

MISSIONARY

HERALD

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Serving the people of Colombo, Sri Lanka -
A place of new beginnings



SEPTEMBER 1983

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Cover Picture
*Street Scene in Colombo, Sri
Lanka, close to Cinnamon
Gardens Baptist Church*

We share in the work of the
Church in:

Angola	Nepal
Bangladesh	Sri Lanka
Brazil	Tanzania
India	Trinidad
Jamaica	Zaire

COMMENT

ANY well constructed building reveals the care with which it has been erected. The bricks will have been laid with the 'bond' best suited to that building; cavity walls will be 'tied'; concrete will have been reinforced; wooden corners will have been mitred, other joints dovetailed; boarding will probably have been tongued and grooved to lock together. If we examine the plumbing, the electrical wiring and other services, we see still more of the important variety of bonds or joints so that the whole may be appropriately built together.

Similar scanning of the human body shows how much we, too, rely upon a variety of bonding. The hinge joint instead of a ball and socket at hip or shoulder would completely change the nature of our mobility and our freedom would be limited. There needs to be a right joining for the body to function correctly.

We are One

We find these two ideas – a building being properly framed together, a body being appropriately jointed – both conveyed by the same word in New Testament Greek. Significantly, both uses occur only in the Letter to the Ephesians and refer to the Church. The message is clear – in Christ we are one, whether or not we always acknowledge it. It is of vital importance that we join together properly with our Head and with the other parts of His Body.

This is not simply a matter of the bond being strong. It must be appropriate for the function of that limb. Right strength has to match right mobility to give freedom for the necessary task.

True Partners

This is our understanding when we talk in terms of 'True Partnership' in the material for worship and study that we launch this month. The overall picture is of work in Asia and the variety of links we have there.

In Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, and parts of India, the bonding is with Baptist communities. In Nepal it is with the United Mission, with Christians from 33 societies all working alongside the Nepal Christian Fellowship. We relate also to a United Church, the Church of North India. Mizoram and the Chittagong Hill Tracts, politically sensitive areas, require links that take into account the fact that foreigners are not allowed to visit.

The whole body growing through love

No two partnerships are the same. The stresses on each are different, the freedom of mobility required is unique to each situation. Our aim must be so to understand the God-given tasks that we share with the national Christians in Asia that we express mutual support. We all need to discover the jointing that brings best benefit to *both* limbs. True partnership is such that when each separate part works as it should, the whole body grows and builds itself up through love.

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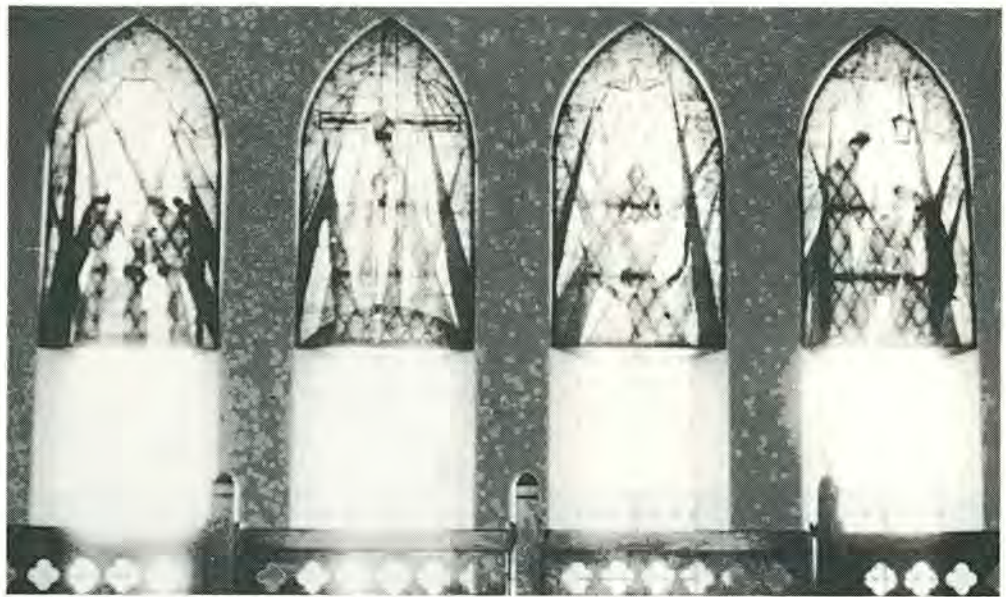
A place of prayer, refreshment and new beginnings.

A SILENT ORGAN — an anachronism in a thriving church. In fact, you might feel that any kind of organ is an anachronism in a church in Sri Lanka. Be that as it may, this one had been silent for 10 years — a victim of the climate and the ever encroaching rats. Our problem was how to encourage and integrate people from Hindu or Buddhist backgrounds and styles of worship into the very western style building of Cinnamon Gardens Baptist Church, with its pews, pulpit and western way of worship.

These were two of the many questions to be faced. The organ, though a beautiful piece of furniture, was taking up the whole of one transept in the church. After much prayer and discussion it was decided that we should dismantle it and use the space as a small chapel for prayer. At this point the Evangelistic Committee of the church put forward a strong plea that the proposed chapel should be a place where passers-by, visitors to the nearby hospital and others could drop in for a time of quiet or prayer. A place where they could sit on the floor if they so wished, and where they could read the Scriptures in their own language. It should also be a place where our older Sunday School children could make the transition from their Hindu and Buddhist backgrounds to worship in a Christian church.

As plans were made, one phrase kept cropping up, 'Wouldn't this have delighted the heart of Pastor Sutton Smith?' In fact, so strong was this feeling that we decided to make this the SUTTON SMITH MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

Eric Sutton Smith was the well remembered and much-loved pastor of Cinnamon Gardens Church for 15 years. His great concern was that the church should become more open to the wider community, and that indigenous art,



Batik windows, Sutton-Smith Chapel

ERIC SUTTON SMITH MEMORIAL CHAPEL by Margaret Goodall

music and drama should have a greater place in the worship of the Baptist community in Sri Lanka. He used his very considerable talents in these fields to train the young people, and to develop their own talents for use in the Kingdom.

The idea of a Memorial Chapel caught on, and soon donations towards it began to roll in, both from local people and those abroad, so finance was no problem (how nice to be able to write that!). The Chapel was officially dedicated on Easter Day of this year.

The ceremony began outside the closed doors where stood the traditional Sri Lankan oil lamp. The several wicks were lighted by Peter, by two retired local pastors, by the two oldest church members and by others who had been in CE or who had been baptized by Eric. As the doors were opened we were delighted by the beauty of this little chapel where there is no table, but a low platform on which stand the scriptures in three languages.

As we entered, we removed our shoes and walked on to the rush matting which is the only seating available, apart from a low padded bench along each wall. Wood panelling taken from the old organ has been skillfully carved by a local craftsman and used to make a screen between the chapel and the rest of the church. One of the most exciting

parts of the chapel is its four windows.

Nalini Weerasinghe who, in Eric's time, had been encouraged to use her artistic talents to God's glory, has produced four batik pictures depicting the birth, baptism, death and resurrection of Jesus. These pictures have been mounted in the windows so that they give the same effect as stained glass when the sun shines through. The eye is finally drawn, however, to the cross in an alcove at the far end — the symbol of the sacrificial love of God that the church is there to proclaim.

What of the future? Well, we have heard already that the chapel is being opened each morning for private prayer, and also that a Friday morning prayer group has been started there. The Evangelistic Committee in partnership with the young people has it in mind to use it in experimental forms of worship, trying to develop in ways that will attract our Tamil and Sinhala speaking neighbours, and that will make use of local instruments played by those learning in our Oriental Music class.

