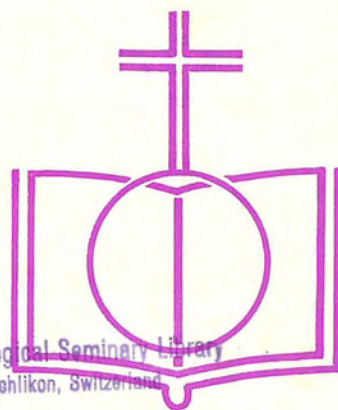


Missionary

HERALD

The magazine of the Baptist Missionary Society



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JULY 1980
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'Run .. to win the prize'

1 Corinthians 9:24

IT'S HARD TO SAY 'GOOD-BYE'

by Yvonne Wheeler



On the way through Calcutta

The long holiday is over, suitcases are packed and the day has arrived for six BMS children in Bangladesh to return to school. But school is not just around the corner, rather it is 1800 miles away in South India. By the time we arrive at Ooty in the Nilgri Hills, we shall have made our journey in 14 stages, from rickshaw to plane, from taxi to bus.

Tearful farewells

We meet up in Dacca and tearful farewells are said; then we move on to Calcutta to collect two more children. Here we spend most of the day at the airport, trying hard to keep ourselves occupied while we await the flight to Madras. We finally take off at 11 pm (only seven hours late!) to arrive in Madras at 1.30 am, six very tired children and one tired mum. Having booked to stay at the YWCA in town, we persuade the driver of the airport bus to stop just outside for us; then we arouse the sleepy night guard and eventually get to bed ourselves at 3 am.

Not to be daunted, the children are up again at 7 am, looking for chipmunks in the garden. Then we breakfast together before resuming our journey — six children, six lots of hand baggage, six cases to pick up at the left luggage office and one mum. Soon we are going through the security checks again,

when out come all the treasures, toys, toothbrushes and tuck. The next stage goes smoothly, and we embark on the final three hours of the journey into the mountains. We buy 12 bananas for 8p and scramble for a seat on the bus, making sure the cases are safely installed on the roof.

It feels good to leave the heat of the plains, Ooty is 7,000' and each 1,000' we go it gets a little cooler. By the roadside we see monkeys playing and, of course, the inevitable cows and goats. There are marvellous views of the mountains rising steeply into the cloudless sky. Around us are cascading waterfalls and, a little higher up, the tea gardens stretch before us. We encounter many landslides caused by the rains, and as a result the women can be seen repairing the roads, carrying heavy loads of earth and rocks. Then one of the children is sick, but fortunately the bus window is open.

More good-byes

The bus toils on, its piercing horn sounding at each hairpin bend, of which there are no less than 14. A sheer drop from the road does not allow for any mistakes. With just 2,000' to go we get out our warm clothes to put on. Then, finally, we arrive at our destination to be greeted by the smell of

the hundreds of eucalyptus trees growing around Ooty. After the greeting of friends and unpacking there looms the inevitable good-bye. For the children the long journey is over for another 12 weeks. The nagging question lurks at the back of my mind, 'Why are we doing it? Is it worth the heartache of separation?'

'I'd never send my child to a boarding school.' Have you ever heard that said, or maybe said it yourself? Next time you are tempted to make such a statement to a missionary parent, please bite your tongue and thank God that you have never had to. Pray for all those parents and children who are in this situation, not because it is their choice but through obedience to their Lord.

As I finish this article it is 4.30 am and the plane is late again. I sit at Calcutta Airport on my way back to Bangladesh, alone.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Thomas à Kempis in his *Imitation of Christ* observes that 'man proposes but God disposes'. Paul proposed to go to Bithynia but God disposed, leading him to Troas and facing him with the challenge of a new work and a foothold in Europe. From man's point of view this was an unplanned and unsought beginning to a vast new enterprise, the extent of which must have been far beyond his imagining as he set sail toward Macedonia.

The need is for houseparents

The Baptist Missionary Society ventured into São Paulo merely because it needed the facilities of an English school to educate the children of its missionaries, and so enable families to be in the same country together and make it possible for some parents to stay on the field who might otherwise feel obliged to come home. In São Paulo was St Paul's School, providing the type of education needed. The next step was to find a suitable house to serve as a hostel in which the children could live in term time, and after that was located there was the need to provide houseparents to run it and care for the children living there.

So a missionary couple went to São Paulo. They left what many regarded as the active field of Paraná, to be resident in an area where we had no missionary work. The need for hostel accommodation became so pressing that it proved essential to find another house to form an annexe to the first, and this second accommodation unit likewise required houseparents to care for the 'family'.

