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# forward

MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH AFRICA MISSION

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## *“God . . . My Rock”*

LILIAN GOODACRE

I AM having a few days holiday in Gibraltar, and enjoying exploring parts of this fascinating place. As I look at this wonderful massive solid Rock of Gibraltar and think of all it stands for, I can't help thinking of God who is our Rock, and all that means to us. Psalm 62 reminds us, “He **only** is my Rock . . . my salvation . . . my high tower . . . my strength . . . my refuge . . . Power belongeth unto God . . . and mercy.” The power of God my Rock is greater than the strength of the adversaries, and His mercy meets the need of the faint and failing heart. So we are safe. There is always complete victory and abiding strength with Him. How comforting is this knowledge and assurance during days of uncertainty.

Seeing the magnificent views from the high summit of the Rock, reminds me of the fact that God is reigning and ruling on high, and from His exalted position, sees the whole battlefield and is always in complete control of it, working for His glory and victory.

The restrictions placed upon us by the authorities, stopping the direct preaching of the Gospel, remain, but the Lord is still working. His work must go on. We are thankful that the authorities cannot put any restrictions on the ministry of intercession. So we can still pray. Hallelujah! We know this is our most powerful weapon. We know that “God is able to deliver . . . and will yet deliver”, but He requires that we should “help together by prayer”. (II Corinthians 1 : 10-11) He chooses that way of working and using us, and it is our privilege and responsibility.

**na|m**

MAY 1968

## From East to West

By ALAN L. FAWDRY, O.B.E., M.A., M.D.

**S**HEEP all over the place — sheep being carried like babies in arms, sheep slung round the neck like fur scarfs, sheep being lifted out of the boot of a car, sheep tied on to the roof of a bus, sheep being pushed, sheep being pulled, sheep being propelled like wheelbarrows on their front legs, sheep riding in a box on wheels. Such is my impression here of the Aid el-Kebir, the principle annual Islamic festival. The sheep con-

cerned were on the way to their death on the day itself, and afford an historic link with Abraham, Isaac and the Old Testament sacrifices. Alas, a reminder to us that our Muslim friends thereby bypass a "full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice".

At this time of the year, sheep are being slaughtered all over the Arab world and this includes Aden, my home for the last twenty years.

The event to me is familiar but its presentation different; the same calendar and feast but somehow in Aden the sheep seemed less to the fore, maybe because they were scruffier and more expensive than these fine Moroccan beasts.

As with sheep, so with language; Arabic but different. I talked fairly easily to a young engineer in the Public Works Department and we understood one another, but when I was left on my own in the out-patients' hall of the English hospital with a poor mother and a squalling baby, she found me as trying as I found her incomprehensible. However, fortunately a doctor learns almost as much from observing how a lady talks, as from attending to



what she says. I was set going with a few rapid lessons in colloquial Moroccan and absorbed a certain amount, but it takes time to alter one's vocabulary for such simple words as "how much?", "It hurts", "Two" and "Fever". It helped me to select the more educated men for preference as they are conversant with the more



widespread language of the radio and newspaper. No wonder some outpatients were alleged to be indicating a preference for "Saout Tanga" (Dr. St. John) instead of "Saout al Arab" (me), not that I was not highly flattered (linguistically not politically speaking) to be compared with the Voice of Cairo!

Tangier and Aden, ports at opposite ends of the Arab world, both suffering from closure of the sea link between them but fortunately Tangier able to remain the gateway to Morocco for European tourists in spite of diminished sea traffic; the same cosmopolitan background, the same importunate guides, the same vendors of novelties, the same Japanese cameras and tape recorders. But "baksheesh" is not heard, only "cinqua franca" demands the ubiquitous small boy. However I find that the unexpected use of some Aden Arabic does have a mild deterrent effect as the boy or beggar feels that withdrawal may be wiser than persistence in face of such a peculiar species of tourist who knows the word for police station!

