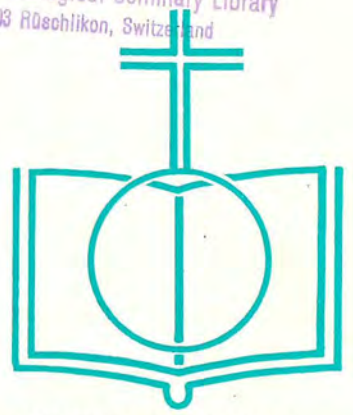


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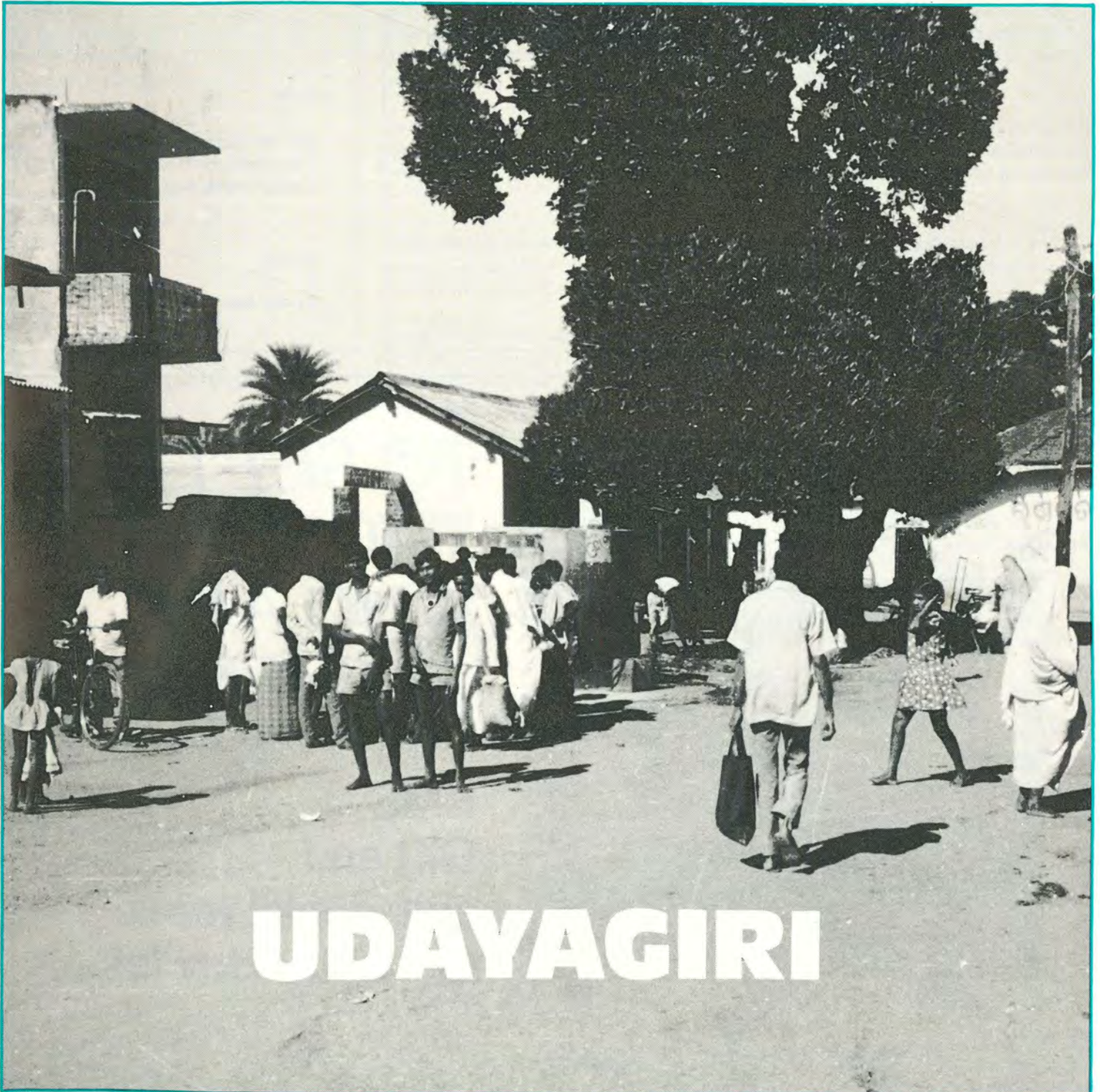


OCTOBER 1981
PRICE 12p

Missionary

HERALD

The magazine of the Baptist Missionary Society



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Experience teaches that when there has been a great response of first generation Christians to the preaching of the gospel often the work among second and third generation Christians is much more difficult, and the church in such an area tends to stand still.

The Kond Hills district of Orissa India has proved to be one of the exceptions to this general experience. Traditionally the religion of the Kui people has been animism and their lives have been governed by the many spirits thought to inhabit the jungle and the hills.

