
forward

BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION

Communiqué from Field Headquarters

BERNARD COLLINSON

Greatly encouraged by the opportunities of past months, and rejoicing in the evident restraint of God's Hand, workers are facing the future in quiet confidence.

From the Field we greet you in the Saviour's Name. Aware of the privilege of service in muslim North Africa, we know that every advance of the Gospel will be systematically challenged. Our Lord is leading forward and the only response worthy of His Person is spontaneous, unreserved obedience.

We are encouraged by your prayers and the knowledge of your practical support. Don't only pray for our safety—pray for our adequacy. Ask not only for courage but for compassion. Pray that in enjoying His Peace we may also anticipate His Power.

May the Lord give you a unique sense of His Presence on Tuesday, using this Annual Meeting to strengthen the bonds which bind us first to the Lord Himself and then to one another.

The logo consists of the lowercase letters 'na|m' in a bold, sans-serif font. A vertical bar is positioned between the 'a' and the 'm', extending slightly above and below the letters.

NOVEMBER 1967

ANNUAL MEETING 1967

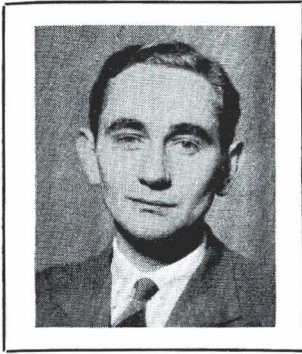
The Whitefield Memorial Church Hall was once again comfortably filled for the Annual Meeting of the North Africa Mission. This was obviously going to be a meeting with a difference. To begin with we had three accepted candidates giving very clear testimonies and a further five who hope to be in the family in the coming years. We were also particularly glad to have with us Miss Bonnie Drudge, one of our American missionaries who is working with the Radio School of the Bible in Marseilles. An outstanding feature was the presence of some of the staff and students of King Edward's School, Witley, who told us of their original and sacrificial efforts to provide Tulloch Memorial Hospital with a minibus. Miss Winifred Davey of Casablanca and Miss Lois Morriss of Tangier spoke challengingly of their work and this fine meeting was closed with a brief message from the Secretary-General, the Rev. Harold W. Stalley, who is shortly making his headquarters in the south of France.

ACCEPTED CANDIDATES



Muriel Gadd, S.R.N. spoke gratefully of the privilege of a Christian home. At the age of eleven she became vividly aware of the fact that she was a "lost sheep" and came personally to know the Shepherd's voice. The Lord led her into nursing at the age of eighteen and during those hard days she increasingly learned the sufficiency of His grace. The year spent at Mount Hermon was an enriching experience, not the least important lesson learned being the need of a daily Quiet Time to enable her to maintain vital contact with God. The call to serve

Him in Morocco has become increasingly clear and we are sure that our vigorous and generous Sheffield Auxiliary will gladly take her on their hearts.



Michael Paton, B.A. began his testimony by reminding us of God's promise, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." Even as a small boy Michael wanted to go abroad where there were "spiders like footballs" but it was not until the Wembley Crusade in 1955 that he came to know Jesus Christ as the Way, the Truth and the Life. During national service in desperately inhospitable Aden he realised the emptiness of the Arabs' cry of Allah and felt increasingly burdened for them. Then followed

two years at Oakhill Theological College and one year at All Nations Missionary College and this last year with the Inter-Varsity Fellowship working amongst overseas students. One door closed but another opened for service amongst muslims and all shared Michael's conviction that included in the great multitude of Rev. 7:9 will be many Arabs.



Kathleen Parsons, Dip. Th., always wanted to "do something with languages." On leaving school she took a secretarial course and felt that languages would have to be a hobby. In 1961, at the Missionary Meeting of the Keswick Convention, Kathleen signified her willingness to go into full-time Christian work if the Lord called.

