

The Commission

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THE DAY OF BECOMING

ON THE 17th anniversary of the day I accepted Christ, I left home to enter missionary journeyman training.

But that was not the day I became a journeyman.

Eight weeks later I stood with 61 other young adults in First Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia, and was commissioned as a missionary journeyman.

But that was not the day I became a journeyman.

After several weeks' delay in getting a visa, the day finally arrived that I went through immigration procedures in Lusaka, Zambia, and received a hearty welcome from a host of missionaries. I had arrived in Africa.

But that was not the day I became a journeyman.

Several days after arriving I went to the Baptist Building. I entered an office and sat at a desk on which a plate bore my name and title, "Bible Way Coordinator." I actually began work—grading papers, learning filing systems, writing letters to many of the 10,000 Zambians who were then students in the Bible correspondence school. I had read and reread my job description; I knew it by heart, and, yes, I was actually doing things written on it.

Still that was not the day I became a journeyman.

I had been in Africa about a month, when one day I sat under a tree at a school while waiting to talk with some students about the Bible courses Baptists offered. As I looked up at that African sky, I became aware of something strange. The sky was over Africa, but there was nothing unusual about it.

Then it hit me. All day I hadn't seen any unusual things.

I hadn't noticed that most of the people I had seen were black. I hadn't noticed that I got into my car on the right side and drove on the left side of the road.

I hadn't noticed that I didn't understand the chatter among the employees at the Baptist Building.

I hadn't noticed babies on backs and loads on heads of women. I hadn't noticed how long I had to stand in line at the post office, only to be sent to another counter to stand in another long line.

Funny, I had been noticing all those things for the past month. How had they suddenly changed?

Then I knew. They hadn't changed. I had. I had begun to accept Zambia and myself as a resident of Zambia.

That was the day I became a journeyman.

Being a journeyman is not receiving the prescribed orientation. It isn't accepting a certificate of commissioning. It isn't crossing an ocean. And it isn't just doing a job.

Being a journeyman is **being**—who you are, who by God's grace you can become—in a new setting.

Being a journeyman is bringing the unique "you" to a task and allowing God to blend those special qualities he has given each individual with those special needs of the specific assignment to produce a creative, redemptive work.

It's seeing the work as more than a job. It's proofreading that book for the fifth time, because it really matters that all the Scripture references are right, that the grammar and spelling are correct, and that the African student can understand the phrasing.

It's reading every commentary and translation available, talking with other missionaries, and praying earnestly about how to

BY JOY NEAL

answer a student's question concerning a Scripture that puzzles him, because "good enough" won't do—it's got to be the best answer for that trusting student.

It's working hard night and day preparing an exhibit for the fair, then filling a supportive role as African leaders take the spotlight at the fair, because bringing your creative best to the job means wanting to see the blossoming of those who will be there long after the journeyman has gone.

It's pouring heart and life into preparation for a new series of courses that you personally won't be around to see in operation. But someone else will, just as you have enjoyed the full fruits of the new enrollment plan worked out by the preceding journeyman.

It's finding that as God is allowed to work through you, he is also working in you; that in searching the Scripture to find answers for students, you have discovered anew the beauty and penetrating message of God's Word.

Being a journeyman is recognizing avenues of service outside the "job." Avenues like teaching some women prisoners a Bible course in a language you can barely use, because if you don't, nobody will, and these women need desperately to know God's Word. Like teaching typing classes—yes, you whose typing teacher would go into shock if he knew you were being trusted near a typewriter—because employees at the Baptist Building need this skill, and you at least know which is the front of a typewriter and, therefore, qualify as an expert.

Avenues such as being principal of Vacation Bible School for missionary children during their parents' annual business meeting. Such as teaching Sunday School, then starting a teacher-training class in the church, because you'll be going back to America, and it's

not fair to let people depend on you, then leave them with nothing.

Avenues like inviting a group of university students to your house for dinner—never mind that before coming to Africa about the most creative action you took in the kitchen was to put a Pillsbury frosting on a Betty Crocker cake.

It's becoming alert to whatever can be done, realizing that anything ever learned is useful and that it's possible to start learning new things. It's doing whatever you can, not because someone assigns it, not even because it needs doing, but because you see a need you really want to fill.

Being a journeyman is being "surprised by joy"—special times and events, little things that mean so much more personally than can be conveyed to anyone else:

Viewing the grandeur of Victoria Falls. Meeting the president of Zambia. Driving by the American Embassy just to see the American flag. Getting excited to receive a package from home stuffed with paper towels. Carrying on your first reasonably understandable conversation in the Nyanja language.

Knowing that every time you drive up to a certain house three little African girls will rush to the car to smother you with hugs and kisses. Receiving the first invitation to an African meal in an African home. Going to the village and watching the women perform the welcome dance. Observing a Christian African wedding.

Discovering that you're in love with the people and a country that were strangers to you only a few short months ago.

Being a journeyman is knowing hurt: Agonizing for your church because it's split by tribalism. Seeking to know how to deal with students who have cheated on their examinations.

Being ten thousand miles away from home when trouble comes in your family. Learning there'll be no one to fill your place

because the new journeyman had to drop out for medical reasons.

Being awakened early one morning with news that a sister missionary has been killed in an automobile accident. Being intensely aware of the students who are not finding the answers they need through studying the courses, and being somehow unable to help them.

Discovering that loving a people means sharing their sorrow.

Being a journeyman means growing. It means coming face to face with your biggest weakness with no way of escape—you must either be conquered by it, or conquer it in the power of God.

It means facing a personal crisis when only God remains real, and for awhile being unsure that even he won't stop making sense. It's learning with new perception how God works in all things, even the tragic events of life, to bring about his highest good.

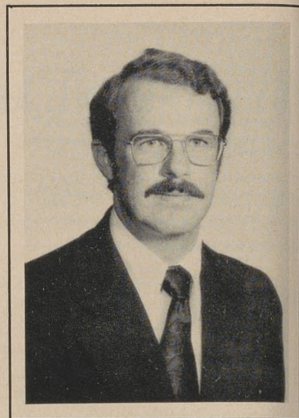
Being a journeyman is understanding the necessity of living every moment under the power of God. It is coming to know with a certainty you never have known before that you cannot do, cannot say, cannot be the things you must do, say, and be. It's acknowledging that you lack the wisdom needed to meet the needs of your students and lack the will to subjugate personal wants to the good of the total work.

It's seeing yourself as falling far short of the demands faced and kneeling before God to ask that he enter your life and work through you to glorify his name.

Being a journeyman is two years of life in all its dimensions. Just two years; then it's over. Yet the rest of life will have new dimensions because, one day, looking at the African sky, you became a journeyman. □

A SECOND GLANCE

By W. Dennis Hill



AS A CHILD, I saw missionaries as heroic adventurers. Their stories and pictures were fascinating. I always assumed that several Tarzans must live in their backyards. Those "natives" the missionaries told about seemed funny in their grass skirts and big straw hats. It seemed to me that missionaries worked only with primitive people.

As a high school student, I viewed missionaries as square and out of style. They wore plaid shirts when stripes were "in," long, floppy collars when button-downs were in vogue, full-cut pants when tight legs were the fashion. I was "turned off" by the missionaries who quoted John 3:16 in some wierd-sounding language.

As a college student, reveling in my fads and typical provincialism, I saw a glimmer of relevancy. I began to recognize missionaries as men excited about their work. They viewed themselves as participants with God in redeeming man in a different section of the world.

When a person sees a glimmer, he always takes a second

glance. At my second glance I saw missionaries not as poor entertainers with a foreign-sounding string of syllables called John 3:16, but as persons attempting and accomplishing a wide variety of ministries.

That second glance became an expanding vision, a corrected vision, undistorted, even 20/20, as I became a missionary journeyman and lived and worked closely with missionaries.

On the day I arrived in the Philippines, I was received by a crowd of missionaries and missionary kids. One man in particular (Missionary R. Edward Gordon) was of great importance to me, because he was to be the man I would work with and learn from in the weeks ahead. He introduced himself as "Flash" Gordon, but he must have been referring to his shiny head.

Soon I met most of his family. Audrey, his wife, had learned to be compassionate and understanding with everyone. Their two daughters were so beautiful and stylish that I was surprised to find them in a foreign place. They had learned how to appreciate a foreign culture and its people. The Gordons' little boy, about three years old, became a special friend with whom I could build sand castles and play games.

I soon found out about the work this family had done during three terms. Churches had been started and Bible schools

held. Work had developed with men and women and students and children. These ministries were not performed by people with unusual skills but by a man and a woman and a family that would respond to the needs of the people of Pangasinan.

We lived in Dagupan, a busy city on the Lingayen Gulf. Most of the Gordons' work was within an hour or two of their home. Many times I rode with Ed, alias "Flash," out into the countryside to visit with a pastor and review his work or discuss some problem.

Dodging large chuckholes that appeared in the roads during rainy season, we would drive to the churches, which were in various stages of development. Some church buildings were made of bamboo and nipa, others of concrete blocks; yet another huddled under a house.

One pastor was a carpenter, another a mechanic, and another a schoolteacher. Each man wore a broad grin as he hurried to meet "Pastor Gordon." Hand in hand, the two pastors would walk through the forest to bamboo houses or through the bustling city to a more sophisticated house.

It seemed that Ed was always leading a Bible study at a church or helping with a revival. The pastors were good men, struggling in their understanding of the Christian faith and life. Ed was

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At Baptist Student Center at Dagupan, Philippines, a student talks with Dennis Hill during his journeyman term.

patient with all their struggles.

When a pastor moved to another church, Ed would fill in for a while until another pastor came or until a layman assumed the responsibility. It was difficult for the missionary. It seemed there were never quite enough pastors or Sunday School teachers. Sometimes he would preach or teach in several churches on one Sunday.

Mrs. Gordon was always ready and eager to do whatever needed to be done. Although she never preached, her Bible studies were so excellent that any pulpit would have been blessed by them.

Her compassion and personal interest seemed never hurried by the clock. She was beautiful when she would engage a poor Filipina woman in conversation about the activities of the day. She never used pious language, but the love of Christ in her for the "least of these" was evident. With the same ease and sincerity she could entertain a doctor's wife or a college professor, because of her personal interest in others.

At the end of long conversations I often heard individuals inquire, with puzzled looks, "Ma'am, why did you come to live here?" I think they always knew what the answer would be—"love." Such love causes feelings to run deeply. This calm, gentle woman could not help but boil with righteous indignation in the face

of evil or injustice.

Ed and Audrey were both of great help to me as I developed a facet of their student ministry. Now that I have returned to the States, Mrs. Gordon has assumed much of the responsibility of operating a busy student center. The students have great respect for her. Daily she is questioned about her faith, engaged in games, given confidences, and allowed to share the love of Christ.

I was impressed by the openness of the Gordons' home. The Filipinos always seemed to feel welcome to drop by for a casual visit. When problems arose, the Filipinos felt free to come for some help or a listening ear.

Often a pastor would come to say, "Brother Gordon, my child is sick, and I have no money to buy his medicine. Can you help me?" I never saw the Gordons say no to any real need. Compassion and love were evident.

I doubt that Ed and Audrey will ever receive a medal for counting the greatest number of baptisms, but they will always be remembered for their dynamic Christian living. The number of lives they are influencing will never be fully known.

Still they are fun to be with. They enjoy laughing! They optimistically face each day. Seldom does the quick pace of life become too frantic for a picnic or a game with the children.

The Gordons are not bound to traditions; they are open to new thinking and new approaches to their work. I often heard Ed say that he had grown just old enough to know he did not have all of the right ideas. This perspective was demonstrated time and again as he allowed his mission strategy to be altered by Filipino ideas, by suggestions of a younger missionary, or by his personal devotional life and experience.

About 100 Southern Baptist missionaries are assigned to the Philippines. I have seen them dreaming and planning for the next day and for the next century—"Let's have a crusade!" "Let's build a church!" "We need a camp for the youth!" "We must train our pastors!"

And the word becomes flesh, dust, concrete, bamboo, rice, and fish as the prayers rise like steam, as the muscles flex, and as the blisters rise. Churches and camps, student centers and seminaries, revivals and radio stations become the tools of the mission for the work of sharing the Word.

As a child, my understanding of the life of a missionary was wrong. As a teen-ager, my perspective about a missionary's relevance was short-sighted. As an adult, I have discovered one of the most exciting and vibrant life-styles available to the Christian—that of ministering through foreign missions. □

Looking Back

By Sheila Clarke



AS THE PLANE began its descent, I stared determinedly through the window for my first glimpse of Africa. My mind was racing. . . . What will two years in Eku, Nigeria, be like? . . . Will I be happy? . . . America's so far away—and I'm scared!

One of the "big missionaries" (the missionary journeyman's term for the career missionary) met our plane. Into a small, foreign car he squeezed three journeymen, all our luggage, and himself for a day-and-a-half trip over potholed roads crowded with chickens, goats, sheep, and people.

Little was said in the car. Each journeyman was in a different stage of culture shock.

My limited knowledge of non-Western cultures, foreign missions, and missionaries left me with some frightening misconceptions of what the next two years would be like.

One misconception was shattered four hours after arriving in Nigeria.

En route to Eku, we stopped for lunch with a missionary family. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw fried chicken, mashed potatoes, tossed salad, string beans, biscuits, and iced tea on the table. I had actually expected to be eating weird kinds of herbs and local food products.

At the risk of revealing my ignorance I asked, "Is this how ya'll always eat?" I was surprised and relieved to learn that Western food was available.

My next shock came when I stepped out of the car at the house where I was to live in Eku. I had expected to live in a crudely built home with old-fashioned missionaries—set in their ways, wearing out-of-date clothes, and carrying large Bibles under their arms. I had even lengthened all my dresses for fear of being considered some wild "hippie."

What a welcome surprise it was to be greeted by several "big missionaries" whose hemlines were shorter than mine! Then I saw the home: concrete block, four bedrooms, two baths, living room, dining

room, kitchen, pantry, laundry room, plenty of storage space, nicely furnished. It was another surprise.

I did not realize then that the first few days of adjustment would be my easiest days. Nursing in an understaffed and underequipped hospital (as compared with American standards) and facing language and cultural barriers added to my own difficulties in adjusting.

The process was complicated by many personal struggles of self-identity and my place in foreign missions. Looking back over that first year as a journeyman, I primarily see struggle—in all directions of my life.

In the midst of personal turmoil it often seems safer to lash out at persons around you. Thus I began to view the "big missionaries" as not seeing all the needs and doing all they could. I began to criticize them for neglecting areas I considered important. I felt they held antiquated attitudes or warped perspectives of what was vital to the mission work at the time.

Fortunately, all of the Eku missionaries were patient with me and did not ostracize me, although I

The author served as a missionary journeyman in Eku, Nigeria, 1968-70. She worked as a nursing supervisor of the wards in Baptist Hospital, Eku, and instructor of Nigerian nursing students through the school of nursing. A native of Florida, she now resides in Birmingham, Ala., where she is head nurse of a neurology, neuro-surgery floor at the University of Alabama Hospital. An article about Miss Clarke and her work at an isolation village for persons with leprosy, "Footprints of Love," appeared in the October 1970 issue of *The Commission*.

was separating myself from them.