A key place in the propagation of the gospel in this area has been Udayagiri and a special part has been played by the Moorshead Memorial Christian Hospital situated there as well as by the schools, and the hostels attached to them.

Through the years, these Kui people have answered to the call of God in goodly numbers and in many cases have built their churches, in defiance, right on the edge of the forests where once they offered sacrifices in an attempt to appease those spirits which filled their lives with such fear.

The response to the Gospel continues

The movement of the Holy Spirit is as evident today in the Kond Hills as it has ever been. Souls are being won and open witness made to the saving grace of Christ in one village after another. Those committing their lives to the Lord have led to the number of churches being increased to such an extent that at least one Pastorate area has had to be divided into two parts so that effective pastoral oversight could be maintained over these churches and the new converts.

Recently the BMS on two separate occasions has been instrumental in sending out experienced missionaries, who once served in these parts, to encourage the pastors and to help train more so that the work could be nurtured.

Sadly the hospital at Udayagiri is without a doctor at the present time and therefore its witness to the loving care of Jesus Christ is somewhat curtailed. But what an opportunity this gives for all to engage in intercessory prayer that a doctor may be found quickly so that the hospital functions again as it should, ministering to these hill people.

There is also a great incentive to praise God for what has been achieved, by his grace, in this part of India, to thank him for the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the Kui people.



THE DAY THE HUSBANDS DO THE CHORES

by Joyce Henry

I do not know about you, but I always enjoy a day out, especially if it includes lunch! Men and women are the same the world over and Kui women in Orissa India are no exception. One of the highlights, during our recent return to the Kond Hills, was just this – a day out at a rally for women held at Mlukseri, a village set among the hills and rice fields beyond the government centre of Daringbadi.

We met in the shade of a wooden platform piled high with straw. Some 200 women came from several churches, walking barefoot through the forest with

babies on their hips and bundles on their heads. They had journeyed several miles, and were glad to sit quietly on the straw-covered ground until everyone arrived. Their brightly coloured saris and shining black hair made an attractive picture.

The day the husbands serve

The memory verse that day was from 1 John 4 v 19, 'We love because God first loved us', a verse which is very relevant to these women, who a decade before, under the dark shadow of animism, suffered beatings from drunken husbands

and felt obliged to make many sacrifices to the evil spirits they feared so much. We sang Kui hymns and songs, and listened to Bible talks. A discussion on health and hygiene completed the teaching for the day. Just to be in one another's company, with time for prayer, made it a very special occasion for these women. While the women were being taught the menfolk were busy cooking a rice and curry meal in huge pots over log fires. Gifts of rice and money covered the expenses.

Occasions like this have been held all over the Kond Hills for many years. We realized when we were missionaries here that the women had few opportunities for Christian instruction. They were the ones who had to take their babies out of church services if they cried too loudly or persistently, and primitive conditions at home left them little free time. They had to fetch water from a spring or well, and gather wood for fuel from the forest. They worked in the fields, planting, weeding and harvesting, winnowing and pounding the paddy and they also had to take all the washing to a nearby stream.

Therefore, these monthly occasions, when their husbands took over the domestic chores, freed them for a day out with other women and proved both popular and helpful.

An orphan graduates as a leader

We were greatly encouraged, on our return to the Kond Hills, to find these classes and rallies continuing and growing. The programmes and teaching material, as well as the organization of the different centres are all carried out by Kui Christians and pastors. The co-ordinator of this work among women is a Kui graduate, Mrs Bhaggyaboti Naik, herself a mother of two young children and an



And baby came too

able and respected leader. We have known her for many years. When her father, a pastor, died of typhoid fever she came to live in the girls' hostel at Udayagiri. While still in her teens she postponed her theological training for many months so that she could work as Editorial Assistant to the Kui New Testament Translation Project. She worked in our home writing out manuscripts by hand, taking notes at Committees and preparing the final draft for printing.

Now she too enjoys a day out, not as a spectator but leading and teaching. For her to attend these rallies and classes it often entails an early start to scramble for a seat on a crowded bus, or walk across paddy fields. Sometimes it means a long bumpy ride in a jeep, but no matter what the travel conditions, Bhaggya does it all cheerfully and willingly.



The five-fingered giver

Kui women are friendly and hospitable and Bruce and I have spent many occasions in their homes. They take their share too in supporting the work of the

Christian church by generous giving, usually in rice. When the housewife goes to measure sufficient dry rice from her store basket for the family meal, she puts a handful aside for God's work. This rice is then sold and the money donated to church funds. A Kui description of a generous giver is one who uses all five fingers to take this rice rather than just three.

I wonder if we could not do something similar in Britain? We could take the average shopping basket after a visit to the supermarket or grocery store and as the tins and packets are emptied on to the kitchen table, one item could be put aside for God's work. These could then be kept in a separate place and bought back and the resulting sum of money used for the BMS. I think we would be surprised how much would be raised.