To the Pastor and wife, as well as the caretaker and family it will be a haven from the constant pressures of living on a church compound in a busy city, and a place for prayer and refreshment. For the many spiritually lost folk who daily pass our doors, we hope it will become a place of new beginnings.



AFTER YOU DAVID

Many people are not able to read the Gospel

NO, THIS is not a reference to the President of the Baptist Union. It's about the hymnbook we use at Yakusu in the Upper Zaire.

In the Lokele language spoken there, the word for 'to praise' is literally: 'to dance in front of someone', just like King David did before the Lord when the ark moved up to its new site in Zion. And that is why our missionary pioneers entitled the Lokele hymn collection: *Beele yoinela Mungu* — 'Songs with which to dance before the Lord'. The older editions of that hymnbook have long been out of print and our folk desperately need a new one. The work has already been begun at the Yakusu press, built up by the Rev. Hedley Ennals, where Citizen Lokangu is the present director.

When missionary work begins in a new area, the translation of Scripture is a priority. But hymn-translation usually goes on at the same time so that there are songs of praise available for worship in the new language. It is fitting that the earliest hymn in our Lokele hymnbook

should have been compiled by Salamo, a young slave-girl handed over to pioneer missionaries Mr and Mrs Stapleton, brought up by them in their home at Monsembe, where she became a Christian and was baptized, and then taken by them into the Yakusu area, where she discovered her long-lost home. The language she spoke in her infancy soon came back to her and she began to teach the missionaries her own Lokele tongue which we have used at Yakusu ever since. The tune she chose was to 'I will sing for Jesus' but the libretto is her own, a clever summary of the Gospel message.

A rare thrill

There is one important thing the hymnbook does in Zaire as elsewhere. Many folk are not able to read sufficiently well to find out for themselves from Scripture what the Gospel is about. But they can memorize hymns and sing them. How often these well-known words come back to mind just when people need them in

by John Carrington



Making good use of the hymnbook

situations of strain and stress as well as in joy and happiness. It's a rare thrill for the missionary preacher as well as his national colleagues when a congregation strikes up spontaneously the verse of a hymn which fits exactly the message they have been trying to convey.

Many of our BMS missionaries have contributed to that Lokele collection which numbers over 300 today. Number one in the book is Walter Stapleton's; the second was penned by Sutton Smith, while the third is William Millman's translation of Psalm 122. You won't be surprised to know that the late Sir Clement Chesterman translated: 'At even e'er the sun was set'

Those of us who had the privilege to be commissioned with prayer by Hedley Ennals as we set out on itineration into the forest or on the river felt it to be quite appropriate that one of his numerous hymns should say in Lokele: 'Send Thou O Lord to every place swift messengers before Thy face'. Alexander Mill was a great traveller who



The Baptist Choir, Yangambi

missionaries, are set to the tunes we use in this country. Indeed, one visitor to an international Christian conference in Nairobi (it was Dr E A Payne) was delighted because he found he could join in easily with the hymn-singing; the Swahili they were using was printed phonetically and the tunes were the ones he knew in Europe.

Singing with a tin whistle

Blind Bolonge was one of our early Lokele hymn-writers. He had been a teacher in a riverine village before he contracted the dreaded sleeping sickness which was fatal to so many Upper Zairians in the early years of the twentieth century. Medical colleagues at Yakusu were able to cure him with injections of the arsenical drugs that finally wiped out this scourge. But the powerful medicine brought on blindness. Bolonge could no longer work as a teacher in one of our village schools but he was appointed as evangelist in the hospital on our station. He learned to accompany the singing with a tin-whistle. To him must go the honour of being one of the first hymn-writers to set his words to real African music which helps the meaning to be understood because it reinforces the essential tones of the spoken words. How our folk love to sing with gusto his call: (lower case words sung as solo, upper case words in chorus)

• • **but they can memorise hymns.**



loved nothing better than to be out on the road. We still smile as we sing his translation of 'Christian walk carefully, danger is near!' There are other well-loved hymns over the names of Hubert Parris, Kenneth Parkinson, Alice Wilkinson, Truida Reiling, Jack Young and Douglas Chesterton to name but a few of those who have since passed to their reward. Our Christian brethren in Zaire who use this hymnbook are anxious to

have these hymns in print again because they remember their translators with affection every time they use them in worship.

There are many hymns too by Zairian writers. Some are translations from English and French, others are compositions based on their own Christian experience. Most of the earlier ones, like those composed by

Let us go to the Chief (THE CHIEF),
He calls us on pilgrimage
(PILGRIMAGE),
To the city on high (ON HIGH),
Where there is real joy (REAL JOY).
LET US ACCEPT JESUS OUR MASTER,
LET US GIVE HIM ALL WE HAVE.

These Lokele hymns are a source of spiritual power and strength to our people. At the end of a month's village▷



continued from previous page

teacher-training session in the Bambole forest, we planned to hold a communion service before the men returned to their homes. But we thought it would be good if teachers from surrounding villages could gather with us as well as Christians from the centre where we had been meeting. The African superintendent who was with us agreed to let them all know in time. One problem was that we had to be away by 7 a.m. so as to catch the ferry across the river in Kisangani and that meant starting our communion service at sunrise.

A song at night

As I went into the chapel for the service, I was pleased to see teachers from some of the nearby villages and greeted them.

'I suppose you came yesterday, did you, and stayed with friends in the village overnight?'

'No,' they replied, 'we've just arrived — see the dust on our feet.'

'But,' I queried, 'I thought you forest folk were afraid to travel between villages at night for fear of spirits which might harm you.'

'We are, indeed,' came their laughing response, 'but we sang Christian songs all the way and nothing happened!'

The Psalmist's claim: 'I have . . . a song at night' (Psalm 42:8) is true for twentieth century followers of Christ.

And this hymn-book is an evangelist in its own right. Nora and I had the privilege of working among the Bamanga people during Mr and Mrs Chesterton's furloughs. They were one of the first groups to accept the Gospel when our

pioneer missionaries began work at Yakusu (in 1895), but in spite of regular visitation in the late 1920's by Mr and Mrs Wilkerson from Kisangani, there was little further progress. Then, before these latter missionaries went on furlough, one of the teachers in that area brought to Yakusu a dozen or so hymns which he had translated from the printed Lokele book into his own Kimanga tongue. 'Could we have these printed please?' he asked. Mr Ennals gladly accepted the task and soon a number of these short printed books found their way into Bamanga villages.

When Mr and Mrs Wilkerson got back after furlough and did an itineration there, they could hardly believe the eager requests they had everywhere for Christian teachers to man the schools they themselves had already put up in the villages. In every place they heard the Kimanga hymns so recently made available from the Yakusu printing press. Mr Wilkerson used to say: 'The Bamanga revival is not of our doing — we were on furlough when it started. The Holy Spirit has been using this hymnbook to speak to our folk Himself.'

Our Society is helping the Yakusu printers to get the new edition of the Lokele hymnbook out as soon as possible. May a new generation of Lokele Christians use it to follow King David indeed and learn to 'dance before the Lord'. □



Yakusu Press and Bookshop

Q's Q's Q's *by Deba*

After two years the hostel closed (through lack of children), and our job with it. This created rather a dilemma as we had finished the job we came out to do, but still had a year to complete our first term. After much prayer, and discussion with colleagues, we felt that God still had other work for us here. This meant that further language study was necessary and therefore a return to the dreaded Barisal!