My greatest pleasure has been to meet some members of the Christian Moroccan community. However you define it, the church here is very small compared with those of Lebanon, Jordan, or Egypt, but it is large compared with that of Aden. I was able to tell them of beginnings there, of Aden friends who follow the same Master and face similar difficulties, who pray and plan for a similar independent, witnessing and yet patriotic church, five thousand miles away but bound to them by language, culture, and Faith.

Apart from helping directly in the hospital, I am making an indirect contribution by instructing a Moroccan girl who has been brought up by American missionaries, in the elements of hospital laboratory work. This was my speciality several years ago and in a busy general hospital like this the day to day demands on the usual doctors make it almost impossible for them to give time to such individual teaching. Aziza is a bright girl despite a severe disability from poliomyelitis in her legs, and when



she can master some simple tests she should be a good auxiliary member of the hospital staff and part way towards her goal of being a trained laboratory technician. But I regret that I could not help the

optimistic gentleman who asked me yesterday to come to his house to assist his cow who was suffering from a retained placenta. Not even Adenis have ever had that confidence in me!

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#### **HOMECALL OF MRS. H. W. BUCKENHAM**

It was a strange land, North Africa, and it was a strange house nestling at the foot of the Atlas Mountains on the outskirts of Blida. When the door of the mission station swung open however and a welcome to "come awa in" rang out it was like a familiar neuk in Scotland. It was an Arab land alright but the greeting was as Scottish as the tangle o' the Isles. Mrs. Buckenham from Broxham had served long and faithfully with her husband in the Algiers Mission Band, evangelising muslims. The North African Campaign in the early 1940s involved them in a new and tremendous work which was social and evangelistic, exhausting and rewarding.

Those were years of "Active Service" and the Mission operated in that spirit, serving the "boys" in any way that was helpful. Around 9 p.m. each evening after a feast of bread, jam and tea, social company and happy laughter the "boys" would gather quietly and reverently in the "upper room". A soldier, an airman, a nurse or a missionary would read the Scriptures, share thoughts and lead in prayer. Always we knew that what made worship so natural in that home was the presence of the two missionary servants of the Lord, Mr. and Mrs. Buckenham.

Mrs. Buckenham's influence upon the lives of hundreds of "boys" who passed through Blida in those war years is quite beyond human measure.

JENNIE WILBERFORCE

**S**HE was very tiny, less than four feet, and her rapidly growing children, two girls and a boy, would in a few years time be able to look down on their little mother. They all seemed to be taking after their tall father.

It seemed such a short time since she herself was a little girl attending the knitting class attached to the Hospital. She had never been to school and had a burning desire to learn to read. Several times she attended one of the doctors' houses and began to learn letters and could eventually read a little colloquial Arabic. When she moved to the shanty town, two miles out, she could no longer make it to the Hospital with her three small children and I often used to visit her. As we sat in her little wooden hut she would follow my finger down the page opened at the Gospel of John and chapter one. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:", read out the little mother. I never knew whether she was really reading or if she now knew the passage by heart. When I moved to a fresh place in the Book, she was completely lost.

After about half an hour of reading she would get busy making the mint tea and I would look around the room and know by the contents whether the husband had work or not. "Where is your alarm clock?" I would ask. "Oh, we had to sell it, but we'll get another when he gets work." The husband was a white-washer and sure enough when there was a lot of white-washing to be done for some feast, the little hut would again become resplendent with alarm clock on its wooden shelf, bedstead, instead of mattress on the floor, new tea glasses and many other signs of prosperity. After tea a bottle of cheap scent would be produced and my hands and hair sprinkled with it. (In richer homes a silver spray filled with rose-water would be used.) A bit of incense would be thrown on the charcoal fire and the scented fumes would disguise the other smells, for the crude toilet was next to the room where we sat and there was no modern drainage system in the shanty town of thousands of wooden huts.

Next we would have school for the three tinies. How keen was the little mother that her children should learn also and they

certainly enjoyed the actions and tunes of the choruses we sang. Often neighbours would come in who had never been to the Hospital and knew nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ, in fact they often didn't know or speak Arabic. They spoke their own tribal language, for many in these huts were refugees from the Riff mountains when famine had driven them to the coastal towns. There would always be someone to interpret though and what a joy it was to tell them in a simple way, of God's love for them in sending Jesus Christ.

