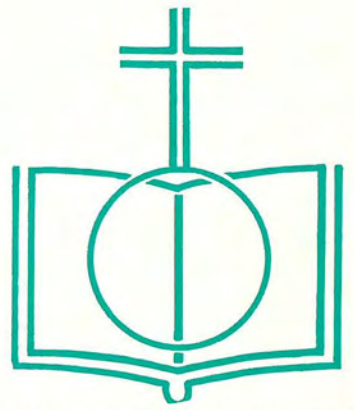


Missionary

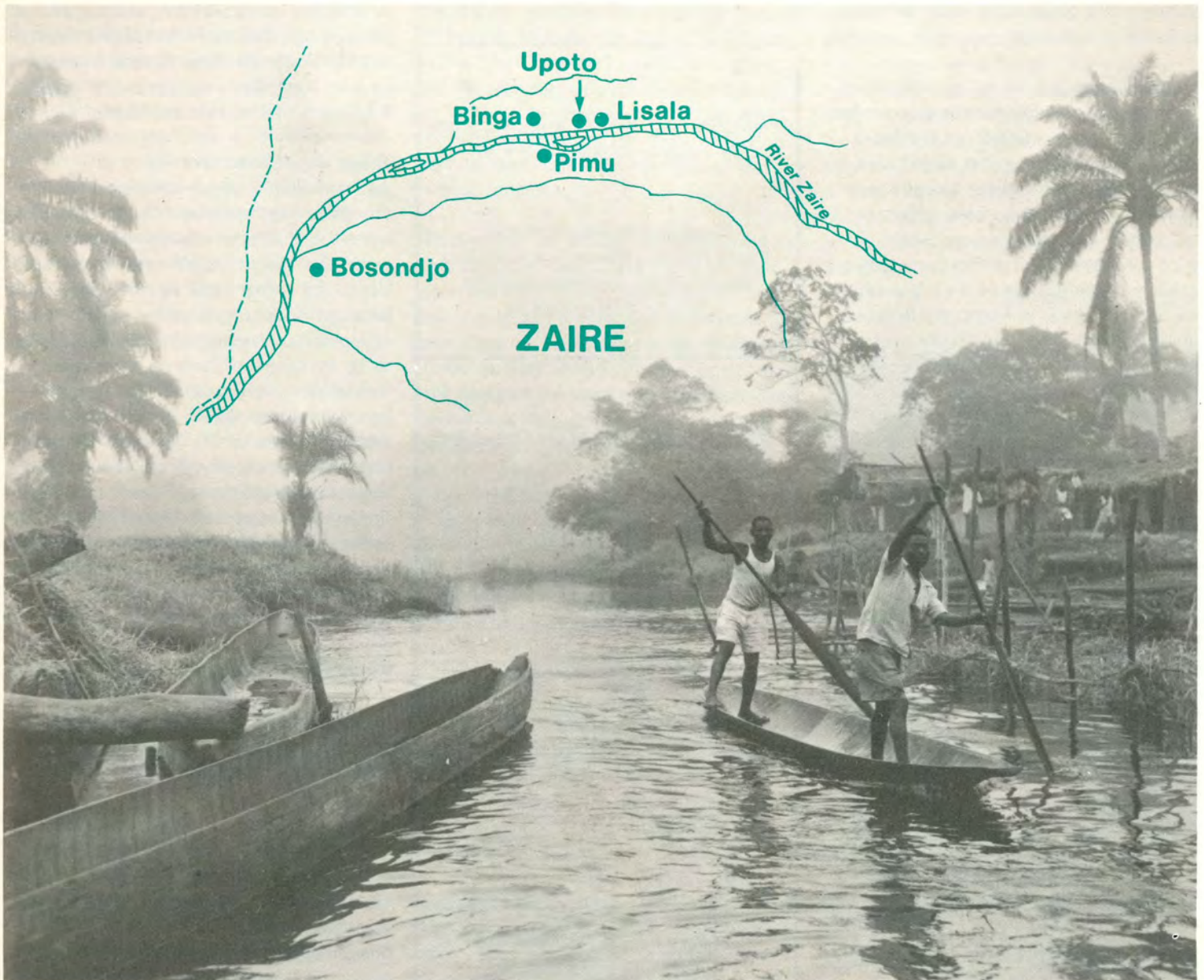
HERALD

The magazine of the Baptist Missionary Society



FEBRUARY 1979
Price 10p

Equatorial River Region



COMMENT

It would seem that the eyes of the world today are focused on Africa. Nations are anxious lest the tensions and frustrations, experienced by so many in that vast continent, erupt into a festering sore threatening to poison peoples far beyond that country.

For long now South Africa has drawn to itself the condemnation of people from far and near because of its treatment of the indigenous population and the non-white settlers. There are those who advocate most strongly that South Africa should be cut off from trade and other contacts with the rest of the world until she 'mends her ways'. It is difficult to see, however, how a change of attitude could be brought about without the facilities of dialogue.

Equally strident are the voices urging that full contact be maintained with the so called front line nations, located for the most part in Central Africa, who gained their independence comparatively recently from colonial powers. Among these is Zaire, a vast country with much mineral wealth, yet facing considerable difficulties because it is unable to make full use of these deposits. Due to the civil war in Angola the Benguela railway was cut. This was a route used by Zaire to carry its exports to the Atlantic ports of Angola and thereby earn foreign currency. The Angolans have not been anxious to re-open this link because of the support given by Zaire to the FNLA groups fighting against the Angolan government forces.

The lack of foreign currency has drastically reduced the variety and amount of imports which Zaire has been able to obtain. As a result there have been acute shortages and consequent rising prices affecting the whole population. It is generally acknowledged that inflation is running at something over 60% at the present time. What the outcome will be it is hard to tell. How long existing regimes will be able to remain in office, few would be willing to guess. But certain it is that for its own sake, and for the sake of the world, Africa needs the teaching of Christ as much today as ever. In these difficult times it needs to know that there is no distinction in Christ and that the one in need is our neighbour requiring our best help.

THE MAGAZINE OF

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY
93/97 Gloucester Place, London W1H 4AA
Tel: 01-935 1482

Secretaries

Rev A S Clement
Rev H F Drake, OBE

Editor

Rev A E Easter

Enquiries about service to:
Rev (Mrs) A W Thomas

Films, slide sets, posters, maps, literature
are available depicting our work

Departments concerned with
Young People's, Women's, and Medical
support work are always available
to offer help and advice

We share in the work of the Church in:

Angola
Bangladesh
Brazil
Hong Kong
India
Jamaica
Nepal
Sri Lanka
Tanzania
Trinidad
Zaire

Printed by
Stanley L Hunt (Printers) Ltd
Rushden, Northamptonshire



In June 1977 I was told I would be coming to Pimu, Zaire. I went to Belgium for nearly a year and then in August 1978 I arrived at Kinshasa. Two weeks later, in the coolness of the city at 3 am, my life was to take a new turning as I flew to Lisala, the airport in the Equatorial Region of Zaire. It was a beautiful sight, travelling as the sun was rising and peeping from the plane to see the forestial scenery below. Someone pointed to what may have been Pimu, which appeared like a minute clearing in the massive forest, and I could see the River Zaire as it wound its way along, with the occasional small fishing boat dotted here and there.

