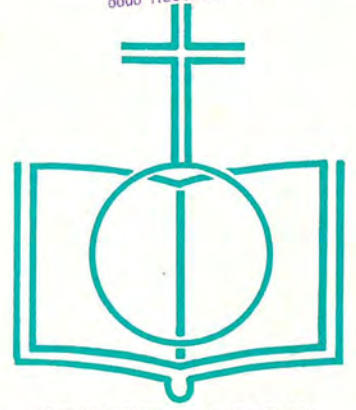


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Missionary

HERALD

The magazine of the Baptist Missionary Society



Women celebrating the centenary of BMS work in Zaire at Ngombe Lutete, in January

MISSIONARY ON FURLOUGH

by Christine Farrer



In six months I have travelled through 20 counties, slept in 18 beds, spoken in 47 churches and met hundreds of people. What am I? I suppose you could say that I am a sort of sales representative — a BMS missionary doing deputation, making known in the churches the work that is being done in other countries through the support of those churches.

I have met many extremely kind and helpful people, who have welcomed me warmly into their homes and churches. My thanks to them all. I have shared fellowship with Christians in young people's meetings, women's meetings, Sunday services, Sunday schools and day schools, and have been most impressed by the deep interest and concern in many places for the work of God's kingdom overseas.

Flexibility is a must

I guess that missionary life abroad provides

good training for deputation work. You have to be prepared to cope with anything that comes your way! This might include the blowing of the bulb in the only available projector, leaving you just five minutes to think of a talk to give in place of the slides you intended to show, or it might include the dedicating of a baby during the morning service.

In most places I have visited, kindness and consideration have been the hallmarks. Transport to and from meetings has been laid on, or clear instructions given if this was not possible; I have been given advance notice of orders of service; when letters have been sent to me needing a reply, stamped addressed envelopes have been included.

Mr, Mrs or Miss?

Just occasionally though, the organization seems to slip and life becomes less straightforward. Have you ever tried finding

your way to a church in a back street of a strange town when it is dark, and when you have only the vaguest notion of where you are going? Sometimes, it is impossible to comply with a church's request. For example, it is difficult to do so when you return from a deputation to find a letter awaiting you concerning the next one a few days later, asking that the hymns for Sunday be sent by the previous day! Perhaps some folk do not realize that there may be such a short gap between different deputations. It is also difficult to reply to correspondence when the signature on the letter you have received is illegible, and there is no indication as to whether the writer is a Mr, Mrs or Miss! These are relatively unimportant details when compared to other things in life, but they do make a difference.

My overall impression is, however, of true Christian hospitality and friendship. I shall take many happy memories with me as I go back to Pimu, Zaire. I must go back, for I need to lose some weight after all the good feeding I have had on deputation! It will be lovely to return to a warm climate, though how much I have appreciated the fact that wherever I have been, the house has been heated as much as possible so that I was kept warm, even though the rest of the household may have been expiring from the heat!

Lastly, I have lost count of the number of promises I have had that folk will be praying, not only for me but for the Church in the place where I work. If you have said to any missionary that you will pray, please keep your promise. Most of us can supply up-to-date information and items for prayer through circular letters, or in other ways if you write and ask. If, when I go back, I leave people praying more, and with an ongoing concern for the work of Christ's Church in other places, then this furlough has been worthwhile.



Church at Pimu with hospital in the background where Christine works

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COMMENT

There is so much more to mission overseas than just accepting the offer of service of a man or a woman and then, after suitable training, sending them overseas to the destination chosen for their sphere of service.

Where to go

Most people called of God to missionary work feel that He is urging them to one particular country. It is necessary then to obtain a visa and a work permit for that country. Regulations for this vary from government to government. Some visas can be obtained through a London embassy but others require application to be made in the country to which the missionary is going. Where these regulations pertain it is understandable that delays occur with their attendant problems and frustrations.

But apart from these official requirements demanded by a government, there needs to be consultation with the Church in that country to ascertain their mind on where best the missionary may be used. In a large country like Zaire, for example, where there are five regions, each region may feel that their need exceeds that of the others and the national body in its council has to weigh the claims and decide between them before it can advise the BMS in London of the best sphere of service in their country for the missionary in question.

What to take

When these matters are settled air passages must be booked. In earlier days personnel going out to the field had a long sea voyage in which to adjust from one climate to another and from one culture to another. This way of travel is no longer open to our use and today, within a matter of hours, our missionaries have to make these adjustments and cope with the well known condition of jet lag. Flying creates another problem too. When travel was by ship the amount of luggage which could be taken was almost unlimited. But international airlines limit the weight of baggage which any one passenger can take to 20 kilograms. This, it will be appreciated, is a totally inadequate allowance for someone who is to be away for maybe two or three years. The necessary extra weight has to be dealt with in some other way. It can be sent as air freight or unaccompanied baggage but this is very costly. Alternatively it can be sent by sea but this can take months, and how will the missionary cope until these essential items

arrive? When at last the baggage arrives it has to be cleared through customs and so often, it seems, that the sum charged does not depend upon a government regulation, but on the whim or fancy of the customs officer. Further, in many countries there is an expectation that the process needs to be 'oiled' by gratuities.

It is obvious that currency varies from country to country and, of course, exchange rates. But perhaps few appreciate that some currencies are tied to the American dollar and others to the pound sterling. So that the currencies with which we are dealing can be affected by events in other parts of the world. Currency regulations also vary from place to place. What is permissible in one country is illegal in another so that the Society has to be aware of all the regulations and the changes in them, in order to keep within the law.