In spite of great poverty, this little woman never asked me for a thing. In fact she would want to pay my bus fare for going to visit her. She would be at the bus stop to meet me and escort me back through the long lanes of wooden and tin shacks. Needless to say, when I got a parcel from home with woollen garments and knitted blankets I was so glad to be able to give her some for her children, for the winters though short can be very cold and wet. When it rained, the ground surrounding these huts was a sea of mud. It was a case of bare feet or wellingtons. Shoes would just get left behind in the mud. At the door of each hut was a bucket of cold water and as each person arrived with muddy feet, they plunged them into the cold water and then stepped inside onto a piece of old towel or cloth which was flung to them by the inmates. In this way the inside of the hut was kept reasonably clean.

Many of the roofs were made of flattened out dustbins and nearly always there were leaky patches. The ambition of most families was to buy a new piece of "zinc", as they called the corrugated iron, and have a leakless roof. One winter this was achieved for my little friend by a gift from friends at home.

For some years now I have lost contact with this family. They move around and eventually I could not trace them, but they are often in my thoughts and prayers and I hope they will now be in yours too.

#### **CHANGE OF TITLE**

As our readers are aware we adopted the title "Forward" about eighteen months ago in order to crystallise the new movement within the Mission. Unfortunately another organisation already had this title for their magazine and we are honour bound to change it in the very near future. Can we invite your collaboration? What would be your choice of a title?

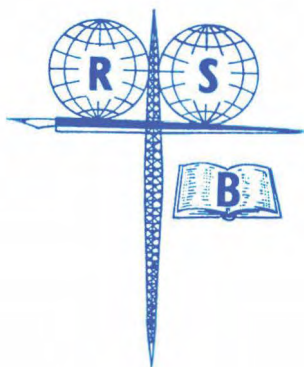
#### **FROM THE PRAYER LETTERS**

Due to an abundance of material for this issue, our feature "From the Prayer Letters" has been omitted. We intend to continue it in the next issue.

#### **GUIDED GIVING**

It is with thankfulness to God that we can report that it was possible to send full allowances again for the months of March and April.

# RADIO SCHOOL OF THE BIBLE



**E**STABLISHED in Marseilles, France, in 1964, the Radio School of the Bible uses modern means of mass communications to lift up Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord to muslim peoples who are dying in their sins.

“As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.” People were dying from bites by the fiery serpents in the desert. Moses, on God’s direction, showed the stricken multitudes how to be pardoned and healed. Possibly some victims recoiled at the sight of another snake; some, no doubt, looked in another direction and died unhealed; but as many gazed in faith upon the object, they sensed a change within—the sting of the bite was gone, the body was whole. Behold, they were forgiven and healed! They had life!

People are dying in their sins in the muslim world today. The Radio School of the Bible points the stricken multitudes to Christ for pardon and the healing of broken lives. Possibly some individuals recoil at first hearing of another Way; some look back to Islam and die in their sins; but as many “gaze” in faith upon Christ, they sense a change within—the sting of sin is gone, the body is whole. Behold, they are forgiven and healed! They have eternal life!

Through the three-fold ministry of the Radio School of the Bible, Jesus Christ is lifted up in such a way as to be visible to masses of people in North Africa and other muslim lands. Literally thousands of muslims have begun to “see” the Lord Jesus Christ through the Bible correspondence courses, our radio broadcasts, and our quarterly publication, “The Key of Knowledge”. Through the spread of the Word of God, these people see not only their need before God, but also His provision of salvation in Christ.

## BIBLE CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

**R**ELEVANT in aim, Bible Correspondence Courses attempt to permeate muslim society at all levels with the Gospel message.

The B.C.C. strives so to penetrate the muslim family unit that souls may be won from it and thus to mitigate the effect of boycott and social ostracism on the part of converts' relatives. The establishment of a Church in Arab lands necessitates this breaking of the social chain.