Next time you have a day out, I would ask you to remember the women in countries such as those where the BMS works. These women have so much less than we do in material terms, but love God and serve Him with an enthusiasm that would put many of us to shame.



Rest after a long journey

THE DIFFERENCE THAT MATTERS

by Joan Smith

Seeing little six month old Ananta chortling in his mother's arms it was difficult for me to recall just how ill he was immediately after birth. His mother had been admitted to hospital about a fortnight before he was born because she was suffering from a complication of pregnancy which made her almost beyond recognition due to her body swelling. However, within ten days she was very much better and she insisted on going home. Less than twenty four hours later she went into labour and in the middle of the night Ananta was born. The actual birth was without complication but he failed to cry and his lungs did not expand.

The race for life

It was a distraught father who about an hour later wrapped up the new born baby and left the home with him. As there were already four daughters in the family this first son was an extra precious baby. Fortunately it was moonlight and it was a little less difficult for Ananta's father to run along the rice *bundhs* (dykes). Breathless, he arrived at the hospital about two hours after the baby's birth. The baby was only taking occasional breaths and his pulse was weak. Immediately the doctor was called and heart and lung stimulants were given. A tube was placed down into his lungs and oxygen supplied from time to time. Very slowly almost normal respiration was established, and the baby's colour improved.

In the early morning his mother crossed the fields to the hospital and when she saw her little son her face brightened – but only for a short time. Alas, by noon of that day Ananta was having frequent convulsions. In spite of regular drugs to control these spasms they continued for several days. Born into a Christian family there was much prayer for this little boy.

At first our faith was small but it gradually increased and we believed that this little one would be well. Today in the village of Balapanga one can see this healthy, happy young boy free from any of the terrible complications that could have resulted from his illness. We can indeed say with Ananta's parents that in this we have seen God at work.

The point of no return

Our equipment is limited but such experiences teach us to do what we can and trust the rest to God. Here in this rural hospital where our staff is very small

in number we are constantly proving that God is faithful. I am now reminded of Banja, a man of about 40 who was brought to us one Monday morning. He looked quite ill and had apparently been unwell for about two months. His chief complaint was that he had a bowel problem. He was admitted and placed under observation. Two days later special tests were done but these did not reveal anything. However, we thought it likely that the whole gut was diseased and by the following morning we suspected that Banja might become very ill. He was treated with drugs and rest at first but by



Joan Smith's house



In the operating theatre

late afternoon it was clear that he had a blockage in the bowel.

In the absence of our Superintendent this seemed a difficult case for us. However, in consultation with our two doctors it was decided that surgery was essential if Banja was to have any hope of surviving. He was therefore taken to the operating theatre at 7pm after the circumstances had been explained fully to his relatives. It was pointed out that without surgical intervention he would die and that his chances of coming through the operation were also very slim. I thought that our nursing staff in the theatre that evening were all very apprehensive. We seemed to work slowly as if we were reluctant to see the operation commence. Banja's blood pressure was very low, his pulse very weak, his breathing laboured and his speech incoherent. A series of drugs were given and then before the general anaesthesia was started we gathered round the patient to pray, acknowledging our helplessness and our need to depend on God completely.

The Presence who transforms

That evening God gave our theatre team a strength beyond their own. The working conditions were difficult. Half way through the operation there was a power failure resulting in the surgery having to be completed by the light of torches. Once the abdomen was opened a large hole was noted in the large bowel. This was closed and every attempt was made to clean up the spillage. Gradually Banja's general condition improved and by the end of the operation he was considerably better than he had been at the beginning. His first two post-operative days were very critical indeed but we believed that he would pull through. It is such occasions that teach us to rely on God and such happenings which persuaded one of the non-Christian doctors to say, 'Truly, there is some unseen Presence at work in this hospital.'

There is great opportunity through the ministry of the Christian hospital and we pray that there will be those who will come to know Jesus through their

experiences here. Only today a former patient visited me with her beautiful two month old daughter born by Caesarean Section. She and her husband are from the plains of Orissa but have been working as teachers for many years in G. Udayagiri. With her heart full of gratitude this lady said, 'In the 12 years that I have lived here I have come to hospital whenever there has been anything wrong and I have always been helped. This hospital is so different from other hospitals.'

We depend on you for prayer and support as we work here. Although so far apart we are working together serving the one Master. Let us pray that all our patients will sense the differences in our hospital and that there will be many who will come to know and to love our Lord Jesus Christ, the One who makes that difference.

WHEN ONE IS UNABLE TO LAUGH

by Miriam Cole

Ingredients:

One and a half dozen Indian children (mixed but not beaten)

Two 19-year old girls (one Indian and one English)

a good measure of fun and a pinch of mischief.

Mix all these together in your mind's eye, and there you have it;

The English Medium School, Gudpripari, G. Udayagiri.