Things are different here

As I and eleven others descended from the plane we were met by a much warmer and stickier atmosphere than we experience in Britain. We were to stay at Upoto for three weeks at the Lingala language school organized by, and for, the missionaries. Transport from the airport was to be by landrover, and on these roads 'boneshaker' well describes the type of journey experienced! At Upoto I gained the first impressions of life 'up-river'. Here life begins early every day. From about 5 am there was the chatter of women around a fire just next to where I slept. Women and children did the gardening ready for the day's meal. At 6 am the drum sounded so the village folk were aware of the time. At 7 am, again announced by the wooden drum, we collected in the church for a brief service, which became my daily introduction to Lingala. In those three weeks many introductions were made to village folk, but communication with them was very limited because of the difference in spoken languages.

The beauty of the River Zaire as it passes by Upoto is an impression long to be held in my memory. Early mornings and evenings were my favourite times for gazing across the waters. Women carrying large bowls or bundles on their heads with an amazing ease were sights frequently seen. When the

THE HOLE IN THE FOREST

by Olive Satterly

women returned from the forest they would often be carrying on their backs large baskets filled with heavy loads of wood or vegetables. Children were to be seen everywhere, often running around bare-footed and bare-chested. Life seemed generally quiet and unrushed, perhaps much quieter than normal because of the school children on holiday and away from the village, but this was my experience in August.

Be patient and you will get there

Journeys, I have already come to realize, do not always, in fact rarely, happen when and how you expect them. The distance between Upoto and Pimu is 180 kilometres and involves crossing the river and then continuing by landrover. The third attempt to travel from Upoto by landrover packed with five missionaries, one medical student, two children, one Zairois, luggage and stores, meant that I was on the final lap of my journey to Pimu. Patience is one of the fruits of the Spirit!

On that day I believe we were wonderfully blessed. Throughout the whole journey there was an atmosphere of calm, which persisted even when finding the front half of the landrover in the river, being hauled out, and travelling the six and a half hour, very hot journey along the river. As we slowly made our way along, my eyes for the first time met the thickness of the undergrowth and of the tall trees on both sides of the river.

When we reached the point for us to leave the water and continue on by road in the landrover, it seemed to be an unbelievably long distance. The road was broken once in a while by small, neatly arranged villages, always with children running out to wave. As we passed streams, there were adults and children washing themselves or their clothes in the water. Villages were pointed out where medical dispensaries are operating and also an area where elephants have been seen roaring at night! Finally, after many bumps and turns in the roads, we arrived at Pimu.

Noticeable lack in school and hospital

Pimu is a small village, but bigger than I had dared hope when it had been described to me as 'a hole in the forest'. My home is in view of the hospital and church and is next to the secondary and primary school. From 7 am Monday to Saturday the school is a hub of activity, always beginning for the staff and children with the singing of the national anthem, the raising of the Zairian flag and the chanting of some of the slogans of President Mobutu. The lack of equipment, books, paper and well qualified teachers, and the general run-down of the classrooms, are some of the more obvious difficulties. The school functions, and the children are eager to learn, but the school is not run without problems.

The day after my arrival I was introduced to the hospital at Pimu. Three out of the four wards were functioning, although due to a lack of drugs and the fact that all the students were home for the summer break, there was a lower number of patients than usual. I had been prepared for many differences between the wards at Pimu and those at home, but even so I was rendered speechless that first day. It seemed difficult not to make mental comparisons in respect to the obvious lack of equipment and the general sights and smells first noticed. On entering the two male and female wards one sees a large room complete with beds each side, but it is a very different sight from that gained on first entering a ward at home. In these old wards at Pimu there are no curtains at the windows or between the beds, and the windows are in fact wooden shutters which, when closed, completely shut out the light and the air but are a good means of ventilation when open. The beds are depleted of mattresses, pillows and sheets, and yet support the patients.

Hospital is a family affair

Often several members of the family will come to the hospital with the patients and so a couple of children are to be seen on the

bed, plus one, two, or more adults of the family. These will certainly all sleep on, under or beside the patient's bed. I had to smile the first time I saw the ward during the night. Each bed was surrounded by a number of people, there was a curious selection of mosquito nets over some of the beds, hurricane lamps alight in various corners, two dogs sleeping at one end, and six people asleep on a bench outside the ward office, having brought a patient whom I was trying to see with the help of a paraffin lamp.

During the short time since I arrived, I have come to accept the presence of a predominately male staff in all the departments, and the fact that the patients are frequently missing when you hope to find them in bed. When speaking to a patient, there is often advice given from the other members of the family or from the person in the next bed, and very little is regarded as the personal business of the patient. Most come to hospital having walked distances quite unthinkable to us at home, even when in good health. Many are not completely sure about western medicine and, because of fear, prefer to be treated by local medicine at the same time. Patients must pay for their medicines and operations, and the latter not only in payment of money but also with two or three bottles of paraffin, so that we are able to keep the steriliser working.

continued on back cover



Women returning from the forest with heavy loads of wood

Although the journey from London to Kinshasa takes only a few hours, it may take several weeks to get from Kinshasa to Pimu. Pimu is not a very accessible place and once you actually arrive it is very difficult to get away again. Some people refer to Pimu as a green box with a blue lid, for we are surrounded by trees wherever we look. Absence of any form of public transport, shortage of fuel and the exorbitant price of what is available means that no journey that is not absolutely necessary is ever contemplated. More and more missionaries are taking their holidays *sur place* because it is so difficult to get away. A newly arrived missionary recently became very excited at the prospect of her first evening out since her arrival here. It was a big event just to walk half a kilometre down the road to a house meeting with Zairian Christians.

When the motor bike is working and there are two doctors here, one of them has a couple of days away each month visiting dispensaries in our area. Luke Alexander, our mechanic, is sometimes called out to rescue a landrover in distress, one which has failed to return to base after a journey and which must be sought out. Occasionally he has to go to Lisala, our nearest town and the other side of the Zaire River, to buy and organize the transport of fuels, cement and other materials. The annual language school provides an escape for the newer missionaries, as do special events like the recent



Luke Alexander at work

centenary celebrations at Upoto. Visits from representatives of the BMS, OXFAM and the Leprosy Mission also provide an excuse for a journey and a day out for somebody.

The work extends beyond the hospital

However, I spend more days away from Pimu than everybody else put together, not getting away from it all but getting into the thick of it. Although the hospital and nurses' school are actually in Pimu, we are responsible for the health care of a much wider area. Medical supplies are so difficult to obtain and so expensive for the patients to buy that one quickly becomes convinced of the importance of preventive care. It is estimated that the mortality rate amongst children under five is 50% in an area where there is no medical care. It is reduced to 25% where there are hospitals or dispensaries providing some curative medicines, but where there are under fives' clinics, offering health education and vaccinations, it is halved again to 12.5%. These clinics in our area are now my main responsibility.

