ones when removal day came—a hefty Arab woman who came with me to the flat to clear up the mess left by the decorators, and Steve Vishanoff, who superintended the chaos at the other end with unruffled calm and cheerfulness. The Mission furniture had been stored in a rented garage outside the town. There was more than I needed in a little flat, so it was decided to move it all out and then sell what was not required. But there had been heavy rain. The ground in front of the storage place was

You are invited to our

ANNUAL MEETING

Tuesday, 3rd October, 1967

Whitefield Memorial Church Hall

Tottenham Court Road (Nr. Goodge Street Underground)

- * 5 p.m. Tea with missionaries
- * 6.30 p.m. Evening Meeting

- * Chairman: Rev. Godfrey Robinson, B.A., B.D.
Speaker: Rev. Harold W. Stalley
(*Secretary General*)

- * Testimonies from Lois Morris (Morocco)
and new candidates

a sea of mud. On the first journey the lorry stuck in the mud. So after that they stopped at a distance and all the children in the neighbourhood turned out joyfully to help carry the smaller bundles. Is it any wonder that everything was splashed with mud—the men included? But they worked six hours without a break and earned their money. When they had all gone, I surveyed my “home”. The place was jammed with boxes, bundles and furniture. Mud was everywhere. And worst of all, the woman had pointed out to me high up on the walls a legacy of the last tenants—bed bugs! Impossible to move myself in yet. I decided the first essential was to go and borrow a flit gun, shut up the whole flat and fumigate it

There were other delays and frustrations, and time and again I was cast back upon the Lord. But gradually He cleared the way through. In time, the unwanted stuff has been cleared off, the place straightened, a few repairs done, pictures and curtains put up, and now it looks really sweet and home-like. This has truly been a wonderful provision from God, and I know you will rejoice with me, and pray for the ministry of this home. Already Arab friends have begun to call.

CASABLANCA CENTRE

ABE WIEBE

THE Centre is a small ground floor apartment not too far from the heart of the town.

The largest room will comfortably seat twenty people on the Moroccan couches which line the walls. Where formerly there was a clothes closet we have put up bookshelves. Scriptures, as well as good books in both French and Arabic fill these shelves. In the middle of this room there is a ping-pong table which folds up if we need the space. A smaller room, seating about ten, is used as a classroom with a blackboard and tables. A bathroom and small office complete the set up.

Soon after breakfast and family worship this morning, I hopped on my bike to leave for the Centre. Joyce and Patsy waved goodbye from the gate. I wanted first to concentrate on some study and preparation for the day, but barely had I started before a knock came at the door. It was H— who had missed an appointment here with me last week. After initial “salaams” the reason came out. His brother had had an accident that day. A truck in which he and five others were riding had failed to make a curve in the road; the truck overturned and he was badly injured, dying two days later. H— was very quiet and sad. He said his heart hurt and that he could neither eat nor sleep. We read various verses from the Bible, finally dwelling on Matthew 11 : 28 Jesus said, “Come unto Me all ye . . . and I will give you rest.” For his brother it is now too late, but I pressed on H— the fact that

Jesus is the only source of comfort and salvation for him. He left shortly afterwards.

By now it was time to get down to studying the chapter for the noon Bible study. Today’s reading was I Samuel 15, where Saul made the great mistake of putting sacrifice before obedience and so lost his kingdom. Even though I wasn’t leading the study today it is good to dig out any possible problems, as well as blessings to share with the men. At eleven o’clock I had to put this aside to get at a classical Arabic assignment.

Soon G— came, bright and cheery as is his custom. He had been disciplined by the church last summer, but has since been restored. Shortly after his arrival Joyce and Patsy drove up with the dinner in the pressure cooker. It helps when your wife works alongside—heart, head and soul! Up until today the weekly Bible study had always been held on an evening, but the few who could come were dropping off because the hour was inconvenient. It was decided to switch to a noon hour, the idea being that we would share a simple meal together with the study following. By half past twelve three men were on hand, B—, M— and G—, plus Ron Lilley and I. Lunch was a wonderful time of fellowship. N— arrived late and got only tea, bread, and fruit—we had finished off the rest! Finally we began the Bible study hour, as is our custom, with a time of singing and prayer. When we began this nearly one and a half years ago our goal was a

chapter a meeting. We try to select a suitable heading, draw up an outline that will cover the facts, solve any difficulties, single out doctrine, and pinpoint commandments or blessings. We have already passed through Genesis, and have now moved into I Samuel. The study went well, and I think the change of hour will work out fine. We'll have to try to get others to join.

