

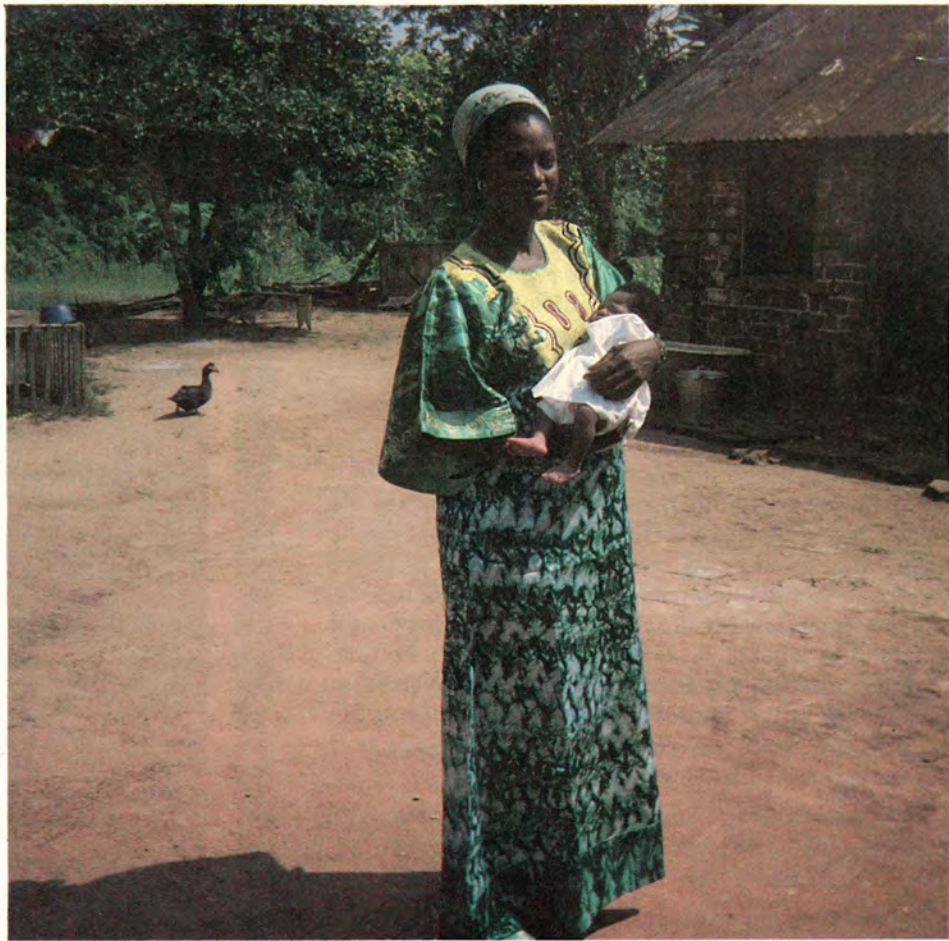
MISSIONARY

# HERALD

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December 1988

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**'Unto us a child is born'**

# Editorial Comment

IT's been quite a year – for the Baptist Missionary Society that is! BMS personnel have been passing through newly opened doors into El Salvador, France and Thailand and others are preparing to go. At the same time it is proving more difficult to obtain visas for countries where we have been working for many years. We continue to be encouraged by the flow of enquirers and candidates for overseas work, but, because of resignations and retirements, the missionary total has hardly changed.

In the middle of the year, at home, the Society set up a new pattern of committee work in order to be a better steward of the resources of people, time and money. The same thinking has been behind the decision along with the Baptist Union of Great Britain to move into shared office accommodation in Didcot.

So change, but not decay, in all around we see, change which we believe is God prompted as He leads us into new areas of service and makes clear our understanding of world mission today. Let us pray that we may be prepared to take up all the new opportunities that are being offered to us.

None of this, of course, can be done apart from and without the support of Baptist Churches in Britain. Once again they have responded generously both in prayer and in giving. Sadly, although the final figures are not yet available, it appears that once again we have not reached our target figure for giving. Whether or not there is a deficit depends on other factors and will be made clear to us in the New Year when all the accounts have been received from overseas. Meanwhile, we have been assessing the needs for the coming year if we are truly to respond to what God is calling us to do. We believe that this is going to cost £3,510,900. Some income is received from legacies and investments but 'It is reasonable to expect (from the churches) an increase of ten per cent over the giving of the current year,' says BMS Treasurer, Arthur Garman.

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MISSIONARY

# HERALD

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY



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We share in the work of the  
Church in:

Angola	France	Sri Lanka
Bangladesh	India	Thailand
Brazil	Jamaica	Trinidad
El Salvador	Nepal	Zaire

# JADUR

## Gerry Myhill tells how tears of sadness during one Christmas service changed to tears of joy and thanksgiving

We had spent the day making visits around the town of Porto Rico on the edge of the river Parana. It was Christmas time and, even though the families were very poor, there was an excitement in the air at this special time. The children were not excited about mountains of new toys, but the gift of a pair of shoes, or a new dress, even a new ribbon for a girl's hair.

In response to the invitations made during the day, lots of people crowded into the little church for the evening service. It was a happy time of worship with regular interruptions by the town drunk seeking to relieve himself in the potted ferns by the pulpit and outbreaks of fighting amongst the many dogs which had crept in at the owners' heels.

We sang all the normal carols and people responded at the end of the address as an invitation was made to accept Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

Amongst the cries of 'Praise the Lord' and the tears of joy, a young mother stepped forward with a tiny child in her arms.

She held him out and said, 'Pastor, pray for Jadur. The doctor's can't do anything for him and have sent me home with him to die!'

Jadur was a tiny scrap of dry skin and bones with two desperate and enormous

brown eyes that seemed to fasten on mine. As the service continued with people singing and praising the Lord, I looked at Jadur and felt so inadequate. I laid my hands on him and prayed and as I prayed I wept. My tears fell upon Jadur. They were tears for him, but also for myself as I felt my own lack of faith.

Jadur's mother held him close to her breast as she left the church. I can still see the bowed head as she stepped out of the circle of warmth and light at the Church door into the darkness of that night.