Today has been a typical day. We left Pimu at 5.45 am and pushing the landrover down the road to get it started made certain that the three student nurses and myself were wide awake. The bumpy road ensured that we did not fall asleep again! With the words of Jesus, 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life', we began our worship at the beginning of the clinic in a nearby village. A student nurse followed this with a ten-minute talk on how one acquires intestinal worms and how to prevent them. This year we are really insisting on the importance of each family having a toilet, as so much ill health and even death is the result of poor hygienic standards. Whilst the student nurses attended to each child, weighing them and giving the required medicines and vaccines, I supervised their work and talked with the mothers, giving advice and seeing problem children.

Good advice is not always practical

There was a mother with twins 13 months old, the first a beautiful baby, the second a scraggy, underweight child. This is quite a common problem, as a first twin is always fed first and often the milk supply is running low when the second one has his turn. I spent some time with her and then turned my attention to an irritable child with infected scabies. Poor little fellow! He scratched and squirmed so his mother put him down on the ground and then, with his dusty, dirty hands, he scratched his itching skin. He needed an injection of long-acting penicillin but his mother had no money to

REAL PEOPLE WITH REAL PROBLEMS

by Kathleen Ince

pay for it. 'Wash him thoroughly and often with soap,' I said. 'Where can I get soap from? There are no shops here,' she retorted. 'It will help if you iron all his clothes after washing them before putting them back on him.' 'We can't afford an iron,' she said. He went away covered in gentian violet, but neither his mother nor I felt we had helped him very much.

Another mother came with a two-year old who had lost two and a half kilogrammes in a month as a result of measles. I advised her about feeding him but he had no interest in food and the sores in his mouth made



Nurses' teaching laboratory at Pimu

eating painful. Here, there is no jelly and ice-cream to tempt the children to eat and, more important, no powdered milk in local shops to provide the much needed protein. Another mum approached me, 'Do you recognize your baby, Mademoiselle?' No, I could not say that I did, but I recognized the mother. A year ago she had brought the week-old baby to hospital suffering from tetanus. What a joy to see the child again! A year ago, her little body contorted by painful spasms, we had tube fed her, injected her and prayed with her, and today she was thoroughly enjoying being the centre of attention. Then, having seen 90 children we moved on to the next village, fortifying ourselves on the way with juicy oranges.

Phasing out the hospital team

Tomorrow's clinic will be different. It is centred on a dispensary and the local nurse will help us. Following a training course, we hope that the village nurses will be able to run the clinics themselves, with the help of untrained local folk whom we are trying to educate as to their vital role in promoting health in the community. I will visit them monthly with supplies of drugs and vaccines, and will help them with any problems they have encountered. Where there are no dispensaries the hospital team will continue to run the clinics, but the advantage of locally run clinics is that they are not dependent on adequate hospital staff and vehicles that sometimes break down and prevent us holding the clinics.

Suffering is not just physical

Our work at Pimu is medically orientated but the problems and suffering of the people here are far wider, and as Christians we have many opportunities of working with our pastor and the local church. As I write, several people come to mind. There is the

childless wife rejected by her husband, the Christian wife in a polygamous marriage, the nurse, for whom there is no known local remedy, with recurrent fevers which he believes to be caused by an evil spirit, the parents of a 14-year-old boy dying of cancer, and the woman accused of sorcery, the stigma of which will be with her for the rest of her life. Real people with real problems. Fear is a key word in the experience of so many. 'Perfect love drives out all fear.' How those words have burned in my heart in recent days.

But then, too, there are many encouragements for us at present. A group of women meet regularly to pray and seek to know Jesus in a deeper way, and the French Bible studies are enthusiastically attended by a nucleus of teachers. There is the growth of Sunday school work in the villages, well attended

Sunday services, and student nurses asking for Bible teaching, a few sharing with us that they no longer think that Christianity is something to be mocked and that they want to follow Jesus themselves. Yes, there are signs of growth and most missionaries are involved in giving teaching to Christians, and sharing the wonderful truth discovered in Jesus Christ, who sets men free from their fears, free from the power of sin, and brings them to living fellowship with God, so making them His sons. But there are still so many people who have not yet grasped this truth, and even Christians are living in fear of sickness and sorcery and seeking to find help from local witchdoctors, instead of turning to Christ with their needs.

Pray with us for the people's release

Pastor Bombimbo has recently asked us to pray about the problem of alleged possession by evil spirits. The way to take revenge on somebody is to pay a sorcerer to cause a spirit of a dead person to enter him, thus making him ill. The sorcerer then makes a lot of money treating the person but never curing him. Whether these are cases of real spirit possession, or whether they are examples of the power of fear, is debatable, but whatever the cause, it is resulting in much suffering and Pastor has been very saddened lately to discover deacons and leaders in the local church very much involved in this practice. As we in Pimu pray, will you too join us in praying that the Christian Church here may grow and be effective in its witness to Jesus Christ, and that through Him, folk may find release from their fears and share His victorious life?



Crossing a bridge on a public health trip



Lending a hand in the school's construction

BUILDING FOR THE FUTURE

by John Ottaway

Katamu Kalala is a man with a future and a responsibility. He is the headmaster of *Institut Upoto*, the secondary school of some 300 pupils at Upoto near Lisala in the Equatorial Region of Zaire. He is a young man with a young family, having a university education behind him with a degree in theology to show for it. About a year ago he took over the headship of the school from BMS missionary Chris Sugg, and so brings to the job an African's understanding of his country and the educational needs of young Africans.

A firm foundation

His job is by no means easy, and some of the problems he encounters are very different from those found in Britain. There are no difficulties in finding enough pupils to fill and overflow the classes several times. But then he must find sufficient staff to teach them, enough classrooms to put them all in, and the necessary equipment — books, paper, chalk and so on — to enable teaching actually to take place. He does start with one great advantage over some of the local schools. He has a fine set of buildings financed by the BMS and built largely through the energies of missionary personnel. These include two classroom blocks with a laboratory, library, office and staffroom, and a boarding school for about 70 pupils, with dormitories, showers, dining-room and games room, as well as a house for the headmaster of the boarding school. These constructions are built to last, and provide a firm foundation for the Church's answer to the need for education amongst the youth of the area. However the need is growing, and the school is trying to expand. Already it has been necessary to borrow classrooms from the primary school at Upoto.

Too few qualified teachers

And of course, as the school grows, so do Katamu's headaches over staffing it. To attract qualified staff away from the big cities and into the jungle is no easy matter. Many of them prefer to be unemployed in Kinshasa than working in a place like Upoto with no social attractions. Unfortunately a large proportion of the Upoto staff is inadequately qualified, but the alternative is to have even fewer lessons being taught. At times last year, large areas of the curriculum — subjects like French, history, biology, chemistry and physics — were going untaught to many of the pupils. Thus, it became very difficult for Katamu to justify teaching religion (which is not an examination subject) to the upper classes, when he could have been giving them more vital and basic instruction in French, which of course

occupies the sort of fundamental position that English does in the British curriculum.