No cover against loss

Just as crime appears to be on the increase in our own country so it is in most others. The problem of theft is a major one in many of the areas in which we work. It is possible for residents in the British Isles to take out an insurance against such risks, but this facility is not available in all countries and in most of the fields where BMS personnel work there is no cover for loss by theft and the Society has somehow to meet this problem.

Nor is there cover for medical attention. Our own National Health Service does not, of course, cover our missionaries when they are abroad and medical attention in most other parts of the world is very costly. There are many other aspects, too, of which, perhaps, few people think. Such things as housing and schooling for the children of missionaries. There is the matter of transport for our missionaries on the field and the difficulties of importing vehicles. It is not permitted, for example, to import a new vehicle into Sri Lanka.

Think of the parent

All are concerned about the missionary and to achieve for them the best help in their work. It is good, though, that in this issue we are introduced to another aspect. The thoughts and feelings of the parents of a missionary when their son or daughter offers for service.



Pastor Dioko in middle with nonagenarians Tata Masakidi (left) and Mfumu Mapeka (right)

The Centenary

or as our African friends insist —

THE FIRST CENTENARY

by Ruth Page

continued from last month

And so to the programme itself. The meetings were held in the open under the trees where all 'Matondo' or thanksgiving meetings have been held since time was, within sight of 'Bentley's kitchen', the first brick building in Zaire I believe, and throughout the Centenary celebrations a hive of activity as it housed the press and information department. The one in charge of this was C. Yengo, a French graduate and son of Tata Diansangu, one of the many who were arrested during the 1921 prophet movement and expelled up-river. The preacher at the

first service was Pastor Kwama, a very rejuvenated Pastor Kwama I am glad to say.

Pass it on

It was Kwama at his very best, lively, brief, amusing without being comic, and with a message for old and young alike which he thundered home in his own inimitable style. It set the tone for the First Centenary celebrations, looking back and looking forward to the second centenary. Taking his text from the Feeding of the Five Thousand, 'Give ye them to eat,' he appealed to every

section of the community, the idea being that having received the gospel it is now up to the Zairians to 'give them to eat', teachers, headmasters, pastors, church members. The singing went with a swing and the service over we were invited to the school refectory. Here we were served by secondary school girls and marvelled at the skill of those who had cooked mountains of rice in enormous cauldrons and kept it white and dry! After lunch occurred one of the most extraordinary events of the Centenary, called according to the programme a 'Marche Joyeuse' which

seems to me to defy translation into English. The idea was that everybody should foregather outside the church and group themselves into districts (Ngombe Lutete, Mbanza-Ngungu and so on). From there, led by the Superintendent, the Rev Nkwansambu, we should 'beat the bounds' starting with Kivianga and coming round the village, down to the girls' secondary school, along the lower road to the boys' secondary school and back across the football pitch to end up in the open-air enclosure for the next service. There must have been 3,000 people in that lively procession, picking off flowers and branches as they passed, singing, 'dancing' as only Africans can, young and old, men and women, and all of us caught up in a welter of uninhibited joy. Many of us will remember Mary Hopkins giving full rein to her Welsh origins as she stood on a chair conducting the procession as it crossed the football pitch singing 'Nzambi okangala' (God is marching on). It is something unique to the first century.

Time stood still

We reached the second service. Time was becoming meaningless, I did not bother to wind my watch over the weekend, there was no point in knowing the time! As different cars and lorries arrived the crowd was swelling all the time. They listened with wrapt attention as the history of the church was unfolded by such authorities as Tata Masakidi (his daughter Zolakio, his son Vangi, daughter-in-law Matondo Disengomoka and grandchildren Ema Tezo and Dr Ina

Disengomoka were all present). For all his 91 years he spoke with clarity and conviction, as did Mfumu Lubaki Sadalaki of Kibentele, now blind but with a crystal clear memory of the district where shots were fired at Thomas Comber in the early days but which later provided land for a mission station and for the famous Kimpese hospital. Tata Diansangu gave an account of the events leading to the arrest of the 'Prophet' Simon Kimbangu, correcting some errors in what is generally believed concerning missionary involvement. Finally Pastor Luvambanu, energy unabated, gave a detailed account of the beginnings of the church in the hill districts of the Bangu plateau. I think the sun was setting in the direction of the pioneer's cemetery when Pastor Wantwadi was called upon to preach, but the crowd had come to listen and listen they did. By this time a generator set had been installed and strip lights perched precariously in the trees. By the end of this service one could really have thought that the day was over, but a centenary occurs only once in a hundred years so every minute must be used to the full. Every district had been asked to prepare a centenary play and some time late in the evening we returned to the enclosure and in the cool of a cloudless moonlight night we relived the early days as seen through Zairian eyes. Our African friends are born actors and superb mimics and it would be difficult to decide who enjoyed it most, the players or the audience. We had the witch doctors, the early attempts at teaching, the missionary praying, only to find that his



Vangi, son of Tata Masakidi

whole congregation had stolen away while his eyes were closed, with tremendous roars of audience participation to carry us through the night hours. I retired at about 1.30 am and we brewed tea before enjoying a shortened night. The plays continued.

