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MISSIONARY

HERALD



July 1989

Editorial Comment

Last month we reported on the El Salvador resolution, passed at the BMS Annual Members' Meeting in Leicester, calling on the El Salvador government to seek peace and reconciliation and to ensure human rights. The news of the murder of Baptist teacher, Maria Cristina Gomez brought an urgent relevancy to the Assembly decision. As a result, several of those present have linked up with the Network for Emergency Support in El Salvador and have sent personal telexes to the President.

Some reports suggest that, on average, 100 death-squad or civil-war-related murders take place in El Salvador each month. However, 'the style of killings has changed from the indiscriminate bloodletting of the early 1980's to the selective murder of mid-level activists like Gomez. Their deaths hurt popular organisations . . . but the victims are not prominent enough to spark an international outcry.'

Not prominent enough? Not important enough? In the eyes of our Lord no one is too small or too insignificant to be outside the compass of God's love. So, as Christians, ought we not to be those who 'spark an international outcry' every time a so-called 'insignificant' Gomez, anywhere in the world, is killed? That outcry, in a 'Chain of Hope', involving ecumenical groups of women from Latin America, North America, and Europe, has already started. They are going to El Salvador for a week at a time to 'share life with women from the different churches in the war-torn country'.

At Leicester, the BMS Overseas Secretary, Angus MacNeill said: 'We stand by our El Salvador brothers and sisters in Christ . . . as they face the menacing problems of oppression in their attempts to be faithful to the gospel. . . .' The BMS, in partnership with the El Salvador Baptist Association is part of the 'outcry' — are you?

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MISSIONARY

HERALD

THE MAGAZINE OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY



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JULY 1989

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We share in the work of the
Church in:

Angola	France	Sri Lanka
Bangladesh	India	Thailand
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El Salvador	Nepal	Zaire

HARI BAHADUR

by Isobel Strang



Himalayas at dawn

I'd been a bit slow in putting two and two together. Of course, 'The Hari Bahadur Story.' That must be my friend, Babu Kaji.

I picked up the small leaflet. The title was written in Nepali, that's why I had been slow to recognise . . . *The Hari Bahadur Story*. Imagine that! My eyes blurred with tears. However, the pictures racing through my mind were sharply in focus – a video on replay.

I had first heard of Hari Bahadur from an enthusing 'physical therapist.' He is her success story, really. She had trained the nurses how to look after patients with a broken back.

Sadly, a typical story. A young man, out cutting fodder for the family's goats and buffalo, fell. The fact that the fall happened while he was cutting foliage some 20 to 30 feet up a tree meant that it was devastating. Found several hours later by other family members searching for him, he was carried in a hammock slung below a long pole. He was lucky.

Often, families, anxious not to spend their meagre funds on hospital bills, take the victims home. There, unable to move, they develop pressure sores. To cope with the resultant unbearable pain, the relatives fill them up with local raw rice alcohol. Not understanding the situation, the patients are moved inappropriately, causing irreparable damage.

Hari Bahadur was lucky. The trained nursing assistants had turned him and

positioned him carefully over the last few weeks. His wife had just had their first child – a son. Sushila was a proud mother, awed by the incomprehensible situation she found herself in. She slept on a wooden pallet below her husband's bed, beside the bottle containing his urine.

Gradually she had to adjust to the culture shock of being at the hospital – cooking in the large, grimy communal cookhouse (so different from the family's daily remudded cooking area); no family – they had gone back to tend the fields and the goats; motherhood – yet no mother-in-law to help; husband bed-bound.

It was almost too much to bear for her. Then the food supplies dwindled. Messages sent received no reply. So she went back home. The hospital's policy was one straight out of the Bible: 'as wise as a serpent, as gentle as a dove.' Experience had shown that, if they gave food (rice) to long-term patients, the family would abdicate responsibility. Instead, they provided a complete protein porridge, made from their own roasted grain and pulse vegetables. These were cooked and served with a spiced watery gravy.

Home was the home of her husband. 'It is my home,' she convinced herself, as all Hindu women do. Society dictates that daughters are not considered a part of their parent's home. Their first and only home is that of their husband, from the time they are married – symbolised by

red powder being poured along the parting of their hair. For Sushila this had been all of 20 months earlier. She had been fifteen.

The family's lack of support at the hospital was now reinforced by their unwillingness to give food for their sick son.

Sushila rested a day. They relented enough to fill her basket – the traditional carried-on-the-back Nepali 'doko.' On top of this she placed her son, Rajendra.

It was a long trudge, a climb of 1,000 metres, with a 35 kg weight on her back, supported by a strap across her forehead. The blazing sun exhausted her. She struggled to provide shade for her son by fixing twigs to the doko and draping a piece of cloth over it. The cloth, she recalled dimly, had been part of a well-worn saree that was now seeing its penultimate incarnation. Next it would be a nappy.

In Sushila's absence, Hari Bahadur had had as much as he needed. He was relieved to see his wife, yet helpless in the face of her exhaustion. What could he do for her? He took Rajendra and played with him. Sushila went to cook the long-awaited meal.

I saw the very cheerful face of Hari Bahadur one morning – my first as a physiotherapist at this hill hospital. The American physical therapist and I spoke

in English about his condition. I had only been in Nepal for six months. Two weeks earlier marked the end of my invaluable five months at language school. I chatted a bit with Hari Bahadur and the nurses, constantly trying to understand them and express myself.

For me it was an alien situation: the grime of the plastered walls, the pale, many-times-washed sheets, the rusting metal gratings in place of windows, the very basic facilities – cardboard covered spittoons, bamboo crutches, thin, stone-hard pillows, drooping, over-stretched curtain wires, paint peeling off the slanting corrugated roofs. It was all strangely bare to me.

I envied the gifts of my senior colleague as a communicator in Nepali – language and custom – and as a therapist. She had been there for nine years. I knew I was only a beginner but I'd do what I could . . . at least, I would try.

So, this was Hari Bahadur. Pale, in spite of his brown skin, neat moustache, bright eyes, slightly hollow cheeks, wavy, short, dark hair, a hesitant, widening smile. He was an educated young man of 26. After two months on 'bed rest' he had made no progress. But he had not deteriorated either. He had not lost interest in life. He was wanting to learn and read and understand more. He asked to read the Bible. We taught what relevant new techniques we could. The doctors advised a further X-ray, but we would be gone by the time the report came. We left instructions on how to mobilise him progressively. So we had to leave – back to Kathmandu, to the modern, relatively western model of a hospital where we worked 75% of the time.

A few weeks later I returned to the hill hospital. Hari Bahadur greeted me cheerily from a wheel chair. The doctors talked of developments. He would never walk again. His family were not being helpful, nor supportive. The hospital needed the bed. He had become a Christian. His wife was working in the hospital gardens. She was learning to read and write Nepali. Rajendra was growing. What to do now?

I had been warned by my senior colleagues not to consider taking him back to Kathmandu. What could he do to enable him to become a rice-winner? The only idea that came forward was that perhaps

he could write his testimony. Perhaps it could be published?

Back once again in Kathmandu, I received several letters encouraging the idea of his coming to the big city. I dragged my feet. He would be my responsibility – he, his wife, their child. Could I cope? I'd been advised not to consider bringing him to Kathmandu. What could he do? I prayed and thought about it; asked those who knew some of the options. Mostly they would not be appropriate. Then I heard of some European women who would teach him and his wife batik making. Where could he live? Maybe at St Xavier's Social Service Centre. What would he need? A foam mattress, a paraffin-fired wick stove and a bucket. The answers to our prayers were coming together.



Cutting fodder

So they came to the big city – Hari Bahadur, Sushila, Rajendra, a wheelchair, a spare saree, a pot. They came. Hari Bahadur was unable to move from the waist down. Sushila had never been in the city before; only ever once on a bus before.

