

For Release after 10:30 a.m., Monday, June 3

MRS. BOB (Angela Funderburg) BRANNAN is the wife of a building contractor from Freeport, Tex. She is a member of the First Baptist Church, Lake Jackson, Tex., and works in the Surfside Baptist Mission sponsored by this church. She was one of about 110 Baptists who went to Fairbanks, Alaska, last August to help with the cleanup and repair work following the flooding of the Chena River. She is a graduate of University of Miami, and attended Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville.

## Catapulted Into the Year of Ministry, 1968: The Alaska Flood

By Mrs. Robert Brannan

You who have worked so long and hard for this and other conventions like it, can feel a true bond with the Southern Baptists of Fairbanks, Alaska. One day before their Alaska Baptist Convention was scheduled to begin, they were forced to cancel the convention because of nine foot flood waters from the Chena River. The First Baptist Church, where the convention was to be held, was under six feet of water. Almost every home in Fairbanks was damaged, and it was necessary for the church members to work on their own houses—With sub-zero temperatures just six weeks away and an estimated 98 percent of the damage not covered by insurance,—what could be done for our eight Southern Baptist churches and four pastors' homes?

A disaster—yes, but to everyone with whom we talked and worked in Alaska it was a proof test of Romans 8:28: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." I continue to be amazed at the miracles of God,—how amazing that God can take the needs of *all* of his children,—put them together and have the needs met, and it all *fit into a pattern for good*.

I appreciate this opportunity to share with you some of this *good* that came from our God, working through us—you and I—as Southern Baptists.

Within two days after the flood, the Home Mission Board sent \$10,000 from the board's disaster fund and established a \$50,000 Alaska Disaster Relief Fund to rebuild the churches. As you ladies all know 35 percent of the Home Mission Board's funds come from the Annie Armstrong offering in which each of you shared. Working with the Southern Baptist Convention Brotherhood Commission and the Christian Service Corps, the Home Mission Board easily recruited over one hundred volunteers (Baptist laymen from the lower 48) who *wanted* to use their skills as electricians, carpenters, plumbers, furnace workers, masons, painters, etc., for the Glory of God.

What a wonderful, diversified group of Christian men they were too—Pastors from small and large churches, building contractors, an airline pilot, an Alaskan state legislator, a police captain, a teacher, union and non union young and old—all were willingly engaging in the hand manual labor of tearing down and clearing out to begin to build again.

The task before these men was immense—basements filled with water and debris; and with the furnaces, plumbing and electrical systems mostly located in the basements,—all were out of order—nearly every truck and car had water damage, many could not be repaired,—needed food and building materials ruined in the stores,—and on and on.

Seven different airlines agreed to provide free transportation for the men and their tools. Rev. Marson, pastor of First Baptist Church, and others worked hard to convert the sanctuary of First Church into a men's dormitory and to find a working stove, refrigerator and cooking tools—still, not all the conveniences of home,—the men had to travel four miles to a school where the Red Cross had set up showers, then they wanted to clean up in the evenings after work.

I have to take a moment to tell you about Ellie Lee and Oliver Marson (the pastor and his wife at the First Baptist church Fairbanks). Their home is in the church building and they have four wonderful Christian children,—and to that family they added all of us—Brother Marson was up at midnight almost every night to pick up or take someone to the airport. Ellie Lee had the real burden of seeing that we were fed and they had time for each of

us with our little wants and needs, even to providing stamps and band-aids. They were always an example of what God can do with individuals truly dedicated to Him.

The men began arriving on Pan American's midnight flight August 28. Soon, 107 men and three ladies from twenty states were housed and ready to work—and work they did! Whatever had to be done was done by someone.

Some of the furnace repair men did not go to bed after their "midnight arrival" but began working and worked until the furnaces were fired up and there was heat and hot water again. Men with mechanical experience repaired damaged trucks to use for transporting men and materials. A Catholic layman loaned us a large truck if our men would repair it. The Nazarene Church loaned us its bus, stating that we had the men to work and thus we needed it more than they did.

We always served breakfast quite early, the men were up and anxious to be working. If we had any "sleepy heads"—a little hammering and hymn singing got them up and at it; if not the aroma of our coffee with its big sign of warning, "Don't complain about our coffee; you, too, may be old and weak some day", did the trick.

It took about a week of back-breaking work to tear out the wet sheetrock, insulation, wiring, plumbing, etc. and *clean* up the debris. By the end of the second week, all of the churches were back in operating condition. The task of completion moved forward with some men leaving and others arriving. The last volunteer laborer left September 28.—What a wonderful month it had been.