At the height of my turmoil I visited with Carl F. Whirley, the missionary to Nigeria who had served as missionary director for the training period in the States for my group of journeymen. After we had talked for some time, I was reminded by him of something he had told all of us during training:

"The young, eager, and imaginative journeyman, arriving in the mission field, is like the hare in the race against the turtle. The career missionary has been running the race for a long time and has a long time to go. So he must go at a sometimes slower and steadier pace, or he'll wear out in his first term. But the journeyman comes on like a young rabbit just let out of a cage and ready to hop in every direction."

Then he added, "Remember, the journeyman has just two years, and then he leaves. But the career missionary must continue to deal with the many problems and frustrations."

The words hit me like a brick wall. Not only was I being unfair in my judgments of the "big missionaries," I wasn't even doing the little I could to help in the daily "living out" of my responsibilities to God in Eku.

The first year of my journeyman experience seemed almost non-productive in terms of giving to others. What could make the second year more productive?

In talking with my housemates, Mary Evelyn Fredenburg and Jackie Eubank, both career missionaries and both also nurses, and with several other missionaries, I found the answer for me: Become involved in the lives of the people I would be with each day. With the help of these career missionaries I became involved in my work at the hospital and became more productive and consequently happier.

I discovered a leprosy colony near the hospital that needed someone to show the residents extra concern. My interest in the nursing students

and in church work increased. Of course, none of this came about overnight—it was gradual, but what a radical change! Comparing my first and second years in Eku would be like contrasting day and night.

Leaving Eku in June 1970 was very hard, because I was leaving Nigerians and missionaries I knew and loved. I was leaving a place where I personally had almost surrendered to defeat. But because of the love and patience of everyone there, I was able to find my place of service and personal worth.

Now, two and a half years later, I find myself groping for words when someone asks me, "What does missions mean to you?"

How can one share two years of struggles, joys, experiences, and feelings that have changed the course of one's life?

This I do know: "Missions" is not a place. It's God calling each of us to himself. And from this "calling" he shows us daily who we are and where we are to love and serve. □

During journeyman service in Nigeria, Sheila Clarke (right) and Carol Stephenson assist villagers.



MK JOURNEYMEN

Editor North interviews (l to r) MK Journeymen Halsell, Milby, Faile.

Among the 1972 contingent of missionary journeymen were three individuals with a closer-than-usual view of foreign missions. They are MKs ("missionary kids"), that is, children of missionaries.

To serve in Fortaleza, Ceará, Brazil, as a music worker is Jody (Joanna Rae) Milby, now 21, daughter of the F. Eugene Milbys, missionaries to Rhodesia since 1963.

To serve in Korea as a teacher of mathematics at the secondary school level is George M. Faile III, 22, son of the George M. Failes, Jr., who served in Nigeria 1953-57 and have served in Ghana since 1957. The elder Faile is a medical doctor.

To serve in Macao as a teacher of English at the secondary school level is Tomé (Thomas E., Jr.) Halsell, 23, son of the Thomas E. Halsells, who served as missionaries in Brazil 1955-69.

The fact that these young adults volunteered for missionary journeyman service after having a first-hand view of missions makes a weighty statement about their evaluation of the missions task and missionaries. To explore this and other facets of the MK journeymen's views of missions, Floyd H. North, editor of *The Commission*, talked with the trio during the latter days of the journeyman training program at Raleigh, North Carolina. A condensation of that conversation is presented here.



Floyd North: Did any of you at one time feel negative about career missions as you observed it in your parents' experience?

Jody Milby: I've never felt negatively at all. During our last furlough (1967-68), while at Ridgecrest I turned my life over to God and said I was willing to be used in any way, and I felt it was foreign missions.

George Faile III: I have never had any negative feelings about mission work, as far as what missionaries are doing.

Tomé Halsell: I will have to admit I have had extremely negative feelings about foreign missions as a whole and of myself in the role as a missionary overseas, full-time, or even as a journeyman. I guess it reflects different periods in my Christian growth. . . . We were in a middle-class American home in the Amazon with a sea of poverty all around us. I began thinking about this and came up with negative answers. Watching the relationships of other missionaries among themselves, I suppose even as an MK I was trying to see missionaries almost as perfect people. I was forgetting the human aspect.

I guess my conflict was that my parents were middle-class American missionaries in a Brazilian society, and I saw myself more as a Brazilian. After coming back to the United States for my first year of college, I began to understand American culture more. When I went back to Brazil, in many ways I began to realize how I had been cheated out of some of the things that had been provided for most kids my age in the U.S.

I remember once, after greeting my parents, I said, "Why did you stay down here so long in Brazil? We really missed out on a lot of the things kids my age have had." For example, most every freshman had automobiles, and,

of course, I didn't; and tape recorders—just **things** I thought I had missed out on.

We had lived in a big, nice, colonial-type home, but wooden floors were rotting because of the tropical climate; we didn't have electricity or running water for many months; I remember my mother's having malaria, and things like this. I was beginning to see myself as an American, and I had missed out on a lot of things kids my age had had.

I have thought this over many times and have come to the realization that, although my parents might not have provided some of the material things for their children as did parents in the U.S., they still had a Christian commitment to the world.

I believe that if a person has certain talents of adaptability to live overseas, and if it is the Lord's will for him to move overseas and to share this wonderful experience he has inside, no matter what he has to sacrifice, even things or education for his children, it is a definite "must." This is where I see myself right now.

Now I can look back, and I am really grateful for the experience of having grown up overseas. It has provided me a deeper insight into people as a whole and into different cultures. It has given me a talent in foreign language that I have used.

Looking back, I would not trade the experience of being an MK or being a part of a mission team for anything in the world.

North: When did your feelings become positive?

Halsell: I guess it was when I became a committed Christian; I saw that this is such a wonderful secret we have, such a wonderful relationship with Jesus Christ, that we can't keep it inside. It is an explosive force. It is so wonderful, it would be terrible to keep it

to yourself. You will make mistakes in culture—you're taking your American culture with you—but just apologize for that and keep on sharing the beautiful secret.

Milby: I've always said I would be willing to be a foreign missionary, but only in the capacity of music. I've just recently given my whole self to Christ and said that wherever he wants me, I know I can use music. It has been the most fantastic feeling to know that he is going to use me, though not necessarily full-time in music. I am so at peace with myself and with God just from making this new commitment. It's been a complete change of view from what I had.

North: George, do you have an evaluation of the difference, as you see it, between short-term service, like the journeyman program, and long-lasting, career involvement in foreign missions?

Faile: Someone asked me a similar question a few days ago, and I couldn't answer it very well. I didn't know exactly what was meant. But as we were told this morning, if we have to be replaced every two years in a particular job, then a need exists for a career missionary there. I think the commitment is the same. I think there are a lot of similarities, but the journeymen go for a short time. We are a mobile task force.

Halsell: With a total Christian commitment—at least for me, and I believe with most everybody—a complete shift in values will take place in a person's life. And as for me [there is] a sense of urgency—we are losing the battle in terms of statistics. There are more people all the time. I see myself with certain talents I can invest. How best can I serve the Lord with what I have? And I see this on a foreign field now; I am not saying this is career or full-time as of right now, but I know I am open if I am positive it is the Lord's will.

North: Have you seen something in your family that has particularly turned you in this direction—toward missions?

Faile: The main thing in my family that has turned me toward missions is seeing the effect [my parents] have had on the community where they are working—my father is a doctor—just seeing the way people depend on the work there, the way they respect the missionaries, the other medical people, and the way they flock to the hospital for treatment.

Milby: The first thing that comes to my mind is observing and knowing [my parents'] total dependence on the Lord for leadership every day. That has been so embedded in me and passed on, [but] it didn't become a part of my life until recent years.

North: Besides music, you could even tolerate the idea of being a missionary homemaker?

Milby: Definitely. When I went back to the field after my freshman year of college, I worked along with my parents almost full-time in the publishing house where they were. I was not being paid, of course, but just to be there—working with the translators, editing the manuscripts, and typing stencils—I enjoyed a great deal. I want to serve other people in whatever way the Lord can use me.

Halsell: I've got to agree that family experience was very positive. My parents both provided perfect Christian examples—the example of their commitment to the foreign field, their going and staying in Brazil.

North: Would you like in your own family, when you have one, to emulate what you experienced in yours?

Halsell: Very much so. I would probably have my own opinion as to where I would want to take my family. It would be harder for me to make that commitment where there would be no schools provided or where my wife would have to teach the Calvert Course, etc.

North: Do you think it is unfair for a missionary couple to decide to go to a place and auto-

matically commit their children to those experiences?

Faile: I don't know whether it is unfair, because for me it has been a good experience. I've often thought about the possibility of my going to a similar situation, where the kids would have to go off to school, like we did when I was real young, and then come back to the States. . . . [I've thought that] I couldn't take a family to that kind of situation, although I don't regret having been in it myself. I think it has been valuable.

North: How do you understand what has been referred to as the "call" to mission service?

Faile: I think it is realizing Jesus' command to tell other people about him and following his example in serving them, and then realizing a need in some area. In the case of a foreign missionary it would be realizing a need overseas, where that person's particular talents and abilities [can be applied].

Halsell: I don't understand exactly why God chooses certain people—maybe because of their talents. I tend to see it as a missionary commitment to a specific job, for the Lord has a certain opening for you. . . . Maybe I am interpreting this from my father's job. His task was to start a seminary in Equatorial Brazil.

Milby: This is how I feel about my journeyman assignment. I have a specific task in which my talents can be used. As far as career missions is concerned, from a female point of view, I'm willing to go if, say, my husband possibly were called to the mission field. Then my main responsibility and foremost desire would be to be the best wife, mother, and homemaker possible, and then to be used by God in the community.

North: Would you feel a guilt if your life took another direction, say, ten years from now?

Halsell: I best could answer that because my parents resigned about two years ago. I believe the Lord calls us to a task, and, in some instances, that task is completed, as was the case at the seminary in

Equatorial Brazil. [A well-trained national] became president of the seminary. My father then went to South Brazil, where he worked in a church and as a professor in the Baptist college in São Paulo; at that time he felt that maybe his task was completed there. He definitely felt the call of the Lord back to the United States. He felt that from his experience in Brazil he had something to offer to a church here.

Faile: If a call is a realization of a need somewhere, and if I go and fulfill that need, or if I were to realize a greater need somewhere else, I don't think I would feel any kind of guilt or feel that I had done the wrong thing by changing. I would feel this was a call somewhere else.

Milby: I believe God's leadership is continual, day by day. He doesn't stick you off in some country and say, "This is where I want you for the rest of your life." We should really be open to his leadership.

North: Do you feel comfortable being a part of a denomination and a missionary force that continue to encourage people to become career missionaries?

Halsell: I will have to give an unqualified yes. Absolutely.

Faile: I agree that there is a need, and I feel comfortable being a part of it.

North: Do you feel that there will be a continuing need for career missionaries?

Faile: I think the areas will change. For example, I don't think there will always be a need for North American Baptist missionaries to go to Nalerigu, Ghana. But I think in some part of the world there will always be a need for career missionaries.

Halsell: I believe that one of our tasks is actually to work ourselves out of a job. But seeing that the world is growing so rapidly, we will never work ourselves out of the job of winning the world to Christ. Therefore, maybe one's specific task and specific location might be ended, but then he should move on. Those openings and those tasks will always be there. □

Alley Babe

THE DAY BEGAN as a rather ordinary Saturday. Before it ended, I had been stripped of another layer of my callousness, and a few more scales had fallen from my eyes, enabling me to see a bit more of the mass of humanity around me.

It promised to be a busy day. There was much to do. Members of my roommate's senior-high class were coming in the afternoon to work on the school yearbook. After that we would all attend a movie and then go out to eat. We had to get Cokes, ice, snacks, and to buy supplies for our Sunday School classes.

We also had some personal errands. It seemed each item on our list required a visit to a different shop. How would we get it all done?

The morning passed quickly. After much hectic rushing we were ready for the class meeting. Now, off to the post office to mail that package for my aunt. What do you mean, I can't mail it? . . . Oh, I have to get official permission? Where? . . . At the bank. Yes, thank you. I'll see to it.

One more headache! I hurried to the theater for advance tickets to the movie. I can't get advance tickets? . . . Too late? Isn't there any way? . . . The manager? Thank you. . . . Sir, uh, sir? I'd like eight tickets for the 6:30 show. . . . Whew! That was close!

Another headache! Why are things so impossible to get done here? Why is it so difficult to accomplish the simplest items? Why is life so complicated? And it's hot!

Such thoughts raced through my mind as I journeyed to the tailor for the third time to check on the same items! Why can't he do anything right the first time? I don't know if I'll make it.

But what's this? No! It can't be! . . .

There in the filthy alley through which I was passing lay the little body of a baby girl no more than two or three years old. I became aware of the stench of human and animal waste as I stood looking at the frail body, which had been placed on top of a small, dirty packing crate and covered with wilted, market flowers from neck to toes in the Hindu custom.

Her hair was combed in little curls around the sweet face that now bore a look of peace—not the look of hunger and despair I had seen so often before as I had passed this way.

Now I knew the significance of the phrase I'd heard so often: "Millions of people are born, live, and die on the streets of India, never having a roof over their heads." Oh, no, God, not in Bangalore! In Calcutta, yes, and in Benares; maybe even in Madras. But not in Bangalore, the garden city of India, my city!

Yes, even here in Bangalore. The little girl had been born in this alley. She lived her life in the garbage heap of the alley. Here she was—dead in this alley.

What kind of life had she? Her daily activity was to rummage through the pile of refuse for any small pleasure she might find—to rummage through refuse not only for pleasure but for her livelihood, her existence, her daily bread!

How many times I had passed this way before and had seen this little girl look at me with big brown eyes—not questioning, not asking why, not pleading, not begging—none of these expressions. Yet other expressions were missing: no joy, no happiness, no contentment, no hope. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, but a blank stare—from a little one so weak and frail, yet so precious.

What could I do then? I gave her a warm, friendly smile. That was all I had that I could communicate to her. Each time I received only the expressionless stare.

What could I do now? I could no longer even smile. Even this opportunity had been taken away.

The child probably had died of some minor illness or injury that could have been cured if given proper medical attention. But where was that attention to be found? At the government charity hospital she might have died before anyone treated her. She could not afford a private doctor. So why try?

Her mother sat beside her baby in hopeless despair. As I watched her rocking back and forth, weeping and moaning aloud, I wondered how many other children she had sat beside in like manner and how many more she would sit beside in the future? Hers was a life of no hope, no assurance of any kind.

How could I tell her of the assurance and hope found in Jesus Christ? How could I tell her of his love that encompasses all?

There was no way I could offer any consolation or hope. How helpless to see one's fellowman in such need and have no way to minister!

As I retraced my steps through the alley, I pondered my day. Geri, why do you complain? Why are you frustrated at little inconveniences? Why become impatient over small delays? What a wonderful life you have: food, clothes, shelter, and most important, what a wonderful Saviour! He offers the most valuable possession of all—the gift of a complete, fulfilled life with him, a life of hope and joy abounding.