*Eyes wide,
stomach clenched,
nose twitching, she cried.
Heart wrenched,
feet itching to go home.
Rajendra cried and cried.*

But they learnt. Slowly, step by step, painstakingly they learnt. They coped. Sushila laughs now as she remembers her feelings, her country clothes, her village ways, her naivety. She is a different

person from the girl in the first photograph taken of her at the hospital. 'Look at me there!' she giggles, 'My hair, those earrings, the frightened expression.' She is no longer frightened.

Now she is the one who comes alongside the wife of another man whose back is broken – broken after less than a month of marriage. He fell while cutting fodder for his family's goats and buffalo, from a tree 20 to 30 feet off the ground. Bil Bahadur's story can be told later.

Hari Bahadur, Sushila and Rajendra needed to move out of St Xavier's where the many disabled or ill young men had gone out of their way to help them. But Sushila, vulnerable, pretty and young, had no one to protect her now. So vulnerable that locks had to be fitted to their doors, but even that did not keep her safe. They moved again and again. They ended up across the street from me. Our friendship grew. It changed. I had not ever wanted to be seen as the provider. Only God could be that. I am not Emmanuel – God with us – either. I shall not always be there to help them out. We are friends, good friends. We share in prayer, encouraging each other, singing together. I have cried with them when I feel the absence of my family. I can go and listen – hear where they're at, what's happening. Rajendra now feels free to come into my house without Sushila.

Now they look after Hari Bahadur's daughter, too. He had never told me he had been married before. Being financially better off now, he has Kamala, aged seven, living with them. She helps Sushila in their single room across the street and goes to school, too. I remember how she ran from me when she first came to the big city. She had never seen a foreigner close-up before. When I left, she hugged me and cried long wet tears.

Now Hari Bahadur's mother comes to stay. She really does not like the big city, its noise, its dirt – but she comes.

Sushila, like her husband, has become a Christian. Impressed by the lives of the Christians at the hospital, she eventually yielded to the Lordship of Christ.

That bit is not in *The Hari Bahadur Story*. I blink back tears, and bought several copies of the booklet, thrilled at the wholeness that God has brought into their lives – a wholeness that gives dignity in spite of disability.

MY CANTANKEROUS FRIEND

by Isobel Strang



An inquisitive Nepali schoolgirl

Was she going to get away with it? Grinning, the stooped figure limped to the door of the Physiotherapy Department. She had never liked walking on the basic wooden crutches. We had to watch her. 'Ram Maya,' I called after her, 'your crutches.' She peeked back in. 'Do I have to? Do I really still need them?'

Ram Maya had gone through so much. I could understand her desire for freedom from the signs of hospital influence. 'You've done so well, didi,' I assured her, using the title of didi – elder sister – for her. 'But it would be better for you to use them. You are so much taller now. They have really helped. We will see what you are like next week. Is that alright?' – giving her the option to say 'No' being of cultural importance.

Her broad, hard, land-laboured hands took the offered crutches. She placed the tattily covered pads under her arms, straightening fractionally to do so.

Ram Maya had been desperately depressed. A deep depression, triggered off by the death of her only son and her elder brother in close succession. Her son was strategically important. He was the one to do the puja (worship) following her husband's death – each year, for at least three years. It would, hopefully, atone and ensure a higher life next time. Nirvana would not be reached this time. They were too low caste.

But that had been almost a year ago. Mourning in helplessness had led to utter hopelessness. She had wept for weeks, sat in a dark corner not moving for months. Her limbs had become impossibly bent up. Eventually, realising that something was amiss, her husband carried her on his back to the bus and they arrived at Patan Hospital.

Jagat gave his wife's history to the Health Assistant who referred her to the psychiatrist. With 'depression following bereave-

ment' as a diagnosis, she was sent to the Mental Hospital across the road. It is the only hospital in Nepal that is for the psychiatrically ill.

Gradually her strength improved. She became more vocal. Her strength returned as she began to eat better. But Ram Maya could not walk. She could not get her legs straight. The psychiatrist called the physiotherapist who went to the Mental Hospital to assess Ram Maya's needs.

Both of Ram Maya's hips and knees were fixed into the bent position to extreme degrees. The therapist encouraged the nurses to change Ram Maya's position. She showed how lying prone over a couple of pillows would help to straighten the limbs. The force due to gravity would push her down. She needed the pillows because the angle of flexion was too great and without them it would have been too painful. Later, we

could pile sandbags on top of her to reinforce this straightening. Primitive, yes . . . but effective.

Soon Ram Maya was able to come to the Physiotherapy Department. She would be brought over in a wheelchair. The fresh air, the sunshine and the change of environment all helped.

Slowly she straightened. The care, the prayer of the department staff and of her psychiatrist moved her and her husband, Jagat. So we had mobilized her with her brave cooperation. The stretching techniques were not comfortable, yet she rarely complained. When she did groan, we attended to her and, when possible in a busy department, we would sit and chat to her. She would ask us to pray to 'parnetswar' – the high God. She had asked why we pray in the name of Jesus.

She was discharged home with her crutches. Her walking was laborious. She would take four times as long as anyone else. Yet she walked from the bus stop to church. Often she would walk alone. Jagat would walk on with other members of his hamlet. More often than not, small communities rather than individuals would become believers in the authority of Jesus' name. When possible, she would get a lift and pass me, grinning, enjoying the luxury of her easy way out. The clear sunshine of the Kathmandu Valley would usually mean she would have to have frequent stops in some shady spot.

Eventually, she gained sufficient strength and range of movement to do without the crutches that we had progressively lengthened. In order to show his appreciation for the care we had shown them, Jagat would bring us some of the produce from their tiny smallholding. The various types of beans and greens were given out of their subsistence income. Such generosity as to remind us of the incident of the poor widow who gave so much in the sight of Jesus.

Their home was not the cleanest of homes that I had visited. It was one of the most spartan. Yet, the orange-brown mudded walls looked neat and relatively fresh. I sat on the single piece of furniture in the house – a simple bed. Jagat read from the Psalms. We drank a cup of hot sweet tea. (Having drunk tea without sugar for years, I drank Nepali tea as a different drink. Without sugar it was not at all nice.) Children from the surround-

ing area watched coyly as we talked then prayed before I left.

Later, Ram Maya approached me for work. What could she do? She pressed to come and live and work for me. I was not at all sure about that. That would mean another needful family would suffer. Other missionaries had more idea of what work was available. I would ask them. As for now, 'Nameste, didi.' 'Nameste' literally means 'the spirit within me salutes the spirit within you.'

The news hit me like a brick. Ram Maya was back in the Mental Hospital. This was to be expected, I learned, since she now had the diagnosis of manic depression (although this is not the case in the west). During the following years, I learnt to be concerned for Ram Maya whenever she asked me for work. It seemed to precede an admission. Perhaps it represented a time of being 'manic'.

Fortunately, the depths of her depression never reached their previous levels. I became a familiar figure as I made lunchtime visits to the Mental Hospital. Usually, I would find Ram Maya lying curled up on her bed trying to keep warm in the high-ceilinged, draughty wards. If she was willing, we would go for a short walk around the hospital, enjoying the sunshine and fresh air. Often, the sight of a westerner talking, praying with a Nepali would draw other patients. Though obviously drugged, they too would ask questions and often tell their sad histories.

On one of my visits, I realised that she had hardly eaten or drunk anything for almost a week. Having given her some fluid, I left, having informed the nurses

that she also had a dreadful cough and a fever.

In Nepal, I had seen some dreadful chest conditions. Ram Maya's coughing and spitting were nothing new to me. But I was pleased that evening when I saw that she had been transferred to our hospital because of her chest. I spoke to her doctor and saw that she did progress over the next few days. She still looked ill, but then that was nothing new.