**Did you know that . . .**

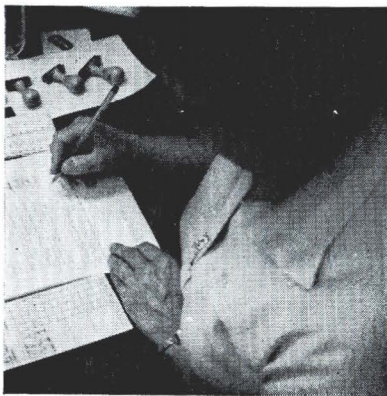
more than 65,000 people touched by the B.C.C. since 1961 would form a line extending from Trafalgar Square to London Airport?



IRVING HOFFMAN AND BONNIE DRUDGE GRADING LESSONS

**S**TRATEGIC in action, the B.C.C. enables the communication of the Gospel on an individual level to a vast audience of interested listeners practically untouchable through the classic one-by-one witness. If one hour of personal tutoring were given for each of the 40,000 lesson units sent out last year, at the rate of forty hours weekly for fifty weeks of the year, one missionary would require twenty years of continuous effort. Such personal effort is far more effectively invested in the follow-up teaching of new believers.

**B**IBLICAL in approach, the B.C.C. presents the Gospel message in a system of indoctrination which carries the student from that which he knows to that which is new, moving only a step at a time. The acceptance of the Lord Jesus Christ is then shown to be the one logical step for the student to take. Many have understood this call for decision and some have responded positively. Followers of the Unique God have become followers of the Unique Saviour.

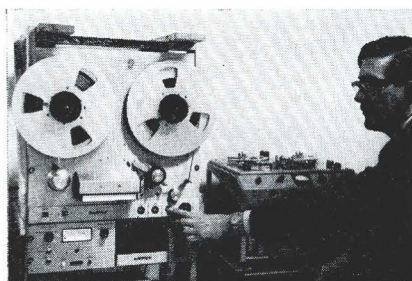


OBJECTIVE-TYPE TESTS MAKE FOR SPEEDY HANDLING



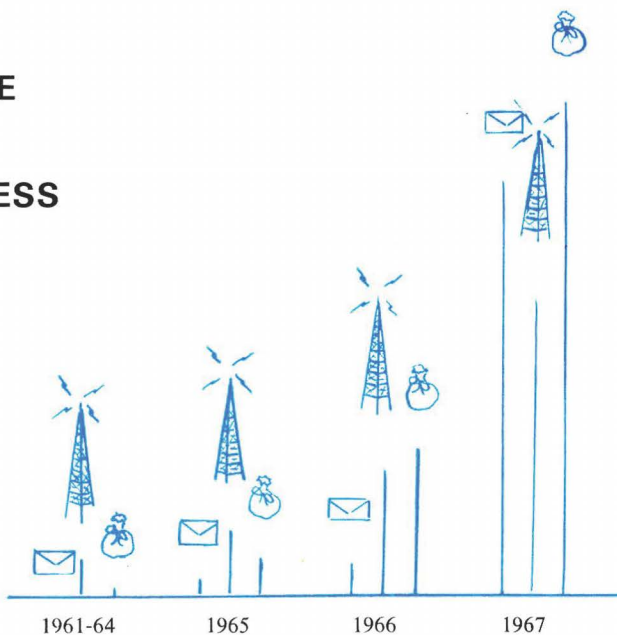
## RADIO

"I hope people are praying for him!" These are the words of a recent visitor to our studio when she heard of the key position TOUFIC KHOURI has in the radio ministry. Besides the preparation and recording of all Classical Arabic programmes, he is the "pastor by mail" to the listeners.



What makes the difference between a noisy, distorted programme and one that is clear and of high fidelity? The answer is the equipment you use. As gifts come in the eight-year-old machines on the right are being replaced by fully professional ones. DON HARRIS works with both during this transition period.