Three months later I was back at Porto Rico, busily putting our boat into the water and loading it in preparation for visits to families on the islands when a boat pushed its way to the bank amongst the many others already there. We took little notice because people and boats

were arriving and leaving all the time.

As the people alighted from the boat one woman detached herself from the group. She came running over to us. It was then that I noticed she was carrying a baby.

As she came nearer she cried out, 'Pastor! Pastor! See how well Jadur is!'

She held out the child. He still had those enormous eyes, but now they were smiling, happy eyes. He was the picture of health, chubby and glowing.

I just laid my hands upon them again and thanked God for His goodness. Once more my tears fell on the child, but this time tears of joy and thanksgiving.

I thank God for prayer answered in this way, proof of His love and care for each of us.



# Nepal Christmas Scottish Style

**I left Dubai early on Christmas morning and arrived in Kathmandu late afternoon for the experience of a lifetime, says Sheila MacKenzie from Hillhead Baptist Church, Glasgow.**

As I left the shelter of the airport building and made my way to what looked like a taxi rank, I was surrounded by filthy ragged, begging children, who screamed at me: 'Taxi, taxi? Where you go?'

Seized by panic, I agreed to go and was driven through a maze of dirty back streets where dogs and children sat in the gutters. I arrived at the mission guest house where I shared a Christmas meal of curry and banana cake.

Next day I set off for Butwal. Those who have seen the film 'Midnight Express' will know the eerie and alien feelings I had as I walked through the foggy, damp atmosphere to the bus station.

What a journey! Twelve hours on a ramshackle, jam-packed, dirty bus. The views from the window were spectacular. I saw the hillside terracings, looking dry and dusty in their winter state. We passed tethered elephants and yokes of oxen. We saw a funeral procession – a bus hired for the occasion with a body wrapped in orange cloth sufficed – they were going to the nearby river for a cremation.

I arrived in Butwal around 8.00 p.m. only to learn that I had missed my connecting bus to Tansen. Clutching my worldly goods I headed out of town into the darkness on a rickshaw searching for another UMN guest house. I spent a comfortable, but very cold night there listening to a family of rats squalling to each other in their cloth ceiling.

Next morning, the mail van was going to Tansen and I hitched a lift. Two hours later I arrived exhausted, but relieved into Stuart's arms.

I thought the journey back to Kathmandu couldn't possibly be as bad as that, but I was wrong. A lorry was stuck in the mud and everyone had to change buses.

No room inside, so guess who was sitting on top of the bus on the spare wheel, hanging on to my luggage as we clung to the sides of steep mountains in the moonlight. 'Adventures are made of this,' thinks I.

Nine days were spent in Tansen observing village life and seeing at first hand something of how a missionary team works. Stuart and Pirjo Little and Jonathan live in a mud house

with a tin roof, so it's one of the best in the village. The water is carried by a water-carrier every day from the nearby tap and has to be pumped upstairs to gain pressure for the tap in the kitchen.

They have no rats now, just a column of ants that march constantly across the kitchen wall carrying all sorts of goodies. Meal times were spent studying these wonderful creatures as they struggled under such heavy loads.

I saw many different animals. Elephants in the low-lying regions, buffalo tethered to each house to provide milk. Their landlady comes twice daily to muck out the stable and then milk the animals – no hand washing between times. Chickens and goats are also kept although the chickens are not the chunky variety.



One day, while taking Jonathan for a walk to see the hens, an eagle swooped down from the sky and stole a fluffy chick away. I couldn't believe my eyes. You can't get much closer to nature. We saw a troupe of monkeys in the trees while walking one day. It was fascinating to watch their acrobatics. Vultures are never far away and prey on any dead creature, animal or human. There is a hill outside Tansen where the poorer people bury their dead in shallow graves. The jackals and vultures make quick work of the bodies and you see remains of bones, and the clothes are scattered in the trees.

**HOGMANAY**

Pirjo had saved a tin of haggis for the occasion and we dined in style on tomato soup, haggis, turnip, potatoes, pumpkins, blueberry pie and ice-cream. Stuart and I thought we would surface early on New Year's morning and climb a hill to watch the sun rise over the Himalayas, the theory being that we would be linked together with those in Britain celebrating midnight. Unfortunately it was very cloudy and we never saw the mountains that morning!

But never mind, our thoughts were in Scotland.

I went to church in Tansen. The service was in Nepali, so I didn't understand much, but it was an uplifting experience – except for having to sit cross-legged on the floor for two hours. At night there was an informal service for the UMN team. They are a super bunch of folk from all over the world with a common commitment.

In the hospital I saw leprosy patients and learned about the work that can be done to help. I saw a toddler in traction who had fallen from a tree into a fire. A baby had just been born and was in an 'incubator' – a wooden box with a light bulb for warmth. And yet this is a good hospital by Nepali standards.

The poverty is very real. In fact I was repulsed by the filth and the squalor. This is the fourth world and everything I saw filled me with mixed emotions – pity, anger, guilt, revulsion and yet my short visit also filled me with a fascination for the people and the land that made me want to remain.



Anyone who gives up living in the western world to live in Tansen is a saint. They spend much time just surviving and trying to keep well so that they can work with the people who need them. Never again will I find an excuse to avoid the 'missionary meeting' at church.

And so I returned to Abu Dhabi with its clean streets, neon signs, glass buildings, fast cars and designer shops. I came back to my house with my soft bed, hot showers, TV, running water and washing machine.

I was glad I had gone to Nepal.

*Sheila MacKenzie was working as a teacher in Abu Dhabi, when she had the opportunity to visit Nepal. She is now working in Sarawak.*



# CHRISTMAS JOURNEY

## — from a Missionary's Diary

It was Friday, 13 December. I had flown from Kinshasa to Kisangani to take some missionary children home from the hostel and school to their parents for Christmas. At Kinshasa I planned to go by boat to Lisala to stay with friends at Upoto for Christmas.

Annie Horsfall, a BMS missionary, had very kindly agreed to put me up, and was there with a meal ready when we arrived. Annie lives in an airy apartment over the top of a Yamaha Motor Cycle Sales Showroom. I can still to this day smell the Kew Hothouse fragrance of Kisangani.

I had had a message in Kinshasa that the boat was due to arrive in Kisangani on the Friday. I arrived there and it was supposed that it would leave on Sunday.