This time she did not recover. Her death knocked me. I had come to love and appreciate her. She had accepted me and my God. No one else would have had the audacity to demand a bed for the night on the afternoon of Christmas Day. She had gorged herself at the church's celebration meal. I was going out, so I took her in a taxi to the bus station from where she could get a bus. I gave her the bus fare too. She only lived a one rupee journey (three pence) away. Then I went to my next point of call. Another time, when she arrived on my doorstep late at night (at about 7.30) I did let her stay, but did not want to encourage her leaving her home responsibilities.

Once at a midweek Ladies' Bible Fellowship, I was distinctly proud of her. We were in the home of a Sikh convert. Plates of biscuits were produced with the tea. This could have been like a red rag to a bull. I held my breath. She took only one and passed the plate on. In contrast, a large, relatively wealthy woman visually tipped the remaining biscuits into her chubby clean hands. Though taken aback at this, I was pleased at Ram Maya's demonstration of self-control – a visible sign of the work of the Holy Spirit.

Isobel sharing Nepali hospitality



LONG CRUTCHES

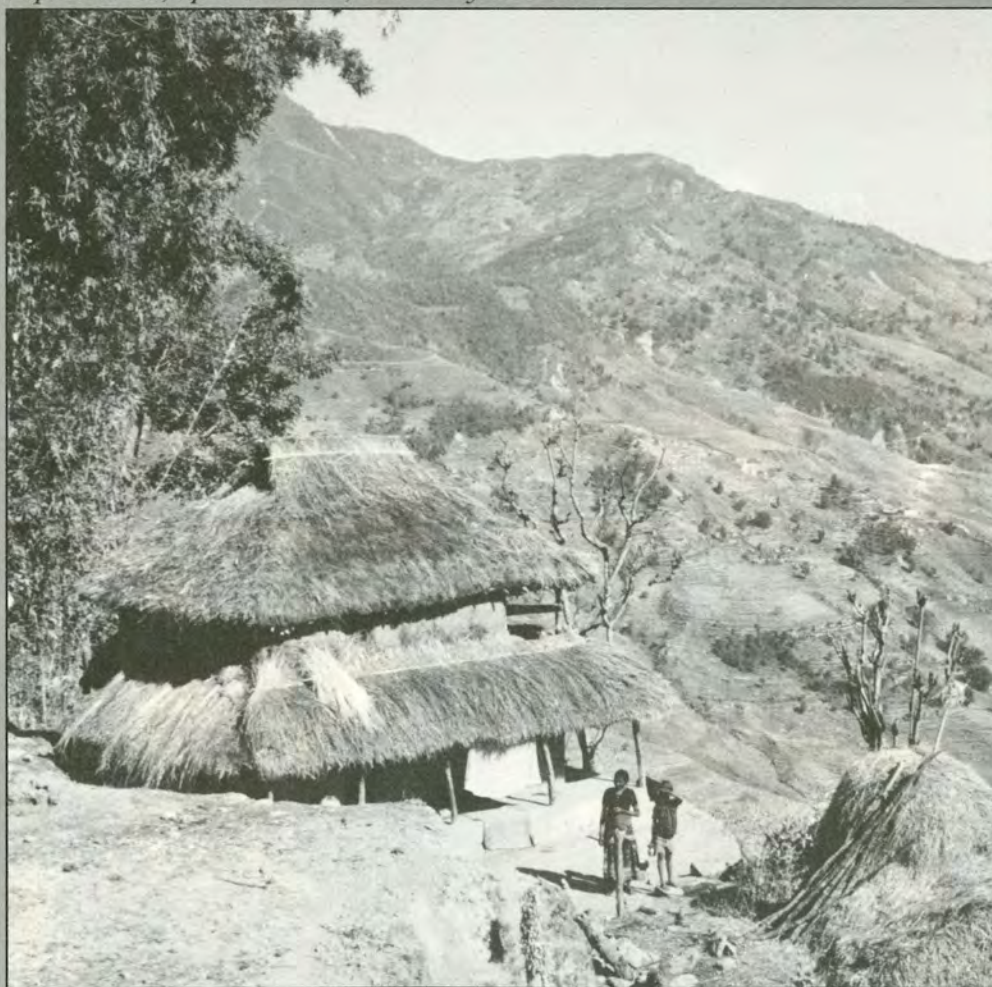
by Isobel Strang



Breathless, I reached the ridge. Climbing 2,000 metres in a couple of hours in this heat was not bad at all – not for someone who lived in Kathmandu. My thoughts remained thoughts. I did not have the moisture in my mouth nor anybody with me to vocalise these thoughts to. Destination Samalgruk had been achieved. Alone!

This was my fourth visit and I had followed the path faultlessly. Admittedly, it was easier than many. All I had had to do was choose the steeper uphill route at any fork of the path.

Nepali house, up in the hills, shaded by bamboo



Swigging back the last of my boiled and filtered water, I enjoyed the breeze, allowing it to dry my-sun-and-sweat-bleached Nepali cotton blouse. Seeing my beetroot-coloured face, some Nepalis had exclaimed that I should rest more, but I knew that the returning to normal could take several hours. The view from this resting place could be stupendous. Today it was hidden behind unimpressive clouds. Perhaps tomorrow morning I would see the almost touchable Himalayas.

The house where I was to stay was visible

a few hundred metres below. I had read somewhere that the British Gurkhas only allow themselves a two minute rest, even on the most arduous of treks. Physiologically speaking, the heart and respiratory rate should return to normal within two minutes. Having arrived at my destination, though, I gave myself a few more minutes. Time to think. Time to breathe. Time.

There had been three letters encouraging me to come to Samalgruk. A couple from a doctor at a rural hospital, and a further one from the missionaries who lived here in Samalgruk. Each told me of the plight of one Bhim Bahadur Thapa.

Bhim had been a waiter in the lakeside town of Pokhara when he became ill. He saw several doctors. Many nurses had dressed his abscesses at various hospitals. Now he was home. Home, but dying.

What could I do? I had brought no medicines, but then I was not a doctor. As a physiotherapist, I was expected to rehabilitate him. I had until noon the next day.

With my rucksack on again, I felt the chill of the cold blouse against me and shivered briefly. The north-facing side of the hill was a good bit cooler than the side I had just climbed. The wide path from the saddle of the ridge narrowed and twisted. Soon I was stepping stone to stone, avoiding the gooey mud on the path, and slid the horizontal bamboo pole of the gate away. I stepped over the remaining pole and turned to replace the top one so no wandering water-buffalo would sneak in and tear off huge mouthfuls from the stack of rice straw. Children, smiling but shy, greeted me wordlessly then scampered off to play. Large stones were their toy houses yet they played contentedly.

The narrow, well-trodden path to the furthest house skirted around the wood-piles of the large house of the landlord – a bald, sun-cracked path through the close-cropped grass of this enclosure.

Another smiling face greeted me. This one was not shy. 'We're expecting you,' Anna welcomed me. 'Come in.' She moved back through the low doorway and I stepped up onto the verandah where I slipped off my dusty flipflops.

Typical in style, the mud floor boasted typical kitchen units. Lunch, too, was a blend of eastern and western culture – noodle soup.

After a very welcome hot shower, thanks to a portable solar water heater, Tej, the local Health Worker, arrived. The three of us clipped the padlocks shut and left for Bhim's house. Anna's husband had already gone off to visit someone in a neighbouring village. They were missionaries who had lived here a few years.

Bhim's house was not so far away. The route along stone-speckled paths wound under arching bamboo – a shorter, finer bamboo than at the hospital. It passed the village tea shop, veered below the open well and then edged up through dried-up paddy fields. Three thatched houses came into view, each roof sporting a variety of items wedged there for storage. Bhim was lying on his side watching young relatives and, occasionally, waving a few flies away. He had heard that we might come but did not look particularly thrilled at our arrival.

