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PATRICIA HEPWORTH

Missionary



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PATRICIA HEPWORTH

Missionary



Patricia with her Mother during her last furlough.

*This Memorial Booklet
is dedicated to
Patricia's Mother*

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INTRODUCTION

“It is better to have a short life and a happy one,” Patricia remarked one day. Her life was indeed comparatively short, yet surely God enabled her to achieve more in the thirty-nine years granted to her than many achieve in a much longer lifetime.

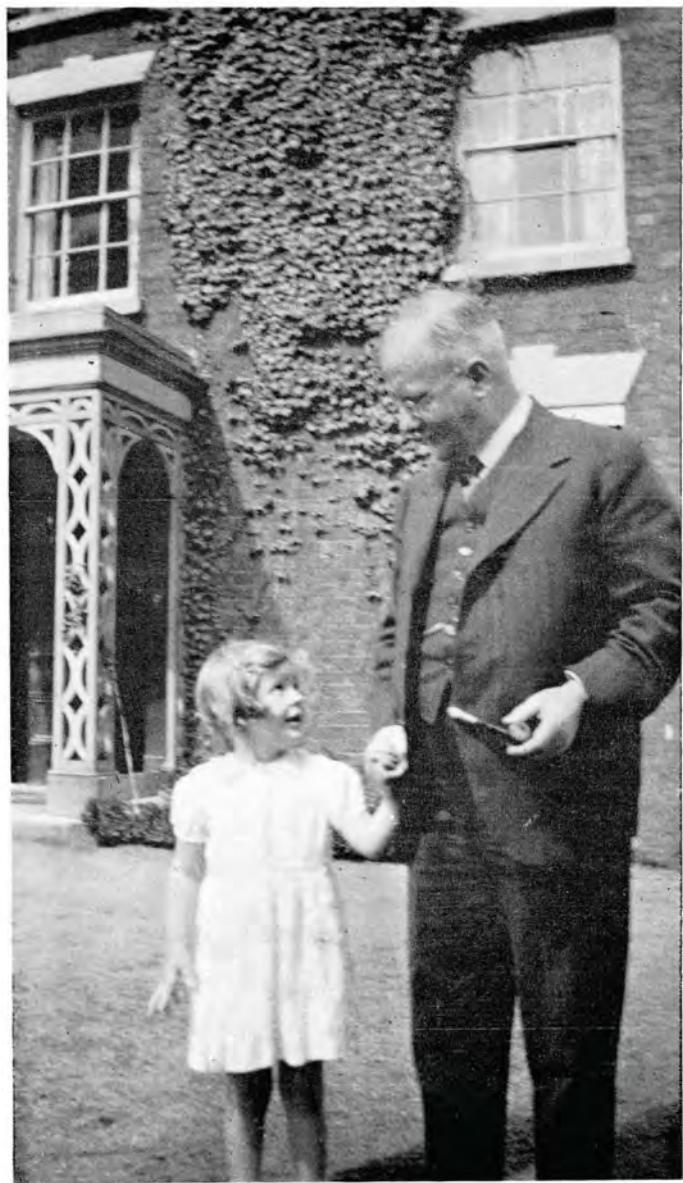
Patricia's was no easy life, for the Christian life is never easy, but she was enabled to prove that the battle was not hers but the Lord's. It is hoped that through this little booklet many may discover why her life was such a joyous one in the service of her Master.

Some people have two or even three names but Patricia had four! Her family called her Patricia; at school and Crusaders she was known as ‘Heppy’; Church friends and nurses called her ‘Pat’; and in Nepal she was affectionately known as ‘Trish.’ Those who have so kindly written for this booklet, and to whom we acknowledge our gratitude, have used the name by which they knew her best. It is inevitable that there is a certain amount of repetition as so many have appreciated the same qualities in her character.

Patricia would be the first to admit that she was a very ordinary person, of average ability and with the usual faults and failings, endowed with no very special academic gifts. Yet there is no limit to what the Master can do with a dedicated life yielded to Him.

This little booklet goes forth with the prayer that all who read these pages, and especially young people who held such a special place in Patricia's heart, may be inspired by the story of her life and enabled by the grace of God to “Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus,” as His servant has done so faithfully.

JUNE R. BRIDGER.



Patricia, aged five, with her father.

A CHILD

Details of Patricia's childhood were given by her Mother and others who knew her at that time:

Patricia Hepworth was born on 10th March, 1928, and her coming into the world brought very special joy to her parents, as they had almost given up hope of having a child. Many parents would have spoilt such a child but she was strictly and yet sensibly brought up.

Inevitably Patricia was often lonely and loved to play with other children when she had the opportunity. She spent her childhood in Surbiton and delighted to play with a neighbour's children, especially as they had a swing and a see-saw and were even allowed to splash in a tub of water on sunny days!

Happy holidays were spent in the family's holiday house in Worthing, to which they moved when war broke out. Her father, who was considerably older than her mother, retired about this time.

Her parents were great church workers and so from an early age Patricia attended church with them. She helped her mother to make many articles for Sales of Work, prepare Choir Parties, and collect for the Church of England Children's Society. Nevertheless, her mother says that Patricia was quite a tomboy, and that she frequently showed that she had a will of her own, and could be as naughty as any little girl of her age.

Although she enjoyed listening to music she disliked having to play the piano. As each music examination came along she hoped she would fail as she had been told she could give up piano playing if that happened. To her great dismay she just managed to scrape through each one and had to progress to the next grade! Patricia enjoyed reading and swimming, and was very keen on outdoor activities such as walking and cycling, which were to stand her in good stead in Nepal.

A SCHOOLGIRL

Miss Elise Potter, headmistress of The Mount School, Worthing, during Patricia's school days, writes:

It is my privilege to pay tribute to Patricia Hepworth, as she was known to me in her early years.

As a small schoolgirl, she was shy and retiring, but as the years progressed, her confidence grew, and her faith and witness became a source of strength to those around her.

To the majority of people she appeared to be the quiet studious type, but underneath the quiet exterior, was a well developed sense of humour, as those nearest to her would testify.

Patricia was always reliable, and it was felt that her influence was, at all times, for the best. By her whole bearing, it became apparent that her life was dedicated to her Lord and Saviour—a dedication which her later years truly confirmed. Her faith obviously grew from strength to strength, and others, who were in close contact with her in her latter years, can speak with authority of the wonderful work of a life, steadfast in its purpose to serve the Master, whatever the cost.

Her loss to us is grievous at such an early age, but we rejoice that she is now "with Christ, which is far better."

A SCHOOL FRIEND

Mrs. Jane Beck writes:

I met Heppy in January, 1942, on my first day at the Mount School, Worthing. Little did I realise that day, that the quiet girl who gave me the friendly, encouraging sympathetic smile would come to play such a part in the lives of so many. When I reminded her of that smile, only the last time she stayed with us, she said simply, "I remembered *my* first day!"

During the years our friendship deepened and there was considerable friendly rivalry for our weekly positions in class. She had a great sense of humour and the ability to tell a joke against herself and enjoy it. With her placid nature she accepted teasing, in a good natured and unruffled way.

I can never remember any serious disagreements between us. She was not the sort of person one fell out with! Loyalty to her friends and school tradition meant a great deal to her, and she always gave of her best in her own enthusiastic way.