*You might think you know when the Lord will come. You believe – know – He will come. You think you have your life all planned out. Have you included the Lord in your plans?*

*The inn, filling up with travellers. The shepherds about their work. The weary woman on the donkey travels with Him.*

Annie walked down to the port with me and showed me the empty quay.

'That is where the boat will dock,' she says.

No sign of activity at all. No labourers. Nobody in the offices. The clerk has not arrived yet.

*Is it like that sometimes with us? the space in our lives where the Lord will enter is just vacant – no bustling preparations. The manger empty on the church stage and everyone is busy with shopping and cooking. We have seen the brilliant star in the East and followed it with the kings. We have heard the heavenly choir of angels singing and have hurried forward with the shepherds.*

I had made my plans in Kinshasa on the assumption that the boat was approaching Kisangani. It had been seen by our people at Upoto, and they had 'phoned to Kinshasa that there was definitely a boat and it was approaching (Lisala, Bumba, Yakusu) Kisangani.

*We know the Lord will return. We have received messages from those who have seen him and those who know of His plans. Now is the time to invite others to travel on the boat.*

Saturday 14

Annie has to go to work this morning, but she has shown me where to go to buy my ticket. At 9.00 a.m. I walk down the road and go down the steep approach to the dock, carefully keeping in the patches of

shade from the mango trees. The dock is, as you probably imagined, a wide piece of concrete with warehouses on either side. Onatra is the name of the transport company. They have three boats which go from Stanley Pool, Kinshasa, to Stanley Falls, Kisangani, on the River Zaire, and other smaller boats which provide essential transport along the tributaries of the Zaire.

There is a tall building on my right with an iron staircase zig-zagging up. I climb the first flight and wake the clerk who is sitting outside the door, and ask if I can buy a ticket.

*We need to go to the Lord and ask. He wishes us to go, and makes provision, but we need to put ourselves in the position of asking – supplication. Is the Lord ever sleeping at the door?*

'Can I buy a ticket to travel?'

'There is no-one here to sell you a ticket. Come back later!'

Annie's house is not far from the port. I go up the slope, pass the huge Post Office – there are 17 pillars along this side and 17 along that – pass the Hotel de Ville (Town Hall) – painted a lurid pink – and return later in the morning to the port.

This time the clerk is awake and he waves me towards the office. This is a small

room with a huge desk set diagonally across it. Three Zairians lounge round the desk and continue with their conversation. They do not move to make room for me. The large man wearing a uniform shirt looks up as I enter. I put down my bundle of purchases tied in my headscarf, feeling like a peasant.

*The Lord came as a man. When others come to get their ticket to travel to the Lord, do we stand and welcome them, or do we sometimes treat them as if they are an interruption to our own personal business with him? Certainly there was no welcome when the holy family arrived – no-one vacated their own comfortable room to take Mary's place in the stable. No-one stood aside to make them welcome.*

'I wish to buy a first class ticket to Lisala.'

On this boat it is best for women travelling alone to have a first class cabin. When I saw first class I wished I'd travelled de luxe.

'When will the boat arrive?' I ask.

'This afternoon. You will depart tomorrow morning!'

The large man wrote out a ticket. Then I was told to follow the clerk. Down the steps we went to the ground floor. I don't particularly like following a stranger alone in unfamiliar buildings but, if I want a ticket, I must go. I find myself in front of a small room about three yards by four yards. A heavy iron grille closes off the service hatch. A man sits at the other side of the desk. Between me and him there is the grille, a space, a large desk and, of course, the language barrier.

*Do we put barriers between ourselves and the people who wish to approach the Lord? Do we erect a grille past which they cannot go? Is there a language barrier, a special terminology? Are we afraid that if these 'outside' people get to us we shall be robbed of our comfortable position? There were barriers for the shepherds when they arrived. Here was the Son of God with His mother and father. How could ragged smelly shepherds, clutching a wriggling lamb, approach such grandeur?*

*Did the baby cry out to break the barrier? Did Mary look up and see them and immediately make them welcome? There was a barrier for the wise men. They had travelled a great distance to see the Son of God. They had brought priceless gifts. Was this primitive shed their destination? This little group of poor, tattered people, sleeping wearily.*

*Was this baby, disturbing the straw with his wriggling, really the Son of God? How sensitive they must all have been to the information they had received. Supposing they had wrinkled their noses and shaken their heads and reined the camels sadly away from the poverty revealed there. Do we shake our heads and wheel away from all the poverty surrounding us?*

The clerk speaks. 'You wish to go to Lisala, first class?' 'Yes, please.' He tells me the cost and I pass the money with much difficulty at my arms length through the grille to put it in his hand, stretched towards me. 'When will the boat arrive?' I ask. 'This afternoon. And it will depart tomorrow the 15th.'

I turn away from the grille and someone beckons me into the next room. There is also a grille here but it is curtained off with black fabric. I am beckoned inside the room. It is dark and dirty. I am unwilling to enter. The clerk points to a white piece of paper pinned to a wall above a desk. It has written on it in biro 'Service sanitaire'. The man seated then asks for my health certificate.

*When your time comes, will you have a clean bill of health? Will you have all the necessary stamps, or will there be unhealed areas, unforgiven hurts, general lax care of spiritual health? How had the shepherds and kings prepared themselves to approach?*

He sees my obvious disquiet and points to the notice. I give him my certificate. It is in order – if not, he could insist on giving me injections with a shared needle!

He demands 50Z. I say 'I didn't think I had to pay'. I ask if he will give me a receipt. He flicks through a book of receipts. I

give him 50Z and he writes a receipt for 25Z. He stamps my ticket folder. The notice above the other desk, also in biro on a sheet of paper, says 'Immigration'. A clerk goes into a room, also dark and dirty, holding the door at an angle. It does not reveal the interior.

*We do not know, and cannot imagine, what is waiting for us beyond the door. Was this how the kings felt on entering the stable?*

'Come in!' a voice calls. I go in and give my passport as instructed. The large man behind the desk waves me to sit down. I do so, uncomfortably, because I have already put my bundle on the chair. I hesitate to deposit it on the official's desk. He writes in a ledger, asks my profession, and copies my name and passport number. I say 'Thank you' and leave. The clerk stamps my ticket and I can go out into the fresh air and freedom. There is no sight of the boat.

