

---

# forward

---

## *Highlights and Heart-aches*

ROBERT I. BROWN

A. T. UPSON, who spent many years as a missionary in the Near East, once wrote a book entitled "Highlights in the Near East". In that every step of our recent Field trip was a "highlight" it is difficult in one short article to do it justice.

It was obvious that Tunisia had changed. There were for example no beggars! It has become safe and clean and tourism is the major industry. Our younger workers are studying the language and making contact among students while the older generation faithfully seizes every opportunity for personal witnessing and rejoices in a quite remarkable openness to the message of the gospel. While it is obvious that the day of the conventional missionary may be fading here yet the door is wide open in this lovely and hospitable country for all kinds of non-professional witness.

In Algeria and Morocco we saw afresh the powerful impact that the R.S.B. is making. In many major centres we were impressed with the competent and effective discipling programme of the B.C.C. contacts. They come to the homes of the missionaries at all hours and are certainly emerging as rugged disciples of Jesus Christ. This inevitably leads on to the development of the church and although this is numerically small as yet nevertheless the Lord is building His church.

In the city of Algiers on Sunday afternoon we felt transported back to New Testament days. It was a mixed group, men, women, and children speaking

**na|m**

JULY 1969

Arabic, Kabyle, French or English and the very meaningful service was conducted in French and Arabic. At the conclusion the committed Christians formed a circle around the Lord's table and remembered His redemptive love. It was a most moving hour.

If there were highlights there are also heart-aches in North Africa. In one place, the very first fruits of the work, a baptised believer, no longer follows in the way and in another a Christian woman who has followed the Lord with much freedom for some ten years has been swept away into a Muslim marriage. These are the things that remind us of the constant presence of the Adversary and the need for more and more prayer.

The pattern of the Book Shops has changed somewhat, at least in Algiers where the former shop is a student centre, but both there and at Fez God's own word is available. In Fez particularly,

attempts have been made to close the shop and to finish the testimony but thus far the Lord has graciously over-ruled and permitted its continuance.

We must confess to a feeling of at least special concern as we approached Tangier. Had any missionaries been expelled? Was the hospital still functioning? Well there are undoubtedly real problems of a very delicate and sensitive nature but a quiet, confident spirit on the part of the missionaries. There are almost no opportunities for public preaching as we have known it in the past but abundant opportunities for personal testimony and heart-warming fellowship with brave national Christians.

We were immensely blessed and impressed with all that we heard and saw and more than ever convinced that our missionaries are worthy of our sacrificial prayers and support. "He is faithful." Let us not fail them or Him.



## *“What do you do?”*

HELEN MORRISS

WHEN curious folk round here ask me: “What do you do? What is your work?” I reply: “I am a teacher. I give some private lessons. But most of all I love to teach the Word of God to those who want to learn.” That really sums up the work the Lord has given me here. First there are the private lessons in the local Tunisian dialect, to younger workers. These go on quietly, year in, year out. The young mothers I visit in their homes, the others come to me in my home. This winter I have four separate pupils, and I love each one. My only regret is, that of all I have taught in the past, only one has remained in Tunisia to work thus far.

Then there is the teaching of the Word of God in visiting Arab homes—no regular teaching, alas, but seeds sown each time as the Spirit gives the opening. And what joy it is to find little children with eager minds, and mothers with responsive hearts.

The other day I went to call on Lellousha, who had just had a new little baby. Several years ago she worked for the Bell family, and has warm memories of them. The Bell family left, however, and Lellousha disappeared from sight. I had only known her slightly, and had no idea where she lived. Cathy Bell still prayed for her though, and one day, out of the blue, a woman stopped me and greeted me. It was Lellousha. I was able to get her work with Dinnie Vishanoff, where she settled happily. Best of all, I found out where she lived, and was able to go and see her sometimes.

So now, a new baby had arrived, and as I went I prayed that I might have a quiet talk with the mother and find her heart open. She lives in one small room off a little courtyard with about eight other rooms opening on to it, each occupied by a different family. There is no privacy whatever. All doors are left open, and neighbours come in and out freely. In the courtyard they sit doing their washing and cooking, laughing or quarrelling according to the mood of the moment.

The first time I called on Lellousha her room was bare except for a mattress on the floor. But thanks to having some regular work, she has been able to buy an old bed and a small cupboard.