We returned to Barisal, prepared to face another period of problems. However, much to our surprise and joy we have had no serious problems. We feel a part of the church now, and can be more active in the fellowship. Language came easier, and ill-health was more or less non-existent. The children are settled and happy.

I am sure we can all empathise with these feelings, and the struggles that lie behind these words. Recently I have been finding myself learning this lesson again. Why do I allow myself to get so stewed up over something that may never happen? Sometimes I have laughingly said to a friend, 'What a waste of worry'. The words of an old hymn are true:

*'Ye fearful saints fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.'*

Q Q Q Q Q

How much are we affected by what other people think about us? Are we afraid to let others know of our faith? In many places the cost of confessing your

faith may be much greater than it is for us, involving hardship, suffering and social/community ostracization that we cannot imagine.

Idair has made great progress in the faith in a very short space of time, studying his Bible at every opportunity and demonstrating a depth of understanding that is a joy to see. His wife Alzemira has now accepted the change that has come about in him and she herself is taking much more interest in the church, . . . and is much more open and friendly with everybody. However, she still needs your prayers as she is very afraid of her mother's attitude and also of her neighbours. She tries to hide from them the fact that she is going to the church. She tells them that she is 'going shopping', or 'visiting a friend', when she intends to go to a meeting or service.

Easy to criticize, but for many of us these are pressures that we know nothing of – how would we react in such a situation?

We are often concerned about what other people may think of us, but are we

equally concerned as to how we affect other people, I wonder? We all know the rather hackneyed expression that 'actions speak louder than words' – but there is a lot of truth in it, particularly if our words and actions don't seem to be saying the same thing.

Q Q Q Q Q

At the beginning of this year the back cover of the *Herald* was highlighting a new range of posters and material available. An eleven-year-old boy – son of missionaries – studied the cover carefully, and then said, 'That's not fair, BMS people don't look miserable like that at work'. Then after a few more seconds of reflection 'Perhaps she's been out there for four years, and is due for furlough'.

What perceptive remarks! If the expression on a face on a poster calls forth that kind of comment, I hate to think what my face must sometimes say. Would it be a good idea to look in the mirror?

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Photographs of Rio Negro floods
by Sean Connor aged 13



Water, water everywhere and. . .

Roy and Margaret Connor – describe the floods at Rio Negro

PERHAPS when Tommy Steele sang this song in the 50's he had a mind to what was going to happen in Rio Negro, Paraná in 1983!

We have just lived through the worst catastrophe to happen to the 154 year old city. It was a visual picture of the terror and panic that must have existed when God sent the promised rains that Noah had been preaching about for 120 years.

Floods

Water rising everywhere at an incredible rate – initially at 18 cms per hour and then stabilizing at 2 cms per hour. Spreading everywhere, taking over roads, parks, shops, banks, schools bringing all the modern life-support systems such as water supply, electricity, telephones, refuse collections and so on to a standstill. Traffic was in chaos as one after another roads closed. The Army, and it is fortunate that Rio Negro is a garrison town, was taking charge everywhere sending canoes and amphibious craft to move people, animals and furniture to the safety of higher ground and dry housing. Rain, rain and more rain, and not a drop to drink.

Victims

In a sense the whole population of the area suffered as food supplies ran short in the shops, and other 'blessings' that we take so much for granted were suddenly taken away. However, the poor as always, were the main victims. Houses were covered with water, many breaking apart or turning over in the dreadful currents. Some managed to rescue virtually everything from the house but others could only take the clothes they stood up in and perhaps a few bed-clothes. Some of our church members and many folk in the city have lost *everything*.

Charity

Relief organisations and religious bodies and others have shown their compassion and practical concern. Food and clothing have been flown in to the calamity area and basically people have been temporarily rehoused – perhaps in the homes of others or in the new bus station, churches, schools, and sports stadium. There are four families in our manse and numerous collections of furniture and personal possessions in the garage.

Community

The whole town has 'come together' and people offer help to brother and sister. The whole Country is helping the three southernmost States of Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catarina and Paraná, the worst hit in the floods of May this year and then more severely punished with the torrential rains of July that brought the worse floods ever. Other Countries offer assistance and the 'brotherhood of man' is seen.

Clean-up

As the Black River (Rio Negro) goes back to its original bed and level – at the two bridges which link Santa Catarina with Paraná, the river being the State-divide, the water level was 13½ metres above normal – people begin to clean up the mess and take floors and walls of their wooden houses apart to clean and disinfect. One lady found that the snakes had virtually taken charge of her home. She had 17 in the front room alone! Everyone helps and those who have suffered least are most prompt to offer aid to less fortunate neighbours. Our house and Church building were saved although the water was a mere 5 metres from the house at one stage. Houses have to be rebuilt, floors replaced, possessions sacrificially recuperated.



THE MOST disastrous floods ever recorded have devastated many areas in southern Brazil. The worst hit states are Santa Catarina and Paraná, where in many cases whole towns were submerged. The total number of people believed to be effected is 300,000.

The BMS has sent £5,000 from its relief fund as an initial response, but will be looking at the long term needs as they become evident.

In this article Roy and Margaret Connor tell how the floods have affected Rio Negro where they work.

. . not a drop to drink

The Future

It will take years to get back to what was but, in about six months, banks, offices and shops hope to be 'normal' once again. The danger of typhoid is very great. Many will not want to reconstruct on the same site and some may move from the town. Others returned, when the waters went down, to find their houses in ruins or swept away completely. There is always the exception to every rule! Looting has been rife unfortunately. At night the thieves enter the area in boats, break open the roofs of the better houses, send divers down and steal anything portable — and it is surprising sometimes what is portable! How do you start life again when you have nothing and when unemployment in this winter period is at its highest peak? The future for many is grim. It adds to Brazil's economic difficulties too.

You

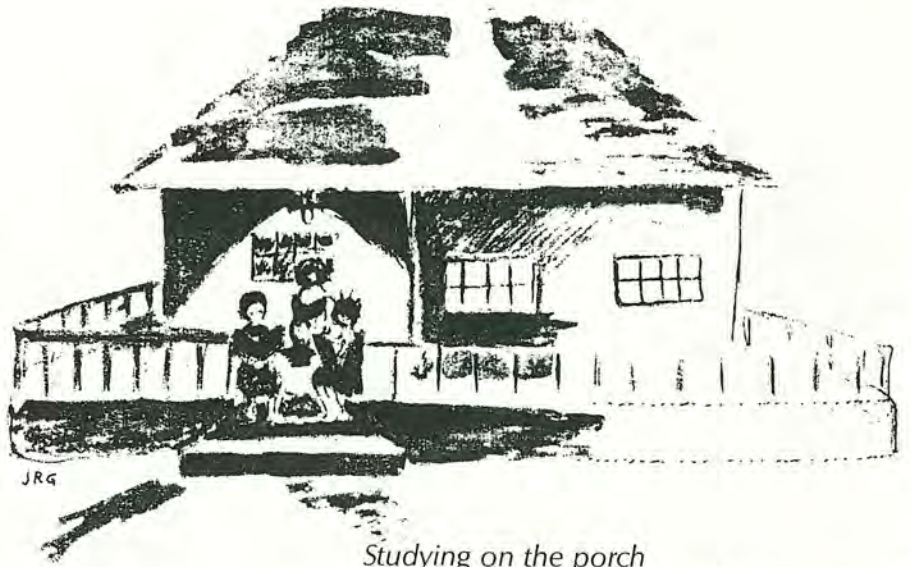
This is where we are so thankful to you. The Richmond Junta in USA sent us a financial grant and BMS immediately agreed to help as well. We have 'adopted' about 30 families and will do our utmost to see these folks — some members of the church, some not — really re-established. It could not be

done if we were not here and it could not happen without your generous glad support of our Society. And it may be that in it all God is speaking and that many will repent and turn to Him or completely rededicate their lives. Certainly the opportunities for brotherly concern, practical Christian help and evangelism are given to us and we thank you for your part . . . so does *Natalia* a widow who lost so much; *Lourival* whose little house has to be reconstructed to house his in-laws, wife and four children; *Raquel* who lost a home in Rio Negro and also one in Rio

Grande do Sul; *Ary* who is Secretary to the Town Council and because he was so busy helping others until late at night lost everything in his beautiful new house, including his car in the garage.