Many fine days in our school holidays were spent cycling with other friends. Swanbourne Lake, Arundel was a favourite haunt, including a sixpenny row on the lake. Once she and another girl rowed, quite unperturbed, stern first! We were both keen members of the School Guide Company and took our firelighting test together. We passed on the second try, having used considerably more than the permitted two matches the first time and creating only a smoke screen! We took our School Certificate during the days of the Flying Bombs and to obtain Matriculation Exemption I believe she had to take French twice. Then she left school and I felt absolutely lost—I had not realised how much of a "prop" she had been.

For several years, although we wrote occasionally, we saw little of each other. I married and she came to stay from time to time. Just before the birth of my son, Graham, she was available to come and help me. She undertook to look after my husband, my two-year-old-daughter, and our

large farmhouse, although she was not really used to house-keeping. No doubt she had to cope also with some of the other hundred and one unexpected events which take place on a farm. Heppy was Graham's godmother, and as they grew older both children looked forward with great joy to her infrequent visits. Then she went to Nepal, and busy as she was, she always spent a few days of each furlough with us. She told us of her work in Nepal and asked my advice on the latest kitchen gadgets which would be suitable in Nepal. These times spent together were of great advantage to me. Seeing her faith increased my own. "All things are possible through Him," and, "Prayer is our greatest weapon," she often told me. Her dedicated enthusiasm for the work in Nepal and for the Nepalese, became more and more noticeable on each furlough. On her last visit I felt she would have preferred not to have had to come to England, although she had enjoyed having fellowship with her old friends.

What a privilege to have had such a friend who was loyal and faithful in everything she did! I realise now just how much her friendship through the years has meant to me.

A GIRL CRUSADER

Patricia Hepworth as a member of the Worthing Central G.C.U. Class. Her leader, Miss V. M. Tyrrell, gives us this picture:

Patricia was known among her school friends as "Heppy" and soon the name was in regular use when she joined the Crusader Class which met at the Mount School, Worthing. Not long after this she told me that she would be leaving as she had been asked to do Sunday School work. My reply was: "But Heppy are you really ready to undertake such work?" Unknown to me this question started Heppy thinking very seriously. She had been brought up to attend Church regularly and therefore wondered what this question might mean. In the quiet of her own room while looking at a picture of the Crucifixion of Christ, Heppy realised that she had been "bought with a price." Later she yielded her heart and life to Him.

When Patricia returned to the Class she had the opportunity to attend a Crusader Camp and here her interest in Nepal was first awakened. She heard God's call to missionary service, and responded to it at a G.C.U. Annual Meeting.

While a senior member of the Class, Heppy took a share in "Preparation for Service" and began to gain experience. She was given the responsibility of being the Class Secretary. To read now the minutes of those Class committee meetings is to realise that even at the beginning of her Christian life, infinite care was given to detail. We little realised how the Lord was going to use this quality of faithfulness and care out on the Mission Field in later years.

At this stage the pattern that Patricia's life was to follow after leaving school was not very clear. A short period of teaching, followed by secretarial training and work in an Estate Office, were all seen afterwards to be part of the Plan and proved valuable later in Nepal. But Patricia was convinced that the Lord was leading her to take a course in Nursing. She did not realise, however, that life for a young Christian in a large hospital would bring her up against new and difficult problems. But as an ex-Crusader she knew

that she could still go and talk to her Leader about these difficulties, and listen to advice, even though sometimes it was hard to accept it.

During the years that Heppy has been in Nepal the Worthing Central Class has remembered her regularly in prayer. Perhaps the time will come when someone else from Patricia's Class will say "Lord, here am I, send me."

A G.C.U. CAMP OFFICER

*Miss Pamela Cundick, Patricia's friend and
G.C.U. Camp Officer, writes:*

It was at a Girl Crusaders' camp in Beaconsfield during Easter, 1953, that I first had the joy of meeting Pat Hepworth, and so began a friendship which lasted through the years till her Homecall in May, 1967.

We served together at two Girl Crusaders' Union Camps, and here, as in her missionary service, Pat's great aim was to glorify her Lord and Master. As Missionary Officer at camp in 1960, she sought to bring home to us the truths concerning the lives and needs of the Nepali people. Dressed in Nepali costume, Patricia taught us to eat a Nepali meal with our fingers. The campers enjoyed this tremendously. We began to understand the difficulties experienced in Nepal as we looked at her coloured slides and heard her speak about her work.

When the news of her Homecall reached us, it seemed unbelievable, but we believe the Lord's timing is perfect. I am grateful to Him for the privilege of personal friendship with Pat, service at camp, and the introduction I had, through her, to the work of the Lord in the land of Nepal.

A FRIEND

Mrs. June Bridger, who was such a close friend of Patricia's, tells what Patricia meant to her:

Two mothers sat chatting over a cup of tea as they met for the first time at a Church Sale of Work.

"My daughter is thinking of teaching but doesn't know much about it," said Mrs. Hepworth.

"I know a girl who is training to teach—I'll give you her address," offered Mrs. James, my schoolfriend's mother. So it was that I received a polite little note from Patricia inviting me to tea in August, 1944. Her father, a solicitor, asked some searching questions, and then introduced me to his daughter. As we talked I wondered vaguely whether this somewhat immature schoolgirl would ever make a teacher, but never for one moment did I realise that our meeting was part of God's plan, and what a great difference Patricia Hepworth would make to my future life.

Patricia applied to two Colleges but the Lord closed the door to teaching. However, she often wrote to me and called to see me during vacation times, but it was not until after I left College and began teaching in a local boarding school that we became real friends. At this time she was working in an estate agent's office in Worthing.

Within a week of commencing my first teaching post in September, 1946, my mother, to whom I was devoted, was taken to hospital seriously ill.

Patricia's understanding love was so great, and her prayerful concern so deep, that the anxiety was shared in a wonderful way. Three months later as my Crusader leader and I sat by my mother's bedside through her last two nights on earth, Patricia prayed all night, the beginning perhaps of a ministry of intercession which meant so much to so many in later life.

A few weeks after my mother's death there was a serious influenza epidemic at my school, when many pupils and all the matrons developed pneumonia. Each evening Patricia came and did the matron's work until she also caught influenza. Before she was well I was taken to the

hospital where my mother had died; and I was very ill with pneumonia for three weeks. On account of his work my father was only able to visit me on Sundays so during the week, as soon as she was well again, it was Patricia who travelled twelve miles each way through thick snow to visit me for half an hour; bringing with her, from her mother, the little titbits which only a mother thinks about. When I was allowed home (but only to bed) it was Patricia who nursed me back to health again, enabled to stay in our home through the unselfishness of her parents.

One month after my return from hospital my aged, crippled grandmother, with whom I lived, had a stroke and an immediate operation was necessary so back we went to Brighton. Once again it was Patricia to the rescue. She came with us in the ambulance and made sure that I didn't do too much as I was still rather weak.

It was hardly surprising that when she heard the Lord's clear call to a nursing career, she chose for her training the Royal Sussex County Hospital, Brighton; the inside of which she already knew so well! Nor was it surprising that she joined Holland Road Baptist Church, Hove, the spiritual home she loved so dearly.