The baby was lying on the bed, swaddled from the shoulders down, like a little cocoon. The mother was sitting on the floor. The Lord had heard my prayer, for presently the curious neighbours withdrew. Lellousha was telling me how her baby was born, there, in the corner on the floor, with no midwife in attendance, only a kindly neighbour who knew what to do.

“When I was working the other day”, she said (in the Vishanoff’s home) “I picked up little Susan’s Holy Book, and saw a picture of the Lord Jesus in it. So I held the Book in my hands, and asked Him to give me a safe delivery. He heard, and my labour was all over in an hour or two. It was wonderful!” So I drew out my flannelgraph, and with seven-year-old little Queen looking on I told the story of the birth of the Lord Jesus Himself. He too was born in extreme poverty on the floor, not of a room, but of a stable. He too was swaddled. But whereas Lellousha’s baby was laid on a warm bed, He had only a manger to lie in. Why? In order that the poorest, and meanest, and lowliest, might have access to Him, and know that He understands and cares and saves.

A week or two later I called again. Queen had remembered the story well, and her little chorus. This time we talked especially about the death of the Lord Jesus. I gave a simple illustration, and Lellousha’s face lit up as she saw the application,—Christ had died in our place. Did she apply it to herself personally? All I could see was that she seemed conscious of her sin and found comfort in the message. How much that young mother needs prayer—so ignorant, for she cannot read or write, and living in such sordid and defiled surroundings. Can it be possible for the flower of a pure and holy life in Christ Jesus to grow in that court?

Finally, there is the teaching of the Word of God in my own home. I have often mentioned the Girls’ Bible Class on a Saturday afternoon. The two or three faithful ones still come. These are girls who can read, whose minds are opening, and who, as the Word of God sinks in, will be able to pass it on to their own people.

I would like you to meet Delilah, just turned eighteen, who has hitherto lived a very simple life in a humble cottage home on the outskirts of Tunis. She went backwards and forwards to Junior School and High School for some years, but the rest of her time was always spent in the home. Last October she was accepted for a year’s course of training in Social Service. A college has just been opened where the students take classes in child welfare, hygiene, first aid, needlework, cookery, gardening, and even general repairs about the home. Then they will be sent out in groups to live in the little country towns, and teach the women and girls in their mud huts how to care for their babies and children, and sew for them, and keep their homes clean, and make the most of their tiny plots of land.



Already a new world is opening up for Delilah. Living in college, for the first time in her life she is sleeping in a bed of her own between sheets, in a building that has modern sanitation and conveniences. The cooking is done not in a charcoal pot or on a primus stove on the floor, but on electric cookers. Meals are taken not from a common dish round a low table, but sitting up on chairs, each with her plate. Delilah is thinking hard, and has high ideals of helping her own people. But she still remains the same simple girl. Her college grant of pocket money is given straight to her father, for the family, and he just hands out to her enough money for her bus ticket to and from college each weekend. What gives us joy is that she comes straight here on Saturdays from college, for the class, before going on home. This will probably be Delilah's last year with us. There is no telling where she may be posted next winter. Will you pray especially for her that these next few months may be ones of real decision?

The Bible Class for young men has not materialised yet. For two or three months we had a Bible Study each week with the young man from the desert oasis. Now he has returned, just as unexpectedly as he came. He writes very warmly, missing the fellowship. I feel the Lord has taken him back to be a pin-point of the true Light in the darkness of that far-away spot.

---



MARKET WITH MOSQUE

## Karima

MURIEL BUTCHER

THE first few months of this year have been unusually busy and difficult. There have been extra demands on our time and strength, as well as many problems and discouragements which left us feeling tired and "deflated". I have before me a copy of my last prayer letter in which I wrote with hope and assurance—"Not one day of this year will pass outside of His love and care . . . He purposes a crop; sometimes it will be sowing, sometimes ploughing, sometimes pruning—but it is all with the harvest in view and He never stops caring". Well, we have been experiencing something of the ploughing and pruning—it has gone deep and it hurts. But our faith is in God and in His Word. I still most firmly believe that He never stops caring and that in all of His, often inexplicable, dealings with His children He is preparing for more fruit-bearing for His glory.