But God has shown that he disposes to have us do far more in São Paulo than we proposed. In this vast megalopolis – the largest in Brazil – which for two decades has been the fastest growing city in the world, there is practically everything one might expect to find in a modern city. There are tall buildings of advanced design. There are thriving factories, high class restaurants, excellent theatres and a constant hustle and bustle with everyone seemingly in a hurry.

The houseparents become urban evangelists

In the area around, Brazil's present and future industrial potential may be found in the largest iron reserves in the world, rich beds of bauxite, uranium, diamonds, rock crystal and semi-precious stones. Yet there is a great need for people to discover the spiritual content of life and God has led our missionaries there to engage in urban evangelism – which at least one Brazilian minister has judged to be the most urgent work for the Church today. This modern, flashy, sophisticated city has acted like a magnet to thousands of people who, on arriving, may discover that work is none too easy to find and that the cost of housing is way beyond their reach. As a result a spate of shanty towns has sprung up on any available land and it is to these disillusioned, deprived people that our missionaries take the good news of a caring, loving God.

IN THE PROMISED LAND

by Laura Hinchin

'How familiar it is,' I thought as I sat in the airport lounge waiting for my colleague to meet me. A seemingly unending stream of traffic flowed swiftly past on the dual carriageway outside, and a café opposite displayed a familiar Coca Cola sign. It was the sort of street scene one can see any day in any big city in Britain. A few minutes later I was speeding along in my colleague's car and was very quickly reminded that this was not any city at home, for the traffic was all on the 'wrong' side of the road. As we sped around each corner, my heart was in my mouth and I expected to meet oncoming traffic head on. However, we arrived safely at the home where I was to spend the next two weeks, and how wonderful it was, after

three years of waiting, to be able to give thanks to God for bringing me in His perfect time to the land to which He had called me.

Bewildering variety of fruit and veg

I suppose big cities the world over have many things in common and São Paulo is no exception, but I would like to tell you of some things that are very different from home. I will never forget my first visit to a street market here, and although I have been many times since, I am still amazed at the incredible variety, quality and quantity of fruit and vegetables to be seen. One marvels at the bountiful hand of our God in providing such abundance. Some of the produce is

familiar (although who would dream there were so many different kinds of bananas and oranges?) but some things I have never seen before.

In the latter category comes mandioca, which looks just like thick tree roots but is delicious boiled and then fried. Then there is mamão, a large, rather shapeless, yellowish fruit, which does not look very inviting but is equally delicious. In fact, there are so many fruits and vegetables in such a bewildering variety that I still find it hard to decide what to buy, and although there is a limit to the amount one person can eat in a week, as I wend my way home from the *feira* I always feel like a walking harvest festival!





An added bonus about the street market here is that you may choose what you want. If you ask the stall holders for something they simply hand you a bag and invite you to choose your own, so I always feel that I have got the best possible value for my money! Nor does the housewife have to carry her purchases home from the market, as there are always many small boys anxious to earn a few cruzeiros by carrying baskets, and one wonders if these are some of the homeless children who live on the streets here.

Yellow hoods replace red boxes

If you were to live in São Paulo one of the things you would miss would be your daily 'pinta' on the doorstep each morning, for the milkman does not call here. You would buy your litre of milk in a plastic bag at the supermarket. The postman calls, but you probably would not recognize him in his rather smart, pale yellow uniform. The small, yellow post boxes are also difficult to recognize at first, and public telephones are hidden under large yellow hoods which are not nearly so effective as British telephone boxes in keeping out the street noises.

Travelling on buses can be quite an experience during peak hours. Have you ever been sixth in the bus queue when the conductor has said, 'Five only standing'? That would not happen to you in São Paulo. The official number allowed standing on the small, single decker buses is 23, but even if you were 24th in the queue and it was 'standing room only' you would still get on, as the conductor is not interested in passengers getting on and off. He sits at a small turnstile half way down the bus taking the money. Passengers get on at the back and sometime during their journey go through the turnstile and get off at the front, so the only limiting factor to the number allowed standing is foot space. I have been on a bus many times with over 30 standing — talk about sardines!

Of course, one difference that strikes you immediately is the language. The Brazilians speak Portuguese, and I praise God that this is becoming more familiar as I attend language school. This school was started in 1957 by a group of American missionaries and Brazilian pastors to meet the need of foreign missionaries who, in obedience to God's call, found themselves in São Paulo. Christians from all over the world attend the school, and it delights my heart to have fellowship with these fellow missionaries, not in their language or mine, for very often we cannot understand one another's native tongue, but in Portuguese. I praise God, too, for the dedication of the teachers, whose patience and good humour help to make the business of learning a new language a much less formidable task.