Academic standards have always been high at Upoto and, because of this established reputation, pupils come from a very wide area to attend the school, even from as far afield as Kinshasa and Kisangani. The reasons for this are that *Institut Upoto* has always been slightly better equipped than many other schools in the locality, and also it has something to do with the fact that the BMS has been able to send qualified missionary teachers to the school. It is probably true to say that their conscientious approach has rubbed off onto some of their African colleagues, and also onto the pupils.

The direct BMS involvement in the school is represented by Martin Sansom, Lorraine Carr and myself. I teach English and geography, Martin's subject is maths and Lorraine joined us last month to teach some of the sciences. Also two American Peace Corps volunteers have been helping ease the workload. But every year the CBFZ asks the BMS to send more teachers to help staff the schools, and while we would not wish to see *Institut Upoto* staffed entirely by expatriates, it is certainly true that there remains considerable scope for anyone prepared to make a commitment to educating the young people of Zaire.

Bring your own paper

Conditions are not necessarily easy, but there are always compensations. Many materials and teaching aids that we take for granted in Britain these days, are difficult to obtain or non-existent in Zaire. In some schools in the locality pupils are asked to supply their teachers with chalk, and even at Upoto, although we had sufficient paper last June to duplicate the examination questions, the pupils themselves had to supply the paper on which to write their answers. This meant more work for the teachers who invigilated, checking that answers were not already on the paper before the exams started.

But discipline is relatively easy. After all, pupils pay for their schooling because they believe that the only way to get ahead is through a good education, or more precisely, through passing all the right exams. They sometimes scrape together the required amount of money by asking all the members of the family for a contribution, including aunts and uncles, grandparents, cousins and anyone else who can be persuaded. Africans dream of all the things that many people in Britain dream of, that is, more money and perks for less work and fewer responsibilities,

and no one believes that there is not a place at university (preferably a university abroad) specially earmarked for him. Failure therefore comes harder to a young African than it probably does to a schoolboy in Britain, who still has other opportunities open for exploration.

Other ways of life are fascinating

Teaching is often as enlightening for the teacher as the taught. Because the basic level of general knowledge is so low, a subject like geography or history can really broaden the horizons of the pupils. Talk of snow and ice in a place where the temperature rarely falls below 70 degrees is as baffling as the idea of the sea ('Is it as big as the river, sir?'). The leaves all falling off the autumn trees is a big joke, and if there are no palm trees and manioc plants, what do people eat? That one can explain seasonal change, night and day, and why it is hot at Upoto but not at the North Pole, is treated with mild suspicion, but the way in which other people in other parts of the world have to adapt to very different conditions and overcome them, is fascinating to them.

Children must be much the same the world over, and at Upoto there are bright pupils and there are slow pupils. There are polite pupils and cheeky pupils; hardworking ones and lazy ones; pupils with a good command of French, and with inquisitive minds who want to find out what makes the world tick, and others who are only interested in getting out of the classroom and playing football. The age range in the upper part of the school must cover lads of about 22 or 23. The older pupils are the ones who have probably repeated at least one year. They tend to be



6th Form practical physics lesson, taken by Chris Sugg, headmaster before Katamu Kalala

conscientious in their attitude to the work, but are often less intelligent than the younger members of the class.

In general the pupils are fit and energetic. They are, however, regular patrons of the dispensary, especially when their health is threatened by a class test, and maladies tend to materialize with the imposition of grass-cutting and mission-tidying routines. But speaking from experience, their speed around the football field belies their nutritional problems and many of them, if they live in Lisala, also have a long walk to and from school. Since they must arrive at the mission for morning prayers most will have to leave home at about six o'clock. On the other hand, there is no afternoon school, but as very often there is no facility for doing school work in the evenings, it is

during the afternoon that homework is supposed to be done.

Education is more than exam results

While the State had taken over responsibility for all the country's schools, religion could not be taught, and attendance at morning prayers could not be imposed. Now that the churches (both Protestant and Catholic) have regained a measure of the control they used to have in the running of the schools, many challenging possibilities have opened up before us once again. Of course, this presents a great responsibility to both the church as an organization, and to the members of that organization as individuals. Katamu bears the brunt of this responsibility, and has to try to weld together the educational needs of the pupils in terms of examination results, and the interests of the church of which he is a member, in bringing all pupils to a wider understanding of what Christ can mean in their lives and in their futures. The task is a delicate one, for while the pupils are certainly interested in religion, they are often as critical as are young people in Britain of the Church. There is still plenty of opportunity for Christians working in the schools in Zaire to embark on basic Bible teaching, as well as showing through their lives that the love of which Christ so often speaks can be a reality.

There are already dedicated Christians working in education in the country, people like Katamu, who are trying to show – and succeeding – that being a Christian and a church member is very valid for Africans, and that an understanding of Christ is a basic part of the education of young people in Africa.



Upoto schoolboys playing an African bean game

Dancing the Gospel

by Ann Flippance



'The meeting next week will be at Camp Libenge. Please be there in good time. The women from Camp Bayekele will be responsible for the meeting.' So ends a women's meeting here on the mission compound in Binga.

Five plus seven

Binga, a plantation in the middle of the forest, covers a vast area of 46 square miles. This means that not all the women are able to walk to the mission for the weekly women's meeting. If they did, even just for the united meeting once a month, the church would be filled at least three times over. So while five camps regularly meet each week on the mission, there are another seven further from the compound which should have their own meetings. However, this depends very much on the abilities of the catechist and his wife in the various camps. They are not always able to read and

write, and in some camps very few of the women themselves are literate. This is because the camps further from the centre tend to house the lowest paid manual workers and the less well-educated families. There are insufficient school places for the number of children, and it is the girls who stay at home.

The meeting we had just finished was addressed by Mondonga Elia. This was the first time she had given an address, and someone else led the meeting for her as she is unable to read or write more than a few words. She is typical of most of the women in that she has several children, the youngest being less than two, so much of her time is taken up by her family. She fetches water from the communal tap, buys food in the market to prepare for their one daily meal, or goes to her garden to pick what she can there. Then, too, because a catechist cannot

support himself and a family on his salary alone, she sells a few of the necessities of life to make ends meet.

Food and clothes for a special occasion

During the past few months we have gradually been visiting all the camps in turn to strengthen the women's faith. On such visits the women's meeting is turned into a big occasion. Often women in the camp to be visited have spent the day before in their gardens, picking manioc leaves to make *mpondu* when cooked. Between them they will have bought fish, rice and pounded maize, and someone may even have been persuaded to part with a chicken or two. Early in the morning they begin preparing the food and by nine o'clock, dressed in their best clothes, they are ready waiting for their visitors. These, too, come dressed in their best clothes, if they have any, with the addition of flowers or leaves in their hair,

and branches in their hands. Some will have walked for two hours or more, but none are too tired to dance when they arrive.

Singing and dancing, too

As we approach the camp, we stop and decide which hymn we are going to sing and wait for the stragglers to catch up. Then, singing at the tops of our voices, we march into the camp with the shuffling step the Africans use when dancing. Of course everyone comes out to see what is happening, if they have not already gone to the church to investigate the noise of drums beating and women singing and dancing. Inevitably there is a crowd of children gathered round so sometimes we sing choruses especially for them. When we think everyone has arrived, we all pile into the church, or sit outside in the shade, while two women from one of the other camps take the service. As it progresses a few more stragglers arrive and little children wander in and out, while a hungry or tired baby might set up a yell, so earning the frowns of many as they strain to hear the address.