The men and women who volunteered for this Alaska adventure all had about the same story to tell as to why they were there. The Lord had so greatly blessed us in the past that we wanted to give a little back to Him.—to say, "Thank You, Lord.—We appreciate our many blessings and want to serve you with our talents." I'm sure many of you have experienced this,—and the frustrating experience that follows,—we give a little, only to have our Lord and His people outgive us.—Oh how He humbles us!—

Two Alaskans I recall so vividly because of their humbling effect. One was Mr. Mann, a Baptist layman from Anchorage, who said, "If the Christians from the "lower 48" would come and help, surely the Alaskan Christians could too." He said there was a need for the skilled workmen, but surely there was something he could do.—He found it. He kept the dining room straightened, swept, mopped, emptied trash, etc.—always working—but so quietly and graciously. When he had to leave to put his daughter in school (his wife had died the year before) he was sorely missed. The dining room was never as clean and orderly again. The other Alaskan was a little old lady (I'm sorry but I've forgotten her name) whose home was damaged but she came to help us. She helped make sandwiches and wash dishes. She brought with her chocolate pudding mix, because she wanted to do something for the men who were nice enough to come work on her church—these only begin to tell the story; A school teacher brought a quarter of a "Moose" he had shot, because he heard some of the men wanted to taste "Moose Meat." The local pastors planned a sight seeing trip on Sunday afternoon on "our bus" and arranged a trip to Ft. Yukon (our Northern-most Mission) eight miles north of the Arctic Circle. There, our Southern Baptist Missionaries, the Don Rollins, gave us a running tour (literally) of Ft. Yukon; served us home made cake with lots of coffee, and presented a wonderful Sunday night service with a trio of Eskimo Christians furnishing the special music in their native tongue.

I believe one of the reasons you and I are here today is that we are looking for ways to serve our Lord. It reminds me of the story of the little boy who for his very first date asked the little girl to go to the ice cream parlor. He then realized he didn't know how much ice cream a little girl could eat and knowing his allowance,—thought he had better find out. His daddy had always told him that anything he wanted to know could be found in a book—so home to the book shelf he ran!—He looked and looked and finally smiled because he found what he needed in the arithmetic book—it said, "1 Gal. = 4 quarts."

As we ask the Lord to "Help us look,"—we have so much wonderful literature—the Home Mission Magazine, Home Life, The Commission, our state Baptist papers (where Bob and I saw the need in Alaska) and your own wonderful W. M. U. literature.—May I challenge you to seek out ways and places to use your talents to prove Romans 8:28 in your own life—that all things do work together *for good* to them that love God,—Let's prove to the world that, **YOU CAN'T OUTGIVE GOD.**

M. WENDELL BELEW is secretary of the department of pioneer missions for the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, with offices in Atlanta. A native of Kentucky, Belew joined the Home Mission Board staff in 1956, serving since then as director of church-centered missions, secretary of the department of associational missions, and secretary of associational administration services and church extension department. He is a graduate of Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky., and Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. Georgetown awarded him an honorary doctor of divinity degree in 1966. He was born May 4, 1922 in Keefer, Ky., and is a former pastor of First Baptist Church, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

## The Contemporary Luther Rice Story

By M. Wendell Belew

The swirling flood waters of the Tanana River have now receded from the futuristic booth of Southern Baptists which was once located with pride at the '67 Centennial Exhibition in Fairbanks, Alaska. The debris from Southern Baptist Churches is cleared away and flood ravages are remarkably covered. The job was done with 50,000 Home Mission Board dollars and the contributed work of over 100 carpenters, electricians, plumbers and cooks who were mustered by the Brotherhood and WMU in the "lower 48." These were hurried there by airlines to perform the miracle. In this, Southern Baptists perhaps performed their most dramatic act of concern for fellow Baptists and have catapulted glistening new church houses and encouraged churches into 1968 with a new determination to "take" Alaska for Christ.

The volcano, Kilauea, roared to an eruption on the Big Island of Hawaii in the latter part of 1967. This brought to remembrance the once worshipped goddess, Pele, who was supposed by ancient Hawaiians to have dwelt there. Students of Pele's jealous nature might wonder if it were a belated protest to the Christian queen who had defied her by eating the sacred berries which grew about the volcano's rim and had pronounced her dead. Or, if the hissing eruption were a prophetic taunt to the Christian missionaries sent by Southern Baptists to populate Kilauea's slope with churches. At any rate, Hawaii's Christian future in 1968 would be tested by Pele, the rapidly growing Buddhists, and secularism.