Sundays are full days

You would find the church services different, too. The church I attend starts at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, and after a short time of prayer and Bible reading, we have all-age Sunday school which occupies a very important place in Baptist church life here. This is followed by the worship service which ends at about 12 o'clock. Then many stay for dinner at the church and sometimes I join them, to sample Brazilian cooking and get some practice in the language. At 6 o'clock all the organizations meet, then at 8 o'clock we have the evening service which ends at about 9.15 p.m. During all church services we remain seated to sing hymns and stand for Bible reading and prayers.

The church I attend was started in a house

37 years ago, and the name chosen by the handful of believers was *Igreja Batista Bandeirante*. The name is very significant as the Bandeirantes were the men, who during the 1500's, through much hardship and with great courage, went out from São Paulo literally cutting their way through the unexplored forest and extending the frontiers of Brazil, making it the vast country it is today. These few believers had this same vision to extend the frontiers of God's kingdom, and they have had the joy of sending some of their young men and women to seminary, then seeing them go out as pastors and full-time workers for the Lord.

One of the things São Paulo has in common with many other cities in the world is a very rapid escalation in the crime rate. Armed, steel-helmeted military police patrol the streets, but I do not find their presence nearly so reassuring as the British unarmed 'bobbies'. I wonder how many of you have seen an armed hold-up — and I mean in real life, not on television. If you lived here the chances are that you would have experienced this, as armed robberies are becoming an everyday occurrence.

No one wants to be a dead hero

Going home on the bus one evening just before Christmas, we were held up by traffic lights in one of the busiest streets in the centre of the city. There were six lanes of traffic, hundreds of people shopping, waiting for buses, etc, rather like Oxford Street in

continued on back cover

THE POOR ARE ALWAYS WITH US

by John Clark

Jesus' statement of fact is as true now as ever it was. The poor of Brazil probably outnumber the total world population in the New Testament period. A large number of these poor live in 'favelas'. Favela is the name of a town where the Portuguese army camped after an important victory. The soldiers were not paid, so they decided to stay in their tents on the hills until they received their money. The word 'favela' passed into the language as a word for a temporary camp, and, by association, the word for a shanty town. A 'favelado' is a shanty town dweller. In São Paulo the official figure puts the number of favelados at over 800,000 — about one in fifteen of the population.

The favelas vary in size from a few shacks, perched precariously on a hillside, to sub-cities with thousands of shacks and their own shops, bars and brothels. They are not discreetly hidden on the outskirts of town, but coexist side by side with luxury developments, creating strident contrasts offensive to all but the hardest of hearts. The shacks huddle together for comfort,



The children using puppetry for telling Bible stories

one, two or even an incredible three storeys high, made of every conceivable material scavenged from the city's waste. There is plenty of this. One visiting sociologist described Brazil's waste as the most luxurious in the world. With no electric light, running water or sanitation, the favelas give São Paulo the shameful statistics of one of the highest infant mortality rates in South America.

The Garden of Gethsemane

Our nearest favela takes its name from its neighbour, the local cemetery, also its nearest supply of water. It is an 'upper class' favela. There is no irony intended. Poverty is relative, and a space in our favela is much sought after, being near a water tap, small, near a school, and in a nice area. One lady we had been talking to had been waiting for a vacancy for over a year.

We pass it every day on our way to school. Contact started through a mutual exchange of greetings by the children. Our passing became quite an event. The children would get up early so as not to miss us go by. As a result we started visiting them, and started an afternoon meeting in the open air on

Sundays. Our children tell Bible stories or act them out with puppets. We sing and pray and at the end I usually give a short message for the adults and young people who always gather with the children. Our average attendance is about 50, but our Christmas play attracted over 150. We meet in an open space in front of a bar. At first the men drinking and playing snooker were quite antagonistic, but the Lord has changed the atmosphere and now they have become our protectors. Nearly all of them stop to listen during the meeting and woe betide any stray drunk who tries to interrupt the proceedings. He is firmly dealt with. After one drunk had been particularly difficult I was asked why I did not take him down an alley and give him a 'going over'. It was yet another chance to speak of the love of Jesus.

Starsky and Hutch

Brazil is a violent society. Most adults own a gun. The police are constantly armed. Just near one of our hostels two armed men forced their way into a house and demanded money and jewels. The wife was told to fetch them whilst the husband was kept with his hands up. The wife reached into her bag, took out a gun and seriously wounded one of the



John Clark

THE PEACE CHILDREN

by John Clark

thieves. The other fled. When interviewed she said she was merely taking the advice of the chief of police. We saw the programme where he recommended every householder to have a gun ready! This can lead to some awkward moments in the favela. One afternoon we were in the middle of our meeting when a police car drew up. The police ran to a house just in front of us, drew their guns and stood either side of the door. They knocked on it. If the man inside had come out firing, we would have been in the line of fire. Our arrow prayer was answered and the man came out quietly.