For the last few years Joan Greenaway, recently retired from Upoto, and I have drawn up a programme each year to give some variety to these meetings. Otherwise we would hear the parable of the five foolish and the five wise virgins nearly every time! Hymn books and Bibles are scarce, even for the few who can read, so everything is learnt by rote and we tend to sing the same hymns each time. After the service and in front of the church, once more everyone joins in dancing to the beat of half a dozen drums. Finally we are called in order of importance and given food to eat. Mama Pastor Liotho and the overseer's wife, myself and perhaps one or two others, sit in the catechist's house while the rest sit in groups, according to their camps, under shelters outside. Spoons and forks do not extend that far so they sit around a communal bowl, all dipping in their hands.

Gardening takes priority

While the women's meeting is only one of several activities for the women here, it is the one that continues week by week regardless of the time of year or the availability of people to help. Two main factors affect the numbers at these meetings. Firstly, many of the more capable women are the wives of teachers who do not always want to stay in Binga. To improve their prospects they move on to Upoto and Lisala. Secondly, as with all activities in the church, there is a seasonal ebb and flow at the meetings depending on the amount of work



Women busy cutting the grass

to be done in the gardens. The women must do such work or else they would have great difficulty in feeding their families. In the new year they begin to cut and burn off their gardens before the rains come, so until April many women spend much of their time away from home. Then there is the continual hoeing to be done until the crop is grown. By August/September it is harvest time for the Ngwakas who grow maize, and they spend days at a time in their gardens picking the dried maize heads. The staple food of the Ngombes is manioc which they dig up in smaller amounts as they need it. Outside the plantation in October, most people take to the forest to prepare for the drying up of the forest streams. At this time the fish congregate in small pools and the surrounding mud, where they are easily caught.

'It's all gone dark'

The sewing class was restarted two years ago and has a membership of 70-80, although attendance is much lower owing to the



Mama Anendani holding cocoa pods

numerous problems of daily life and the fact that the plantation company also runs sewing classes. Even so, if space and teachers were available the attendance number could be much higher. Similarly, reading classes have started in various camps but due to the lack of books and literate women who could teach the classes, progress is slow, though some persevere and succeed in learning to read. For the older women it is difficult to focus for any length of time on the print in the books, and frequently they are heard to say *miso maindi* – 'it's all gone dark'. Mama Sangoboa Olofio, one of the catechists' wives, is an exception to the general rule. She can read and write well and is therefore able to help in most of the work. The reading class in her camp is kept going and if there is any event at the church she is sure to be there with a group of women and teenage girls.

Our ex-Women's President, Mama Anendani, an older woman, also gave considerable help though she too now says *miso maindi* and finds difficulty in reading for any length of time. Unfortunately she has recently entered into a time of great difficulty. Although a strong Christian for many years, she became ill last March on returning to her village and has been mentally ill on and off ever since. She went back to her village after the disappearance of her half-brother and the accusation of his sisters that her own brother had killed him. Where families are still pagan, witchcraft enters in and it is difficult for a Christian to stand firm. Since her return to Binga we have held prayer meetings for her and certainly she is much improved. But she herself felt it was better to resign while in this state, and so we are soon to appoint a new president. This may perhaps be Pastor Liotho's wife, who was with her husband while he trained at Yakusu and so has had some training to help in the work.



Students helping a patient in the new ward

'No, no, no, we have had all this out before, we agreed no more advances on your salary until your old debt is finished, and that agreement must stand.' This is the sort of conversation which often begins the official working day in the doctor's office, as one of the hospital staff come to ask for yet another advance on their salary to cope with some family problem.

Or perhaps it is a conversation with our nurse director, Citizen Mobonde. Someone has a 50-gallon drum of petrol to sell. 'Well, if you can bargain down the price to around £150 for the 50 gallons we could buy some, as we have a little money and our stocks are

low.' The conversation may be about drugs. Perhaps the penicillin has almost run out (again), or just very occasionally there may be a drug trafficker with aspirin to sell at £20 per 1,000. 'Where do they come from? Are they stolen?' His story seems genuine. 'Well, if we can get him down to around £15 per 1,000 we could buy them, as we are short and there will be no transport costs to pay.' (Just compare our prices!) If only we had arrangements for regular supplies of drugs and fuels.

Preventing the preventable

Well, before these conversations have taken place and before morning prayers at 7 am, the Public Health team will have been out on the road to visit one of our 20 village centres. Here, children under five years old will be seen, their weight gain checked to look for early signs of disease, and protection will be given against the killing childhood diseases such as whooping cough, measles, malaria and others. Expectant mothers will also be seen and, if problems are anticipated, will be advised to go to Pimu for delivery. How important it is to prevent the preventable. If only we had a greater proportion of the children and their mothers attending the clinics, and if only our health education really got through to everybody.

This team is on the road three or four days a week and the fuel situation is such that the team, including one of our missionary nurses, is forced to camp out to save fuel as well as travelling time. The road conditions are such that even new landrovers are constantly needing repairs; shock absorbers (about £60 a time), tyres (£110 each), springs and clutches particularly. Last year we spent over £2,000 on spare parts and often a wait of many months was necessary for one vital part or another. If only we had a method of obtaining spare parts regularly and at realistic prices.

Take up thy mat and come

Back at the hospital it is time for the morning ward round. Our patients in the new ward are seen daily by the doctors and receive a comparatively high standard of care. In the old ward the visits are on alternate days with one of the missionary nurses doing the rounds when the doctor is not there. In the old ward the conditions are worse. There are no mattresses on the beds, nor sheets, only the mat that the patient must bring with him. If he does not bring one he will be lying on the bed springs and many of those have pieces missing. One of the patients this morning has had a chest infection and now thinks he has tuberculosis. I am not convinced. If only we could have an X-ray to clear up the matter one way or the other. To another patient we have to say, 'Yes I know we have diagnosed that your child has intestinal worms, but you cannot have any treatment for him until you have paid off your existing debt.' We need over £1,000 per month for salaries and the doctor will

**If Only
We
Had....**

by Adrian Hopkins

not be at all popular if there is not enough money in the safe. There has just been a 25% wage increase too. If only we had ways of showing our love for the people without having to be so hard so often.

After the ward round there may be an operating list. All operations must be paid for in advance, including a donation of paraffin as it is almost unavailable and needed for the sterilization; one bottle for a minor procedure, three for a hernia repair, and four for something more major. Of course it is different for urgent cases which are always done when needed. If only we had better facilities and better trained staff we could do more, and less beds would be blocked by infected cases.