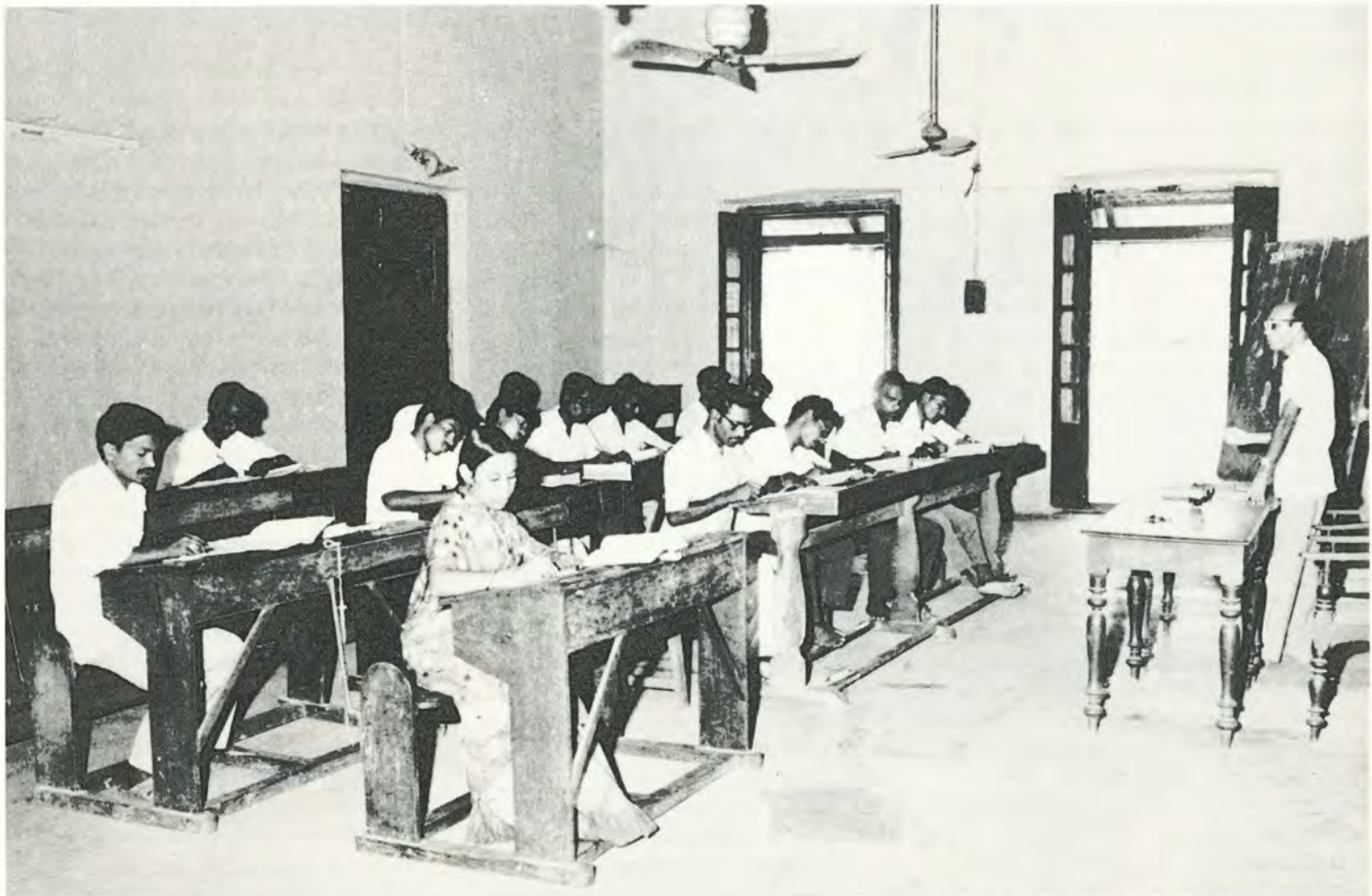
I am the English 19 year old. The BMS sent me out here as a short-term volunteer to teach in this small school

which is situated in the grounds of the Moorshead Memorial Christian Hospital. I arrived in the Kond Hills in November 1980 and soon found myself facing two classes of smiling Indian children. Falling instantly in love with these little ones I sat down and, with the air of one about to pull a rabbit out of a hat, announced in a language they did not understand that I did not understand their language either!

You are probably wondering why anyone should teach them English at all. Well, India has as many as 14 main languages, each with its own script, and over 280

dialects. Oriya is the language of the state of Orissa, and its strange-sounding words together with the squiggles and squirls of its script could be as confusing to a man from Delhi say as it is to you or me.