Words are quite inadequate to describe my debt of gratitude to God for all Patricia's friendship meant during those dark and difficult days of 1946-7. I also was an only child, but she became more than a sister and Mrs. Hepworth became a second mother to me

Quite suddenly the shadows disappeared and during the summer of 1947 I met my future husband. Patricia was quite genuinely overjoyed for my sake, and her mother told me that she was as excited as though it had happened to her! This endeared her even more to my heart. Many hours of her off-duty time were spent embroidering most beautiful table linen for our wedding present, and when we were married in 1950 she was one of the happiest bridesmaids I have ever seen.

Several years later, when, home from Redcliffe Missionary Training College, she called to see me, there was a deep joy and serenity about her. While my toddler son played on the floor and my new baby daughter slept in her pram Patricia told me that the Lord had called her to Nepal.

I endeavoured to hide my feelings but inwardly my heart sank! In that moment I thought only of her and the tough pioneer life which lay ahead, for I also had heard a little about the N.E.B. at a G.C.U. Camp. She produced a large map of Nepal and as we knelt together on the floor, she enthusiastically traced the way the missionaries had trekked into that land which had so recently been opened to them.

At her Valedictory service she showed the few slides the N.E.B. then possessed of the work in Pokhra, and people found it difficult to believe she had never been there for she was already sharing so deeply in the work. Through one of those slides entitled "Sheep without a Shepherd," the Lord called me to serve Him in the N.E.B. here at home, and to start a prayer group in Worthing. Two days later when I saw her off to Nepal I had the assurance that she was indeed going to the place of the Lord's appointment.

A NURSE

Mrs. Elsie West, now the Missionary Secretary at Holland Road Baptist Church, Hove, was a Sister when Patricia trained as a Nurse and says:

I suppose, that to most people living in Sussex, the word 'Chanctonbury' brings to mind a picture of the rolling Downs, and of one hill in particular, with a group of trees on the top. But to Patricia Hepworth, and to many other nurses, 'Chanctonbury' meant a home in Hove, where every week we were lovingly welcomed to a room prepared for the use of our Inter-Hospital Nurses' Christian Fellowship. I remember one particular evening, when we were planning a programme for the young People's Fellowship at Holland Road. As various items were allocated I think I was not the only one to feel surprised, when this new, young, junior probationer confidently volunteered to take part; and the following Tuesday, as we listened to Pat speaking, I was impressed by her spiritual maturity—an impression that has always remained with me.

Shortly after this, Pat felt that the Lord would have her witness through the waters of Believers' Baptism. On



Patricia with Miss Dorothy Barker 1948.

5th June, 1949, she joyfully obeyed this command at Holland Road Baptist Church, and just one month later, she was received into full membership of that Church.

Although I was not on the staff of Royal Sussex County Hospital during Pat's training, I was in the Eye Hospital just across the road. There was a good deal of interchange between these two hospitals, and I frequently saw Pat. Sometimes as she was leaving the hospital on her bicycle, and on other occasions she would come to my room for a chat and some prayer together. Often she would talk of some new experience she had had with the Lord.

She did much for the Christian Fellowship at the County Hospital, and always she offered real practical friendship to her fellow nurses, as she sought to witness for her Master. Her work, and her care for her patients was done out of love for Him. Surely some of the beauty of Jesus was seen in her.

During a College vacation she came to work at the Sussex Eye Hospital, where her cheerful, conscientious

manner won the hearts of all. I remember going into the ward one day, to find Pat, broom in hand, working away with a smile. Like her Master, she was willing to do the humbler tasks.

Vividly, I recall the day Pat came to tell me that she felt the Lord was calling her to the N.E.B. How anxious she was, to be really sure that it was the Lord's will, and that nothing personal was attracting her to Nepal. As I think of Pat, many blessed memories come to me, especially of times spent together during her training days. I think of one place in the Cuckmere Valley where, with another friend, we stopped to picnic while out walking, and then had a wonderful time of prayer and fellowship. That is indeed a sacred spot to me.

As one of her nursing colleagues, as one who was privileged to be a leader of the Chanctonbury Fellowship, and as a fellow member of Holland Road Baptist Church, I can only say of Patricia Hepworth that I thank God upon every remembrance of her.

Miss Brenda Heathcote, who trained with Patricia at the Royal Sussex County Hospital, says:

I shall always remember Pat with deep affection for the years of friendship that we enjoyed at 'the County,' for the holidays shared on a shoestring as we toured various parts of England on our bicycles and on foot, and for the happy times I spent with her in her Worthing home. How I praise God for Pat's quick wit and sense of humour but most of all for her quiet but steady Christian witness which even in those early years, in no small way contributed to my own conversion.

Her call to Nepal was followed by singleness of mind and faithfulness in pursuing the work God gave her to do. She became a valuable missionary in Pokhra as a result.

I am indeed thankful to have had the privilege of witnessing this devotion to our loving Heavenly Father, this utter singleness of mind and faithfulness in service. Few could have been so ready to "sleep in Him" when His call came, and I personally shall always be thankful for the good friend Pat was to me when we trained together, and for the witness of her life which was such a great help to me at the beginning of my own Christian life.

A MIDWIFE

Colonel Frances Foxton, Matron of the Mothers' Hospital (Salvation Army), Clapton, London, during Patricia's training, writes:

Patricia Hepworth came to the Mothers' Hospital in February, 1954, but it was very soon apparent that she had an allergy to the antiseptic used at that time, and after a few weeks she had to discontinue her training to be a midwife.

We were most disappointed about this. To Patricia herself it was a great test of faith—a test which she overcame triumphantly. So sure was she that the Lord's hand was guiding and preparing her for her future work on the mission field, that she came back to us in August, about five months after going on sick leave. She followed the doctor's instructions implicitly. She worked and studied hard, and did so well that she came top of the Hospital Examination. The latter part of training was on District, and here too, victory was won.

My chief recollections of her stay with us were of her joyous confidence in the Lord who had called her to work for Him; patience in difficulty; obedience and common-sense in overcoming that difficulty and absolute certainty that the Lord would fit her for His work.

I am sure her courageous example helped many other young nurses, and indeed, was a lesson to us all.

Mrs. Joyce Bick, one of Patricia's patients, writes:

I first met Pat on 29th June, 1955, when she delivered into this world my daughter, Andrea, at the Mothers' Hospital. What a wonderful day that was, for I not only received a daughter but gained a new friend, and knowledge of the N.E.B. It was a time of much spiritual blessing for me, and I am sure for others too, as by the way the nurses spoke they obviously had a high regard for Heppy, as they affectionately called her.

I can still vividly recall the times when Pat took Morning Prayers, and I can see her now standing at the

end of the ward. She was such a happy girl who enjoyed some fun, but it was also obvious to everyone, without any preaching on her part, that she loved her Lord.

I well remember her concern for a patient who had lost her first baby, and when the second one was dying, Pat ran into me in a spare moment and asked me to pray that the Lord would help her in dealing with this case.

Pat told me of her longing to go to Nepal, but added that she had to be sure that it was the Lord's will for her, and that the longing was not simply to be with her friends.

Since then, of course, we have been privileged to share our home with her when she has been in this country. I recall the last time she was here, when my neighbour left her washing so that she could meet Pat, and see the slides she had of Nepal, as she had already heard Miss Joan Short speak about the work of the N.E.B. at her Church on a previous occasion.

Then there were Pat's letters and these I shall miss very much. She wrote so regularly that we really felt we were sharing the work she was doing. Then when my Mother was dying of cancer, and I felt besieged with problems, it was just wonderful to know I had Pat's prayer support, despite the fact that she was many miles away.