We are gradually becoming trusted in the favela, and the people are opening up with their problems. Recently we have been able to take some of them to church. This, too has its problems. The church is not really geared to receiving them, and they are certainly not geared to sitting through two-hour services. This I found out to my cost when I took 35 children to the Christmas programme. My sympathy for William Booth has greatly increased!

The cities for Christ

The favelas are one very important aspect of the challenge that urbanization is making to the Brazilian churches. The frontier has moved from country to town. Social change has laid out new battle lines, and the future of the churches in Brazil depends on the speed and the seriousness with which we respond. The favelas by their very nature demand a special approach, but so do the luxury apartment blocks and the student campuses. Many Brazilian churches are tackling the situation with courage and imagination, but they need help and are asking for it. There is still a response to the gospel in Brazil unknown in Britain for many decades. This is the challenge — to work whilst it is still day.

'If our children were not happy in São Paulo we would not be in Brazil'

Mike Wotton

Professor of New Testament Studies,
Paraná Baptist Seminary

Founder of the Hugo Lang Baptist
Church.

When David and Doris Doonan were going on furlough after two years as houseparents at the hostel for missionaries' children, David spoke of the privilege of being entrusted with the care of another parent's child. He used the example of the Sawi tribes related in Don Richardson's book *Peace Child*. The only way to bring peace between warring tribes for whom treachery was the highest honour was to exchange children: if a man could give his own son to his enemies he could be trusted and was trusting. Whilst not enemies, the highest trust one missionary can put in another is to give his child into the other's care. We have felt both humbled and privileged at this trust. Mind you, peace is not necessarily quiet! Our 'peace children' can be as noisy as any group of 13 children under one roof. And I am sure that Frank and Dorothy Vaughan would say the same about the nine children in their care.

'Don't you feel frustrated?'

This has been a common question put to me. I had been pastor of a thriving new church, involved in lay leadership training and, for a time, Association Secretary. Many friends feel I ought to be frustrated, but I am not. I miss dearly the church and the work, but the new ministry has been just as fulfilling in a different way. We are a community, which at time stretches to 20, living together under the same roof. You could say we are a 'house church', with ample scope for ministry. We are linked with an active church in which I look after a mission (a 'congregation' it is called here). I teach in the Bible School, and have more than enough opportunities to preach. Norma, at times, feels tied to the house, particularly when children are ill, and misses the direct involvement in church work. But above all, as we have moved out of the front line into supportive work, we feel an involvement in all the work the parents do. As they have said, 'It is because you are there, that we are here.' Their outreach is our outreach. This is true of all those who support, so that our outreach is your outreach.

continued overleaf



St Paul's School, São Paulo

THE PEACE CHILDREN AND THEIR OUTREACH

KEITH & BARBARA HODGES
CHURCH PLANTING
PASTORAL CARE AND
EVANGELISM OVER A
WIDE AREA



DAVID & DORIS DOONAN
BIBLE INSTITUTE
CHURCH PLANTING
PASTORAL CARE



MARGARET

ROY & MARGARET CONNOR
CHURCH PLANTING
PASTORAL CARE



SEAN

DEREK & JOANNA PUNCHARD
CHURCH PLANTING
EVANGELISM AMONG 30,000
WORKERS ON THE WORLD'S
LARGEST HYDRO-ELECTRIC
SCHEME (ITAIPU)



SUSAN, JOHN & RUTH

DAVID & SHEILA BROWN
AREA WORKER
PASTORAL CARE
INVOLVEMENT IN MEDICAL
AND AGRICULTURAL WORK



JACKIE, JAYNE & PAUL





ANDREA & JUSTIN

JOHN & NORMA CLARK
VILA SONIA HOSTEL
FAVELA WORK
CHURCH OUTREACH



VILA SONIA HOSTEL



NICOLA, RAQUEL & DANIEL



JARDIM PAULISTANO HOSTEL



CHRISTOPHER, JUDY,
ANNE & MARK

FRANK & DOROTHY VAUGHAN
JD PAULISTANO HOSTEL
FAVELA WORK
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK



HELEN & DAVID



ERIC & JEAN WESTWOOD
MISSION ADMINISTRATION
SEMINARY TEACHING
CHURCH PLANTING



SUSAN, DEREK & KATHY

MIKE & JILL WOTTON
SEMINARY TEACHERS
PASTORAL CARE

continued overleaf

THE PEACE CHILDREN

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A little bit of England

From the picture of the Queen smiling down the stairs to the blue and red blazer of the children, one is soon aware that St Paul's is not a Brazilian school even though little bits of Brazil keep breaking in. English has to be spoken in the classrooms, but once out in the playground there is a passing from English to Portuguese with a facility the envy of all those who have ever struggled to learn the language.