Our greatest heart-ache concerns Karima whose spiritual growth we have watched with joy and whose problems we have so often together taken to the Lord. She is now married to a divorced Muslim. After many difficulties with her employers, she finally left her job and went home to Miliana for a rest. Arriving there, she found that all preparations had been made for a marriage; the trousseau was ready and the dowry paid. She had never seen the man and did

not want to go through with it. There are no missionaries in her home town, she was forbidden to get in touch with us; everyone was pressuring her to accept him—so she did.

We knew nothing about it until two weeks later when her husband came to fetch us to visit her. We found her transformed. The brisk, modern working girl had become an Arab bride. Sitting there in her beautiful long dress, sparkling with sequins, she was very ill-at-ease and seemed almost dazed. We could not talk with her privately and on each of our subsequent visits her husband and sister-in-law have been present. A few minutes snatched here and there while one of us holds the attention of the others, have revealed that she had no possibility of refusing, that she has asked the Lord to forgive her and that she knows that she is still His child. Her husband is kind to her, but she is unfamiliar with local customs and finds her new life very hard. We are thankful that she lives in Oran and is near to us. Her husband brought her to visit us last week so we can now go again to see her. Pray that she may have the courage to live for Christ there in that Muslim home.

As you can imagine, this has caused us great heart-searching. We have asked ourselves—who failed? And we still do not know the answer. Maybe mis-

sionaries have made mistakes in the past; maybe we have not been clear in our teaching or strong enough in our friendship; maybe we didn't pray enough; maybe you didn't pray enough. One thing is sure, we underestimate the evil power of Islam and we need to combat it with all the spiritual forces at our

disposal. But I am sure too, that we underestimate the power of our God who can yet turn this event to bring Him praise and glory. "Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why are you disquieted within me? Hope in God; for I shall again praise Him, my help and my God".

---

## *Medical Permit Refusal*

LILIAN GOODACRE

**W**E have prayed and waited for many months for the renewal of Dr. Campbell's permit to practice in the hospital. We have now had the news of a final refusal. But at least he has permission to work in another area where there are less doctors. While humanly speaking, this is a great disappointment to us all, we believe that the Lord has some even greater work for him elsewhere. He has now made application to work in another town, and is awaiting a reply, which could take more months to come! The 'powers that be' do not hurry, and we need patience! In the days of the early Church, when the disciples were scattered, the Church was multiplied, and we believe this can happen again. Please pray for the Lord's overruling in this matter.

However, this is certainly a serious, crippling blow to the hospital, as Dr. Campbell was such a vital, integral part of the hospital team. He will be greatly missed. Also we will soon probably have to make

some drastic changes in the hospital 'set-up' to comply with Government requirements, and we wonder what the future holds for the Lord's work here in the hospital. We are glad that He holds the future!

So we are now facing another of these big crises for which T.M.H. is so famous, and this crisis is one of the biggest yet! Yet we know that the Lord can bring us through this one as He has done so many times before.

I have been greatly helped by some words in Psalm 74 v. 12. "Yet God my King is from of old, working Salvation in the midst of the earth" (RSV). Even though it may seem that the work of the Lord is being ruined in this place, as in the days of the Psalmist, we know that God is King, and He is alive, and working for Salvation. We cannot be blind to the sad facts, but by faith and experience, we can also see beyond all this to the greatest fact of all, that God is actively reigning. So faith doesn't see defeat. It only sees victory.

"THAT'S my son," said the grey-clad potter proudly as he centred a lump of clay on his wheel. A push of the foot started the wheel turning. "He will go to school this afternoon."

As the father's hands went on to fashion the spinning clay into a pleasantly-curved pot, his son stood off to one side doing his lesson. There were no windows in the small workshop, so the boy had placed his notebook in the place where a shaft of light from the back door fell on the rough wooden workbench, between jars of paint and a pile of gaily decorated tiles. He was practicing, not very neatly, his newly-acquired skill of writing.

We see this mixture of old and new often in Tunisia. The potter, without a doubt, places a lot of hope in his son's education. And yet he must also be



bothered by the thought that his son will grow up with a generation which will probably boast more educated men than high ranking jobs to keep them busy.

