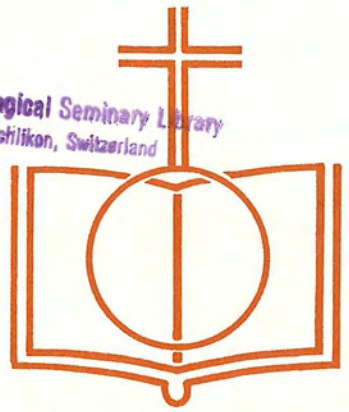


Missionary

HERALD

The magazine of the Baptist Missionary Society

Baptist Theological Seminary Library
8003 Büschlikon, Switzerland



SEPTEMBER 1979
Price 10p



Mother and child from the Kond Hills

NEW WORKERS IN ZAIRE



Listening to the February prayer tape of the BMS alerted **Brian Tucker** to the need for a temporary replacement for David Norkett, on furlough from Yakusu, and prompted him to offer his services.

Brian has been minister of the Baptist church in the Lancashire cotton town of Leigh and in the inner city district of Moss Side in Manchester. Since 1974 his pastorate has been in the Wolverhampton suburb of Fordhouses where the church has generously given him the necessary leave of absence for this step.

Missionary service runs on both sides of his family. His aunt, Miss Dorothy Belham, gave a lifetime to the BMS in India, and his late father, Keith, served ten years as principal of Calabar College, Jamaica — where Brian met his wife, Helen.

When Brian leaves for Zaire this month, Helen and the three school-age children will be staying behind, and look forward to a reunion in July next year.

Martin Staple's home church is College Road Baptist, Harrow, where he has been in membership since 1974. He first came to know the Lord and was baptized at Llanishen, Cardiff.

In 1976 Martin went to Christ's College, Cambridge, to read modern and medieval languages, little suspecting that within months of taking his degree in German and Norwegian, he would be teaching English, through French, in Zaire! While at Cambridge, he benefited greatly from fellowship with other Christians, and especially through the work of the Robert Hall Society.

It was the experience of teaching English at language courses in Austria during university vacations which first led Martin to contemplate doing this sort of work for a couple of years after graduation. Then, while at a student conference on 'Mission', he learnt of the great need for Christian English teachers in CBFZ schools in Zaire, and consequently felt challenged to offer to the BMS to serve a 'short-service commitment' in that country.

Martin graduated from Cambridge in June, then spent a month on a course in the teaching of English as a foreign language, followed by a month in Belgium brushing up his French. This month he leaves for Zaire to begin his work at Upoto.



NEWS IN BRIEF



IYC

The Children's Day Service in connection with the International Year of the Child at St Mary's Baptist Church, Norwich, included five scenes of mime and dialogue. Two scenes were biblical, the others showed the work of Christians for children: Shaftesbury and Barnardo in London, Gladys Aylward in China and Helen Keller with Anne Sullivan. Round the wall were friezes of British life, made by the Sunday school, which the church will send to Valerie Hamilton in Bangladesh in the hope of receiving one in exchange from there. Also there were displays of the work of various young people's organizations, showing how the church serves them and how they serve others. Two brief interviews were given, one by a university student about a camp run by Christian students for deprived children, and the other by the lady who organizes the BMS working party that sends garments to children in Zaire. For good measure the infant son of a Nigerian couple, studying in Britain, was dedicated.

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

At the recent Brighton Congress of the European Baptist Federation, one study group questioned European participation in overseas church and mission work. It pointed out that for more than a century many Christians from Europe have gone out into the world in response to Christ's call to make all nations his disciples. The initiative was sometimes taken by individuals but mostly by churches as they became conscious of their missionary responsibility.

In Europe, Baptists brought manpower and resources together in the formation of several societies through which they embarked on an extensive programme of missionary activities. As a result a multitude of educational and medical institutions have come into being.

The end of the beginning

This pioneering stage of mission came to an end when organized churches emerged from the early preaching stations. Yet in spite of formal independence the younger churches have remained heavily dependent upon foreign personnel and finance.

This relationship reflects the economic inequalities between the nations concerned whereas real partnership calls for equivalency and mutuality.

Further, the group felt, that being a missionary church implied more than sending out people to far countries. The church needs also to be a living and missionary community on its own doorstep. Participation in overseas missionary work should go hand in hand with a real concern for mission in one's own country.

A challenge to every Baptist

As a result of their deliberations this group wished to challenge every Baptist and every Baptist church to respond to the great commission of our Lord 'to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature'.

This would mean that we began at home and then reached out beyond. They recommended joint action for mission on the European continent and overseas, and they wished to emphasize that though qualified and committed people, together with financial help, were still needed overseas, the basis on which this is sought and used must be by mutual agreement between partners.

It is interesting to note that this, in fact, has been the policy of the BMS for many years. We send missionaries nowhere without an invitation from the Church of that country to do so. It is the Church in that land which says where their help would be most effective and, in consultation with the BMS, where each missionary should be stationed. Likewise it is the Church, in each case, who decides which schemes should take priority in grant aid and then invites the Society to lend its support to such priorities. A partnership of equality and mutuality.

3WI

All who are interested in the Third World and what the West can do to help will find the Third World First's bi-monthly newspaper helpful as it has details of what others are doing. It also has a calendar of coming events concerned with bringing help to the oppressed and the exploited. It can be obtained from: Third World First, 232 Cowley Road, Oxford.

'HILLS OF THE NORTH...'

by Stanley Mudd,
Assistant Overseas Secretary

Listening to Dr Stanley Thomas, many years ago, give a deputation address on his work, I was much relieved to hear him say, 'Never mind about "Udayagiri" for the moment, that's rather a difficult word to pronounce. Let's call the place where I work the "Kond Hills"'. I'm sure you'll remember that better.' And so I did, of course, not simply because the name is easier to pronounce, but because he then gave us a picture of the place and the people – the whole setting for the work of the hospital.