His last doctor had told me that he had no infection in his bones and that he had been discharged with a pair of crutches. While in hospital, he had asked for and read several gospel tracts. I had also been told that the villagers had told him he was going to die. As a result, his family had given up hope. An ex-rice winner was going to die. That's life.

This news made me shudder. On a different visit, in a different village, I had heard this regarding a different young man. A conch shell had announced his death on the morning predicted.

Was Bhim motivated to try to overcome these superstitions?

Respectfully, I greeted those of the family

that were present and allowed Anna to introduce me. As a physiotherapist, I would have to touch this stranger's legs. As a woman, I should not touch him at all.

The most important thing was to get this man, his family and Tej to understand what I was doing, what I was finding out as I assisted Bhim's contracted knees, hips, back and shoulders. I got Tej to palpate the shortened muscles, feel the integrity of the joints, think of what we could do to overcome Bhim's needs.

We taught exercises for lengthening the shortened structures, for strengthening the weakened muscles. We tried to show him how he should try to sit, the benefits of moving about rather than remaining in the same position.

I sat back. 'I heard at the hospital that you were given crutches,' I mentioned. 'Yes, they did, but they are too long,' he replied, giving a particular movement of his head that spoke a particular request to a young relative. The lad returned carrying the awkwardly long crutches.

'When did you last use these?' I enquired cautiously.

'Not since I was in hospital,' he started dryly. 'They are too long.'

'Let's measure you with them.' I was tempted to agree, but needed to know by just how much they were too long.

A smiling Sherpa face at weekly bazaar



'Four inches.'

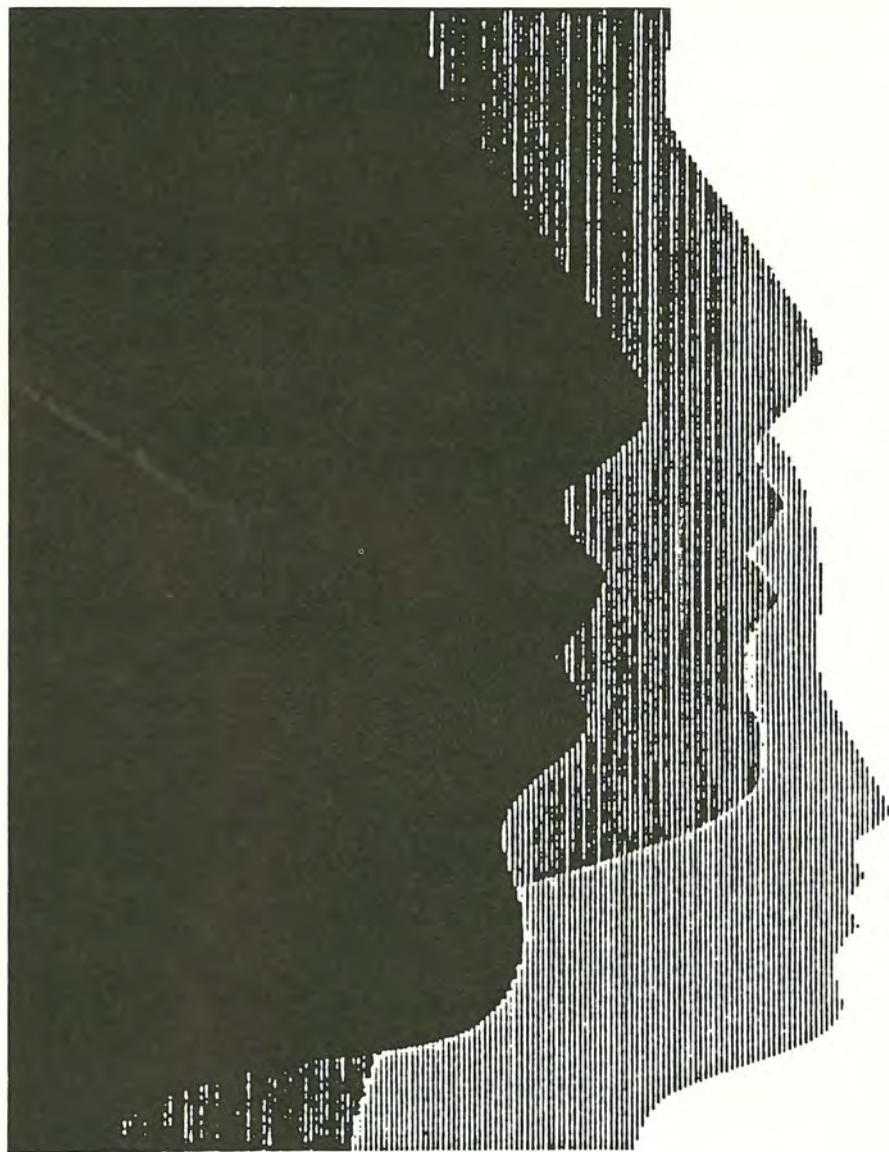
Problem. The bolt holding the two uprights together was four inches from the base. The only tool I had with me was a small saw. We cut off three inches from the base of the two crutches.

Having done that, it was time for the big test. 'Shall we try to walk with them now?' I asked. He nodded, but did not look too confident. I could understand his hesitations. But he did try. He followed my example, listened to my advice. We covered 30 metres. Breathless, he sat down. His look did nothing to reinforce my exuberance. We went through the exercises and advice again. I exhorted him to do them as much as he could. Tej said that he would pop in now and again to spur him on. What more could I do?

I prayed. I prayed that the predictions made by the village would come to nothing, that the curse of these predictions would be lifted by the power of Jesus Christ's victory. I prayed that he would find hope.

This was my last visit to Samalgruk. It was several months later, just before I was due to leave Nepal, that I heard of Bhim's progress. Samalgruk villagers had declared that Bhim was a real Christian. He had walked to a small group of believers and declared himself to be a believer. His God had lifted the curse. He now had a hope and a future.

• P R A Y E R C A L L •



JULY – SEPTEMBER 1989

CALL TO PRAYER

Instead of the usual Call to Prayer feature each month, we are now printing a quarterly pull-out which will update the Society's *Prayer Guide*. If you wish to use the Call to Prayer more widely than there are readers of the *Herald* in your church, then please feel free to photocopy these centre pages. Mind you, it would be better, if you could persuade more people to read the magazine and to buy the *Prayer Guide*.

2-8 July Fellowship Visits and Scholarships

More than 20 overseas Christians are currently offered help by our scholarship scheme to take courses of further study in, or make fellowship visits to, other countries. They originate from Angola, Bangladesh, Brazil, China, India, Jamaica, Nepal, El Salvador, Sri Lanka and Trinidad. They are experiencing life in Cameroun, Jamaica, the Philippines and South Korea, as well as in the UK.

Pray for scholarship holders in all the adjustments that will be necessary and in the times of home-sickness they will have to overcome.

Pray that they may take full advantage of the present opportunities so that the work of their churches at home will be strengthened and built up.

9-15 July Community Involvement in Zaire

Alongside evangelism, building up the church, medical and educational work, the Baptist community of the River Zaire believes in the importance of development and agricultural projects in helping people to be whole.

The introduction of new agricultural methods and new plant and animal stocks helps the health and well-being of village people especially.

Drinking polluted water is a major cause of disease, so emphasis is being put on the provision of pure water sources; in the Ntondo and Yakusu areas, projects have been inaugurated for improving village water supplies and sanitation.

Building projects, providing better facilities for hospitals, schools and staff are also important.

In all these areas, BMS personnel work with national colleagues.

