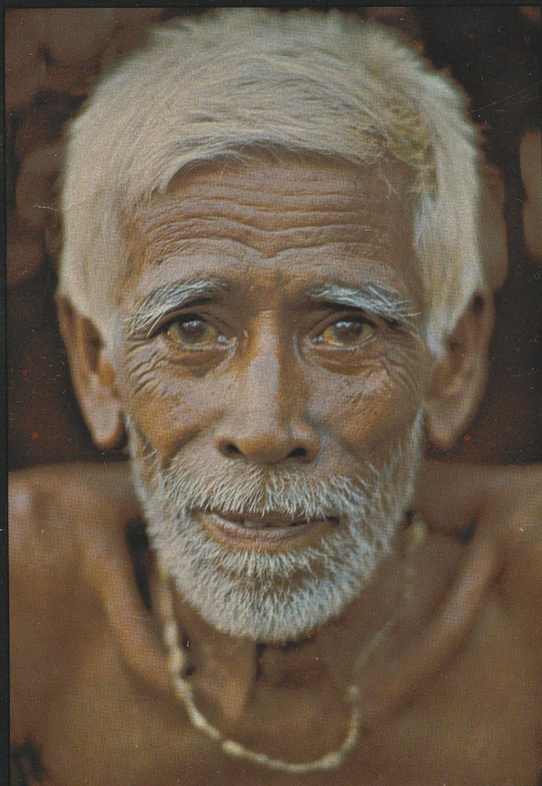


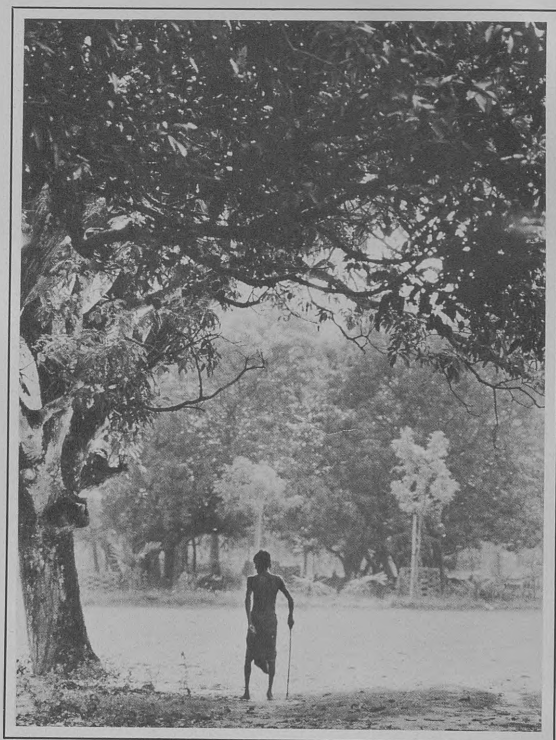
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The
COMMISSION



FEB. '73

Southern Baptist Foreign Missions Journal



photography by
steve dunwell

By Marjorie Bennett

BANGLADESH TODAY

Much has been written about the trauma of Bangladesh in the past two years. In the account beginning here, Missionary Marjorie (Mrs. Troy C.) Bennett, at the request of *The Commission*, reports on the current scene in Bangladesh. The Bennetts were appointed missionaries to Bangladesh (formerly East Pakistan) in 1956. Here Mrs. Bennett outlines the progression of events, pictures the present situation, and ponders what the future may hold.

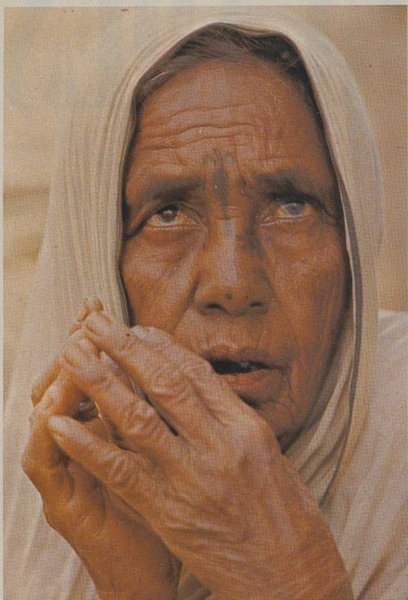
DURING the years since 1957 we have often had to help people, including Southern Baptists, even to know where East Pakistan was located. One way is to show a right hand with thumb extended downward to illustrate the Indian subcontinent and the Bay of Bengal, with East Pakistan just north of the bay.

That geography lesson is hardly necessary now. Recent events have made this area one of the most publicized in the world. Some of the same people who did not even know where East Pakistan was are writing to adopt Bengali babies and to assist in other ways.

Much of the mood of Bangladesh today is depressed and pessimistic, despite extensive foreign aid and interest. Problems seem so great, progress so slow. But God calls his people to rejoice and to hope in him, and because of this, Christians seem to have a unique role in Bangladesh.

A retiring missionary friend remarked recently that during her 33 years of missionary service she always had lived in the same house—but in three different countries.

Until 1947 this area was part of undivided India. When Great Britain granted India independence, the large Muslim minority feared the rule of a Hindu major-



ity and sued for a separate country. The areas of largest Muslim concentration were designated Pakistan. There were two wings on each side of India, an almost impossible situation to govern—impossible not only because of distance but also because of great divergence of language, culture, and attitude.

Even the food is different—West Pakistanis are bread-eaters, East Pakistanis rice-eaters. West Pakistanis are large, vigorous people. Bengalis (East Pakistan was the area of eastern Bengal) are small of stature, beauty-loving and poetic by nature.

Still more deadly to the hope for harmony was the disdain for Bengalis by the West Pakistanis, especially the ruling Punjabis. This feeling led to the practice of monopolizing funds earned in East Pakistan for use in developing West Pakistan. The resulting distrust, rebellion, and even hatred were inevitable.

FROM the ashes of deceit and bitterness rose the Awami League of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman. To explain his crucial importance today, it is enough to say that this man of Bengali peasant stock opposed the Pakistan oppressor—and won! Unapologetically a politician, he loves the people and yearns to see a better life for his “golden Bengal.”

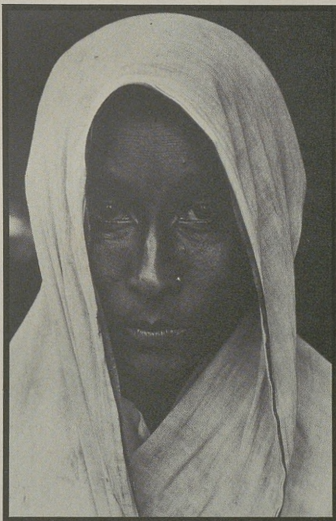
Pakistan's government, almost entirely under West Pakistan leaders during the 24 years, was turbulent, climaxing in a military takeover in 1969 from another military ruler. The new leader, Yahya Khan, promised elections and kept his promise. Much to his chagrin, however, in the East Mujib and his Awami League won a landslide victory, losing only two seats.

This gave the East control of the national assembly, and put Mujib in the seat of power, since the East had the larger portion of population. But how could the proud West submit to a Bengali-controlled government?

In addition, Mujib's campaign

had insisted on autonomy for East Pakistan, especially concerning the large amounts of foreign exchange earned by products from the East, notably jute, but spent in the West, while Bengalis lived in poverty. True, there had been some progress through the years, but what are a few levees in the East to control devastating flood waters, compared to a mammoth dam project at Mangla in the West? What were East Pakistan's two major cities, Dacca and Chittagong, compared to the many beautiful cities in West Pakistan? What did the concession to build capital buildings in Dacca and to meet there once a year mean, while an entire new city (Islamabad) was being built as the true capital in the West? Government offices did function in Dacca, but any action could be nullified from Islamabad.

The list of grievances grew until Mujib and his Awami League won



the election that closely followed the “Big Wave.”

On November 12, 1970, a tidal wave of unimaginable proportions washed away a large part of the population and property on the Bay of Bengal coast. But the event itself was not the worst part, for Bengalis are somewhat conditioned to catastrophe and react in a tragically fatalistic way: “whatever God wills.” Every year there are floods, lost crops, epidemics, cyclones, and still the people who are left

stand up and struggle on, albeit fatalistically.

This time the tragedy was intensified. Thanks to modern communication, people across the world were horrified by the news, even before many in other areas of East Pakistan knew what had happened. But as news spread, and as relief poured in from other countries, the Pakistan government “dragged its feet” and even held up delivery of relief supplies, although perhaps not intentionally but only through inefficiency.

To the Bengalis, the delay appeared as crass indifference. This was the crowning blow. They voted for Mujib and for autonomy for the East.

As the Yahya Khan administration delayed in turning over the government, resentment swelled in the East, resulting in a non-violent, non-cooperative protest in East Pakistan, which enraged the West Pakistanis. On March 7, 1971, in a huge Dacca meeting Mujib talked of secession.