In short, Pat was someone I dearly loved and will greatly miss. Only from a selfish angle are we sad, for we needed her here. But for her, let us rejoice. She has gone to be with the Lord she loved so much and let us pray that through her influence many more will follow Him.

A MISSIONARY TRAINEE

Miss Ivy Naish, Principal of Redcliffe Missionary Training College, says in her letter:

The text we think of as embodied in Pat's life is I Corinthians 15:58: "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." She came to us in January, 1952, for her two-years' training, and was Head-Student before she left us in December, 1953. She proved herself to be the steady, dependable, rock-like kind of person that we could happily recommend as a prospective missionary to her Society, and yet the 'rock' was a comfortable person with a typically phlegmatic sense of humour—puckish, slow, witty.

Her College record-card says, "examinations passed—Shorthand, Typing, S.R.N." It was a great joy to us that Pat considered these qualifications of equal importance. When the need on the administrative side became apparent and urgent, she set herself wholeheartedly to meet it; and on her last visit to us in January, 1966, she and our secretary conferred together as to ways of improving our book-keeping lectures for students. Miss James (our Vice-Principal) saw her on the job when she visited Pokhra and was impressed by her single-mindedness—and joy.

Each time we think of her it is with joy—and it is this that encourages us to trust Him Who has allowed the mystery of her Homecall.

A MISSIONARY CANDIDATE

Miss Isabel Graham, who for so many years was the Honorary Home Secretary of the Nepal Evangelistic Band, tells of her association with Patricia:

In the late Autumn of 1952, Dr. Redpath, who was then the Pastor of Duke Street Baptist Church in Richmond, organised a Missionary Exhibition on a very comprehensive scale. He most generously gave the N.E.B.—a small and unknown mission in those days—the opportunity of having a stall, and I went to Richmond for the

week. On a specially busy afternoon a girl found her way to the stall and offered to help, taking over in the most competent and quietly efficient way which I found later to be so characteristic. That was my first meeting with Patricia. During that week the cable came from Kathmandu telling of the safe arrival in Pokhra of those who had trekked into Nepal from Nautanwa, and we shared the thrill and the excitement which the news brought.

Later I saw a good deal of Patricia as a candidate, and watched the way in which she accepted the very real tests which came to her then. Her steadfast faith never faltered, and her confidence in her Lord stood firm. She enjoyed her visits to Scotland, and both then, and in later years on furlough she loved walking among the hills, and found much pleasure in the quiet countryside. She was always such a good companion.

On her first furlough she told me how conscious she was of the need for an office secretary, and how the Lord was leading her very clearly along this line. It was a most pressing need, and how wonderfully the Lord had been preparing Patricia to meet it. In talking over the practical outworking of all that was involved, it became so evident that she had the qualities and the ability required for such responsible work, and her eager enthusiasm was inspiring. How in the following years these qualities strengthened and matured is well known, and when she laid down her work at His call, it was work indeed well done.

During the summer of 1966, she came home with me from Keswick in all the enrichment of the deeper spiritual experience the Lord had given her. She spoke so simply and naturally of her hopes for a fuller ministry on the Field, especially in intercession, and of the opportunities open on every hand for the rapid development of the work, and the building of the indigenous Church—something always close to her heart. The years brought her much responsibility, and varied experiences, but always it seemed to me she retained the eager heart, and the infectious enthusiasm of the delightful candidate who gave such complete dedication to the Lord, and who served so faithfully in the work to which He called her.

PATRICIA'S TESTIMONY

In September, 1955, the Christian Herald printed this article and permission has been given for it to be re-printed:

At the recent Brighton and Hove United Missionary Week, this striking personal testimony was given by a young missionary trainee who frankly admitted . . . I FOUGHT AGAINST GOD !

One day in 1941, while looking at a picture book of the life of Christ, I came to the Crucifixion. Suddenly I realised that if Christ had gone to the Cross for me, then He must have whatever He asked of me—and I gave myself to Him as far as I knew how. Yet it was not until two years later that I realised His death was for my sin and I had to be born again and live a new life—His life in me.

Although I had given my life to God two years before, this fact had made no difference to me in practical living. Then God spoke to me through Galatians 2:20: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me"—and then I knew that my old self had to die. Henceforth it had to be the resurrection life of the Lord Jesus Christ living in me day by day. And from that time I became a new creature!

It was then that I began to think of what I was to do for my life work. I wanted to be a teacher, so I took a post as a student teacher for two terms, while at the same time applying for a place in a training college. There were no vacancies in either of the colleges to which I applied and I began to wonder why this door seemed closed. Then I went to a camp run by the Girl Crusaders' Union where there was a missionary home from the Nepal border. As I listened to the physical, mental and above all spiritual needs of the Nepali people, I wondered whether I should eventually go there. In the months that followed, as I read Matthew 10 and various missionary books, I began to realise that God wanted me to work for Him overseas, wherever He should lead. He wanted me to be willing for His perfect will—

which at that time I was not! I wondered what my parents, who were already elderly, would think if I went: I thought I should not stand up to the life physically; and I had other excuses too.

For some months I fought against God's leading. Then I went to a meeting where a missionary was speaking of her work and I remember just one sentence, "If God is calling any of you today to work for Him in India, you cannot deny Him." I knew that that was just what I was doing, and so I gave myself to Him for service wherever He should lead. Whether it would be India or elsewhere I did not know, but that did not matter. What did matter was my obedience to His call. Behind this "call" was the knowledge of the need of the people living in heathen darkness; the work of God, particularly Matt. 10:32 ("Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in Heaven"); the opportunity to meet the need; and the inner witness of the Holy Spirit that this was indeed the call of God.

As I prayed about my immediate future, I seemed to have no definite guidance from God, but my parents suggested that I took a secretarial course, after which I took a post in an estate agent's office. There I had valuable experience of getting to know people, and what they really wanted when they asked for the exact opposite! While at the office I began to realise that God was leading me out into some other work—nursing. I hated the thought of it and fought against doing what I knew was His will. Then one night He spoke to me as though He were in the room. "Is it too hard for you to follow Me?" I felt so ashamed and I knew that only in His will would I have joy and peace. I applied to the local hospital and was accepted, and I entered a very happy time of general nursing training.

Often as I looked back to what I had heard of the Nepali people and their need I wished I could learn more of the work among them, and God began to give me a love for those of whom I knew so little.

During my second year of nursing training a friend brought me to Holland Road Baptist Church and I heard God speaking to me. I knew that I should obey His command

and be baptised, but I refused. I thought only of what my family and friends would think and I was afraid of giving my testimony in this way. Being disobedient to God's Word my spiritual life began to go backwards instead of forwards. I found that it was more difficult to get my quiet times, as I had been accustomed to doing each morning, and many times I went on duty with a very short one, or none at all. But God was faithful to me though I had failed him. I knew that there were many praying for me, for constantly I was reminded of what God wanted me to do and I was not willing. It was nearly a year later that I came back to the place where I had denied God. I became willing and glad of the opportunity of testifying to the Lord, and began to attend Baptismal classes. From that time I have never looked back, knowing that communion with God and obedience to His Spirit are the secrets of Christian living.