But because missionaries lived and live there, because the hospital and school are there, 'Udayagiri' comes into missionary news a

good deal, and we are in danger of forgetting that its importance lies in its being a major town of an area and the administrative centre for a large and important section of the Cuttack diocese of the Church of North India (CNI).

Shades of green

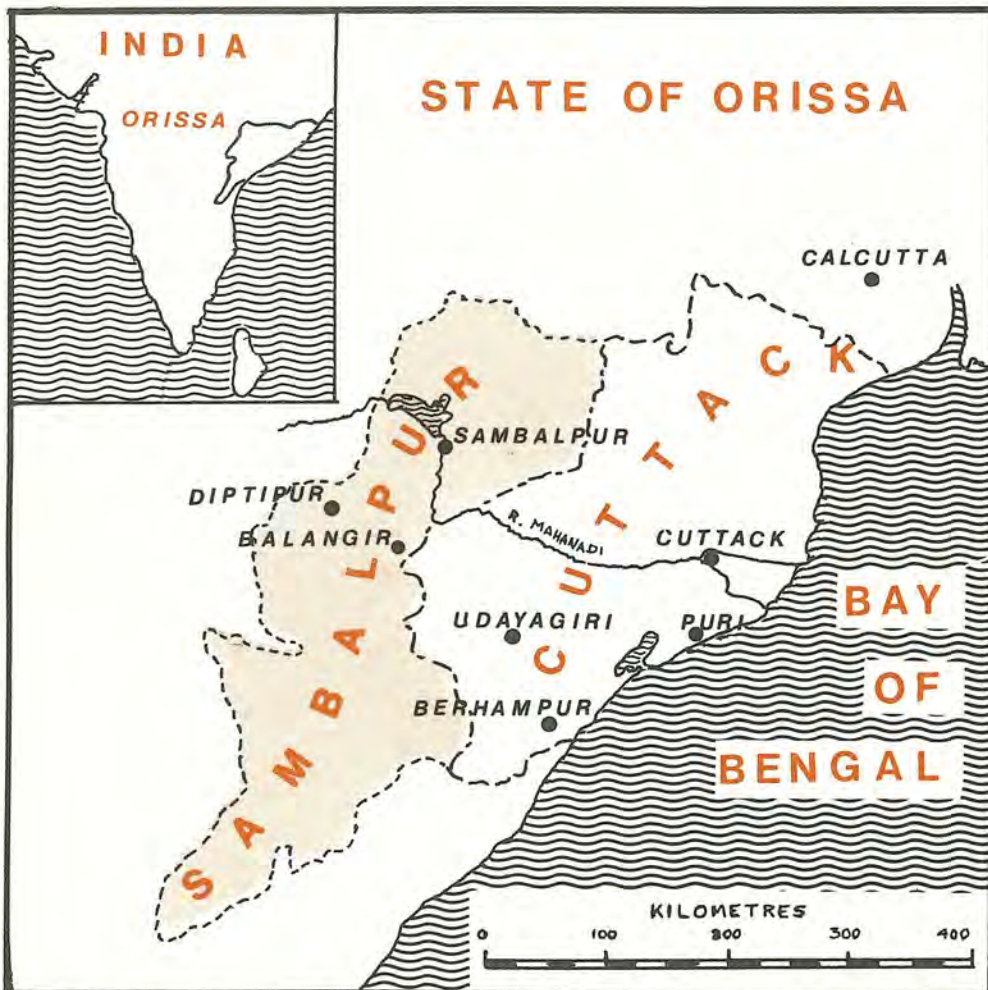
On my CNI map, Cuttack diocese is coloured uniformly green. It covers an area about half that of the State of Orissa and is a useful indication of the area of jurisdiction of the Bishop of Cuttack over the CNI churches of the diocese. However, I cannot help feeling that the map would be more helpful if it left white the areas where there are almost

no CNI churches and was coloured more heavily in those places where the churches are greater in number. We should then find the map to be almost white to the north of Cuttack but shading into pale green as we approached Puri, some 60 or 70 miles south of Cuttack. The green would become darker still north-west of Berhampur and at its darkest due west, where there are the biggest two of the four 'Pastorate Unions' (administrative units of the diocese) with about 300 churches. These are almost all in the Kond Hills and the members are mostly Kond people.

They are a hill people and a tribal people – and that says a lot to anyone who knows India. Without necessarily knowing the area one might make a guess that they are ethnically distinct from the people of the plains; that mostly they are or have been animist in religion and have many distinctive cultural customs; that they are fiercely independent and suspicious of anyone and anything that seems likely to interfere with their way of life. All this is true of the Kui people, and it is a miracle of God's grace that they have in such large numbers accepted Christ. It is surprising, too, that the majority agreed to enter the Church of North India, though Cuttack must seem a long way off – an unfamiliar city – and the CNI headquarters in Delhi, almost 1,000 miles away, even more remote to this group of churches on the very edge of CNI territory.

Maintaining an identity

I have described the people as independent and suspicious of change, but change is coming whether they like it or not. Roads have been and are being built through what used to be thick jungle – indeed, the jungle is still thick in many places. On a drive up from the plains to Udayagiri it is normal to see monkeys on or near the road. Victims of bear maulings still come to the hospital from time to time and snakes of all kinds are still abundant, but bus services are more





Sunlight and shadow over Udayagiri, Kond Hills

frequent and regular than they used to be and the Kond people, perhaps with the knowledge that they may have been driven from the more fertile plains many hundreds of years ago and found refuge in the hills, certainly with the realization that they face in the Oriyans of the plains a richer people with a more dominant culture, are anxious to maintain their identity – an identity closely bound up with their language.