Towards the end of two years at the London Bible College she began to look for, and pray about, a job. She enquired about three or four, but each time the Lord closed the door. One day she took stock of her capabilities, because she remembered reading that it was reasonable to expect the Lord to use those things for which He has given us a particular ability. Kathleen asked Him to take the secretarial work and the languages and use them, if He wanted to.

One day she met one of the N.A.M. Council members whom she had met the year before on a college mission in France. In the course of conversation he spoke about the post of secretary to the Secretary-General. Having prayed about it and asked the Lord to close the door if it was wrong, she went ahead and He graciously opened the doors all the way. Things have moved very rapidly and she praises the Lord for a secretarial post, with languages, and one which, though perhaps not what everyone would think of as "missionary work," is still a vital part of it.

WE were then privileged to hear five “one minute” testimonies from those who hope to serve the Lord in the future when present assignments are finished.

Michael Austin has finished three years at All Nations Missionary College and is now working for a further year with an engineering firm. He is helping to some extent with deputation and made a quiet but sincere appeal for the prayers of the church at home.

Peter and Susan Dobson. Their interest and concern for North Africa can be judged to some extent by the fact that they have just travelled to North Africa and back, via France and Spain, on a scooter. They both spoke of being made increasingly aware of the need of North Africa and their burden to make Jesus Christ known.

Karin Murach who comes from Germany also spoke appreciatively of her christian parents. She was saved while a member of the Christian Endeavour at the age of fifteen and after some experience of christian work went to Bible college in Germany. She is now studying nursing in England and concluded her testimony with the words of the apostle Paul, “A great door and effectual is opened unto me.”

Stephen Trowbridge came to know the Lord at the age of sixteen and then followed training as a commercial artist. During his course at All Nations Missionary College the Lord has clearly led and confirmed His call to North Africa and he now hopes to leave for North Africa within the next three years.

Bonnie Drudge, an American missionary with the North Africa Mission is on holiday in this country. The chairman could not resist the temptation to say that she had a most appropriate name for a missionary! Miss Drudge underlined in her testimony that she was thirty-six before she went to Bible school and that none are too old or too untalented to be of use to the Lord. She convinced us that it was a thrill and a challenge to be working with the Radio School of the Bible in Marseilles.

SECRETARY-GENERAL

We rejoice to know that the Lord has led to a suitable building in Aix-en-Provence, South France, for the new office and living accommodation of our Secretary-General and his wife, the Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Stalley.

GUIDED GIVING

We record with gratitude to God that it was possible to send full allowances for the months of September and October.

MR. STANLEY MILES

We are glad to report that our brother, who had a serious operation recently, is making fair progress, but we need constantly to remember both him and his wife in our prayers.

SECRETARIAL HELP

We shall have need in the very near future of a competent secretary with good shorthand and typing and a knowledge of general office procedure. Write to the General Secretary.



HOPE HOUSE

LOIS MORRISS

THE thing I remember about Annual Meetings is being left at home with my brother — quite alone for once. We had a real do-as-you-like evening, while our parents were at the meeting. Until a few years ago you would never have found me at an N.A.M. meeting. I was afraid that the Lord would ask me to be a missionary. You see I was one of those tough rebels — a missionary kid who knew all the disadvantages of missionary life!

The Lord was very gentle in His dealings with me. He took me through three and a half years in a Christian Endeavour Holiday Home where I learnt housekeeping. Then He took me just temporarily to Hope House for nine months, to assist Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell. I joined the Mission and I now find myself the missionary in charge of Hope House. This is the Nurses' Home attached to the Tulloch Memorial Hospital in Tangier. It also serves

as a guest house.

You never quite know who is ringing our door bell, so I usually look through the side window to have a peep. It could be an Arab beggar, or a patient come late for "Out Patients" and wanting to get through our side gate. It could be a beatnik or drug addict wanting help from the doctor.