As the old changes so rapidly to the new, many Tunisians are

re-examining their ways of thinking. Sudden change seemingly creates problems faster than it solves them. The religion of Islam, as traditionally interpreted, no longer holds so powerful an influence over men's minds. Some have made an



effort to "modernize" Islam, others have abandoned it. The majority cling half-heartedly to the traditional beliefs with one ear open to the modern interpretations, thinking, for the most part, that they are doing as well as the next fellow. "Christianity is for the Europeans, Islam for the Arabs. We are all doing the same thing."

Perhaps today's change will lead to an open door for tomorrow. We cannot know the future, nor can we know men's hearts. We do know that we are the servants of Christ, and that we must be ready to do His will. We also know that the prayers of Christ's servants move the Holy Spirit to work. We need you to pray with us in Tunisia. And at the same time, continue to pray for us in Tunisia.

HOBE DEARBORN



## *Station Re-visited*

GWEN THEAKSTON

**L**AST week I went down to Alcazar on a day off. Since Miss Chipperfield retired nearly two years ago, there have been no missionaries in that town which is about 70 miles south of Tangier. Someone had sent me the name and address of a girl who was taking the Bible Correspondence Course. I wrote to her and asked if she would like me to come down and talk about the things she was studying and I got a most welcoming letter back from her.

When the floods had subsided (Alcazar had been impassable for weeks!), two friends took me down by car. We went first to Khudoosh—an older Christian woman who worked with Miss Chipperfield for many years. She and I found the girl's house—her name is Rabia—and were asked if we would all return in the afternoon. So we found another Christian girl—Fama—and had a time of reading and fellowship together. Khudoosh does one's heart good, she is so radiant. We were able to bring her good news of her married daughter in Casablanca, who goes to the meeting there. She has not yet really dared to let go and let God, as her mother has, but we believe He will truly answer Khudoosh's prayers not only for her daughter Fatoom, but also for her son and his

family with whom Khudoosh lives.

At the appointed hour we went to Rabia. She is about eighteen and has left school and now lives at home. We were made very welcome. Many years ago her eldest sister had been to the school Miss Chipperfield and I had in Alcazar, but the fruit seems to be showing in this younger one with whom we had no touch at all. Some years ago she had come by a French New Testament but it had been confiscated by the teachers at school. She was full of questions, eager and hungry to learn more, and we had a profitable time with her until her mother came in. She was polite and hospitable, but made it her business to see we didn't get to grips with her daughter in her presence. It's not difficult to see where Rabia's difficulties will come from. In a pause while her mother was out of the room Rabia said, "My mother is very religious—she says the Muslim prayers and wants to go to Mecca, but I don't—I want something better."

Pray for this group in Alcazar—Khudoosh, standing with her as she prays for her children and grandchildren; Fama—that she may be kept among the difficulties of home, and that she may make the effort to meet regularly with Khudoosh for

their mutual strengthening; for Rabia—that she may understand the Word as she reads and studies it, and that even when she realises what the cost may be, she will receive Christ as her Saviour and follow Him faithfully. The others know who she is and where she lives; even so, in this old fashioned town girls like Rabia and Fama do not find it easy to go against family pressure to meet together.

Also in Alcazar there is a young fellow — Absalom, also taking the correspondence course.

He has been in hospital and so has his mother. He says he is a Christian. He came to us just before the sheep-killing feast because he said it was nothing to him now and he didn't want to be involved. He has also palled up with another Bible Student. They were both at a sort of stag party a bridegroom gives on the night of a wedding. Everybody was chanting the Koran except Absalom and this other boy. Later the two sought each other out and found they had the same reason for their silence!

---

## B.C.C. Contact

*I had always followed the religion of my parents, but I had a great respect for the Christian religion. I kept trying to learn more about the life of Jesus Christ. In 1965 a Christian of our town loaned me a book entitled **The Four Gospels**, which was very helpful to me.*

*However, I did not become a Christian until 1966, when one day, in answer to my fervent prayers made in the name of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, God helped me to pass an important school examination.*

*After my conversion, my unbelieving friends insulted me every chance they got and called me "renegade" and "traitor". For more than a month I tried to bear these insults, but finally I just could not bear them any longer; Satan entered into me and I renounced the Christian faith.*

*Once again God intervened and helped me to examine myself. He helped me to understand how much I had changed since I had abandoned the Lord Jesus and what I had become; a delinquent without scruples.*