If you go to the Kond Hills and announce yourself as a British Baptist you will get an immediate welcome. This is not simply because missionaries have served the people in the hospital and in the schools, as evangelists and as church workers, but because they identify themselves with the people who learned, spoke and wrote their language, translated the Scriptures, and travelled many miles by land rover and on foot to remote villages, to such good effect that the work of evangelism goes on today. That is why Delhi is very interested in the Kond Hills. Any apologist for the CNI would like to point to its achievements in

many different spheres, but especially in evangelism and church growth, and the CNI synod has promised grants for additional pastors and evangelists if a diocese can produce evidence of expansion. Not many dioceses can do this, but Cuttack diocese is one that can and they have received, and are making use of, the special grant, and the Church continues to grow. Church growth, of course, presents its own problems, but the Kui people are very proud of their hospital and of their High School, and fully conscious of the fact that they are a very big proportion of the Christian Church in Orissa.

Making the break

And yet I would say they are not yet fully awake to their own responsibilities. The CNI is trying to make the local churches independent of foreign help in the pastoral and evangelistic ministry of the church. It is a hard thing to ask of desperately poor people, but other churches in other parts – equally poor – are independent of overseas aid. Giving has more than doubled in the area in the last five years, but still it does not

represent the price of one cup of tea per fortnight per member – not too much even for the very poor. This is based on statistics which the Pastorate Unions themselves provide, but there may be, and probably is, giving which is not included in these figures. Certainly the people have generously shared their knowledge of salvation through Christ and the fruit of that sharing is seen in the figures for church growth – figures unmatched in any other diocese in the Church of North India.

There are problems ahead for the Kui Church. It is uncertain that the Church will remain united. Their desire for overseas help partly in money, but mostly in personnel, may make them overlook or undervalue their own resources or help which can come from other parts of the CNI or even their own diocese, but one thing they have not undervalued, and that is the gospel. In spite of its strains and stresses the Kui Church is a live Church and an example and inspiration to the whole of the CNI.

THE HILL GOD IS BANISHED

by Barbara Boal, ex-missionary at Udayagiri; now a tutor at St Andrew's Hall, Selly Oak

'Oooh!' lamented a village elder, 'We sent you away a teenager and you've come back an old woman!' I was revisiting the Kond Hills after 12 years' absence and there were changes on both sides!

For me the changes started when I crossed the rushing stream between our bungalow and the Moorshead Memorial Christian Hospital. It flows from a most successful government irrigation scheme a mile further up-valley and provides two paddy harvests per year where previously there was parched land. This was symbolic of a number of other improvements: electricity to Udayagiri, more schools, better roads and several buses.

But we will confine ourselves to one particular area: the wilder south-west hills where whole villages of Konds, often several days' walk from bus communications, are asking for Christian instruction. Ten years ago I wrote: 'Within a background of Kond traditional life and thought upwards of 200 Christian congregations meet regularly for worship, and in many more villages small groups of committed learners look toward baptism and the formation of their local churches.' That sentences can be repeated today with one great difference: we must replace the 200 by 300 — and that will be too few by the time you read these words.

Come out to meet them

First of all we revisited a remote village, the people of which I had last seen as new Christians 12 years ago. Then, not one of them could read. Their Scripture knowledge was minimal and was confused with 'keeping the new laws' concerning liquor-drinking and taking a second wife. Formal intellectualized answering of questions was so different from their previous experienced form of traditional religion as to seem quite irrelevant. What they, and similar new Christian communities, kept affirming was the quite unsolicited and totally astonishing good news for them: 'God is with us! He's no longer far off,



The threshing floor chisled from the old site for human sacrifices

unknown. He stays with us now!' And: 'We can pray to Him anywhere — at home, in the fields, even in the dangerous jungled hills.' God had made Himself known to them, as to the Hebrews in the hill-wilderness of Sinai, as Salvation-Presence.

The headman there had three wives. Plurality of wives is permitted in the Kui Church if they were established before becoming 'learners', so all four had been baptized together to give none precedence. That headman had been one of the least able to answer questions on his faith. Twelve years later as the drummers led us over the rocky pass, I was agog to see how he had fared. That village is set in an amphitheatre of high hills. Right at the level centre is a great bastion of rocks. The little thatched church is set on the narrow ridge linking this to the village. That great volcanic jumble of upreared rocks was their ancient site for human sacrifice to the Earth Goddess (more recently replaced by buffalo-substitutes). They had abandoned the sacrifice only when they became Christian learners.

Faith produces works

But now an amazing thing had happened. That headman felt that 'for the true God's sake' he personally must remove all that symbolized these former sacrifices. So, using only a crowbar, he had produced, after three or four years of patient chipping, a wide, flat platform about 8ft below the former sacrificial level. Our visit was in the harvest season and this rock-platform was in use as a threshing floor. We ate our midday rice up there, gazing out from the high platform which nevertheless was below ground 12 years ago — he had left one stark pillar to prove it. Yet this was the man who nearly was not baptized because he could not answer the questions properly!

Last time I was there the untouched jungle came right down to the foot tracks. Now there are numbers of hill plots where brilliant yellow mustard or other crops are growing for food or cash crops. I remarked on it. 'Oh yes,' they said, 'You see, we're no longer afraid of the Hill God's power.'

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Secretaries acknowledge with grateful thanks the following legacies and gifts sent anonymously or without address.
(17 May-19 June 1979)

General Work: Anon: £5.00; Anon: £5.00; Anon: £10.00; Anon: £10.00; Anon (May): £10.00; Anon: £100.00; Anon: £2.00; Anon: £20.00; Anon (Stamps): £21.39; Anon (MLO – Redhill): £5.00; Anon (FAE Aberdeen): £10.00.