Learn about the Saviour, too

If it is not operating, then it is teaching. Our nursing school is the only one serving an area of about the size of England and Wales. We have roughly 40 students, mostly



Citizen Mobonde in the pharmacy



Students at work in the old ward

in two years, but the top eight finalists are invited to do a further year for a second diploma. Students are all resident and we hope and pray that after their time with us, they will not only be excellent nurses, but will have understood what the gospel is and come to know Jesus as their personal Saviour, perhaps as a result of morning prayers or Bible studies led by Pastor Bombimbo. Due to our being situated remote from towns, well educated and trained staff are difficult to come by, so that all the technical subjects at the moment have to be taught by the missionaries. For most of us this means between eight and fourteen hours per week, although due to emergencies and other events, courses get behind and extra hours often have to be added to make up. This might be during the evenings, or at six o'clock in the morning. If only we could be sure of regular food supplies for the students, one of the constant worries of Citizen Ejeje, the warden of the students' hostel, would be avoided.

Auxiliaries do a fine job

Each day two out-patient sessions are held. Here one or other doctor sees those patients selected by the auxiliary nurse in charge. Many patients come with minor complaints or with common conditions easily treated by the nurse, who can thus free the doctor to do other work.

Alternate Tuesdays are normally days out for the doctor, visiting rural dispensaries, where we have auxiliary nurses working, giving primary health care to the villagers nearer their homes. On these visits prescription procedure is checked and selected patients are seen, as well as the fees collected. If only we had more auxiliaries we could expand this very valuable work. If only we had good roads the doctors would not need to undergo their fortnightly motorbike scramble.

If only I had a secretary. Well, my wife, Sylvia, does a lot but there always seems to be a backlog of administrative work, perhaps because I am not much good at letter writing. For almost a year we were without a mechanic and a real heartfelt cry of all of us was if only we had someone full time to look after the landrovers, generators, waterpump and other hospital equipment and buildings. Even now that we have Luke Alexander, the work load is such that in order to help with the church work generally in our area, we feel we could use a second mechanic/odd job man.

Giving thanks in all circumstances

If only we had . . . But we do not have many of these things. It is natural, of course, that we want to provide the best possible as an expression of our love for our fellow men in Jesus Christ. But we do have some resources. We have more resources than some other hospitals in Zaire. We have been able to give a more continuous level of curative and preventive care than many other hospitals suffering from the same supply and financial problems. We are often aware of answers to prayer, with the healing of difficult cases or the arrival of vital drugs just in time, even if at other times we suffer great losses, like that of half of a recent consignment of £3,000 worth of drugs whilst in transit. We have some dedicated people working in the hospital, such as Citizen Mobonde and Citizen Ejeje, and we have the constant support of Pastor Bombimbo. We thank God that in the last three years we have been able to give a more or less continuing service, when due to civil war and other causes the country has deteriorated economically.

We constantly need prayer that we may have wisdom to use the resources we do have, but if only we had more . . . Just think what you have.



Citizen Ejeje in his office

3 in 1 wife

by Sylvia Hopkins

Wives working abroad find that some of their daily tasks do not differ very much from those at home. Some teach, nurse, or are involved in women's work and Christian education. Others are full time mothers with pre-school children who need lots of supervision and organized play activities, or with school age children who need to be taught each day. However, most wives find, like others in the mission situation, that other tasks become theirs as colleagues leave for furlough or family reasons.

I once wrote in an essay at school that I would like to be a 'typist or a teacher or a missionary' but never dreamt at the time that I would be all three!

By teaching other missionaries' children for the first year after arriving in Pimu, my teaching experience was put to good use and will be invaluable for our own children who will need educating when we return to Zaire.

In the last two years typing and accounts occupied a good deal of my time. Letters needed to be typed in French. Each month's credits and expenditures were entered in ledgers. The drug orders and accounts for the rural dispensaries were dealt with monthly, as were personal monies amongst missionaries. My office training was 'hard pushed' at times to keep up with the diversities of the task.

Work throughout the day would be punctuated with interruptions of a wide variety. Students come asking for new syringes in exchange for broken ones, or for vaccines or Sellotape for sealing wounds. Villagers come to barter over fish, fruit and vegetables, whilst patients' relatives come hoping to be given old clothes for their children or rice. State officials and village chiefs call to see the doctor and occasionally hospitality is provided. Often the Roman Catholics from a distant dispensary bring patients for operation and on such occasions they call in for coffee or lunch. And of course the family need to be fed and watered.

Yes, life is full and varied. As someone has said, 'There is never a normal day in Pimu'.

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

by Joan Greenaway

'There are many ways of serving, but the same Lord is served' (1 Corinthians 12:5).

Over the years the role of a missionary has changed considerably. The Church in Zaire is growing up, having now celebrated her centenary, and through the pastors, evangelists and lay workers is being helped and guided in making her own decisions. The road is often rough and uphill and sometimes there are landslides, but we praise God for the foundation that has been layed and upon which we today seek to build, together with our Zairian brothers and sisters in Christ.

A favourite hymn of the women at Upoto is 'Give me oil in my lamp, keep me burning', and often in recent years I have felt that we as missionaries need to be like oil in order to help keep the various sections and activities within the Church burning brightly, not allowing their witness to be dimmed. We are workers together with God, and we continually pray that there may be true

harmony between each branch of service. Oil is necessary for the smooth working of all machinery, and often words are like oil and can be used for encouragement, reproof, guidance, advice, and we just pray that the oil we supply is pure, sincere and effective, and through prayer will bring blessing on all concerned.

Six hour deacons' meeting

As Upoto is the centre of our North Equatorial Region, I have been working in close co-operation with our regional superintendent and his wife. The deacons' meeting plays a very important part in the life of the church. This starts at nine o'clock in the morning, on the last Thursday in the month, and finishes about three o'clock in the afternoon. The average attendance is around 25 including about six women deacons. There are always many church and family problems to discuss, candidates being brought forward for baptism and those wishing to return to the fellowship of the church, besides matters referred to the church from regional councils. We all have ample opportunity for open discussion and questions, in order to try to clarify some of the rather difficult situations. But these are often very prolonged discussions, so a cup of tea is most welcome about midday, together with a piece of bread or a small doughnut, that is, if sugar and flour are both available.

Our church finance committee meets from time to time, consisting of nine members including myself, and I was asked to be church treasurer. The two primary school directors were responsible for collecting in the church gifts and paying them in to me, and then Citizen Majaka collected the wages

from me each month to pay out to the church workers. But being treasurer in a rural situation often meant that village catechists or overseers brought in monies at odd times and pleaded to be paid either early or late, just when one was in the middle of another job. We were trying to regulate times and days of paying out, but it was very difficult. All this of course is done in the house as there has been nowhere else to keep the church monies since both the church safes were broken into during the Rebellion. And so this is a big responsibility. There is now a bank in Lisala, but the monthly income scarcely meets the expenditure and as money comes in, it seems to be paid out fairly quickly. Transport costs are very high, both for the landrover and the outboard motor, which is needed continually for crossing the river.