*In the midst of all this, one of my friends, a student of the Radio School of the Bible in Marseilles, gave me an application blank for some correspondence courses. A short while later, I received the first lesson of the course . . . I studied continually and stopped seeing my friends. I kept this secret for two years, and then there came a*

*day when once again I had to call on God in the name of Christ.*

*This was at a time when my mother had had a serious accident. Seeing her suffer in pain and believing her to be near the end, I wept desperately. In my desperation, I cried to God: "Oh, Lord, my God, I pray you in the name of Jesus Christ, my Saviour and my Mediator before you, come to the aid of my suffering mother and relieve those sufferings. Oh my God, I beg you, answer me in the name of Jesus Christ who said, 'Until now you have asked nothing in my Name; ask, and you will receive, that your joy might be complete.'"*

*I kept on praying in this way, and, after a while, with joy I saw my mother arise. "My son," she said, "you have helped me. May God bless you. Now I am no longer suffering. You may go back to bed, because I want to sleep, too."*

*I thank God for His love and for the intercession of Jesus Christ on our behalf. More than ever I put all my confidence in Him: I affirm that He is truly the Christ, the only Saviour of this sinful world. I bless the day when I repented of my sins and began to follow the way of salvation. Now I can bear the insults of my friends. I can forgive them, and I try to teach them the Word of God which was revealed to me.*

These words, written by a young North African, Mohamed Tahar, wonderfully testify to the power of God to redeem a life from the control of sin. God has spoken to this young man in many ways: we are thankful that He enabled us to play a part in the story.

Mohamed Tahar has known opposition to his new faith, but by God's grace he has been able to bear this opposition and go forward with Christ. We know of several students who became interested in the study of the Bible because of Mohamed Tahar's witness. Only God knows just how many people in his area have heard of Christ from his lips.

Now Mohamed Tahar faces new challenges to his faith. He has left his home to go to another part of his country for special job training. He is in a city where we know of no other Christians, but the latest word received from him indicates that he is known as a Christian in this new location, too. He said that on Easter Sunday he heard a radio programme and sang along with the hymn, "Thine Be the Glory". Let us pray that he will continue to know the presence of God daily in his life and that he will be able to lead others to Christ so that together they may function as the living church of Jesus Christ.

**T**HEY may take the Book out of our hands; they can never take the Word out of our hearts.”

A man was walking over his ploughed field. Over his shoulder hung a large bag. As he walked he dipped his hand into the bag and took it out filled with seed which he scattered as he went. What would happen to it? How much of it would grow? Some would certainly be eaten by birds, some would be too starved to grow well thrown as it was into the stony places where the soil was thin, some

**YOUTH  
PAGE**

## **SEED IN GOOD SOIL**

would be unable to win in the fight with the weeds. Perhaps it was hardly worth the effort and time to sow at all. Of course, no farmer thinks like that: that which grows is worth all the labour put into the field.

Zoe and Rachel are two sisters. They came together both wearing face veils and djellabas, effectively covering them from head to foot.

“Do you still study the Bible Correspondence Courses?” I asked Zoe, when her sister was chatting with other friends.

“Haven’t you heard what happened?” was her reply.

Zoe had learned about the Gospel in the embroidery school. One year she had been allowed to go to a girls’ camp where she had eagerly learned more. Because of her mother’s ill health it was Zoe who had left school to help at home whilst Rachel and the brothers continued their studies. Mother had been interested when Zoe began to do the B.C.C. lessons and when she was able she, too, would come to the Women’s Meeting.

“What books are these?” asked her uncle, angrily.

Tremblingly she showed him her Bible, her hymn book, her lesson books and papers. She never saw them again; was threateningly forbidden ever to have more.

Zoe watched eagerly for the visits of the missionaries. If there were not other visitors, she could enjoy a short time of Bible study, with them and her mother never minded. She was always alert for her uncle’s footsteps. But how could she continue to read God’s Word?

“Would you be allowed to help a new missionary with her language study?”



What a splendid answer to her prayer this was. Soon it was established, and at each lesson there was time made for Zoe to read a little from the Bible.

Sometimes it was possible for a group of girls to come from other places for a few days of Christian fellowship and teaching.

"Zoe, it would be so nice if you could take part in the study when the girls are here next week. We have thought of a way by which you could read up the lesson. You can honestly say that you do not own a New Testament but we will lend you one for the week."