Legacies

	£	p
Mr A Andrews	500.00	
Miss M G Clarke	100.00	
Mr M Davies	7,071.67	
Miss R K Evans	2,000.00	
Mr F George	13,795.92	
Miss D B Knee	1,134.71	
Mrs L J Morris	1,000.00	
Mrs E M Munro	264.55	
Miss M Roberts	21.20	
A E Skillman	50.00	



The church that stands between safety and fear

I had not sufficiently appreciated previously that apart from the human/buffalo fertility sacrifice, the Hill God held an unparalleled place in the traditional beliefs – and therefore in the economic life – of Konds living in these areas of virgin jungle. Yet this is not surprising, for hills small and great surround every Kond village and until very recently were a source of danger from wild beasts and other perils, whose depredations indicated the displeasure of the Hill God. On this tour I came to realize that their attitude to the Hill God was almost a gauge of Christian faith – certainly more so than an ability to answer academic questions. Four villages we visited illustrate this among these people who have no Old Testament in their own language and know little of its contents, yet who daily live out many of its truths.

Food and drink for the gods

Alongside these four village examples take Psalm 121, for instance. In the first village the community is pondering whether to ask for Christian teaching or not: meanwhile it

continues its old ritual to the Hill God.

Village 1: 'I lift up my eyes to the hills – where does my help come from?'

Behind the little cluster of homes a densely forested hill broods over the community. On its lower slope is the grove of trees dedicated to that Hill God. Each hot season and in certain sicknesses offerings must be made to him. Quantities of liquor are distilled and 12 eggs collected. The ancestors are called together outside the patient's house, their thirst quenched by the drink-offering poured on the ground as the gourd-cup is passed from hand to hand in order of seniority, uniting them past and present in the shared ritual.

Then the priest and head of the patient's home take a purification bath by total immersion at the river or spring and go up to the grove. There they gather the hill gods by calling the name of every hill within sight, and address their own Hill God by name:

'O Deda Hill God, come!
We've brought you food.
You are the Named One of this hill,
Now you call your own folk by their names (i.e. other hills).
You give food to your folk.
And don't quarrel!
All eat with one heart!
We've brought this feast for your sakes!'
They put the 12 eggs in careful rows and return home leaving the hill gods to eat and disperse.

Thus the jungle slopes are believed to be the property of the gods, not of the village community. Yet the people must cut wood and gather wild fruits – hence the hope that a well-disposed hill god will surround and envelop any wild animal, witch or evil eyed person and protect the community from its danger. But who can say whether the Hill God is feeling well-disposed? Someone might have angered him: he may take vengeance. Eyes may be lifted to the hills – but will he help? Or hinder?

Village 2: 'My help comes from the Lord, the maker of heaven and earth.'
We visited a little hamlet that asked for Christian instruction a few months ago. They are not yet baptized and the forest is cleared only for garden-plots very close to the cottages. But they have already built their simple thatched church. The placing of it is significant, right on the edge of the clearing between them and the hill – the visible symbol of God's presence at the boundary between their safety and their fears.

Worshipping the true God

Village 3: 'He will not let your foot slip – he who watches over you will not slumber.'

After several months' instruction, this village was baptized last year. They marked it by a

continued on page 138

BASIC GOOD SENSE OR SOPHISTICATED SURGERY?

by Pamela Sims

During my six month stay in India at the Moorshead Memorial Christian Hospital, Udayagiri, we celebrated the 40 year mark since its official opening. The jubilee reminded us forcefully of the uncertainty of the present and future, in comparison with past years of activity and blessing in the ministry of the hospital.

Why uncertainty? Over the past ten years or so the hospital, which has had a good reputation particularly in the field of surgery, has been subjected to frequent changes of medical director, which combined with the very variable abilities of successive doctors and the problem of an ageing nursing staff, were leading to a general lowering of morale and much heart-searching for those in positions of responsibility, as they planned for the future.

Be ready for anything!

The hospital itself houses something over 100 beds, including medical, surgical, obstetric

and gynaecological, paediatric and ophthalmic specialities, though some years ago for good reasons the number of beds actually in use was halved. Outpatients are seen daily, apart from Sundays when it is emergencies only. I never failed to be amazed at the sheer variety of cases presented! The realization that absolutely anything could turn up next was quite a challenge! Anything from a baby with diarrhoea and vomiting to an adult with tuberculosis of the lungs; from a young woman requiring antenatal check-up to a young couple complaining of infertility (commoner in fact than requests for sterilization); and again, from an adolescent girl with severe rheumatic heart disease to an older man needing surgery for his duodenal ulcer . . . and so it goes on. Emergencies are carried in on make-shift stretchers — a primitive bed turned upside down! — and these usually turn out to be 'fever cases' which respond rapidly to anti-malarial treatment. It was a joy to see one or two severe cerebral cases pull through after days

of medical treatment and vigilant nursing.

Surgery in a rural hospital has to be very adaptable. If a certain instrument or piece of equipment is not available, you just have to improvise. If you are called upon to do an operation you have never even seen before — let alone done — you just have to read it up from the books, get on with it, with a few tips from the very excellent theatre nurse, and trust that the Lord will give grace. There are failures, of course, in any surgeon's experience, and they live on in our memories much longer than the successes! However, most patients operated upon during my six month period went home having been helped. I was particularly thankful that we did not have a single death actually on the operating table, nor serious anaesthetic mishap, always most unpleasant experiences for all staff concerned, as well as patient and relatives, of course.