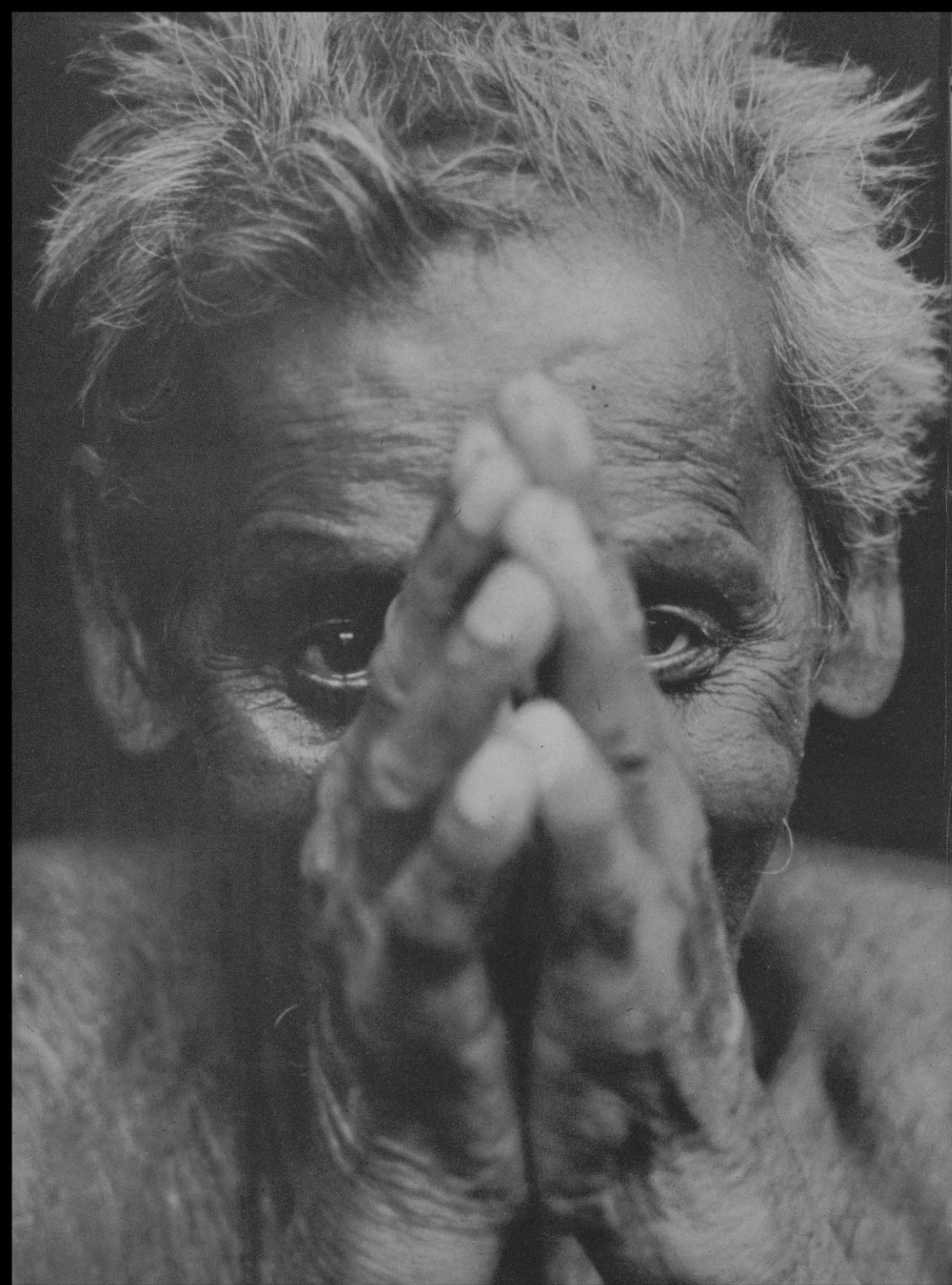
The government continued delay, supposedly conferring with Mujib, but secretly strengthening the West's military forces in the East. On March 25, 1971, came the holocaust in Dacca, followed by merciless military crackdown all over the country.

Nine months of virtual occupation, as though by an enemy, followed. Bengali Freedom Fighters, trained and supplied from India, made lightning strikes at the West Pakistan forces. Finally war with India broke out on December 3, lasting until the surrender of outnumbered Pak forces on December 16. At the news of surrender, masses of people came out of seclusion to wave their long-hidden, or quickly made, Bangladesh flags.

TO THOSE of us in Dacca, it seemed the war had lasted not just 13 days but nine months. To anticipate the Christmas season without bombs brought a deep sense of relief. We felt even more gratitude after an Indian officer on Christmas Day told us of their plans to spare every other town, but to devastate Dacca if necessary, since the Pak military forces would retreat there.

Bengalis by the millions streamed back to their homes to find nothing—not a house, often not even a

Facing page, clockwise from top left: Baptist Mission helped provide house for this widow in Ariora. Cultivating rice near Ariora. Mother and child in Christian community at Comilla. Students supporting ruling Awami League demonstrate in Dacca. Man along Comilla-to-Feni road.



tree. Again, thanks to mass communication, the world's heart was wrenched with the view of total poverty. A virtual flood of relief organizations poured in, ready to spend millions of dollars on housing, clothing, food.

In addition to the oft-reported nine or ten million refugees in India, there were innumerable homeless families wandering from one area to another in Bangladesh. At war's end many flocked to Dacca in the belief this was the place of hope.

To Dacca came the government leaders from exile in India—except for one man: Sheikh Mujib had refused to flee to India and was being held prisoner in West Pakistan. The new nation did not know if he was alive, and, if so, whether he would be released. One night early in January 1972 we heard crowds in the street shouting, "*Joi Bangla; joi Bangabondhu*" ("Victory to Bengal; victory to the Friend of Bengal"). Rushing outside, we learned the announcement had come that Mujib was well and would be released.

When he returned on January 10, millions of people crowded the airport, lined the streets, and waited for him to speak. In the midst of the rejoicing, his face bore no smile. His expression of sorrow seemed to reveal not only the suffering of past months but also insight into the hard days ahead.

AS THE magnitude of physical need—the result of the tidal wave, the mass evacuation to India, and the destruction of civil war—became apparent to people around the world, a massive relief operation was organized. The sources of external assistance fall into three categories: (1) individual governments; (2) through the United Nations, by member nations; (3) people to people, through international and domestic voluntary agencies, such as CARE, CORR, World Council of Churches, Red Cross, and many Christian missions, including some which had already worked in Bangladesh and many others which came in at this time. The first two categories had access to more funds, but the vol-

untary agencies played an important role because of their flexibility and ability to implement decisions on the spot.

Coordination of the efforts, which have already amounted to millions of dollars, was essential. Personal needs of food, clothing, and medicine were obvious, but the government had to meet problems of even greater national priority—replenishing basic food stocks; reestablishing transportation, communication, and housing; reactivating agriculture and industry.

Southern Baptists have been most active in the matters of sinking tube wells after the tidal wave and in rebuilding houses. Following the cyclone, many groups channeled their funds through the Southern Baptist missionary located near the cyclone-stricken area. With these funds more than 200 tube wells were sunk to provide fresh drinking water. Many blankets were distributed. Later funds were given to construct a new village in the delta area.

The housing project following the war has taken the form of rebuilding burned-out villages, or at least helping to build a frame with metal roof; the people themselves fashioned various kinds of walls, to be improved as they are able. Many have used scorched tin left from earlier buildings that had been destroyed. Others have used old cloth, plastic sheets, woven bamboo mats, or whatever else they could find. Through this project, Southern Baptists helped more than 1,000 families get shelter before the rainy season began.

WITH the recent transition from relief to rehabilitation projects, missionaries, along with many others, have turned attention to distributing seed and training people in gardening. This is an effort to encourage Bengalis to find and grow food products other than rice and the few vegetables to which they are accustomed. Some missionaries, of course, have been trying to encourage this for years.

Broccoli, for instance, grows well in Bangladesh, but is virtually unknown except to foreigners. Bengalis grow and eat cabbage and cauliflower, but once these plants are cut, their production is finished.

Broccoli, however, can be cut many times, since it puts out new shoots. When no more shoots grow, the leaves can be used as "greens," making broccoli a year-round vegetable in this mild climate. Efforts have been made to educate Bengalis to appreciate the value of this and other vegetables.

Missionaries and others are seeking means to help the people help themselves. Methods include job training, health rehabilitation, community development, and adult education. One aspect of this effort is a concerted attempt to involve women in projects they can be a part of, within the social framework that limits their freedom to move out in public.