Oddly enough, Pele's voice first helped taunt Baptists to their mission fields years ago. In 1789 Captain James Cook of England landed off the island of Hawaii and was impressed by the Hawaiians' reverence of Pele and other mythological divinities. He wrote of this in account of his journeys. One of his readers, William Carey, an English Baptist layman, desperately desired that the Gospel be carried to Hawaii. He aspired to go there himself but was led to India instead. His act triggered the modern mission movement and had its effect upon American Christians, especially in New England.

There, a group of college students, even then as now, seeking to find Truth in life were driven to a haystack in a thunderstorm to pray that the Gospel might be carried throughout the world. God acted quickly and soon the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which was largely Congregational, sent the Adoniram Judsons and Luther Rice to India. (Later the Judsons would go to Burma.) On their way there they were converted to the Baptist position. Luther Rice returned to America to awaken Baptists to a cause of missions. The Luther Rice story is as contemporary as 1968.

You know his story as well as I. Mrs. Luther Joe Thompson has described it well in her account of him.\* He travelled from church to church and association to association to call for the support of Baptist missions. He developed a kind of church polity, then new in the world, which made missions the action of churches themselves. He contributed much to the organizational concepts which would later be utilized by Southern Baptists.

Not long ago I stood at the place where Luther Rice was born in Northboro, Massachusetts.

The place stands high  
Upon a hill  
Sheltered by great oak trees  
Which creep stealthily up  
From the banks of a creek below.  
The trees whisper of moccasined Indian feet  
And of pilgrims lurking with fear  
And hope for wild game.  
They exclaim of courageous

Men who shout,  
"The British are coming"  
And clatter on horses  
And in carriages  
Along the road.  
A stone foundation  
Bears testimony to a day  
When a man, named Rice  
Built a shop  
And made a plow  
To tend the fields  
Which slump downward  
To the place where  
March-grass tries  
To hide its bog.  
There, upon the hill's highest place  
Stood the house which heard  
The birthing cries of one  
Whom God had called to  
Still the voice of Pele  
And a thousand lesser gods.  
Small feet padded barefoot  
Upon the firm-packed earth  
And small child heard of God.  
Awkward, gangling-armed boy  
Climbed the hill from school  
And descended it to find  
The white church house on  
The town square.  
Then, now grown, he walked  
Away into the future.  
Through cold student rooms  
At college and buckling brig  
To India and back again.  
Through towering forest  
And swollen streams

\* Thompson, Mrs. Luther Joe. *Luther Rice Believer in Tomorrow*. Broadman Press.

He sought out his beloved  
Southland, and  
Told them—  
All who would hear,  
That God's Word is for the people—  
All the people of the earth.  
He sent the missionaries,  
Mason and Peck—  
Out to the Indian country  
And called for the churches  
To pray and to give.  
He went, and gave, and sent,—  
Until at last, he,  
Luther Rice of  
Northboro, Massachusetts,  
and of the heart of America's Baptists  
Lay down,  
He lay down to rest  
In a church yard  
of his beloved south.  
He died!  
But, I felt his presence  
On a windy hill  
That cupped his early past  
In an up-turned crest.  
"What is the time?"  
I thought to myself  
As though prompted by him.  
"The time?"  
Cars passed on the road below  
And the lights of Northboro  
Glowed in the night  
Which had fresh fallen  
On the memoried hill.  
A plane whined on its descent  
to the port at Worcester  
"It's 1968! And it's late."  
It is as though time  
Coupled with all of its forces  
Of change  
Has thrown us with force  
To this spot on a hill.  
There's the Vietnam war  
And the wars in the streets.

The hatreds and fears  
 Ply their trades in the market place.  
 There have been the floods  
 In Alaska, and  
 Hurricanes in Texas  
 And Pele roars from Kileuea  
 But the deep anger  
 Grows in the heart of men.  
 Great church houses stand vacant  
 As though beset by a  
 Ravaging hand of Satan.  
 The churches have often made  
 Their houses a hiding place  
 From change.  
 And laymen have languished  
 In pews  
 And preachers  
 Have covered  
 In pulpits.  
 "The time is 1968,  
 And it's late."  
 They have spoken of the  
 Post-Christian era  
 And the death of God—  
 They speak in despair of  
 the secularized church.  
 Theologies have found a fad  
 In proclaiming that the modern church  
 Knows no need for  
 The personal experience  
 Of man with his Christ  
 They demand the change of society  
 And laugh at the Christ-change  
 In man.  
 Their concern for missions  
 Has further and further separated  
 Itself from its roots.  
 They have called for the freedoms  
 Of all men everywhere  
 And imprisoned their neighbors  
 In ghettos of hatreds  
 And closed their doors on the  
 Needs of men.  
 "It is 1968  
 And the time is late."  
 A quiet descended  
 On the morning hill.  
 And wind carried the  
 Fragrance of grass  
 And wet leaves.  
 Its breath would not tell  
 If it were autumn's or spring's.  
 And I felt that it listened to discern  
 If the death-wish of Christians  
 Would give way to new life.  
 "Have they come?"  
 The question had come as though  
 Luther Rice had stopped  
 My somber reflection as  
 Being irrelevant and  
 Perhaps,  
 Irreverent.  
 Did I not know that his was a day  
 Of a secular society  
 When great courage was  
 Demanded of small people  
 To perform impossible tasks?  
 Did I not remember that new ideas  
 Were demanded of men  
 Who resisted changes?  
 That the continental army was said  
 To be less than 10% Christian?  
 That Christians refuted a call to missions  
 And Baptists were divided as to whether  
 They would arise to take a world for Christ?  
 And that Christ can do anything but fail?  
 Have they come?  
 Is Christ with them?  
 They have come  
 And Christ is with them.  
 The deflightful thought filled me  
 With sincere exhalation.  
 They have come!