Sunday 15th

Annie is to preach at a village of Kisangani called Tshopo. On the way there, she tells me stories of people who have waited a fortnight for the boat to arrive, people who have spent a week in the boat stuck up a sandbank. 'The river is very low at the moment,' she adds.

Every few hours one of us goes down to the port to see if the boat has arrived.

*Do we keep a look out to see if he is coming?*

Still no boat. It will arrive this afternoon and depart tomorrow morning. I had just gone to bed when I heard the low sound of a ship's hooter. I jumped out of bed and went to find Annie. She had heard it, too. Yes, it sounded like the boat. Should we go to see? No, there was nothing we could do but go to sleep.

I got up at 5.45 a.m. and went down to the port. It was slightly chilly and a mist spread over the river.

THERE WAS THE BOAT!!

*Christ is here, born as man. The obeisance has been made. The offering is given. Come on, everyone, tell the message. Christ has arrived.*

# From ~ India ~ to ~ the ~ Isles ~

***'A wonderful experience,  
thanks to the Lord and the BMS,'  
said Sushoma Mondal from  
West Bengal, India.***

Sushoma, the younger daughter of the Rev Philemon and Mrs Mondal, was given a scholarship so that she could represent the Bengal Baptist Union at the Baptist World Youth Conference in Glasgow.

It was the opportunity of a life-time for Sushoma who looks after her ageing parents in the municipality of Howrah, across the River Hooghly from Calcutta.

A life-long connection with Scottish BMS missionaries gave Sushoma a special interest in Scotland. The late Rev W Craig Eadie asked her father to be the Howrah Baptist Church evangelist to the Bengali and Hindi congregations in 1951. When Sushoma was born Mr Eadie was asked to conduct the dedication service. Sixteen years later, on confession of her own faith in the Lord, she was baptized by the Rev Neil B McVicar, who was then pastor of the Howrah Church.

Because of the Scottish interest, Sushoma was invited to accompany Neil and Marjorie McVicar on a BMS deputation programme to the Orkney and Shetland Islands. On the isles of the far north Sushoma experienced more Scottish hospitality from the Baptist family in Wick, Kirkwall, Westray, Lerwick and other places. She was able to share something of her experiences at the Youth Congress and also of her life in India with her new friends.



**Sushoma Mondal in Nottingham**

New experiences included living on a dairy farm in the Orkneys; a cabin cruiser sail in very rough seas to visit a Christian family, the only inhabitants on a small Orcadian island; three short flights in small aircraft; inter-island ferry travel; a visit to a neolithic settlement at Skara Brae; a dark foggy trip to attend one of the Shetland meetings.

She was also able to visit the Kirkwall County Show. The 'prize exhibit' as far as Sushoma was concerned was the pipe band, especially when the pipes and drums sounded forth with 'Amazing Grace'.

As she returns to Howrah, to her parents and her job as a reception class teacher in a private school, Sushoma will share much of what she has learned of the British way of life.

'I will tell them how hard the British people work, that the ordinary people are not rich, that the weather causes problems for farmers, that some Baptist churches are very small buildings with small congregations, that they have their problems too,' she said as she was planning her report to the Bengal Baptist Union.





'I will try to change some of the wrong ideas they have about the UK.'

She also intends to tell them of her recommitment to her Lord.

'Jesus Christ rules and I've recommitted my life to Him that He may rule in every way.'

As she left us, Sushoma's request through her tears was: 'Please, please pray for my church.'

**Sushoma visiting the most northerly Baptist Fellowship in the British Isles, Brae, Shetland**

## A REAL CHALLENGE

JACQUI WELLS left for Thailand last month to begin a new area of service. Prevented from returning to Bangladesh, where she has worked for the last eleven years, Jacqui will be the first BMS missionary in Thailand.

'I came home in 1986 for a year's furlough and I expected to return to Bangladesh,' she said. 'I have had to wait one extra year to know which way God is leading.'

'At one time I wondered, with all my experience of work in Bangladesh, whether I should be working amongst the Asian community in Britain. So I asked for time to work within a project in the inner city of Birmingham. After exposing myself to the activities of that project I realised that, for the time being, this wasn't the way to go.'

'Although I could have been useful in the project, and it was made clear to me that there was a position for me if I wanted it, I believe God has said quite clearly "trust me and come with me to Thailand".'

'If everything had worked well I would have been in Bangladesh now. If you've been in a country for eleven years and you've really been involved with the people and loved them and the country, then it's difficult to accept that you are not going back.'

'You ask lots of questions. Why haven't I received a visa? It hasn't been



Jacqui Wells

refused, nor is it given. Perhaps in the future I shall understand.

'However, I've left women in Bangladesh, trained, to carry on the work. So it has not ended because I am not there. If God is saying that they're there now and it's time for them to take on that responsibility, that's well and good.'

'I also think that if I have had such a good time in Bangladesh – and the experiences there, on the whole, have been tremendous – then God is not punishing me by taking me away. It means, perhaps, that He wants to lead me into something more and I have to come to terms with that. So another door has opened and I have to learn two other languages and a different

script. I just pray that I shall have the ear and the intelligence to pick it up.'

Jacqui will first of all learn Thai although she will be working amongst the Karen tribe in the north of the country.

'I shall learn the Karen language from the people. If you can get alongside people and work with them you pick up the language because you want to communicate. I shall be working amongst the women – a similar sort of work to what I was doing in Bangladesh.'

'It's all been tremendous. When I offered for service in Thailand, because I believed that's what God wanted me to do, I then got a message from Thailand to say that the women of the Karen tribe had been praying for a lady to come to help them in their work. I shall be working with them preparing Bible study material for women and for families.'

For a while Jacqui will be the only BMS person in Thailand.

'The Blands will be arriving in Thailand next spring, but they will be working in another area of the country. The group we shall be working with is the Thailand Baptist Missionary Fellowship. As British Baptists we shall be joining American, Swedish and Australian Baptists – so I'll probably come back with an American or Aussie accent.'

# Having a lovely time ...wish you were here!

Breakout  
BMS  
93 Gloucester Place  
London

Dear Sir

I have seen the advertisement in the *Baptist Times* for your Summer Holidays. Please send me more details of the 'Messing about on the River' holiday and also a booking form.