The school was founded to provide an English-style education from kindergarten through to O' level for the British Commonwealth community. About half the children are British. When there are vacancies, places are opened to other nationalities. The school is very popular.

It is a day school, hence the need for the hostels. Presently there are about 550 pupils. The school is like the old-fashioned grammar school with all its virtues and vices. There is one major difference — there is no selection. If you can afford the fees the child can start. For the reasonably academic child St Paul's provides an excellent education. Though not well-equipped by the standard of larger British schools, this is compensated for by smaller teaching units and a very good staff. Unfortunately there is little for the non-academic child.

Sport is well catered for. There is a swimming pool, tennis courts, sports field and a soon-to-be-opened gymnasium. We all felt we shared in the honour when Chris Vaughan won this year's 'Victor Laudorum' prize for the best all-round athlete. An error in track measurement robbed him of the 1500 metres record.

Norman and I have no direct links with the school though we are often involved in extra-curricular activities.

Amendments for your PRAYER GUIDE

Flora Morgan (1 July) is on furlough and unwell.

Derek and Joanna Punchard (13 July) home on furlough.

Peter Goodall (22 July) now pastor at the Cinnamon Gardens Church, Colombo.

Alistair Swanson (24 July) home in this country.

Jim Watson (27 July) has had to return home on health grounds.

Roger and Patricia Case (27 July) home in this country.



Hostel celebrations



Derek Wotton receives his gold medal

SAO PAULO — FROM SETTLEMENT TO CITY

by Frank Vaughan

A home away from home

When the hostel at *Vila Sonia* was started, the concept was very clear. The children who came from all over Brazil to study were to live in a family atmosphere. As the mission force in Brazil has grown, that original concept has been put under a lot of pressure. *Vila Sonia* started with five children. When we took over, numbers were at 17 — hardly a normal family! When the numbers reached 22 something clearly had to be done. The answer was the opening of an overflow hostel in *Jardim Paulistano*. *Vila Sonia* is 13 kms from the school and a mini-bus is needed to take the children. This problem was avoided with the second hostel (at a financial cost in higher prices) by locating the hostel near the school.

The two homes function separately, but there is a good deal of mutual activity. Especially popular are the joint parties and outings to the sea. The children are with us for approximately eight months of the year. For the remainder they go to stay at home. Some have to travel considerable distances, up to 2,000 kms, but the nearest are only a seven-hour bus ride away.

The numbers of children wanting hostel accommodation seem unlikely to drop in the near future. Then in 1981 both ourselves and Frank and Dorothy Vaughan are due for long furlough — in our own case furlough has been deferred once because of hostel needs. It is necessary then to look to the future and make a constant matter of prayer the needs of the hostel and its annexe that God will guide in each step that has to be taken and that personnel will be found to take over when we and the Vaughans are away.

'São Paulo is the locomotive that draws the train of Brazil.' Undoubtedly the train is on the move towards equality with the world's leading nations, but why and how is São Paulo 'the locomotive'? We need to begin nearer the beginning.

When Padre José de Anchieta came to the site in 1554 it was an Indian settlement of straw huts numbering about 50 people. Through his industry and that of other Jesuit missionaries, it developed into a town bounded by the river *Tiête* and three roads; it is still known as 'The Triangle'. Since then the site has attracted *bandeirantes* (flag-bearers), colonizers, sugar and coffee farmers and then industrialists. Exactly why they came to this plateau is not certain. They could have developed another settlement by the coast, São Vicente, but no. Perhaps it was the moderate climate that attracted thousands of people from the hot interior of Brazil. In the 19th century hordes of Italian immigrants arrived, followed by the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Germans and since then, practically every other nationality. The farmland was rapidly supplanted by human dwellings, factories and skyscrapers, housing and occupying 12 million people, the population of modern São Paulo.

The beehive of Brazil

Today the city hums and blares with activity. Police keep the traffic moving and patrol the streets as far as they are able. For most of those who want it, there is employment; for those who seek to improve their lot, there are many opportunities. I had this confirmed the other day by Evaristo. Two years ago he left Foz do Iguçu in Paraná to come to São Paulo. In Foz and Cascavel there is little employment for a builder or tradesman. Here there is no lack of work. He and his family are now fed and well. They live in a clean, brick, rented house. They are also fully involved in the Lord's work through the local church. This sort of

news travels easily and attracts people from all parts of Brazil.