16-22 July Missionaries on Furlough

Furlough is not a long holiday for missionaries, it is a time for meeting with family and friends, for spending time in one's home church and for refreshment of spirit through worship and study. But it is also an opportunity to stand back and to seek understanding of God's leading in the time ahead, and to re-appraise all that has been happening.

Sharing with the churches news of fellow believers in other countries is important — the way God is at work, and the challenges and struggles involved in living a truly Christian life.

Pray that those who are home now may be refreshed, encouraged and strengthened.

23-29 July Young People

We remember the young people of our partner churches around the world, and also those from this country who are sharing in the Baptist Summer Holiday Programme for young people.

Please pray for the delegates from many countries in Europe who are attending the European Baptist Federation Youth Camp in Tahi in Hungary this week. The conference theme is 'Challenged to a New Life in Christ.' Many of the delegates will be staying on in Budapest for the EBF Congress.

Pray for those on the BMS Narrow Boat Holiday this week and for those preparing to go on the holidays which start on Saturday 29th. That is also the day on which the group which has been sharing with the church in São Paulo, Brazil, returns.

Learning about the world-wide church, becoming involved in it in new ways and sharing in the partnership of the gospel will be the experience of some this summer, but we can all share in the partnership of prayer. Young people around the world are praying. We pray with them and for them.

30 July-5 August Church Work in Sri Lanka

In the troubled island of Sri Lanka, the church has a vital reconciling role to fulfil, witnessing to the love of God which breaks down all barriers between Tamils and Sinhalese.

The Baptist church is small in numbers and there is a dearth of leaders and pastors. Michael and Stella Hambleton are completing language study and will then be helping with the Lay Training Programme.

At Cinnamon Gardens Church in Colombo, Paul and Lynda Henstock are helping with the ministry while the national pastor completes a course of study. Sri Lanka needs our prayers.

*Bless your church in Thailand, Lord
as it seeks to do your will
and to make all things new
through its total ministry.*

*May your people thrill
to the challenge of mission
to the chance to grow
to develop and mature
in partnership with your people
throughout the world.*

*Renew in us the feeling of privilege
at being partners with you
in reconciling all people
and all creation
to you.*

*Father,
we thank you for your servant church
in this island.
In the bitterness of communal strife
you have been with your people,
as they have endeavoured
to show love and compassion to all
people and to be agents of
reconciliation.*

*As they trust that your
presence and strength
will be with them in all the tasks
you give them to do
may your servants have vision and
confidence
knowing you as a shield and
strength.*

6-12 August Church Work in Thailand

Thailand is a Buddhist country, and the Christian community is very small. The BMS has accepted the invitation to work with the Thailand Baptist Missionary Fellowship.

Since last December, Jacqui Wells has been in Thailand and is presently learning Thai in Bangkok, then she hopes to be involved in Christian education work with the Karen women in NW Thailand.

Geoffrey and Christine Bland, with their two children, arrived in April and are now also studying Thai. Thai is a tonal language and hard to learn. Let's pray especially for our missionaries as they seek to gain the fluency to share the good news of God's love.

13-19 August Prayer for Africa

The Rev Mokili Bolemba Bolema, CBFZ President for the Upper River Region of Zaire, celebrates three anniversaries this month: his 50th birthday, his 30th wedding anniversary and his 25th year as a Christian pastor. Praise God for him and his wife and for their faithful witness and leadership during a varied and often troubled period in their country's history.

Pray for them and those like them who give vision to the church in Africa, including those in the areas afflicted by civil and racial conflict.

20-26 August Church Leadership in Brazil

Brazil is a vast country, and the leaders of Baptist work bear great responsibility. State leaders seek to develop a sense of unity among the churches – some are thriving, some are struggling and co-operation between them is needed. In order to maintain fellowship with local congregations, the leaders have to travel great distances. Let us pray that they may be kept in safety and have the grace and strength they need for all the demands made upon them.

26 August-2 September Angola

Shortages of one kind or another are common in Angola. The building of the Bible School is now complete. The next building project is the Clinic – work has started, but lack of water and a weak electricity supply are causing problems.

After their marriage in England at the beginning of May, Colin and Marcia Pavitt are now back in Luanda. Please pray especially for them as they start their new life together and seek to serve our Lord Jesus Christ in Angola.

3-9 September Education in Nepal

The need for an extensive education programme is recognised by the government. Over 90% of the population lives in rural and often remote areas so, to provide primary education is a great challenge. The help of the United Mission to Nepal to this education programme has been welcomed, but it is becoming very difficult to get visas for teachers.

The secondary education provided at the Gandaki Boarding School is of a very high standard and offers opportunities for village boys to study there. Jeremy and Ruth Clewett and Graham and Debbie Atkinson are part of the staff of the school.

10-16 September Church Work in India

This is demonstrated through a variety of avenues in the Church of North India, as well as through the structured work of Baptist groups who have chosen to remain outside the CNI and whose loyalty lies with the Council of Baptist Churches in Northern India.

The church consists of individuals. Each one who responds to the call for faithful Christian witness meets their own peculiar problem. Christians on the plains of India are a minute proportion of the total population, often intimidated or discriminated against, deprived selection for further study or denied employment.

Christians in the hill areas constantly need to challenge their young people to continue the ongoing mission of the church which so inspired their parents.

Pray that church work will be vitalised by the freshness of those now in training for ministry in places such as Serampore College and the Union Biblical Seminary in Poona. Especially pray for the ordinary church member to be encouraged in keeping alive the witness of the church against all odds in India.

*Lord Jesus Christ,
help us to see beyond ourselves,
to see that we belong to one family of
your people worldwide.
You draw all people to yourself,
and your church is witness to that.
You call us out of the world
to be your people,
different from the world.
You send us into the world
to speak your word
and to bring the wholeness of the
Gospel
into everybody's life.
So we pray for those who are
preparing to go and share
your word in other places.*

17-23 September Accepted Candidates

'Here I am, send me,' is a simple, straightforward sentence but, when it is our response to a call to overseas service, it is the beginning, often, of a long trail. It may need to be followed first of all by the gaining of extra qualifications to make one acceptable to the government of the country to which one feels called. Pray for those facing such a challenge.

'Send me,' will certainly mean hard study for those accepted – first, for most, a time at St Andrews Hall, Selly Oak, deepening and testing their faith and their call to serve today's complicated and hurting world. Then there's language study, which only a few gifted ones find easy! For most, it's a steady slog, with times of despair lightened by the occasional triumph.

Pray for all those involved in preparation, that they will keep their vision and become fully equipped for the task ahead.

Please pray, too, for those involved in discerning, with people, what God is saying to them – those interviewing enquirers, and then the Candidate Board which has such a huge responsibility in its decision-making.

Pray that the Holy Spirit will give wisdom and clear discernment, that those whom God is calling will be chosen and sent.

24-30 September South America

Massive foreign debts, fragile democracies, uncontrollable inflation, social inequalities and injustice – these familiar images come to mind when we think of South America.

Pray for Christians living in the midst of such situations. Remember John Clark, BMS Overseas Representative for Brazil, Central America and the Caribbean, in the many journeys he must make to cover his area, and Avelino Ferreira as he takes care of administrative matters in Brazil. Give thanks for the improvement in health of Ana Ferreira who was gravely ill earlier this year. Remember the World Mission Board of Brazilian Baptists in their continued expansion.

A VITAL BACK-UP JOB

Lynne Davis has recently returned from Kathmandu where, for the last four years, she has worked in the Central Services department of the United Mission to Nepal.

Mine was a back-up job. At first, it was hard to accept that what I was doing was really worthwhile because I was not actually out there on the front line. But the comments from people out in the projects were very encouraging. They told us that they appreciated what we were doing and that their lives would be so much harder without the services we provided.