The labour of the years, justified

By Sunday morning things really were warming up with cars and lorries bringing people who were unable to come for the whole weekend. Visitors are too numerous to name but they included Rev Luyindu, Rev Wakoli (ex Hector de Cory) President of the ECZ synod for the Lower River, a Priest and Sisters from the Roman Catholic Mission at Gombe Matadi, C. Mandiangu, Director of IME Kimpese, Mama Nkenge and the ladies' choir from Kinshasa, the Kitega men's choir from Kinshasa, the youth band from Lisala, Kinshasa, and the Kimbangist band. The weather was perfect, sunny but not too blazing hot, everyone had dressed for the occasion and the sights and the sounds are unforgettable. They had purposely chosen the old well known hymns and the drums made sure that no one let them drag! After the opening worship there came a very special event, I can safely say, after some days to reflect on it, that it was among the most moving spectacles I have ever been



Pastor Wakoli (left) and Pastor Kwama (right)

continued overleaf

THE CENTENARY

continued from previous page



Rosalie Harris and students

privileged to witness. The old scholars had prepared a march-past in ten-year groups, from 1878 to 1978, with a banner for each ten years. The first banners had no followers, and then came Tata Masakidi, upright as a lath, leading in the 1898/1908 group. As they followed on, and to our utter astonishment, they had made uniforms like the uniforms of their period, the white shirts with red braid and the long cloth of earlier years, lead in as they always used to with a pipe band. Men in their forties and their fifties, fathers of large families, men in

highly responsible positions, they came in with a pride and a dignity which defies description. What must their school have meant to them to have done that? If ever anyone had any doubts as to whether we were right to engage in school work let those doubtings cease. A missionary in her first term said it brought tears to her eyes just to behold it. There followed other uniforms, the khaki shirts, the shorts (without pockets for economy), the blue shorts. People were so proud to join in. The 'big noises' and the lesser lights, they were all there, such names

as Pastors Nkwansambu, Wantwadi, Dioko, and many more. Headmasters such as Mabilama, Landa, Lusadisu and many others, teachers like Ditu, Makani and too many to name, women figured prominently in all the generations including Dr Ina Disengomoka and Mama Kwama Mabinda, now responsible for the women's work of the CBFZ in the Bas Zaire and looking so youthful in her khaki uniform. (Only a representative group in each ten-year cycle were in uniform, the others joined in their respective age groups.)



Water had to be carried from the river

'When the boat comes in'

by Christine Farrer

Nobody can remember exactly when 'Ship Carey' first 'sailed' into the schoolroom of Brixham Baptist Church, but it was certainly well before the turn of the century. Once a year the ship comes in, bringing her cargo — the money that the children of Brixham Baptist Church have raised for BMS. A 'radio receiver' set up in the schoolroom allows the children to follow her progress up the English Channel, round the headland into Torbay, then into Brixham harbour. But she does not stop there, she 'sails' on up the High Street, into the church, and is finally hauled up through the hatch into the schoolroom.



'Ship Carey'

Yes, she is an unusual ship, just a couple of feet long, and her journey is an imaginary one. But this does not detract from the air of excitement and expectation which grips everyone who waits for her arrival. She is a sailing ship, and her sails are made of £1 and £5 notes, while her hold contains the coins which are hauled out on a rope by a team of Sunday School scholars! The money is counted and a very fine effort it represents, with a total of over £200 for the year.

Last time the ship came in, there was a rather special note among the collection. When he was a boy, our Prime Minister, Mr Callaghan, lived at Brixham and attended the Sunday School. On a visit to the area last year, he had been to the church and asked whether 'Ship Carey' still sailed. On being told that she did he left a donation, and that note was made the topsail of the ship.

The Junior Church at Winner Street Baptist Church, Paignton, gave a demonstration depicting BMS work in Zaire. They had taken part in the 'Transport Target' project and had raised a considerable amount of money. Their interest having been aroused, they began to discover more about the uses to which the Land-rover sent to Zaire would be put, and they learnt about the sort of conditions it would have to cope with in that country. This knowledge they added to a survey showing where and how BMS missionaries are working in Zaire. They sang several hymns and choruses, including two in different African languages, and the whole made a most interesting and informative demonstration.

The Sunday Schools in the Oxford and Abingdon District combined to present an exhibition which through pictures, paintings, maps, models and written articles, showed something of the countries where BMS is

working and the sort of work in which missionaries are involved. A great deal of research and hard work had gone into the making up of this exhibition, and the wealth of detail presented through it was most impressive.

There must be many more efforts made by young people all over the country to promote interest and give information about the work of the BMS. These are three that have impressed me as a missionary on furlough, and I think they deserve to be shared. Perhaps they might even give you some ideas!

NEWS IN BRIEF

BROADCASTING TO ARABS

The Baptist broadcast ministry based in Beirut, Lebanon, plans to expand from one to three transmission centres in an effort to reach the entire Arab world by 1979. Currently the ministry uses the Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation and reaches a limited portion of the Middle East. The addition of centres in Monte Carlo (Monaco) and the Seychelles will cover the North Africa area and the Arabian Peninsula. The Lebanese ministry began in 1968.

CENTENARY YEAR

The Birthday Scheme Secretary of Perry Rise Baptist Church, Forest Hill, SE London reports that a lady on her register celebrated her 100th birthday in March. She is Miss E Hunt of Sydenham who has supported the Society for a number of years and faithfully continues to do so.

100-YEAR-OLD BAPTIZED

Mrs Martha Willie, a Miccosukee Indian widow who is somewhere around 100 years old, was recently baptized. This took place just a week after her profession of faith at a revival meeting in the Indian Trail Baptist Church, one of two churches on the Miccosukee reservation, Florida. She had become convinced that Christianity is not just a 'white man's religion' while listening to a Navajo Baptist Evangelist. Mrs Willie is thought to be the oldest Indian ever to be immersed in Christian baptism in the United States.