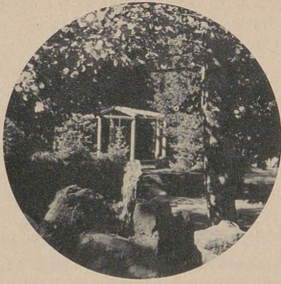
Thank you, God, for showing me this scene to open my eyes and soften my heart. May others see it, too. Help me to remember it and to show more of your love to the human beings around me every day.

□

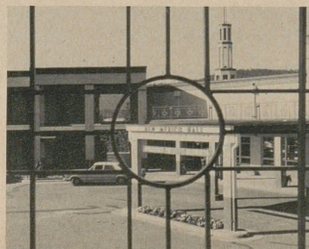
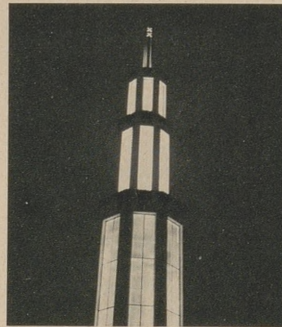
By

Geri Lea Sullivan

The author was a missionary journeyman in India 1970-72, serving as a teacher.



The Return



DEBRIEFING after reentry is familiar terminology to Americans accustomed to watching the return of astronauts from outer space. The process secures first-hand observations immediately after a flight.

Debriefing of missionary journeymen upon their reentry into American culture following almost two years overseas has become a useful part of the Missionary Journeyman Program.

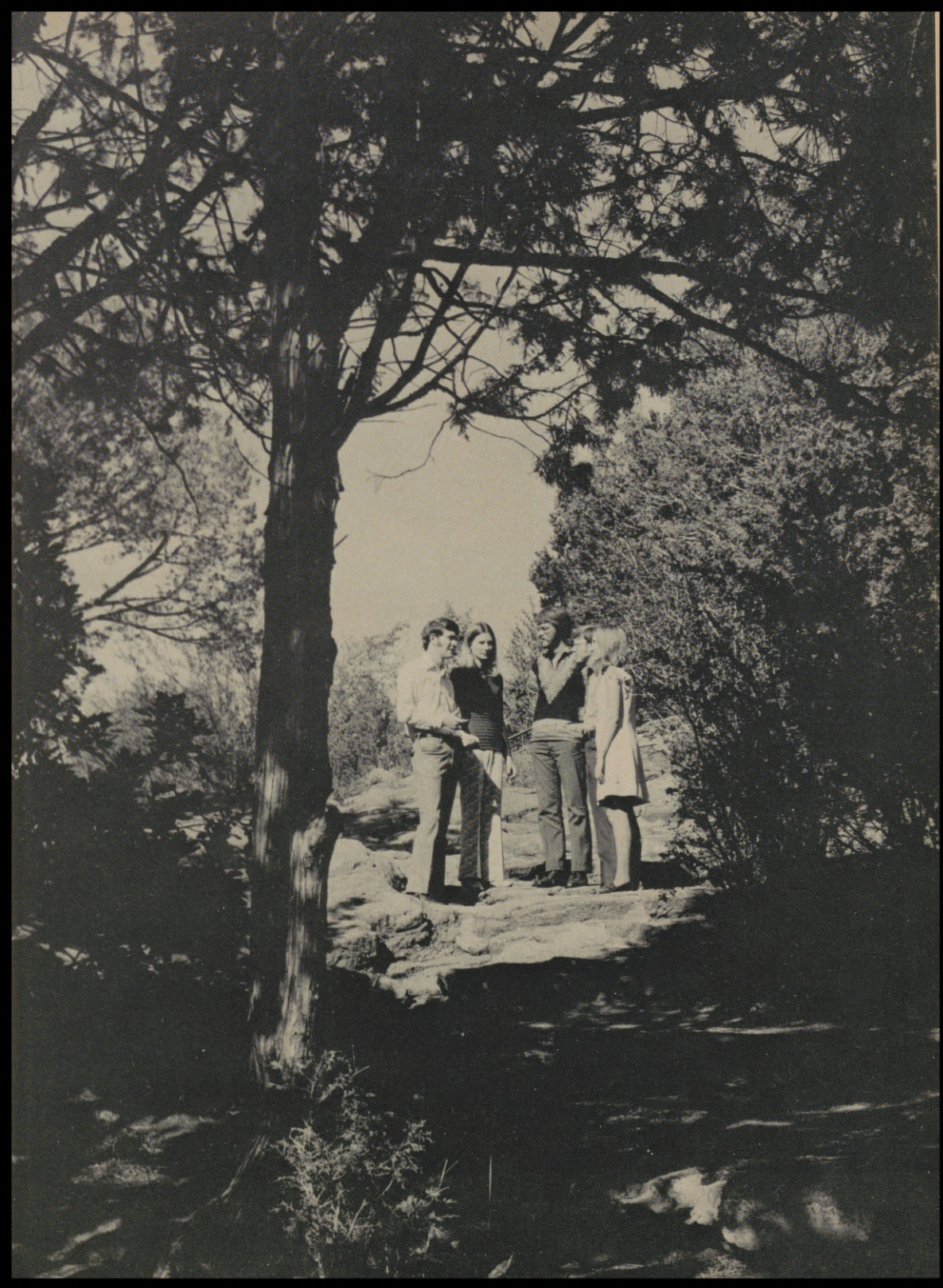
Journeymen are briefed before their missions. They are told what to expect and what is expected of them. They are debriefed upon completion of their assignments to report on what they actually found and did. Participants in journeyman debriefing sessions are limited to those related to journeyman service. This allows journeymen to feel free to express frankly their appreciation, concerns, and frustrations.

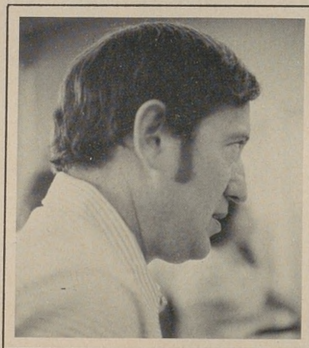
Debriefing allows returnees to assist the continuing journeyman program by sharing observations, comments, and suggestions. The sessions provide a sounding board for journeymen, and the process can help them readjust to U.S. culture. The returnees also receive updating information about the program, as well as suggestions on sharing their missions experience at home.

At Glorieta (N.M.) Baptist Conference Center during Foreign Missions Conference in August, 52 journeymen, returning from work in 27 countries, spent four days in debriefing. They renewed acquaintances with others in their group—they attended journeyman training together in 1970—and shared experiences.

Of the journeymen, Stanley A. Nelson, director of the program, said, "They did their job, they grew in the process, and now they are seeking God's further leadership."

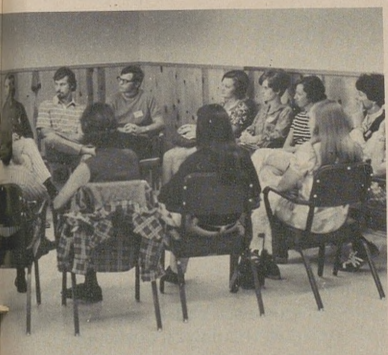
Bob Harper, art editor of **The Commission**, also renewed acquaintances with the journeymen, whom he photographed for coverage in the October 1970 issue. On these pages he has combined pictures of the Glorieta setting with candid portraits of the returned journeymen. □





Stanley A. Nelson (left), director of the journeyman program, listens carefully to the returned journeymen during debriefing. The group session at right includes only a portion of the returnees.







As a missionary journeyman, Janie Tyler (now Sellers) transcribes material at desk in Cali, Colombia, office.

Janie In Cali

By Bob E. Adams

HOW DO YOU pack a memory—a printed program; a bundle of lecture notes; a scratched guitar; lists of names and addresses and mutual promises to write; a date book filled and overflowing? And a passport soon to be stamped officially, “*Salida definitiva*” (“not returning”).

Janie Tyler, missionary journeyman, crowded all that and more into heart, mind, and suitcase as she left Colombia.*

The last two events—a week-long camp experience with university students and annual Mission meeting—had ended. Air Colombia had her on the passenger list for the afternoon. Destination: home, family, and friends, after two years of becoming at home in Cali, being part of another family, and knowing other friends.

“Missionary journeyman”—enchanted words for an ever-growing circle of young Baptists who are college graduates. A goal to be reached, a milestone in the passing, and then a memory. Two years carved out of the middle of

life’s most active, creative, abundant decade. A whirling kaleidoscope of sights, sounds, smells, laughter, tears, frustrations, satisfactions.

Where, how, and when did it all start, specifically for Janie Tyler?

—In the unselfish dedication of her parents, Lee and Ova Mae Tyler: “Many times since their childhood we have prayed to God that if he had need of any of our girls in his work that he would guide us in their schooling and training that they would be prepared to go.”

—In the little schoolhouse at Red Hill, Oklahoma, and a teacher dedicated to her charge, including five-year-old Janie. That teacher, Mrs. Tom Roberson, said simply, “Janie loved people. . . . I am thankful to be a little bit in her life.”

—In the encouragement of a neighbor, Charlyne Shaw, who said that during Janie’s absence she missed most the phrase, “I love you, Mama Shaw.”

—In a Sunday School teacher, Bertha Lou Parker: “Janie has a good background, wonderful Christian parents, and is a very dedicated Christian.”

—In a discerning school principal.

Cecil Hensley wrote, “Once Janie had a friend she always kept that friend and continued to gain new ones.”

Folks back home in Keota, Oklahoma, were a part of Janie and what she meant in faraway Cali, Colombia.

Janie originally chose student work in Indonesia as her journeyman assignment. Eight weeks of training in the summer of 1969 pointed her in that direction. Then visa problems brought an interim assignment at the Foreign Mission Board headquarters in Richmond, Virginia, and waiting. Indonesia’s door closed—and so could a journeyman career.

But Hoke Smith, who was Latin America field secretary for the Board, needed office help in Cali, Colombia. From Indonesia to Colombia, from student work to office secretary—“flexibility” had been a much-stressed word during journeyman training. Janie’s decision: Cali.

“Janie has a concern for others which holds priority,” Mrs. Shaw, Janie’s neighbor in Keota, has said.

*Following missionary journeyman service 1969-71, Miss Tyler served for one year as staff assistant in the student section of the Department of Missionary Personnel at the Foreign Mission Board, Richmond, Va. She became Mrs. Robert P. Sellers, Aug. 5, 1972, and now makes her home in Charlotte, N.C.

The author, appointed by the Foreign Mission Board in 1959, served in Chile 1961-69 and has served in Colombia since 1969.

That person-centeredness came to full flower in Cali.

But heartache also came. Scarcely five months after beginning to work with Dr. Smith, Janie, along with his family and other friends, felt shock at receiving news that he had died suddenly and unexpectedly while hospitalized in the U.S.

Work responsibilities for Janie shifted to the office of the Latin America Church Development Depth Study Committee. In the midst of sorrow and changing assignments, Janie's care for others and sensitivity to their needs led her into ever-closer ties with MKs (children of missionaries), seminary students, church members, and missionaries.

Concern for people means communicating with them, and that means speaking with them. Journeyman training included both general linguistics and some preparation in the language of the assigned country—in Janie's case, Indonesia, not Colombia, where Spanish is the language. But her natural ability supported her intense desire to meet people where they live. Within three months Janie was conversing fluently in her adopted tongue.

Students at the International Baptist Theological Seminary in Cali were in and out of her office at all hours—gripping good-naturedly about assignments, sharing victories and defeats, confiding romantic difficulties, and more than one standing on the brink of falling in love with her.

Often the light burned in her office until early morning hours, as she carried out assigned responsibilities. People and their needs came first, though midnight oil had to be burned later to keep machinery going.

Belalcázar Baptist Church named Janie as girls' Sunday School teacher for Intermediates. The piano was dusted in preparation for her playing each Sunday. Pastor Jorge Zamora and wife, Doris, seminary students themselves, lived just above Janie on the seminary campus. Their firstborn, Kiki, was the one to whom Janie spoke English most frequently; "Aunt" Janie would have a bilingual nephew.

On picnics, at parties, or in just "going to Janie's house," the

journeyman's life became an integral part of the MKs' lives. MKs are a special breed. They live in at least three cultural worlds: the U.S., seen mostly through the eyes of parents and experienced in two or three widely separated furlough years; the country in which they grow up; and that much smaller world of Baptist churches in their adopted land. Such citizens need a special friend.

Especially on Sunday afternoons around five, MKs gathered at "Janie's house" to discuss sometimes frivolous, but often serious, matters. They need someone on whom to try out ideas, someone honest in disagreement while valuing the person, and someone young enough to understand the person speaking.

The presentation of the Christian folk musical, *Tell It Like It Is*, was a natural outgrowth of such mutual acceptance. Presented once to the English-speaking people in Cali, it was roundly applauded after a performance for missionaries and children from outside Cali.

One MK wrote Janie on the night of the second presentation, "One of the lessons [I have learned] is to accept all people as they are."

That first pull toward Indonesia—student work—blossomed into reality in Colombia. In a year-long lab course at the seminary Janie collaborated with me, as I served as teacher-guide. The course led to contacts in the local university, where I was teaching a course in social ethics. Doors opened in universities in nearby Popayan and Pereira. A green-and-cream, 1956 Chevrolet station wagon haunted the highways north and south of Cali to carry the Adams family and Janie to these two outposts of pioneering student work.

Collaboration mushroomed into a heavy teaching responsibility for Janie during a prolonged professorial absence. She directed the class in student work for more than a month. The ideas she developed are to be put into print by the student department at the Baptist Spanish Publishing House, El Paso, Texas, for use throughout Spanish-speaking Latin America.

A summer missions project on Oregon's Pacific coast that included a coffeehouse ministry was a vital

part of Janie's college days at Oklahoma State University, Stillwater. Enthusiasm, hard work, and a sanctified imagination sparked a similar ministry in the university area in Cali.

A graduating seminary student and his wife, Hernan and Martha Martinez, also attended the university and lived in the campus area. Adjoining the rooming house where they lived was a single-car garage. The garage was transformed into an informal, low-key living room, where students drifted in to see what the psychedelic signs outside were all about.

Even as completion of Janie's journeyman term approached, things remained to be done. First, a nationwide university camp, the first of its scope, was held near Cali. Every phase of the encounter—food, sports, music, study—felt Janie's presence. Camp was a week of little sleep, lots of honest talk, major and minor crises, budding romances, and serious reflection on what life's all about.

Letting the tears fall freely, Janie said at the end, "If this had been all there was for the whole two years, this week would make it all worthwhile."

A week-long farewell followed. All the Baptist missionaries in Colombia gathered in Cali for that annual marathon of fellowship, brotherly bickering, planning, and reporting called Mission meeting. Between leading sports, playing the piano for singing groups, participating in *Tell It Like It Is*, and directing skull sessions, Janie stuffed trunks and suitcases and made interminable trips to local government offices to put exit papers in order.

The final day of Mission meeting was Janie's last day in Colombia. Handkerchiefs and Kleenex tissues signalled white flags of surrender to tears and nostalgia, honest and needed therapy.