By 2.45 only G— remained. He was to repeat his Navigators memory verses to me, plus receiving his new assignment. He did really well, but I wonder if he is reviewing the old verses. We had no time for the follow-up lesson today but he did pick up a book from the shelf for home reading. By then I felt like a few minutes rest. Odd bits of cleaning up and preparation had to be done before the day closed with a classical Arabic class. My teacher, whose name means "the early one", has been reading some of the literature and has come to a few of the Saturday evening evangelistic meetings. Pray for a spiritual hunger in his heart. By 6.15 it was time to head for home and supper, since immediately afterwards I was due to have an English student in for his weekly class. If only our contacts had as much enthusiasm about the Gospel as this young man does for learning English!

For us who witness in the midst of Islam where encouragements are few, it was a good day. Every day is not like that. In fact nearly every day at the Centre is different. Often I cannot even be there because of other duties. Last autumn I had hoped to use the Centre principally to gather in fruits from

the Bible Correspondence Courses, but we failed to get an appreciable response in this area. Now it is mostly used for discipleship training for Christians, some personal evangelism, and language classes. Yet I feel it is working out its purpose and that this is God's will for us right now.

NEWS

MISS MURIEL BUTCHER

Miss Butcher hopes to return to Oran, Algeria, by the middle of September. We thank God, with her, for renewed physical health.

MR. OSWALD CARNEGIE

The death has been announced of Mr. O. L. Carnegie who served as Hon. Secretary from 1939 to 1947. We give thanks for these years of fellowship in service.

DR. & MRS. JOHN GREEN

Our friends feel that the Lord has shown them that they have reached the end of their ministry in North Africa within the fellowship of the Mission. We do indeed thank God upon every remembrance of them and pray with them that the Lord will lead them into the place and peace of His appointment for them.

GUIDED GIVING

It was possible to send full allowances for the months of July and August and we are grateful to God for enabling this to be done.

“Which Dwelt First in Thy Grandmother”

STEVE AND DINNY VISHANOFF

A LOVELY evidence of God's power in North Africa is His quiet work in the hearts of three women in the same family; a grandmother, a mother, and a daughter. Back in the 1950's the grandmother, Habiba, worked for a Methodist missionary family. The wife in this family took Mrs. Miles, an N.A.M. missionary now retired, to visit Habiba. Mrs. Miles returned often and says she was always sure of a welcome and a ready audience for her stories there. Habiba joined Mrs. Miles' women's class and one day after two years of teaching and visits, she stayed behind after class to say that she wanted to be a Christian because she believed that the Lord Jesus had died for her. She accepted the Lord in simple faith. She is perhaps sixty years old now but she still gets up at six every Sunday morning and makes her way over the four or five miles which separate her from the worship service.

After Habiba opened her heart to the Lord, she wanted others to know about Him too and took Mrs. Miles into many of the houses in her neighbourhood. Among them was the home of Na'ima, her married daughter, to whom she bravely testified concerning the Lord. Na'ima's heart gradually softened, and she too came to trust in Christ.

Na'ima, now in her thirties, is the mother of fifteen children—she thinks! Only nine are living and it's hard for her to remember the others. Her husband's work is to buy up cattle to sell at the slaughter house, but because of government control he can only get a little of this kind of work. He is not a Christian but he is not harsh toward Na'ima because of her faith.

Their eldest child, Fatiha, also attended Mrs. Miles' classes and she too has believed. She is now about eighteen and has taken some nurses' training. She is responsible for a ward of fifty children for thirteen hours every other night. “It is only the Lord who keeps me awake during these night hours,” she says. Her supervisor respects her work, and he has encouraged her to seek a scholarship for specialized training abroad, probably in France.

One day at a Bible class several girls were tired and pretty giggly, but when Fatiha came in they quietened down and began to listen. Just her quiet presence in a room has its influence, but she witnesses in words as well. One of the nurses under her supervision, a Jewess, asked for a Bible to read because she was interested in what Fatiha was saying to her. Later she began to share her new Bible with a French nurse who couldn't help wondering about this girl who was so unusual in her character and work.

Let's not forget them and others like them when we intercede and give thanks to the Lord for His work in North Africa.