Yours faithfully

Malcolm Brown



Mr M Brown  
8 Tom-na-Moan Road  
Pitlochry  
Scotland

Dear Malcolm

Thank you for your enquiry about the Narrow Boat holiday. We have two Narrow Boats reserved for a week's holiday on the Grand Union Canal. Our starting point is just south of Hemel Hempstead and we shall travel north, hopefully as far as the Blisworth Tunnel.

I am enclosing a booking form and look forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely

John Passmore


Breakout  
BMS  
93 Gloucester Place  
London

Dear Mr Passmore

Thank you very much for the booking form. I am looking forward to joining you on the holiday. I am a bit worried about how I will get to Hemel Hempstead in time. Please send more details about the programme for the week.

Yours sincerely

Malcolm Brown



Malcolm Brown  
8 Tom-na-Moan Road  
Pitlochry  
Scotland

Dear Malcolm

Thank you for your booking form. Please find enclosed receipt for your non-returnable deposit.

If you want to travel down on the Friday evening we can arrange somewhere for you to stay so that you can join us on the Saturday.

The members of the team have met and decided on a theme, 'Storms on the Lake' for our more serious studies during the week. We will be looking at various Bible passages and stories where Jesus or His disciples were either on or beside the lake. We will be relating these to our own situation with the world today and the task of mission which is before the church. Not that we want to be in the middle of storms where our boats are near to sinking! Each day we will sail, but also have time for worshipping together and some study.

I look forward to seeing you on 16 July.

With all good wishes,

Yours sincerely

John Passmore

Mum and Dad  
8 Tom-na-Moan Road  
Pitlochry  
Scotland

Dear Mum and Dad

Well I arrived safely in Hemel Hempstead and spent the night with a Minister there. They brought me down to the boat on Saturday afternoon.

There are ten of us on the holiday – five boys and five girls – and as the programme said, a crew of three. John and Simon had to do most of the steering to begin with but now most of us take it in turns. They also had to show us how to open and close the lock gates. We are now supposed to take it in turns to do that! It seems as if this canal is going up the side of a mountain because there are lots of locks. I thought it was a bit unfair describing Alison as a Galley Slave in the programme. She is great and has given us some really good meals. We all take it in turns helping in the kitchen to prepare the food and with the washing up. We also have to do other duties on the boat, like cleaning it out and mopping up the floors. Yesterday even John and Simon had to do their turn swabbing the decks!

On the Sunday we got as far as Berkhamsted and went to church there. The people were expecting us and had prepared a lunch in the Sunday School afterwards which was really great.

Don't worry too much about your poor little son in the wicked south, I think I'll survive. See you on Saturday.

Love,

Malcolm

Dear John

Thank you for the follow-up letter you sent reminding me of the Narrow boat holiday. It had taken me until now to forget it! I must admit when we set off on 16 July, I felt a little ill at ease being among so many Sassenachs.

However, after the first few hours, and when the rain stopped I had no regrets whatsoever about coming. Leaving the cold north of Scotland for the sub-tropical south of the Watford Gap was quite an experience. I discovered that it was not just a land of yuppies, filofaxes and garden sheds being sold for six-figure sums!

During the week I spent on the Grand Union Canal I was able to relax and enjoy myself. I was also able to hear God's word clearly and be challenged as to His plan for my life. I was also able to make new friends and find that I was able to trust people. That, I think, is one of the distinct advantages of being on a Narrow boat. The small space means that you see a lot of everybody and this allows trust to be built up quickly and to remain strong despite any disagreements which might occur (disagreements I must add were remarkably few and far between and never really blew up).

I think myself that if you can bear it I will be on next year's Narrow boat holiday. I look forward to new experiences, new friends, new challenges and new fishermen with new keepnets!

I want to thank BMS for organising the holiday programme. It was my first BMS summer holiday, but it won't be my last. Look forward to seeing you next year.

Yours sincerely

Malcolm

Letter to a friend

Dear Paul

Well here I am three days into this holiday and you wouldn't believe what's happened so far, although knowing me perhaps you would! It's a really good bunch of people on the boat and we get on very well. There are five girls and five lads, with three staff. We won't talk too much about them, but the others are great.

One of the boys from the church we attended on Sunday joined us in the afternoon with his girlfriend. He brought his guitar and spent most of the afternoon playing choruses and songs with two of our girls. Jessie played the violin and Susan the flute. It was really great as we went through all the locks with them playing. People out for a Sunday afternoon listened and even applauded.

Mind you, it's not all been like that. We have a couple of real wallies as well! Boats are not particularly easy to steer, but one of the lads thought he could manage. Unfortunately he misjudged a bend and tried to take some of the bank with him. The real problem was that it was just at the point where a fisherman was enjoying a quiet evening. The fisherman got himself and his rod out of the way, but his keepnet and all the fish in it got completely entwined around our propeller. John had to calm down the fisherman and promise to pay for a new net. We then spent the next half hour clearing all the debris from around our propeller.

We're meant to keep to four miles an hour on the canal, but for some of our budding Nigel Mansells that just isn't fast enough.

So far, only one of us has fallen in. And guess who that was! No, not me, but the same one who had to tangle with the fisherman. In theory our boat could take ten people, but I'm glad there are only seven of us on it. You really get to know people well in the very confined space between the bunks in a Narrow boat! Talking of wallies, which I wasn't, we had a very Narrow escape today. Not that it was anything to do with us, but all the money for buying food for the rest of the week nearly went to the bottom of the canal. John, our Captain, dropped his filofax, yes, filofax, into the canal complete with money, credit card, etc. It was a good job Simon was there because he managed to grab it before it had gone more than a couple of feet under the water. Today the groceries were paid for with soggy £5 notes!

Last night we went through the Blisworth Tunnel. That was really brilliant! The tunnel is nearly two miles long and just wide enough for two boats to pass. Goodness knows what was happening in the complete darkness of the tunnel!

It's a pity you couldn't come. You would really have enjoyed it. Still see you on Sunday.