One MK, throat-lumped too much to speak, pencilled a note to Janie: "I'm going to miss you so."

A missionary friend who visited Janie later in the U.S. wrote, "She left much of herself in Colombia."

She also carried much of others with her—forever. □



COMMISSIONING

1972



The eighth contingent of missionary journeymen sent out by the Foreign Mission Board were commissioned in a service at Board headquarters, Richmond, Virginia, July 28. The 66 new journeymen, college graduates no older than 26, will work for two years alongside career missionaries in specific job assignments in 29 countries around the world. Their commissioning brings the total of journeymen to 476 since the Missionary Journeyman Program was begun in 1965. The photos on this page capture some of the scenes on commissioning night.



New Missionary Journeymen

Margaret (Peg) Adams
D.C. Nurse *Indonesia*

Connie Billings
Tennessee Nurse *Ghana*
(Terminated Oct. 31)

Betty Bozeman
Mississippi Teacher *Kenya*

Jerel E. Brown
Kentucky Youth worker *Israel*

Katherine Brown
Missouri Youth worker, teacher *Ghana*

D. Wayne Cheser
Kentucky Elementary teacher *Togo*

Margaret Clements
Texas Secretary *Peru*

Terry W. Cluck
Oklahoma Secondary teacher *Kenya*

J. Mixon Cowart
Florida Bible teacher *Ghana*

Shirley Curlee
Alabama Secretary *Guatemala*

George M. Faile III
Georgia Secondary teacher *Korea*

Elizabeth Firesheets
Louisiana Seminary staff worker *Zambia*

Vickie Lynn Gordon
N. Carolina Teacher, secretary *Malawi*

C. Dudley Graves
Alabama Recreation worker *Italy*

Ellen Gwathmey
Virginia English teacher *Japan*

Robert L. (Bob) Hall, Jr.
Tennessee Student worker *Kenya*

Suzanne (Mrs. Bob) Hall
Tennessee Student worker *Kenya*

T. E. (Tomé) Halsell, Jr.
Indiana Secondary English teacher *Macao*

Elizabeth (Betty) Harnage
Florida Secretary *Mexico*

Ronald D. (Ron) Henderson
Oklahoma Youth worker *Austria*

Patricia (Pat) Hopkins
Kentucky Teacher for MKs *Philippines*

James F. Hines
Oklahoma Asst. medical administrator *Ghana*

Margaret Hunt
Texas Teacher *India*

Susan Hunt
Missouri Literature coordinator *Malawi*

Marcia (Cissy) Isbell
Georgia Secondary English teacher *Hong Kong*

Douglas L. Kellum
Mississippi Youth evangelism worker *Vietnam*

Elizabeth (Beth) Klein
Colorado Hospital pharmacist *Tanzania*

**Commissioned
to serve 1972-74**
Native state *Field*
Type of work

John L. Leggett
Georgia General evangelism worker *Togo*

Elaine Lidholm
Missouri Communications worker *Kenya*

Mary Guy Lockhart
Mississippi Nurse *Rhodesia*

Rodney E. McCann
Louisiana Asst. English-language pastor *Belgium*

John E. McCullough
Alabama Seminary teacher *Tanzania*

E. Leo McMannis
Kentucky Teacher, youth worker *Botswana*

Linda (Mrs. Leo) McMannis
Ohio Teacher, youth worker *Botswana*

Frances Marchiando
Texas Teacher for MKs *Ecuador*

Sue Ann Meredith
Ohio Teacher for MKs *Peru*

Joanna Rae (Jody) Milby
Kentucky Music worker *Brazil*

Gary D. Miller
Texas Evangelism worker *Tanzania*

Daniel J. Mixson
Florida Student worker *Indonesia*

Kathy Morton
Tennessee Teacher for MKs *Peru*

Darrel W. Mote
Oklahoma Agricultural worker *Philippines*

Diane Newman
Texas Secretary *Colombia*

Lucile (Luci) Panjic
Alabama Kindergarten director *Hong Kong*

Linda Pegram
W. Virginia Teacher, Baptist center dir. *Vietnam*

Martha Perry
New Jersey Teacher for MKs *Rhodesia*

Mary Anne Ramsey
Louisiana Elementary teacher *Korea*

Linda Reeves
(Venezuela) Texas Secretary *Argentina*

Robin Ritger
Arkansas Elementary teacher *India*

Clara Roberts
Texas Teacher *Liberia*

Peggy Russell
Louisiana Youth worker, teacher *Liberia*

Rex (Jerry Rex) Sheppard
Texas Secondary teacher *Kenya*

E. Paul Sheriff II
Texas Teacher for MKs *Indonesia*

Lucy (Mrs. E. P. II) Sheriff
Oklahoma Student worker *Indonesia*

Rebecca (Becky) Shurling
Florida Elementary teacher *Korea*

Martha Stephens
New Mexico Teacher *Mexico*

James L. (Jimmy) Stephenson
Mississippi Asst. assembly treasurer *Kenya*

Pamela Taylor
Tennessee Teacher *Brazil*

Susan Tesseneer
Kentucky Teacher *Brazil*

John M. Townsend
Texas Secondary teacher *Korea*

C. E. (Eddie) Turner, Jr.
Texas Music, youth worker *Okinawa*

Phyllis Tyler
Texas Teacher, youth worker *Vietnam*

Beverly Wales
Florida Book store secretary *Honduras*

Harriet Watts
Texas Nurse *Tanzania*

Brenda Williams
Missouri English teacher *Brazil*

Mary Ruth Williams
Texas Teacher for MKs *Philippines*

Andrew C. (Andy) Wright
Washington Youth worker *Vietnam*

FIRST THOUGHTS

THE JOURNEYMAN flies in and perches tentatively on the branch,
surveying the situation.

The missionary comes as far as the edge of the pool and sticks an
exploratory toe in the water.

The Americans have a Japanese-style entry hall, but it's red, white,
and blue and fully automatic,
and has a latch on the screen door.

And here they are—unto the ends of the earth,
ready to meet "the least of these."

May I come and visit you?

Yes, my office hours are. . . .

No, I mean in your home. . . .

This is the first time I've ever spoken to a foreigner. . . .

Why have you come to Japan?

—Go ye and teach.

Building I has the language laboratory,

And Building II is the library,

The vegetable market is on the left, the meat market five doors down,
the rice store on the right, and the hardware store
around the corner.

The streetcar stops five time before the department store.

Nishijin is your neighborhood.

Mr. Nishi is your pastor.

Nishimura is your student.

Nishino is a Christian.

Dr. Nishikawa is a professor.

Nishimoto is . . . interested in Christianity.

—The least of these.

Dozo means "please."

Domo means "thank you."

Arigato gozaimashita also means "thank you."

Please repeat:

Irimasen.

Irashaimasen.

Arimasen.

Wakarimasen.

Kámi = "paper."

Kamí = "hair."

Kami = "God."

—The way, the truth, the life.

By Mary Lynn Anderson

Missionary journeyman in Japan 1969-71

Japan! Why don't you stay and help American kids?
Missionary. How wonderful! Isn't she noble?
What's wrong with America?
Can I have your autograph?
Isn't that kind of impractical?
Do you get paid?
I'll be praying for you.

—Ask, seek, knock.

What if there's an anti-American demonstration?
What if I get lost?
When does the garbage man come?
How do I know when to get off the train?
What if I forget to take my shoes off when I go into a Japanese home?
Why does everyone keep staring at me?
What if they ask me why I'm a Christian?

—And who do *you* say that I am?

What do you think about the Japan-U.S. Security Treaty?
What are the styles in the U.S. now?
Can you speak Japanese?
Do you like Japanese food?
Do I have to speak Japanese?
Do I have to eat raw fish?
Do I have to have an opinion?
DO THEY HAVE TO STARE?

—Lo, I am with you.

And the time comes for the journeyman, or the missionary,
to jump in and get his feet wet,
To fly down out of the tree,
To come out of his red, white, and blue haven,
into a slant-eyed, straight-haired sea of
“Please-teach-me-English-How-do-you-like-Japan” querying
working
staring
searching
children of the sun.

Because I first found love enough in my heart for you, even so,
recognize that every human life,
black-haired or blond,
dacron-washable-knit or silk-kimono-clad,
is worth your love.

—Even the least of these.

European Summary

By Andrew D. MacRae

Andrew D. MacRae, general secretary for the Baptist Union of Scotland, recently concluded a two-year tenure as president of the European Baptist Federation (EBF), the organization linking Baptist unions and conventions in several European countries. At a meeting of the EBF council in Novi Sad, Yugoslavia, in late August, MacRae reported his impressions as his presidency ended. This article includes excerpts from that report, as provided through European Baptist Press Service.

OUR BAPTIST relationships are encouraging. Through our contact in the federation we are getting closer together. Nationality, I believe, means less and less to us as Baptists, because we belong to Christ.

Baptist concern is growing. One fruit of improving relationships is the real concern we have for one another—and for the problems of one another's country. So we are all concerned—and increasingly out of a spirit of love rather than criticism—to know about the situations and needs of our fellow Baptists and their countrymen and to pray for them, whether in Spain, or Czechoslovakia, or Italy, or the USSR, or Northern Ireland, or any other of our countries.

Baptist cooperation is increasing. Perhaps the best illustration of this at present is our togetherness in the World Mission of Reconciliation. We all have a concern about evangelism in the real sense and in its widest implications. Our recent evangelism conference in Rüschlikon (Switzerland) was a fine example of the desire for cooperation.

MacRae then turned to problems which seem to him to be more or less common to the Baptists of the various unions and conventions of Europe.

Don't think me negative, but we must face our problems realistically. . . .

There is parochialism. This is perhaps the result of our much-vaunted independency. The autonomy of our churches

encourages us to care for ourselves first and to be ignorant often of our brothers down the road. It also means that we are sometimes, as Baptist unions, far too taken up with ourselves to care enough either about the world at our door or our fellow Christians in Europe.

There is ecumenism. Our unions vary here. Some are keenly ecumenical; some are highly suspicious of ecumenism. Some want to work with other Christians; some do not. Some are happy in the national councils of churches; others see them as the great apostasy.

Perhaps as Baptists we need to grow up more into an awareness that you can hold to the gospel and to your fellow Christians at the same time, that contact does not mean compromise, that we have more in common with the most heretical Christian than with the most friendly atheist, and, in some cases, to realize that the rule of God exists in the hearts of men and not just in the unified structure of the church.

Another problem is education. We are usually proud of our secular educational history—with a degree of justification. But in most of our Baptist unions our Christian education in the churches does not justify much pride. Those who have Sunday Schools often make do with untrained teachers, shoddy materials, and hopeless facilities.

Hardly any churches have serious adult educational programs. They seem to think the minister will drop from the pulpit all the information necessary for

an educated people—in complete disregard of educational principles, group dynamics, and the rest—and that having talked, we have acted! But, says Paul, "The kingdom is not in talk, but in power."

Another problem is Europeanism. The danger exists of thinking we know it all as Europeans. We have a history! We are old! We have traditions! We laid the foundations of the world's great movements—in Christian theology, science, education, technology, medicine, and the rest. And the danger is that of an unwillingness to learn from others!

What can Americans tell us about Christian education? Quite a lot! What can Brazilians tell us about evangelism and follow-up? Quite a lot! What can the Pentecostals tell us about dependency on the Holy Spirit? Quite a lot.

The last "problem" MacRae dealt with was finances within the EBF. He mentioned some of the complications—currency restrictions in some countries where there are large numbers of Baptists, the small numbers of Baptists in some countries, past failure in some cases to educate in responsible and sacrificial Christian giving, which makes it "almost impossible to catch up with the situation now." Then he declared:

However we face such problems as these, let me say that I believe the future can be ours, if we truly trust the God who is master of the future.

MacRae's conclusion was also positive:

Our continent is tired of formal religion, state religion, nominal religion, and merely liturgical religion. Many young people are looking for reality, and many are finding it in Christ.

May they and many others find it within the fellowship of our Baptist churches of Europe, among people who are themselves reconciled to God and to one another, and who are intent on sharing with them the message of reconciliation through Christ. □

THEY CAME to Malawi, Africa. The setting was a combination of mountains, water, modern buildings, and, as seen out of a hotel window, a small African village. The meeting place was a combination of a Baptist headquarters building with a new church—a choice location adjacent to the University of Malawi in the capital city, Blantyre.

For the 1972 meeting of the Baptist Women's Union of Africa August 7-11, Southern Baptist missionaries had arranged for the visiting women to stay in university rooms.

For 115 women from 15 countries of Africa, plus many Baptist women of Blantyre, this "Baptist hillside" be-

MEETING IN MALAWI



President Banda of Malawi, who invited the Baptist women to his home, welcomes Mrs. Ethel Codrington, of South Africa, secretary of the Baptist Women's Union.

came a place of worship, prayer, inspiration, and fellowship. They celebrated together in many ways the meeting theme, "Make Christ Known." The heart of the meeting was the often-expressed thought that the world is waiting for the peace and love that can come only by the Spirit of Jesus who is Lord.

Thus filled with inspiration and ideas, the women departed from that harmonious refuge. They returned to their own worlds to carry out a rallying cry: "Make Christ

known through me and the Baptist church where I live."

The greatest moments came through singing together, through listening to testimonies from 26 women of Africa on such subjects as "Making Christ Known in My Country, . . . through My Home, . . . through Africa, . . . through Me." High moments came under the sweet, quiet leadership of the president of the continental union, Mrs. Joan Nyathi, of Rhodesia, assisted by the secretary, Mrs. Ethel Codrington, of South Africa, and the treasurer, Mrs. Ossie Littleton, of Ghana.



Roy G. Davidson, Jr., missionary, greets Mrs. Victoria Tolbert, wife of the president of Liberia, upon her arrival in Malawi for Baptist Women's Union meeting.

• *By Marie Mathis*



Women enjoy a box lunch. Mrs. Mathis is seated in front of the map of Africa.

Worldwide learning times came through the messages of the officers of the Women's Department of the Baptist World Alliance: I serve as president; Mrs. Ayako Hino is secretary; Mrs. Letha Casazza is treasurer.

Memorable features included the opening session banquet, attended by more than 160 people, including many Malawi government representatives. These representatives came in honor of the speaker, Mrs. Victoria Tolbert, wife of the president of Liberia. Warmly welcomed

The author, Mrs. R. L. Mathis, is president of the Woman's Missionary Union, auxiliary to the Southern Baptist Convention.



Women register for their meeting in Blantyre.

and entertained by the president of Malawi, the first lady of Liberia bore a strong Christian witness through her spoken messages and her daily presence in the meetings and everywhere she went through the streets of Blantyre.

Malawi Broadcasting Corporation gave extensive coverage, beginning with airport arrivals. The visiting Baptist women, colorful in their various types of African dress, attracted considerable attention as they visited shops, walked from the university to the church meeting place, or visited other sections of the city. Because of radio and newspaper publicity, the people of Blantyre recognized the visitors and knew much about the meetings.

The president of Malawi entertained the entire group at his executive home. He took time to be introduced to a representative from each country and shook hands with every woman. The newly elected president of the group, Mrs. Atinuke Bamijoko, of Nigeria, introduced the women. President Banda expressed his pleasure about the meeting's theme, the interracial attendance, and the work of South-

ern Baptist missionaries in Malawi.