These and many others rise up and say 'Thank you'. As *Ataide* — a Church worker who lost virtually everything in the disaster — said to me — 'In everything give thanks'. I wonder if we could all say the same in a like situation. Often the simple sincere faith of those to whom we minister challenges us to the roots. Don't you find so?





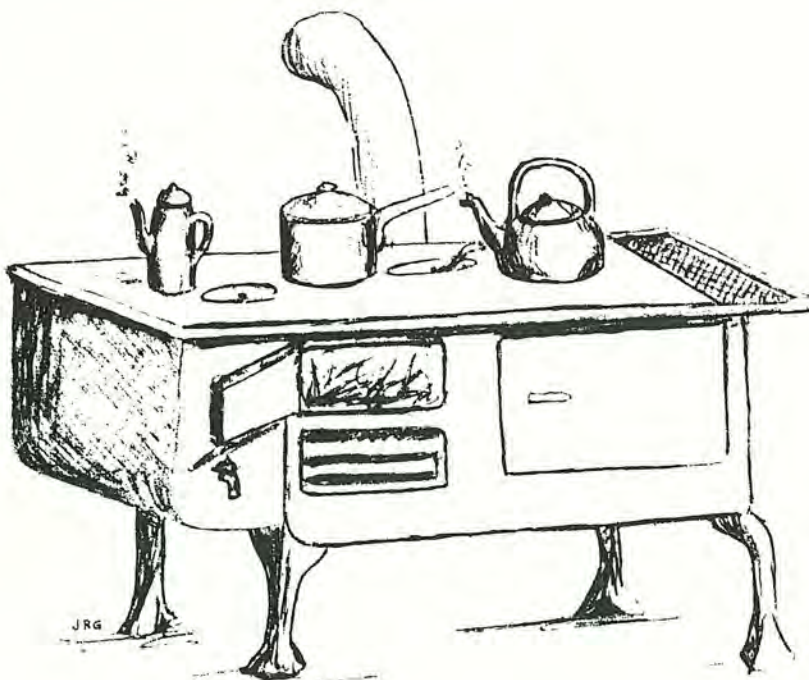
Studying on the porch

POWER AND GLORY

by Joyce Rigden Green

EARLY MORNING in Zaire is one of the best times of the day. In the muted light the grass has the soft sheen of velvet, and as the tide of colour flows in with the increasing light, here and there drops of dew catch and reflect the sun, so that it seems that earth has been sleeping under a jewelled robe. Sleepy birds tentatively practise their song of the day and cocks greet the dawn with frenzied delight. All is fresh, clean and sweet. But early evening is also a delight. The air is gently warm and full of the fragrance of flowers designed to attract moths; the palette of the sky is spread with the colours of sunset, and everywhere the burden of toil is eased down from weary heads of shoulders, one stands straight and gives thanks for rest. It is a time of quiet peace before the orchestras of the night start up with the whirr and chirp of crickets, the croaking, grunting and snoring of frogs, the shrill squeaking of bats and the raucous squeals of rats, plus mysterious rustlings and unidentifiable sounds in the darkness, which betoken the nightlife of Africa. Morning stands breathless with anticipation; evening breathes a benediction.

What of the hours between, full of sharp light and heat? The sun pours out its full



Woodstove — monster or pet?

**Not the power of the
in the still, small voice
of love for the sinner
the redeemed in Christ**

strength, encouraging growth or withering plants as moisture is available or withheld. Day is full of the hum of ceaseless activity as millions of seeds and eggs spring to life. Brilliant butterflies, birds and dragonflies flutter and dart, or settle in clusters, so that one wonders whether flowers have taken flight or birds have taken root in the earth. Tiny flowers are like gems on the ground and trees and shrubs wear glowing crowns of colour in their season of flowering.

One long struggle

In this pulsing activity only man is less than eager to join in the hectic dance, keeping his steps slow to conserve what little energy he has. For most people here, and especially the women, life is one long struggle to provide enough water and food for their families. The luxury of being able to 'stand and stare' is not for them nor for the missionaries, who usually have too many jobs to do and too few people to do them, especially in medical work.

But most splendid are the nights of storm when power leaps from the sky and all the tympany of heaven is let loose. One such storm was at Tondo where we watched the centre of fury breaking over the far side of the lake. In three separate but simultaneous lightning strikes it



Carrying wood

he earthquake but
oice which speaks
er and power for
hrist.

seemed as if some wonderful temple was revealed, its three burnished pillars supporting a roof of glowing cherubim. It could have been the setting for Isaiah's vision, *I saw the Lord high and lifted up and His throne filled the Temple* (Is. 6:1). Oh the power and the glory! In the presence of all this one felt, *What is man that Thou art mindful of him?* — so puny, so powerless.



Bambola

Girl Guide Pride

A few days later I was indeed feeling 'puny and powerless' as I struggled to light a recalcitrant wood-burning stove. In best Girl Guide fashion I had laid my fire; in theory it should have lit with one match. How I longed for Mr Therm or instant electricity! Several matches and a dollop of paraffin later, Girl Guide pride in the ashes, my fire was going and I had conquered the smoking monster.

If the 'monster' is kept clean (soot cleared from the chimney) and it is well fed with wood it can become a really indispensable 'family pet', producing a gallon or so of hot water from the tank on its side, supporting numerous pots, pans and kettles on its broad bosom, and in the warm depths of its heart baking anything from rice pudding to bread and cakes. Most of the BMS (CBFZ) houses in Equateur region and the Upper river have a wood-burning stove in a separate cook-house, for they can be unbearably hot and sometimes temperamental, smoking so badly that one can be driven out of one's own 'kuku'! Wood has to be bought and about £4-£5's worth is needed weekly.

There are gas stoves, but since gas 'bombs' are very expensive to buy and then transport up river, and are not always available, gas is mostly used only in emergencies when something hot is needed quickly. Sometimes the only available stove is a primus.

Just over a year ago three very nice new wood stoves arrived in Yakusu. Until then the bambola had been the only means of cooking — apart from the too-expensive gas stove. The nearest thing to a bambola in England is the night-watchman's brazier, but considerably smaller. It is a bit like two garden sieves (with holes in the bottom rather than wire mesh) placed one over the other. The top one contains glowing charcoal and the lower one catches the ash. With pioneer ingenuity the simple bambola is transformed into an oven by placing half a tin trunk over it; the door is formed by the lid of the trunk; a wire cake rack placed over the bambola will give greater stability to the oven. To me it is little short of a miracle that anyone can produce a meal of roast meat and two vegetables and gravy on such a makeshift cooking device!



Bambola with oven

Toasting on a Tilley

Kinshasa and some of the bigger towns have electricity. Power is carried by overhead cables from the generator at Matadi. Some mission stations have generators and produce sufficient electricity for lighting; Pimu, for instance, has electricity for two hours each evening and for the operating theatre. Bolobo and Yakusu have generators but they are both out of action awaiting spare parts. At Pimu it is quite usual to see two or three students sitting under the porch light studying. The only light in their homes would be from oil lamps or candles, and this is all the missionaries have at Tondo and Upoto (and Yakusu and Bolobo at the moment). Some folk find Aladdin and Tilley lamps most useful . . . one can even make toast on a Tilley lamp!