Breaking through the barriers

In the midst of busy outpatients, almost daily ward rounds, two full operating days a week, and not infrequent night calls, there were naturally some frustrations. Sheer fatigue leading to loss of temper was a problem from time to time. My work load partly depended on the other (national) doctors; sometimes there was just the part-time government doctor who helped in outpatients only; usually however there was at least one other junior doctor assisting on the inpatient side too. There was also the constant battle to try and improve nursing standards, which had declined steadily until the arrival of Joan Smith. All this was in addition to my lack of language. This is a frustration for any new missionary working overseas; English may be the language of officialdom and commerce yet be unintelligible to the ordinary people. In Udayagiri two languages predominate; Kui, the tribal language, and Oriya, which is used throughout Orissa generally, but is often poorly understood by the Kui speakers.



Moorshead Memorial Christian Hospital, Udayagiri



Pamela Sims operating at Udayagiri

Those served by the hospital are in the main Kui speaking. A good clinical history elicited from the patient is basic to diagnosis, particularly in a condition such as a stomach ulcer. The whole of the future management, including the decision to operate or not, may rest upon what the patient says in response to the questions the doctor puts to him. This vital link with the patient is frequently marred by interpretation.

Culture is more than just language though. One has to attempt to break through the barrier of a whole way of thinking. Oh the frustration of the TB patient who discharges himself after a couple of weeks' treatment! It seems that he just will not accept that at least a year's therapy is necessary, and most of that in his own home anyway, at minimal cost. Then there is the continual struggle against poor hygiene. How many generations will it take for the ordinary folk to use latrines? Our patients regularly made use of the hospital grounds directly outside the wards! In the words of an American missionary, an ex-laboratory technician, 'India's health problems boil down to what they do with their urine and faeces.' It may sound rather crude, but how very true; and perhaps I may add, sputum. These crying needs in the realm of public health and education surely put into perspective

sophisticated surgery. It seems incredible that open heart surgery is now available in the state of Orissa, yet during my six months I saw young people dying of entirely preventable causes such as tuberculosis, malaria and in childbirth, when obstructed labour cases were brought far too late. At one stage we were averaging a death a day from such causes. Yes, there is plenty of *raison d'etre* for the Moorshead Memorial Christian Hospital.

Tall order

During my time there I was in the privileged position of seeing the work expand dramatically. The inpatients numbers rose from just under 40 to nearly 80, outpatients also doubled. Local people who months previously wanted the hospital closed and replaced by a dispensary, were now clamouring for continued expansion and even more missionaries! Slowly over the months the way ahead has unfolded. Decisions have been made to reintroduce a Nurses' Training School, and hopefully to increase the present staff complement. Unfortunately a cloud still hangs over the question of medical directorship. Humanly speaking, there is the almost impossibly tall order of: an Indian, who is a mature Christian, a competent surgeon, a good administrator and one who is willing to

accept the social deprivations and lack of educational facilities in a place like Udayagiri! There also is the matter of missionary help again. How could a European doctor exercise a consultative ministry without adopting the leadership role, which would most certainly be expected of him, by locals and hospital staff alike?

Well, these are some of the questions facing the BMS in these days and I trust that this report-cum-testimony gives us plenty of food for thought and prayer, which will result in decisions and actions truly glorifying to God.



Pamela Sims

THE HILL GOD IS BANISHED

continued from page 135

great act of faith in the guardian presence of God: they set fire to their sacred grove. Now, led by exulting drummers and yodelling women, the rejoicing group met us at the very heart of that skeleton grove, linked arms with us and led us to their homes shouting in chorus: 'God is with us!' 'Let His Name be praised!' 'Let His good news be spread!'

Village 4: 'The Lord will keep you from all harm — he will watch over your life.'

This jungle-surrounded village is up on a mountain plateau. It was host for its district's annual meetings, responsible for feeding more than 600 overnight guests from surrounding villages and for carrying through the business and devotions, alongside

drumming and festivities. The little church was, as usual, between the village and the sacred grove of an especially feared hill god. They have been Christians for several years and I remarked to an elder that they had not increased their food supply by cultivating the slopes. 'That's all settled,' he replied. 'As soon as you've all gone and we've leisure for our own concerns, we have planned "God's worship" on the hill. Our circuit pastor will come and we'll go through the grove up there.' (Then, obviously with the Hill God's traditional ritual in mind,) 'We shall call on the Hill God to attend, and we'll thank our God for His presence; the pastor will read from God's Book, then shout out sending the Hill God away for ever and proclaiming this to be the true God's mountain. We'll come down and have a joy-feast together.

Then,' he added, 'we'll make hill-clearings and raise new crops in safety.'

The door is open — who will go through?
'The Lord will watch over your coming and going both now and for evermore.'

What lies in the 'now' and the future for all these illiterate Christians? The number of trained pastors is pitifully few. Even an untrained man may have five churches in his care, with hardly a literate layman in his whole group. So he dashes over the hills to lead as many services as possible each Sunday, telling the rest to meet for prayer. There is a desperate need for adult education and more lay leadership classes. The Lord has indeed opened wide the door. Is He calling you and me to partnership with that Church in whatever way He wills, so that these fellow-members of His Body may receive nurture for their strong initial faith?

The deeply dedicated but unbearably overworked 34 year old Area Superintendent wrote the other day:

'Greetings to you in the name of our Lord Jesus. I must beg your apology for the delay . . . As you know, I was busy awfully . . . I don't know how long I will be able to continue like this. Honestly, I feel it is essential to have more workers for the work in the whole district . . .

Really, even though we can't visit churches regularly, still the Lord is doing wonderful work in the hearts of the people. The interest to give (in cash and produce) and to know the Christian faith day by day goes up.

My earnest request to you is to remember us in your prayer which will uphold us and the work in the Kond Hills . . . My children are not all right, I am unable to pay good attention to them . . .'

A prayer: Lord, what would you have *me* to do?