English is virtually the only common language for the whole of India. There are even road signs in broken English such as, 'Hollow Driver, we like you but not your speed!' As a result, the demand for English Medium Schools (Schools in which the teaching is done in English) is increasing. The need for such a school here in G. Udayagiri was keenly felt not only by



Milman Memorial High School Class X, Udayagiri

government officials who have to move around the country, but also by the doctors and staff who have come to live here, especially those who work in the Mission Hospital. This need was met by the opening of our little school in January 1980 with the help of Rachel Lewis and Janice Cadywould who stayed here for four months. Of the original class of 11 children, only three still attend the school, but we now have three classes and a total of 17 children.

A black white mummy

As my red hair and exceptionally fair skin are so unusual to the children it took them a while to get used to me, but this sometimes proves humorous. Recently five year old Rashmi, one of the original admission, suddenly asked me if my father was brown. Taking her question seriously I explained that he is white like I am. Her dark eyes grew round in a mixture of pity and disbelief. I could not be so rude as to show no interest in her own father's colour, and when I asked if he was brown she slowly shook her head, evidently indicating that here was another cause for concern! 'No' she struggled with her English, 'he is no brown – he is black!' When later that day she informed me that 'Mummy is black white,' her's were not the only eyes expressing doubt!

Uncomprehended jokes

Sometimes, however, I miss the humour with these children. As I worked for a short while in a nursery in England I am aware of how funny children's thoughts and conversations can be. I feel very sad when a child is happily giving me a detailed monologue of 'yesterday's event' – no doubt with the colourful style of weaving fact with imagination at which children excel – and yet I understand nothing because of the language barrier between us. I am sadder still, though,



Some of the schoolchildren at Udayagiri

when I miss the spontaneous humour of the children. Bonny, a particularly quick-witted four year old comedian, delighted Indian adults with his version of the Oriya song, 'Aji paritrana dina' ('Today is the Day of Salvation'), by singing, 'Aji bengor jonmor dina!' I stood straight-faced uncomprehending the humour until someone stopped laughing long enough to explain that Bonny had sung 'Today is the frog's birthday!'

Necessity has driven me to learn a little of their language in order to teach them mine. But it is not only words which create barriers; pronunciation plays a big part in the learning of any language. My own pronunciation of the Oriya language is far from perfect I am sure, but I must also be very careful about English pronunciation so that the children are able to copy correctly. Last week I was trying to teach the words, 'on' and 'under'. By putting a child in the appropriate place I would make the rest of the class repeat my sentences: 'Alok is

on the chair' but 'Jagadish is under the table.' 'Simple,' you may say, but even with these short words pronunciation played a part. The children pronounce 'the' as 'der', and I suddenly realized that they (and even the Indian girl who helps me) were saying, 'Alok is on der chair,' and 'Jagadish is un der table.' Well, I tried!

The future is problematical

The future of this little school lies completely in the hands of God. Already we have three classes and only two teachers and as the school grows so does the problem. Our biggest need at the moment is a third teacher, preferably one with a good command of both the local language and English. Our most urgent request, however, is for prayer. Please pray not only for the future of this venture and for the everyday running of the school, but pray that something of the love of Jesus will touch these young children who are not all blessed with Christian homes.

'THE CHILD IS DEAD!'

by **Dr J Milton Das**

It was a wonderful morning as work began at the Moorshead Memorial Hospital, G Udayagiri in its beautiful setting among the Kond Hills of Orissa, India. As it was the pre-winter season the hospital round started at 7.30am but each moment of time would be needed because the hospital was full to capacity. We could not look forward to any relaxation, particularly on that day, because there were so many surgical and medical cases needing our careful attention. We took a short break for lunch and then returned to the wards.

Among the many patients seeking our help was a well known and influential man, Mr Gopal Pradhan, who was an ex-member of the Legislative Assembly for the Udayagiri area. He was in one of the small private wards which face on to an open grassed area festooned with shrubs. He had been admitted for a haemorrhoidectomy, and it so happened that his four-month old grand-daughter had been admitted to hospital at the same time, suffering from whooping cough, a serious illness for children in India.

A moment of crisis

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was about to set, I was visiting a patient in another private ward just a few yards away from Gopal's room when the peace and calm of the hospital was shattered by Gopal running along the corridor and shouting in the Kui language 'Mida saathe' ('the child is dead'). Hurrying to Gopal's ward I found the room packed with relatives and friends and the child completely blue, apparently dead, but on examination I heard the faintest heartbeat. The promise of Jesus flashed into my mind that faith can do everything and closing my eyes for a fraction of a minute I prayed, 'Lord here is this little child



Staff at the hospital



The gates are open to those in need



An 'ambulance' in Udayagiri

whom you love, do what you want'.

I then did everything I could in that congested room to revive the child. In constant prayer I and a nurse wrestled for the life of that baby for more than four hours. We managed to get her breathing again, but the moment we stopped artificial respiration so the breathing stopped once more. Praise the great God with us that she did survive and we were able to hand her back to her overjoyed mother.