With no electricity there are no electric irons so charcoal irons are used. One would not expect to iron clothes in this hot climate, thinking that drip-dry garments would be the best. Unfortunately it is necessary to iron everything dried outside; it is the only way to stop mango-worms from getting a nice meal out of you. The insect lays its eggs on the washing, then the heat of one's body hatches the egg and the little 'worm' burrows into the skin — a very large larder for it and one finds it a most irritating visitor!



Toasting on a Tilley Lamp

So far very few people seem to have been able to make use of the most plentiful source of energy, the sun. A catholic mission near Tondo has invested in solar panels in a large way and the whole place has sufficient electrical power to provide lighting and power points for kitchen and workshops and also to work a water pump. As yet I understand that these panels are not available in Britain. Tondo was given some small panels which are in the incubator and the 'phonie', and Bolobo also has one for the 'phonie'. What a tremendous asset it would be if all BMS stations were thus equipped!

The darkness is great

On my first night in Zaire I felt so sorry for the poor old men who were having to camp out with their little fires, I thought they were beggars. In fact they were the nightwatchmen, very necessary when you haven't got good street lighting to dissuade night prowlers. Up

river they usually have their spear or bow and arrows with them. It seems terrible that people have to take such precautions to guard their homes — yet in Britain despite our police force we have the same problems of crime. The darkness in the world is still very great and the power of evil a force to which man on his own still has no answer.

It is to bring this answer in the Good News of God's love in Jesus Christ which is the primary task of all Christians, who are commissioned to be missionaries wherever they are. Often countries overseas to which many are sent, are now looking only for help in the provision of western amenities and technology. The commission to reveal the Light of the World, to put men and women in touch with the source of spiritual power — the Holy Spirit — and to bring in the Kingdom of God has to be done now, more than ever before through their living witness as they teach secular subjects and work alongside nationals rather than by actual preaching, though there is still a place for that. It is as if the light has to be *hidden under a bushel*. So they work in faith that the light will overcome the darkness; indeed, light has a way of shining through cracks and holes!

The light is shining

I have seen this light shining in the face of a girl from an Angolan refugee family; and in Pastor Andre Ntemo as he

recovers from a broken leg; in the faces of young people as they sing in their choirs; in pastors such as Pastor Eboma and Pastor Lunkebila as they care for their flock in church or in school and in the women's leaders as they prepare to work with the women in their scattered villages. I have felt the power in the preaching of Mama Ditina and Pastor Bombimbo. The power of the Holy Spirit is moving among the people; a fishing family has taken the Good News to fishermen on the islands in the River, without any prompting from missionaries and now a Christian community is growing among the fishermen, who will take back what they have learned when they return to their villages.

The power and glory are here in Zaire, not like the crash and brilliance of a tropical storm (though worship in church can be pretty noisy!) nor the power of an earthquake or forest fire, but, as Elijah found it, in the still small voice which speaks pardon for sin, love for the sinner and power for the redeemed in Christ.

On Easter Sunday, in the French-speaking church in Kinshasa, 713 people were in the building and many more were outside. More than 700 voices were raised there in the Lord's Prayer, and many hundreds more up and down the land —

'For Thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen.'



No mod-cons for cooking

What have we got this time?

by **Bernard Ellis**

IT HAS been said that most politicians have four speeches: what they have written down; what they actually say; what they wish they had said; and what they are quoted as saying.

These observations are equally true of those who face the perils and the pitfalls of deputation work, equipped, as they have been for generations, by the BMS deputation department who contrive to tell everything that may be in store for the unwary. Well, almost everything. . . .

Proverbs 25:2 says that it is the glory of God to conceal a thing. As far as deputation is concerned, it is just as well. Over the years I have spoken to young Baptist missionaries, en route for New Zealand, Australia and the USA, in addition to the UK . . . who trembled at the very thought of attending committees and visiting the churches: those seas of faces, the owners of which may await with interest, if not curiosity, what they will hear.

What shall I say?

The fearful ask the same question: 'What shall I say?' Scripturally, of course, they knew the answer. (It also helps if they grasp that the faithful — even on committees — are invariably kindly, considerate and receptive.)

On the other hand, there is the possibility — just a possibility — that one or two think they have heard it all before and ask themselves, 'What have we got this time?' No matter. There is consolation in the fact that the great and mighty, of past and present generations, never quite knew, either, what would be in store for them.

Take the popular and late Rt Hon Ernest Brown, son of a Torquay fisherman. Mr

Brown was principal guest at a large welcome meeting in India. The chairman said, 'We have heard a lot about Lord Brown. We have read a lot about Lord Brown. But now we see him — in the meat.'

Lungs of brass

In his younger days, he rarely had the encumbrance of a microphone. If he could not hit the back wall, no-one could. At a political meeting, he shouted down any heckler and always won. He had lungs of brass. When he presided at a BMS General Committee meeting, he had no need to boom. He announced the hymns, put the book down and sang heartily; he knew every verse.

When the Baptist Laymen's Missionary Movement was just that and not the Baptist Men's Movement, my father was invited to attend the Saturday night meeting at the Hayes, Swanwick, and was allowed to take me — at the age of ten. (We lived a mile away, across the fields.)

Go on!

Mr Brown spoke on 'A lay preacher to his colleagues.' I, for one, never forgot the experience. He had been in full flow for an hour and twenty minutes. He took out his pocket watch, apologized and asked, 'Have I been going on too long?' 'No, no,' everyone called out, 'go on.' He did so for another five minutes and sat down.

Strange things can happen at high-powered meetings. I was at a Lancashire Auxiliary meeting some years ago and heard an equally high-powered address from a Scottish colleague, who recounted his work in the West Indies. En passant, and lightly enough, he mentioned that he paid for the coal in

the bunker of the furlough house, on arrival. That proved to be the main discussion point. . . .

Many years ago there was an attendance of around 200 at a Saturday night welcome meeting in Cardiff. An excellent chairman; a strong BMS team; fascinating five-minute addresses. And then question-time. Dead silence. Eventually an old gentleman stood up and asked, slowly and clearly, 'Why does the *Missionary Herald* cost so much?'

First things first, as you might say, Or not.

LET THE WHOLE WORLD KNOW

A UNITED MISSIONARY RALLY

Friday 18 November 7.30 pm
All Souls
Langham Place, London W1

Speaker:
Dr Helen Roseveare
Music:
London Emmanuel Choir

*Missionary Exhibition —
including BMS display —
5.00 pm — 7.15 pm*



Christine Preston's work

THE CHRISTIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION of Bangladesh began in the 1950's to link workers in the small, scattered dispensaries and hospitals run by protestant churches in East Pakistan. Over the years CMA has changed and now is an interdenominational fellowship for all Christians working in any branch of the health field. Members include doctors, nurses, paramedics, floor cleaners, cooks, drivers and technicians united in their aim of:

- 1. Bible study and prayer;**
- 2. Outreach to medical staff and patients;**

THE NIGHT was cold and dark when I rose at 3.30 a.m. stumbling about the strange bedroom to find a light. My bag was half-packed, just waiting to receive soap and toothpaste. Ablutions were hasty with little time to slip into a respectable travelling sari before a loud cough announced the arrival of Kashim. He was to escort me to Birisiri, a tiny village on the edge of the Garo Hills in the far north of Bangladesh where the Australian BMS run a dispensary. We set out, seeking rickshaws to take us to the station, just as the mosque sounded its pre-dawn call to prayer. The road-side teashops were a hive of activity that morning. It was during the holy month of Ramadan, when Muslims should neither eat, drink nor swallow saliva from sunrise to sun-set. Men were enjoying an early breakfast of tea, semolina cake and *parathas*. Eventually two were persuaded to pedal us to the station. Away we sailed into the night passing shadowy figures in darkened streets moving towards the mosques.