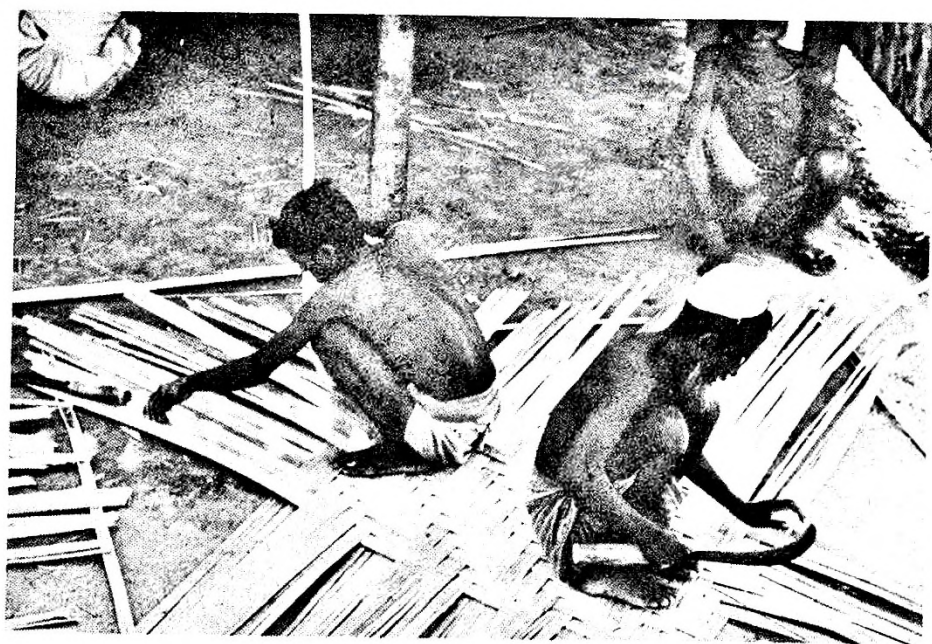
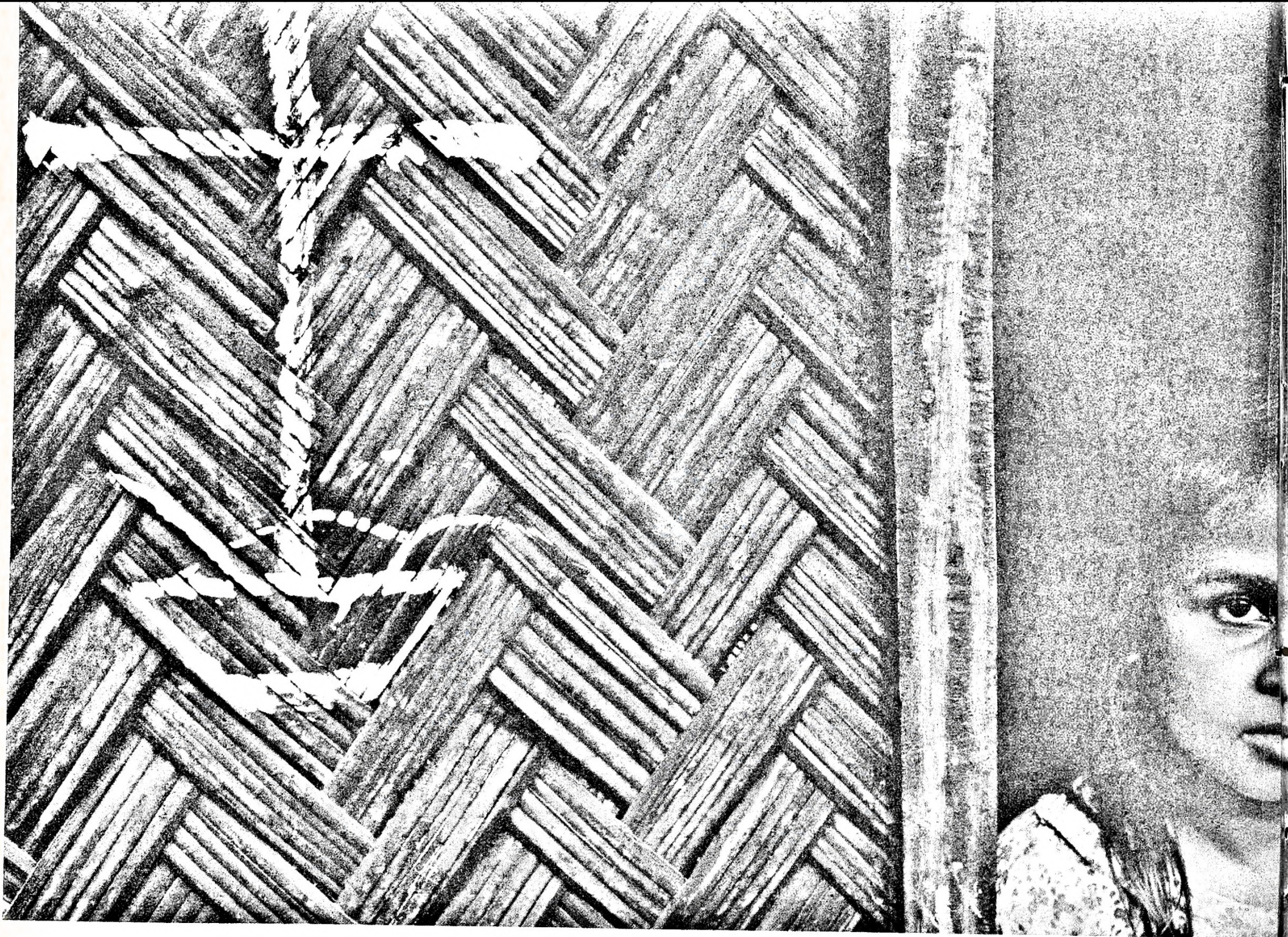
The international press has emphasized the plight of the women affected by the military occupation and war. Reports have been spread of hundreds of thousands of girls and women raped and thousands of homeless babies. In fact, there seems no accurate way to count the actual numbers so treated by the Pak military. The fact that many atrocities took place is reliably reported by many. What has happened to the girls and their babies is the secret of the joint-family system of the Bengalis.

How many girls died of injuries; how many committed suicide in shame and fear; how many babies were aborted, either naturally due to circumstances, or by time-honored methods; how many babies were delivered and absorbed into the joint family, as is usual with illegitimacies—all this no one will ever know.

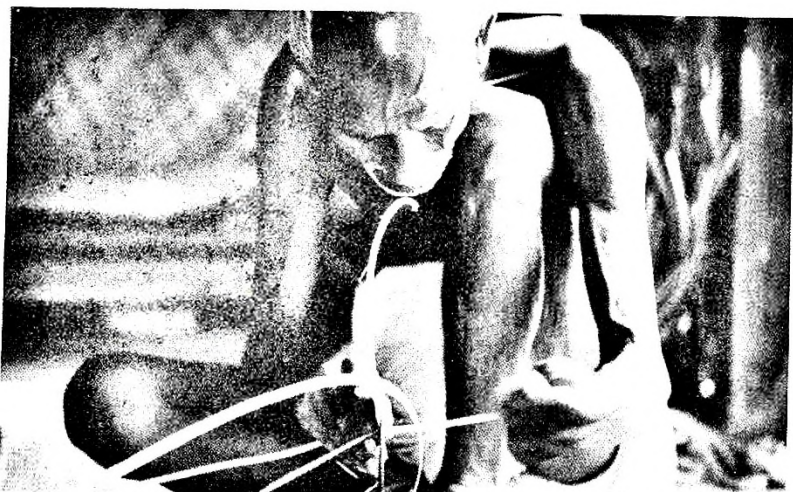
It is known that the number of girls who went to government-sponsored abortion clinics was relatively small, and the number of those who went there for delivery was also limited. The babies available for adoption have been restricted to a few hundred at most, and it would be difficult to prove that all these are the result of force.

But from the publicity has come much good, in the form of new concern for orphans and destitute children. Many orphanages have been built, but do not actually find enough true orphans to fill the available space. It is becoming more obvious that the greater need is to strengthen the family, especially when one parent is dead.

At left: On porch of his new house, an old man offers the traditional Hindu greeting



Above: Making bamboo matting.



Man splits bamboo for weaving baskets.



Workman puts galvanized metal on new house.



Christian residents painted this cross near their door in hope Pakistani soldiers would leave them alone.

proved a constitution, providing for a new election in March. Under this arrangement the disparity between democracy and socialism must be worked out, for what is sought is a socialistic democracy. As a member of the constitutional drafting committee explained it, the people want democratic rights and a socialist economic system.

3. *The third principle is socialism.* Explained Tajuddin Ahmed, finance minister: "The definition of socialism in all countries and in all ages is the same—the socialization of the means of production." This involves bringing many major industries under government ownership, limiting sale of goods considered luxuries, and assigning high priority to agricultural and labor issues.

It is stressed that the intention is not to have Chinese or Russian socialism, but democratic socialism suited to this country. Government leaders feel the people will have to be educated to be socialist-minded, so they will accept collective ownership.

The major opposition party, National Awami Party, insists that the

government must guarantee food, clothing, medicine, shelter, education, and employment for everyone. The position of the opposition leader, Maulana Bhashani, is for Islamic socialism.

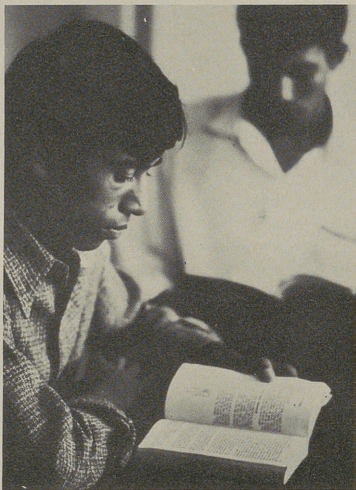
Meanwhile, prices in the bazaar spiral upward, and unrest mounts. This provides a breeding ground for the Communist "line," and many feel that Communists will be a major threat in the March elections, if they can form an alliance of the various Communist factions.

4. *Secularism, to quote acting President Syed Nazrul Islam during the early days of independence, is "absolute religious freedom."* It does not mean the absence of religion, but assures all religious groups full freedom to worship in their houses of worship. However, this does not mean an "open sesame" for conversion to other faiths. Bangladesh is still almost totally Muslim and intends to stay that way.

In the past, however, Islam was the one common bond between the two wings of Pakistan. That Islamic brotherhood has been defamed, and many people now have



Old and new: behind temporary tent shelter can be seen a newly completed house.



Top: Missionary Troy C. Bennett talks with residents of Brahman Gita village.

Above: Christian distributes Bible tracts in Tongi Industrial Area, Dacca.

Left: Young man reads from *Good News for Modern Man* at Baptist reading room in Comilla.

trouble taking seriously any religion.

The role of the Hindu has also changed somewhat. Although he may be legally promised religious liberty, on a personal basis he can still be considered as being loyal to a foreign government (meaning India).

Among Hindus in some areas large numbers have been coming to Christian worship services and asking for teaching. One factor behind this phenomenon may be the help given them by Christians during the March-April slaughter in 1971. Also, Hindus in the refugee camps were aided to a large extent by Christian groups. And Hindus have received assistance on their return in the way of shelter, clothing, and medical treatment from many Christian agencies.

Not to be ignored is the breakdown in the Hindu community structure, which is based on leader-

ship by the Brahman caste. During the days of evacuation, the Brahmans failed to fulfill the role expected of them, and Christians filled the void.

During the occupation many Christians with Hindu names decided to change their names. One group of men met with a local missionary one evening so that an official record of new names could be made for the church. At the close of the meeting the missionary, requesting the pastor to pray, called on him by the newly chosen name. Everyone bowed but was silent until a neighbor nudged the pastor. "That's your name now," the pastor was reminded.

THE FACT that a famine was averted in 1972 has provided great encouragement in Bangladesh. Even so, the overall atmosphere is one of perplexity and disillusionment.

Previously the Bengalis were peace-loving people, often arguing, but seldom using violence. Now reports of murders, daylight robberies at gunpoint, and recovery of arms and ammunition by the military appear in the newspaper every day. The trials of collaborators are under way, and this tends to keep bitterness and hatred alive.

Daily I see more clearly the wisdom of Jesus' command to forgive, as I see people, vowing never to forgive, weakened by the hatred in their hearts and deterred from their goal of building a nation. It also has been a terrible disappointment for Bengalis to see other Bengalis oppress their own people.

There has seldom been a day when there was such obvious need for the power of Christ to work in men's lives. As one missionary tells those who bemoan the wickedness of men, "God makes crooked men straight."