It was hard to convince Zoe that this was a good plan. She knew her uncle. With eagerness and with fear she took the Book.

Everyone was ready for the Bible Study but Zoe hadn't yet come. Perhaps, as so often happened, visitors had arrived and she must stay home to prepare and serve the mint tea and cakes. The hour passed rapidly and the study was nearly over when Zoe came in, her eyes and face red and swollen with crying. The plan had failed.

We talked together about other Christians and their problems. We remembered one who has a Scripture verse which she often repeats when the way is hard. "I can do all things through Christ Who strengthens me."

"Yes," said Zoe. "that is what I do. I say to myself over and over again the verses which we learned in school and in camps."

"They may take the Book out of our hands; they can never take the Word out of our hearts."

But what about that seed in the farmer's hand which seemed only to fall among stones? Two other sisters were together in their home. Molly and Kate we shall call them.

"Where is Kate?" Molly was often asked when the girls came to the embroidery school.

"Coming" was often the answer. "Mother wouldn't let her come until she had washed and had combed her hair."

Mother was a jolly woman with ten children and enough problems to take the smile from many other people's faces. She was unusual in that area for her insistence on cleanliness and tidiness. So Kate would arrive, a little late, but always neat. Molly responded to the Gospel, Kate did not. Molly worked hard, Kate played hard.

Today the missionary was visiting them and they told how they had been remembering with their younger sister the camps of other years. Kate had never been to camp. She had wanted the fun and the holiday but she had rebelled against discipline and her mother had said that she must therefore be the one to remain as help at

home. Kate, it seemed, had never bothered to learn the Bible verses or in any way prepare for the yearly camp.

Kate listened to the talk then went over and sat by the visitor.

Wistfully, she said, "If there is a camp this year, couldn't I go?"

"Do you remember any of the Bible teaching we used to have?"

"Yes, yes!"

"But what?"

She twisted around for a few minutes and then, suddenly she began quoting Scripture verses ending: "No man cometh to the Father, except by Me."

Stony ground? Perhaps there is better soil there than we know.

ETHEL BROWN.

---

## *A Family Believes*

WILLIAM CAMPBELL

**A**FTER my wife, Holly, had visited Hamid Yahia's wife, Khadoosh, for several years, and with Hamid's daily witness, she believed. Then she and Holly went to visit Khadoosh's sister, La Fatima. After about three years she believed. She brought her children to Sunday School under cover of visiting Khadoosh and after another two years one of these children believed.

Occasionally we have had opportunity to speak to the husband, Mochtar. At the end of 1967 he suddenly started coughing up blood. Even here in Morocco people are informed enough to fear tuberculosis with this symptom. I examined him but could find nothing. I sent him to the special centre for tuberculosis but they could find nothing.

I also went to his home and

read the Bible with him. He listened very intently. Previously he had laughed at his wife. I went a second time and he listened so carefully that I felt led to ask him if he wanted to believe. He said, "Why not?" I replied, "Now don't do this to please me, but if you believe Jesus died for your sins, then accept Him because you believe it is true." He repeated, "I want to." There in front of his wife and all his children, he prayed after me thanking God for sending Christ to die for his sins.

It is now one year ago and he comes to Hamid and sometimes to me to hear the word of God. We never did find out the cause of his illness. I myself feel that the Lord sent the illness so that Mochtar would turn to God. Pray for this family that they would grow in the knowledge of heavenly things.

## NEWS

### MISS SELMA KLAU

It is with great joy that we are able to announce the London Council's decision to appoint our sister as a deputationist. Selma, a converted Jewess, is of German origin and tragically lost most of her family during the Nazi purges. Selma served in Morocco with Miss M. Chipperfield in Alcazar for a good number of years and has recently returned to this country. We will be glad to receive invitations in this office for her ministry from 1st September.

### MR. AND MRS. BARWANI

We are glad to announce that the London Council of the Mission has gladly and unanimously accepted Talib and Afaf Barwani into the fellowship of the Mission. Talib, a former Muslim, hails from Zanzibar and was brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ while serving with the R.A.F. in Lybia. His wife, Afaf, comes from the Lebanon where she was a pupil in the school of which Miss Hazel St. John is Headmistress.