By contrast the station was a blaze of light and bustling with life. People sat or lay surrounded by their bags, bundles and babies covering every available inch of the platform. Kashim bought tickets then led me through the throng. We climbed over a spaghetti of tracks to reach a quiet siding where the train was parked. Seats were still available as it was barely 4.30 a.m. We clambered aboard and made ourselves comfortable. That was until the bugs in the seats began to enjoy a hearty breakfast leaving me with ugly, itchy red weals across my back and down both arms! The pre-dawn flush silhouetted palms, bamboos and houses

TEN DAYS IN MYMENSINGH

by Christine Preston

so I concentrated on watching the city awake whilst trying not to scratch the bites.

Around 5.45 a.m. the train hooted and began to pull slowly away. We were packed tightly into our seats with men on the luggage racks and between each row of benches. Six stations later at the terminus, I fought my way out of the train against a tide of ascending passengers. There to my surprise was Rev Howard Wilkins, my host. He took the small bag, thanked Kashim, then escorted me to the river where we squatted in a small ferry boat and were poled across. After scrambling up the muddy banks Howard rescued his motorbike and suggested I climbed aboard. The next seven miles, over a broken brick road, with diversions into muddy rice fields, whilst I sat 'side-saddle' clutching both sari and hairpins, was amusing in retrospect, but a trifle precarious at the time. What a joy on alighting to be greeted by Jill and her two daughters. Liberal applications of water both inside and out followed by a cup of tea and I was ready to meet the Birisiri clinic staff.

Sharing the Vision

My three days at Birisiri were spent with the thirteen employees of both clinic and family-planning unit, hearing their joys and sorrows whilst bringing them up to date with news of CMAB activity in the rest of the country. One morning it was possible to share the vision of CMAB with 28 students at the Garo Baptist Union Bible Training Institute. It was exciting to help them see the potential both of hospital visiting and giving pastoral care to medical people.

Another day a two mile walk took me to the government Thana Health Complex, a magnificent 30-bedded two-storey brick building due to be opened two months after my visit. There were two Christian nurses employed in the complex, who were currently working in the small corrugated-iron huts, which served as out-patients, in-patients, laboratory, store and office for the entire local population of several thousand.

The logistics statistician, whom I met, had neither statistics, table nor office, but was fascinated by my wristwatch, a small

caring for Christian medical workers in Bangladesh.

3. Maintenance of professional standards; and
4. Social concern.

As the CMA members, in cellgroups of two to three at large branches of over 40 members, grow in knowledge and love of God, so they more effectively reach out to Muslim and Hindu neighbours.

CMA encourages its members through a regular newsletter 'Light', by holding a national conference

each year and, this year, holding Divisional Seminars and a Leadership Training Weekend.

As National Organising Secretary I am responsible for these, also for visiting new areas to share the vision. My four Bengali assistants are all in full-time employment so they give what time they can to encourage their local Branches and occasionally make longer tours. They write regularly to all contacts but rarely receive a reply—a Bengali needs a visit so I made a ten day trip to Mymensingh in June 1983.

ladies model, convinced it was a *tabis* (a muslim charm) because a rich foreigner could surely have a proper two inch diameter watch!

The following day I met a pharmacy assistant, who had been transferred to a remote health centre after three years at the local Thana Health Complex. He was acutely distressed about leaving an elderly father, but the government rule is three years in one post and then a transfer. Can you imagine how disruptive this is to children's education?

The three days were soon over and I caught the local bus to the train station, declining Howard's kind offer of a lift. What was a five mile journey, that took 50 minutes, followed by a two mile walk, when compared to riding pillion — tedious yes, but safe!

The return journey to Mymensingh was remarkable only by having my travelling bag slashed and minor possessions stolen. Fortunately my passport escaped

notice. A quick shower at the mission and I was away to visit the Medical College Hospital, with its small Christian minority — two medical students out of 500, four Protestant student nurses and 16 Catholics out of 160, and four trained staff nurses out of about 120. I was expressing the concern, care and fellowship of CMAB to this tiny group.

Within 36 hours I journeyed north again, this time to Joyramkura crossing the Brahmaputra in a large sail boat before catching the local bus to Haluaghat. The bus achieved about eight miles an hour on the appalling broken brick road, then followed a one and a half mile walk across rice fields and three miles detour by road. The 20 bedded hospital was set out spaciouly in the middle of nowhere, again within sight of the Indian border.

The hospital had an attached TB unit and community medicine programme with a strong family-planning emphasis. Unfortunately my letters had not reached the staff so, although pleased, they were

a little taken aback. As at Birisiri the days were spent listening, sharing the vision, attempting to motivate the local committee, encouraging the chaplain whilst making time for the foreign missionary staff. In a small isolated set-up it is easy to become disheartened, especially when cut off from the rest of the country and so unaware of exciting and positive developments.

The neighbouring government hospital at Haluaghat was in the midst of a Family Planning drive backed up by the army. In all the hustle and bustle the two Christian nurses were not free to say even a brief 'hello'.

What Next?

All too soon I was back at the river crossing over to Mymensingh town and preparing to re-visit the Medical College Hospital personnel before returning to Dhaka, write a report and answer some perplexing questions 'What is God wanting CMAB to do in Hymensingh? What will the Divisional Secretary Mr Shymalendu Karmaker, who works in the National Orthopaedic Hospital, think of my visit? How should we advance?'

The alternatives are:

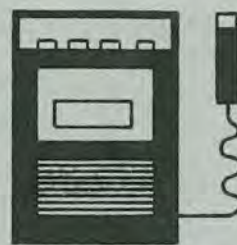
- a seminar to challenge the spiritually apathetic about their testimony.
- guidelines for local leaders, who seemed totally devoid of ideas.
- regular visits to establish prayer cells.

How careful one must be not to rush in with 'good ideas', which lead to slog and failure but rather to tune into what God is beginning to do. It is a thrilling prospect. Will you lend us your prayerful support?



A family planning clinic

MISSIONTALK



NEWS AND VIEWS
FROM HOME
AND ABROAD

SIR CLEMENT CHESTERMAN, OBE

A WONDERFUL servant of his Lord, of the BMS and the Baptist Churches of our country has been called to Higher Service. Sir Clement Chesterman had been a pioneer BMS medical missionary in what was then the Belgian Congo. He there did some first-class research work into tropical diseases, notably sleeping sickness, and eventually was acclaimed as one of the foremost specialists in tropical medicine in this country and indeed in the world.

Born as long ago as 1894, into a large and happy family in Bath, the young Chesterman went to Monkton Combe School before embarking on his medical course in Bristol. After qualifying he joined the RAMC as a Captain in the First World War. He saw service in Palestine, was mentioned in dispatches, entered Jerusalem alongside Allenby, was made OBE and awarded the Serbian Red Cross.

After studying tropical medicine in London and Cambridge, offered to the BMS. He was posted to Yakusu in the Belgian Congo, where he and his wife arrived in October 1920. Here Dr Chesterman tackled everything from major surgery to an epidemic of sleeping sickness, from brickmaking to tinkering with motor-boat engines. He coined the slogan 'Prevention is better by cure' when he saw that the only way to control sleeping sickness and other diseases was to cure the individual patient and thus interrupt the cycle of transmission of the causative parasite.