## PICTURE OF PROGRESS



## KEY OF KNOWLEDGE

THE quarterly paper, "The Key of Knowledge", published in Arabic and French editions, is the third prong of the Radio School of the Bible ministry. This paper was born out of the recognition of the fact that many B.C.C. students interrupted their study of the Bible lessons never to resume them again. It was felt that the R.S.B. had the responsibility of keeping the message of Christ before such people. The best way of doing this was to produce a paper which would go into their homes at least four times a year, to confront them with the claims of Christ.

In addition to encouraging perseverance in the courses and regular listening to the broadcasts, the paper presents supplementary teaching on Christ and commitment to Him, by means of stories, proverbs, exhortations, etc.

At present, the editing of "The Key of Knowledge" is the responsibility of Mr. Toufic Khouri and Mr. Tran Thuyen. Mr. Khouri, an ex-lebanese Catholic priest and former professor in a seminary in Jerusalem, is responsible for the Arabic edition. Mr. Tran Thuyen, who formerly served in the Diplomatic Corps of the Government of South Vietnam in Paris and in Rabat, Morocco, is the editor of the French edition. Pray for these brethren, that they will have heavenly power and wisdom when they send forth the truth of the Gospel in the varied articles in the periodical.

On an average, 11,500 copies are distributed in each language each quarter. The majority of these go to North African countries, but we also have readers in other lands of Africa and other parts of the muslim world, as well as in Europe.

Having now completed approximately two years of publication of this paper, it is possible for us to say that a dialogue has been established with our readers. Two encouraging letters have recently come from Algeria. One young man wrote to say that his entire family read and appreciated the paper. Another wrote to say that the "Key" had caused him "to be infinitely grateful" not to us, but to "the Lord Jesus Christ". Letters also come from European readers, such as the French Reformed Church pastor, who wrote, "I read with interest your little quarterly. It is well thought out, and should cause those who yet live far from the grace of God to reflect much on that grace." — this is our prayer. May Jesus Christ be glorified!



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# LANGUAGE TRAINING

MICHAEL PATON

**T**HE little blue Citroen shot past and suddenly turned, forcing me to brake quickly. "Why can't these people learn to drive" I thought angrily. Then I realised I had fallen into the trap again. I had adopted a critical attitude towards the local people. Fortunately I had been warned about "culture shock" before leaving for the mission field. This is something which most missionary recruits experience on arriving in a new country. They find the food unpalatable, or consider the people unfriendly, and even begin to doubt God's call to them. But behind every case of "cultural shock" is the enemy of God's Kingdom, and Satan knows the weaknesses of each new missionary.

The Missionary Training Centre is situated in a very pleasant town. Montpellier, in the south of France, is just a few miles from the sea. It is a famous old town with many ancient buildings, and to our delight, the sun shines almost everyday.

But our two-year stay here is not a holiday. Language learning is a mixed experience. Sometimes it is encouraging when you manage to string a few sentences together or understand part of a sermon. It can also be amusing. I asked a shopkeeper for a lock for my bicycle and he looked at me very strangely. Only later did I learn that I had asked for a lock of hair!

At other times it can be discouraging when you cannot convey your ideas to others. This brings the feelings of helplessness

and frustration which a toddler experiences when he cannot express himself.