A nation of our people have come—  
 Eleven million Southern Baptists have come.  
 I almost felt that I should shout  
 From my hilltop.  
**THEY HAVE COME!!**  
**LUTHER RICE, THEY ARE HERE!**  
 There was never a Baptist Church in Northboro  
 In your day  
 Although there were Baptists here,  
 But a church is here now  
 And it meets in the Grange Hall in town.  
 See the place there.  
 The meadow,  
 That slopes to the road—  
 Where your father planted the corn,  
 And the field where yellow pumpkins  
 Lay in the fall,  
 And you played hide and seek  
 Among the corn-stalks.  
 The Luther Rice Memorial Baptist Church  
 Soon will build a meeting house  
 In that field.  
 And at Worcester where the planes  
 Are landing at the airport on the hill  
 Is another of the churches.  
 They are at Boston,  
 And Ayre,  
 And Framingham,  
 And Peabody,  
 And at Springfield.  
 They are at Hartford,  
 And Cape Cod  
 And Providence  
 And Newport—  
 They have come.  
 Their coming was never easy, but they are here.  
 There was a World War  
 And an industrial revolution  
 Which scattered our people  
 To all the places in the land.  
 They wanted churches such as  
 They had known which cared  
 For the personal redemption of men.  
 And so, they built their churches.  
 They were concerned that their coming  
 Not be an affront to the Christians already here  
 And often they hesitated in their journey.  
 Here in the east the liberal positions  
 Of theologians gave question to the Christian faith.  
 And pauperized the churches of a  
 Vital motivation to carry the Word.  
 A movement of organizational ecumenicity  
 Consolidated churches and often left villages and  
 Towns without a church at all.  
 A philosophy of evangelism which called for  
 Redemption of society without an adequate  
 Plan for the redemption of the souls of men  
 Pervaded whole denominations.  
 An institutional concept of church polity  
 Placed the responsibility for Christian work  
 Upon the pastors and paid workers  
 And did not provide for a utilization  
 of laymen in the exciting work of the church.  
 Secular concepts of what a church should be  
 Replaced the excitingly possible impossibilities  
 Which characterized the Kingdom truths  
 "That all things are possible in Christ."  
 And so they came!  
 Not always devoid of malignancies  
 Which had destroyed their fellows but  
 Most of the time hoping that in their efforts  
 To be a blessing to others, they, themselves  
 Might be blessed.  
 Their churches in the Southland were  
 Beset by the traumatic experience of change  
 And some of them fled their changing communities  
 In order to preserve the "yesterday" concept of a church  
 As "it once was, comfortable and secure" from change.  
 Sometimes they sought their security  
 In stained glass prisons  
 Rather than on spiritual battlefields  
 Covered closely with the armor of God.

But they are here!  
 They stirred from their Southland  
 To probe California  
 And Kansas,  
 Washington, Oregon,  
 Ohio, Michigan—  
 Indiana, Colorado,  
 Hawaii and Alaska—  
 Then, gaining strength and courage,  
 Ten years ago they occupied  
 New York, New Jersey,  
 New Hampshire,  
 And Pennsylvania  
 And now, they are in all states.

They have come!  
 They have caught the excitement of conquest  
 And discerned  
 The delightful exhilaration  
 Of creation's edge where  
 Christ makes all things new.  
 With hands of love they touch unloved  
 Hands of little children and with  
 Christ's love heal the broken-hearted.  
 They have preached the Gospel to the poor  
 And preached deliverance to the captives,  
 And recovering of sight to the blind  
 And set at liberty those who were bruised.