He began training medical auxiliaries to help in the modest hospital that he built, but his outstanding contribution was his pioneering work in creating a network of rural health centres, each of which was manned by a Christian medical auxiliary 'with black bag in one hand and the Bible in the other'.

When Dr Chesterman left Yakusu in 1936 to become the Medical Secretary of the BMS, he had the tremendous joy and professional satisfaction of knowing that sleeping sickness had been almost wiped out, tuberculosis and malaria and yaws were controlled, and the whole area (of 10,000 square miles) was a healthier and happier place than when he arrived in 1920.

At the Mission House in London, he proved to be a first-rate medical administrator, with a keen mind and a sympathetic concern for missionaries of all ages—the retired, the active and the future missionaries. He became a tireless advocate of medical missions, and travelled in the interests of the BMS to India, and on behalf of the Government to Africa. He visited Vellore at a critical moment in its history, and managed to persuade Dr Ida Scudder to upgrade the College and Hospital and admit men students, so qualifying for government recognition. In Africa, he advised governments on the training and deployment of medical auxiliaries.

During World War II, Dr Chesterman worked as a general medical practitioner in



Buckinghamshire, but afterwards he concentrated on tropical medicine, becoming a specialist whose opinion was widely sought by missions, governments and insurance companies.

For many years, Dr Chesterman was President of the British organization that supported the work of Dr Albert Schweitzer in Lambarene; he was in 1951-53 a Vice-President of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, and in 1966-67 President of the Hunterian Society. He was also Vice-President of the Leprosy Mission, and President of the Medical Missionary Association until compelled to relinquish the position because of indifferent health.

Following in the footsteps of his boyhood hero, David Livingstone, Dr Chesterman had a long life of wonderful service to his Lord and to his fellow-men. As author of the *Tropical Dispensary Handbook* (which went into seven English editions and sold well in French, Spanish and Portuguese translations), his name became a household word in the tropics. In initiating a community health service long before the term became popu-

lar, Dr Chesterman was fifty years ahead of his time. He pioneered in commending the love of Christ through a first-class Christian medical service in the heart of Africa, and by healing as well as preaching he exerted a tremendous influence on behalf of the cause of Christ and Christian mission.

A great man in many ways — blessed with a first-class brain, and seizing every opportunity of service with dedicated zeal, Dr Chesterman — or Sir Clement Chesterman as he became when Her Majesty the Queen honoured him (and the BMS) with a knighthood in 1974 — offered his great gifts to the service of our Lord. The BMS were indeed fortunate to number him and his wife among their missionaries, and to have the benefit of his wise counsel and advice over many years.

Lady Chesterman, a veritable 'mother in Israel', an imaginative kindergarten teacher, and the perfect hostess and friend to all, predeceased Sir Clement by almost two years, thus ending a wonderfully happy and fruitful partnership.

Sir Clement has left two sons and two daughters. S.B.

A Dentist for Nepal

STUART LITTLE has just joined the missionary team in Nepal. Stuart was born in Birmingham, but moved to Glasgow at six years of age. He trained as a dentist in Edinburgh and graduated in 1981. Since then he has worked for a year in general dental practice in Glasgow and for eight months in the Community Dental Service, mostly doing children's dentistry in the Motherwell-Lanark District.

'Both my grandfathers were Baptist ministers,' he says, 'and one of them served on the BMS General Committee. I think I could be described as a "congenital Baptist". I was brought up surrounded by Christian influences and grew up as part of the family of Hillhead Baptist Church, Glasgow. I was baptized in November 1974.'

It was during his final year at university that Stuart became certain that he was being called

to service overseas, even if only for a short period. So he began his enquiries.

'When I first approached the BMS I found that they were not geared up to placing a dentist on the mission field, but I was given a few suggestions to follow up. One of these was with the Church of Scotland Overseas Council, who were looking for a dentist to serve with the United Mission to Nepal. They were quite happy to consider me for service, but we came to the conclusion that it was a shame to go under the Church of Scotland when I was a Baptist. So I approached BMS again. I was called before the Candidate Board and accepted for short term service (three years) in Nepal.'

After the initial five months or so language and orientation course in Kathmandu, Stuart will join the UMN dental team and will be put into one of their



projects. The emphasis is on community health and so he hopes to do some work in the rural areas of Nepal as well as clinical work in the main population centres. A lot of the dental work in Nepal involves training local people to do as much of the work as possible.

Stuart says that he is looking forward to working with the people of Nepal and being involved in the life and worship of the Nepali church.

TALKBACK Unfortunate

From Rev Philip Clements-Jewery

I WAS very sad to see in the July *Missionary Herald* that you had permitted publication of an article which describes black children as 'chocolate babies'.

As adoptive parents of a mixed-race child my wife and I find such descriptions offensive. Obviously you did not realize that such language can have sensitive interpretations put upon it.

While we by no means wish to impute to either you or to Joyce Rigden Green the charge of racism, and while we acknowledge the compassion with which the article is written, we nevertheless feel that the publication of the article as written was unfortunate and will do the reputation of the BMS no good at home or overseas.

REV PHILIP CLEMENTS-JEWERY,
Sheffield.

Coincidence?

WE are not claiming that it was anything to do with the BMS, but we should not be surprised to learn that it was.

In the 24 hours beginning 6 a.m. on Wednesday 29 June a zero crime rate was recorded by the police in the Hampshire towns of Eastleigh and Romsey. Readers will not have forgotten

that the BMS General Committee was meeting in Eastleigh on that date!

A police spokesman said, 'It's absolutely astounding. I am sure something like this will not happen again.'

Who knows? Watch out for the crime figures from Bradford at the same time next year!



Mayor of Eastleigh, Cllr Simpkins, welcoming BMS General Committee to the borough

Worsening Conditions

BRAZIL'S worsening economic condition is making life very difficult for many people according to David and Patricia Holmwood. They write from Piraquara, in Parana:

'We have more people coming to our door asking for bread and other necessities. But because their plight is so much more serious they now offer identity documents or medical or work permits as security for a loan.

'Unemployment is extremely high and with the unusually harsh weather conditions of torrential rain followed by flooding in south Brazil, many homes have been under water in the low lying areas around Piraquara. David has been out twice recently in waders to help people connected with our church. Following this we have

been experiencing a period of cold weather, just two degrees centigrade at night. Because of the lack of nutritious food, and this bad weather, many of our folk have serious health problems. Pat has been kept busy helping, encouraging, advising, persuading people without health cards to get emergency treatment at the local hospital, and then persuading the hospital to admit them.

'A number of children have been having severe nose bleeds through lack of Vitamin A and K. One boy has been severely weakened by this problem and could not continue his studies for a while because getting to and from school requires walking just four miles a day along mud roads and at times wading through flooding rivers, and he just did not possess the strength to do it.'