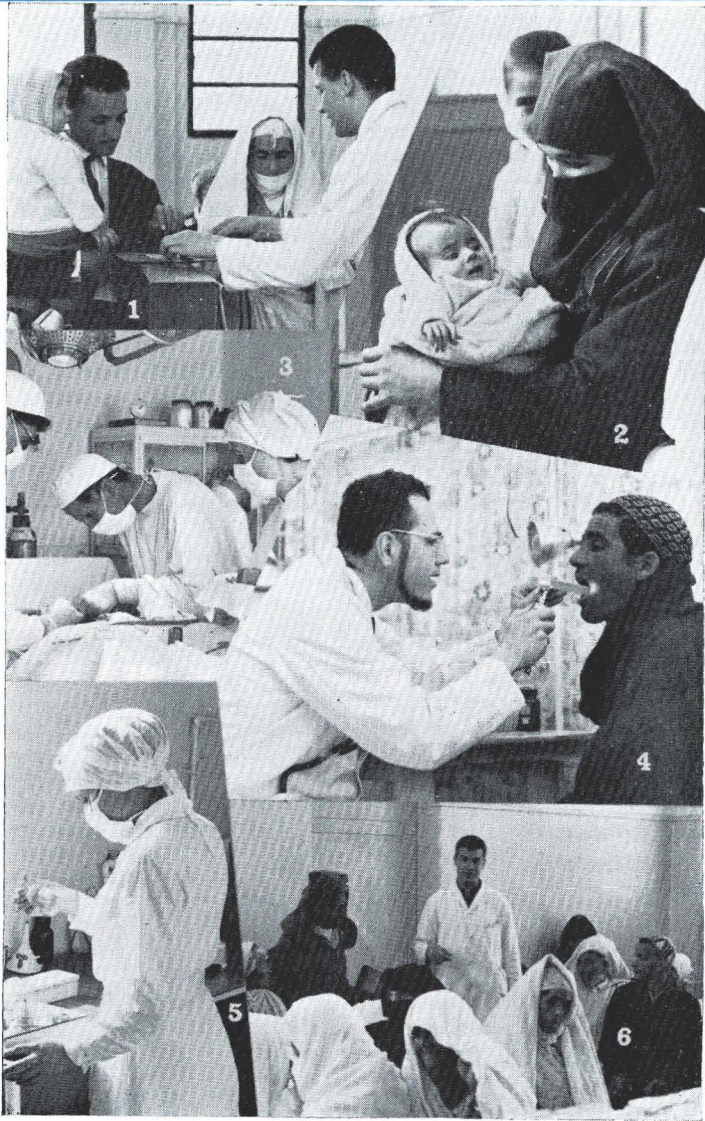
No doubt our greatest needs are for patience and faith. We strain at the leash, longing to be among the Arabs to whom God has called us, and our time here can seem so remote from the actual work. But unless we master French and Arabic we will be of little use later on.

Yes, language study is a period of frustration and problems. How wonderful to find that the Lord has the answer to all these needs. Pray that our team of fifteen recruits may learn now how to use the tools which these languages provide.

## RETIREMENT OF MISS "NELL" BROWN

The simple facts of Miss Brown's sacrificial service are soon told. She had worked in one job since leaving school and became personal secretary to the financial editor of the Daily Telegraph and as such earned a comfortable salary and could anticipate a good salary on retirement. For the Lord's sake she happily gave all this up, more than twenty years ago, and has worked as a missionary at the home end rendering immeasurable service to the whole Mission family.

It would be superfluous to speak of her outstanding competence. This is a by-word at headquarters where she is almost irreplaceable. We thank God together for happy fellowship and for the gracious testimony of a quiet and modest servant of God always willing to perform behind-the-scenes service to forward the work of the Gospel in North Africa. We trust that our Heavenly Father will give many happy years of retirement in Felixstowe.



1. Reception at Out Patients Department.
2. Mother and baby for Baby Clinic.
3. Operation in progress.
4. Out Patients Department.
5. Nurse in dispensary.
6. In the Waiting Room.

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# WHITHER T.M.H. ?

GWEN THEAKSTON



**THE TULLOCH MEMORIAL HOSPITAL** the only mission hospital in North Africa, was founded in 1887. In those days the need of the sick was desperate. The first doctors and nurses did all they could to relieve suffering, often in very primitive conditions and always with inadequate facilities. Their purpose was not only to care for the sick but to

demonstrate through their work the love of Christ for all who came to them. The healing ministry helped to break down much of the age-long prejudice against the Gospel. Stony ground was prepared for the living seed of the Word of Life.

It is still the only hospital which offers healing for the whole man, spiritual as well as physical. It is also a place where young national Christians learn to demonstrate the Christian life in service. The wife of a local schoolmaster, after a few days as a patient, said, "There is a different spirit here from any other hospital."