As my general nursing training finished I realised that missionary training was the next step. It was in my first term at Redcliffe Missionary Training College that I shared a room with another student who had already felt the call of God to Nepal. At the same time God gave me a friendship with yet another, who was already accepted by the Nepal Evangelistic Band. Of course I learnt a great deal about the work from these two. One of them said to me during my second term: "We're sure that you're coming to Nepal with us." My reply was, "Thank you very much. I wish I were sure!" Then I began to ask myself, "Why do I want to go to Nepal?" Was it because it was a pioneer mission and would be adventurous work? Was it just to be out of the ordinary, or was it to be with my friends? But it was not very long before God spoke to me through Mark 6: "Jesus was moved with compassion for the multitude . . . Give ye them to eat," and I was sure that this was His word to me regarding Nepal.

I could not go if I were not assured that He Who called me would equip me. I could not go unless I knew that the Lord Jesus Christ would be with me because of my being in the centre of His will. "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it."

As I look back I can see how God has led me over the years for His purpose; through nursing training when

my plan was to be a teacher, because for the greater part only medical missionaries were allowed in Nepal at first. The time at Redcliffe was invaluable where, apart from Bible knowledge itself, I learnt to know God and to trust Him in a new way, and where I received practical training which has already come in useful and will be very necessary on the field.

Since leaving Redcliffe I have taken my midwifery course at the Mothers' Hospital (Salvation Army) at Clapton, and I have seen how great is God's faithfulness there. I was forced to leave for five months for health reasons, but I knew that God wanted me to train at this hospital, and He has brought me back to finish my course with joy, proving the word that He gave me at the beginning "As thy days so shall thy strength be." I know that there will be many difficulties but the battle is the Lord's and He is my Captain who is with me all the days.



Patricia in Nepal during her first term of service.

A NEW MISSIONARY

Dr. Gerald and Mrs. Lola Turner, fellow Missionaries, write of Patricia's early experiences in Nepal:

Patricia sailed for Nepal in 1955, and we followed her a few months later. She was becoming accustomed to the Nepali way of life by the time we arrived, and as the most recent arrival, was able to advise us on many points helpful to newcomers. We went with her to Kalimpong in North India during the summer for language study and spent some months together getting to know the rudiments of this new language. The impression that remains of her from this period is of a persistent and methodical student. She found time during those hot, busy days to form friendships with those who worked among Nepalese in the district, and as language facility increased, to take morning prayers with the Nepali servants at the guest house where she lived.

After returning to Pokhra, Patricia began nursing at the Shining Hospital and over the next year or two, as the work increased, more and more demands were made on her. Facilities were somewhat meagre for the work involved. The outpatients' building, Patricia's centre, was too small and very over-crowded, a great strain on all who had to work within its walls. Patricia had not only to cope with the never ending stream of women patients, but in addition had house-keeping duties in the mission compound, and was often called up to assist in or be wholly responsible for serious maternity cases. It is no wonder that she found such work exceedingly trying and her patience and love for the Nepali women were tested to the uttermost.

In those days we were able to accept village calls, and many were the occasions on which Patricia, with other workers trekked to a distant mountain village to bring help to a harassed mother. She found such journeys far from easy, but welcomed them for the insight they gave her into the needs of village women, and this was something which never left her, even when increase of work in the hospital itself made it impossible for us to continue such visits.

Over these months and years Patricia came gradually to realise that her abilities and real niche lay less on the nursing side of the hospital work than in a department which still needed a great deal of help — the office side of the Mission. It was to this latter place that her thoughts and prayers increasingly reverted. On her first furlough in 1960 she became sure that this was God's place for her, and wrote to the Field offering to take on the secretarial work in her second term.



Patricia working in Nepal during her second term of service.

FIELD TREASURER

Patricia's account of her work as Field Treasurer. This is part of a talk given by Patricia at an N.E.B. London Meeting on her return from the Field, January, 1966.

Sometimes people say to me . . . "I'd love to live in a village among the people!"

"How wonderful it must be to help those poor people with leprosy!"

"What a great opportunity of witness there is in the hospital."

Then they ask me . . . "By the way, what do you do?"

"I'm the Field Treasurer and do secretarial work in the office at H.Q."

"Oh!"

The inference is obvious—that the work I am doing is dull and uninteresting and perhaps not even vital to a missionary's job as we like to think of it. I am part of the Headquarter's team. My work is part of the co-operative work by the team acting as a unit—which is a dictionary definition. Office work is exciting. I mean that! The office is in vital touch with every part of the work. The Field Council often meets in the office, the Minutes are typed there; discussions between missionaries often take place in there, and advice is sought and given there, too. Nepalis come in to talk about a variety of subjects, porters bring loads of luggage or supplies from the airfield; the porter comes in from Baglung or Sika about once a fortnight, and as letters and supplies are sent out to these far-flung places, life is being supplied to them. I learn quite a bit about the other parts of the work by the perusal and doing of the accounts. As gifts come from the Home countries for the General Mission Fund or for projects, I see how God is answering prayer in the supply of our need for money. As this is used I see how more money is needed if we are to maintain the present standards and then improve what we already have as God leads us out in faith.

The office is not only in touch with every department on the field but also with the Home countries—Great Britain, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Australia and New Zealand. The material for the Newsletter goes out every other month, the prayer notes entitled “Lengthen . . . Strengthen” leave Pokhra every week with a few exceptions, and the news for praise and prayer comes in from each part of the work to send home to you. News comes to us from the homelands and very often this comes through the office. How we rejoice in what the Lord is doing as new Missionaries are being called and prepared, and new Prayer partners are taking up the responsibility of praying for them. We share by prayer in the problems at home. This fellowship emphasises the essential factor of the office being part of the heart of the Mission as it shares in understanding and prayer with those in various parts of the world who are all part of the body of the N.E.B. fellowship.

Many visitors come to stay for short or long periods. Some of them are missionaries in need of refreshment of body, mind and spirit. Others are visitors who come to see the Shining Hospital or ‘the wonderful work you are doing’ as they put it — who would never come in contact with missionaries otherwise, and perhaps not even with Christians. What is the heart of the Mission to mean to them all?

Each individual Christian, whether foreign missionary or national, needs to be filled continually with the Spirit of Christ to show to our colleagues, the patients, the workmen, the porters, the visitors, to each one with whom we come in contact, the reality of the Living God in a heathen world. We need in ourselves and at Headquarters a heart through which God can communicate His love, His power, His gifts by the Holy Spirit. Will you pray that the stony parts in our heart may be exchanged for flesh, and that each individual may be filled with the Holy Spirit that unitedly the heart will pulsate with His love. If this is so it will be felt in every part of the body of the Mission and the church. God is doing wonderful things in these days—yet how much more could He do if we all took Him at His word, believed His promises, and entered into intercession in a new way for His Glory?

*Mr. Percy Rayner, Honorary Treasurer of the
Nepal Evangelistic Band, writes:*

As the Honorary Treasurer of the Nepal Evangelistic Band, I would like to pay tribute to our dear friend, Patricia. On several occasions it was our privilege to entertain her in our home. It was a real pleasure to have fellowship together. During these visits we were able to get to know each other better and to understand each other's point of view, and thus, when she was on the Field, we were able to communicate as friend to friend.

Due to the positions we held in the Band's organisation, we did, of necessity, write to each other very frequently. Thus the link between us grew stonger.