From the Belgian Congo to the Republic of Zaire

by Eileen Motley

My wartime journey to the Belgian Congo in 1943 took six weeks by sea, and the 200 miles by train from Matadi Port to Kinshasa from 7 am to 5.30 pm. Our engine burned wood, and there were stacks of this piled up ready at the various fuelling posts along the line.

Years later air travel was becoming a possibility, and when I flew back to Britain in 1974 it took only seven hours non-stop from Kinshasa to Brussels. Long-distance buses link Matadi with the capital, Kinshasa, on a road that 20 years ago was still only a dirt track; and Zaire has its own air service

covering its huge territory, where earlier the river-boat was the only link, as well as Kinshasa international airport. But world fuel problems have now hit Zaire hard and brought a crisis situation to all air and road travel.

Blazing furnaces

When I arrived in the dry season, everywhere was brown and dusty, and very hot. I was on my way to São Salvador, but had to wait for a special permit and visa for Angola, so spent my first months at Wathen, which was known to the Africans as Ngombe Lutete. They were burning bricks for a new building,

and I was taken in the dark to see the blazing furnaces where the sun-dried bricks had been built up into a pile and a fire lit underneath. This furnace had to be stoked continually with wood for three days and two nights. The people had made the bricks themselves from mud, and in this way the village folk have put up a big school for their district, like the one at Kinkoni in the Bangu Hills, although cement blocks are the modern building material.

The church at Ngombe was a pre-fab of wood with corrugated iron roofing, sent out from Britain, and this still stands although the people are in the process of building a new church. There were boys and girls in school, those who lived nearby plus the brightest from distant villages. Missionaries were in charge of school and church, but there was an outstanding young African as Head of the Junior School, Emile Disengomoka, who became the first to have the chance of teacher-training in Belgium, and whose death in 1963, following that of his gifted pastor-brother Nzakimwena, was such a loss to the Church and life of the Congo.

The three R's

For most of the children of Congo, school was in their own or neighbouring village, taught by the teacher-pastor, who tried to pass on his own often quite meagre knowledge, with very little equipment or salary for his time and work. The Belgian Congo Government approved of teaching the three R's to as many as possible, putting education in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church and allowing Protestant missions to share in this; but only the RC seminaries, or practical on-the-job training for specific responsibilities, went any further.

The BMS joined with the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society in 1908, and later with the Swedish Covenant Church, to organize training for pastors and teachers at Kimpese. And little did I think that after just over 10 years in Angola I would find myself at the *Institut Pédagogique Evangélique*, sharing in the work of this interdenominational, international Protestant School.

The 1950's were full of exciting developments. There was the beginning of the hospital building near the Kimpese centre, with BMS Dr Ernest Price and American Dr Glen Tuttle in the co-operative venture, which soon became famous as IME, the *Institut Médical Evangélique*. Here, not only was specialist as well as general hospital care provided but also African nurses and



Making sun-dried bricks

medical workers were trained. Now, for the first time there are two Zairian anaesthetists, as well as laboratory technicians and teachers in the Nursing School, with young doctors gaining hospital experience. But there is still great need for the help of experienced missionary doctors.

First secondary schools

In 1954, with the Government having opened its first official secondary schools, the Kimpese Secondary School came into being, the first in the whole of Congo for Protestant young people. Men who had already been teaching and in charge of schools, returned to school themselves with their wives and families, in order to gain the Secondary School Diploma. This was to all intents and purposes the most advanced stage of education to which any could aspire. Two groups of teenagers also came, their ability in primary schooling having gained them this first chance of six years' full secondary education.

Many of these, older and younger, were able to go on to university training made possible by missionary societies in Europe or America. Later, others gained places in the new university of the Congo at Lovanium, which was linked with Louvain in Belgium, and opened in 1955 with a handful of students. By the time Independence came in 1960, Congo had just a dozen or so African graduates and these were soon called upon to help in trying to bring back order to their country, which had fallen into chaos and disaster as the Belgians who had hoped to go on working alongside were forced to withdraw.

In the meantime many of the older men, who from 1956 became the first proud possessors of the Secondary School Diploma, had taken leading places in schools, thus replacing the missionary teachers. These men today are headmasters and school inspectors. Others hold important responsibilities in different spheres alongside church leaders, whose pastoral training at the same time had gained them the Diploma of the Kimpese Theology School. Also twenty-four of the wives gained their certificates as assistant teachers, none prouder of this achievement than their husbands.

It was illness that took me, very unwillingly, from Angola to Kimpese in 1954 to be near the hospital, but what a privilege it turned out to be, to be able to have a share, for two years, in so many new and exciting developments, and to get to know outstanding young Africans who have become men and



Chemistry class in Ngombe Lutete Secondary School

women of tremendous influence for God and their people in Zaire.

Pastoral training

From 1957 to 1961 I was back in Angola, sharing in the pastoral training of the Calambata Bible School, which brought together men and their wives, who again were to be so important for the future, not only from our BMS areas but also from Ambrizete, St Antonio and Cabinda, for which we had been asked to take responsibility after the death of Mr Stober, the pioneer of evangelical work along the coast. Then the Canadian Baptists joined us,

taking over that responsibility, and I had the further privilege of getting to know their young missionaries, giving help with the Kikongo language and working with them for a short time in each of these other districts.