**T**HE T.M.H. has had a long and varied history since its founding over eighty years ago, on a cliff top three hundred feet above the sea. Its course down the years, like that of true love, has never run smoothly. In fact it might be nicknamed "Crisis Corner". The reason is not far to seek and must be kept in mind as we consider the latest of the crises and try to answer questions. Is T.M.H.'s usefulness finished? Is it worthwhile carrying on under present conditions? Short staffed as we are, is it worthwhile to ask for reinforcements, or should we let the whole thing peter out?

Behind all the events and circum-

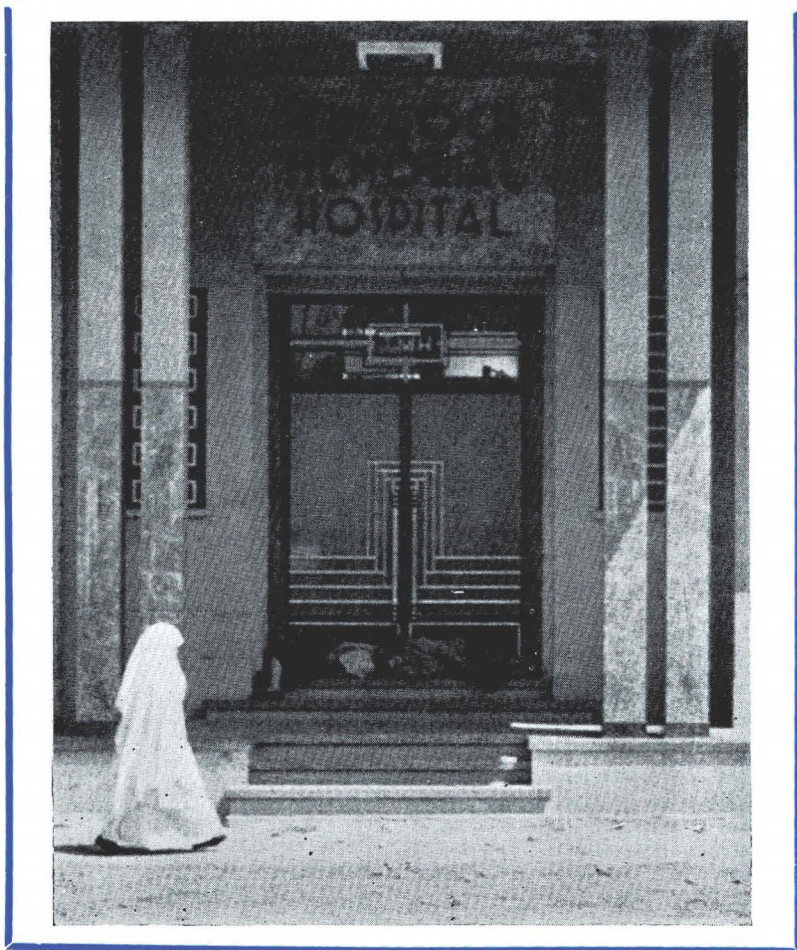
stances are the spiritual forces engaged in deadly combat, and the pace is quickening. Here in the middle of the Enemy's kingdom of darkness, the Prince of Darkness finds an irritating, flickering little light, an outpost of the Light of the World, attracting his subjects, healing their sicknesses, opening their blind eyes, turning them from the power of darkness to Light. As we meet the crises—big ones like government restrictions on preaching with the overhanging threat of expulsion if caught "proselytizing", and smaller ones such as sickness among the staff, both nervous and physical—the whisperer of doubts seeks to spread misunderstanding

or discouragement. The understandable fear of Moroccan Christians and colleagues, the knowledge that there are fellow travellers willing to betray their best friends for a consideration, are but the noise and the dust of battle in a warfare of whose issue there can be no doubt. Of course there will be wounds and casualties but in the end "He shall reign".

In the meantime, should we let that flickering light be extinguished? Should we withdraw because we cannot hold meetings? Or should

we throw our frustrations to the winds, shout our message from the roof tops and get ourselves thrown out in a grand heroic finalé? Many, who have had to withdraw from these lands are broadcasting the Gospel back again by means of radio and Bible correspondence courses based outside the country, and the volume of this peripheral ministry is likely to be stepped up as opportunities for local missionary work diminish.