Her work in the Field dealing with, among other things, the Field Accounts was a task that she undertook to the very utmost of her ability. Often it would mean long hours alone in the Office in order that finances should be dealt with correctly. In the very last letter that I received from her, Patricia was praising God that figures she had prepared for the past year were agreed.

As I look back over the years, I would record what a pleasure and privilege it has been to have some share in the Lord's work in Nepal with Patricia.

In summing up, I think an apt description of Patricia would be "always abounding in the work of the Lord" whom she loved so dearly and served so well.

A YOUTH WORKER

*Mrs. Margaret Pritchard, Youth Secretary of the
Nepal Evangelistic Band, says:*

“Himalayan Helpers” owes much to Patricia. It was through her vision among others, that the youth work of the Nepal Evangelistic Band was born. Her interest in young people was always great, but it was on her first furlough that the vision became a reality. She wrote the leaflet “Nepal Calling Youth” which pictures the work of the Mission as a mountain climbing expedition, the missionaries as those actually engaged in making the ascent and those of us at home supporting in so many ways—each equally important to the final result.

What was the vision? That if young people here heard about this work and took a prayerful and practical interest in it then their help would be felt on the Field in Nepal, and some of the mountains of sin and Satan would be conquered for the Lord Jesus Christ.

Patricia was steadfast in her ways and having felt that the Lord was guiding in the formation of a youth department, she did not leave it for others to carry out, but during her furlough became actively engaged in the launching of “Himalayan Helpers.” She took over the position of Youth Secretary until I was appointed and then we worked together for several months before her return to the Field. These months were a great joy to me and as we planned, prepared and prayed together, her vision became mine.

After her return to Nepal her interest did not abate in any way and she was continually in prayer for every activity that was planned.

When she was last home on furlough, it was a tremendous pleasure to have her with us at camp and she so obviously enjoyed being with us and telling the campers of the work that the Lord was doing in the land of Nepal.

What a privilege it was to wave her farewell from the London Terminus on her way back to Nepal, never thinking then that this was ‘goodbye’ as far as this earthly scene was concerned.

Our camp during May, 1967, at Shoreham was filled with memories of Patricia, as she had been with us during 1966, and also prayer remembrances for her. Thus the news of her Homecall, passed to us immediately after the end of this camp, came with some realisation of what this was going to mean to the Youth Work and Mission fellowship as a whole, as well as with a deep sense of personal loss. We heard later that Patricia had mistaken the dates of this particular camp, thinking it was to be held a fortnight prior to the actual dates, and therefore she had upheld us all at the Throne of Grace, and I am sure that the Lord had heard and answered those prayers.

The sense of loss we all experienced was quickly followed by a feeling of gratitude and praise to our God for having given her to us in such a wonderful way, and the knowledge that now she is “. . . with Him, which is far better.”



*Patricia with the girls in her dormitory at Teignmouth
Himalayan Helper Camp, August, 1966.*

“Himalayan Helpers” have paid their own tribute. In a letter sent to Mrs. Hepworth they say:

Miss Hepworth was a very good missionary because she loved the Lord so much and we know she is with Him now. Miss Hepworth was our dormitory officer at “Himalayan Helpers” Camp last summer. She was such an inspiration and example to those of us who have only been on the Christian road for a few years. We found it easy to talk to her about our problems, and she was always ready to listen and advise us. We shall miss writing to her and receiving in return her cheerful letters, but although this is a great loss to the N.E.B. she will never be forgotten by any of us who knew her.

A MISSIONARY COLLEAGUE

*Dr. Lily O'Hanlon, Founder-Leader of the
Nepal Evangelistic Band, writes:*

“They shall walk with Me,” so the Bible tells us, and that walk starts down here, for we read, “Enoch walked with God.” What an amazing honour this is; it is what our Heavenly Father has planned for us. For us it is a walk by faith, for Patricia it is by sight. How great must be her joy and peace now, to be in the presence of the One she so dearly loved and whom she delighted to serve.

‘I first met Trish (as we called her out here) in 1954 when I was at home for a short while and she had applied to the N.E.B. She came and stayed with me for a few days and the thing that stands out in my memory from that visit, was her helpfulness. I had some typing to be done, for the early chapters of “At the Foot of Fishtail,” and Trish cheerfully offered to do it for me. Nothing was too much trouble and what she did was done excellently. These qualities characterised her work on the Field. It did not seem to matter how long a job might take but it must be done to the best of her ability, accurately and neatly.

After her second furlough she came back with a great prayer burden for the Church out here, and that is where I personally miss her most. Each morning whenever possible we met for a short while and she would pour out her heart in intercession for others. Those who were on her prayer list were remembered systematically and faithfully.

On May 19th she took her last Bible Class with the nurses. Her notes were all written out carefully and although she could not have been at all well, there was no thought of giving anything less than her best. She was taken ill the following day.

How we thank the Lord that He gave her to us, even though it was for only a short while. We know His will is good and perfect and so must be acceptable to us. We can only see from “beneath”; He sees from “above.”

“GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT”

Dr. Ruth Watson, close friend and colleague, says:

“It just seems as if Trish is on holiday.” It is so hard to realise that she really has gone to be with the Lord. I suppose she really is on holiday, a glorious eternal holiday or holy day. “I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy Likeness.” How good to know this is now her experience. A dozen times a day I catch myself thinking “I’ll just go and talk this over with Trish—or ask Trish—or tell Trish—or just go into the office and see Trish.” She was always there, always ready to help, advise, sympathise or simply share in the joys and problems of the work . . . ready to go the second mile; to go on till the job was finished; and time and again I have gone into the office on my way to bed, just dropping with tiredness, but she was going on until all was done. Faithfulness was the hall mark of all her service.

I first met Trish at Redcliffe Missionary Training College and three years later we were together again in Nepal sharing a hut and sharing the special problems of a first term missionary. Neither of us found those early years easy, but she helped me through many a dark patch in her own selfless way. Together we did many things we never dreamt we would have to do. We ran a sewing class in the town which I, coward-like, gave up when it came to putting sleeves into blouses. But Trish went on! She had great patience in teaching and I know she was always concerned to find time enough to prepare carefully for her Bible Study with the nurses each week.

When she came back for her second term she took over the whole of the mission accounts. I had been filling in, in the meantime, and as an auditor once said to me, “You are no more qualified to do these accounts than I am to take out an appendix!” But Trish never complained. She sorted it all out and made the whole system much more workable. Her work, which had increased more and more, was often interrupted as she was frequently the only one left on the compound to cope with callers and crises. We had been praying much for someone to help her and it seemed that we needed

two Trishes, and yet Our Heavenly Father took her. In His Eternal plan her work was complete.

We were not together much of her second term but one thing stands out to me personally, and that was how she used some of her holiday to come over to Kathmandu to be there when I came back from the operating theatre and stay with me for the first few days. *Faithful in Friendship.*

Trish came back to us last October after her second furlough. She had been particularly blessed during her time at home. There was no need for her to tell us—it was obvious—of her deep concern in love for others and for her Lord, enabling her to leave her desk piled high, to pray for one or another in special need, and yet to go back to that desk and finish. She had a tremendous prayer burden for the Church in Nepal and for some particular individuals whom God had laid on her heart. Even in her last few days during periods of delirium, she was pleading for Diliraj in Baglung. *Faithful in Prayer.*

When she was taken ill she was completely at peace. There was no questioning or rebelling. She was ready for whatever the Lord had for her. As we sat with her at the end we could almost hear the Lord welcome her “Well done thou good and faithful servant.”