I was in administration. There was a limit to where I could be simply because of my profession, so once on the job I had to accept that that was where I was meant to be. Many of the Nepali staff within the UMN headquarters are not Christians so they are always watching. There was as much opportunity to witness among our own staff as out in the villages.

The Central Services Department deals with housing and maintenance within the Kathmandu valley, the purchase of tickets and also the clearing of goods and import licences for goods ordered overseas. We were also involved in the purchase of supplies for the UMN projects throughout the country. Twice a month the UMN truck goes around with supplies dropping them off at different points and also collecting goods that need to come back to Kathmandu.

My own responsibility was with the purchases, but I also stood in for other departments when anyone was away. Apart from two other expatriates, I was working with Nepalis. That job I did for three years and then moved into the UMN mailroom. The mailroom is like a mini post office and sorting office. We sorted and distributed all the internal and external mail for Kathmandu and the projects.

I was responsible for getting mail packages and parcels out to the different projects. It doesn't sound a lot, but when there are 400 expatriate workers and over 2,000 Nepali staff, who also get mail through the system, it does keep you busy.

Many of the Nepali workers get mail for relatives, care of them, either because they cannot trust the normal Nepal system, or they cannot afford to have their own post box. A few other organisations also use it because it is so reliable.

One Nepali member of staff went down to the post office with all of our mail to be franked. He would then bring back any mail that had arrived. Quite often it was great sackfuls, especially of magazines and printed matter sent in from other countries. That was the bane of my life,

sorting through all the magazines. Some had taken months to arrive and were not in a terribly good condition.

My actual job, in both departments, during the four years, meant that I probably came into contact with every missionary in Nepal and quite a lot of the Nepali staff as well. The mail room is one place where everyone heads to as soon as they come to Kathmandu. Mail is so important. So I was quite a popular person at times.

There are between 20 and 30 expatriates working at the United Mission to Nepal Headquarters all from different missions and different denominations. The first task when you start work there is to learn to get on with people who see things differently. You have to learn to accept.

This process I found liberating and broadening. Mind you, for me, my time at St Andrews Hall, Selly Oak, the Missionary Training College, was a good preparation and training for that side of my missionary work.

It was good just to socialise with all these different people. They all have their own national celebrations and it was quite interesting throughout the year just to join in with them.

HARDSHIP IN NEPAL

The border between India and Nepal was closed on 23 March. On that day, the Trade and Transit agreement between the two countries expired and, up to the time of preparing this article, it had not been renewed.

Since most of Nepal's imported goods come from India, this is creating many problems. Fuel is very scarce. Most people in Kathmandu cook by kerosene and day and night there have been hundreds of people queuing at different points throughout the city.

'They were waiting there all day and all night but when supplies eventually came in how many actually received anything and how many just had to wait until the

next time, I don't know,' said Lynne Davis, recently returned from Kathmandu.

'The people were worried because it was getting hotter and hotter and there is a limit to how long they can stand in the heat to queue.

'A lot of houses still don't have electricity so most cook by kerosene. There's no way they can cook by firewood – certainly not in the city.'

Writing from Amp Pipal, Ruth Berry reports that Government coupons are being issued for people to obtain a specified amount of kerosene each week.

'Transport has been drastically cut back

and college students have been sent from the cities back to their villages to ease the situation.

'At Amp Pipal the problem is not quite so acute. Nepalis cook on wood and basic foods are produced locally. In the hospital we've taken measures to conserve our store of fuel and medicines. We're only doing emergency surgery because we're running the generator for a reduced number of hours each day.

'In our homes we're cooking together more, in order to conserve fuel. It has even been suggested that we go to bed earlier and get up earlier to make the most of daylight hours.

'Inevitably it is the poor and the underprivileged who are affected first and most. For many there has been considerable suffering already.'

MISSIONTALK

MAY DAY

MISSIONTALK

MISSIONTALK

MISSIONTALK

Surely a day to relax by doing some gardening or travelling – but not so in Nottingham.

At the suggestion of Marjorie McVicar, recently returned from Asia, Peter and Rhoda Ridal of the Thomas Helwys church decided to hold an Open House for the BMS. About 60 people accepted the invitation to the three bedroomed semi!

The whole house was used as follows:

HALL	Payment of 50p entrance fee and literature display.	MASTER BEDROOM	Cloakroom.
DINING ROOM	Refreshment, 5p per item, drinks free.	BEDROOM 2	BMS videos at half hourly intervals.
LOUNGE	Party games, 'Pimu Pursuit' and 'Frustration'.	BEDROOM 3	Quiet room to read prayer letters, listen to prayer tapes and write, airmail letters provided.
GARAGE	Bring and Buy stalls.	GARDEN	Fellowship and eating.
SIDE FENCE	Recent BMS photos from El Salvador.	TOILET & KITCHEN	Usual functions.
UPPER LANDING	Annual Reports available.		



*The Rev Cliff Dunn,
President of the Nottingham Auxiliary,
playing 'Pimu Pursuit'*

*Peter Briggs relaxing with Mrs Annie Flowers
(left) a former Church Missionary, and two
members of the West Bridgford Church*



LONG SERVICE MEDALS

The schools at Ngombe Lutete, Zaire have just celebrated their centenary. As part of the celebrations medals were presented to teachers with long service. Two former missionaries were included amongst those receiving the awards. The medals for 'Mérite Civique' were presented to Miss Kathleen Brain and the Rev Ian Secrett.

Ian was given a bronze medal for ten years' service, while Kathleen Brain was given all three: bronze for ten years, silver for 15 years and gold for 25 years.

The ceremony took place at the Ville Haute Parish in Mbanza Ngungu on Sunday 26 February and the medals were presented by the Governor of the Baz-Zaire Region.

Kathleen Brain is now retired and lives in Southend. She served in Zaire from 1936 to 1967. Ian Secrett is now in the Anglican ministry at Burwell, Cambridgeshire.

GRAHAM RIPS OPEN THE RIVAL DEFENCE!

What's PE (Physical Education) got to do with missionary life! Well everything – that is if your name is Graham Atkinson. It's put him right alongside some of Nepal's young people. Not only that, there was a picture of Graham on the sports page of Kathmandu's *The Rising Nepal*.

It all started when Graham was seen booting a soccer ball around. 'You look like a good player,' one onlooker said. 'How would you like to play for us in the semi-final this afternoon?'

So Graham found himself playing for Boys' Union Club against the Three Star Club in the Tribhuvan Challenge Shield. That was on 17 February, not bad going for a new missionary who only arrived in Nepal at the end of January.

The sports writer described Graham's soccer skills in glowing terms: 'Graham was unlucky not to have given his team the deserved lead. His three left footed shots having hit the bar, it seemed BUC had everything on their side but lady luck. His flick pass ripped open the rival defence for the umpteenth time but he could find no one to capitalise on the chances he had created.'

Unfortunately BUC lost 2-3. Three Star Club went on to thrash their rivals in the Final 4-0.

So Graham's interest in football and sport in general is proving to be a direct link to people. Graham and Debbie Atkinson are BMS missionaries working with the United Mission to Nepal and teaching at the Gandaki Boarding School.

Club,
hre

lucky not to have
the deserved

three left
wing hit the
BUC had
their side but
His flick passed
the rival defence
seventh time but
no one to
chances he

final time
goal's the
extra time
give birth to



A Boys Union buster gets hold of the ball as Three Star Club boys chase it (TRN Photo)

Nepal
Foreign
Today

18TH FEB

CURRENCY
Indian R
U.S. Dollar
Pound Sterling
Australian Dollar
Canadian Dollar
Swiss Franc
Deutsche Mark
Netherlands
Singapore Dollar
French Franc
Japanese Yen

Swedish Krona
Austrian Schilling
Belgian Franc
Italian Lira
Danish Krone
Hongkong Dollar
Saudi Arab Riyal

Prizes Given Away

BANGLADESH RELIEF

The BMS has sent to Bangladesh the balance of £10,000 in the BMS Relief Fund donated by churches and individuals for Bangladesh relief. The money was for the ongoing Rehabilitation and Flood relief programme of the Bangladesh Baptist Sangha, the BMS partner church in Bangladesh, but it enabled them to respond to any emergency needs following the May typhoon which affected the area to the north of Dhaka.