T.M.H. is still being allowed to function and individual ministry is



still possible, by the bedsides of patients, in the privacy of the doctors' consulting rooms, examination rooms and X-ray room, in the homes of individual missionaries and Moroccan Christians, and in the homes of grateful ex-patients. How did our Lord work? He certainly was not always preaching. He spent much of His time teaching the twelve who were to carry on His work. He performed many healing miracles without any word of preaching accompanying them. He purposely sought out an out-cast woman by the well. He must have given most of a night to an enquiring Pharisee who had been set thinking by the miracles of healing he had seen.

Yes, I believe we still have a function to perform—a greater ministry of comforting, counselling, teaching, training and visiting on a person to person basis. We believe we are justified in still asking the Lord of the Harvest to send forth labourers; nurses who can nurse well and keep up the medical standard but who are adaptable enough to turn their hands to many things which would not come within their sphere in a European or American hospital. We would ask Him to send us enough staff to give us the leisure for the personal contact which is the present door of opportunity. It takes more people and more time to speak to fifty individually than it does to speak to the same number all at once.

What are the qualifications? The weapons of our warfare are so different from those of the world and of our Enemy. The motive of our service must be love for Christ. Such a love will forge the weapons we need; faithfulness, patience, understanding, discernment, selflessness, prayerfulness. The Enemy has nothing like these in his amoury, and nothing that can successfully combat them.

## RETIREMENT OF MR. and MRS. F. EWING

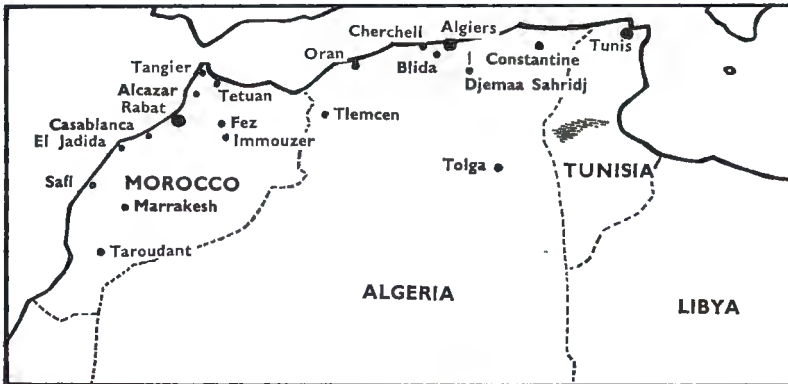
It was at an N.A.M. Missionary Conference at "Slavanka", and a year or two before their marriage, that Mrs. Long and I first met Frank and May Ewing. They joined the Mission at a time when accepted candidates had the immense advantage of language training in Paris whilst living at the Hostel so happily and ably superintended by "Baba" and Mrs. T. J. P. Warren—themselves missionaries with many years of experience in Algeria. To that country Mr. Ewing always felt that he had a special call.

Tunis afforded ample opportunities for Mr. and Mrs. Ewing to acquire a thorough experience of missionary work among Muslims; and in due season their hopes of a witness among Algerians was realized when they removed to Bône. Some time later, when Mr. and Mrs. Bocking left Algeria to help meet the urgent need at Tangler, their station of Cherchell was taken over by Mr. and Mrs. Ewing. There they had much encouragement in class work and visitation: but the long years of the Franco-Algerian War were tremendously testing, and it was whilst they were at home on furlough that their mission house was looted. They lost everything.

Upon their later return to North Africa our friends occupied Tlemcen, in the extreme West of Algeria. It had a past history of faithful ministry by N.A.M. missionaries, and, later, by workers of the Algiers Mission Band; and here Mr. and Mrs. Ewing were quietly and usefully engaged until the close of their long and eventful sojourn in Muslim North Africa.

In their retirement we are happy to know that they have pleasant accommodation in Mr. Ewing's homeland—Northern Ireland—and that, near at hand, are their three daughters. Our loving and prayerful good wishes are with them all.

—E.J.L.



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