ADDRESS BY MR. C. A. MOLYNEUX, THE HOME SECRETARY,
N.E.B., GIVEN AT THE MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING
SERVICE, HELD AT HOLLAND ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH, HOVE,
ON 12TH JULY, 1967.

BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD

The verse of Scripture which has been so much on my mind since we heard of Patricia Hepworth's Homecall is that one in the book of Job, where he said: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord." I think it is rather easy, perhaps, on these occasions for those in the Mission, as I am, to be taken up with the great loss that we have sustained in one of our missionaries being called Home. That is true, but I do want it to be recorded that all of us in the Nepal Evangelistic Band have been praying very much for Patricia Hepworth's mother. We want to send her our very deep and loving sympathy today on this memorial and thanksgiving day. I think we have all given thanks to God for the way He has upheld her and strengthened her in the bearing of what, without any question, is the greatest loss that anyone can ever have, and everyone who has met her since that day of learning of Patricia's passing has been impressed and blessed by the way her dear mother has witnessed to God's strengthening.

This verse does apply very especially to us in the Nepal Evangelistic Band, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the Name of the Lord." "The Lord gave"—when the Lord gave Patricia Hepworth to Nepal, what a good gift He gave! We can indeed say "Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

He gave to Nepal, A PREPARED MISSIONARY. She was born in a Christian home, and had a Christian upbringing; what a wonderful preparation for a missionary! She went to a school where Christ was honoured and put first—further preparation; and then at the age of fifteen she realised that she could only have her sins forgiven through faith in Christ, and so she trusted the Lord to save her—a vital preparation for any missionary.

Perhaps we would think of the Worthing Central Girl Crusaders' Class as being the instrument that He used most of all in preparing her for the work to which He called her. Patricia spoke often of what the Girl Crusaders' Union in Worthing meant to her, where, in her early Christian life she was helped and taught and trained. There were other agencies that God used, too. Patricia tried to go in for teaching, but the door closed, instead she went in for secretarial work, which was wonderful training for what the Lord had for her in the days to come. Then she turned to nursing, came to the hospital in this area and joined Holland Road Baptist Church. Often she has spoken to me about what this Church has meant to her, and so we see God was training her and preparing her all the way along.

In 1952 Patricia went for training to Redcliffe Missionary College. 1952, the very year that the Nepal Evangelistic Band was at last able to go into Nepal. She was at Redcliffe for two years and, again, learned a great deal. She was being taught to be a prepared missionary, ready for hardship, ready for privation, ready for difficulties and problems, ready for those times when she would have to have absolute faith in the Lord, and so God prepared her. While she was at College, she heard about Nepal. She eventually applied to the Nepal Evangelistic Band, and the Lord led us to accept her. In 1955 she sailed to Nepal. So we say, "The Lord gave . . . Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

"The Lord gave" a prepared missionary and also AN EFFICIENT SECRETARY. She had not been out there very long when she saw the work was growing; new centres were starting up, new departments, there was so much going on, correspondence, forms, statistics, ordering, letters, writing back to the Home End; so much, and then all the financial side. In a very definite way the Lord called Patricia to take on the work of Field Secretary and Treasurer. Now we see why God deflected her from teaching to secretarial work. Some feel that Patricia was *too* meticulous and careful about everything she did. She was a perfectionist and perfectionists do not always have a very good name. She *was* that; she worked hard in every little detail, and I know many of the letters I have had from Pokhara ended up: "I must finish now, it is about midnight."

The Lord blessed and used her to write, not only articles and reports, but the book which many of you will have seen, "Fires at the Foot of Fishtail" by Patricia Hepworth. She was also instrumental in drawing up the leaflet of the "Himalayan Helpers." This is the Youth Department of the Mission and it was really through her vision that that work ever came into being. So God gave an efficient Field Secretary and Treasurer and we say "Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

The Lord gave something else to Nepal. I think that more recently Patricia Hepworth felt that she should give herself very especially not only to this secretarial work, but to the ministry of intercession. She felt God was calling her aside from her other work to intercede for Nepal and I do not believe He could have given to that country a more practical gift than that, an intercessor. There are such problems, such insuperable problems, that can only be overcome and resolved by prayer at the Throne of Grace. On the Mission Field days are packed full from early morning until late at night, but she wrote home not so long ago saying she felt more and more that God was calling her to this ministry of intercession. I wonder what was accomplished by that praying! God gave to Nepal—to us, AN EARNEST INTERCESSOR. It had not gone unnoticed. Recently, Phoebe, one of our Nepali nurses at Pokhra, was noticed to be rather quiet, did not seem to want to join in with the fun and all the talking with everyone, she seemed to be going away on her own. It was felt perhaps she was in some trouble and the Matron, Joan Short, asked her what was the matter. "Well," she said, "I cannot waste my time just with little things that don't matter. I want to go away to pray." She had watched Patricia Hepworth and now she wanted also to be an intercessor. The Lord gave us an earnest intercessor, "Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

And there was one other thing the Lord gave. Many of you can remember the day, less than a year ago, when Patricia Hepworth went up into the pulpit at her Valedictory Service before she went back to the Field for this very short time. I think you will all have noticed that evening how she spoke of what the Lord had done for her in her own life, and I want to say this—the Lord gave to us A SANCTIFIED

SOUL. I believe God did a great thing in her life recently. She was a Christian right away back from fifteen years of age, but just this last furlough she told us about what God had done in her life. She felt she must trust the Lord to do what the Scripture says and "Be filled with the Spirit." She felt that that word of Scripture "Be ye holy for I am holy" was a command that she must obey. She trusted the Lord to do for her what the Apostle Paul prayed for the Thessalonian Christians: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." I think, to put it briefly, Patricia Hepworth had that wonderful experience of sanctification: the experience that that dear saint of God, Frances Ridley Havergal, had that day when she trusted the Lord to sanctify her. As we know, that meant so much to her that she wrote about it, about Him, for the rest of her life. I am sure Patricia had that same experience, and so God gave us a sanctified soul, and there can be no greater gift to the Mission Field than that. So we say "Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

He gave: A Prepared Missionary
 An Efficient Secretary
 An Earnest Intercessor
 A Sanctified Soul

"BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD"

But the verse finishes up, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away" and it is that fact which we are thinking about today "The Lord hath taken away"—how can we say "Blessed be the Name of the Lord" to that? Yet I think everyone in the Mission, and I am sure, here at Holland Road too, can say it, that the Lord hath taken her away, blessed be the Name of the Lord. We all loved Patricia and because of that, and because He took her from that little mud hut in Pokhra into the mansions in glory to see the Lord face to face, of course we can say "Blessed be the Name of the Lord"—and we mean it. Because we loved her we would not wish anything else for her. What a translation it was: from that little hut of mud into Heaven! "Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

Another reason why we want to thank God that He took her is this: He did not take a poor broken, back-sliding Christian to Heaven. He took someone who was rejoicing in all the fulness of His salvation, who was active in work, serving the Lord with all her heart every day, being used of God, being kept from the power of the evil one, kept by the power of God, rejoicing in His salvation—it was then, at the very peak of it all, God took her away to her reward; and we say “Blessed be the Name of the Lord.” Amen.