It has sometimes been a prospective missionary. There are the good and the bad. The harmless kind has a tape recorder and is trying to take a short cut to learning Arabic or to translating the Bible into a dialect. Then there is the hopeless kind who will give out tracts against the advice of Moroccan christians, and talks of holding open air meetings, and always finishes up in trouble. There are the many helpful ones who are very welcome to Tangier. They come to help on the medical side. We are delighted to have this kind as so many go away praying and some become prospective missionaries.

KING EDWARD'S SCHOOL :

MINIBUS PROJECT

IT was, I think, in February of last year, that I first became aware of a link between King Edward's School and the Tulloch Memorial Hospital in Tangier. It was lunchtime, and I was sitting on High Table in the School Dining Hall next to one of the girl School Prefects. She told me that she had applied to join an Inter-Schools Christian Fellowship workparty at the Hospital the following summer, and later she wrote telling of her enjoyable stay there helping to decorate one of the wards.

The Headmaster, Mr. Gordon Humphreys, also visited the Hospital last year, when he and Mrs. Humphreys toured a number of mission stations in Morocco and took part in the missionaries' Regional Conference meeting at Hope House, Tangier.

Interest in the work of the North Africa Mission has developed in the School as children of serving missionaries have come to the School for their education, Gillian and Valerie Thompson from Fez, Christopher and Rosalind Smurthwaite from Tetuan, Stephen and Janet Jackson from Taroudant. From other friends we have heard of God's hand at work in Demnate, in the High Atlas mountains, and in South Morocco.

Last spring a member of our staff felt called of God to challenge us to provide some kind of vehicle for use in missionary service. We prayed about this, and felt led to accept the challenge, and sought God's guidance to know where

this should go, and what type of vehicle would be most useful. Our thinking led us to the Tulloch Hospital, and we learnt that a minibus equipped for medical use was urgently needed to replace the doctor's ageing car. We adopted a target of one thousand pounds.

Our campaign to raise this sum was launched last May, with a Moroccan supper. Mint tea was served to all four hundred and fifty who came, and a few enjoyed a dish of cous-cous, a Moroccan delicacy which included among other things Chick peas, mutton, semolina, red pepper, turmeric, yellow squash, zucchini, cinnamon, cloves and two tablespoonfuls of orange flower water! Local colour was provided by the School Beat Group, playing their own version of the Moroccan blues and other rather doubtful native music. They and many others of the School and staff appeared in costume, some of it authentic, some boldly improvised from curtains, sheets, and anything else available. Few will forget the sight of the chemistry mistress dressed to the eyes in her yasmak—or of one of the maths masters in Bedouin robes. The Head Boy might have been a member of the King's Royal Bodyguard, while the adopted four-year-old son of the classics master, a lad whose father was a Moroccan, quite took the scene in a small white robe and red fez. Tickets were sold for any silver coin, and over thirty pounds was raised.

Two of the Houses, one boys and one girls, got together to hold

a charity walk. About eighty members took part, and enjoyed an energetic stroll of up to sixteen miles, which raised another thirty five pounds. All the House captains wrote to those who had left their Houses in recent years, and in the spirit of "Freely ye have received, freely give," invited support for the project. Many responded most generously, sending thankofferings ranging from ten shillings to five pounds. Each Saturday in June cakes and sandwiches were made and sold on the cricket field. Cars were cleaned. A special concert was given. On Speech Day, which Mr. and Mrs. Brown attended, a Moroccan exhibition was mounted. A group of juniors that day giving an informal open-air presentation of the Mad Hatter's Tea Party from Alice in Wonderland suddenly had the idea of taking a collection from those who had stopped to watch, and proudly handed in their contribution to the fund. Right at the end of the summer term, when we thought no one could have any money left, we held a fete, which raised another twenty pounds. During the summer holiday, two fifth-year girls, together with the younger brother of one of them organised a Garden Party, which raised twenty three pounds. Now we are looking forward, some with more enthusiasm than others, to a further challenge, a twenty mile walk from King Edward's School to our sister foundation, Christ's Hospital, at Horsham. During the holidays we have been collecting sponsors: parents, friends, uncles, aunts have kindly promised support, while Gill Thompson, who was out in Morocco during the holiday, found sponsors from the

staff of the Tulloch Hospital itself.