There is need for prayer that God would strengthen Christians for each new opportunity. There must be prayer for the witness of the Holy Spirit in the lives of non-Christians that they may come to know him, not as a change from one community to another, but as a change in the very fabric of their lives—the death of the natural man and new life in Christ.

TC

Sharing with the Bengalis

By James F. McKinley, Jr.

Before leaving for furlough, Author McKinley says goodbye to friend in Dacca, as Missionary James E. Young looks on.



In times of crisis, when should a missionary family decide to stay on the field and when should they decide to evacuate for a time? That excruciating decision is one the Foreign Mission Board places in the hands of the missionaries involved, with the assurance the Board will stand behind the decision, whatever it is. This policy is one generally applauded by the missionaries, who would rather make their own decisions in light of a first-hand appraisal of conditions.

Some of the agony involved in such a decision is recalled in this article. Among those who remained in what is now Bangladesh, formerly East Pakistan, during its traumatic birth was James F. McKinley, Jr., and his family—his wife, Betty; two daughters, Cherie, then 13, and Kathy, 12; and two sons, Keith, 7, and Wade, 5. Because of their conviction they should remain, the missionary family was subject to grave, personal danger.

Some of the events of those days have been recalled in graphic fashion by McKinley in a series of frank articles published recently in the **Western Recorder**, weekly state paper of the Kentucky Baptist Convention. A condensed version of that series begins on this page. It is the kind of account one is not likely to put aside until he has read it all.

AN ESTIMATED one-half million Bengalis died in the devastating tidal bore of 1970. Yet even in many parts of Pakistan it did not seem to matter. The Bengalis lived in East Pakistan, and the seat of the national government was in West Pakistan—on the other side of India. Tragedies were common, and the national government rarely became involved.

The suffering of the Bengalis in the tidal-wave-affected area of East Pakistan was almost too much

for them to endure. Many of them became desperate as they planned for the future.

However, four and one-half months after this terrible natural disaster—possibly history's worst recorded natural disaster—a man-made disaster struck this poverty-stricken area. All of East Pakistan became a battlefield. The Pakistani Army, in its effort to subdue the Bengalis, began a reign of terror that lasted nearly nine months.

We expected difficult days, as it became apparent that the army was not going to permit the newly elected National Assembly to meet, but we did not expect the army to be so ruthless. It started the night of March 25, 1971.

While the army gave its reasons for its attack upon the people of East Pakistan, it was apparent that they intended to subdue the Bengalis to the role of servitude. Bengalis serving in the military forces in East Pakistan either were shot that fateful night or escaped to become a part of the rebel army. In major cities many Bengali members of the police organization were killed, while others escaped to join the rebel army. Some, however, continued their service with the police and cooperated with the army. They were considered traitors by fellow Bengalis.

It is not my purpose to describe the political struggle. I only want to depict the setting in which my family was found in late March 1971.

When we first heard the news of the atrocities, we wondered what our fate would be. Bridges were destroyed and roads were cut so that the army could not make its approach into our area. We had no means of communicating with our missionary friends or with the outside world.

Bengalis struggled by our house by the thousands, their faces filled with a deep fear and in their hands

Missionary R. T. Buckley talks with villagers in Ariora.



their weapons: bamboo sticks. They were escaping from major cities in an effort to save themselves and to join their families.

I felt I must help these helpless people who passed our house going in two directions. They were grateful as I transported many of them into the interior of our district. These became part of an estimated ten million who fled from village to village during the nine months.

Each time as I returned toward our house, I saw others fleeing in that direction, too, making their way to the Indian border, less than three miles from our house. Many of them were grateful for a ride that would take them closer to the Indian border. Their number, too, would swell to an estimated ten million. The 20 million people would become what was probably history's largest group of refugees.

Friends begged us to remain in Feni. We promised that we would remain. They thought, though we knew differently, our presence might help to save them in the event of an army attack.

The atrocities of those early days astounded us. We lived with the Bengalis. We spoke their language. When the Pakistani Army turned upon them, we felt that we, too, were being attacked.

Our children were firmly rooted in the soil of this land. Cherie had gone there when she was nine months old. She had learned to walk and talk with the Bengalis. Kathy and Keith were born there. Wade, though born in the Philippines when his mother was evacuated during the 1965 India-Pakistan war, had gone to Pakistan when he was three weeks old. The attack of March 25 caught us "in love with the Bengalis."

Attack from the Air

ON APRIL 6 life in our little town was rudely interrupted. Our children were in the play area of our yard when they noticed two strange-looking planes fly overhead. Those planes suddenly turned. Kathy screamed as she ran into the house to tell her mother and me. I ran to the door just as the planes made the dive for their first attack. Cherie quickly chased down her two little brothers and pulled them to the earth between two small buildings.

The deafening, killing sounds of those roaring, strafing guns seemed to burst our eardrums. As the planes pulled out of their dive, I motioned for Cherie and her brothers to run to the house.

While the planes continued their attack, we felt a deep fear. Like vultures those planes screeched and dipped down upon the civilian population. Screams of agony and death echoed across the rice fields.

Betty and the children flung themselves upon the floor—all of us frozen in fear. The attack lasted for about 30 minutes. Most of my time was spent pacing the floor trying to think of how we could save ourselves and our friends.

As the attack ended, hundreds of Bengalis could be seen fleeing swiftly, like frightened ants, across the field and down the road, carrying the dead and the dying.

"Be careful, Daddy," is about all I remember hearing as I raced down the street to help care for the wounded and the dying. Bodies were torn into shreds—these were our friends and neighbors.

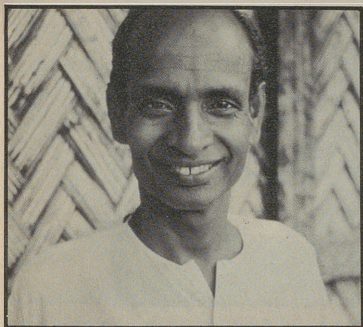
Soon darkness came. All was quiet. We expected the army to attack our town that night, but this came many days later.

Another plane attack took place, longer and more deadly. This time there were rockets, too, loud and long. We later learned that those same planes had swept down upon village markets and opened their guns upon simple, unarmed people.

Fearing an attack upon the road by the planes, I began night transportation of those seeking safety as they hobbled along the road in front of our house.

Though some men remained, we soon discovered we were the only family left in our town. We then felt we had a "right" to leave. But where would we go? The only apparent safe place was India. However, we felt that God's place for us was still the war-torn land of East Pakistan. We believed that if we could get to Dacca, the main city, we foreigners would be more obscure.

We decided to follow the road along the border of India to Comilla. The night of April 14 six brave, faithful friends promised to reach our house at daybreak the next morning to take us as far as possible in their cycle rickshas. This was a great risk for them. Anyone caught in the border area by the Pakistani Army would be in trouble.



Asantosh Das,
a pastor in a
Comilla community.

The Route to Dacca

AT DAYBREAK we were ready to depart. Feni had been our home for almost seven of the thirteen years since our first arrival in East Pakistan. This house had been our home for a long time. Most all we owned in this world was being left behind. We limited ourselves to four suitcases, six handbags, a gallon of drinking water, and our food—mostly raw carrots and celery from our good garden.

We thought it would be great to reach Comilla, 40 miles away, in two days. After a short time it was apparent that our Bengali friends were going to move us along with what was to them and us lightning speed. In less than two hours we covered ten miles, sometimes lifting the rickshas over trees and destroyed bridges.

But the road became more troublesome, since the Bengalis had made every effort to make the route impassible for the army. They were, however, extremely kind to us. The goodness of the Bengalis to us melted away any desire to leave East Pakistan.

After 20 miles our friends turned back toward their homes. We soon found six others who agreed to take us as far as it seemed reasonably safe. We constantly watched the sky for planes, but a greater fear struck as we heard the roaring of field guns. We felt the earth shake through the little rubber tires of the rickshas. Our ricksha friends decided to turn back after a few more miles, but not until we had moved past the guns.

Other rickshas were found, and we reached Comilla in less than one day. In Comilla we rejoiced with Christian friends and they with us. They were in deep fear and undecided about what they should do. Should they go to India? If they remained, would they be killed? I had no advice to offer. I did promise that, if it was at all possible, I would return.

We were off again early the next morning. We rode a bus for 20 miles. What we saw was horrible. The Pakistani Army was in control. Soldiers had burned hundreds of houses and killed many people in order to establish control.

We were soon riding rickshas again, for the bus had to turn back at a destroyed bridge. After covering 12 miles in those rickshas, we reached the first

of many rivers we would have to cross in order to reach Dacca. To our amazement, a ferry was waiting, and we rode it to a point within 20 miles of Dacca. The countryside, as seen from the rivers, was still beautiful.

We were delighted to reach the dock and be so near Dacca. But as we climbed down from the ferry, we had never been more deeply hurt and angry to see soldiers, too busy even to notice us, unloading boxes of military supplies. Those boxes bore the marking of the United States government!

As we walked along, other soldiers began teasing Cherie and Kathy. Even though I knew the soldiers could not understand either Bengali or English, I let them know how I felt about their behavior toward my little girls.

We struggled along with our things, hoping to find transportation for the last 20 miles. After some time we found two lone taxi drivers who had managed the courage to travel the main roads. We were glad to offer them a big fare and be on our way. Enroute to Dacca, they did their best to fill our eyes more fully with the destruction. We did not see even one civilian vehicle along that route. The masses were in hiding.

We reached our mission guest house, only to find it locked. A note told us where we would find the key. Darkness soon came. We all slept in the same room, fearing what might happen after dark when man's deeds could not be seen.

God had been so good. We had made what we were sure would be at least a four day's journey in two days. Everything good was happening to us, while others were enduring great suffering.

It was April 16. Though we did not hear it until many weeks later, the Bangladesh government in exile in India declared that day that they were an independent nation.

Danger on the Road

WE LEARNED that four of our missionary families had left East Pakistan. I carefully explained to our children that I was the one who had written to all of our missionaries that, in the crisis, each family should decide for itself what should be done. Two other missionary families were living about a day's journey from Dacca.