Buffalo prepared for sacrifice

YOU HAVE TO SMILE

by David Wheeler

Learning to smile at things, it seems, is a good way of settling down in one's missionary service. At Barisal I was blessed with a Muslim milkman (see *Missionary Herald* March 1979). Now, at Chandraghona, I have been further blessed, this time with a Hindu clerk of works!

During my first week I soon realized that this man was eager to please me. When I asked him on the Saturday evening if he ever went to the church on the compound, he replied that sometimes he did and that tomorrow he would call for me and take me.

Sunday morning came and the clerk of works arrived in good time. In fact I felt rather bad about keeping him waiting, as I was not quite ready. Then, having hastily put on my jacket and shoes, we set off. It was good to know that one of my workmen at least went to church, even though he was a Hindu.

On arriving at the church door he held out his hand, indicating that I should go in before him, so into the church I went. I selected a seat and tried to make myself as inconspicuous as possible, which is difficult when you have a white skin, and waited for my Hindu friend to sit down beside me. However he did not appear, nor was he sitting elsewhere in the church. As I sat half listening to the too-fast-to-understand Bengali preacher and half reflecting on the situation, I realized that my companion had done just what he said he would — he had taken me to church. No more and no less. I had to smile!

The innocent smile

Or you might find yourself in a situation like the one I describe here. Sometimes I need to drive into town and on this particular day I had reached a roundabout in one of the busier parts of the town. Unfortunately I was in the wrong part of the road. Behind me were what seemed like hundreds of

rickshaws waiting to move off, and in front was a policeman walking towards the combibus.

Now I had not meant any harm, it was just that I was blocking a rickshaw lane and the rickshaws could have happily filtered round to the left had I not been in their way. What was I to do? Well, before the policeman poked his head through the window, I smiled innocently at him. This seemed to work like a charm, for he merely shrugged his shoulders and moved me on with a 'just-another-stupid-foreigner' look written all over his face!

The sympathetic smile

But a smile not only helps us to laugh in an aggravating situation or to get out of an awkward one, it is also a good indication of one person's feelings towards another. Often in Bangladesh a poor mother and her hungry child will come and sit on your doorstep, seeking attention. She waits until you come to her, then she looks timidly at your face and can tell instantly whether she will be accepted or rejected. It is not necessary to know the language of the country in order to convey your meaning. Just a smile puts her heart at ease and she knows she will get a kind reception.

Now I know that smiling is not listed in Galatians 5:22 under the fruit of the Spirit. Nevertheless, I think you will agree that, if you check through the list, smiling is consistent with the fruit: love — smiling, joy — smiling, peace — smiling, patience — smiling, kindness — smiling, and so on through the list. We would not say that smiling is evidence of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, but perhaps we could say that a Spirit-filled Christian finds himself smiling a good deal of the time.

What a sad state of affairs it is when we get so intense over our work or mission that we have no time to smile. Indeed I have found

LBMU/BMS AUTUMN RALLY

Bloomsbury Central Baptist Church
8 October at 7 pm

'FULL OF EASTERN PROMISE'

Induction of President:
Rev C Karunaratna
Valediction of Missionaries

that very little energy is needed to smile — we use many more face muscles in frowning than we do in smiling. So surely it is better to cultivate the habit of unconsciously smiling than of unconsciously frowning? Who knows, perhaps because you smile today someone will see something of the risen Christ in you?

MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS

Arrivals

Rev F W J and Mrs Clark and family on 28 May from São Paulo, Brazil.

Miss Pamela Sims on 30 May from Udayagiri, India.

Mr and Mrs S J Bull and family on 3 June from Kathmandu, Nepal.

Miss P Gilbert on 11 June from Kinshasa, Zaire.

Miss S C Finch on 12 June from Delhi, India.

Miss G E MacKenzie on 14 June from Bolobo, Zaire.

Rev D and Mrs Grainger and daughter on 20 June from Loanda, Brazil.

Departures

Dr A D and Mrs Hopkins and family on 5 June for IME, Kimpese, Zaire.

Miss E Talbot on 12 June for Tansen, Nepal.

Rev F S and Mrs Vaughan and family on 19 June for São Paulo, Brazil.

Engagement

Rev Desmond E Samuels (Presbyter in CNI) and Miss Sheila C Finch (Church Sister CNI and BMS missionary).

Deaths

In Holland, on 21 May, Miss Geertruida Reiling, aged 85 (Zaire Mission 1923-52).

In Worthing, on 20 June, Mrs Audrey Irene Allen (widow of Rev A E Allen), aged 97 (Zaire Mission 1914-48).

FOOT WORK SO VITAL TO THE PRESS

by Pete Riches

An important part of the Society's work in past years has been that of literature distribution and printing. The printing press at Yakusu, opened in 1910, was the first printing press in Upper Zaire. In time this press provided reading primers, school supplies and portions of Scripture for the whole of Zaire, an area twice the size of the United Kingdom.