About 200 Malawian women, all dressed in the same color and style of national costume, entertained the visitors by singing and dancing, accompanied by a small African band composed of drums.

There is no way to put into words adequately my feelings about the significance of this meeting in the heart of Africa at such a time as this. Hour after hour I wondered what would happen in the villages, in the cities, and in the "bush areas" of that continent as those inspired women returned with the challenge to bring about reconciliation through Jesus Christ.

They had received the motivation. I was amazed at their maturity and commitment in their plans for the future as they boldly spoke of what they would say and do when they returned home. "Let us pull together" seemed to be the main expression I heard as we said our good-byes.

On this continent of the safari and wild animal parks that has long challenged our imagination, we may find our strongest support in carry-out the Baptist World Alliance proj-

ect, World Mission of Reconciliation through Jesus Christ. On this continent the drums of Africa, the world's oldest communication system, may add to today's radio and newspapers in assisting churches and people to speak to rapidly growing churches and to informed and awakening people who will certainly shape the Africa of the future.

For a time in August in Malawi, revolution and even war seemed impossible. There was such fellowship and love that it was as if our dreams of a new day had burst into a reality of hope. It seemed possible that life for modern man might become "life in all its fullness through Christ."

Those women of Africa who went to Malawi and the Southern Baptist missionaries who assisted in making the meeting possible will never forget the impressions received and the friendships made. Neither will they forget the responsibility they have because of the opportunities of those hours together.

There is no doubt about the value of such a meeting. Only God can reveal through the commitment and work of those women what the outcome will be in future days. □

Bell-bottomed Trousers and a Flowered Guitar

By James B. Boswell



HIS long hair flowing, the young man wearing dark sunglasses strode into the church and sat down on the front bench. A fancy shirt, bell-bottomed trousers, and sandals completed his ensemble.

Only later did we learn how much effort this colorful visitor, Luis Lopez, had made to find this church—or any church in Chiclayo, Peru.

Under the auspices of UNICEF, Lopez had been working all over Peru, in mountains and jungle, in a campaign to bring malaria under control. While in the jungle, he read **Peace with God**, by Billy Graham, and began to recognize his poor spiritual condition.

When he arrived in Chiclayo, the first thing Lopez did was to begin looking for an evangelical church. He asked directions and began to walk the streets at night, searching for a church where he could settle

his relationship with God. He found a darkened church building and knocked on the door, but no one answered.

Locating another church building, he again knocked. Again the building was dark, and no one responded. Disgusted and desperate, Lopez decided to stop looking and walk downtown. As he passed along a narrow street, he heard singing coming through a doorway. He moved closer until he could read the words painted over the door: "Emmanuel Baptist Church."

"This must be an evangelical church," he thought to himself, and walked inside. It was December 1970, and the church was holding its last evangelistic effort of the year in connection with the Campaign (Crusade) of the Americas. It was no accident that the church doors were open that night.

At the end of the sermon, Lopez, deep conviction written on his face, raised his hand during the invitation to indicate he wanted to accept Jesus as Lord and Saviour.

Withdrawing to a back room with the pastor and a layman, Lopez

heard the plan of salvation explained. Then he asked if he could bring his guitar the following night and sing some **coritos** ("choruses") in the service. The church pianist agreed but cautioned, "The songs should be religious in nature."

Next evening, Lopez, still attired in his bell-bottomed trousers, came prepared to sing. Painted flowers decorated his guitar. First he presented two variations of choruses he had heard for the first time the night before. Then he sang **Vivo Cantando al Señor** ("I Live Singing to the Lord"), a chorus he had composed that day.

Church members, especially the young people, were thrilled with

The author has served as a missionary in Peru since 1969.

JUST ANOTHER VERSE

Go, then, to all peoples everywhere and make them my disciples: baptize them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teach them to obey everything I have commanded you. And remember! I will be with you always, to the end of the age.

—Matthew 28:19-20 TEV

The Great Commission:

I learned it as a junior
in Sunday School.

Just another verse—
to get my gold star that day.

The Great Commission:

I learned it as a college student
giving my summer mission
offering.

Just another verse—
that made the activity
of that summer
Bible Schools and GA camps.

The Great Commission:

I learned it as a college graduate
reading a Foreign Mission
Board pamphlet.

Just another verse—
that sent me to Liberia.

The Great Commission:

I learned it as a journeyman
in a mission school in Africa.

Just another verse—
that made me say yes
to God's calling for life.

The Great Commission:

I learned it as a seminary student
restless in class.

Just another verse—
that made that city across the
bay real and in need.

The Great Commission:

I learned it as a seminary graduate
looking at a job offer.

Just another verse—
that put me on a college
campus in Michigan.

The Great Commission:

I learned it years ago,
and am learning it yet today.

Just another verse—
that strangely leads my way.

—By Linda Phillips

Missionary journeyman
to Liberia 1965-67

alone most of his life, since leaving home at the age of 11 to make his own way. Perhaps the "big time" would bring him some "big" money.

After prayer, Lopez could see the choices plainly. He could accept the audition and probably be launched in a professional singing career, although he did not believe he could be what God wanted him to be while performing in nightclubs. On the other hand, he could return to the program of malaria eradication and in this way help his fellowman. When he left me that night, he said he would make his decision soon.

His choice was to return to the malaria-control program. The work was less glamorous and paid little, but he loved the rural people and wanted to help them.

When he left Chiclayo to return to the jungle where God had first spoken to him, he took along Bibles and tracts to distribute.

Seven months passed before I saw Lopez again. He came back with a new guitar and reported that while working in the anti-malaria program he also had been doing missionary work. He had soon run out of tracts and Bibles, but began assisting Wycliffe Bible Translators, who are at work in the Peruvian jungles translating Scripture into the languages of various Indian tribes. On his nights off, Lopez had been playing and singing choruses for Aguarunu Indians gathered in jungle clearings.

Lopez's next assignment was in a village near Chiclayo to help eliminate malaria along the coast. He continued to sing and play guitar in the Chiclayo church. Sometimes he has taken tracts when he goes back to the village on Sunday afternoon.

He has been busy practicing the message of his first Christian composition: "He lives singing to the Lord." □

his music. He played the guitar expertly and sang in a rich voice. At the end of the night's service, several persons made professions of faith in Christ.

Before the week was over, Luis Lopez had composed eight new **coritos** and had performed them in a special musical program on a local radio station. When young people of the church presented their Lottie Moon dramatic program, Lopez served as narrator. He had memorized his entire part in only a short time.

He continued attending the church but began to encounter problems. His singing attracted much attention, especially from **muchachas** ("girls"); some of the young people he met were also new Christians, but were not living the kind of Christian life he expected. Consequently, he postponed being baptized.

Then the manager of the radio station where Lopez had sung his first program talked with the young singer privately. "I think you have what it takes to make the 'big time,'" the manager told him. "Would you like to go to the capital and audition to sing professionally?"

Perplexed, Lopez came to talk with me. Our discussion lasted far into the night. He knew what it was like to sing in nightclubs, and he recognized that a return to that kind of life would bring temptations. Still, Luis had been poor and

AS A CHILD of missionaries I am frequently asked, "Just what exactly do missionaries do?"

At a loss to answer, I often reply with the over-used cliché, "They are there preaching the gospel to those who have never heard." This, of course, fails to supply the answer the questioner is seeking.

The work of a missionary involves so much more. In order to share the vital truths of salvation, a person needs to bring himself to the level of the people, gain insight into their specific problems, and even identify with them and become one of them.

True, missionaries do preach and teach. But their main work is to gain acceptance by the people through ordinary, everyday activities that most people would not acknowledge to be mission work.

Such was the case of our family when we left Madrid, Spain, one hot August day this year on a trip toward two coastal cities. Our mission was to contact two families, visit them, and, as the Lord led, share Jesus with them. These two families were quite different—of varied backgrounds; living 120 miles apart in two different cities—yet with one vital similarity: their need for Christ.

Our first stop found us in the city of Gijón, Asturias, in the green valleys of northern Spain by the sparkling Cantabric Sea. We stopped here because of my contact with a college classmate who wished for someone to visit Catholic relatives living in the city.

The address we had was rather obscure for locating the great-aunt of my friend in a city of 100,000 people. We inquired about a snack-bar restaurant that she owned and were directed to a small town about eight miles away. There we located the street and Sra. Alicia Llaca with little difficulty.

The author, who will be 19 years old this month, is the daughter of the Charles W. Whittens, missionaries since 1947, who served in South America before going to Spain in 1953. Margaret, a sophomore this fall at Mississippi College, Clinton, wrote this article while visiting her parents in Spain during the past summer.



SO MUCH MORE

By
Margaret Whitten

Her story is much like that of most of the people in that area of the country. Because of the low standard of living, many residents emigrate to other lands in the hope of providing a better life for their families. The tragedy lies in the fact that some must leave close relatives behind, knowing their separation will last many years—often forever.

As I talked with the elderly woman about my recent visit with her nieces and nephews and as I mentioned her sister and brother, tears came to her eyes. "I'll probably never see them there," she lamented, "but how I wish they would come here so I could see their faces and hug them again!"

Life is hard for her, since there is always work to be done in her restaurant. Yet because of this hard work over the years, she lives better economically than most of her neighbors.

We felt it was not the right time to witness openly to her because we were new acquaintances and because many of the local residents believe evangelicals are "devils."

But we did leave a modern translation of the New Testament with her, and she promised to keep in touch with us.

The next day we traveled the 120 miles to Santander, where lived a 17-year-old Cuban girl who had become a Christian shortly before her departure from Cuba to Spain. Her parents thought Christianity was a beautiful way of life, but were reluctant to accept it personally.

The first few weeks Mary Vazquez lived in Santander she had no Christian fellowship and thus felt lonely. Later she found a small evangelical congregation. Just a few weeks before our visit, her mother and ten-year-old sister had accepted Christ as Saviour.

As we entered the home, we felt the warmth of a cordial welcome and the love only God could have put there. We spent a few moments in small talk. Then my father asked Vazquez how he felt about the invitation of Jesus to a personal encounter. Vazquez said he would like that experience because he knew it would make his family happy, but he could not comprehend it all, and until he did comprehend, he would not accept Christ.

Unable to grasp the concept of salvation through faith, he felt it necessary to understand intellectually all the intricacies of the redemptive plan to be able to qualify for it. Not wanting him to feel the matter was being forced upon him, we did not push the issue greatly. But when we left, he promised that he would read the Scripture in solitude and test God's promise for himself.

Through the years I have come to see that a missionary must work largely on faith. He must be alert to the leadership of the Holy Spirit, for there is a different approach to each person, according to his need.

Even when visible results are few, we must trust the Lord. We know that God is accomplishing his purpose through us. □

IN THE 'CITY OF SUN'

By Lois Taylor

I 'VE NEVER SEEN anything like it before in Colombia," was the repeated statement by the national pastor and several of the missionaries who were assisting with the first evangelistic campaign in Neiva, Colombia.

Delbert (my husband) and I had been in Neiva, known as the "City of Sun," for five months, and we felt that Neiva was open to the gospel. Just how open we hadn't really guessed until this week in November 1970.

Neiva is the capital of the department (state) of Huila, where Baptists had never before had a witness. The new work in Neiva had been slow but promising, and our contacts had seemed good ones.

Now, for one week of concentrated effort, ten missionaries and a national pastor had come to help.

One of the missionaries, Marion L. Corley, brought with him a letter of introduction to a local doctor. Through the help of this physician, Corley was allowed to show several religious motion pictures to the doctors and the nursing students at the hospital. Other physicians rented a downtown theater so the movies could be shown there also. The films were also shown at the local university and to the military battalion stationed in Neiva. That one letter of introduction opened many doors.

After Missionary J. Thomas (Tommy) Norman arrived from Bogotá with ample supplies from the book

The author and her husband, Delbert L. Taylor, appointed missionaries in 1968, have been stationed in Neiva, Colombia, since 1970.



Top: Roman Catholic church on the plaza in Neiva, Colombia. Bottom: In the market, eyes turn toward missionaries, witnessing and selling New Testament copies.

store, the missionaries were able to go out in pairs with New Testaments and tracts to witness. In a short time 300 New Testaments and several Bibles were sold.

We were allowed to present Bibles to some of the leaders of Neiva—the mayor, one of the bankers, and

the manager of a local radio station. The manager of the station, the most popular one in town and one that is heard throughout the state, offered free advertising time for the evangelistic campaign.

Since we had as yet been unable to rent a building for worship, our

home was the meeting place. The house is constructed in such a way as to allow us to convert the living room and patio into a worship center. At the first service the 50 persons present sat on boards placed across chairs and trunks. A local restaurant for two nights loaned us 25 folding chairs—an almost unheard of gesture. Crowds continued to grow, despite the limited space.

Ramon Medina, a Colombian pastor, preached an evangelistic sermon each night. Missionary James H. Stiles, Jr., presented chalk pictures nightly. Under the direction of Missionary James C. Oliver, Jr., and with Missionary Donald R. Kammerdiener (now a field representative) and me assisting at the piano, worshipful music was a part of each service.

Most gratifying was the number of persons making professions of faith in Christ. Although Baptists had not been in Neiva before, the Holy Spirit certainly had been at work. Many of those hearing the gospel for the first time accepted Christ. The response was not limited to one social level; among those responding were technicians, maids, housewives, and university students.

As is usually the case, the 25 new Christians began inviting others to services.

The thought of 25 new Christians in a completely new area of work brought with it an overwhelming sense of responsibility and wonderment. To me, however, the unusual response in Neiva is explained by all the prayers uttered in behalf of the Lord's work here and in our behalf. We also realize that continuation of the work depends on the same basis.

* * * *

The Taylors continue to minister in Neiva. Earlier this year Mrs. Taylor provided this account of a recent event in the city.

Early on Easter Sunday in Neiva about 500 people gathered in a little park near the railroad station. In a land where meetings rarely start on time, this one began early.

There had been no open publicity, because the city mayor had refused permission for the meeting. In view of the refusal, some of the people from the five evangelical churches represented were a bit nervous.

However, the joint, sunrise worship service began smoothly, as the accordion and pump organ on the



Missionary James H. Stiles, Jr., presents a chalk drawing-message during opening evangelistic campaign conducted by Baptists in Neiva.



Neiva shopkeeper buys New Testament from J. Ross Thompson (l) and James C. Oliver, Jr., missionaries.



Missionary Glenn E. Herndon points out a verse in answer to youth's question.

The residence of Missionaries Delbert and Lois Taylor became first Baptist mission in Neiva.



truck bed accompanied singing. The 45-minute service included an excellent message on the resurrection and concluded with an invitation to attend next year's service.

So ended the beginning—the start of joint sunrise services in Neiva, the first such worship experience in the history of this predominantly Catholic city. □



A religious film draws attention at university in Neiva.

What the Lottie Moon Offering Does

By Baker J. Cauthen

THE LOTTIE MOON Christmas Offering accomplishes far more than can be measured in terms of money. As this important season approaches, it is good to review what the offering really means.