1960 brought Independence and chaos to the Congo. In 1961 the rebellion against the Portuguese broke out in Angola and it looked as if the work and witness of 80 years was all to be wasted. Yet throughout the disaster we saw God continually at work through His people.

continued overleaf



IME Chapel at Kimpese

FROM THE BELGIAN CONGO TO THE REPUBLIC OF ZAIRE

continued from previous page

As peace began to return to the Congo, with the help of the United Nations Peacekeeping Force, it in turn provided a refuge for the thousands from northern Angola, some of whom fled for their lives, others to escape involvement in the fighting which in the end was to continue for 13 years. Angola is another story; but as the last of us left São Salvador to join our refugee people, it was to find another job waiting for us among them, in the schools and churches and medical work of the Congo Republic, whose people gave us an amazingly generous welcome.

Once again, in 1962, I was at Kimpese, with its six years of secondary schooling; theology school; school for *moniteurs* (giving four years of training for primary school teachers); women's school, for the wives of teachers and pastors in training; and a primary school, which was also used by students on teaching practice, with its African headmaster, Vafwa, who was one of those teachers who had come back to secondary school during the period I was there before. There were also two Africans as junior members of the



Inside a thatch and grass refugee school

secondary school staff and three Angolans enrolled in the theology school. By 1965 we welcomed back from America our first Congolese graduate staff-member in Noël Diawaku, who became in 1966 the Director and first Congolese Head of a secondary school. This outstandingly gifted Christian (another of those first secondary schoolers)

is now Vice-Rector of the University of Kisangani, having completed his doctoral studies, while a younger fellow-student, Wawa, is Head of its science department.

New university

One of the Congo people's most urgent demands at Independence was for more



Students' wives prepare midday meals, Kisangani



Poultry in laying house at Kimpese



Oxfam laying house and chicken run, Kimpese

secondary schools and further education, and as missionary bodies tried to help meet that need they began to see the challenge to provide opportunity for further training at university level, since for most of the talented secondary school leavers there would be no place at the two small State universities. Untold prayer, work and devotion went into the project, resulting in the founding of the university of Protestant inspiration, *Université Libre du Congo*, which in 1963 opened for its preliminary year at Stanleyville.

1964 was the terrible year of the Simba rebellion and the Stanleyville massacre. What of the future of the new university? In a gesture of remarkable fellowship the Roman Catholics of the University of Lovanium at Kinshasa offered the use of all their facilities. Furthermore staff from Stanleyville, including Dr John Carrington, were welcomed along with their students until the following year when they were able to return and start again. Stanleyville was soon to have again its old African name of Kisangani, and change has followed change as the Government has taken over responsibility. But there the university stands, with some of our African Christian friends right at the head. President Mobutu launched his Popular Revolutionary Movement for Peace, and in 1967 the name of Congo (really only applicable historically to the one region) changed to that of Zaire, 'the land of the great river'. More emphasis was put on the old values and the good of the African past, until the slogan of 'authenticity' began also

to include the bad of the old days, and it needed wise folk to get the values right again.

Not only was secondary schooling becoming more available for the talented youngsters of Zaire, but more and more of the young refugees from Angola, who continued to flee the fighting, learnt French and gained places in the competitive entrance exams; many made it right up to the equivalent of our O' and even A' levels. Outstanding ones have gone on to train as teachers, pastors, nurses, chemists and doctors, and today their ability and dogged perseverance, and for so many their real Christian witness, is at the service of others, some back in their own still war-torn land of Angola, some in the land of their exile where since 1976 many are refugees for a second time.

Community development

Another project begun in 1962/3 at Kimpese School was for the production of better food for both Congo villagers and refugees. Operation Agri flew out hundreds of day-old chicks in order to introduce a better strain of poultry. Oxfam helped with buildings, soon nicknamed by students *L'Hôtel des Poules*. From that beginning, and a technical training centre for Angolans at Thysville (Mbanza-Ngungu), there grew the Community Development Centre known as CEDECO, with training for young Congolese and Angolans in agriculture and husbandry, tailoring, carpentry and mechanics.

In his first year as a refugee the Angolan Pastor, João Matwawana, who later became

pastor and chaplain of the Kimpese Hospital, expressed the thoughts of many when he said 'God has given us here a chance of training, which we would never have had in Angola, so that in the future we may serve Him and our own people better'.

Once again Kimpese is a refugee centre, and the Kimpese schools, which for two years were State-controlled, are again the responsibility of the Church. The new name CECO indicates *Centre Evangélique de Co-opération*, which alongside the schools continues to serve the churches through Bible School, conferences, evangelism by extension over a wide area, evening classes, agriculture, bookshop and dispensary.

The Belgian Congo has become the Republic of Zaire, with development and potentials that would surely seem miraculous to the pioneer missionaries of a hundred years ago. There is still the call for missionary help. But if adaptability has always been one of the most important needs of missionary life, Zaire today more than ever asks this of its missionary friends from other countries. There are the failures, the disappointments, the waste; but there are the Christian leaders in all walks of life and Christ's 'ordinary people', who see the brightest hope for Zaire's future as part of the kingdom of God. And so with Angola too, at war with itself yet with a Church that is marching on, whose people have lost nearly everything but who are finding victorious life.

How wonderful to have a part in such a story!

FROM THE PARENTS' POINT OF VIEW

'How do you feel about your daughter going to be a missionary?' 'You're going to miss her terribly, aren't you?' My wife and I were often asked these two questions when it became known that our only daughter had been accepted by the BMS for service overseas.