Camera Press Photo

Those who use the N.A.M. Prayer Calendar pray on the twelfth of the month for the missionaries working in the town in which this market is situated. Turning their shade-throwing contraptions with the sun, an infinite variety of salesmen try to lure buyers with their humble wares, while primitive doctors and dentists promise prompt cures with their "medicines". One of the main centres of attraction of the Marrakesh market are these men who sit around all day long, with pigeons for company, discussing political and other events in a most lively fashion.

PLEASE give thanks that attendances at clinics, boys' and girls' classes and other gatherings, were unaffected during the recent crisis. The English students are now on holiday and have scattered to their homes in South Morocco. One young man confessed privately that he is believing in the Son of God. Ask the Lord to give him courage to confess Him before men. Pray that the Word sown in the Gospel meetings will bear fruit. Each student has received at least two portions of the Scriptures. Pray for blessing on the printed page.

TAROUDANT, MOROCCO
Field Prayer Letter

So much has happened since my last prayer letter. I mentioned that the attendance at the worship service in Arabic was good. As the months have passed, the little group has grown, the Christians have increased in knowledge of the Word and have united together to form a local assembly. They are very young, but God has given us a mature spiritual leader in Si Embarak, an older Christian who is well versed in the Scriptures. Two others have been baptized and three of the girls desire baptism but are not yet of age.

This is a very crucial time here in Algiers. Prayers are being answered: the beginnings of a local church and fellowship in the Holy Spirit. But this has happened at other times over the years, and then the believers have been scattered, or grown cold. Your prayers are vital at this point.

I am writing this letter from the

student centre. It has been renovated, and students have been dropping in to study and talk. We have perhaps met more students in the last two months than in the previous two years.



We asked prayer for a university correspondence course for which we have seen a need for some time. The first course, prepared by M. Jean Bichon, professor of French at the University of Algiers, is ready to go out. M. Bichon will prepare the second on the Gospel of Luke this summer, and we have two other courses planned. We would like to ask you to pray with us about these courses. We are not sure if they should be sent out from Marseilles or Algiers. There are advantages in having the direct contact with the students but experience has shown that often correspondence courses draw a lot of attention to missionary activity, and there has been trouble recently in Morocco.

Marge Ballard
ALGIERS, ALGERIA

In my last letter, I told you that I would be going to Casablanca this summer. How excited I was about this—to be going at long last to the place to which the Lord has been calling me for more than five and a half years. But then I received word that, because of the

extreme difficulties in Morocco right now between the government and missions, our International Council voted to move the Arabic language school out of Morocco and into the south of France.

Arab radio listeners, a professor at the University of Budapest, in which he thanks us for having sent a Bible which "has begun to circulate among the students." "One of my Hungarian colleagues

from the Prayer Letters

Therefore, I shall be commencing the study of classical Arabic in October as planned, but in Aix-en-Provence, France, instead of in Casablanca. Although I must admit to disappointment at first, since this is my third delay in getting to North Africa, I can certainly see the Lord's hand in this and am so grateful that He is in control of my life and not I. With the change in plans, there is a mountain of little details that needs to be worked out. But it is thrilling to commit these to Him and then just sit back and watch Him take care of them. Many have already been worked out and I know that He will take care of the rest.

Ruth E. Beneke
NEUCHATEL, SWITZERLAND

At the time of the occupation of Tibet, the Chinese Communists, it appeared, availed themselves of the Tibetan Bible to learn the Tibetan language. Recently we received a letter from one of our

who teaches Semitic languages," he wrote, "uses the Arabic Bible with Hungarian students to compare certain Hebrew texts, as many Arabic words have a common root with other languages." He concluded, "It will be important to have many Bibles in circulation among the students as it helps them in the practical realm as well as in the spiritual."

The Bible, Scripture portions, Christian books and magazines . . . in short, the ministry of literature, is of vital importance and, for our School, an indispensable complement to our radio broadcasts. After a programme has been heard and perhaps forgotten, the printed page will remain in the hands of the interested listener to help him deepen his knowledge of God's Word. To those of our listeners who write to us we always send a Gospel, or the Psalms or an evangelical book.

It is in this perspective that we publish our quarterly magazine of evangelization "The Key of Knowledge" in French and Arabic, presenting the Word of God in a varied and attractive manner. The many letters received from our readers are a great encouragement to us.