ADDRESS GIVEN BY THE REV. E. G. RUDMAN, PASTOR OF HOLLAND ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH, HOVE, AT THE MEMORIAL AND THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

THE MASTER IS COME

It is my very great privilege as the Pastor of this Church to be allowed to add a word in the series, and I want to do it in the words with which Martha greeted her sister Mary at the time of the death of Lazarus. She called her sister secretly, saying, “The Master is come and calleth for thee,” and that has been the inescapable word on my mind in preparation for today.

There are two occasions here when the Master called. *He called first of all* when He invited His own disciples to join with Him and to go to the side of Lazarus. They were actually outside of the family circle and yet they were involved in it because they were involved with the Master. There is an awareness today that some of us are outside of the intimate family of the Nepal Evangelistic Band, but we are here because we are involved with the Master and He said, inviting them to come with Him, that the occasion would be for them a strengthening of their belief; they would see something there of the Glory of God. It would make them stronger Christians for having been together and that is the effect that must be on all of us who have come together today.

This has been an experience beyond human explanation. We have to come together to look on and take out of

the occasion whatever we can that will strengthen our faith. These men came with Him into Bethany where the family was. This was where first of all Martha met Him with questions in her mind, just as we have questions in ours.

I remember Patricia going from here; I remember her sharing with me when she came home that she felt she was on the edge of a new discovery of the Lord. I felt with her when she came into this, that it was going to lead her into a far more effective ministry. I believed when she went back that her work was going to be more powerful and deliberate than ever it had been before, and that the Lord had prepared her for something out there in Nepal. I can believe now that my eyes were too much on the earth, but there are not many of us today who can do anything more than Martha, and that is come to the Lord with a question, and she came to Him with that natural question "If Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." She felt that somehow things had slipped out of the control of the Master, that He had been taken unawares, because He was preoccupied with other matters, in other places, this incredible God of ours who had so much to consider. Then an experience like this happens and the heart questions Him, wondering if for a moment He has relaxed His care, if He has not quite seen what was happening so quickly out there: the fever that would not yield appeared to yield and then mounted up with more fury than ever. The preparation for a meeting of intercession, and then this colleague taken before there was time to pray the prayers. Martha was in that way, troubled in her spirit that possibly there had been some part of the incident that was outside of the care of the Master and His answer, as you remember, so very deliberate was "Thy brother shall rise again." It is all under control.

Now, many of us, as we read that story from our distant vantage point of the years, can believe that there was a reason that Jesus remained two more days where He was. The Jews believed that when a man had been dead four days he really was dead, you could assume then he actually was finally out of this world. The Master arrived when Lazarus was dead, but He arrived with the assurance that the matter even then was still to glorify God, because it was still under control, it was the death of Lazarus that would

glorify God. Martha comes away from Him with just that assurance, not yet proven that this was to be a testimony to the Glory of God. How, she could not say, but it was to be. They had reached the point where on a human level there was nothing anybody could do, but the Master was there, not only as the Saviour but the One who is the Lord.

As has been so rightly said, Patricia was saved before she entered the Band, but when she entered in His service she discovered that He was not only Saviour but Lord, and the One who was therefore in charge, who gave the orders, who gave the vision, who expected obedience and made no mistakes. Now as they are together He shares this authority with Martha—"Thy brother shall rise." There is no doubt and no condition. Therefore when Martha crept away to Mary it was with this assurance again "The Master is come," it is all under the Master's control, and I want to share that with the members of the family of the Nepal Evangelistic Band.

I imagine most of you have had letters from Nepal, from Dr. O'Hanlon, Betty Bailey, or Pat Mabey, and this is what I would share with them as I do with the members of the Council at home, that the Master is in charge, and because He is in charge even the death of Lazarus will be to the glory of God, and if we can accept that of Patricia today this is not the bottom falling out of the Band, this is not the work coming apart, this is not the interference of Satan. I know it is true that she can hardly be spared, but then you, perhaps, have learned as I have had to learn, in that hard school, that no-one is indispensable in the work of the Lord. There is the Master and the Master must make His own replacements and so we say to all members of the family, "The Master is come," it is all under control.

Now the next call was to those who were looking on. It was a public occasion when He walked to the tomb, it was a public occasion when he called to Lazarus who was tied, bound and dead—He called and there was an answer. Now what is it He calls to in us when physically we are dead? Who can say? Lazarus certainly heard Him. This is the sort of question the Minister gets frequently, especially when bereavements are sudden and sad. "What happens?"

I can only tell you where I find my peace. I believe that when this body dies, the Master calls and that which is apparently dead hears His voice, it steps out of the body, it steps out of the binding, and it steps out into liberty. "Loose him, and let him go," said Jesus. That is resurrection and Patricia has entered into resurrection. When the Master comes even death has to give way because death is a defeated enemy and has to pay its own tribute to His Sovereignty. Lazarus came out, and we say with deep, quiet confidence one to the other, Patricia Hepworth came out to approach her Lord at the word of His invitation.

You do not believe that Patricia Hepworth is buried in Nepal. You could not bury her! And all this is public and the whole of it therefore is testimony being called out of people. My Bible tells me that many of the Jews which came to Mary and had seen the things that Jesus did, believed on Him. There was the call of Jesus in charge of a funeral; there was the call of the Master giving the orders at a bereavement, and all of it became a testimony that was used to strengthen the belief and for the salvation of those who looked on. I am quite sure that those who are in the family of the Band are going to find that this has become a language the Nepalis will understand far more than the English tongue, that this has become something that God will use for the salvation of those who were halting before, who were not even disturbed before, and that this purchase *almost* with her own blood, of the salvation of those amongst whom the Band has been working will, under God, be the calling out of them by the Master.

And so I share this with you today, this is the only thanksgiving. We do not deceive ourselves, Patricia is not a ghostly apparition who is going back to work in Nepal. Her work is finished. We do not deceive ourselves on that. We do not deceive ourselves at all that there are questions which rise up, and questions rose up in the minds of Mary and Martha, but we quietly say to one another in the testimony of today, "The Master is come" and therefore everything is under control, and because it is, it will yet be used as a testimony for Himself, a more effective testimony than her life would have been. In this we acknowledge Him to be the Lord.

Other Publications Available:

From His Hand to Ours—an account of the work of the N.E.B. until 1959. Price 5/-.

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THE NEPAL EVANGELISTIC BAND is an evangelical inter-denominational faith mission. It makes no appeals for funds; its workers look to God for the supply of all their needs.

It was founded in 1940, in Nautanwa, in India, on the border of Nepal and entered Nepal in 1952. In Pokhra in western Nepal it has established:—

A HOSPITAL—with forty-four beds; a busy Out-Patient Department; Nursing training for Nepalis.

A LEPROSARIUM—established in 1957—of about 100 patients. They have a farm where some of the food for the people is produced.

VILLAGE WORK. Many calls take the workers to surrounding villages. Dispensaries are being established in outlying districts.

LITERATURE AND LITERACY WORK. In co-operation with other Missions good Christian literature is produced and distributed.

Classes are held to teach illiterate men and women.

SCHOOL. In 1966 a school for boys opened at Pokhra.

CHURCH. The Church is indigenous, self-governing, self-propagating, with a growing number of baptised believers.

Further particulars can be had from:—

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