For one thing, it means deepened convictions. The giving of money is preceded by a time of study. The Scriptures are examined, and the imperatives of our Lord's command are recognized. Needs of the mission fields are reviewed, together with work being done and the fruitage which results.

Through this study, strong convictions emerge as to the high claims of worldwide ministry upon effort and concern.

Sustained missionary progress depends upon basic convictions as to the Lord's will and our responsibility. An awareness grips the heart that, in season and out of season, we must press forward in sharing Christ with the entire world. The missionary task is recognized as being basic to the life of a New Testament church. It is viewed as response to our Lord's command, incumbent upon all who seek to follow him. This kind of conviction undergirds the missionary who goes and the churches which send.

For another thing, the offering brings spiritual power. The Week of Prayer preceding the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering accounts for much of its significance. All across the Southern Baptist Convention people come together to pray. Needs are laid before the throne of grace; missionaries are held up in intercession; thanksgiving and praise abound for God's blessing and leadership.

Spiritual power resulting from the Week of Prayer enters into many of the blessings experienced by the servants of Christ in their labors for the Lord. While prayer is offered for others throughout the whole world, blessings come into the lives of persons, families, churches, and communities at home.

Nobody can measure the full value of this time of intercession in the life of an individual church. When people wait before God in earnest prayer, local problems seem less urgent, divisive tendencies are reconciled, and hearts become tender, so that it is possible to listen to the Holy Spirit more attentively.

The Lottie Moon Christmas Offering also calls for commitment. Many appointees have stated to the Foreign Mission Board that during the Week of Prayer they felt God calling them to service overseas. Many of those who may not be led to go as missionaries are impressed to make deeper commitment of themselves for service where they are. These commitments bear fruit in soul-winning, greater faithfulness in church responsibilities, and service to people in the immediate community.

The offering also opens fountains of compassion that flow throughout the year. It is recognized that the Cooperative Program is the lifeline of our entire mission effort. Through it, funds are provided for Baptist work in the state, the Southern Baptist Convention, and to the ends of the earth. The Cooperative Program is like a great river with many branches flowing into places of need near at hand and far away.

During the Week of Prayer hearts are so filled with concern for doing what our Lord expects that throughout the year an outflow of love and giving continues. Nothing reinforces the Cooperative Program more than the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering with its preceding time of prayer and study.

The offering also enables missionary effort in 75 countries to go twice as far as otherwise would be possible. It enables more missionaries to go, and it provides support for them which normally would not be possible. It bears fruit in larger efforts to share the gospel through evangelism and church development. It doubles the extent to which the message can be proclaimed in cities, towns, villages, and by means of radio, television, and the printed page.

It reinforces the training of Christian workers in schools and theological seminaries. It lengthens the outreach of ministries of medicine and benevolence in serving mankind.

In a word, the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering strengthens the churches at home and enables twice as much to be done in telling the good news to a world of profound need.

This is why the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering is deeply imbedded in the hearts of Southern Baptists and finds response not only in Woman's Missionary Union, but also in every part of Baptist organized life.

May God grant his richest blessing as people pray, study, give, and reach out to millions in the name of him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. □

EPiSTLES

RAMADAN BEGINS in October for the multiplied millions of Muslims. During the 30-day period, Muslims may eat or drink only before sunrise or after sunset.

Ordinarily Muslims pray five times daily, but during the month of Ramadan there are even more prayers. Adherents must continue faithfully with their prayers and fasting for the entire period, for they are told that one day among the 30 will be the day when all their past sins are forgiven—but they are not told which day.

During the observance, Muslims gather in and around their mosques each evening to listen to the prayers of their leaders. At the end of Ramadan they will sacrifice a sheep for their sins of the past year.

It is a moving experience to pass a mosque and see a large crowd gathered for prayer. One could wish Christians were as faithful. Yet Islam demands much from its followers but offers little in the way of hope. We thank God that in Christ we have hope—the assurance that Christ is truly the one who forgives all sin.

PAUL H. GROSSMAN
Dakar, Senegal

RESIDING in an English-language country does not always eliminate the problem of being misunderstood.

Recently I telephoned a business firm in Salisbury. When a woman answered in the proper department, I said, "Hello, this is Mr. Coleman with the Baptist Mission."

I heard her chuckle softly, and wondered about her method of conducting a business conversation. The rest of the dialogue was polite and accommodating.

As we ended our business and prepared to hang up, she said, "Mr. Coleman, I must tell you what I was laughing about earlier. When I answered the phone and heard you speak with your American accent, I thought you said, 'This is Mr. Coleman with a bad disposition.'"

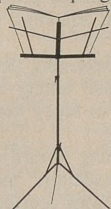
DAVID M. COLEMAN
Salisbury, Rhodesia



OR ABOUT TWO YEARS Rudy (my husband) met with a small, independent Protestant group for Bible study and prayer once a week in Nivelles, Belgium. During the past year the group began to review their beliefs and pursue a study of Protestant groups at work in Belgium, with a view to becoming affiliated with one of them. In the process they decided to become a Baptist church and requested admission into the Belgian Baptist Union at its annual meeting last March. Then they called Rudy to be pastor.



Some months ago, one of the laymen in this congregation conceived the idea of an international religious music festival, evangelical in nature. It would feature young musical groups from several countries and thus attract persons, especially youths, who might never attend any other sort of religious meeting. Beginning virtually alone, the layman organized and enlisted aid, planned a splendid program, and arranged myriad details.



On Pentecost weekend in May, a legal holiday in Belgium as in most other Catholic countries, the festival took place. Most of the sessions were well attended. Musicians from Germany, Switzerland, France, England, Spain, Italy, the U.S., and Belgium assembled in Nivelles. (Within a 40-mile radius of Nivelles live half of Belgium's approximately ten million people.) As the group sang and talked about Jesus, they began a drama that we hope will continue to have effects for months to come.

One Monday night a young photographer appeared at the Bible study group to learn more of the way of life he had heard about at the festival. He is but one example of persons, young and old alike, who are seeking a better way. This emphasized to us the need to use whatever means possible to encourage them to explore Christian commitment.

HELEN (Mrs. Rudolph M.) WOOD, *Waterloo, Belgium*

WHEN SENOR MANUEL was converted in revival services at the Sobral Baptist Church, in the western interior of Ceará state, he was heard to remark, "I must get this message to my people."

He was speaking of his relatives and friends who live in Tongente, a village north of Sobral. Manuel lost no time in taking the good news to those he loved. With his first converts a congregation was born.

At midyear Charles (my husband) and our son, Mickey, traveled to Sobral to visit with Missionaries Jerold and Verla Golston and to spend the weekend in a preaching mission that would eventually take them to Tongente.

Services the first night were held in the small, lakeside city of Forquilha. There Charles met an 84-year-old man who had shown much interest in the gospel. "I want to become a Christian," said the old man, "but I must first pay my debts to God." Charles was able to explain that Christ had already paid the debts. The idea of "paying one's debts to God" is typical of thousands who have grown up under a system of penance.



On Saturday Charles and Mickey, Jerold Golston and his son, Jeremiah, and several young persons and a deacon from the Sobral Church boarded a wooden train for the ride to Tongente. The small village, one of those stops in the middle of nowhere, has about 1,000 scattered residents.

A railroad work crew supervisor, Lourival Barros Calvacante, traveled with the group from Sobral. In the absence of Manuel he served as host, providing the evening meal and allowing night services to be held in front of his home. Of 100 persons attending, two made decisions for Christ.

As the two missionaries and their tired sons stretched out in their hammocks for the night, they thanked God for Manuel, whose compassion for souls had led them to the quiet, wayside village of Tongente.

GLORIA (Mrs. J. Charles) ALLARD, *Fortaleza, Ceará, Brazil*



THE BAPTIST STUDENT UNION building in Manila is located in the midst of several universities and colleges. It is directly across the street from Far Eastern University, the site of several demonstrations in past months. The demonstrations were directed against an increase in school fees, but radical elements used the disturbances for their own purposes. Many students were wounded and some were killed during confrontations between police and students.

On a Friday afternoon early this year I was at the BSU building to give orientation to students who wanted the identification cards necessary to take part at the center [see September issue, cover II]. While I was waiting in an office for the first young man to arrive for his conference, a demonstration began across the street. The noise was almost deafening, as the student leader launched into his tirade over a loud-speaker and the crowd yelled and clapped. Looking out the window, I saw a crowd of students at the FEU entrance listening to the speaker. Now and then I heard explosions, sounding like firecrackers.

When the student arrived for his conference, I began explaining about the BSU facilities. The noise outside grew louder. I continued telling how I wanted to help him in his search for God, and we began to study verses from the Gospel of John.

I was suddenly conscious that the explosions were becoming louder and more frequent. I knew the "pill boxes" (enlarged "Molotov cocktails" made of family-size, soft-drink bottles filled with gasoline and with a wick attached) had begun to fall. Still the student was so engrossed in the words of Jesus that he seemed not to notice the loudspeaker and the explosions. "If he can ignore it, so can I," I thought. I continued reading and explaining the words of Jesus, pointing out how one can accept Jesus as Saviour through faith.

Chills ran up my spine, but not from the explosions. I realized that the Holy Spirit was speaking to the heart of this young man and that he was responding. When I asked if he would accept Jesus, his answer was a definite yes.

The second student I interviewed that afternoon, still against the staccato background of explosions and amplified harangue, came from an area of Manila with a reputation as a stronghold of vice. Again I presented the message of salvation; this young man also received Christ.

That afternoon 20 students, most of them from FEU, were wounded by the exploding pill boxes. But inside the student center two young men in a tiny office on the second floor were born into the kingdom of God.

ZELMA (Mrs. James A.) FOSTER, *Manila, Philippines*

ON ONE OF OUR TRIPS while Harold (my husband) and others were talking to the local chief in his office, I stood under a tree to wait. A young man approached and asked if we were missionaries. Told that we were, he invited, "Come to my village to help us start a church. We're in a new settlement, and there's no church near us."



One of the pastors agreed to help. When Harold visited the village, he was thrilled to see a mud-and-thatch building already going up. Forty adults attended worship.

On that same trip, in an area near one of the large game parks, Harold visited three other new congregations. One government-provided settlement is in an area carved out of Tsavo Park. Harold found the people trying to drive elephants out of the bean fields and monkeys out of the corn; some people were living in trees to avoid the wild animals. The park boundary had been changed, but the animals had not yet noticed.

Another new congregation was meeting under a giant baobab tree. As pastors and other members of the churches see the opportunities to reach into new communities, they, too, are becoming excited with God's harvest.

BETTY (Mrs. Harold T.) CUMMINS, *Ulu, Kenya*

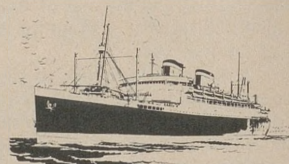
RUDOLFO ORBACEDO, first mate on a Guam-based merchant ship, impressed visitors from the Seaman's Mission as being a very dissatisfied sailor. For some time he had hoped to become a ship's captain. Instead, he was now first mate on another ship. As he received a package of magazines and Scripture portions, he promised to read



the special copy of *Good News for Modern Man* presented to him.

(The Seaman's Mission is an organization supported by Southern Baptist churches on Guam. Its director has long experience in this type of work; he helped organize such a ministry while living in Virginia.)

A few weeks later Bill Emerson, director of Seaman's Mission, again had occasion to visit Rudolfo's ship *Halekulani*. The first mate was clearly ex-



cited. He had been reading his copy of *Good News*, and God had worked in his heart. As he came to understand a passage of Scripture, he gathered crew members around him and taught them the Scripture as well.

A literal revival had broken out. The engine room and deck crews had settled their differences in a Christian spirit. Pornographic pictures were disappearing from locker and stateroom doors. Men were requesting additional copies of *Good News*. When Emerson arrived on board, the men were dressed and waiting for him to hold a religious service.

Several crew members, including Rudolfo, attended the pre-revival prayer service at Marianas Baptist Church. Perhaps they would help bring an awakening to the people at the church.

God touched a ship's crew of 40 Filipinos through the printed page and the ministry of the Seaman's Mission. Pray that this ministry to sailors on civilian merchant ships might bring revival and salvation to many.

LOUIS E. MCCALL
Agaña, Guam

OUR HAPPINESS at being back on the field to resume our work was marred by receiving the crushing news upon arrival that Abraham Danin just a few days earlier while riding his motorcycle had been struck and killed by a hit-and-run driver. We felt the loss personally. His relationship to us over the years had become like that of a son.

Abraham was born of poor, farm parents in an obscure village of the small Kamuku tribe. His mother died when he was quite young; his father died while Abraham was in high school. Abraham came to us our first year in Nigeria in seeking aid to continue elementary school. With the assistance of interested friends, we had taken care of his needs over the years, helping him secure an education through primary school, high school, and seminary.



He received the highest student position, school prefect, his final years in elementary and high school. He led his class in the degree course at Nigerian Baptist Theological Seminary, Ogbomosho. Further study in a university and advanced seminary study were almost certain had he lived. We had expected his destiny to include leadership in Baptist work.

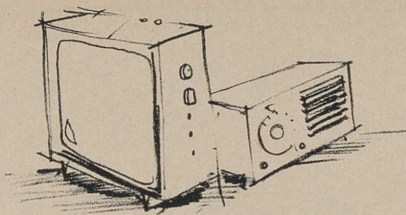
He consistently demonstrated the Christian virtues of courtesy, love for people, dedication to God and his work, patience, and unselfishness. At the time of his seminary graduation he received the award given the student showing the best example of Christian spirit and leadership in his class.

After graduation he was assigned to teach at the Baptist Pastor's School in Kaduna and had just come to take up this work when he was killed. Abraham was admired and loved by people all over the convention.

We are pleased to have had a part in Abraham's life. He has left a memory to inspire us as to what the knowledge of God and his grace can do in the life of a person, regardless of humble beginnings. Seeing boys like Abraham develop because of the opportunities given them through Christian witness and education makes Christian missions seem worthwhile.

We are grateful we came to Nigeria at such a time that we could share in Abraham's life and development.

DONALD E. (Don) SMITH
Kaduna, Nigeria



MR. OCSON, a well-to-do businessman studying in the Baptist Bible Correspondence Course, is a cardiac patient. When we visited him recently, we heard his remarkable story.

In the throes of his first heart attack in 1966, he felt a sore dissatisfaction with his beliefs, so he began studies of Muslim, Catholic, Seventh-Day Adventist, and interdenominational faiths.

Then he listened one day to the Baptist Hour radio program and responded by letter to our offer of Bible study. He became excited as he studied the course, because at last he had found one he felt was biblically based.

His weakened heart prevents him from attending church, but he is concerned deeply that his family may come to know Christ also.

Mr. Macaraig is a factory worker who makes a comfortable living. Years ago he began questioning the truth of a church in which he had been baptized as an infant. He also studied four other major beliefs and became convinced Baptists were wholly biblical in stance. He accepted Christ and led his wife and children to do the same.

Now he spends his daily siesta hour at work introducing fellow workers to the Saviour he has come to know and enrolling them in our Bible course. We have lost count of the number enrolled by him in the correspondence course.