Through the American Consulate we were able to send a message to the Foreign Mission Board that we were in Dacca and well. The Board forwarded all news concerning us to our families. The consulate offered their services in helping us arrange transportation out of the country. However, we felt that God's place for us at that time was East Pakistan.

We soon discovered there were only ten other foreign children in all of East Pakistan. In Dacca city, ours were the only foreign children, as far as we knew.

Perhaps the suffering of the Bengalis was the thing that deepened more and more our desire to remain with them. However, often it seemed there was little or nothing we could do to help.

A message from the American Embassy in West

Girls wash dishes in pond near their home.



Pakistan said a missionary family's daughter, studying in West Pakistan, was sick and that her parents were needed. I would have to make the journey across the countryside to inform the Carl F. Rythers, her mother and father.

The journey gave me opportunity to visit the Thomas E. Thurmans, another missionary family. I knew I had no right to ask them to do so, but I told them we would welcome them to the guest house in Dacca. About a week later they made the difficult trip to Dacca, and our families lived together for about three months. Tom and I divided the responsibilities of the mission and simply tried to "hold everything together."

Soon after the Thurmans reached Dacca, I went back to Comilla and Feni. The Comilla Christians were not sure we were still in the country. The expression on their faces paid me well for the trip. I had to leave my vehicle and make the 40-mile journey again along the Indian border by cycle ricksha.

The army detained me when I reached the first checkpoint near Feni. It probably appeared to them I had come from across the Indian border. The only other alternative was that I had come through rebel territory. Eventually I was able to convince them that Feni was my home. The officer in command released me with the order to go directly to their headquarters and report.

While at their headquarters, I overheard a phone conversation with the words, "He is here." Their biggest desire was to know what I had seen along the route. I did everything possible to evade their questions.

Feni was a deserted town. There was nothing I could do there. Our Bible Reading Library had been ransacked by the army, and soldiers were occupying it. After one night I was ready to return to Dacca. A few miles from Feni "rebels" were everywhere. In this area they were still in control. My only hope was that the army would not arrive while I was there.

The trip back to Dacca convinced me I should not travel alone. Tom and I decided we would travel together, rotating our visits to the areas where we had responsibilities.

We made a trip to Faridpur. The army had confiscated our pickup, which was used for agricultural work. They sometimes parked it at the Christian

Industrial School at night, so we left for Dacca early one morning in the truck. The army had burned one of the new buildings at our Christian Agriculture Center and had taken the chickens. An artillery shell had hit the Christian Industrial Center when soldiers first attacked Faridpur. They had taken two vehicles in Feni. They or their collaborators had burned one of our Social Welfare Centers near Dacca and had ransacked the Bible Reading Library in Feni. We felt we had "donated" enough to them.

We were able to travel all the way to Comilla and Feni by car, since a new route had been opened. The army had burned hundreds of houses along this road also. Village people cried out to us as we moved slowly along the rough road.

On the return trip the army had the road blocked at one point with mortars, firing into the villages. After that trip, Tom and I did not travel together any more. It would be better to lose one father than two fathers.

The more I traveled, especially from Comilla to Feni, the more I realized the danger of road mines and ambushes. I did not personally fear any of the Freedom Fighters. However, in their efforts to defeat the Pakistani Army, they could not look out for others. Often pieces of vehicles blown into shreds could be seen laying on and beside the road. After a journey over the mined road, my face felt as though it were frozen.

Before a journey I usually went over our finances with Betty, for I knew I might not return. Jesus became more real. We felt that, for at least one time in our lives, we were walking with him. There was great suffering, and he had given us the privilege of somewhat sharing it with him.

"Friends" rebuked me for keeping my family in a land so torn by war and where there were so few children to share with my children. I prayed that if it were only my stubbornness keeping my family there, God would help me overcome it. On the other hand, I knew the witness of a family was worth much more than that of many men in such circumstances.

It seemed to be God's mission for us to remain. I believe my family shared this feeling. Had they not, they could not have endured some of the things which happened.



Missionary Young talks with local Christians outside the Baptist reading room in Feni.

Renewing Fellowship

THE Troy C. Bennetts returned from their regular furlough, the best thing that could have happened to us. They were rested; we and the Thurmans had grown physically tired. The Bennetts' coming seemed to give a burst of new life to all.

One evening, we three families, along with a family of another missionary organization, were watching a television interview of President General Yahya Khan of Pakistan. As the interview progressed, darkness fell. Betty went into the yard to call the children. Just as they entered the house, bursts of gunfire broke out. It seemed the entire area was under attack. Bullets whizzed across the yard. Later, we learned that Freedom Fighters had been caught in a roadblock by the side of our house. Apparently they had all escaped.

We were encouraged again by the return of the Howard Teels from the States. Though Howard remained, his family had to leave after about a month.

Friends did not come by as often as in earlier months. Most of them had settled down to the long struggle and were busy trying somehow to earn a living in the midst of the conflict.

A few foreign Christian families, who had left in April, began returning. Missionaries of all denominations were gracious in their concern for our children. Relationships took on new meaning. The genuineness of their faith was apparent. We made a new discovery of the need for, and value of, friends.

One depressing thing was the collaboration of some of the Bengalis with the army. It seemed this was done only for monetary gain. These collaborators were also active in the destruction of our Bible Reading Libraries. One Muslim took over one of our centers. A Bengali Christian and I went to the center but were ordered out immediately. Bibles and other books had been replaced by rifles used for killing Bengalis.

Muslim soldiers laughed when I told them the books on which they walked were Bibles. Every time I went to Feni, soldiers were sleeping in our Bible Library. On the other hand, they were desperate for love, many of them illiterate tribesmen from the hills of West Pakistan. Enroute to East Pakistan they had been told their work would be to kill Indian

Hindus who were trying to destroy Pakistan.

On the 60-mile stretch of road from Feni to Comilla I was frequently searched by the army. Often the soldiers asked to ride. I refused them on the grounds that they were armed. On one occasion my refusal was not accepted. The soldier forced his way into the vehicle.

A Bengali pastor friend and I went to Comilla to visit with the Christians. On our return I got down from our vehicle and paid the toll. As I walked away, a strong soldier seized me and tried to take the rest of my money. Shaking with fear, I pulled away. We struggled until other soldiers took him away. My pastor friend said, "I was really afraid, but glad that you resisted him. If we do not resist them, their oppression will be even greater."

While I was in Feni on one trip, four bridges were blown out. This meant I would not be able to get my vehicle back to Dacca. But it also meant another excuse for traveling across the countryside with the Bengalis.

After walking ten miles on one occasion, darkness caught me in open country. Two Bengali young men with me offered me a place to sleep in their village if I would help them get past the military checkpoints. My white face at night seemed to startle those at the checkpoints. We were usually quickly motioned on.

The village people welcomed me, though there was some apprehension. I overheard them discussing whether it was dangerous to keep me that night. The conclusion: "If the Freedom Fighters come, there will be no difficulty, and if the army comes, maybe he can help us."

I slept on the best bed in the village with my two traveling companions. The bed was a wooden frame covered with a piece of cloth. I was cold but happy during the night. I cried and prayed. These people were cold every night. They were living in fear. God had given me the privilege of learning how some people live and how they suffer.

The next morning the village people smiled and said, "We just can't believe it—you spent the night with us."

They asked me about my faith. While I was talking, a Muslim religious leader, who had joined the group, interfered. They politely asked him to let me explain what I believed about God.

The Bengalis seemed to strike even more fiercely against the Pakistani Army in September and October of 1971. It appeared, as I traveled along the usual route, that the Pakistani Army was braced for war with India.

In late November William W. (Bill) Marshall, Foreign Mission Board field representative, came to East Pakistan. During a worship time with missionary

Young man
reads Bengali
newspaper.



families he asked the children to share some experiences. They were reluctant, but eventually did share.

Keith said, "When we were lying in the hallway in our house in Feni while the planes were attacking, all I could think of was those poor Bengalis who were being killed."

Though the children, like us, were often afraid, they just as often came through beautifully. While we were in the same hallway, Kathy had told Bablu, our little Muslim neighbor, "Bablu, pray to our God; he will help you."

When the freedom struggle began, Wade learned some of the Bengali freedom songs. When the actual fighting broke out, I cautioned him about the danger of singing these. He compromised by humming them.

Perhaps the thing that helped us most was a poem written by Cherie five months after the Pakistani Air Force first attacked Feni [see *The Commission*, Jan. 1972, cover IV]. We as a family had grown to have deep feelings toward the military forces of Pakistan. Cherie's poem did much to help pull us out of this.

Siege in Dacca

THE NIGHT of December 3 we were awakened by terrible blasts. Planes of the Indian Air Force were attacking Pakistani military positions in Dacca. We got into the hallway of the guest house with the Thurman family, Howard Teel, and John D. Freeman, a missionary doctor friend from Thailand. The smaller children were whimpering.

Tom suggested we sing. Later, at Betty's suggestion, we began thinking about the people around the world who were praying for us. Real strength came from this.

December 4 was filled with air battles over the Dacca city area. We often watched, for watching seemed easier than just listening.

Evacuation plans were announced that day. Departure of all foreigners who wanted to go would take place the next day if planes came to take them out. Betty and the children decided to go. They had endured sacrificial days following the tidal wave. The eight and one-half months of war had taken

their toll on all of us. We were physically exhausted.

They packed their suitcases. That night was one of praying and crying. As a Christian man, I guess I was as weak as I had ever been. I asked Betty and the children to remain. I had never really known how much a man needs his family.

Freeman and Teel moved into the house next door with the Bennetts. We and the Thurmans shared the guest house with Pastor Sircar and his family. Other Bengali friends came and shared the area of the Bennetts' house and the guest house. No one was turned away.

The evacuation attempt failed on several occasions. Communications broke down, and the planes were fired upon.

Indian artillery sounded for the first time on December 11. They were ready for an assault on the city. Lowell Thomas announced on shortwave radio, "The great, historic city of Dacca is under siege by the Indian Army."