Yours,

Malcolm



# EYE OPENERS!



A1



A2

## JAMAICA

**Jackie and Keith Riglin, BMS workers in Jamaica, bring us up to date with the situation there after the Hurricane.**

***'Gilbert really mash me up man.'***

That was the typical response of Jamaicans to the hurricane, which struck in September, leaving trees uprooted, electricity lines down, roofs ripped off, furniture sodden and crops destroyed.

Six weeks later and life is beginning to return to some semblance of normality. Most areas now have their water supply restored and the aim is to complete electricity repairs island-wide by Christmas.

New roofs are appearing amidst the rows of plastic sheeting and tarpaulins and many of Jamaica's small farmers are already starting over again. The supermarket shelves are filling – mainly due to imported food items – and all around trees, shrubs and flowers are springing back to life.

At a local level, the devastation wrought

## ORDER OF MERIT

On Monday, 17 October, the Governor General of Jamaica, created 'The Late Reverend and Honourable William Knibb, British Baptist Minister' an honorary member of the Order of Merit.

This was 'for his outstanding role in the relentless struggle which culmi-

nated in the Emancipation of Slavery on 1 August, 1838, 150 years ago.'

The award was received from the Governor General, Sir Florizel Augustus Glasspole, by the Rev Dr Roy Henry, Vice-President of the Jamaica Baptist Union (see photo).



# What's happening in the Church around the World

by hurricane 'Gilbert' has helped to create a real sense of community. Neighbours, whose lives rarely touched, now share food, cooking-gas, spare furniture, and can cry and laugh together. This has certainly been our experience both at the United Theological College, where Keith teaches, and at Calabar High School, where we live.

The churches too are playing an important role in assessing need and distributing aid, and are seen by the people as an impartial agency, with no political bias. In this the Jamaica Baptist Union is playing its part and is appreciative of the support of its overseas partners, including the BMS.

Let us thank God for many signs of hope following this disaster and pray that together His people may build again this beautiful island.

*A1 — United Theological College of the West Indies — the slates on the roofs are not the real roofs, they've gone.*

*A2 — Calabar High School, showing the Riglin's house. Fortunately the huge trees fell away from the house.*

*A3 — The Creative Arts Centre at the University of the West Indies — a most 'creative' roof with total air-conditioning.*

*A4 — The University of the West Indies Health Centre, which now has no roof at all.*



A3



A4

## DEFENDING LAND

Davi Kopenawa, a leader of Brazil's Yanomami tribe, has been one of 500 people cited by the United Nations for outstanding work in the field of ecology. Kopenawa has been in the forefront of his tribe's defence of its native lands. The Yanomami, Brazil's largest indigenous tribe, are fighting a rush of gold panners invading their territory.

## EL SALVADOR ASSEMBLY

The 55th General Annual Assembly of the El Salvador Baptist Association has been taking place from 29 November to 2 December in the city of Santa Ana.

The theme has been 'Shalom: Kingdom of God.'

'We are counting on your prayers,' says Carlos Sanchez, the Executive Secretary.

## CHINESE QUOTES

'When we see other possibilities, then there is hope for us.'

'Hearsay is no substitute for seeing with one's own eyes.'

'Speaking aloud causes thoughts to be thrown into the market place.'

# • P R A Y E R C A L L •

## **4-10 December COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT IN BANGLADESH**

The church's involvement in the community in Bangladesh has led it into some exciting avenues of Christian service. The SHED Board of the Bangladesh Baptist Sangha co-ordinates the various development projects. These range from low-cost sanitary latrines and tube wells to adult literacy classes and forming village co-operative groups.

In a country where the majority of the population makes a living from the land, help and advice in agriculture is encouraged by support from Operation Agri. There are also a number of projects to increase the supply of fish through breeding and pond excavation, as well as loans for the purchase of nets and boats. Pray for the church in Bangladesh as it shares in the struggle to free people from the many social and economic bonds in which they have become enveloped.

## **18-24 December WORLD CHURCH**

We pray this week for our brothers and sisters throughout the world, who serve the Lord in a variety of ways and are seeking to share the Good News of the Gospel to all peoples. Many Christians from this country are working overseas in various capacities. We pray that in their daily life, work and words they may be enabled to show God's love.

## **11-17 December HEALTH WORK IN ZAIRE**

Ntondo is the centre for health work over a large area. As well as the hospital, it is a training centre and runs a primary health care programme for 75 villages. Nurses sometimes come from other health areas to share in courses and this is a good means of reaching nursing staff with the Gospel. Pray for the staff who mostly have to be responsible for tasks they are not properly trained to do.

Three times a week a prayer group of 15-20 meets to pray for the sick and for those with problems.

Wilma Aitchison, BMS nurse at Ntondo, is home on furlough at the moment. Pray that she may be refreshed and strengthened for future service.

## **25-31 December GOD'S MISSION OF LOVE**

'For God so loved the world that he gave his own and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.'

*So, Hallelujah, Praise the Lord!*

*God, send us forth in joy this*

*Christmastime*

*to tell the world in carol and in deed  
the love of Bethlehem stable long ago,  
the love which reaches through all time –  
till now.*

# • P R A Y E R C A L L •

## HOMELAND MEANS THE HEAVENS ARE FOR EVERYONE

*Earlier this year, more than 250 Central American youngsters living as refugees in Costa Rica took part in a workshop on education and peace sponsored by the Latin American Institute of the Communication Arts. They produced songs, poems, dance, theatre and a huge 'peace mural' for their host city of Heredia. Their longing for an end to violence was summed up in their Central American Cantata to Peace. Here are two selections from it.*

## FROM THE CHILDREN OF EL SALVADOR

Homeland means the heavens  
are for everyone  
an embrace  
of peace and freedom  
it is like a landscape  
illuminated by colours  
it is in the magic  
and the laughter  
of the *campesinos*  
in the drizzle  
or in the late afternoon.

Children of the world  
let's sing together  
for life, for life  
without war, without war,  
without hate.  
One day  
El Salvador shall be  
without death  
without hunger  
and the looks of hope shall return.

## FROM THE CHILDREN OF HONDURAS

From afar, the green  
banana plantations  
the little farm houses  
wrapped in mist.

From afar, Honduras  
sleeping jungle  
with its frothing coast  
and dark blue sea.

I don't want gun barrels  
burning the air  
nor do I want to see  
my brothers and sisters  
afraid and hungry.