In North Kingston, Rhode Island, the church added 154 new members last year. At Monmouth, New Jersey, they added 125. At Parkersburg, West Virginia, they added 160. And in Nevada the churches added 1000. The churches in the Northeast increased in number and membership by 25% in one year.

The Highland Avenue Church in Jamaica, Queens, Long Island, had 16 members in January, 1967. By now they have reached 1,000 new people in their Park Slope Chapel, their LeFrac City Chapel, Ebbets Field Chapel, their language ministries to the Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and Panamanians; in their week-day programs and recreational programs; in the city parks; and in their educational and worship programs at the church house.

The Central Nassau Church on Long Island has extended itself through the Arena, a Youth Center, and numerous other ministries to hospitals, institutions and civic programs to reach hundreds of new people.

The church at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has established churches in Boston, Bangor and Caribou, Maine, and Providence, Rhode Island. The church at Worcester, Massachusetts, is composed almost entirely of New Englanders, and meets in a building purchased by Southern Baptists which seats 1,300 people. In addition to its worship services, it operates week-day and recreational programs and home fellowship Bible classes all over the city.

The Boston, Massachusetts church operates numerous chapel-type ministries over the city in addition to its program for college students at Harvard, Radcliff, M.I.T. and Boston University. It has a week-day program and its pastor serves as one of the Harvard ministers.

Richville, New York, was a small community with four churches which died or moved away leaving buildings which were used as a morgue, a museum and for other purposes. Each church carried the stipulation in its deed that no succeeding church could occupy its houses. Southern Baptists began a work with a Vacation Bible School, and later a chapel which met in a trailer. Within three months there were sixty (60) professions of faith.

In 1967 Southern Baptist agencies, the Home Mission Board, the Sunday School Board, Brotherhood and the Woman's Missionary Union undertook a vast new movement to raise millions of dollars for the establishment of 500 new churches in strategic places in pioneer fields. The Woman's Missionary Union accepted a goal of raising one million dollars through the Annie Armstrong Offering for this purpose in 1968. The first strategic location for one of these projects was Worcester, Massachusetts,—twelve miles away from the Luther Rice hill.

They have come!  
 Catapulted and exploded into 1968.  
 They have come  
 With courage and fear,  
 With hope and anxiety,  
 With expectancy and dismay.

And Christ is with them.  
 He has opened doors  
 Which Southern Baptists often had not known were there.  
 And has thrust them  
 To the exciting edge of His creation

With the task of making order  
 From a world of chaos.  
 No word came now from the silent hill.  
 As one brought from a world of dreams  
 I came to perceive the real.  
 Great oaks nodded in quiet admonition  
 And grass waved in the wind.  
 A moon glazed stones in yellow ochre  
 And Northboro's lights were paled in the glare.  
 I tried to recall my friend, Luther Rice,  
 To speak to me still more.  
 "What would you say?" I would ask  
 "What would you do?"  
 If your life's journey began  
 Once more from this hill  
 Into tomorrow?  
 WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

"They have come,"  
 I was answered from God's Word,  
 "And shall declare His righteousness  
 Unto a people  
 Who shall be born  
 That Christ has done this." (Psalm 22:31)  
 It is *their* task.

They,  
 Southern Baptists, will  
 March now from this hill  
 And from all the "high places"  
 Which they have made  
 Into all the world.

They will hear Pele's voices  
 From all the depths  
 Of deprivation  
 And will still them  
 At Christ's command.

Never,  
 In all the history of mankind  
 Have there been so many  
 Christians,  
 So motivated,  
 And so capable  
 Of winning a world  
 For Christ.

THEY HAVE COME—

**For Release after 2:40 p.m., Monday, June 3**

Miss LUCY WRIGHT retired in 1964 after 42 years as a Southern Baptist missionary, serving in China and Korea. A missionary nurse, she is a graduate of Shorter College and the University of Georgia Training School for nurses. Until the Japanese conquest of North China, she was superintendent of nurses at a Baptist hospital in Hwanghsien, Shantung. During World War II she served with Dr. William Wallace, martyred Baptist missionary to China, in Wuchow, Kwangsi, South China. After his martyrdom and the Communist conquest of China, she went to Korea in 1953. She served in the Wallace Memorial Baptist Hospital, Young Do, Psuan, Korea (named for Bill Wallace) until retirement in November, 1964.