The next morning 425 foreigners were evacuated to India. John Freeman helped us fortify our house. We did our best and trusted God to do the rest. We slept under tables covered with mattresses.

On December 15 Indian planes filled the skies as they attacked Pakistani military positions, undoubtedly preparing for ground assault. Sometimes at night after a bomb attack had awakened us, we talked about dying. This was difficult to do with children, but they seemed to want to talk. We tried to be honest with them. When they asked if I were afraid, if I were I always answered, "Yes, but I believe God will take care of us." We also often talked of how good God had been to us. The children seemed always conscious of the suffering of the Bengalis.

The morning of December 16 was quiet. Later, as if a warning to the Pakistani Army, the Indian Army began dropping shells on the periphery of the city. Sitting on the flat roof of our house, I listened to the radio. It reported that about 40,000 Pakistani soldiers were within the city, and unless these forces surrendered, the Indian military forces and Bengali Freedom Fighters would make an all-out attack on Dacca.

Pakistan surrendered. How we felt, no man can describe. We only knew God had again been God at his always best.

TC

The Decision To Stay

During furlough in the U.S. from their mission field in Bangladesh, Mr. and Mrs. James F. McKinley, Jr.—Jim and Betty—have shared with various groups their feelings growing out of experiences in Bangladesh. One such occasion was during the Foreign Missions Conference at Ridgecrest (N.C.) Baptist Conference Center last June, just a few weeks after beginning furlough from the field. Presented on these pages is a portion of interviews at Ridgecrest, as questioners probed for reasons behind the difficult, personal decisions that had to be made during the Bangladesh rebellion.

Did you feel that you had to stay—to weather the storm that resulted in the new nation of Bangladesh—in order to continue with the foundation already laid there?

Jim: I'm sure we didn't think through all the reasons we were staying. We were caught in Feni when the trouble broke out; we couldn't get out. We could have gone into India, into the hills, but that wasn't too attractive. We were cut off, but we were with people who knew us. The Bengalis knew we were their friends.

After the planes attacked our little town, and we assumed they had been provided by the [U.S.] government—after we had seen our own people killed, I think we became more determined to stick with the Bengalis. We are not Bengalis. We cannot live like Bengalis. But this thing pulled us closer to them. When we did come to feel we needed to leave the area, they helped us get out.

When we left, I told them, "I will be back." We had spent our best missionary days in Feni, and if I had left and never returned, all those years would have been wasted, because I would have had to come back and explain why I had left.

Even if you could never have returned to Feni, would the invest-

ment of years there have had some lasting effect?

Jim: Probably not a great deal, because we felt what we were doing was long-range work. There is no church there at all to carry on the work. The Christian young men who worked with us are also outsiders—we had gone in there together. Had we never returned, these young men would not have returned either, and the witness for about 3,000,000 people would have been cut off. Someone would have had to go back and start it all over again.

You had been in East Pakistan for years, and yet your sense of identification with the people seems to have become much closer during the crisis, even to the point of sympathizing with the Bengalis against your own country. At what point did your neutrality about the political situation cease?

Jim: During the attack by the planes on Feni. . . . I argued with a deputy at the American consulate about this when we were asked to come in for a debriefing the day after our arrival in Dacca. I told him it felt strange for me to be in the hall of my house trying to save the lives of members of my family and of Bengali friends, when I knew those planes trying to destroy us had been provided by my government. He said I couldn't prove such a charge. Later I learned that technically the planes had not come directly from the U.S., but through other countries, yet the planes and funds were of U.S. origin.

The attack was what really pulled me to the Bengali side—to pick up a man's body whose head had been blown off, or one whose legs bent back the wrong way because they had almost been cut apart by bullets from a plane.

One casualty was a good friend of mind, a ricksha puller. Whenever he rode me around, he would say, "You don't have to pay me, be-

cause you are my friend." But since he was very poor, I always paid him anyway. When I visited him in the hospital, I found that his foot had been shot off. He pulled me to him and loved me as he would a fellow Muslim. "We will help you," I told him, knowing he would never again pull a ricksha.

The next day I returned to learn that he was dead; I did not know he had also been shot in the stomach. Bullets I thought were from my country had killed my good friend, a simple man who had never picked up a gun in all his life, who didn't know what the rebellion was all about. My neutrality no longer stood.

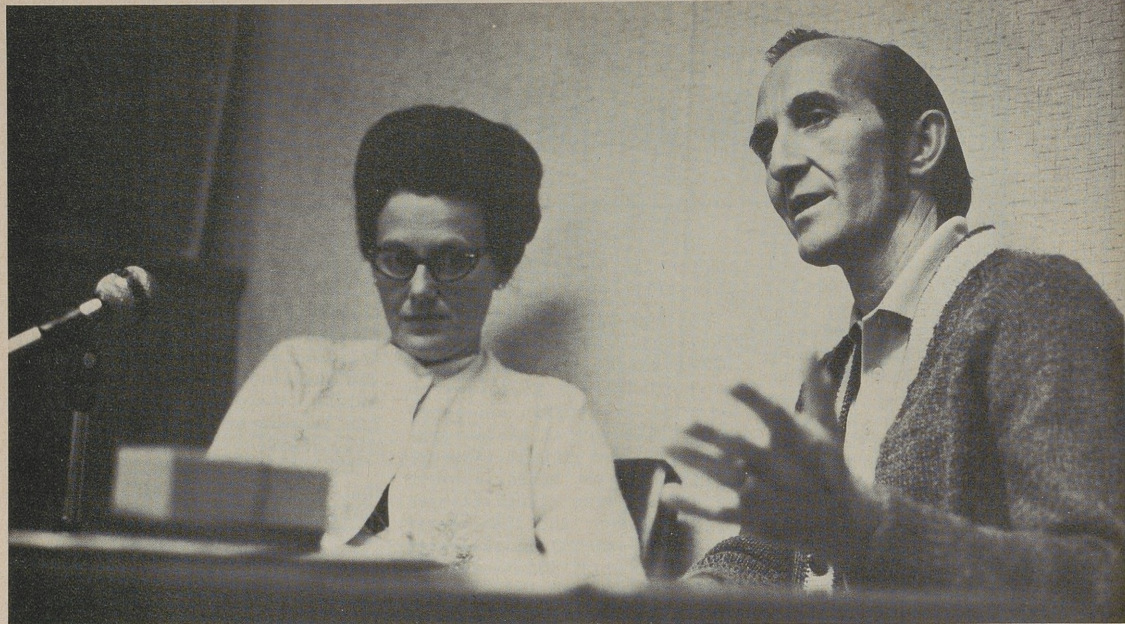
Were these days difficult on your children?

Betty: Yes, it was difficult for them. But we tried to keep our family together, because we thought that was the most important thing and would help the children feel more secure. They were frightened, but we told them we were frightened, too.

Were there times you questioned your own decision to stay?

Jim: About ten times a day, even after we moved to Dacca. I especially questioned my right to keep my daughters there. Regular army troops were raping large numbers of women. Our family slept in a room together at night, with a softball bat as our only weapon. Naturally I questioned whether I was right in keeping my family there, such as when we were lying on the floor while guerillas and soldiers shot it out nearby. The bullets were whizzing past our house, and my little boy—he was five then—was under my body for protection. He asked, "Daddy, why don't we go to America?"

In December, when the Indian Army was surrounding Dacca, Betty and the children said they would leave. But then I began to think—



James and Betty McKinley answer questions during interview at Ridgecrest.

we have been in this all this time; the important thing now is the witness of our family (Bengalis were living with us in our house). So I asked Betty if she would reconsider, and she said yes. Cherie, our oldest daughter, had deep feelings about the situation; we talked and cried together, and then she said, "All-right, Daddy—if you want us to stay; I really think we all ought to stay together anyway."

I believe we did right by keeping the children there all the time.

Betty: During this time of crisis we had other children staying with us, some of them the age of our older children. Our children felt these others needed them; often ours would report, "They don't understand the danger. We have to tell them that when the planes are in the air, they should get to a safe place."

I think our children felt a sense of responsibility to these children, that they needed each other. After the liberation ours took a great deal of pride in the fact that they had stayed through the whole thing with their friends.

Tell us something about the strong feeling you developed about prayer support.

Jim: We soon became aware of the fact that many people—people

we hardly knew—had become concerned about us and the other missionaries personally. When there was a crisis, we would talk about the fact that people were praying for us right now, and there was a sense of fellowship.

This was prayer itself, I suppose: thinking about the people around the world who were talking to God about us—right here, in this spot, right now—even though they didn't know the exact situation. It was a real source of strength. Since we have come home, people we vaguely know have told us, "We prayed for you."

Betty: I think, too, that many people were remembering our Bengali friends because we stayed. They knew we were there, and they were not only praying for us, but also for the people with whom we worked.

Jim: I remember the first night Indian planes attacked Dacca. It sounded like they were tearing the city apart. My family, the Thurman family, and two other men missionaries gathered in a little hall with foam rubber mattresses over our heads. Tom Thurman said, "Let's sing." So we sang. And then Betty said, "Why don't we think about the people around the world who are praying for us?" We began

talking, mentioning names of so many people.

What's ahead, in your estimation, as far as the Baptist influence and work in Bangladesh?

Jim: I speak cautiously, but I am deeply hopeful. I wouldn't want to say the door is really open—I usually say, let's be alert so that if it opens, we will recognize it. It would be easy for us just to follow our same old pattern when the opportunity is wide open.

There are still a lot of problems. There is still anger by some toward Americans, and we cannot disassociate ourselves from our country. But we were there. We did everything we could with the tube wells. We did all we could in building houses. They know we worked hard—not just to take the materials to them and then go back home; we stayed right there with them.

Of the ten million people who went to India, about eight million were Hindus. They have come back to Bangladesh. The Hindus of India offered them little. The help they received was from Christians, for those who helped the refugees were primarily volunteer groups from the West, and most of them Christians. Surely the service given will have some meaning. **TC**

BANGLADESH — in struggle for life



House construction project, aided by Southern Baptists

Bangladesh—the country of the Bengalis—was a giant at birth. On Liberation Day, December 16, 1971, her population was estimated at 75,000,000. Formerly the eastern province of Pakistan, this new developing nation is the world's eighth largest country in population, with a land area only slightly larger than Arkansas.