This is but one instance, whereas there are in fact many cases, where we have seen the spirit of God moving through and healing in, what most would have judged to be, hopeless cases.

The hospital is not redundant

In the area of Udayagiri there are three dispensaries, two public health clinics and a good hospital with many doctors. Each of these institutions has been set up by the government, but the Moorshead Memorial Hospital is still needed and serves a purpose. Many of our patients

come to us because they have been disappointed in these other places or because they just cannot afford the fees which are charged there.

The people of the Kond Hills are very poor and often feel quite helpless when they approach us. The majority have no idea who is the real Head of our hospital, though a few understand that we are serving a great God who has been with us always.

Many have come to us in a last desperate hope to find help, despairing of their lives and have gone home healed and restored. The cost of their treatment may amount to a large sum of money yet no-one is refused help because they are too poor and most can only afford a fraction of the cost – if they can in fact afford anything. God meets their needs and the needs of this hospital through his people.

Please continue to pray for Gopal and his family. They have a high regard for the work of this hospital and always seek our

help when it is needed. Gopal's son, following in his father's footsteps, is now this area's member of the Legislative Assembly. Please pray that his family may be able to trust and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

New horizons are discerned

Some development in our work has arisen as we have adopted four villages in the vicinity, and a fifth, very remote village, Sikeruaha, for community health work.

We are also developing the hospital itself, building a new air conditioning unit and a distilled water plant. We also hope to renovate our very old and deteriorating system of water pipes which are well beyond their best days. With regard to personnel, we urgently need more medical and paramedical staff. We also need an ambulance to serve our patients.

Our earnest and constant prayer is, 'Let the Lord be glorified through this hospital and those who work here.'

THE DRUMS ROLL AT THE CHURCH MEETING

by Bruce Henry

Here is one of India's beauty spots. Hills, forests, paddy fields and picturesque tribal villages form an ever-changing panorama in central Orissa. Brightly coloured birds fly among the trees and the dawn chorus of noisy mynahs, crioles, barbets and doves heralds every new day. The gorgeous red velvet flowers of the Flame of the Forest, the pastel mauves of the Jacaranda and the varying landscape lend a romance to life in this part of Orissa which no one could forget. Joyce and I worked in these hills for many years and now, after an absence of 13 years, our return for a few months had revived memories and renewed relationships as we have re-trodden familiar tracks.

There is an extensive Christian community here which is growing in size and depth. New groups of people are turning from animism to Christ, and some are even now asking to be taught about the Lord. The people of Jesus are keen for his Gospel to spread far and wide, and this is happening. A party of us went by Land Rover to a remote Kond village called Muchuligudi where there was to be an 'Association' Meeting. The last 20 miles of the journey took us along a rough, undulating road through jungle. Bridges and parts of the road had been washed away by freak storms and flooding and huge trees lay across the road, caused by landslides on nearby hills.

A ten mile walk to a church meeting!

The meeting was held outside the village in a large *pandal* constructed of wooden poles and roofed with leaves. A rustic platform had been made at ground level, suitably decorated with coloured paper hangings and bright sarees. The delegates came in their hundreds from 30 nearby village churches, beating drums as they arrived. Most of them had become Christians since we left India in 1968.



Tranquility in the Kond Hills

There was an impressive agenda of worship and business, and a young presbyter was in the chair. Individual greetings were given to visitors, followed each time by clapping and a roll of drums! When the offering was taken, people came forward with special, promised gifts for the Lord's work. They gave as God had blessed them. Two men came up to the platform carrying young goats on their shoulders. These were later sold by auction for Church Union funds. The presbyter conducted the business briskly and the whole meeting was over in an hour and a half. Then the drums started

up again and the groups set off homeward. Some of them had walked from a distance of ten miles, and were happy to do it.

Praise Him with cymbals!

However, the expansion is not only geographical; the inner life of the churches has also developed. Educated young people with university degrees, are taking a leading role. The churches have an active Christian Endeavour movement which meets regularly for devotional purposes. We were asked to address a CE convention at Phulbani, the government

district headquarters. The activities included a flag-hoisting ceremony almost in military style! The younger generation are active in regular church worship, too. Groups of teenage boys and girls take turns in leading worship by singing Oriya or Kui songs with instrumental accompaniment. Some of these hymns have been specially composed by the young people themselves. Their instruments are a wide variety of small drums, cymbals and tambourines, and occasionally a small 'box' harmonium. Singing is a real forte of these people, and they love it. We often see them reading the words from exercise books in which they have copied out favourite Christian songs.

The hill people, despite their poverty, give generously towards the support of their churches. The local income of some 300 churches in 1980 was £3,300. For village communities this is a lot of money. Pastors' salaries are pitifully low. An



A Christian church near Udayagiri

experienced pastor with a university degree earns only around £350 per annum, and some pastors receive as little as £150 per annum. Admittedly, the cost of living is low compared with that of Britain. A shirt can cost as little as £3; you can travel a hundred miles by bus for 60p, and by train for 50p! In the market a kilogram of rice costs 15p. This sounds

cheap to us, but villagers in India think it expensive – it is nearly half the daily wage of a working man. Life here is a hand-to-mouth existence without any financial cushions or safety nets when money runs out. Any sudden expense, such as a prolonged illness, can be disastrous.