When I return  
to my land  
free of war  
I'll paint the gardens  
with new leaves.  
New and fresh.

## THE WORD MADE HISTORY

Jesus was born in Bethlehem,  
the smallest among the villages of Judah,  
surrounded by shepherds  
and animals.

His parents had come  
to the stable  
after they had fruitlessly knocked  
on many doors in town.  
There, in oblivion,  
the Word was made history  
in the flesh of the poor.

Jesus was born of Mary  
in the bosom of a people  
dominated  
by the greatest power of that period.  
If we forget this,  
the birth of Jesus  
becomes an abstraction,  
a mere symbol.  
Without its historical  
co-ordinates, the event  
loses its significance.

For the Christian,  
Christmas is recognized  
as the breaking  
of God into human history;  
the birth of smallness  
and service  
in the face of the power  
and arrogance  
of the great of this world.  
An arrival accompanied  
by the smell of the manger.

**Gustavo Gutierrez**  
Peruvian theologian

# MISSIONTALK

## MISSIONTALK

### MISSIONTALK

#### MISSIONTALK

## WHERE DO MISSIONARIES LIVE?

'Do you have your own home?' This has been a fairly common question whilst on deputation in Britain. In our case, and that of many fellow missionaries the answer is 'no'.

'Where do you live then?'

That gives us the opportunity, briefly to explain that the BMS has twelve fully furnished houses available for the use of missionaries on furlough. They are situated at Worthing (two), Leigh-on-Sea, Bexley Heath, Orpington, Sidcup, Eltham (two), Rogerstone in Wales, Barrhead in Scotland and South Norwood and New Southgate in London.

These photos illustrate one of the improvements made to the house we occupied during our year's furlough.

We are grateful to the BMS for the care expressed through the provision of furlough houses. This is only a small, but a very valuable part of the work of the BMS which cares for missionaries and their children from the point at which they are accepted into the service of the Society.

**Robert Draycott**





# **A NEW BEGINNING!**

So it's Didcot! After more than 50 years of plans, discussion, shelving of plans and taking them up again, the BMS and the Baptist Union of Great Britain have finally decided to share a new office building in the South Oxfordshire town of Didcot.

The decision was made by a large majority of members of the Baptist Union Council and the BMS General Committee.

'If it is simply a shared building,' says Reg Harvey, BMS General Secretary, 'has it been worth all the effort and energy, the prayer and heartache that has gone on within the denomination for over 50 years?'

He concludes that it is worthwhile on the grounds of good stewardship, the saving of manpower and of money.

'The presence in one building is valuable also because of what it enables. Encounter! Living alongside each other, the staff members will have an ease of personal communication that isn't possible at present. Executive staff will be able to meet with minimum of fuss, and apart from planned gatherings there can be informal discussion and sharing of ideas over lunch or coffee.

'The bringing together of the Union and the Society within four walls will demonstrate something that has been perceived as theologically right and increasingly urgent. That is the sense of oneness in mission. Particularly during this century there has been a realisation that we share in the service of one God in His one mission to His one world. The divisions of that mission into home and overseas are irrelevant and even harmful.

'What will be our attitudes to the other unions, based in Scotland and Wales particularly, whose staff are not sharing the same roof? Will there be an inevitable drawing together of the two of us within one building that will change relationships and isolate us from the other large and significant Baptist bodies within Britain? This could easily happen, but only if we allow it! The danger has been there for many years, because of the proximity of the two head offices in London. Despite this there has continued to be good and growing understanding. Recent meetings between the officers of the Society and the Unions have fostered this, together with the ongoing exchanges of information and what is discussed and agreed through the Joint Consultative Committee.

'The decision to go to Didcot has been described not as an end but as a beginning. We owe to our God and to what He has been revealing over the years to let this lead us on into a oneness in service that is of His will and of His making.'

# **ECOLE DE LANGUE FRANÇAISE STUDY FRENCH IN A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL IN FRANCE**

## **'Les Cèdres' the Language School near Paris belonging to the French Baptist Federation is holding a Summer School from 24 July – 11 August**

The minimum age limit for participants is 16 years and a minimum of two years' school French, or the equivalent, is required, although most members of the school will have studied for much longer.

Participants can sign up for two weeks – until 4 August, or for the whole three week period.

Write for details of the course and registration form to the Director:

**David Boydell,  
Les Cèdres,  
17, voie de Wissous  
91300 MASSY  
FRANCE**

**Tel: 010 33 1 69 30 00 67**

**MISSIONTALK  
MISSIONTALK  
MISSIONTALK  
MISSIONTALK**

# MISSIONTALK

## MISSIONTALK

### MISSIONTALK

#### MISSIONTALK

It's missionary deputation weekend again. Great! or groan?

Did you know that your missionary deputation weekend could be the most exciting weekend of your church's year? Did you know that it could be an invaluable opportunity to enrich your church life, to widen your vision of God's world and to challenge your involvement in God's mission of love to all people?

There are so many ways to make a missionary visit a huge success!

#### PLANNING

If a group of churches are to meet together, make sure that the time and place of meeting are made known well in advance. Avoid all clashes. Handouts and blank posters are freely available from BMS.

Phone the church/missionary secretaries from each church to keep the weekend high on their list of priorities. Ask them to make an announcement during a worship service and in the church magazine.

Another phone call, ten days before the event to check on how many members are coming, is a good reminder.

#### HOSPITALITY

Please make certain that travel and hospitality arrangements for the speakers have been made, and don't forget to let the speakers know of the arrangements well in advance – it can save a lot of stress.

Deputation can be a pressurised time for speakers. It is so helpful to build in a time of relaxation for them during the weekend. As far as possible, please try to avoid shunting them from family to family over a weekend.

#### CELEBRATION

A deputation weekend is a unique opportunity to celebrate with the world church. It is a time of reflection on our contribution to world mission, and a time of excitement as we learn of what God is doing in His world.

#### WELCOME

Let your welcome meeting, or whatever you call it, reflect the wide variety of gifts and talents in God's church. Use the skills of all churches involved and let each take responsibility for the part of the

## I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!

programme – use music, drama, dance, art, quizzes, videos, slides and speakers with imagination and courage.