São Paulo is now a city of 12 million people. How does one conceive an idea of that size? Well, if London's Wembley Stadium holds 100,000 football fans, then we need only think of 120 Wembleys. Sprinkle that number of people over an area a bit larger than Greater London; include railway lines, roads, streets, shacks, mansions, skyscrapers, factories and a canal almost encircling the lot, and there you have some idea of the roaring monster, São Paulo. Why is it the 'locomotive' of Brazil? Because, like a beehive, it attracts and despatches the workers. Consequently, it has become the commercial and industrial centre of the country. There are even some politicians advocating São Paulo as the future capital of Brazil, substituting for Brasília.

continued overleaf



Frank Vaughan

SAO PAULO – FROM SETTLEMENT TO CITY

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Dorothy Vaughan invites children to Sunday afternoon meeting

By all means saving some

What are the churches doing to reach the multitudes with the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ? Practically all the orthodox means are being used. Mass evangelism is the concern of many radio programmes and privately owned radio stations. It is possible to hear preaching and Bible exposition throughout the night and during the day, tuning to medium and short waves. Regarding television, because of the enormous cost, to date there have only been three weekly evangelical programmes on the television. They are, however, very popular and reach a wide audience.

In the area of literature, there are many Christian publishing houses producing Bibles, Scripture portions and leaflets. Church members are left in no doubt of the usefulness of tract distribution. Then there is child evangelism which is taken very seriously by specialist societies. As in Britain, the churches

have campaigns amongst the children during the school holidays. Again as in Britain, the telephone has been discovered as a useful means for evangelism. Several pastors and church members are using their telephone as a direct means of personal evangelism. Lastly, this year the Baptists throughout Brazil are engaged in an evangelistic campaign, using the slogan 'Only Jesus Christ Saves'.

In this vast city of São Paulo there are 159 Baptist churches with approximately 25,000 members. Most of the churches have pastors and some have more than one. The churches are actively engaged in building programmes, supporting missionaries and evangelistic activities within their own church structure. It seems that a low priority is given to outreach to hospitals, factories and to folk in the favelas. In all of these latter areas the work may be described as 'hard', 'thankless', or as a 'sowing ministry'. Certainly it is not so productive or 'successful' as the orthodox



Dika – the guide

ministry through the church's organizations. But there is a work to be done. What work? Well, after nearly a year of trial and error, we are just learning to read the pulse of life in one of São Paulo's favelas.

A needy people in Edith's Garden

Jardim Edith ('Edith's Garden') is the rather splendid name given to a motley assortment of shacks down by the canal, about a kilometre or so from the Baptist church in the borough of Brooklin. In this favela Dorothy and I have been occupied nearly every Sunday afternoon and at least one weekday afternoon, since last August. We are grateful for the regular help from one member, Dona Wanda. Unfortunately she seems to be the only one with lasting enthusiasm. Whilst the church members are ready to give food and clothes to the poor, it is not easy to enrol volunteers to talk to and befriend the recipients.

BOOK REVIEW

CHRISTIAN HOPE AND THE FUTURE OF MAN

by Stephen H Travis

Published by Inter-Varsity Press £2.85



The issues of the second coming of Jesus Christ, life after death, and divine judgement are here considered by reference to the writings of significant theologians of our time. Hence the student is provided with a useful and balanced review of the literature on these subjects. The author's own position can be judged from his insistence that:

- a) the Apocalypse with its belief in resurrection and its cosmic scope has an important contribution to make to Christian thought;
- b) the second coming as a future event is an integral part of salvation history;
- c) a Christianity without a personal, fulfilled and yet corporate life after death is a contradiction in terms;
- d) the reality of a future divine judgement is important for a fully human life now.

In his 'Afterword' he makes this observation: 'Now that "theology of hope" and "political theology" and "liberation theology" have had some years of attention by theologians, a major task is a synthesis between these "worldly" hopes and a theology of human immortality in fellowship with God.'

The spirit in which he writes can be judged from his final comment: 'There is room for differences of opinion, room for reverent agnosticism, but also for worship, action and hope.'



The football pitch alongside the 'favela'

Three or four hundred families live in *Jardim Edith* forming a community of semi-literate, simple, friendly folk. (Of course there are exceptions to that definition.) Their needs are many and diverse. They need the gospel, they need instruction in basic hygiene, child-care and education. Many need to learn to read and write. Many need counselling in personal relationships, between the same sex and between opposite sexes. The difficulty is to get the needs in order of priority.