Support from the Staff was equally enthusiastic. The Russian mistress invited us to a Russian supper, a new experience for most of us. The Head of the English Department set up a flower stall each Saturday morning with flowers from her garden. The wife of one of the physics masters made vast quantities of biscuits for us to purchase. The geography master raided his allotment and kept some of us in vegetables. The younger staff children took part in a Fancy Dress competition organised by the Matrons. Former members of the Staff, including those now serving in various mission fields from Malaysia to Uganda, from Ethiopia to Ghana, were informed of the project, and as they were able, so they gave. Others on the Staff covenanted to give a proportion of their income month by month.

So the total crept upwards. One of the girls drew an eight foot long minibus divided up into fifty-pound squares. It now stands at the centre of the School. Within two months the four hundred pound mark was passed, and today the total stands at £642. We give God thanks for the response.

We also thank God for the blessing this project has brought us within the School. We have become more conscious of our own blessings, and we have been led to give more generously to the needs of others. Chapel collections have gone up. Interest in social projects like helping handicapped children or visiting old people has increased. Prayer support for mission work has grown. In seeking

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“And when he sowed . . .

KATHLEEN CASTLE

. . . SOME seeds fell by the way-side.” The Bible Courses were sent out. And some answered the questions without understanding the way of salvation. So Satan saw to it that they lost interest, for fear they should believe and be saved.

Others, like Messaouda, received the Word immediately. Messaouda completed several courses, was reading the New Testament, and discovering that God answers prayer. Then her brother found the New Testament, and opposition began. Was it through fear of her brother that Messaouda’s interest diminished, that she said she had little time for reading? What prompted her to say that she was a christian *and* a muslim? Was there no root to her faith? When we next tried to visit her home it was her mother who answered the door. “You need not come again. We are followers of Mohammed, and have burnt the other books.” So contact with this student was broken; we can but pray that she may not be like those who “when tribulation or persecution arises on account of the word, immediately they fall away.”

“Some seed fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked them . . . the cares of this world . . . the deceitfulness of riches . . . pleasures of this life.” There are thorns. “My job keeps me busy. I have stopped taking the Bible Courses.” “I haven’t been able to read the Bible lately; I have too much homework.” “I

have no time to pray.” “I can’t come to the service on Sunday, my friends want me to go swimming.” “I can’t come for two Sundays, because there is a wedding in the family.” “I’m sorry I was not there for the last Bible Study; my fiancé came to see me.” “My mother is ill. It would upset her too much if I became a Christian just now.”

“But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit.” As far as we can tell, a handful of the Bible Course students in this area have believed. The experience of our recent conference, however, has reminded us that we dare not assume that spiritual progress will be automatic. One young fellow was so undisciplined that he had to be sent away. Another was in a nervously depressed state, and said he felt himself to be under the influence of another power. A third one had come to the conviction that smoking was wrong, and had prayed for deliverance from the habit. Recently he began smoking again, but continued to assert that he had complete victory over it. When challenged regarding the truth of his statements, he finally confessed that he had been lying. Brought up in an atmosphere of lying and deceit, he has, as yet, little conception of the truth. In our prayers for these young christians, we are reassured by the promise that “He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.”

From the Prayer Letters

AT the Believers' Conference in July we met heavy opposition. A key christian was living in sin, vainly trying to conceal it. This spirit spread to others. The Evangelistic Conference, which followed, was understandably marked by tension. It is distressing to realise how shallow is the change in the lives of those we thought were advanced in christian growth. We are realising increasingly that no follow-up method can take the place of a deep working of the Spirit of God. We've been driven to pray much for that breath of the Spirit that will give life to dry lives, and especially give a conviction of sin and a turning from it. Perhaps only then will several others who have long been fully convinced, but still fearfully hesitate, be powerfully saved from their bondage. Something seems to be holding back the outpouring of God's blessing.