Involve all members of your church family from children to seniors. Have a competition for children from different Sunday Schools – perhaps something creative like colouring posters, banner making or song writing.

Perhaps your young people could take responsibility for the music and drama. It all boils down to your using the wealth of gifts available to you.

Be bold with your speakers. Take the initiative with them. Interview them individually or as a group. If you give them warning, they could supply you with useful questions to ask.

Use slides, either as a main presentation or as a backdrop to the interview. An overhead projector on which to write main points from the interview can be helpful.

*If you want slides – please make sure that someone provides a projector and spare lamp. This can save a lot of heartache.*

#### SUNDAY

It is essential to prepare the congregation before deputation Sunday. If world mission is not familiar territory to them, they will not be able to enter fully in the spirit of the deputation.

Some missionaries and deputation speakers are not at all comfortable taking a whole service, or preaching a sermon. If they have trained as nurses or agriculturalists, preaching is not part of their time-table. The BMS Promotion Team sends out brief biographical notes on the speaker you will receive and it tells you how best to use them.

Interviews, question and answer sessions, slides, role plays can all add to a worship service and are often a refreshing change from a sermon.

Spare copies of *Missionary Herald*, *Look*, maps, posters and other BMS literature is always available for you to give away. Make sure that you have enough of what you want.

#### FINALLY THEN . . .

- \* Prepare well in advance, and relax.
- \* Delegate to all sections of the church family!
- \* Preparation, implication, education and celebration lead to effective deputation.

# TALKBACK

## POPULAR RELIGION

*Stephen Judd's theme in the article, 'Popular Religion' in October's Herald appears to be culturising Christianity and whilst he enters a caveat here and there, I think he tends to lean too far in suggesting that propagators of the Christian faith in other countries should incorporate more native symbols and rituals.*

*We must always allow native believers in other countries some degree of self-expression – we must always encourage them to be a 'national' church – but at the same time the missionary presence must advise against excesses.*

*It appears to me that the Roman Catholics have gone much too far down the road of popularisation resulting in a 'bastard' Christianity.*

*Maybe Baptists have not gone so far, but when one considers that the fastest growing group of churches is that of the Pentecostals who have addressed the people (indeed the lower classes) with a Biblical type of message, one has to recognise that the Baptists – fast growing as they are – should beware of too broad a culturisation.*

*Has our own British Christmas become trivialised by too much emphasis on the symbols rather than the spiritual, on the merriment and material rather than on the Message?*

*Perhaps the difficulty is that I don't understand the current Liberation Theology. So maybe it would be helpful to our understanding if you were to publish an authoritative article on that very subject so that all your readers might become acquainted with some of the pressures out there and thus arrive at their own assessment with a view to more intelligent and informed prayer.*

**REG MATTHEWS  
HUDDERSFIELD**

*Thank you for your comments, we are always pleased to receive letters about the articles we print. Of course, the thoughts and ideas which are expressed in the articles we publish are first of all those of the writer and not necessarily those of the BMS. We are anxious to air different opinions to stimulate thought and to help us understand what mission is about today. We'll see what we can do about the Liberation Theology article.*

## MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS

### Departures

**Mr C Pavitt** on 14 September to Luanda, Angola.  
**Dr S Green** on 21 September to IME, Kimpese, Zaire.  
**Miss A Horsfall** on 21 September to Kisangani, Zaire.  
**Rev and Mrs G Myhill** on 30 September to Nova Londrina, Brazil.  
**Miss S Headlam** on 3 October to Chandraghona, Bangladesh.  
**Mrs M Bafende** on 12 October to Mbanza Ngungu, Zaire.  
**Mr and Mrs M King** on 12 October to Ngombe Lutete, Zaire.  
**Rev and Mrs R Draycott** on 13 October to Campo Grande, Brazil.  
**Mr and Mrs R Cameron** on 14 October to Kathmandu, Nepal.  
**Mr T Lehane and Mrs A Maclean** on 14 October to Andhi Khola.

### Arrivals

**Rev J Clark** on 10 October from São Paulo, Brazil.

**Rev and Mrs J Dyer** on 15 October from Antonina, Brazil.

### Births

On 6 September, at Worthing, to **Rev and Mrs T Bulkeley**, a daughter, Sarah.

### Marriages

On 10 September, at Hove, **Miss Joan Sargent** and **Mr Frank Webb**.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Secretaries acknowledge with grateful thanks the following legacies and anonymous gifts. (To 8 November 1988.)

Miss D J Ager	£
Miss D M Ainge	9,200.00
Miss M Airey	8,435.57
Mrs M Atwell	1,063.93
	200.00

	£
Miss G H Barnett	2,601.84
Mrs A V Bayly	100.00
Miss E G Brown	250.00
Miss M Clarke	200.00
Mr E Davies	50.00
Mrs G Gallop	100.00
Miss E M Hannaford	6,000.00
Miss D B Kiddell	2,125.65
Mrs S Lee	54.42
Mrs J D Leitch	100.00
Mr J D Mawhood	1,081.74
Mr S J McAuslane	10,000.00
Mr A Painter	100.00
Rev G Soddy	234.69
Miss I Thompson	500.00
Mrs E F Roberts	100.00
Mr H H Vann	250.00
Mr J Yates	50.00

### General Work

Anon: £10.00; FAE Aberdeen: £40.00; Anon Durham: £30.00; Anon Croydon: £20.00

### Relief Fund

Anon: £5.00; Anon: £50.00; Anon: £100.00.

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- 22 April – 3 May, Holy Land – Christine and Stuart Lawrence**
- 6 – 14 May, Pitlochry (coach) – Rev Douglas Monkley**
- 1 – 15 June, Rome/Sperlonga – Rev Michael Banfield**
- 10 – 24 June, Switzerland – Rev Charles Couldridge**
- 24 June – 3 August, EBF Congress & Vienna – Rev Arthur Bonser**
- 25 – 31 July, EBF Congress, Budapest – Rev Arthur Bonser**

For Brochure please write to:

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**1 The Esplanade, Minehead, Somerset TA24 5BE**

# NOTICES

## **BMS ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR 1989**

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*For further information please write to:*

**The Personnel Secretary,  
Baptist Missionary Society, 93 Gloucester Place, London W1H 4AA**