It would seem to me that after a walk through the favela some of its needs would become glaringly obvious. Surely the situation should provoke compassion and resolve within the hearts of Christians. We need a Christian nurse to instruct the women; we need more visitors prepared to give time and sympathy; we need help to get some people out of the favela to live somewhere else.

The physical needs are most apparent

during or after rainfall. The paths between the shacks become streams or rivers of brown-grey water. The smells become richer the further in you go. It is not necessarily cold, so the children would be out to skid on the mud or to wade through the streams.

Add to that the following — easy access to cheap liquor; an immoral and often violent atmosphere; complications of superstition and black magic; a high incidence of infant mortality (through dehydration, malnutrition, measles, whooping cough, etc) and you have a fair picture of life's hazards in the favela community. All the more remarkable then when we encounter courtesy, sympathy, gratitude and affection from some people who live in this environment. Truly the Lord is there before us. We need his guidance to do his work in this part of his world.

A STRATEGY FOR THE SLUMS

by John Clark

Slums have grown up in Brazil for much the same reasons as they have done in London, Manchester and Glasgow, but at a much quicker rate. The mechanization of the land, and the concentration of industry in large urban centres are causing a revolution in Brazilian society. Until the 1950's over 80% of the population of Brazil lived in rural areas. By the end of the century over 80% will be living in cities.

The land grabbers

One of the predominant factors of Brazilian social history has been the high mobility of its population. The difficulties of communication with the Brazilian interior meant that initially people tended to settle on the coastal plain. This is cut off from the rest of Brazil by a mountain chain which runs nearly the whole length of the coast. Where the mountains end the impenetrable Amazon jungle begins. Apart from a hardy few in search of gold and diamonds, the bulk of the population stayed on the coastal plain. The development of rail and roads into the interior, allied to a series of agricultural booms, have changed the picture.

There has been a steady migration, at times reaching a flood, away from the coast in search of richer land. This has been particularly true of the north-east where millions have left the over-worked, drought-ridden land for the new lands in São Paulo, Paraná, and latterly Mato Grosso. The BMS has been accompanying these migrations since the coffee boom of the early fifties, helping to found new churches and giving pastoral oversight in new towns and villages which often sprang up literally overnight. Those who made good tended to stay, while those who were less fortunate moved on, and have been moving on ever since in what has become known as the 'tourism of misery'.

The gold-paved streets

The second movement of people, and now of far greater significance, is the rush to the great urban centres. The cities offer jobs, education and the elusive chance to 'make it good'. Typifying, almost caricaturing this movement, is the megalopolis of São Paulo. The largest city in the southern hemisphere, people have come to it from all over Brazil and all over the world. It is a boom city in which many make their fortune. The result is not difficult to forecast. Land speculation has pushed prices out of the reach of a large segment of the population. Education, housing and health services have been strained beyond their limits. For thousands of unskilled workers the favela is the only answer. There are 800,000 slum dwellers in São Paulo.

By definition the favelados do not own their own land. They live in little shacks stacked together in squalor-like conditions. But many of those who have managed to buy their own land are no better off, in fact many are worse off. They now have to pay rates, and they miss out on the government and private hand-outs which the much publicized favelas receive. No wonder many prefer to stay there.

For many the favela is a temporary home until jobs are found and they can move out. Others prefer living there with its freedom from financial pressures. Then there is the hard core of those who cannot escape even if they want to — the widows or abandoned mothers with small children, the alcoholics, the unemployable, the abandoned old. For them the only hope seems to lie in the national lottery or the bottle. Poverty is relative and in São Paulo, unlike Calcutta, nobody need die of starvation. But malnutrition, poor hygiene, an apathy towards vaccination and only rudimentary health care make the favelas very unhealthy places in which to live. The general

atmosphere tends to make them training grounds for crime and prostitution.

Where does the 'buck' stop?

What can be done and who ought to be doing it? The problem of the favelas cannot be solved by the cities themselves. São Paulo has built thousands of cheap houses, and has been opening schools at the rate of one a day for the last few years. There has been an increase in medical care and an extension of health benefits. But if São Paulo were to rehouse all its favelados, their place would be taken immediately by others. In fact, in a despairing paradox for the city dwellers, the better they treat their poor the more poor are attracted to the city. The causes are national and even international. At a national level the flood must be stemmed. This will only happen when the quality of life in the rural and small town areas is improved. Industry must be decentralized, and the birthrate controlled. Perhaps above all there must be an attack on the corruption that generates apathy and cynicism.