Clyde Hiestand
CONSTANTINE, ALGERIA

THERE are now more than 500 million radio receivers in the world. Each year from 18 to 20 million new receivers come out of factories. Just in North Africa alone there are about two million receivers, and we can be sure that more than one person listens to each receiver. This underlines for us the number of people whom it is possible to reach with the Gospel. This number could be considerably increased if we only had more funds at our disposal.

Our radio ministry is only in its beginning stage. We have only eight broadcasts per week, but the objective that we have set for ourselves is to present fourteen. The

Lord has powerfully blessed this work, and almost every day we receive encouraging responses from our listeners.

P.S. Thank God for the provision of a new amplex recorder.

William Bell
MARSEILLES, FRANCE

THIS summer we again had an invasion of young people from the United Kingdom come for a working holiday. Six students from Cambridge in July helped us with cleaning and decorating. They were able also to make an effort to touch some of the English-speaking people here, both residents and holiday makers.

During August another contingent of the Inter-Schools Christian Union arrived. Please pray for such visitors. They come at an impressionable age, when decisions are to be made and challenges met.

Gwen Theakston
TANGIER, MOROCCO

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to help others we have ourselves been blessed, and we give God praise for this.

Next summer, God willing, we hope to be able to present the minibus, properly equipped, to the Tulloch Memorial Hospital. A party from the School hope to visit the Hospital, and to carry out some kind of work project. Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys plan to go out there next Easter and to prepare the way for us. We look forward to meeting those for whom we are working and praying. May God bless them richly in His service.

LONELY AT HEART

HELEN MORRIS



*Street scene
in old Tunis*

THE house stands on one of the broad thoroughfares that encircle the old town and is therefore very easy to find. Opposite are government buildings and the law courts; beneath, on the street level, are the offices of lawyers and “public writers”—(still a necessary profession in a land where so many adults are illiterate). Before I took the flat, I felt it wise to pay a visit to the landlady, and tell her something of the kind of work I did. As I told her my Arab name and chatted, she looked at me and said—“Were you living in Tunis years ago?” “Yes,” I said, “I was living in Tunis when I was married.” “Did you ever live in the Street of Arches?” “Yes, that was my first home after I was married. We lived in a little flat upstairs, and the landlord lived down below with his first wife.” “I was his second wife,” she said.

How the years rolled back in my mind—getting on for forty of them! Our landlord had come to Tunis from the country town of Nabeul, and had made his money selling perfumes in the bazaars. He had married several years before a cousin of his, (one of these arranged, family matches). She was a pretty attractive girl, but had borne him no children. One day I dropped in and found her crying bitterly, with several other women round her. She had just discovered that, unknown to her, her husband had betrothed himself to a daughter of a good Tunis family, whom of course, he had not yet seen. He was in the throes of having his house done up, and planned, when all was ready, to break the news to his wife, divorce her, and marry the second one. But where was the first wife to go? Her father and mother were divorced and both had remarried. Neither would want to keep her. For the first time, the plight of a childless muslim woman really hit me. We ourselves moved to Nabeul soon after, so I did not see her go. All I could learn was

that she had gone to a married sister. No doubt she was married off again as soon as possible. But on a later visit to Tunis I did call on the second wife. She was insipid in face and character, the product of the idle shut-in life of the betterclass muslim women of those days, with not even the exercise of housework to occupy them. But she bore children quickly.

The last time we saw her husband was once when he called on us in Nabeul. "I do not care for this wife," he told us. "If it were not for the children, I would divorce her and send her off." But as I sat looking at "Dear" again, after all these years, I did not tell her that. Instead, I marvelled afresh at the change in the life of the girlhood of Tunis in one generation. Her own daughter, she said, had not been shut in. She had studied and gone on to university and taken a degree. "I have no idea what she studied," she said, "for I myself can neither read nor write. But I know she got her degree." We must have lost our husbands at about the same time. Her children, like mine, have grown up and left home. She lives alone upstairs, surrounded by material comforts. Friends and family drop in constantly, but she must be lonely at heart at times. Pray that there may be a blessing for her in our so strangely coming together again.