Radio School of the Bible
MARSEILLES, FRANCE

DISAPPOINTMENT

An article in the January/February issue spoke optimistically of the possible development of indigenous Bible groups. Unfortunately these hopes have been disappointed, as the following will tell. We pray that our colleagues may be encouraged once again and that those who have disappointed them may come to know the Lord in reality.

OUR contacts with A., the leader of the group, have been more frequent. It seemed that we were gaining his confidence and he began to share more details of the activities of the group, and of his personal life. He even gave me a large package of B.C.C. lessons which they themselves had reprinted so that I could have a supply of those lessons for my work among the girls. He often spoke of their little centre existing somewhere outside the town and which they called their "House of Prayer". All this sounded very interesting, yet from time to time I could not help wondering why he never brought any of his companions to our house and why I was not trusted to visit their "Centre". There always seemed to be reasonable excuses for it, fear of the police, etc.

Then one day A. told me of their project to have a big rally towards the end of the summer to which all the members of their group would come. He asked me to invite one of our missionaries in Algeria to come and conduct Bible studies for them and to perform a Christian marriage ceremony for a couple of their group; he also asked me to help collect money for the eventual expenses of that rally. At this point I requested to be introduced to their "Centre" and to a certain young lady of whom A. had often spoken as one of their most active and courageous members and a real believer in Christ; somewhat vague addresses were consequently given to me.

A few days later I received a letter telling me that the one in charge of the "Centre" and whom I knew personally, was seriously ill and had been taken to a certain hospital in T. As I had to go to T. I decided to visit the young man in hospital, only to find that no such person had ever entered the hospital. After that I set out to

find the above mentioned young lady's home, which I found after a certain amount of difficulty. There I discovered that the girl was not at all interested in spiritual matters, and that it was A. himself who had done the B.C.C. lessons in her name and sent them to Marseilles. The young men whom we had known as A's companions all had been doing the B.C.C. lessons under assumed names.

Many other stories told by A. were discovered to be untrue. You will therefore understand that after such a discovery we cannot believe any other information given by him. He still asserts that all he has told us is true in spite of evidence to the contrary. It is all very puzzling.

What were A's motives in all this? Is he a boy that lives in a dream world, or did he hope that eventually he might get much money? What happened to the Bibles and other Christian literature he and his friends have received? Have we been trying to cultivate only weeds in our little corner of His vineyard? It is humiliating and heart searching to think of it. We shall continue to pray for these young men for whom so many have prayed already and time will show God's way with them.

CANDIDATE SCHOOL

DURING the darkest days of the beginning of World War II Winston Churchill's major preoccupation was not so much the vast problems which immediately confronted him but with the necessity of preparing in Canada our finest sons for the air force of the future. In the same way, at a time in North Africa of almost unprecedented gravity, the Lord enabled us to have our second candidate school in the first week of July. In all, nine were invited to attend and of those, three have been accepted into the fellowship of the Mission while the remaining six have been deferred to enable them to complete various courses of study and other requirements.

The three who are accepted are the Rev. Michael Paton, B.A., Miss Muriel Gadd, S.R.N., and Miss Kathleen Parsons. Their testimonies and photographs will appear in our next issue.

We were particularly pleased and privileged to have with us at Candidate School both the Secretary General, Mr. H. W. Stalley, and the International Chairman, the Rev. L. Lufburrow, whose contributions were most valuable.

“It can't be true. It just can't be true!”

A group of girls were huddled together outside the house which was their school. They had found it hard to believe the news which they had heard only five minutes before. Their school was to be closed! Meena was silent. The usually voluble girl could say nothing. Why, oh why, should this have happened?

There were watchers in the street taking note of the girls as they streamed out of the doorway, some talking excitedly, others, like Meena, too shocked for the usual chatter. The government had said that this work must stop and they could not understand the situation. Not only was school to end but there would be no more camps. Two years had passed since Meena had been to her first camp. Many things had happened during that time. The shock of her father's accidental death had passed and she found that one result of it was somewhat more liberty for her. He had been old-fashioned enough to insist that education—school education—was not necessary for girls. Somehow he had managed to avoid the authorities, and neither Meena nor her younger sisters had so far entered the doors of a government school. Perhaps his attitude had been confirmed by the conduct of his two older sons. They had both been to school and then had refused any work of a manual nature. After all, if you spent all those years in school, surely you should be treated with respect and deference, shouldn't you? Father couldn't see why! No, girls should stay at home or just learn housewifely duties such as knitting and embroidery.