Elaborate lessons, fully illustrated with colored pictures, were received in our office from Mr. Batas, living in a small town an hour's drive from Manila. We were impressed by his carefully typed and bound lessons, particularly when we learned he was 74. He wrote for an appointment at the office, because he "wanted to see his teachers and to be seen by them."

His story is thrilling. A few years ago he was in a barber shop while some men were talking religious beliefs. They asked him about his beliefs, and he had to reply that he really had none. As a result, he began visiting various churches; he made notes on what they preached and the Bible verses quoted. When he visited our office he brought along four large market bags full of the materials he had gathered, including a Bible he had come upon—now worn and tattered by heavy use.

After he had learned about Baptist beliefs through our radio and television broadcasts, he concluded that Baptists were the only people who believed as he had grown to believe by his study of the Bible. He came to know the Lord by the Word of God.

Now he teaches Bible regularly to a group of men in that same barber shop where his interest began. He asked us to conduct a Bible study in his home. "We are seeking the truth," he said, "and believe you can help us."

HOWARD D. OLIVE, Manila, Philippines

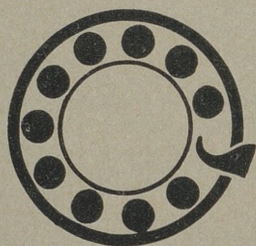
A GROUP OF FOUR missionaries went on a witnessing tour to Republic of Korea (ROK) Army troops along the east coast of Korea, both north and south of Sokcho. Harold R. Hancock sang, using tape-recorded piano music on a cassette tape player Lee H. Nichols preached, and James V. (Jim) Hudson, Jr., or I gave laymen's testimonies of our Christian experiences.

More than 600 men in nine locations were visited. Almost 300 of them made decisions to follow Christ as Saviour. There is a need for follow-up work. Hopefully these men can receive free Bible correspondence course materials to help them grow as Christians.

JAMES L. (Jim) WOOTTON, Taejeon, Korea



Dial (703) 355-6581



Foreign Missions Hotline II

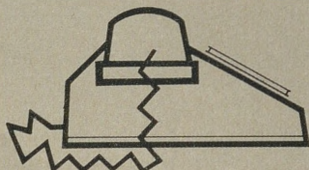
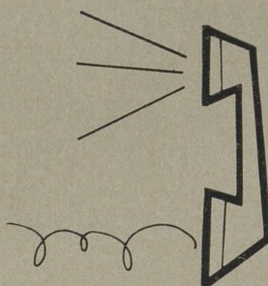
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News
Needs
Prayer concerns



Messages can be recorded for later playback or may be tied to a public address system for the entire congregation to hear.

(See news story, page 34.)

MISSIONARY FAMILY ALBUM

Current addresses of Foreign Mission Board missionary personnel, including emeritus missionaries, are available in the *Missionary Directory*, published quarterly by the Board's Department of Missionary Education. The *Directory* is available free on request from the department, Box 6597, Richmond, Va. 23230.

Arrivals from the Field

ATNIP, Rev. & Mrs. Logan C. (Rhodesia), 1825 S. Eighth, Waco, Tex. 76706.
CANZONERI, Antonina (Bahamas), 5939 Clinton Blvd., Jackson, Miss. 39209.
CLIFT, Annie Sue (Japan), Rt. 2, Newbern, Tenn. 38059.
GRAHAM, Dr. & Mrs. Finlay M. (Lebanon), Golden Gate Bap. Theol. Sem., Strawberry Point, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941.
GRIFFIN, Rev. & Mrs. Bennie T. (Nigeria), 1303 E. 25th St., Bryan, Tex. 77801.
HARRINGTON, Rev. & Mrs. Joseph A. (S. Brazil), Box 22568, Ft. Worth, Tex. 76122.
HARRIS, Rev. & Mrs. Robert L. (Bermuda), 2033 Sylvania Dr., Decatur, Ga. 30033.
HIGHILL, Virginia (Japan), 221 Petree Rd., Winston-Salem, N.C. 27106.
McWHORTER, Ava Nell (Gaza), c/o T. O. Baten, 8705 Lakeaire Dr., Oklahoma City, Okla. 73132.
MACYAR, Rev. & Mrs. John G. (Colombia), 3950 Hoffmeister, St. Louis, Mo. 63125.
MILLER, Floryne (Japan), c/o Mrs. O. S. Martin, Stoneybrook Dr., Johnson City, Tenn. 37601.
NEELY, Rev. & Mrs. Herbert W. (Rhodesia), 712 Lucerne Dr., Spartanburg, S.C. 29302.
RENFROW, Rev. & Mrs. Harold E. (S. Brazil), 7900 W. Ridge Rd., Raytown, Mo. 64138.
TINKLE, Amanda (Nigeria), Rt. 2, Box 166C, Scott, Ark. 72142.

Departures to the Field

BARRON, Rev. & Mrs. James R. (Ghana).
BATEMAN, Mr. & Mrs. Dallas L. (Kenya).
BIBLE, Mattie Lou, N. Brazil.
BRASINGTON, Rev. & Mrs. J. Bryan (field rep., N. Field, Spanish S. America), Venezuela.
CAMPBELL, Dr. Vera L. (Japan).
CRAIGHEAD, Dr. & Mrs. Albert B. (Italy).
CRAWFORD, Frances, Honduras.
DEAN, Rev. & Mrs. Pratt J. (Japan).
FURR, Rev. & Mrs. Max T. (Peru).
GILLESPIE, Rev. & Mrs. Alfred L. (Japan).
GRIGGS, Rev. & Mrs. John P. (Rhodesia).
HILLIARD, Rev. & Mrs. Russell B. (Spain).
HUNT, Margaret (Journ.), India.
KIRBY, Donna, Hong Kong.
McGLAMERY, Dr. & Mrs. Roy C. (Gaza).
MATHENY, Rev. & Mrs. William E. (Peru).
MILBY, Rev. & Mrs. F. Eugene, Rhodesia.
RITGER, Robin (Journ.), India.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION		SEE INSTRUCTIONS ON PAGE 2 (REVISED SEPTEMBER 24, 1971)
1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION	2. DATE OF ISSUE	3. DATE OF PREVIOUS ISSUE
1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION	2. DATE OF ISSUE	3. DATE OF PREVIOUS ISSUE
4. OWNER'S NAME AND ADDRESS		
5. OWNER'S BUSINESS OR OCCUPATION		
6. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES OR OTHER SECURITIES (If none are held, so state)		
7. FOR OPTIONAL COMPLETION BY PUBLISHERS MAILING AT THE REGULAR RATE (Check one)		
8. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATES (Check one)		
9. ESTIMATE AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION		
10. PAY DISTRIBUTION BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS		
11. TOTAL (Sum of 9 A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z)		

In Memoriam

ARTIE PORTER BRATCHER

Born Caneyville, Ky., Nov. 2, 1890

Died Louisville, Ky., Sept. 15, 1972

Mrs. Artie Bratcher, emeritus missionary to Brazil, died Sept. 15 in Louisville, Ky., at the age of 81. She had been in declining health for several years.

Before retiring in 1958, she served in Brazil 40 years. Her husband, L. M. Bratcher, died in Rio de Janeiro in

1953. As a missionary, Mrs. Bratcher did evangelistic work at a Baptist school in Campos and taught in several schools in Rio. She also assisted her husband in his work as executive secretary of the Brazilian Home Mission Board for 28 years before his death.

She attended Georgetown (Ky.) College, Berea (Ky.) College, and Woman's Missionary Union Training School (merged with Southern Baptist Theological Seminary), Louisville, and taught school before missionary appointment in 1918.

She is survived by three sons, all of them in religious work. Best known is Robert Bratcher, who was translator for the American Bible Society's Today's English Version of the New Testament, known as *Good News for Modern Man*. He is also a former missionary to Brazil.

ROBERTS, Clara (journ.), *Liberia*.
ROBINSON, Mr. & Mrs. Jerry L., *Eq. Brazil*.
RODGERS, Wilma, *Ivory Coast*.
RUSSELL, Peggy (journ.), *Liberia*.
SHERIFF, Mr. & Mrs. E. Paul II (journ.), *Indonesia*.
SMITH, Betty M., *Eq. Brazil*.
WATTS, Dr. & Mrs. John D. W., *India*.
WELDON, Katharine, *Mexico*.

Transfers

COAD, Rev. & Mrs. Norman L., *Nigeria to Upper Volta*, Sept. 12.
KIRKLAND, Rev. & Mrs. Donald, *Nigeria to Ethiopia*, Sept. 12.
MCLELLAN, Carolyn, *Yemen to India*, Oct. 1.
VIERTEL, Rev. & Mrs. Weldon E., *Barbados to Bap. Spanish Pub. House*, Sept. 1.

Retirements

OLIVER, Dr. & Mrs. A. Ben (*Angola*), Sept. 30.
PATTERSON, Dr. & Mrs. Frank W. (*spec. literature promoters, Spanish America*), July 31.

Resignations

BRYANT, Dr. & Mrs. Thurmon E. (*S. Brazil*), July 31.
GRAHAM, Rev. & Mrs. Donald W. (*Peru*), Aug. 31.

Assignments Terminated

BILLINGS, Connie (journ., *Ghana*), Oct. 31.

Births and Adoptions

BURNHAM, Melody Lenora, daughter of Rev. & Mrs. James L. Burnham (*Israel*), Sept. 2.
CASTLEN, Timothy James, son of Mr. & Mrs. James E. Castlen (*Philippines*), Aug. 24.
HOOD, Robert Bryan, son of Dr. & Mrs. Bobby T. Hood (*Argentina*), Sept. 10.
TODD, Tanya Lee, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Chester L. Todd (*Tanzania*), Aug. 29.
WORLEY, Rachel Ann, daughter of Rev. & Mrs. Robert D. Worley (*Spain*), Aug. 29.
WYMAN, Gregory Dwight, son of Mr. & Mrs. David G. Wyman (*Mexico*), Sept. 11.

Deaths

BRATCHER, Artie (Mrs. Lewis M.) (emer., *Brazil*), Sept. 15, Louisville, Ky.
HALL, Mrs. Lossie, mother of Ramona (Mrs. Deway E.) Mercer (*Japan*), Sept. 10.
JOULE, Leroy P., father of Rev. Gail P. Joule (*Paraguay*), Aug.
NABORS, F. W., father of Thomas C. Nabors (*Gaza*), Sept.
PAGE, Mrs. Eva Sims, mother of Mary (Mrs. Luther H.) Morphis (*Germany*), Sept. 3, Wilmington, N.C.
SWICEGOOD, Jess M., father of Rev. Glen M. Swicegood (*N. Brazil*), Sept. 2.

Marriages

ANDREWS, William Parker, Jr., son of Rev. & Mrs. William P. Andrews, Sr. (*Chile*), to Cathey Rae Kale, Aug. 5, Charlotte, N.C.
BREEDEN, David Lee, son of Dr. & Mrs. L. Glynn Breeden (*Colombia*), to Donna Rackley, Sept. 8.
CULPEPPER, Cathy Ann, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Robert H. Culpepper (*Japan*), to Raboteau (Bob) Terrel Wilder, Jr., Sept. 2, Durham, N.C.
GOLDFINCH, Lura Nancy, daughter of Rev. & Mrs. Sidney L. Goldfinch (*Costa Rica*), to Roberto Morales, Aug. 26, Forsyth, Ga.
LEE, Sherry Jo, daughter of Rev. & Mrs. Lewis E. Lee (*Bap. Spanish Pub. House*), to Alton Denny Smith, Jr., Sept. 9, Ft. Worth, Tex.
THIEFFORD, Grace Lacene, daughter of Rev. & Mrs. Randall L. Theford (*Guam*), to Terry Olin Phelps, Sept. 9, Durant, Okla.
VERNON, Rebecca Ann, daughter of Rev. & Mrs. Vance O. Vernon (*S. Brazil*), to Alan Stegges, Sept. 2, Nashville, Tenn.

Degrees Conferred

CHEYNE, John R. (*Ethiopia*), received the doctor of religious education degree from Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Ft. Worth, Tex., in absentia, July 21.
HARMON, Ethel (emer., *Nigeria*), received the doctor of humanities degree from Cumberland College, Williamsburg, Ky., Aug. 19.
SIMPSON, Samuel L. (*Ecuador*), received the doctor of agronomy degree from Mississippi State University, State College, Miss., June.
THARPE, Gertrude (Mrs. Edgar J.) (*Hong Kong*), received the doctor of education degree from George Peabody College, Nashville, Tenn.

Former Missionary Dies

David Bryan, a former missionary to China, died September 15 in Refugio, Texas. He and his wife, the late Mildred Thorne Bryan, were appointed missionaries to China in 1914 and resigned in 1926. Burial was in Richmond, Virginia, where Bryan formerly served as pastor.

Certificate Awarded Humphries

A Chief of Chaplain's certificate for "spiritual and moral leadership rendered to United States Air Force personnel" has been awarded to James F. Humphries, missionary associate in Saigon, Vietnam. Humphries accepted the award in ceremonies at Tan Son Nhut air base. A similar award went to Henry Forest, a Catholic chaplain.

The award cited Humphries for his "inestimable assistance to the total chapel program of Tan Son Nhut air base in acting as the liaison between the local civilian churches and the Tan Son Nhut chaplaincy, and for his assistance to Air Force chaplains in their numerous humanitarian and orphanage programs."

He was further commended "for opening his home to members of Tan Son Nhut and neighboring Army communities, enabling personnel to participate in the atmosphere of home life and a small portion of an American community in the midst of a war zone."

In his acceptance, Humphries said the award should not go to him alone but "to all of our Baptist missionaries who so unselfishly give of their time and talents for the glory of God in Vietnam." He accepted the certificate "on their behalf and on behalf of my wife, Mary."

THE LIFE OF MISS LOTTIE MOON

A Biographical Account
On 50 Minute Cassette Tape



*Yours sincerely,
L. Moon*

Prepared By: Dr. E. Luther Copeland,
Professor of Missions, Southeastern
Baptist Theological Seminary, Wake
Forest, North Carolina.

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NEWS

Hotline Again on Call

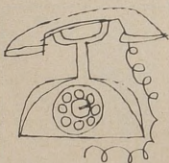
Dialing a phone number—703-355-6581—anytime, day or night, can bring a three-minute message of the latest missionary news and prayer requests. Missions Hotline II, back in service October 1, will continue through December 31. The 24-hour information service can be reached by direct dialing at the cost of a station-to-station call from any locality to Richmond, Virginia. The message is updated each Tuesday.

During the two months the Hotline operated last year 4,149 calls were logged. Since many persons then reported getting a busy signal after repeatedly dialing the Hotline number, a second phone line has been added this year to handle the anticipated load of calls.

Coordinator of Missions Hotline, Samuel A. DeBord, secretary of the Board's Department of Promotion and Furlough Ministries, pointed out that the cost of a long distance call is nominal compared to the mission giving and prayer support it can elicit.

He added that the cost of reaching many Southern Baptists for foreign missions is further reduced when the call is made so that a Sunday or Wednesday night congregation can hear the message through a public address system. As an alternative, the message can be recorded and played back later for a church service or group gathering.