For a small mission working at grass roots level, there is little opportunity to affect national issues directly. What then can be done at a local level? Firstly, there is the introduction of the hope and the inner dynamic of the gospel. We have seen Jesus bring a new vision of heaven and earth in the most desperate and degrading circumstances. He brings dignity, courage and that vital change in attitudes. One of the greatest dangers in a slum is the creation of the 'ghetto mentality' with its accompanying apathy and hopelessness. For some this leads to drink and drugs, for others to viciousness and crime. The slum is a contributing factor but not the cause. The cause is the inner attitude. You can even take the person out of the slum without taking the slum out of the person. Only the new birth in Christ can do this.



Concerted effort to improve conditions

The favelas are a reality which will not disappear overnight. Until they do, there is need for a concerted programme to better the conditions of the favela. The favelas should be seen as part of the community and not excluded from it. Resources are often available in the community which, through a mixture of ignorance, fear and apathy, never reach those who need them most. There needs to be a mobilization of community resources, not excluding the resources of the favelas themselves. Already light and water have been put into some favelas on an emergency basis. This needs to be linked with a programme of health and hygiene.

Thirdly, a variety of needs demands a flexible approach. The problems of a widow with

five children under eight, differ from the problems of a family where the man earns £30 a month but only gives his wife £5 and spends the rest on drink, and these differ again from those of the unemployed father who discovers that the family can earn more by begging than if he were working.

However, not everything in the favela is negative. There is a sense of belonging, community and sharing that would put many a middle class suburb to shame. This is something to be built upon and not destroyed by insensitive central planning.

Fifthly, the problems of the favelados have to be seen in the context of the whole community. It is not only the poor who need the gospel. In fact the plight of the poor shows how much the whole of society

needs Christ. To preach to the poor and give them a new vision of life, without that vision being communicated to the whole of society, will lead to the kind of frustration that will see 'the power from the barrel of a gun' as the only hope for change. It has been said that no one person or group voluntarily gives up power and privilege. How will the rich and middle classes in Brazil be led to share with the poor? At the barrel of a gun or by the power of God's Spirit? Will it be Mao's way or the way of Jesus?

The heart of the matter

The whole of São Paulo needs Christ. There is many a middle class, spiritual slum, as much in need of the liberating power of the gospel as any of the favelas. This is the challenge to the BMS in Brazil for the 1980's.

IN THE PROMISED LAND

continued from page 101

London, when I realized something was happening in the road just at the side of the bus. A car had driven across the path of another car forcing it to stop, two armed men had jumped out and were forcing the occupants of the other car to get out and stand with their hands on top of the car while they took their wallets and valuables. I could hardly believe my eyes as I watched from my 'ringside' seat by the bus window, but what really shocked me was the fact that no one took the slightest notice. Traffic continued to flow round the two cars concerned and people went about their business as usual. Sad to say, people are afraid to help anyone who is attacked on the streets, as these men do not hesitate to use the weapons they carry, and no one wants to be a dead hero.

But it is not only crime in all its forms that keeps men and women in this city far from God, for Spiritism is very much more in evidence here than it is at home and has a great fast-growing following, as rich and poor alike are deluded into believing that this is the answer to their problems. How this city needs the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ to bring men and women out of darkness and into His marvellous light.

These are just some of the differences that life in São Paulo holds, but there are many more, such as the sudden and violent thunder storms that often interrupt a beautiful summer's day, and not having the long, light summer evenings we enjoy at home, and always having to carry identification papers, but it is wonderful how one is enabled to adapt to them all.

By the time you read this article it may well be that I shall be in a completely different situation. I have been invited to work in Cuiabá in Mato Grosso, when I have finished language school. I go in the knowledge that the One who enabled me to adjust to my very different life in São Paulo will not fail me in Mato Grosso.

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MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS

Arrivals

Mrs J West on 11 March from Darjeeling, India.

Miss R Harris on 29 March from CECO, Kimpese, Zaire.

Rev B L Tucker on 1 April from Yakusu, Zaire.

Mr and Mrs M W Ewings and family on 1 April from Chandraghona, Bangladesh.

Miss S M Le Quesne on 2 April from Dacca, Bangladesh.

Rev E L and Mrs Wenger on 2 April from Dacca, Bangladesh.

Mr and Mrs E F Gouthwaite and daughter on 8 April from Potinga, Brazil.

Births

On 21 March, in Birmingham, to Mr and Mrs Michael J Abbott (designated for Zaire), a daughter, Kathryn Sarah.

On 29 March, in Bristol, to Rev Alan N and Mrs Goodman (designated for Brazil) a son, Benjamin Philip.

Marriage

At Denmark Place, Camberwell, on 12 April, Mr Martin Sansom to Miss Lorraine J Carr, both of Upoto, Zaire.