Secretly Meena had been cherishing an ambition. Supposing she could leave her home city and go to Tangier. There she might become a student nurse and who knows to what dizzy heights she might not soar. She had met one young lady who had done this. She had learnt to speak English and French, and had trained as a nurse. She had even been to England for part of her course and she had been to Bible School as well. At first Meena thought this couldn't possibly be for her until she realised that others from similar homes had done just that. How should she begin? There

was just one preliminary step to take. Day by day Meena prayed about it.

And now had come this awful news. The school must close. Meena just could not understand it. She listened to her brothers as they talked together about politics, about the wrongs of the people and the faults of the government. She listened to her mother as she puzzled over these things and expressed her feelings about the people who had made it necessary for the Women's Fellowship to be ended. For Meena's mother was almost always present on Wednesday afternoon, enjoying the chats with other women and listening eagerly to the Bible message. What a help it had all been to have visits from the missionary at the time of her husband's death. And she would never forget the help and comfort given during those terrible days when she had had to face the fact that the last baby boy—her tenth—was not a normal child

The days following were extra busy ones. Meena and her friend had grown to be so trustworthy that they were chosen to help in all the business of packing. One little joy came their way. Much of the equipment was to furnish a room where their national Christian teacher might continue to give embroidery lessons. Besides all this, a lot of work had to be finished. Tablecloths and serviettes, ordered by far distant friends, must be finished. It was Meena with her friend Saadia who put in hours of extra time to finish an order.

"I can't understand why they aren't here!" Several times during the afternoon the sentence was repeated. It was the very last day for the school and a special "good-bye" for the missionary leaving for furlough. Yet Meena and Saadia were not there. No-one could understand it.

It was mid-day and the rain was teeming down like cotton threads from the sky, as the Arabic idiom has it. Two thoroughly drenched girls rang the door bell. "Is Mademoiselle here?" they asked. "No, she has gone to the port with her luggage", was the answer. This was surely too much. Tears came to their eyes. They were tired and wet and it had all been in vain. For Meena and Saadia had stayed away from the farewell party to finish a special embroidered cloth, they had walked for over an hour across the city in the rain—and they were too late. No, they were not. Hurriedly they got into some dry clothes and were driven down to the port. They passed over the precious parcel of embroidery and then had the thrill of seeing over the ship and of having a meal with their friend. At last the real "good-byes" had to be said. Meena and Saadia waved and waved as they watched the ship getting smaller and smaller.

What of the future? If **you** are present at the Annual Meeting on October 3rd at Whitefield Memorial Chapel you may see—perhaps buy—the cloth which Meena and Saadia worked at so hard.

MOROCCAN CHARACTERISTICS

JOHN HAINES

SI Mohammed's house wasn't very large: just two small rooms, a corner kitchen and bath. There was very little room for his four children to play. He certainly didn't earn a lot of money weaving rugs on his loom. Yet the meal they put before us was fantastic! There were four different dishes of meat, cooked as only the women from Fez (his wife's home) can. We not only enjoyed a sumptuous meal and a lively conversation; we also learned another lesson about our friends, the Moroccans. We would like to pass on to you some observations that may provide a helpful backdrop to your prayers for them.

Friendliness. Perhaps the most lovable trait the Moroccan possesses in his capacity for hospitality. Their very furniture and eating utensils lend themselves to the vast amount of entertaining they do. It's not at all difficult for a stranger to be invited to a Moroccan home. This, of course, gives us many opportunities to witness for Christ.

Family Unity. This is something we would do well to take note of. For the Moroccan, the community, especially the family is everything; the individual nothing. Therefore, when Bel Khadir received a letter of rejection from his father, it was a shattering blow to him. When a muslim accepts Christ, he has to stand apart and alone. Yet nothing could be harder for him to do.

Fluency. This word expresses our Arab friends' amazing "gift of the gab". Whether at the cafe, in the home, at work, or driving a car down a busy street, the Moroccan loves to talk. This is a great boon to language study. But it can pose a problem. Sometimes it's almost amusing to sit in the bookstore and listen to one of our friend's fantastic tales of woe or flowery professions of faith. Jeremiah 9:6 surely applies to Morocco: "Thine habitation is in the midst of deceit; through deceit they refuse to know me, saith the Lord."