## **Underneath Are the Everlasting Arms Through 42 Years In China And Korea**

By Miss Lucy Wright

One afternoon after one hundred babies had been examined in our Well Baby Clinic, I went into the waiting room of the Wallace Memorial Hospital in Pusan, Korea. The room was full of dust and filth. The cleaners were doing a poor job. I leaned my head against a doorpost and prayed, "Lord, what is the use, is it worthwhile, is this what you want?" In my distress I called unto the Lord and he heard me. At that very moment he brought to my memory several people who had responded in times past to the loving care of his servants. First were the patients in our Baptist hospital in North China who were so impressed with Dr. N. A. Bryan's daily greeting at his morning rounds. "Have you heard the good news?" The patient would look at him in her pain and distress and ask, "What

good news, doctor?" He would answer, "There's a Chinese woman coming to see you this morning. Ask her to find some good news for you in her big black book." Because of this burdens were lifted and we often saw despair turned to hope and sorrow to song. One of the patients exclaimed, "Just to hear this good news takes away half of my sickness."

Then I was reminded of the days spent on the Burma Road while I waited for the way to open to go to Dr. Wallace. There was no doctor there and people needed help. I was aware of my limitations. But with the aid of a Chinese seminary graduate from North China where I had formerly worked we opened a little treatment room where we took care of dirty wounds and minor diseases. Supplies were very low and we prayed, "Please, Lord, make these enough for today." And He did.

A Chinese Air Force officer came with a badly infected finger demanding that I treat it. At first I refused explaining that I was not a doctor but just a nurse. He kept insisting. Feeling that God must have a purpose in letting him come, I consented. At the end of two weeks his finger was well. Full of gratitude he told me he had come to me because he knew that I trusted in the true God and used good medicines. Then he said that he had been advised that amputation was the only hope. Best of all was his confession that he had put his trust in the "True and Living God."

The way to Dr. Wallace opened. Many are the rich experiences with him and Dr. Beddoe in South China reconstructing the war-torn hospital while working night and day to quell a terrible cholera epidemic. Minimal equipment and meager supplies had put us to the test. Good training in improvising coupled with trust in Him who was with us always, enabled us to help many to health and trust.

One young Chinese man was critically ill with blackwater fever. This disease requires a transfusion of blood. The blood was given. The patient had a severe reaction but when he saw us in the room cried out, "Oh, thank you, thank you for your blood." His joy lifted my heart in gratitude to Him who gave His lifeblood to save us from our sin.

I still stood in that dirty waiting room thinking and praying—"O Lord, why is it that so many things don't go right in our hospital?" Again my prayer was answered. A woman who had been very near death with TB came into the room robust, well, happy, and I believe trusting in Jesus.

A man who had recovered from a gastric operation came in. During his illness the Korean chaplain of our hospital had told us of his miserable living conditions. He and his family had only a tiny low canvas tent into which they crawled at night to sleep on the dirt floor. The WMS group became interested and involved. We leased a oneroom house and they cleaned and papered it. We took him to this home. This family's joy for the home was excelled by their new found joy in Christ.

Another who had been a most trying patient and was now well came in. She added zest enough to my heart to leave the cleaners still mopping.

I went downstairs to the laundry. The laundryman was singing a happy gospel hymn. He was always singing. Maybe the modern laundry rigged up by one of our missionary doctors from salvaged Army equipment made him happy. But I know that that song was coming from a heart set free by Christ.

Boosted by his joy and what I had remembered and seen in the waiting room I started upstairs again. Two young Korean doctors who formerly were Buddhists and were employed in a time of need were in the corridor. These doctors, after living in the Christian atmosphere of our hospital and hearing our doctors pray before each operation, had given their hearts to Jesus. As I walked on back toward the waiting room I remembered others—nurses, patients, and workers whose lives had become new creations in Christ our Lord.

Again I was back in the waiting room. It was much cleaner, benches were back in place and the women mopping their damp faces responded with smiles as I said, "Thank you."

Why had I wasted all that time worrying? Really is was not time wasted but a refreshing time remembering God's wonderful faithfulness.

Yes, it is worthwhile, this work of medical missions. For underneath are the Everlasting Arms to undergird us when we are down-cast; and there is joy that springs forth when we see souls turn from darkness to God's marvelous Light.

I'm thankful to Southern Baptists for their prayers, gifts, and love as I have worked in China and Korea as a missionary nurse.

I'm thankful to God for the privilege of having gone to take the good news to some of the people who had not seen the Light of his salvation.

MRS. HELEN BAGBY HARRISON, retired since 1959 as a Southern Baptist missionary to Brazil, was born in Brazil (Aug. 13, 1900) to the William Buck Bagbys, the first Southern Baptist missionaries to South America. A graduate of (Mary Hardin) Baylor College, Belton, Tex., and Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Fort Worth, she, like her parents, was appointed a missionary to Brazil in 1923. In 1938 she was married to William Coleman Harrison, missionary professor at the Baptist seminary in Recife, Brazil. They directed the Porto Alegre Baptist College for 13 years before retirement. They have two children, Capt. William Bagby Harrison who is stationed in the Canal Zone, and Alice Anne (Mrs. Hugh Douglas Wise III), who for four years was a Peace Corps volunteer in Brazil, now doing post-graduate work in Pennsylvania.