PRAYER GUIDE NOTES

Mark and Pauline Godfrey (1 September) hope to be travelling to Zaire this month

David and Yvonne Wheeler (8 September) at present home on furlough

Maureen Lacey (15 September) in this country at the moment

Christine Preston (21 September) returning to Dhaka after short stay in this country

Christians Abroad (29 September) **Rachel Stephens** is now Secretary and **Elizabeth Harris** Secretary for appointments

MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS

Arrivals

Miss L McCubbin on 11 July from Kandy, Sri Lanka
Miss J Westlake on 16 July from Chandraghona, Bangladesh
Rev D and Mrs Butler on 19 July from Bolobo, Zaire
Mr and Mrs I Wilson and Elizabeth on 19 July from Upoto, Zaire
Dr S and Mrs Green and family on 19 July from IME, Kimpese, Zaire
Miss E Gill on 19 July from IME, Kimpese, Zaire
Mr C Laver on 27 July from Dhaka, Bangladesh

Departures

Mr and Mrs A Brown and family on 17 July to Bolobo, Zaire
Mr and Mrs J Davis and Becky on 17 July to Yakusu, Zaire
Rev M and Mrs Wotton on 21 July to Curitiba, Brazil
Mr S Little on 26 July to Kathmandu, Nepal

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Secretaries acknowledge with grateful thanks the following legacies and gifts sent anonymously. (24 June-1 August 1983)

Legacies

	£	p
Miss E A Aizlewood	250.00	
Miss A Breare	100.00	
Mrs G D Butcher	50.00	
Mr J T Catliff	5,000.00	
Mr W Dickinson	1,000.00	
Miss G Dufall	4,000.00	
Rev W H Ford	100.00	
Mrs S T Glandfield	304.44	
Miss I M Good	18,000.00	
Mrs F Guest	2,000.00	
Mrs I M Hoy	1,019.45	
Mrs E A Melville	1,439.85	
Miss G H Pope	310.00	
Miss N M Pursglove	1,000.00	
Mrs K Roper	152.99	
Miss O M Rust	470.22	
Miss D L Serjeant	99.77	
Mrs E N Short	200.00	
Mrs M Smith	200.00	
Mrs L A Stevens	487.41	
Hannah Elizabeth Taylor	50.00	
Rev A J Westlake	100.00	
Mr J D Williams	500.00	

General Work

Anon (Cymro): £55.00; Anon (FAE-Aberdeen): £10.00; Anon: £20.00; Anon: £30.00; Anon: £5.00; Anon (Through National & Provincial Bd Soc): £60.00; Anon: £3.00; Anon: £2.00; Anon: £4.00; Anon (American Friends): £10.00

Birthday Scheme

Anon: £50.00

Gift & Self Denial

Anon: £7.00

Women's Project

Anon (FAE-Aberdeen): £10.00



LOOK!

BE A LOOKER!



Encourage the children of your church to read the Juniors' Magazine of the Baptist Missionary Society every month. It's full of stories and pictures about the BMS's work in other countries. Ask about LOOK! at your church or Sunday School or obtain it from:

The Baptist Missionary Society
93 Gloucester Place
London W1H 4AA

**BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY
and
LONDON BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION**

AUTUMN MEETING

“HOLDING THE ROPES TODAY”

MONDAY 19 SEPTEMBER

Bloomsbury Central Baptist Church 7 – 8.30 pm

CHAIRMAN: Dr Stanley G Browne, CMG, OBE

SPEAKER: Rev Peter Goodall (Sri Lanka)

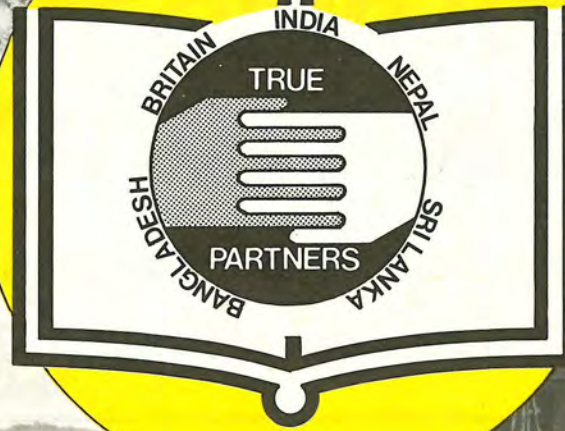
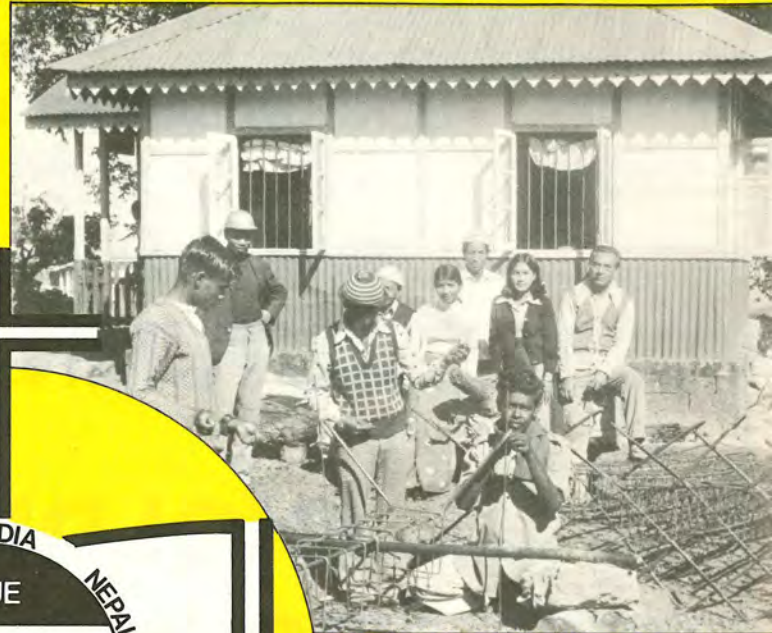
**DRAMA
GROUP**

**SUTTON YOUTH
CHOIR**

**INTERVIEW WITH
“MR CAREY”**

Valediction of Missionaries

TRUE PARTNERS IN ASIA

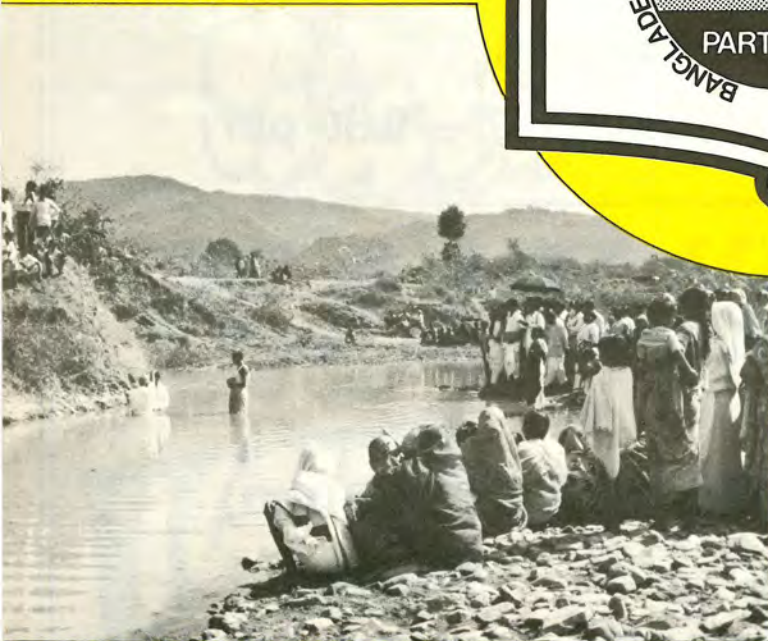


PARTNERSHIP WITH BAPTIST CHURCHES

Village Church, Bangladesh

PARTNERSHIP IN ABSENTIA

BU HQ Mizoram, India



PARTNERSHIP WITH A UNITED CHURCH

Baptism in Kond Hills, Church of North India

PARTNERSHIP WITH OTHER MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

Missionaries from different societies at worship, Tansen, Nepal

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Aid for
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Write today for details to:

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