They are completing a period of study at All Nations Missionary College and we trust that later in the year they will leave for language school. If any Church or group would like to hear their testimony we should be delighted to make necessary arrangements. Meanwhile, it will be our privilege to pray for Mr. and Mrs. Barwani and their two lovely young children.

### MR. JOHN THOMPSON

We regret very much to announce that Mr. John Thompson has been obliged to take a complete month's rest in Gibraltar. It is not difficult for us to under-

stand something of the strain of recent months in Fez and we shall be much in prayer that our brother will soon be restored to complete health and strength.

### MISS MURIEL BUTCHER

Our sister will be home for two months this summer, partly for holiday and also for an operation in Mildmay Mission Hospital. Our prayers will certainly accompany our sister that she may be able to return to North Africa without undue delay.

### MARRIAGE

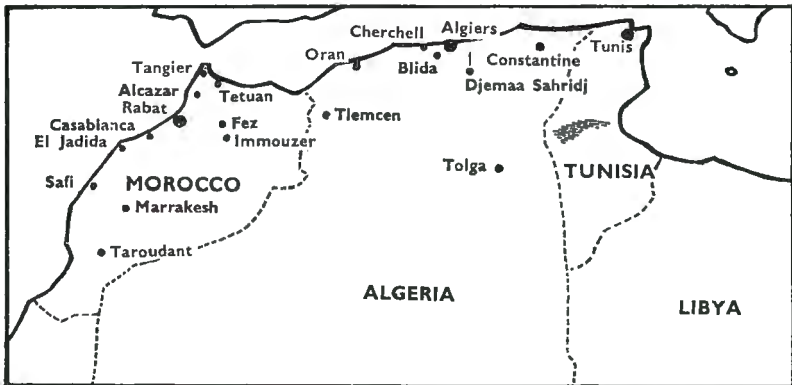
It is with great joy that we announce the marriage of Miss Karin Murach to Mr. Michael Paton. The wedding took place at St. Barnabas Church, Clapham Common on 21st June. Karin will be completing her nursing training during the next six months while Michael continues his Arabic studies. In that Michael will also be in this country, he will be available for some deputation.

### MATLOCK

Friends of the Mission gathered once again at Matlock for the Whitsuntide Conference. This year we had the pleasure of having Mr. and Mrs. Peter Longley, Miss Lilian Goodacre, Mr. and Mrs. Barwani and Miss Selma Klau, with us and the Lord gave us a most refreshing time of fellowship together. We can unhesitatingly urge you to make a point of being with us for this conference in May 1970.

### GUIDED GIVING

It is with thankfulness to God that we are again able to report the sending of full allowances for the months of May and June.



**Secretary General**  
 REV. HAROLD W. STALLEY

**LONDON COUNCIL**

REV. ARTHUR COFFEY  
 L. B. MOSTYN DAVIES  
 WILLIAM R. FRAMPTON  
*(Hon. Treasurer)*  
 ERNEST J. LONG  
 JOHN MACDONALD  
 REV. MAURICE RICHARDS  
 DR. PHILIP RIGBY  
 REV. GODFREY C. ROBINSON  
*(Chairman)*  
 REV. RONALD J. WAINE  
 HERBERT C. WILSON  
 RAYMOND W. WITHERS

*General Secretary:*  
 A. DOUGLAS PILCHER  
*Magazine Editors:*  
 REV. ROBERT I. BROWN  
 REV. ROBERT GILBERT  
*Home Secretary:*  
 REV. ROBERT I. BROWN

# forward

**CONTENTS**

<b>HIGHLIGHTS AND HEART-ACHES</b>	<b>49</b>
<i>Robert I. Brown</i>	
<b>"WHAT DO YOU DO?"</b>	<b>51</b>
<i>Helen Morriss</i>	
<b>KARIMA</b>	<b>54</b>
<i>Muriel Butcher</i>	
<b>MEDICAL PERMIT REFUSAL</b>	<b>55</b>
<i>Lilian Goodacre</i>	
<b>STATION RE-VISITED</b>	<b>57</b>
<i>Gwen Theakston</i>	
<b>B.C.C. CONTACT</b>	<b>58</b>
<b>YOUTH PAGE</b>	<b>60</b>
<b>A FAMILY BELIEVES</b>	<b>62</b>
<i>William Campbell</i>	