MISSIONTALK

MISSIONTALK

MISSIONTALK

MISSIONTALK

'NEW YEAR, NEW EXPERIENCES'

by Jim Clarke



'Champagne or orange juice, Sir?' The greeting of the KLM steward on the stroke of midnight (Dutch time), 31,000 feet above Teheran. Two hours flying time later brought a stunning sunrise over Delhi and, after a further two hours of flying, we were circling the Kathmandu valley with the snowpeaks of the Annapurnas and Everest almost on a level, and seemingly close enough to reach out and touch.

All of this in just the first few hours of the New Year – what more could the year possibly hold? An 'awareness' visit to many of our missionaries in Asia brought a new understanding and admiration for their personal dedication and sacrifice as well as the challenge before the church.

A large hoarding in Calcutta reminded everyone that 'Tomorrow begins in the East.' Our knowledge of ancient civilisations reminds us that Yesterday

began in the East. But what of Today? Has Today yet begun for the vast majority of those who live in the East?

My visit mainly centred on Nepal, and I soon realised that this is truly 'A Land of Hope,' a land with a future, but a future hope which in a very real sense began some 35 years ago with the start of missionary work in the country through the United Mission to Nepal (UMN), of which we are a part, and the Internatinal Nepal Fellowship (INF). Now vast amounts of governmental and charity aid flow into Nepal from all over the world, but the source of the river begins with those pioneer missionaries like Od Hoffman from Norway, with their vision of that nation transformed by the Gospel. In many ways the United Mission has been the catalyst effecting and initiating the changes now taking place, setting standards in medicine,

education, industrial and agricultural development that others still struggle to emulate.

Typical of this would be the Gandaki Boarding School at Pokhara to which BMS has for many years provided personnel and funds: currently with Jerry and Ruth Clewett and, from July, Graham and Debbie Atkinson. It is now the only government school in Nepal in which expatriates are allowed to teach. It was started 25 years ago as a boys' boarding school but has, in the last few years, broadened into a co-educational boarding school with, from 1989, 30 per cent of its intake being girls. Ninety of the pupils this year are girls, living in their brand new girls' hostel. It will be the first state school in Nepal offering girls the opportunity of the highest levels of education. Further, the Nepal government has resolved to

establish five regional schools in Nepal which will offer such facilities, but the Gandaki School is the first and, as yet, only one of the five, and so has been requested by HMG to accept students from every region until such time as the others may be established. So its 1989 student body of 450 boys and girls will be drawn from 45 out of 75 districts of Nepal, with ten applications for every available place.

It is the deliberate policy of the School Management Committee that those places should be freely available to the most worthy candidates irrespective of class or background or ability to pay the fees. This year 114 students, 36 of them girls, will receive scholarships to cover all or part of their boarding and tuition fees.

Last year the work of the school was crowned by a student, for the first time in the school's history, gaining the coveted award of Number One Student in Nepal's School Leaving Certificate. In recognition of the standard-setting work of the school, grants have come from many outside bodies, with the British Council last year donating 1,200 books to the school library and now providing a scholarship for a Nepali teacher to spend the academic year 1989-90 at Leeds University reading for an MEd Degree.

A similar picture can be seen in the magnificent hospital in Patan, a suburb of Kathmandu: an amalgamation of an old UMN hospital and a local government hospital, the Patan hospital was built mainly by funds from West Germany and is jointly run by the UMN and HMG, subsidised to 25 per cent by the UMN and 3 per cent by the government. Some statistics tell a little of its work. The 120-bed hospital employs 307 staff, 290 of them Nepali and 17 missionaries. In the last year it recorded 149,000 outpatient and emergency room visits; 7,348 inpatient admissions; 2,420 deliveries and 4,084 operations; over 100,000 laboratory tests and 19,000 X-rays; while 5,300 treatments were made by the physiotherapy departments and almost 9,000 patients received dental treatment!

Amp Pipal may not be the most remote of all the UMN work, but it is one of

the most inaccessible! The 4,500 feet climb from the end of the road takes six hours – especially in pouring rain! But it leads you into a different world. A wonderful valley, surrounded by the snow peaks of the Annapurnas, still lacking electricity and easy communications, but inhabited by many thousands of people.

The work of Amp Pipal, in the Gorkha district, began over 25 years ago as a pioneer 'integrated project,' combining agriculture, health care, education and community development. Today most of the work focuses on the hospital and three satellite community development projects. One of my greatest privileges there was to have warm fellowship with some 30 missionaries from a wide range of countries and societies, but special among them was Dr Helen Houston from Canada, one of the first doctors to go to Amp Pipal in the late 1950s, after already spending some years in India. At present the 50-bed hospital serves an immediate catchment area – ie, within a four hour walk – of 25,000 people, with a wider catchment of 100,000. Dr Ian Smith, the Director of Community Health, is at present studying a government plan for Amp Pipal to assume responsibility for TB control and treatment for an area covering one million people! A casual bus conversation with a Gurkha on leave from London brought the comment: 'Amp Pipal is one of the best hospitals in Nepal. Are you a doctor there?'

Butwal is easily the largest of all the UMN projects which I visited. 25 years ago a very large site was given by the Government, originally for the establishment of the Butwal Technical Institute to train young Nepalis in appropriate skills. My visit there coincided with the entrance exams when 320 hopeful boys from every corner of Nepal spent a week taking written papers and interviews for an eventual 25 places. The quarter of a century has now seen thousands of young Nepalis taught trades and skills which are all contributing to the development and future of the country.

But gradually Butwal has developed as the centre of much more work. Now each aspect is organised under a

separate company; the Butwal Power Company and Himal Hydro Company are responsible for planning and developing hydro-electric schemes at Andhikhola and elsewhere, with the production or renovation of all the equipment needed, from the electricity poles to the turbines. The Design Consultancy Service is engaged in developing many smaller projects, such as fibre-cement roof tiles; water pumps; cycle rice threshers; turbines for mills; even a hand machine for coring, peeling and slicing apples, so that the people of Jumla can market dried apples, now available throughout Kathmandu and Nepal. A furniture factory produces, by very simple methods, furniture of a very high standard, much in demand in the most exclusive hotels in Kathmandu. A plywood factory is temporarily closed due to lack of wood! But before long the factory's own plantations will start supplying home-grown timber. In all, thousands of people find employment through the UMN in Nepal, and thousands more now have their own business due to the skills they have been taught.

The smallest schemes probably come under the heading of 'Income Generation.' Aimed mainly at women, in order to ensure that the benefit goes directly to the neediest – the children – these projects aim to teach skills and crafts to women which will enable them to manufacture goods for sale to the wealthier Nepalis and, of course, to the tourists. In Tansen the women's group makes beautiful dolls, models of houses and the like. In Amp Pipal the product is simple draw-string purses; at Thalajung woven passport holders; while, in Kathmandu, the Nepal Leprosy Trust enables leprosy sufferers and other disabled to learn skills such as batik, leatherwork and pottery, the goods then being marketed through their own shop and other retail outlets. Their greatest boost came last year when every delegate attending an all-Asia government conference received the gift of a leather briefcase manufactured through the Leprosy Trust.

In all these, and many other ways, our BMS missionaries, as part of the UMN, are setting new standards and bringing hope for tomorrow to this beautiful but desperately needy people.



'BY THE PUPILS I AM TAUGHT'

Dear Editor,

My name is Simon Hinchliffe.