Love in action

We have seen how friendly and hospitable these folk are, having been entertained on many occasions in their homes. A few days ago I cycled to a village a mile away from the Mission to stay the night with a Kui family. I took just a sarong for night attire and a few toilet requisites. My host was a senior pastor named Sunam, who temporarily has the responsibilities of an Area Superintendent. In the home were his wife, two sons and a daughter-in-law. It was a tiled bungalow with four small rooms and a separate kitchen outside, and there were chairs and mats for us to sit on. We chatted well into the evening, though for part of the time the ladies were busy cooking. The



The setting of Udayagiri

continued overleaf

THE DRUMS ROLL AT THE CHURCH MEETING

continued from previous page

family wanted to know about life in Britain, the cost of living, family activities and church life. When it was time for the meal we sat on mats while the ladies served the four men with rice and curry. (This is the way they do it in India.) Soon it was bedtime and I was given a hard, but comfortable, bed and a mosquito net.

Sunam is better off than many in these parts. Though his salary is only £300 per year, he has land and, being an expert in agriculture, he makes good use of his vegetable garden and a few paddy fields to supplement his income.

Struggle with poverty

The churches in this area have no frills. They are basic communities where Jesus Christ is worshipped and proclaimed. As we have seen, their members are poor, many with scant or no education; yet they are struggling to support their own ministry and reach out to others in need. Some 80 pastors and a host of lay preachers are the backbone of the ministry. The churches are affiliated to the Church of North India (CNI), though a few have chosen to be independent.

Part of my job has been to help in the

training and counselling of these Christian leaders. On several occasions they have met together in a hall at Sunapanga and spent several days in community together. During these times they have attended lectures on various aspects of Christian life and work, and have been able to share some of their own experiences with one another. The lecturers have been, on different occasions, four Indian graduate ministers (one of them a young married woman) and three Europeans.

The hill folk need the hand of friendship that you and I can extend; they need our support in many ways. One of these is in the realm of finance. They have various capital assets such as buildings and institutions, but they need financial help to maintain them in these days of ever-increasing costs. A new jeep has been provided to help people get around a huge area for pastoral supervision; but at present they can barely afford to use it adequately or maintain it – petrol and spare parts in India are expensive, roughly the same cost as in Britain. They also need evangelists for new areas; and they require help towards the cost of brick-built homes for pastors. I know of two such houses which have been built to roof level, but there is not enough money to roof them. Despite such pressing needs, the CNI, as a matter of policy, is drastically reducing its regular grants to all its constituent dioceses, including this one.

These few months have shown Joyce and I a Christian community which, though by no means perfect, is enthusiastic and progressive. There is colour and rhythm in the hills. Yet there is a call for help, and they hope it will be heard.



A baptism in the Kond Hills

NOTES FOR YOUR PRAYER GUIDE

Betty Marsh (15 October) is at present on furlough.

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MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS

Arrivals

Miss A Weir on 11 June from Tansen, Nepal.

Miss P Smith on 11 June from Udayagiri, India.

Mr and Mrs I Coster and family on 16 June from Kinshasa, Zaire.

Miss M Hitchings on 16 June from Tondo, Zaire.

Mr and Mrs J Mellor and family on 16 June from Tondo, Zaire.

Miss R Montacute on 16 June from Kinshasa, Zaire.

Miss J Townley on 16 June from Kinshasa, Zaire.

Dr E Marsh on 18 June from Berhampur, India.

Rev G and Mrs Myhill on 18 June from Nova Londrina, Brazil.

Rev P and Mrs Goodall on 22 June from Colombo, Sri Lanka.

Mr and Mrs C Laver and family on 29 June from Dacca, Bangladesh.

Rev J and Mrs Clark and family on 29 June from São Paulo, Brazil.

Miss B Earl on 30 June from Pimu, Zaire.

Mrs I Masters and family on 30 June from Yakusu, Zaire.

Miss M Bushill on 1 July from Delhi, India.

Rev G and Mrs Grose on 1 July from Delhi, India.

Miss E Talbot on 1 July from Tansen, Nepal.

Rev D and Mrs Brown and family on 6 July from São Paulo, Brazil.

Rev S and Mrs Christine and Bruce on 6 July from Jaciara, Brazil.

Rev F and Mrs Vaughan and family on 6 July from São Paulo, Brazil.

Miss B Gill on 7 July from IME, Kimpese, Zaire.

Miss A Horsfall on 7 July from Kisangani, Zaire.

Miss R Knox on 7 July from Mbanza-Ngungu, Zaire.