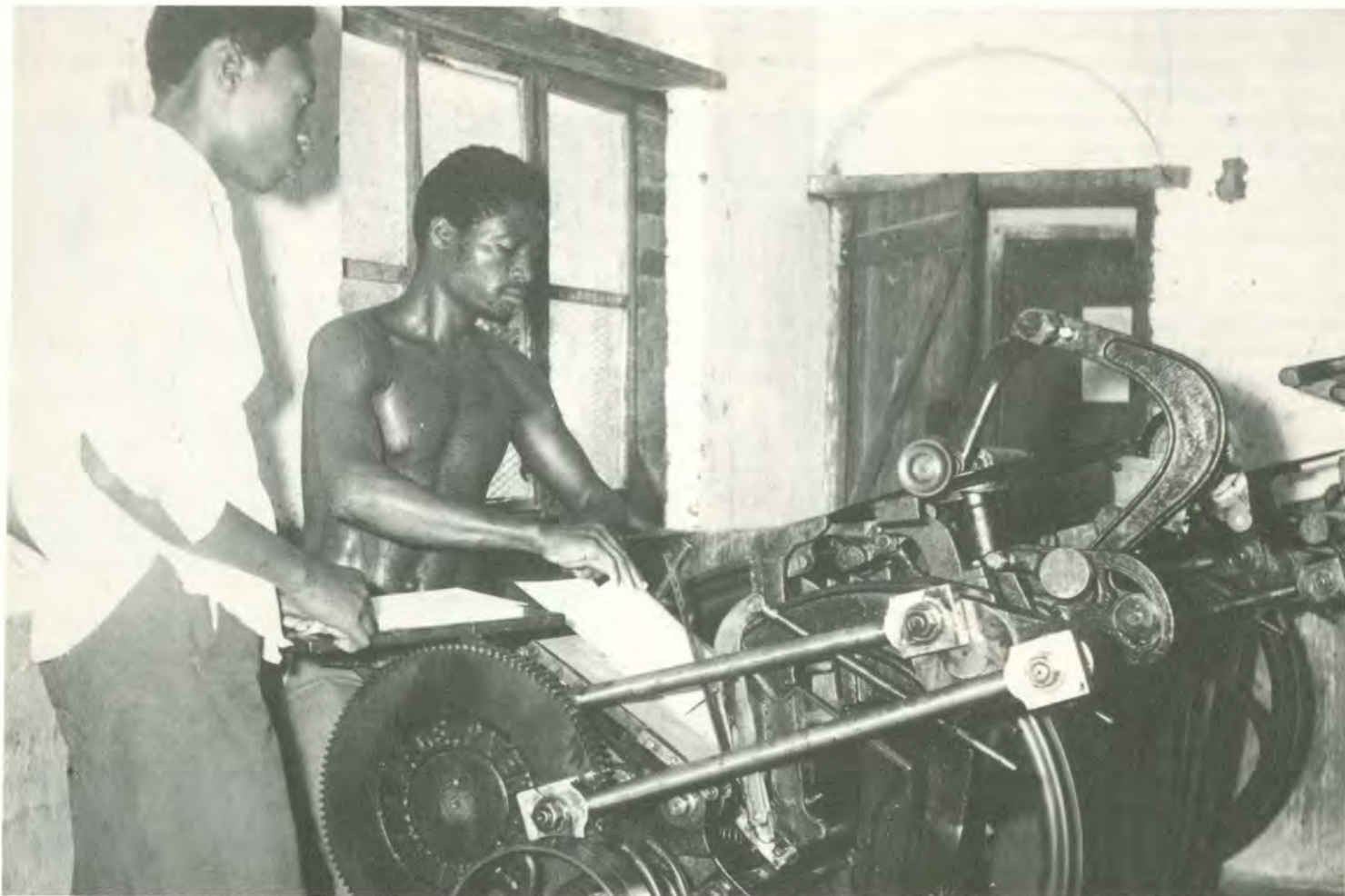
The press makes itself known

The early missionaries at Yakusu spent a part of their time in translation and the preparation of literature for the work of education and evangelism. Pre-1910, such literature was printed at the press at Bolobo.

In those early years many mission stations had their own modest printing establishment, often just one machine and a few cases of type. At Yakusu, however, this work was developed into a major part of the station's activity, under the guidance of the late Rev W H Ennals, who managed the press for many years from the early 1920's onwards. During this period the name of the BMS printing press at Yakusu became known throughout the country as hundreds of thousands of school books, religious books and Scriptures were published and printed. Our senior printer today, Citizen Lokangu, who qualified in 1934, often speaks of the days when books left the press by the case

load for mission stations hundreds of miles away, and of the days when the paper store was filled to the rafters as paper came in by the ton from Europe and South Africa.

But all of this was before independence, as our African colleagues remind us, that is to say, before 1960. Since that time the story has been quite different, with rebellion sweeping the country in the early and mid sixties. Titles have gone out of stock, never to be printed again. In fact since independence there have only been three titles printed: in 1969 a manual for pastors (2,000 copies), in 1973 the Lingala catechism was reprinted (10,000 copies)



The printing press at Yakusu

BAPTISTS SHOULD BE

... informed about what Baptists believe.

The 'Baptist View' series includes books on

AUTHORITY
BAPTISM
THE MINISTRY
THE CHURCH
FREEDOM
CHILDREN IN THE CHURCH

60p each, plus postage, from

BAPTIST PUBLICATIONS
4 Southampton Row, London WC1B 4AB
(Tel: 01-405 9803)

and in 1976 a small hymn book in a language spoken by a tribe to the north of Kisangani (only 600 copies).

The work today has a different emphasis

The work of the printing press today is centred on a small amount of commercial printing and a service to the church and its institutions in the printing of cards, stationery and school report sheets, all of which are vital to the work of the mission but a far cry from the Christian literature of the early days. The main function of the press today, therefore, is not as a printing and publishing

continued overleaf



The composers of the Yakusu Press

FOOT WORK SO VITAL TO THE PRESS

continued from previous page

house, but as a centre for the distribution of books, Scriptures and school supplies. A large proportion of sales is to the school children and students of the mission's six schools, who are constantly passing through the bookshop. There is a great opportunity for evangelism through literature to this large student population. Also, many books are now being sold through the regular journeys of the medical personnel as they visit dispensaries in the Upper River Region. A box of books is sent out each month in this way.

The major work of the printing department for this year has been the reprinting of the Lokele hymn book, which has been completely revised and reset. This one job has been a great financial strain on the resources of the press, and a number of smaller jobs which could have gone ahead will now have to wait until some of the money comes back in from the sales of the hymn book. Another hindrance in the printing is the difficulty in obtaining paper and boards. Often we are in the position of having a small stock of paper and lots of work we would like to do with it.