'God loves a cheerful giver'

Because of the church's many commitments we often have special collections on communion Sunday. These are called 'Salela Njambe' (Serve God) when everyone in the church comes forward, men and women giving separately and competing with one another, amidst the singing of the choir and beating of the drums. There is a group of three men deacons on one side and two women helping me on the other side, sitting on the back steps of the pulpit. The gifts are received by the appropriate group as they are passed over by the handful. Great is the rejoicing when, more often than not, the women's gifts exceed those of the men. Then Mama Bomolo stands up and shouts out to a packed church, 'To the glory of whom?' and the spontaneous response, 'To the glory of Jesus Christ our Saviour.' 'Yes,' she would say, 'We are the mothers of Jesus' and turning to the men, 'And where would you be without us?' Then follows a short and sometimes rather amusing diatribe between her and one of the men deacons after he has announced the total of the men's gifts. With this somewhat hilarious atmosphere of rejoicing over the total of the gifts, the large baskets would be lifted up and automatically everyone would join in the short sung prayer, 'Oh God, bless our gifts', repeated three times, prior to the prayer by the pastor.

After this service which might take anything up to three hours, is the communion service. And so between three and four o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, all the gifts handed in over the weekend together with the Sunday collections would be brought to my house for counting before I locked them away in a trunk. As most of the gifts were in



Making tea by the bucketful after a women's meeting



Baptismal candidates leaving Upoto Church to go down to the river

small coins, this was quite a lengthy job.

Preparing for baptism, 6.30 am

Activities have to start quite early on a communion Sunday especially when communion has to be prepared for at least 500 people. Grenadine is very seldom available now and so the 'wine' has to be prepared, possibly using cold weak tea, home-made orange, lemon or mulberry juice, or quite often, sweetened water coloured with cochineal. Frequently the 'bread' is broken biscuits. If there is to be a baptismal service as well, this takes place at 8 am either in the baptismal pool near the church, if the local water supply is functioning, if not, then down at the river. When a baptismal service is arranged, there are seldom less than 100 candidates and often more. This entails gathering them together soon after 6.30 am to check the lists and to issue the long white gowns, trying to sort out appropriate sizes for children and adults. These gowns have been made by our women's sewing class, as and when money has been available to buy the material. But many an hour I have spent cutting out, pinning and placing, ready for others to bring along a sewing machine and help with the long seams. New parts for old sewing machines are practically impossible to obtain now and many of our members bemoan the fact that their machines are now 'dead'. A new hand machine would probably cost at least £150.

Study and spread the word

Our women's committee work has helped to bind us together in service to the local church and has also formed the central point of Bible study and outreach work. The basis for many of our Bible studies has been the annual Women's World Day of Prayer programme. The work of translation of

this programme and the preparation of subsequent Bible study books takes quite a lot of time and prayerful thought, in order to convey the original meaning in such a way that it will be understood. It has been a real joy to lead these Bible study groups and they have been the foundation of all our outreach work.

In May, nine women came with me in the landrover and between us we led a seminar at Pimu based on the booklet, 'Be strengthened in the Spirit'. Each of the women took it in turns to either give a talk or lead a discussion, and certain items of drama had been prepared to illustrate the talks. From Pimu we continued our journey to Bosondjo, a large palm oil plantation 120 kms from Pimu, and led a similar seminar there before returning to Upoto. This time we crossed the river by means of the small company launch, driving the landrover on to the small barge at the side. This crossing took about three hours, winding in and out of the islands. On our return to Upoto the following week, we each took three or four other women and went out again, on foot or by canoe, to the villages in the Lisala area. And so the villages near and far, within our region, are getting teaching and encouragement, and Upoto is a truly witnessing community.

Books are in short supply

In our small bookshop, which is incorporated in our women's work, it is very difficult to get adequate supplies of Christian books or even simple readers. Always, goods must be paid for in advance, and then many are missing when the parcel arrives. Bibles and many other books need hard currency and so supplies in Zaire are very limited. Those we managed to order direct from England arrived intact but were finished in ten days.

I have always kept in touch with the Scripture Gift Mission and their tracts and booklets have penetrated far into the forest areas, bringing much joy and blessing to many. The revision of the *Way of Salvation* in Lingombe is now being printed in large type, so that it can help those learning to read and also those whose sight is failing. I have translated the book by Rex Mason *Thou preparest a table*, into Lingala. This is a study on the communion service. These and many other small, duplicated Bible study books form a basis of Bible study and discussion even when there are insufficient Bibles to go round. The revision of the Lingombe hymn book was done ten years ago now, but the church is still struggling to find sufficient money to complete the binding cost of the books so that they may be released for use.

There are many ways of service, sometimes just talking to people, or listening to their problems, comforting and being with them in time of bereavement, rejoicing and dancing with them on special occasions, helping to cook conference meals and preparing beds for delegates, typing, translating, duplicating study leaflets and hymn sheets, driving the landrover, helping to clear the forest gardens, leading study groups, preaching, selling books . . . and so it is with a very real sense of privilege and yet inadequacy, that I have been enabled to take part in many aspects of our work both at Upoto and in the Region.

Let us continue to 'Serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his presence with singing' (Psalm 100:2).



Joan Greenaway with Mama Mondengo, wife of the area superintendent



New Workers

FOR BANGLADESH

Roger and Pat Case both came to accept Jesus as Saviour in the fellowship of Morden Baptist Church, London. For Roger this was at a Boys' Brigade camp, while Pat's relationship to the Lord deepened over a period of time culminating in baptism. Some time after their marriage they were both brought into a fuller and deeper surrender to the lordship of Christ and experienced in a deeper way the empowering of His Holy Spirit. This first evidenced itself in their married life and then spread into areas of evangelism which in turn led to a call to overseas service with the BMS.

After completing one year's training at All Nations Christian College, Roger and Pat left last November for a year of language study at Barisal, Bangladesh. With them went their three children, Alexander, Samantha and Elizabeth. Roger is a development surveyor, Pat a nurse. After language study, they hope

to work with the technical building team under the direction of the local church and headed by David Sorrill.

God has laid before them a challenge and caution as they seek to serve Him in Bangladesh: 'For no man can lay a foundation other than the one which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man builds upon the foundation with gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, straw, each man's work will become evident, for the day will show it, because it is to be revealed with fire; and the fire itself will test the quality of each man's work' (1 Corinthians 3:11-13). May the Lord grant that they build on the proper foundation and with the right materials.

FOR ZAIRE

Adam Romanis comes from Newcastle-on-Tyne where he is a member of the congregation of All Saints Church, Gosforth.

From the age of about 10, he has felt a deepening call to serve God in the ordained ministry. In 1975 he went to Pembroke College, Oxford, to read psychology and philosophy. While there, he enjoyed the fellowship of many other Christians, both inside and outside of his own Anglican tradition.

Also in 1975, Adam's father took a job in the New Hebrides Condominium. Visiting his family there each summer gave Adam the idea of teaching abroad for a time, before beginning theological training. His search for work led him to the BMS where he offered for service in Zaire.

In preparation, Adam had opportunities to teach in both English- and French-medium schools in the New Hebrides last summer, and has since spent a month in Brussels, Belgium, improving his French. Last month he began teaching at the secondary school in Bolobo.



POCKET GUIDE TO THE NEW TESTAMENT

by Francis Foulkes

Published: Inter Varsity Press, £1.25

The New Testament is a diverse collection of 27 books and Francis Foulkes's aim is to introduce briefly the background and content of each book. All too often we should like to know far more, and the author points the way to further study in his list of books. In this pocket guide, he takes the line that it is not the precise author or circumstances that matter, but rather the

messages of the books, and he gives most attention to summarizing their contents and bringing out their various purposes in the early Church situation.