All in all, however, getting acquainted with those to whom Christ has called us is a wonderful experience. We praise God for the increasing ability in Arabic which enables us to do so. And as we do, we see the individual amplified many times over in his culture. Friendliness, family unity and fluency are at the same time opportunity and problem.

RETIREMENT OF MISS M. CHIPPERFIELD



WITH the retirement of Miss Margaret Chipperfield of Alcazar, Morocco, loses a missionary of quite outstanding qualities—a colourful, robust and consecrated personality that the Lord of the Harvest forged into a most effective implement in a needy Moslem area where there has never been a resident male missionary.

Originally a member of the Emmanuel Mission (our sister joined the N.A.M. in 1945), Miss Chipperfield's Birkenhead training was supplemented by a priceless period spent in fellowship with Sister Winifred Laver at "The Vineyard" (Vine Street Mission, Gateshead-on-Tyne).

It is for her ministry at Alcazar—notorious for its summer heat and winter floods—that "Chippie", as her missionary colleagues called her, will be principally remembered. Her girls' class at the Mission House attained the proportions and importance of a school—so esteemed by Moors in the neighbourhood that there was constantly a "waiting list."

In an atmosphere of loving but effective discipline, Moorish girls were 'made wise unto salvation'

through Bible instruction that outlined GOD's Plan of Redemption from Genesis to Revelation; and such teaching was augmented by embroidery classes which assured that the girls were happily and usefully occupied for long hours in the uniformly helpful environment of a Christian home.

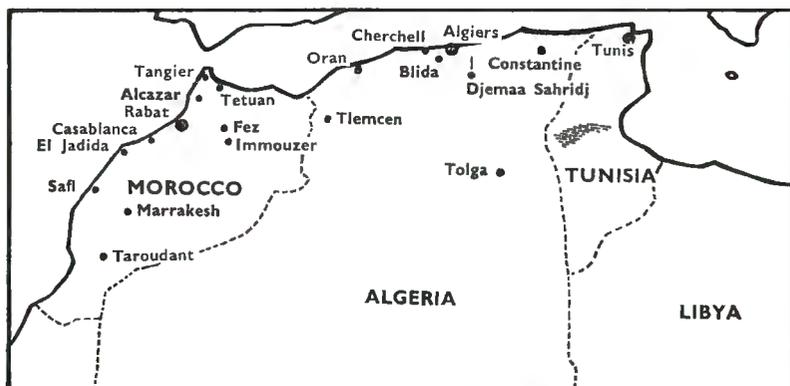
In this devoted ministry, which yielded, under GOD's blessing, some steadfast converts, Miss Chipperfield was sometimes quite alone; but there were two specially choice partnerships—firstly with Miss Gwen Theakston, and in more recent years with Miss Selma Klau. The latter has come home with Miss Chipperfield, and will be seeking the LORD's guidance in the matter of work among the Jews—for which she is signally qualified, and to which she is growingly led.

As we praise GOD for His goodness to Miss Chipperfield and Miss Klau during their fellow-service in Alcazar, nothing would please them more, we are sure, than that we should ask the LORD to raise up as their successors a married couple through whom a still wider outreach would be realised.

E.J.L.

MOROCCAN NURSES

Mounira Embarak and Khadija Cheliah, who completed their nursing training in England after initial studies at T.M.H., are now going on to a further stage in their preparation for the Lord's service. Mounira is starting at Redcliffe in the autumn and Khadija is going to France to study French. We shall be privileged to follow our two sisters in much prayer that "He will perfect that which concerns them".



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forward

CONTENTS

NO STAFF	66
<i>Helen Morriss</i>	
CASABLANCA CENTRE	68
<i>Abe Wiebe</i>	
"WHICH DWELT FIRST ..."	70
<i>Steve & Dinny Vishanoff</i>	
FROM THE PRAYER LETTERS	72
DISAPPOINTMENT	74
YOUTH PAGE	76
MOROCCAN CHARACTERISTICS	78
<i>John Haines</i>	

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1967, NO. 76. 'FORWARD' ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION INCLUDING POSTAGE, 4s.0d. FROM THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION (WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED THE SOUTHERN MOROCCO MISSION AND THE ALGIERS MISSION BAND), 34 BISHAM GARDENS, LONDON N.6. PRINTED BY OSCAR BLACKFORD LTD., TRURO, CORNWALL.