In the February *Missionary Herald* you said that I was being tutored (at Chess) by David Champion but, in fact, it was he being tutored by me!

Yours sincerely,

Simon Hinchliffe

**ZAIRE BRITISH ASSOCIATION SCHOOL,
KINSHASA**

BOLOBO 'REVIVAL'

Dear Editor,

I read Simon Houghton's article 'Mission Bolobo' in the February Herald with enjoyment and with many happy memories of times of fellowship spent with the young people involved. I, too, was aware of the cultural influence which seemed to form a barrier between us and the young people before the camp took place in 1984.

However, I feel that the account of events during the camp is incomplete, and has omitted an important factor in the transformation which took place in these young people. I was present at both the meetings where the campers were challenged to repent and to recommit themselves to Christ, and witnessed the sincerity of their response. But in the second meeting, as they knelt to make their commitment, there was a radical change in the atmosphere which I can only describe as an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The result was dramatic as, with much crying and screaming, many of the young people were convicted of their sin and some were delivered of evil spirits which had either possessed or oppressed them. The majority were finally released into heartfelt praise and worship though, even in such a God-filled meeting, some sat on the sidelines unaffected.

The explosion in numbers attending meetings and the powerful uncompromising witness of the young people after the camp were, in my opinion, a result of this outpouring. I believe that the barriers holding these young people back from full commitment were both cultural and spiritual. The cultural influences of spirit worship, witchcraft and promiscuity were present, but Satan's hold on the youngsters went far deeper than that and had to be directly broken by the Holy Spirit in this way.

I have been thrilled to hear over the years how the Lord has continued to work through the 'Ligue' and the camps, transforming and delivering so many young and older people from Satan's power. May our God continue to be glorified in it all.

Ruth Wood
Kimpese, Zaire

MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS**Departures**

Rev and Mrs F Wright on 3 May to Kinshasa, Zaire.
Rev and Mrs K Hodges on 6 May to Curitiba, Brazil.
Miss B Earl on 11 May to Pimu, Zaire.
Mr & Mrs M Cranefield on 18 May to IME, Kimpese, Zaire.
Mr & Mrs T Reed on 18 May to Pimu, Zaire.

Marriage

On 6 May 1989 at Ferndown, Dorset, **Mr Colin Pavitt** married **Miss Marcia Chaves**.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Secretaries acknowledge with grateful thanks the following legacies and anonymous gifts. (To 11 May 1989.)

Legacies	£
Miss E G Sharp	67.74
Mrs E M Pilling	15,122.76
Miss F M Garrett	500.00
Miss E Nurse	500.00
E K Hope	500.00
Rev F Hobbs	20,000.00
Miss A M Hart	35,000.00
Mrs G E Barrett	4,329.63

General Work

Anon: £14.25; Anon: £40.00; FAE Aberdeen: £20.00; Darlington: £20.00; Kingston-on-Thames: £5.00; Anon: £50.00.

Birthday Scheme

£50.00.

NOTICE

Because the Society is moving offices to Didcot many of our London staff are leaving. They are being replaced with people joining us from the Didcot area. But however smooth we try to make the changeover, we cannot escape some confusion and some difficulties as new members of staff are trained. We would therefore ask churches and individuals to be understanding about any delay in responding to requests, answering letters or acknowledging donations.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY GENERAL COMMITTEE 1989-90

List of elected members of General Committee by Association

*indicates elected by co-optation

ENGLAND

BEDFORDSHIRE: Miss D Chivers, Stevington; Mrs B News, Luton
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NORTHAMPTONSHIRE: *Rev M J Cleaves, BA, BD, Milton Keynes; Rev I C Green, Kettering; Mr N Lingard, Milton Keynes; Miss M A Smith, Northampton
NORTHERN: Mrs M Barnett, Blackhill; Mrs E Cowey, South Shields

OXFORDSHIRE AND EAST

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YORKSHIRE: Mrs B C Charley, BA, Leeds; *Rev C A Couldridge, York; Miss V Hemming, Sheffield; Rev D F Hudson, MA, Bradford; Rev A P Taylor, Salterforth; Dr A J Whitley, Wakefield; *Mr D H Wilson, FRICS, Leeds

WALES

ANGLESEY: Mrs R Thomas, Holyhead
ARFON: Rev T I Bowen, Llanfairfechan
BRECON: Rev T J Matthews, Brecon
CARMARTHENSHIRE AND CARDIGANSHIRE: Mrs G Davies, Llanelli; Dr D A G Green, Aberystwyth; Mrs S Williams, Llanelli
DENBIGH, FLINT AND MERIONETH: Rev T E Jones, Dolgellau
EAST GLAMORGANSHIRE (E): Mrs M G Le Grice, Cardiff; Dr V Morgan, Aberdare; Miss E Motley, Llanishen
EAST GLAMORGANSHIRE (W): Rev D A Bowen, Cardiff
GWENT (E): Rev H P Jones, Newport; Mr J Wilkie, Newport
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WEST WALES (E): Rev R Richards, BA, BD, Bridgend; Mr V Richards, Bridgend

SCOTLAND

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NOTICES



THE TOUR

STEVE CHALKE
MARTYN JOSEPH
SHOUT THEATRE COMPANY
WHAT IN THE
WORLD
ARE YOU DOING?

OCT. 5 CHATHAM	CENTRAL HALL THEATRE
OCT. 6 NEWCASTLE	BETHSHAN TABERNACLE
OCT. 7 GLASGOW	PAVILION THEATRE
OCT. 8 ST HELENS	THEATRE ROYAL
OCT. 9 LEICESTER	HOLY TRINITY CHURCH
OCT. 10 EXETER	ST GEORGES HALL
OCT. 11 IPSWICH	SUFFOLK COLLEGE
OCT. 12 SOUTHAMPTON	MOUNTBATTEN THEATRE
OCT. 13 LONDON	REGENT HALL, OXFORD ST
OCT. 14 PORT TALBOT	AFAN LIDO
OCT. 15 BRISTOL	VICTORIA ROOMS

TICKETS £2.50. SAE to:
THE TOUR 109 CROFTDOWN ROAD
BIRMINGHAM B17 8RE
BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY
93 GLOUCESTER PLACE
LONDON W1H 4AA

PIMU PLAN

S163: PROGRESS AT PIMU

The Tape/Slide set linked
with the current
Young People's Project
The PIMU PLAN
is now available

BIRTHDAY SCHEME

NEW COLOURING CARDS FOR CHILDREN

In addition to the four new cards
for the BMS Birthday Scheme
we now have two for children
to colour in

WE'RE MOVING!

The BMS, along with the Baptist Union of
Great Britain, is moving to Didcot. At the time
of printing, we are hoping this move will take
place at the end of August. So please note
our new address from September:

BAPTIST HOUSE
129 BROADWAY
DIDCOT
OXFORDSHIRE
OX11 8RT

Please check Mission Talk, inside, for any
last minute changes to the above.

PERSONNEL NEEDED URGENTLY

ZAIRE

WATER ENGINEER –
for two year project to up date
hospital water supplies. Write
in for full job description.

TREASURER – for hospital in
Zaire. Qualified accountant
with some knowledge of
French.

DOCTORS – with post
graduate specialities such as
surgery, obstetrics, paediatrics,
casualty.

We are all involved in mission.

Finding our place in God's plan is not always easy.
Yet God has a place for each of us.

Where do you fit in?

BRAZIL

SOCIAL WORKERS – preferably
with CQSW for work among
deprived city dwellers

ANGOLA

EXPERIENCED MINISTER – to
train pastors, evangelists and
lay leaders. Not suitable for
couple with young family.

Please write to: The Personnel Secretary, Miss Joan Maple, 93 Gloucester Place, LONDON W1H 4AA