This book may be useful as a reference book for those requiring a brief, simple and attractive introduction to the New Testament books. But it is really intended to be a springboard, both for those interested in following up the background questions and for those seeking to do Bible study in some depth book by book. For both these purposes very useful suggestions are made.

EWB

BAPTIST HOLIDAY FELLOWSHIP

Holiday Plans for 1979

Family Hotels at MINEHEAD Somerset and TYWYN (Snowdonia) Wales provide a happy, Christian atmosphere

Can we take you in the steps of Jesus staying at Jerusalem and Galilee? — 14-day tours

Full details of 1980 Oberammergau tours now available

These and many other tours are available. Write or phone for illustrated brochure to:
Booking Office, Room 10, No. 1 The Esplanade, Minehead, Somerset. Tel: Minehead 3473

LANGUAGE AND THE CHRISTIAN

by Peter Cotterell

Published: Bagster £6.95



Here is a good elementary introduction to linguistics and its relevance for Christians. The author, a member of the staff of the London Bible College, prepared the material originally for a course of lectures which he delivered at the School for World Mission, Pasadena, California. After a general introduction, there are chapters on the application of the study of linguistics to the problem of illiteracy, to translation, to the interpretation of the Bible, and to church

growth. The book should prove most useful to those preparing for service overseas, to those about to learn a foreign language, and indeed to all who are concerned to communicate effectively by the spoken word.

ASC

Many will find this book a useful manual for daily devotions and a valuable guide and service book for public worship. The material has been gathered from a variety of sources — the Apostle's Creed and the main canticles are in the texts of the International Consultation on English Texts; the Scriptures are quoted from the Revised Standard Version, the New English Bible and the

THE DAILY OFFICE REVISED

edited by Ronald C D Jasper

Published: SPCK £2.50

The Joint Liturgical Group, on which Baptists are represented by Neville Clark and Maurice Williams, has produced this collection of material to supplement the official service books of the main denominations. The Morning and Evening Offices are printed out as continuous services with revised tables of psalms and lessons, collects in modern speech, and a further set of canticles, both seasonal and general. There is a cycle of intercession for the mission of the church and a selection of prayers and litanies. Included also are a complete funeral service, prayers for use at a baptism, and a new eucharistic canon. Gordon Wakefield, a Methodist, contributes an introductory essay.



Jerusalem Bible; most of the psalms are from *Psalms — A New Translation for Worship*, though some are in the version of Ian Pitt-Watson.

ASC

The Hole in the Forest

continued from page 19

You need to be adaptable

Besides the two old wards, there is also a maternity department where I have completed just one delivery which needed to be an assisted birth. At 2 am there is a quiet atmosphere about the hospital, but it is also very dark. Deliveries must be made with the help of one or two paraffin lamps, which I imagine can become difficult when you have more than one mother in labour at a time.

My responsibilities are much greater here than they would be at home and the types of work more varied. I am not qualified as a nurse tutor but this is now part of my work. In England nurses are neither allowed to prescribe drugs nor give general anaesthetics but these form part of the nurses' duties here. I have been impressed by the adaptability I have seen exercised by many of the missionary and national staff, but this is largely due to a lack of experienced and qualified staff in these positions.

Who will give the most?

I have been welcomed at the church and have been to several worship services. In fact, since arriving in Zaire, I have had opportunity to join in worship services in Kikongo, French and English, and then more latterly in Lingala. The communion services are always longer lasting, some taking three to four hours, and involve more singing from the choirs and congregation and an active participation in bringing the offering. With

the drums beating and the folk singing lustily, all dance to the front of the church where there is a competition between the men and the women as to who will give the highest amount. All the services and meetings are in Lingala, which for me makes it difficult to participate with much understanding, so I am greatly indebted to missionary colleagues for their translations and their encouragement in learning this new language. The pastor leading the work of the Church at Pimu is well loved and respected by all. The work of a pastor in Zaire demands many qualities of leadership in the life of the village, and he is a man who is greatly dependent on God's guidance. Belief in the spirits and the power of witchcraft and sorcery is a serious problem facing the people here and is likewise to the Christian Church. The question of church discipline for its members also seems a point often under discussion.

That's life!

Yes, life could certainly be described as different here! Going to bed soon after 9 pm, attempting to feel safe perched on the side of a canoe, filling in endless forms (always in triplicate), experiencing that when it rains almost everything stops, sharing Christmas food parcels that arrive nine months late, fighting a continual battle with ants and cockroaches, and learning that lizards are just as frightened of you as vice versa — these are just some of the facts of life at Pimu.

I have enjoyed these first weeks and thank God that He has been with me in these beginnings, when there have been so many new things to see and experience. I look onwards to the coming months and upwards to Christ that He may be my strength and guide as I serve Him in Pimu.



Children outside Pimu church

MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS

Arrivals

Dr E Marsh on 4 November from Berhampur, India.

Miss J Westlake on 7 November from Chandraghona, Bangladesh.

Departures

Miss P E Gilbert on 2 November for Kinshasa, Zaire.

Miss M Bushill on 4 November for Delhi, India.

Miss V Campbell on 6 November for Dacca, Bangladesh.

Miss A Wilmot on 9 November for Barisal, Bangladesh.

Mr J Ottaway on 9 November for Upoto, Zaire.

Miss M M Mills on 23 November for Diptipur, India.

Miss P Sims on 23 November for Udayagiri, India.

Mr and Mrs R W Case and family on 27 November for Barisal, Bangladesh.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Secretaries acknowledge with grateful thanks the following legacies and gifts sent anonymously or without address.
(27 October-27 November 1978)

General Work: Anon: £1.00; Anon: £10.00; Anon: £19.00; Anon: £20.00; Anon: £40.00; Anon: £10.00; Anon: £25.00; Anon (LC): £5.00; Anon (Kitega Choir): £91.00; Anon: £5.00; Anon: £10.00; Anon: £20.00; Anon (FDM): £10.20; Anon: £25.00; Anon: £50.00; Anon: £60.00; Anon: £5.00; Anon: £25.00; Anon (Bristol):

£543.00; Anon: £30.00; Anon: £5.00; Anon (Aberdeen): £20.00; Anon: £50.00; Anon: £10.00; Anon: £10.00; Anon (Medway): £50.00; Anon: £100.00; Anon (Dartford): £1.00; Anon (Cymro): £20.00.

Agricultural Work: Anon: £35.00; Anon: £1.00.

Gift and Self Denial: Anon: £5.00; Anon: £5.00; Anon: £2.00; Anon: £5.00; Anon: £1.00; Anon: £5.00; Anon (MRW): £5.00.

India Relief Fund: Anon (FDM): £20.40.

Medical Work: Anon: £20.00.

Legacies

Louisa K Bailey	£ p 50.00
Miss A L Etherington	20.00
Mr E Goodchild	77.51
Mrs S Lee	869.19
Miss A M Murray-Harris	50.00
Miss A M Williams	150.00