## Underneath Are the Everlasting Arms Through a Lifetime in Brazil

By Mrs. Helen Bagby Harrison

I sympathize with the speaker who came before the WMU in our church when he said, "I feel like a lion in a den of Daniels." An attempt to present something significant to this kind of an audience is sheer daring, but the ten minutes limit makes it nothing short of folly. However, the Lord's fool I'll be!

This imposing topic has made me review life from babyhood on a mission field into which I was born to pioneer parents who knew God's sustaining power and channeled it on to me as my most precious legacy!

I first knew that power when, at eight years of age, a despicable temper threatened to ruin an otherwise happy childhood. Alone, up in a plum tree, I said, "Lord, if telling you so is all I lack, I'll do it right now—I trust you." The Everlasting Arms encircled me and I felt their sustaining and propelling power in an electrifying thrust which has carried me on to this challenging hour. Never has nimble lizard slithered down that tree at comparable speed!

I felt that power when, at twelve years of age, I saw my twenty-four-year-old brother Willson give his life for an unsaved friend.

I felt it when my twenty-six-year-old brother Oliver vanished from earthly view. The Everlasting Arms arrested me in my desperation and gave me the patience to wait these fifty years "in quiet and in confidence which will surely be my strength" until together we meet the Savior and "know as we are known."

I felt it, flying high over Brazil's coast line, when my precious mother gripped her chest and drifted into unconsciousness and on into the Everlasting Arms to another sphere of service. "No, Helen," whispered the Master, "not your neglect of a blood pressure check for her, but my call precipitated departure to save her an agonizing death by serious infection threatening in concealment." Physician Machado was the spokesman.

I felt the Everlasting Arms when my most cherished dream was rushing to fulfillment, and I was violently shaken into wakefulness! A disillusioned spinster is even yet a happy wife, felicitous mother of two and a doting grandmother. "Even yet" meaning "in retirement." Really only husband and salary are retired.

I felt the Everlasting Arms when that astute Lucifer of old, whispered convincingly through the years, sparing not even a ripe sexagenarian (does he pester you that way):

Your ministry is a failure. All those you believed to have won have proved to be weaklings or fakes.

Your doctrinal stand of a lifetime is bunk. What kind of a God would let two thirds of his creation march to perdition through ignorance or neglect?

Your boasted security of the believer is a false premise: Jesus is a son of God, but when did he say he is deity? John 1:1? "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God?" Sure the word is the expression of thought, but no mention is made of a God-Man Jesus.

Even in the defiant gaze of his Satanic Majesty the Everlasting Arms encircle me and lift me above the din of earth, and I hear, "I am the resurrection and the life." Who but God can say that? "I am the way, the truth and the life." Who but God can say that? "Forgiven are your sins." Who but God can say that? "Which of you convicts me of sin?" Who but God can cast such a challenge?

The Everlasting Arms, led me two months ago to Apartment 610 in Rio in search of a friend who lived in 410. I found the little wife of a successful army major, a woman rich in worldly goods

beset by loneliness, fears, insecurity, sleeplessness, and abject misery. I gave her the plan of salvation, prayed for her and then heard her utter her first stammering, spontaneous audible prayer—"Jesus, I take your payment of my debt to God." And then added, "You came at a critical moment—I had to find relief. I don't even venture out on the sidewalk alone. And in her eyes sparkled that new light which believers recognize.

I board a shaky little plane and fly over the dark endless jungles of my Brazil. A miserable country woman with closed eyes and bleaching fingers grips her arm rest, wrinkles her forehead, groans, and calls to her patron saint and the Virgin for protection. No answer—only a vacuum, a hopeless blank. I tell her of circling arms. She smiles relieved.

I approach tall handsome white robed Bishop Ryan, American monarch of a large parish on the Amazon. We talk. "Bishop Ryan, do you believe in the New Birth?" "Yes, as a resolution to try to do good." "Are you sure of eternal life?" "Yes, I feel sure but I can't know if God is sure of me!" "Oh, but I know God is sure of me, Bishop Ryan, Jesus guarantees that!" And underneath are the Everlasting Arms turning pages of Scripture to furnish the right answers: "Do not be anxious beforehand what you are to say; but say whatever is given you in that hour, for it is not you who speak but the Holy Spirit." Mk. 13:11

Across the bay from our city of Porto Alegre lies the town called Guaiba where we went years ago for a short vacation. Our family worship developed into public worship and then into a strong church. Because transportation was scarce we bought a horse and buggy but economy led to rope as a substitute for leather reins. A sudden movement going around a bend startled the horse. Somehow he broke loose from the traces and galloped away in his frenzy. The excess of rope lying on the floor looped itself around my ankle and I was dragged forward on the rough gravel road by the frightened animal. Protected by the Everlasting Arms I escaped permanent injury, though bouncing balls have had my respect and sympathy ever since.