A certain feeling of pride

So how does it feel? Well, we must admit that when the final parting came and our daughter's railway carriage disappeared out of sight, we felt pretty awful! After all, we would not be seeing her again for four years. But that feeling soon passed, and as we now eagerly await her letters from Bangladesh we must confess to a certain feeling of pride, if such can be permitted in a Christian. We are glad that when so many young people take the wrong road our daughter has chosen this path to follow.

It had really come as no surprise to us when she told us that she had applied to the BMS. We had known of her interest in missionary work, and especially the work in Bangladesh, ever since as a young girl she had heard Dr Michael Flowers, then of Chandraghona, speak at a missionary meeting. During her subsequent training as a nurse that interest never wavered and when the call came clearly she responded.

Her acceptance by the BMS Candidate Board in March 1977 started what proved to be a very busy and most informative year, not only for her but for us, her parents. Despite a lifelong interest in foreign missions we did not fully realize just what being a prospective missionary entailed. There was still a long way to go. First of all, she wished to gain more experience in a particular branch of her chosen profession and in this the BMS concurred. Then the Society wished her to spend some time at St Andrew's Missionary College at Selly Oak, Birmingham.



Perhaps for us the realization that our daughter was actually going to be a missionary began with the arrival in our home of three 45-gallon oil drums – the 'missionary drums' recommended these days for a missionary's sea luggage. Then began the planning of what should be taken for a stay of four years in a country where, even if certain things were obtainable, they were still very expensive. Have you ever thought of how much toothpaste you use in four years; how many pairs of shoes and stockings; how much soap? And much more. The Society provided a list of suggestions, of course, but much was left to our daughter as an individual to decide what she would or would not pack, what books to take and what to leave behind, what uniforms to be ordered, what items of medical equipment and other things to take.

All very exciting

In all this our daughter shared her thoughts with us. Very soon our front room began to look like a jumble sale. The three large oil drums were surrounded by piles of clothing and equipment, food such as puddings which can be made up with water rather than milk, cartons of dried milk and coffee (very expensive in Bangladesh), and little luxuries that might be used for a future festive occasion on the mission field. Throughout, a careful check was kept on weight and bulk. It was all very exciting and gave us a fresh insight into what becoming a missionary involved.

Halfway through this time a missionary from Bangladesh spent a weekend in our home, gave our daughter valuable advice about many things and caused us to change our thoughts on some decisions already made.

Since our daughter was going to be at Selly Oak for some months before she actually left for Bangladesh, she wished as much of her sea luggage to be packed as possible and the drum sealed before she went. No one was more surprised than her parents when this finally happened but, gradually, order was produced from seeming chaos. Two drums were filled and sealed and the third left half-filled for mother to complete. On the outside of the drums there had to be painted in large letters the name, destination and drum number. Then a complete list of the contents of each drum had to be typed in duplicate for Bangladesh Customs. This was father's job.

As I say, it was all very exciting and we had many a laugh as the process went on. But it was also a lesson to us, as we realized what was involved both for the Society and the missionary in these times. Gone were the days when Bangladesh was known as Bengal and a British missionary had no problem with entry into the Indian sub-continent. Now there was the question of visas to be applied for and much form-filling to be done. It was perhaps this question of visas which gave us our greatest lesson. For some reason there was a clamp-down and some visas were refused. This came as a bolt from the blue and affected Brazil as well as Bangladesh.

Wavering faith

It was at this time that we parents began to wonder if all the preparation was going to be for nothing. We thought that our daughter might have to do some rethinking but strangely enough, or perhaps not so strangely, her faith did not waver as much as ours and



she was fairly untroubled during the whole business. The knowledge that the visas had been finally granted reached her when she was home for a few days just before the valedictory service from her home church. Our lack of faith was rebuked and she returned to Selly Oak knowing that all was well.

Later, after a departure date had been settled, and as that time drew near, there was a further delay and she had to come home again, not really knowing the position. But on the night she arrived home, late in the evening, she had a phone call from HQ telling her that the visas had finally arrived in London and were being sent on to all concerned. What rejoicing, and what a lesson all this was to us as Christians! God would work His purpose out despite governments, and whatever the future had in store it came to us afresh that all would be well because God holds the key to the future and we should be content to leave all with Him.



Not begrudging but supporting

Last minute packing done for the air journey, which caused some thought with a weight limit of 20 kilos, a tearful farewell at the railway station and our daughter was finally off. The great adventure for God had begun. Next day she would be in Dacca. What a change from the days when a sea journey to that part of the world would have taken several weeks. At least then you had all your luggage with you!

Language study lies ahead, a missionary's first and perhaps greatest hurdle; then, on to the hospital at Chandraghona to practise her profession in the will of God and in the place to which He has called her. As parents, we do not begrudge our daughter to the mission field. Rather, the contrary. We too have our task, which is to be her support in prayer. This we promise to do.

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The 'A' to 'Z' of Mission

Saturday 29 July – Saturday 5 August

A Teach-In to be held at C E House,
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The aim will be to study the history of BMS work in Africa, to share in the celebration of the centenary of the Congo Mission (Angola to Zaire), and to consider our response to the challenges and opportunities of the future.

There will be sessions of Bible studies, lectures, seminars, discussion groups, films etc., and recreational activities will also be planned.

Minimum age 18 years, Cost £32.

Send now for more details and a booking form to: Rev V G Lewis,
BMS, 93 Gloucester Place, London W1H 4AA.

LEPROSY CHANGES ITS IMAGE

by Edna Staple

Less than 40 years ago there was still little that could be done for those who suffered from leprosy, other than giving them compassionate care. This need for loving service to some of society's rejects was recognized by Wellesley Bailey, an Irish missionary to India over 100 years ago, and brought into being the organization now known as The Leprosy Mission; the concern has been shared by many other Christian bodies, including the BMS.