The birth of Bangladesh was costly for her people. Estimates of the number of deaths in her freedom struggle reach 3,000,000. The number of Bengali young women who suffered rape runs as high as 200,000. Nearly 10,000,000 persons were refugees in India. Another estimated 10,000,000 were refugees in the area now known to the world as Bangladesh.

Soon after the birth of this nation, those nearly 20,000,000 citizens returned to their homes. Home, it was soon discovered, was only the earth on which their houses had stood. A reported 2,500,000 houses had been burned by the enemies of the Bengalis. Food production facilities and factories were at a standstill. Railway and road bridges were crumbled concrete and twisted steel.



The struggle for life was not a new

thing for the Bengalis. Their history is the story of one tragedy after another. They are well acquainted with the hardships of life. In the nineteenth century, one storm killed more than 200,000 Bengalis. During World War II, thousands died from starvation.

Bengalis living at the time of the birth of Bangladesh could remember only foreign domination. Prior to 1947, when the nation Pakistan came into existence, they remembered life under the British. With the creation of Pakistan they received new hope. However, they soon found themselves under the domination of the West Pakistanis.

Because the national government of Pakistan was Islamic, there was continual tension between the Muslims and the Hindus. Communal disturbances were common.

In November of 1970, the worst natural disaster of the twentieth century left 500,000 Bengalis dead. Huge waves of salty ocean water, swept by typhoon winds across the coastal areas, created destruction beyond description. One of the world's least developed areas witnessed death and destruction to a degree previously unknown to man.

Cyclonic storms and tidal waves are

not new to the Bengalis. Eight occurred between October 1960 and October 1970, killing more than 74,000 people. The devastation of the November 1970 storm shocked the entire world.



Though suffering continues, there is great hope, for the Bengalis are capable of enduring the most difficult times. However, they know that most of the world has found a better life. They hope for and work toward that better life, with a courage and industry admired by friends around the world.

Their primary concern is for sufficient food to eat. Other goals also rank high as this land pulls itself together and struggles toward being a viable nation. Bangladesh does not want to beg for food, but to grow her own food. She wants to stand on a level with other nations.

The aspirations of Bangladesh are revealed in her new government, which is based on democracy, secularism, and moderate socialism. Democracy, so that all of her people can share in the government; secularism, so that all, regardless of their religion, are full citizens; and socialism, so that one does not get rich at the cost of many others.

William Carey, the first modern-day foreign missionary, lived in what is now Bangladesh before he settled down in Serampore, India. It is not surprising that today towns and villages in some areas are marked by Baptist churches. The lives of many members of the British Baptist Missionary Society, the Australian Baptist Missionary Society, and the New Zealand Baptist Missionary Society were given in service in Bangladesh. Next to Roman Catholics, Bengali Baptists have the largest number of churches and members. Other Christians also, with no less dedication, have labored in love in the land of the Bengalis.

Southern Baptists were late arriving here. Our first missionaries, the Troy Bennetts, arrived in 1957. They were soon followed by others. We were greatly helped, especially in our early days, by our relationship to existing Bengali Baptist churches and to other Baptist missionaries.



In a land where spiritual and physical needs are so overwhelming, the missionary faces every known challenge. Bangladesh demands every resource of concerned people.

It may be that a new day for Christian missions has dawned. The expressed concern of Christians was well known following the terrible storm of 1970 and the long freedom struggle of 1971. Many Bengalis felt the presence of missionaries during those two chaotic events. The concern expressed involved both the physical and the spiritual.

In early 1971 most of the work being done by Southern Baptist missionaries came to a standstill. Just as soon as the

Baptist reading room



A Baptist church building

war ended, missionaries who were then in the country, and others who soon joined them, immediately turned to the task of beginning again.

Leadership for the Christian Industrial Center in Faridpur is now provided by Bengali Christians, giving missionaries opportunity to do other work. The Industrial Center is a training area for young men who want to work with their hands. If a student works hard, he can, upon graduation, find a good job. Though most of the students are Christians, some are Muslim and Hindu. Missionaries feel that this center is a definite contribution to the country and a witness for Christ in this land of great need.

The Publication Center—in Dacca, the capital city—has moved progressively toward Bengali leadership. Though missionaries are still involved, the production and distribution of literature centers around Bengali Christians. A bookstore and library are related to the Publication Center, which is located on the main street of the city. These focal points provide effective witness in this important area.

Southern Baptist missionaries are committed to assisting Bengalis in better food production. Since this one field of work is so important to Bangladesh as a new developing nation, one missionary gives full time to agriculture.

Even in a land where physical needs are so tremendous, the first concern of the missionaries is the preaching of the gospel. While the gospel is manifest through every expression of concern, the missionaries' primary task is to vocalize the Good News.

Training of Bengali Christians is another important phase of missionary service. This ministry is being accomplished as we assist the Bangladesh Baptist Union in lay leadership training. It is also being done as we cooperate with others in specialized training by correspondence and

as missionaries and trained Bengalis work in local areas. Such methods of teaching enable the students to continue their work of earning a living while they study.

Student-library preaching centers serve as an avenue for witnessing. In these centers the reading of the Bible is emphasized. Books in Bengali and in English, relating to the Christian faith, are provided for the students.

These centers serve also as a meeting place for Bible classes and as promotion areas for Bible correspondence lessons. They are an avenue, too, for the distribution of Bibles, Gospels, and tracts.

Apparently, there is greater freedom and opportunity for service and witness in Bangladesh today than there has ever been. The gospel can be preached in this land which so desperately needs its message. One district has more than 3,000,000 people, and not even one evangelical church. Though exact figures are unknown, a reasonable estimate would be that there are in Bangladesh less than 250,000 in the total Christian community (including Roman Catholics, and babies in all other Christian families). On the basis of this figure, not more than one third of the total population could be called "Christian," even in the broadest sense of the term.

Southern Baptist missionaries continue to give themselves in deeds of kindness and witness among the courageous Bengali people. Let us all—as Southern Baptists—give ourselves more devotedly in making Jesus known in Bangladesh, a land that has suffered so greatly—a land in struggle for life.

—by James F. McKinley, Jr.

DETACH AND FILE FOR PROGRAM USE

Reprints of the above material are available from Foreign Mission Board Literature, Box 6597, Richmond, Va. 23230. This leaflet replaces Mr. McKinley's former pamphlet entitled "Pakistan: In Search of Tomorrow."

SOUTH VIETNAM

--Lotus Country

Harbor at Nha Trang

Above the dirty waters of small Oriental streams and rivers, the exquisite lotus bud dares to raise its head. From sloughs of waste and semistagnant pools the lotus lifts its stately blossoms, in beauty undefiled by the mire in which it grows.

Vietnam is lotus country! Persistent-ly defying submersion in calamity and defeat, it fights to display its living greens, royal purples, blues, and reds. Visitors to the land are surprised and awed at such stamina and beauty surmounting so perverse an environment.

Vietnamese claim a legendary beginning for their land 5,000 years ago. They are intensely proud of their civilization and national identity. Their people remain distinct—after having been subjected to Chinese rule for a thousand years; to Hindu influence and European traders and missionaries; to a century of French rule; and now to a decade of American presence. Although not absorbed by any of these outside cultures, the Vietnamese have absorbed much from them.

Four fifths of South Vietnam's nearly 20,000,000 people remain ethnic Vietnamese. About 1,000,000 Chinese, some half-million Cambodians, and 800,000 Montagnards form the minority groups in the country.

Vietnamese people are slight of stature. Black hair and dark eyes complement skin varying from olive to dark brown. Most Vietnamese men have adopted Western patterns of dress, but the women continue to stun visitors with their traditional, colorful tunics worn over silk trousers.

Lying in the southeast corner of Asia, Vietnam occupies the eastern coastal strip of Indochina.¹ It compares in miles to the state of Washington, but in shape to California. On the east are 1,500 miles of coastline with a stretch of ochre beaches paralleling the placid, blue South China Sea.

The two Vietnams² form a picturesque bamboo yoke bulging at each end, connected in the middle by a narrow strip. The southern bulge, comprising the fertile Mekong Delta, is often described as the future "rice bowl of plenty" for much of Asia.

In addition to its fertile rice paddies, South Vietnam is potentially rich with rubber and tea plantations and banana trees. Fruits and vegetables abound in the delta's rich valleys and in the foothills of

the city of Dalat. In peacetime, coffee, palm oil, coconut, sugar cane, and peanuts are also plentiful.

Much of the land is still in frontier stages of development. Water buffalo still plod along, pulling antiquated wooden plows while jet planes roar overhead. Communist attacks of recent years have halted repeatedly South Vietnam's production in all areas. One fourth of the people of this rural nation have been transplanted into hectic, unfamiliar roles as city dwellers.

Though battle-scarred and booby-trapped, the countryside has retained its maze of dense canal networks and its thick carpets of heavy jungle foliage. Still remaining are muted patchworks of green, vast uninhabited landscapes, and chrome-sparkling rivers. Along Vietnam's scenic mountain spine, lakes and waterfalls are nestled among pine forests. Surviving clusters of thatched huts knit into villages and hamlets lie in the hot tropical sun, monuments to perseverance and dynamic will.

War's upheaval shook the foundations of traditional Vietnamese religious beliefs. Ancestor-worshippers had to flee their sacred grounds and relics, and in the rural exodus simple peasants were introduced to a scientific world. The political roles

¹ The southeast peninsula of Asia, comprising five other countries

² Republic of Vietnam (South Vietnam)
Democratic Republic of Vietnam (North Vietnam)

assumed by religious leaders shattered the faith and trust of many a follower. And concentration on survival often shoved religion aside.

Of course, adherence to Confucianism's rituals of veneration of ancestors yet persists in Vietnam; rites of appeasement to the feared spirit world of Taoism continues; Buddhists still frequent pagodas. But now there are accompanying doubts, questions, openness to new ways and ideas, expressions of "I have no religion" or "my parents permit me to choose."