Miss R Harris on 7 July from CECO, Kimpese, Zaire.

Departure

Rev K Skirrow on 27 June for Serampore, India.

Marriage

At Ngombe Lutete, Zaire, on 18 July 1981, **Mr R D M Ahearn** to **Miss Lutanto** (from Angola).

Deaths

In Worthing, on 26 June 1981, **Mrs Dorothy Mary Weller** (widow of Rev K Weller), aged 81 (India Mission 1929-1965).

In Norwich, on 26 June 1981, **Mr Charles B Jewson**, Honorary Treasurer of the Society from 1958-1968, and Honorary Member of General Committee since 1968.

In Axminster, on 4 July 1981, **Mrs Rhoda Couldridge** (wife of Rev C A P Couldridge), aged 68 (Zaire Mission 1938-1970).

In Louth, on 26 June 1981, **Miss Lily Millicent Reece**, aged 81 (Sri Lanka Mission 1928-1949).

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Secretaries acknowledge with grateful thanks the following legacies and gifts sent anonymously (2 June-6 July 1981)

Legacies:

	£	p
Lucy Mary Bell	12,206.41	
Miss E H Berry	94.66	
Miss R Cannell	100.00	
Mr E Hayes	635.57	
Mrs L Jefferies	847.12	
Mr W T Moulder	200.00	
Mrs M V Parker	142.02	
Mr W J Thomas	200.00	

General Work: Anon (Recovery): £50.00; Anon (Cymro): £47.00; Anon (FAE - Aberdeen): £20.00; Anon: £5.00; Anon: £5.00.

BRIEFLY...

CBE HONOUR

A prominent Christian in Hong Kong has been awarded the honour of Commander, Order of the British Empire (CBE) in the Queen's Birthday Honours list this year. The recipient is Rev Karl Stumpf, the officer-in-charge of the Migration Services Department of Hong Kong Christian Service. Among Rev Stumpf's services have been help for the blind, work against narcotic addiction and the

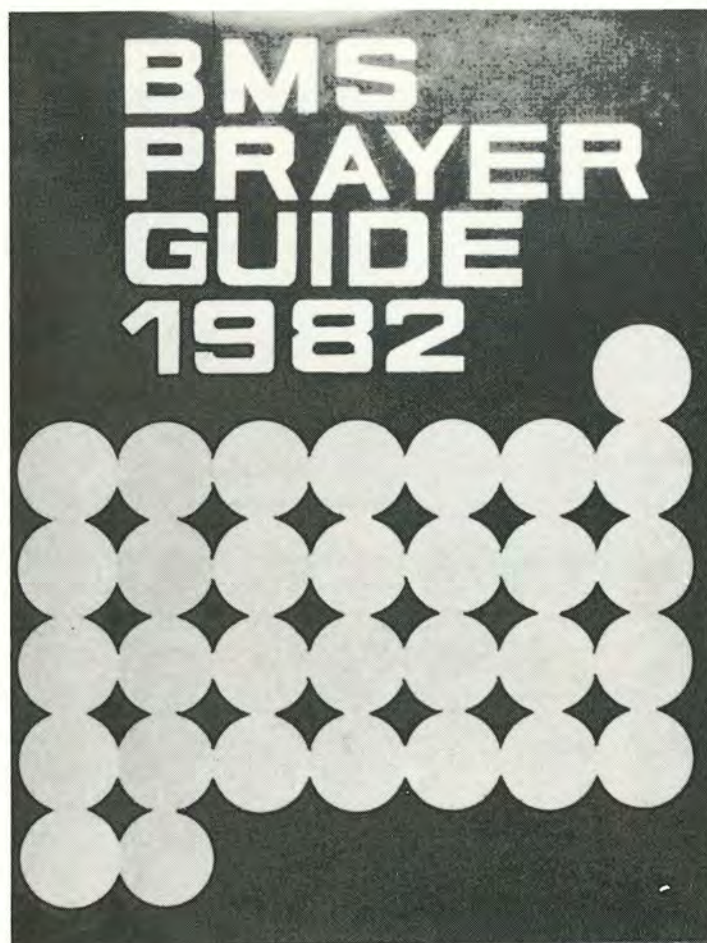
care and resettlement of Vietnamese refugees.

HINDUS AND CHRISTIANS MEET

Hindus and Christians came together for their first international conference in Rangpur, in North India earlier this year. Many of the participants were from India but there were also Hindus and Christians from such places as South Africa, Kenya, Trinidad, Sri Lanka, Malaysia, Indonesia,

Europe and the USA. The Church of North India, with which some BMS missionaries are closely involved, was one of the Christian groups represented.

Under the general theme of 'Religious Resources for a Just Society', topics such as, 'The understanding of justice in the two traditions,' 'The use and abuse of religion in supporting the social structure' and 'The spiritual foundations of the quest for a just society' were discussed.



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