Custodial care in special settlements, where Christian concern sought to meet the needs of those who could never again hope to lead a normal life, was the best response possible before the 1940's, and those who committed themselves to this task deserve sincere admiration. But the system, while solving some problems, created others. The patient, isolated from the normal life of family and society, could become institutionalized mentally as well as physically, and could easily lapse into a state of self-pity. His illness then became the most important thing in his life, and as disabilities increased so did a demanding dependence upon the charity of others. When self-respect was lost, so was any hope of being respected by society, and continuing life was well named 'a living death'.



Edna Staple conducts foot inspection

Leprosy is not what it used to be

The introduction of the sulfone drugs in the 1940's provided, for the first time, an effective means of treating leprosy. As infectivity was controlled, and as early treatment prevented the development of the nerve damage that leads to ulceration and deformity, so isolation and hospitalization became less and less necessary. By the late 1960's most people having treatment for leprosy were living in their own homes and attending leprosy hospitals and clinics as out-patients. Today it is recognized that ideally this treatment should be completely integrated in the normal services of general hospitals, though the ideal is not always attainable. As with other diseases, the specialist centre, staffed by people with training and experience in leprosy, is still needed, not only for dealing with complications but to provide facilities for teaching and research.

During recent years advances in many branches of medical science have contributed to increased understanding of leprosy, which in turn has removed much ancient and deep-rooted fear of the disease. We now know that leprosy is only very mildly contagious, that only a small proportion of those who have the disease can pass it on to others, and that most people are equipped with a natural resistance to the infection. Between scientific knowledge and folklore however, there is a wide gap, and age-old prejudices are not easily eradicated. (How would *you* react on learning that your next-door neighbour had leprosy?)

'The place of hope'

In 1960 the hospital at Kimpese opened its leprosy department, now called Kivuvu 'the place of hope', with 50 patients transferred from other institutions, many of them crippled. By the end of 1964 the number registered had risen to 150. Of these 100 were still under treatment and 98 of them were resident, together with a number of healthy spouses and 75 children, all of whom

kept the financial resources stretched and the staff busy in treating all sorts of illnesses, major and minor, and providing some education for the children. The picture is now very different. Of nearly 1,500 patients registered, hundreds have been cured, many have returned to Angola, some have died and some are 'lost to control', while about 750 remain on treatment. The number of residents at Kivuvu fluctuates between 10 and 20, and most are there only for a few months. The rest attend as out-patients at Kivuvu or at one of 18 clinics, up to 85 miles away, which are visited quarterly by a Kivuvu team of a doctor and nurse or two nurses; some are reached by road, for others we use the small plane based at the hospital and piloted by a member of the Missionary Aviation Fellowship. Only when special circumstances necessitate hospital care or supervised treatment does the patient need to come and stay at Kivuvu. Thus the disruption of family and social life is minimized, and with early, regular treatment reducing the risk of incapacitating complications, the patient is usually able to follow his normal occupation.

Neglect is the biggest factor in the development of the crippling sores and deformities that have for so long been erroneously considered as the 'hallmark' of leprosy. Occasionally it is, at least in part, the patient's fault, since suffering from a curable disease does not automatically ensure co-operation in achieving that cure!

Sometimes treatment is not available; probably only one in five of those suffering from leprosy today is able to get treatment. Few, if any, of our patients who returned to Angola have been able to continue, and some have already come back to Zaire in a much worse state than when they left. Sometimes neglect occurs because doctors and nurses do not know how to recognize and how to treat leprosy. A young law student attended a university hospital skin clinic at intervals over three years, receiving



Patient awaits treatment at Kivuvu

various treatments for the light-coloured patches on his left arm; only when involvement of a major nerve caused 'clawing' and weakness of two fingers was the correct diagnosis made. Anti-leprosy treatment, and a long course of anti-inflammatory drugs of the cortisone group, is proving effective. As he works hard at physiotherapy exercises, and at occupational therapy such as typing and knitting, we hope that the residual deformity will be minimal. But to achieve this has meant a year away from his studies. A bright pink pullover, of which he is very proud, is small compensation for that.

Teaching is important

The above case indicates why teaching is so important, at all levels of the medical profession. Many people come to Kivuvu to learn: our own nursing students for two weeks of practical experience in the last year of their training; new missionary doctors and nurses during the required period of orientation on arrival in the country; Zairian nurses who are, or who will be, specializing in leprosy, for courses lasting four months; government district health officers for revision courses of two or three days. We go out to teach too. The health officers arrange for groups of nurses working in their areas to meet us at a convenient clinic for study days. With funds provided by The Leprosy Mission I can travel, as invited, to other parts of Zaire, to teach about leprosy and to advise and help with problems. This has enabled me to see some of our trainees

in their own setting, to encourage many who are working in places of geographical and professional isolation, and to interest others and help create greater understanding of the disease and recognition of the challenges involved. The Leprosy Mission has also given funds for several seminars, to which doctors and others from government and company medical services and from Catholic and Protestant missions have been invited. To these seminars, planned for those able to benefit at a high professional level, Dr Stanley Browne, former BMS missionary and now Director of the Leprosy Study Centre, has brought his profound knowledge and vast experience.