There is still a great need to be met in the field of children's books, especially in view of the large school population of the area. It was hoped that some of this need would be met by entering into co-editions with publishers in Europe, but it has proved impossible to raise sufficient cash, especially hard currency, to meet the costs of such a venture. We must therefore look at the possibility of producing our own children's literature.

Termites cause havoc

Several major obstacles, however, stand in the way. At the moment our lead block-making machine is out of action with a split in the burner pipe in an almost unmendable position. Much of our type, all Monotype, is on the floor of the composing

room, as the termites have eaten their way through three-quarters of the type cases since 1960. There is a desperate need to replace these cases in order to facilitate the production of more literature. As we have no means of recasting our type we have to keep all that we have for re-use and the job of sorting out thousands of pieces of type from the heaps on the floor is a formidable one. Lastly, for most of the time we are only able to use our smaller machines, as they can be operated by treadle. Our bigger machine has to be powered by a diesel engine, which at present is borrowed from the construction cement mixer when the construction department can spare it. To

have a diesel engine of our own would be a great help in the production of much needed literature.

You may ask why we continue to operate such an out of date and inefficient press when others are far more efficient. But as these others do not produce the sort of material which we need for use in the churches, there is really little alternative. Literature is as vital to the work of the kingdom today as it was when the press was opened 70 years ago – for that reason the press at Yakusu exists today.

Baptist Times

Your denominational newspaper

keeps you in touch with the

news of the churches in

Great Britain and overseas.

Be informed to CARE and PRAY.

Published weekly

by the Baptist Times, 4 Southampton Row, London WC1B 4AB

Price 12p

POLES APART

by Jennie Sugg

I had not seen her since we returned from furlough, so I asked if perhaps she had died while we had been away. 'Oh no, she's still down there, but she can't make it up the hill anymore.' So I went down to see her. Who? Jessie. She's one of the oldest church members around these parts, something over 80 I should think, but no one of that age would know exactly how old they were. You have to work it out by the stories they tell.

She was there as they said she would be, sitting in an ancient deckchair outside her one roomed house. She was pleased to see me and the children and gave us a stool to sit on. We stayed and talked to her for a while about what it was like when the first missionaries came. She was a girl who helped in Fumu's house. (Fumu was Mr Forfeit, the first missionary to come to Upoto, who would have arrived at the beach just near the house where Jessie now lives.) She made a gesture with her hand to indicate about how big she was when she worked there — a child of about nine or ten I would guess. She was in Mama Fumu's girls' class she said, and then she married and had five children but God took two of them while they were still babies. She lived with her husband in the house by the river at the bottom of a steep hill which goes up to the mission at Upoto. When he died, over 20 years ago, her family wanted her to move further up the village to live with her sister — all her children had died by this time.

Happy under her tin roof

She told me how she refused to move because she wanted to stay near her husband and be buried with him, and she indicated a place where there was a slight mound of earth not five yards from where we sat. 'So,' she said, 'you bought me these tins,' and she pointed to the tin roof of her house. Mud and thatch houses do not last more than five to eight years, so as she insisted on staying in her house, the missionaries who were here at



Aged villagers at Upoto still working

that time had paid for a tin roof for her, and there she is today reminiscing about the past, and at peace about the future. She is not able to get up the hill any more, but she keeps in touch with what happens at the central church, and she goes when she can to the tiny chapel that is there in her village. So we came home with the gift of bananas she had given to the children, and a promise that we would look for some new material to cover her deckchair.

When we got back, Nongu was waiting for us. He is the accountant in the education office here at Upoto, and he had got some queries about some of the salaries he had to pay. Nongu did all his primary and secondary schooling here at Upoto. While he was in the fourth year of secondary school he had an undiagnosed illness which affected his speech and hearing, but he was able to finish his education with the help of lesson notes sent to him by missionaries while he was in hospital at Pimu. Because of his speech impediment he was not able to teach, and with his impaired hearing university would have been difficult for him. He worked as secretary in the school office, teaching himself to type, and showing himself always reliable and honest. From there he went to be accountant in the education office, learning by asking and by self help. Now he has got himself to number one place on the BMS grants list to study accounting and business studies here in Zaire.

Standing for Christ in a corrupt society

It is a joy for us to work with people like Nongu. He is a product of a mission school, a committed Christian who seeks to show Christ in his everyday dealings with people, and that is no easy task in Zaire today. It is a corrupt society, and particularly those who are dealing with money are open to the temptations of bribery and embezzlement. Nongu shows himself to be different from the rest and is known and respected for his Christian witness. He gets discouraged, he feels sometimes that he is fighting a lone battle, but he knows that the darkness cannot overcome the light and so he continues.

Jessie and Nongu. They live very close together but their worlds are poles apart, and they are typical of the wide variety of people that you would find on any Sunday worshipping here in the church at Upoto. Probably 80% of the women are illiterate, but there are also young girls who are in secondary school and others who are doing nurses training. Among the men there are many old Tatas who rub shoulders with the educated, like Nongu and the doctor from Lisala who worships here when he can get away from the hospital. These old men would never begin to comprehend the complexity of the work these younger men do. Please pray for them, the old who are part of the yesterday, and the young who are the today and the hope for the future in the Church of Christ in Zaire.



AT THE BRAZIL MISSIONARIES' RETREAT
1979

CALLING PHILATELISTS

The BMS Stamp Bureau is pleased to offer for sale:

One collection of stamps of India 1854-1978

One collection of stamps of Congo/Zaire 1886-1977

Each is offered intact to any keen Baptist Collector

For further details please contact Rev P Ledger
33 Brickhill Drive, Bedford MK41 7QA (Tel: 67630)