"I've Come for My Leg"

WILLIAM CAMPBELL

SOME of you will have heard us explain that there was only one baptised woman who could read coming to the services. Praise the Lord, four women were baptised a little while ago. One of these has an artificial limb. Her left leg was amputated in our hospital when she was just two years old. She was told to come back for an artificial limb when she was older. When she was eighteen she suddenly appeared in "Out-Patients" and told the doctor, "Here I am, I've come for my leg." After a year of delay, a leg was brought out from England. During that time she heard the Gospel.

The first time she heard it, she told us that she had already heard that from her grandmother. It turned out that her grand-

mother had been in the hospital two weeks to have cataracts removed. When she went home she repeated all the Bible stories to her granddaughter. As time went on the young woman heard more and more. She finally had a dream (This often occurs among those who can't read.) and became convinced that Christ really had died for her sins.

Over the next ten years she has learned to read and become brave enough to be baptised, that is, full enough of faith to risk being thrown out of her home. Since then three of these newly baptised ones have done some evangelising on their own. They took a friend out to the shore. There one of them prayed; another read the Scriptures; and a third gave the explanation. Praise the Lord.

ANNE SWANK

“**H**ERE he comes! Here he comes!” People began pouring out of doors, peering from windows, and leaning over the walls from the flat roofs. Accompanied by the beat from the taarj, their vase-like drums, was a wild looking man with long hair and dressed from head to foot in sheep skins obtained from the sacrifice that morning. He danced and led the shouting while all the children followed him on his way down the street.

Rabia was one of the leaders. Her black eyes sparkled with delight. She was wearing her pretty new yellow dress—it was a long time since she had had a new one. Wasn’t it great to run and push with everyone else. Actually she was fourteen and much too old to be out in the street with boys and younger children, but her father was dead and her mother worked, and so Rabia was the black sheep of the family. She played and fought in the streets, refused to study in school, and sometimes ran away. Her punishment for this was often a beating, sometimes to be locked in a room without meals, and even occasionally to be burned with fire to make her behave—none of which improved her behaviour. “She is so different from Saadia her older sister,” everyone said. What Rabia thought no one knew, but since she had become friends with the foreigners next door, she had calmed down somewhat they had to agree.

Nufeesa was standing at the door of her house when this crowd passed. She lived on the other side of the foreigners and was Rabia’s friend. “Come on with us,” Rabia shouted as the crowd surged past. Nufeesa beat her drum, laughed and waved as they passed but didn’t follow. She didn’t have to go out veiled but knew it was a disgrace for a girl of her age to be out like a boy playing, so she joined in the fun from the sidelines. Nufeesa was one of fifteen children seven of whom were dead. Her father had only a little food shop so none of the children went to school. She had been some years in a Roman Catholic orphanage where she had learned knitting, sewing and embroidery, which she did nicely. Besides, her mother needed her at home and she didn’t mind, except when others teased her for not knowing how to read.

Naima was on the roof looking at the crowd from there. Roofs were made for women and girls like her. It was warm and private--

no one could see her. Her father forbid his womenfolk to be seen on the street. Naima went to school in a jellaba or coat with a hood and veil. Her mother never went out. Naima knew Nufeesa and Rabia because she lived across the street from them, but she never associated with them. She was a quiet, studious, well brought up girl whose father repaired refrigerators and could afford to keep his family well.