On one of those afternoon visiting seasons we went to the home of a Senhor Maurilio who had attended our services. We asked for permission to pray and kneeling we entreated the Lord to speak to Maurilio and make him a wise father to his young brood. When later examined for baptism he was asked what made the change in his life, he answered, "Hearing my name pronounced in prayer for the first time." He died of pneumonia months later, and as we presided at his funeral in absence of a preacher, we found all the images in his brother's sitting room turned to the wall at his request. The Everlasting Arms are reassuring as we invade the sanctuary of another's soul.

Rugged Olimpio doing repair work on our summer shack asked, "What does one have to do to be of your religion? We explained in simplest terms and told of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. He didn't understand and left us saying that such a pacifist religion was for women and children. But next morning he came relating a miraculous experience seeing a light in his room—possibly a dream. His patron saint was St. Catherine, "because she was pretty" and her image hung over his bed, unconscious witness to his memorized prayers. Frightened, he cried to the Lord in a first outburst of prayer.

Olimpio then walked into the home of his mortal enemy, checked him as he reached for his gun, proposing friendship, with the explanation, "I've accepted a religion that banishes hatred." He be-

came a powerful witness to the gospel and after his baptism called our attention to the fact that every piece of clothing he wore was new—even suspenders and garters. "I'm all new inside and out." And so he was. He died a self denying pauper, despised by his family and was buried by a charitable, admiring friend.

Dr. R. examining physician of all the students in the athletic department of our school, proved to be a wily, immoral man. He was too powerful with federal school authorities for us to dare dismiss him. Weeping in the night hours because of our helplessness to remove a harmful element on our staff we asked the Lord to remove him. It didn't take twenty-four hours. The sustaining Everlasting Arms worked while we slept.

Mysteriously he appeared before morning classes, turned in his resignation to our treasurer avoiding an encounter with us and accepting minimum pay off. Everlasting Arms had sustained us and thrust the doctor out.

They were depression days after World War II. Debts were piling up, indispensable expansion was demanded by the ministry of education. Bank authorities were pressing for payment of property and asking why our ecclesiastical American sponsors didn't step in and help. We explained the absence of a Baptist Vatican and spoke of faith ventures. "But banks don't run on faith," bank manager Neves chided when we failed to meet the dead line for payment.

We prayed and wept and worked and dreaded every call for an interview. The school, a strictly soul winning institution would have to close. "Why, Lord, why?" We laid the bank notices on the floor and, like Hezekiah of old with Sennacherib's threatening letter, "prayed before the Lord." The Everlasting Arms responded and bore to our desperate, searching, outstretched hands the love gift of Southern Baptists, through our Foreign Missions Board assisted by the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering, the funds to save the institution!

Aurora was unbalanced mentally and emotionally. Unable to monopolize our time and interest, she disappeared, causing a vast search. A note penned by her was finally delivered by the driver of a swanky car. It said, "If you really want me to reveal my problem, come to the Majestic Hotel Sunday afternoon, but come alone." Inexplicably I was detained with duties in our boarding department and visitors all that Sunday afternoon and failed to answer the call. Next day came a note which read, "You are too precious to the Lord and he has saved your life. I sat all afternoon in my hotel room waiting for you. I sold my records and bought a gun and four bullets—two for you and two for me. So thank Him for sparing your life yesterday."

An influential architect, a stranger to us, though living in our neighborhood, asked us to his home for an interview. Do you expect me to believe that several millions of Baptists scattered over the world operate without a Vatican or a pope? "Yes, I do." "What makes for unity and agreement?" "Where the Bible speaks, we speak. Where the Bible is silent we may express an opinion but cannot affirm! The Holy Spirit is our interpreter and enlightener of a faulty conscience. He is also our Comforter. When unsurmountable problems arise, He furnishes the calm and quiet for restfulness while He is at work."

"I face my problems alone," was boasted. "I've walked the floor all night and conquered by reason and self control." "The difference between us has just been stated by you, Sir. You walk the floor all night and I sleep all night." "He giveth his beloved sleep." Underneath are the Everlasting Arms!