Research has increased

Research into many of leprosy's unanswered questions has increased in scope and momentum in recent years, and at Kivuvu we are privileged to have a small part in this, when sometimes a programme needs simple tests carried out with accuracy on a series of patients before being carefully reported. This also benefits the self-esteem of the co-operating patients! Detailed information about patients, their disease, treatment, results of tests and general response has been sent to our former director, Dr Wayne Meyers, who is feeding it into a computer in Washington and building up an important body of material for study.

As work goes on in laboratories around the world, it may be that in a few years' time we shall know whether there is a non-human source of the germ that causes leprosy. We may understand why a few people exposed to the infection will get it, but most will not. We may have a simple test for detecting those at risk. We may even, please God, have a vaccine. A major difficulty now appearing is that of resistance of the germ to sulfone, the inexpensive drug that forms the basis of all treatment programmes; resistance is particularly likely to occur if treatment is irregular or inadequate. Other drugs are available, but the cost, for mass use, is beyond the present resources of most leprosy services. So we hope for progress in the discovery of new treatments.

All this is a far cry from conventional missionary service, but professional work of a high standard carried out by a team of Christian workers, and so combined with a concern for the individual not just as a leprosy patient but as a person, can be an effective witness to the love of Christ. The selecting and training of personnel to undertake this kind of work is an important function of the Christian Church in a country



like Zaire; it is, in fact, a unique contribution that the Church can make to the medical services of the future.

At the end of the seminar at Kimpese last year a government doctor, not as far as I know a committed Christian, came to express his appreciation of having been invited, and of the whole experience, mentioning that he had been particularly impressed with the attitude of the Kivuvu staff toward the patients, as they were presented in clinical teaching sessions and as they co-operated in demonstrations of diagnostic tests and routine care at Kivuvu. 'It was like being introduced to your friends,' he said.

Our Lord said 'You are my friends, if you do what I command. . . . This, then, is what I command you: love one another.' (John 15.)



Damage like this need not happen



IN BRAZIL

Laura Hinchin became a Christian as a result of attending a Brethren Assembly in Liverpool, where she was baptized and remained in fellowship for several years. In 1967 she married and moved to Clwyd but it was not until after she was widowed in 1970 that she joined Shotton Baptist Church and really began to feel that the Lord was leading in her life. During her six years of membership at Shotton, where she was greatly encouraged by Pastor and Mrs Buckell and the Lord's people there, she was mainly involved in work among teenage girls. She then felt that God was speaking to her about working in Brazil and after praying for guidance she received the answer 'go ye'.

At the beginning of the year Laura took a short course in adult literacy at Reading University, and at the time of going to print she was awaiting a visa for Brazil. She says she has much cause to praise God for encouragement and assurance along the way, and for His promise 'The Lord thy God is with thee withersoever thou goest'.



Philip and Carol left England for a year of language study at Barisal.

CALLED TO SERVE

IN BANGLADESH

Philip and Carol Stunell are following in the footsteps of their minister from Primrose Hill Baptist Church, Huddersfield. Rev David and Mrs King went out in 1975 to serve with the BMS in Bangladesh. In March this year

Carol was accepted by the BMS when she was single to serve as a nurse in Bangladesh. Philip offered as a mechanical engineer and was accepted for service in either Bangladesh or Nepal, as need arose. After it was agreed that Philip should join David Wheeler and Greg Smith to make up a technical team for Bangladesh, he and Carol announced their engagement. They both undertook 12 months' study at St Andrew's Hall, Birmingham before leaving for service overseas. Actively engaged in Christian service at home, Carol was involved in YP Endeavour activities while Philip was President of the Christian Union at Huddersfield Polytechnic. Both have been teachers, Carol in a primary school for five years and Philip as a Sunday School teacher. The latter was baptized at South London Tabernacle, Carol at Primrose Hill.

MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS

Arrivals

Miss M Popham on 8 March from San Fernando, Trinidad.

Rev J and Mrs Pullin and family on 16 March from Caceres, Brazil.

Rev M L R Wotton on 18 March from Curitiba, Brazil.

Departures

Dr D and Mrs Masters and family on 21 February for Pimu, Zaire.

Miss B Bond on 23 February for Jessore, Bangladesh.

Miss S Headlam on 23 February for Chandraghona, Bangladesh.

Miss A Flippance on 28 February for Binga, Zaire.

Mr and Mrs M Ewings and family on 5 March for Barisal, Bangladesh.

Miss A McQueen on 5 March for Barisal, Bangladesh.

Miss J Moseley on 5 March for Barisal, Bangladesh.

Mr and Mrs P Stunell on 14 March for Barisal, Bangladesh.

Birth

In Marmaleiro, Brazil on 7 February, to Rev J and Mrs Furmage, a second daughter, Lorna Margaret.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Secretaries acknowledge with grateful thanks the following legacies and gifts sent anonymously or without address.
(14 February-10 March 1978)

General Work: Anon: £5.00; Anon: £3.00; Anon: £37.00; Anon: (Birmingham) £10.00, Anon: £8.00; Anon: £10.00; Anon: £20.02; Anon: £25.00; Anon: £1.19; Anon: £1.00.

Medical Work: Anon: £50.00.

Women's Project: Anon: £50.00; Anon: £25.00.

Relief Fund: Anon: £3.00.

Gift and Self Denial: Anon: £0.50.

Legacies

	£	p
Clarice Ivy Bendall		50.00
Miss Amy Hilda Chisholm	4,422.80	
Miss M E Gibbons	1,000.00	
Miss C B Haynes	975.00	
Miss S K Lamb	3,541.63	
Mr C Mort	28.34	
W E F Palmer	494.91	
Mrs H G Price	24.16	
Miss I K Slater	1,000.00	