The new "voice" of the Hotline is William R. Smith, a Richmond pastor and former radio and television announcer. He observed that in the areas of mission giving and prayer support, Hotline covers three months significant to foreign missions. The service began in October, Cooperative Program month. November is Foreign Mission Graded Series month, and December 3-10 is the Week of Prayer for Foreign Missions with emphasis on the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering. Also, December 10 is Foreign Mission Day in Sunday School.



More Than 800 New Missionaries Requested

Priorities for missionary reinforcement have been set and requests for more than 800 new missionaries have been validated by Foreign Mission Board administrators and missionary personnel officers.

Considered most critical were posts in East Asia, Southeast Asia, West Africa, and Central America. At the top of the list of countries were Korea, Mexico, Ivory Coast, and the Philippines.

As usual, calls for general evangelists were most prevalent. The Board considers seminary-trained pastors prime candidates for evangelistic posts. There were 20 requests for theological teachers and/or religious education workers, emphasizing missionaries' concern for training national leaders.

The team evangelism approach through community development projects in Ethiopia calls for student workers, agriculturists, vocational teachers, a veterinarian, an engineer, and a dentist. Requests for student workers and agriculturists continue to grow, reflecting two strong emphases developing in Southern Baptist mission work overseas.

Continuing to be hard pressed are medical centers in Ghana, Yemen, Korea, India, and Nigeria. Calls for physicians and nurses dominate a list that also includes dentists, dieticians, and a medical technologist.

Citing needs for book store managers, college and secondary teachers, and radio and television workers, Louis R. Cobbs, secretary for missionary personnel, noted that laymen will figure strongly in the search for new missionaries.

Positions for women received special attention. Missionaries in 35 countries have requested women to be nurses, religious education teachers, social workers, and workers in programs for women.

There were 38 requests for missionary associates (who do not have to learn a foreign language) and more than 100 calls for missionary journey-men. Most of these requests were for laymen and women.

Decisions on the personnel requests were undergirded by confidence that resources to expand the missionary force will be forthcoming, said Jesse C. Fletcher, director of the Board's Mission Support Division. This was the basis for the new calls, he stated.

"Our major goal," noted Winston Crawley, director of the Overseas Division, in reviewing personnel requests, "is to expand the beachheads established during the past 20 years."

Spanish Publishing House Adds English

Ministry in a second language—English—has been initiated by the Baptist Spanish Publishing House, El Paso, Texas. New materials in English are needed for a decentralized approach to ministerial training being developed in Guyana.

Heading the English-language work is Missionary Weldon E. Viertel. He and Mrs. Viertel were transferred to the publishing house from an assignment in Barbados, West Indies. They surveyed Barbados as a possible base for Baptist ministerial and lay leadership training for the Caribbean area. However, they determined that a decentralized approach would be preferable.

In such an approach, study centers, field missionaries, and study guides replace the classroom and specialized faculty or theological education centers. Student progress depends more on self-study than on faculty lectures. The printed materials being prepared will give guidance on three academic levels for men with elementary, secondary, and university preparation.

The series of 36 manuals for individual or small group study offers a four-to-six-year course of instruction. Nine volumes have been completed and are being used by a pilot group of 35 pastors in Guyana.

Other languages spoken in the Caribbean are Spanish, French, and Dutch. The publishing house already provides literature for Baptists in the Spanish-language areas and is looking into the production of a tract in Dutch for use in Surinam.



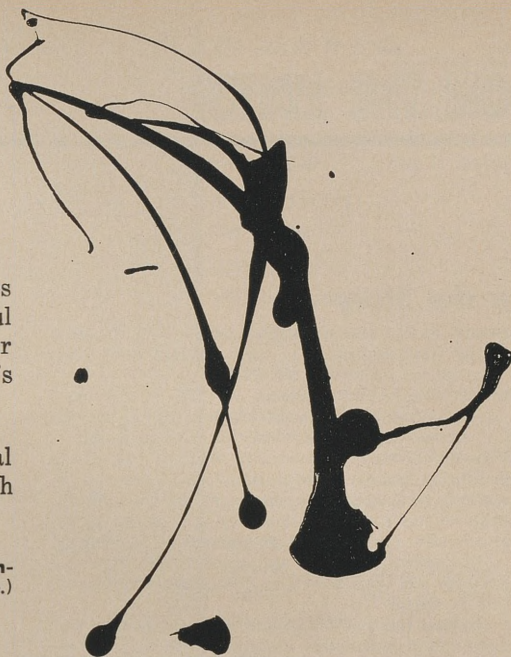
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FROM THE EDITOR

Hear the Story

SOMETHING BRAND NEW is available now for all who want to bring fresh inspiration to their churches during this season of emphasis on foreign missions.

A tape cassette is now available on "The Life of Miss Lottie Moon." (See advertisement on page 35). The narrator is E. Luther Copeland, professor of missions at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary, Wake Forest, North Carolina. He has brought together many remarkable and little known facts about the China missionary for whom Southern Baptists' annual foreign mission offering is named. Copeland has provided approximately 45 minutes of free-flowing narrative that reflects extensive and careful research and a deep sensitivity. He once served as a Southern Baptist missionary in the Orient.

They who hear this audio-biography will be convinced that Miss Moon was a remarkable missionary and they will be deeply moved by the gripping account of her sacrificial life as a missionary in China. The recording can be used in a wide variety of ways, for both educational and inspirational purposes. Because of its length, we suggest that the listening be divided into two or more sections. These could be treated like chapters of a book in successive learning sessions by whole congregations, mission study groups, Sunday School classes, or in a sequence of prayer sessions.

We hope that every church in the Southern Baptist Convention will have an opportunity to utilize this cassette recording as a part of the basic program materials for this season of foreign missions emphasis. It can add a dimension to the Week of Prayer for Foreign Missions and will surely help stimulate liberality as the Christmas offering is gathered for foreign missions.

Dialing Days

JOIN US in letting everybody know about Missions Hotline. It is a 24 hour information service by the Foreign Mission Board, having started October 1. It continues through December 31 and can be utilized many ways in church programs and during the special emphases of the Week of Prayer and the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering.

Missions Hotline was inaugurated for the closing three months of 1971. There was enthusiastic response from the very beginning and from all sections of the country. Many persons were disappointed, however, by getting only busy signals for their many attempts to call the number given. There were just too many calls for a single line. This year another line has been added with the hope that all callers will be able to get all the way through and receive the three-minute message of the week.

Any person, group, or congregation can make repeated use of Missions Hotline in a number of ways. It is almost sure to bring a dimension of freshness and currency to any group of people who are observing the seasons of Graded Mission Study, the Week of Prayer programs, and the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering.

For more specific information see pages 32 and 34.

Theme, Phase IV

THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION'S current theme "Living the Spirit of Christ" is now in its fourth emphasis. It was inaugurated with the 1969-70 emphasis "In Belief and Relevance." The next two annual emphases followed in a progressive sequence: "In Openness and Freedom" (1970-71) and "In Expectancy and Creativity" (1971-72).

This fourth emphasis of the over-arching theme came into effect October 1, the beginning of the 1972-73 church year. The full expression of theme and current emphasis is: "Living the Spirit of Christ in Faith and Conquest." May we let it become both a goal for our witness and a guideline for the service and ministries we plan and do together.

He who has seriously appropriated for himself the previous three emphases is surely better prepared than otherwise he might have been for the current emphasis. Such was the expectation of those who planned and recommended the theme to the Southern Baptist Convention during its 110th session (1967), meeting in Miami Beach, Florida.

It is recorded in the Convention Annual for that year that the 1972-73 emphasis "will be upon intensive personal and church witness. It will call for a major effort to enroll new members in church program organizations for study and performing the work of Christ through his churches. The emphasis should lead each individual to have the spirit of Christ in dynamic witness. It should motivate each church to attempt for Christ what is difficult and daring. 'We have complete victory through him who loved us' (Romans 8:37 TEV)."

If there are those among us who have not until now become personally involved with our Convention's theme and its emphases, we urge them to make the most of what is left. This may apply even to some churches that, for whatever reason, have yet to grasp this unusual opportunity. There is much to be gained by some churches just in learning what it means to move along a path with sister churches in common spiritual pursuits.

Let us discover anew and to new depths the meaning of faith in God's power to meet all our needs. Consequently our usefulness to him and his spiritual conquest of the souls of men everywhere will be greater than ever before.

Introducing

IN THE MAY issue we announced on this page the retirement of the Foreign Mission Board book editor, Miss Genevieve Greer. Then in the August issue we presented the reviews she prepared on the adult and children's books that are being used in this year's graded study of foreign missions. In an indirect way we introduced Miss Greer's successor in presenting the Youth Book review. It appeared as part of the entire series of reviews, but with the signature of Louise McCullough. After serving as assistant book editor for more than a year and a half, Mrs. McCullough assumed the full responsibility when Miss Greer retired April 30.

We feel that this is at least a little better introduction and will help many interested persons know our new book editor.

LETTERS

Interview with Dyal

It was refreshing to me to read the interview with Bill Dyal in the September issue. I very much feel laymen (especially those with an expressed Christian commitment) should be included in the doings of denominationalism. Too frequently we shift them and their opinions aside when they begin new (outside of the Southern Baptist Convention staff) ventures of service.

Liz Poitras
Nashville, Tennessee

I feel the article will hurt the missionary image more than it will help.

Ted and I weren't among the missionary force here in Guatemala when Mr. Dyal was, so it's not sour grapes from my point of view. I hold in high esteem the two families remaining of that group. . . . Those families have stuck out some very tough years of missionary-national relationships and made valuable contributions to Baptist life in this country. They are very much respected by the national brothers of the Guatemala Baptist Convention. . . . It's no surprise that [Dyal] became disenchanted when you read about his "call." To serve as a missionary, one should have a call from God, not just want to do something with his life. That's just not enough! . . .

This interview sets Mr. Dyal, an admitted secularist, up as a knowledgeable judge on missionaries and mission work around the world. He admitted to being out of contact with the Foreign Mission Board and mission work, which, to me, makes his judgment of no value. He can criticize "religious jargon" but he is a master at using "secular gobbledegook," which says nothing and doesn't really answer the questions put to him. The Peace Corps and foreign mission work are nothing alike and never will be as long as we obey the call of Christ to preach. We shouldn't be judged by secular, government, or Peace Corps standards.

I am sorry that you felt the need to use this kind of material.

Sue (Mrs. Ted) Lindwall
Guatemala City, Guatemala

I want to commend you for the article on William Dyal. The interview not only presented a unique insight into a unique personality, it also provided a rare perspective for considering our foreign mission work.

Your magazine continues to be the highest caliber, for which we are grateful.

Dan G. Kent
Dallas, Texas

You didn't! But you really did! The article on Bill Dyal was full of vibes. I got 'em—hope others did. I can't believe you printed the whole thing. I expect at least some earthquakes in spite of your neat wordage on page 26.

Anice Whitley
Pine Mountain, Georgia

THE Commission

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COVER: Five of the missionary journeymen who gathered at Glorieta (N.M.) Baptist Conference Center for debriefing after their two-year terms of service overseas introduce this month's emphasis on missionary journeymen. Photo by Bob Harper.

CREDITS: Photos—Robert E. Amis, 5. Jim Legg, 6, 16 (1), 17. Bob Harper, 10-13. Roberta Hampton, 14. Warren Johnson 16 (6). Gerald S. Harvey, 20-21. Loren C. Turnage, 25-27. Art—Bob Harper, 22. Ed. F. Paxton, 31.



Each article to which this symbol is attached is recommended for use in the Foreign Mission Study of the year indicated. Scheduled topics: 1972—Baptist witness in secular Europe. 1973—Career missions as a vocation. 1974—Strategy in foreign missions. 1975—Medical and benevolent ministries. 1976—Schools and student work.

. . . Missions Update

In the wake of the PHILIPPINES' disastrous floods, rice and medicine were provided sick and hungry people in several flooded areas with aid from Southern Baptists through the Foreign Mission Board. Pastors of Baptist churches in MANILA and Missionaries JACK BRANAN and ED ENGSTROM worked together in distributing about four tons of rice. Becoming aware of many sick persons among the families contacted, Branan called on Missionary Dr. CHARLES NORWOOD at Mati Baptist Hospital, 700 miles away. Norwood flew to Manila and in five days held eight free clinics, examining more than 1,000 persons. Volunteer Filipino doctors held still another clinic at Quezon City Baptist Church.

CHARLES E. COMPTON, JR., 49, missionary to BRAZIL, was killed suddenly October 9 in a two-vehicle collision in the state of MATO GROSSO. He was traveling alone to a missionary meeting. The crash occurred about 145 miles from Cuiaba where he lived. Survivors are his widow, the former BETSY DUNNING of Kingsport, Tenn., and four children.

"Our goal at RUSCHLIKON is to train men and women so that they will bear in their ministries the ancient message of the Christian gospel with freshness, power, and integrity to our age," C. PENROSE ST. AMANT declared at his formal inauguration Sept. 26 as president of Baptist Theological Seminary, RUSCHLIKON, SWITZERLAND. "This purpose requires us to stress biblical and historical study and theological thoroughness," he added. St. Amant has been president since July 17; he had been president-elect since August 1971 and was guest professor for the 1970-71 academic year.

Cooperative Program unified budget receipts almost reached the Southern Baptist Convention's \$23.7 million budget goal in the short fiscal year that closed Sept. 30 (only nine months, due to change in fiscal year dates). Receipts totaled \$23,556,326; this was \$211,697 short of the total budget goal; gifts were up 5.45 percent (an increase of \$1,216,822) over the same period the previous year.

A 1973 budget of \$38,891,996.43 was adopted by the Foreign Mission Board in October. The amount exceeds that of 1972 by \$3,594,187.73. Executive secretary BAKER J. CAUTHEN pointed out that such an increase was necessitated by the increased funding for missionary support approved by the Board this year.

The Board in October appointed five couples and a single woman as missionaries. As of October 10 overseas personnel totaled 2,515.

The Board elected a new slate of officers: W. DOUGLAS HUDGINS, president; AUSTIN W. FARLEY, first vice-president; GLEN E. BRASWELL, second vice-president; MRS. R. B. CARTER, recording secretary. MISS ELIZABETH MINSHEW was reelected assistant recording secretary.

The Zambian government needs to recruit teachers. "Teachers who wish to give a positive Christian witness in a country responsive to the gospel can do so in the developing East African nation of ZAMBIA," according to W. EUGENE GRUBBS, Foreign Mission Board consultant on laymen overseas. Missionary MARVIN R. COOPER in Zambia reported teachers "could fill hundreds of positions and have virtually unlimited opportunities to have a positive Christian impact on Zambia's leaders of tomorrow." Teachers would not be employed by, nor have official relationship with, the FMB, but Southern Baptist missionaries can offer spiritual support, orientation, and fellowship.

Seoul International Baptist Church, formerly the International Baptist Fellowship, an English-language congregation, has been constituted in SEOUL, KOREA, with 45 charter members. The church, with Missionary JAMES R. SWEDENBURG as pastor, now meets in rented quarters in a 500-unit apartment complex.