All three went regularly on Fridays and Sundays to the foreigners. They saw films and played on Fridays, and on Sundays they read from the "Injeel" about Jesus Christ. They waited in their homes on Sundays until the door opened so that no one would see them because had they not always been taught that Jesus was only a prophet who did not die but was taken to heaven and another put in His place on the cross? Rabia and Nufeesa discussed this together one day. Rabia informed Nufeesa, "My teacher warned us all today to have nothing to do with the Injeel or the ones who taught it." But the foreigners were fun to be with and acted as though they liked the girls. Rabia knew no one else who really liked her. "The teacher saw the Injeel that Fatima took the other day. She was very angry when she showed it to us saying we should never, never allow this book in our homes." What the two christians taught would not be believed anyway, so the girls saw no harm in going. That God came to earth to live and die on a cross; God had a Son; heaven forbid such a thought. "But Rabia," whispered Nufeesa, "Jesus died for their sins. They say He loves us all." "Yes, I admit when we read from their book I want to love Jesus, too. He seemed so good—but we shouldn't be talking about it. It isn't for us."

Naima stirred the soup on their modern butagaz stove while her mother sat on the floor beside the charcoal firepot roasting liver kabobs on skewers for the evening meal. That morning her father had slit the throat of the sheep they had bought several weeks ago. This was in memory of Abraham who had been willing to slay his son. Everyone had to kill a sheep—even the poor borrowed money to buy one. Out in the middle of the prettily tiled courtyard the family was gathering, waiting for supper. Khadija, her older sister, had swept it and was now feeding the baby before the rest ate. Naima watched her as she often did. Khadija had changed since she had gone to camp this summer with the foreign neighbours. Naima knew why Khadija had changed for she had told them she trusted Christ as her Saviour and He had given her the promise of her sins forgiven, a place in His family, and a home in heaven after travelling this life with Him. Naima understood all right. She, too, went to hear about this religion—they sang nice songs, but she wasn't about to get involved. Her father would beat Khadija if he knew she believed. No, she, Naima, was not going to go against her king, country, and religion like Khadija for anything.

To be continued.

What am I Doing ?

DONNA SMITH

IN RESPONSE to various actions came the simple sentences: "You are reading a book. You are writing on the blackboard. You are sitting on the chair." So another lesson in English in a North Africa secondary school had begun.

But what am I really seeking to do? Why am I, as a Christian, involved in teaching teenagers in a secular school in a muslim land? Obviously, I believe God has chosen this way for me to make Christ known to people who do not know Him. How is this possible with the existing limitations on preaching the Gospel? Constantly I am looking to the Lord to show me what He wants me to do in order to have a positive, definite testimony. Here are some of the opportunities that come my way from time to time.

The difference between my life and that of my students is enormous. Their world is full of deception (lying, cheating) and lacks love. Yet here is a teacher who never lies to them and who loves them in an unselfish way—a teacher who points out the sin of lying, sometimes by praising the fellow who tells the truth for once, or who enquires about the health of an absent student, or who quietly gives a pullover to a shivering boy. And so I, the teacher, pray, "Lord, help me today to show them your love and your view of sin. I may be the only real Christian they ever

know. Help me to show them Christ and awake in them a hunger to search for Him."

Then one afternoon after class, through a student's remark on their expression "in the name of God" before eating, I have the opportunity to talk about prayer. They ask, "What do you say before you eat?" For a few moments—all too brief—I explain what prayer means to me—so very different from their concept of kneeling in various positions and reciting phrases. Another day they ask about my reason for teaching in their land. They are amazed by my attitudes toward eternal things (obeying the will of God) and material things (not looking for the best salary). In another class a boy uses the name of God so loosely that I request him to be more careful because God is too precious for His name to be used so lightly. So from times of discipline in the class to curious questions after class, there are many opportunities to express my beliefs and life as a christian.

From contacts made at school come invitations to meet families for a wedding or engagement party. These invitations, in turn, lead to friendships with more people—ever trusting the Lord to point out an individual led across my path because the Lord is already at work in his heart. Free hours at home made available for students to drop by also produce some interesting con-

versations. Here there is no limit on time. We can discuss our views and customs so that once again we end up talking of our beliefs which affect so strongly our way of life. Other friendships develop on my walks to and from school. Our conversations can be casual—about school, sports, etc. Then one day, a young fellow turns and asks, “Are you really happy?” Before I can say more than that I have joy and purpose in living regardless of circumstances, he is confiding the fears that keep him from sleeping at night. Yet outwardly he seems quite happy as he often laughs and talks a lot. That day, I thank the Lord for this fellow’s confiding in me and, sorrowing over what he has shared with me, I pray again for his salvation.

Yes, the opportunities to share my faith in Christ are numerous. The great problem is the spiritual blindness of my students. They interpret my remarks according to their islamic culture. Even if a glimmer of understanding dawns on them, they do not believe that Christ is for them as well as for me.

Another day begins. Once again I pray, “Lord, help me teach the lessons well, and keep good order in my classes. Give me an opportunity today to make Christ known.” As that afternoon ends, a student asks me to become a muslim. I think to myself, “Have I failed to show him that the christian life is better? Perhaps—but no need to get discouraged considering how spiritually blind he is. Instead, seize this opportunity and tell him how I have found something which completely meets all my need.”

HOMECALL OF MISS G. PETTER

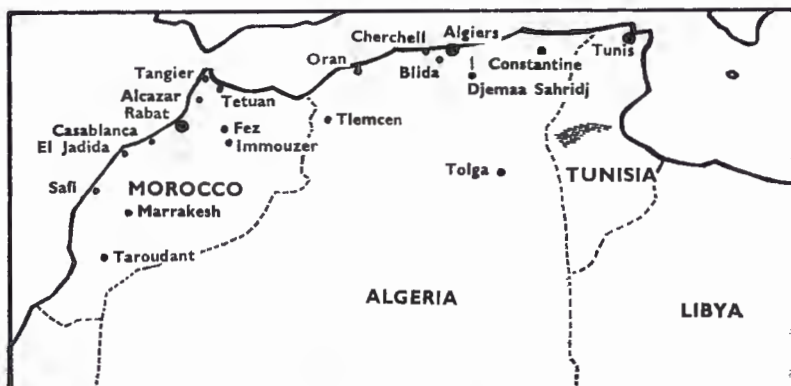
In warm sunshine, and amidst the mellow beauty of early autumn, we laid dear Miss Petter’s body to rest. The ninety years of her earthly pilgrimage were ended. In one sense, it was the sowing of a seed “in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection unto Eternal Life”; but, in this harvest season, it was also like the joyous harvesting of a sheaf of golden corn.

The little service was held in the lounge at Troutstream Hall, Rickmanswith—the lovely home for retired Christian workers that had, for some years, been all the sweeter for Miss Petter’s presence there. Among those who gathered was “Topsy”, who, as a little Chinese waif, had been acquired by the Misses Cable and French (well-nigh fifty years ago) for one-and-sixpence, and who has for quite a while now been a cheerful and helpful inmate of Troutstream Hall.

To those who had known Miss Petter only in the frailty of later years, it was a happy privilege to tell of our sister in the days of her vigorous and gracious leadership in the Gospel witness among Italians in Tunis, over forty years ago.

Although her sight and hearing had failed considerably, Miss Petter’s memory remained clear throughout her latter years, and her Homecall on September 19th was preceded by only a brief period of illness. With grateful hearts we thank our Heavenly Father for every remembrance of Miss Gertrude Petter, and pray that the witness that still continues in Tunis may enjoy the constant blessing of God.

E.J.L.



forward

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NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1967, NO. 77. 'FORWARD' ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION INCLUDING POSTAGE, 4s.0d. FROM THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION (WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED THE SOUTHERN MOROCCO MISSION AND ALGIERS MISSION BAND), 34 BISHAM GARDENS, LONDON N.6. TEL. 01-340 3823. PRINTED BY OSCAR BLACKFORD LTD., TRURO, CORNWALL.