South Vietnam's curious blend of Oriental philosophies results in a synthesis of beliefs peculiarly Vietnamese—and pitifully empty: eventual non-existence, no hope for the hopeless, little comfort for the burdened, no source of eternal Love.



The person of Jesus Christ was first brought to the attention of the Vietnamese people in the sixteenth century through Catholic missionaries, first from Portugal and, later, from France. Catholics today claim 10 percent of South Vietnam's populace and are a strong political force.

Protestants added testimony in 1911 with the coming of Christian and Missionary Alliance missionaries. Churches established through the ensuing years now comprise the National Evangelical Church, whose membership makes up the majority of the less-than-1-percent evangelical Christian population of the nation.

The arrival of Seventh-day Adventists in 1927 marked the end for evangelical entrance into Vietnam until 1954, when the South Vietnamese gained independence and religious freedom.

With the coming of Southern Baptist missionaries in 1959, a Baptist witness was added. Services were begun in 1961,

Students in seminary theology class; Missionary Associate James F. Humphries



Mrs. Rondal D. Merrell and woman in refugee village

and the next year the first Baptist church in Vietnam was formally organized.

Baptists' missionary witness is now located in the northern cities of Huế and Danang; in three central coastal centers: Quinhon, Nhatrang, and Camranh; in the highland city of Dalat; in Saigon, the capital; and in Cantho, a delta city.

As the country "moved to the cities," upheavals netted receptive ears. Refugee ministries unlocked doors for introducing and demonstrating God's love. The people's need to learn English opened avenues of outreach to students and upper strata of society while expanding contacts with lower "working" classes. Social ministries provided Christians direct contact with government officials. Enlarging the pitifully small missionary ranks were Christian U. S. servicemen who contributed their talents, time, and money.

War has shut, as well as opened, doors for Christian witness and development in Vietnam. The constant transfer of civilians and military personnel makes it difficult to maintain contact with converts. Often, there is no Baptist witness where a new believer settles. Exploded railways and insecure highways impede travel; military priorities hamper or delay communications. Curfews, confinements, and evacuation retard or curtail ministries. The insecurity of the countryside has forced Baptists to limit their geographical areas of service to the cities.

Unpredictable, fluctuating conditions have compelled missionaries to create and initiate methods adaptable to needs of particular peoples and situations. Again and again, such conditions—though fraught with frustrations—have demonstrated miraculously God's presence.

Baptist work in Vietnam focuses on evangelistic witness to Vietnamese, Chinese, and English-speaking peoples and on developing believers through local church

units. At present, people in many areas are very responsive. Yet, the immediate future will be a crucial time in meeting these opportunities.

Supporting and expanding evangelistic outreach are the Publications Department, the Baptist Communications Center, and the Vietnam Baptist Theological Seminary. Their first decade was spent in developmental stages of organization. Now, tracts along with teaching and training materials are rolling off the press, and Baptists are operating a bookstore in downtown Saigon. The Communications Center maintains study follow-up with thousands who listen to the popular radio series, "English on the Air," and the acquisition of dubbing equipment has opened the way for film outreach through Vietnamese television.

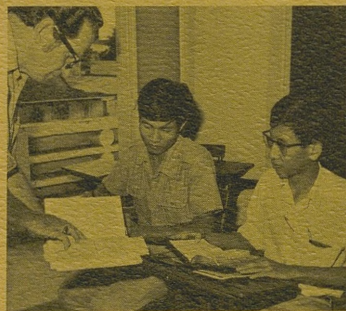
The seminary directs a multilevel instructional program of kindergarten training, extension courses for lay leaders and student pastors, and advanced pastoral training at the seminary itself. Because of the military draft, Vietnam Baptists face severe shortages in national leadership.

Baptist response to the massive human need in Vietnam began early through both relief and educational social ministries. Such ministries include: sewing and typing classes; language training; libraries and reading rooms; kindergartens and day-care centers; health and family-planning materials printed for government distribution. A career missionary in social work enables the Vietnamese churches to carry out a comprehensive thrust in response to the country's vast needs.



South Vietnam—lotus country! Spiritually, living in a mire of restless darkness; potentially, reaching above the mire to become the hope of Indochina! Baptists in Vietnam know the One who can penetrate the darkness and bring beauty out of ugliness; they know the Way to replace restlessness with peace. They believe that Vietnam's greatest need is for a massive buildup of Christian forces who yearn to share this knowledge. How will Southern Baptists respond to such a need?

—by Mrs. Rondal D. Merrell



DETACH AND FILE FOR PROGRAM USE
Reprints are available on request from Foreign Mission Board Literature, Box 6597, Richmond, Va. 23230. This leaflet replaces the Board's former pamphlet on Vietnam.

MISSIONARY ORIENTATION

By Baker J. Cauthen

AFTER missionaries are appointed for service abroad, they face a radical change in circumstances as they move toward the mission field.

This calls for a period of special significance designed to bridge the gap between where the missionary is when he is appointed, and his arrival on the field. This step is called "missionary orientation."

For a period of 14 weeks, newly appointed missionaries and their families reside at Callaway Gardens, near Pine Mountain, Georgia, where they have opportunity for study, prayer, sharing in Christian experiences, and growth in working together in a challenging task.

Under the able direction of David Lockard, who had a distinguished career of missionary service in Rhodesia, the missionary orientation program has been steadily strengthened to meet the needs of those who participate. Members of the staff of the Foreign Mission Board give much time to the orientation program, in order that they may share with newly appointed missionaries their insights concerning work abroad. It is very much the relationship of a coach to a team, as he brings his experience to bear upon the po-

tential of the ones who will actually be involved in important events ahead.

Reinforced by participation of special lecturers invited to share their insights, the program of orientation is constantly examined to find ways of making it more meaningful. Missionaries from the field, as well as people from other positions of service, contribute their observations to the orientation program.

During orientation, missionaries are brought together into closer relationships of community sharing than normally characterize our living experiences. They spend a great deal of time together in conferences, group activities, mealtime, worship, and recreation. Their children come to explore the delights of fellowship with other MKs. The discovery of the wider dimensions of the "missionary family" begins.

Obviously orientation cannot smooth out all the hills which must be surmounted in moving to a distant land and adjusting to a new environment and culture. There are many realities that must be faced only on the actual field of service. The study of linguistics can

"break the ice" for language study, but the acquisition of a foreign language awaits the actual engagement in service on the field.

Orientation serves to bring the mission field closer and sharpens the preparation for beginning the work. It is in no way a substitute for training that can be obtained in theological seminaries, universities, or other institutions. It is a highly specialized experience of group sharing and activity, designed to ease the way for the missionary in beginning his long-range service abroad.

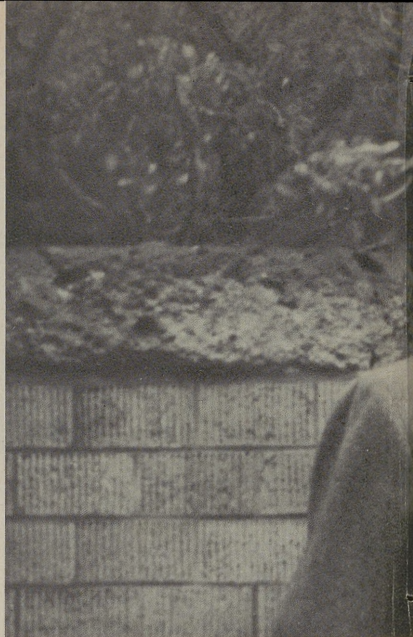
Oversight of the orientation program is committed to a standing committee of the Foreign Mission Board, with staff participation worked out through the orientation council, made up of staff members having particular responsibility for aspects of the program for which orientation is designed.

Missionaries start to the fields grateful for the privilege of sharing these weeks together and full of expectation of the opportunities for service ahead.

It is a valuable part of the missionary enterprise and has been well tested through years of experience since it was begun. TC

SAMURAI FOR CHRIST

BY MELVIN J. BRADSHAW



was Yuya's friend and collaborator, summed up his impression of the man: "The dignity and impressiveness of his physical bearing, his combination of gentleness and sternness, and his samurai-like loyalty . . . the very essence of Japanese graciousness and hospitality."

Yuya looked so much like Tojo, the wartime Japanese prime minister, that some authorities during Allied occupation after World War

II once mistook Yuya for the infamous Japanese leader. Yuya's life, however, exemplified the opposite of the negative qualities seen in Tojo.

Kiyoki Yuya looked, thought, and reacted like a Japanese, but rather than serving to build a wall between him and foreigners, these qualities only became part of his unique Christian witness.

When some Christian military of-

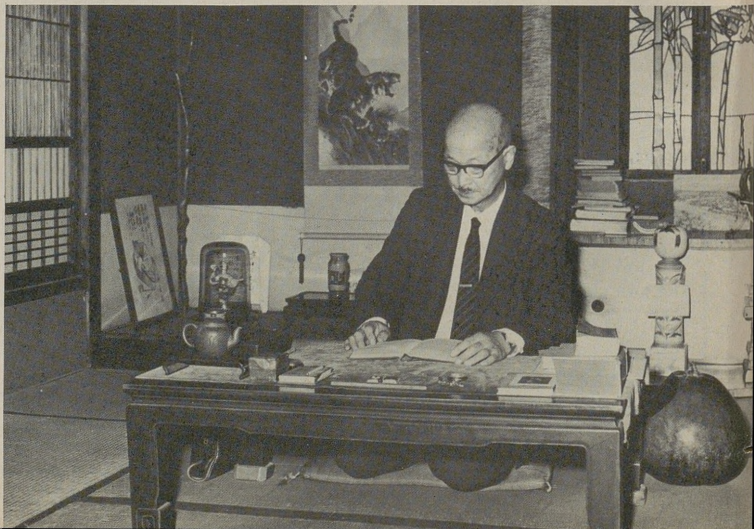
HE WAS the son of a samurai. In his 65 years as a Christian and 52 years as a pastor he exemplified in his life the best qualities of the Japanese spirit in the service of Christ.

He was thoroughly Christian and uniquely himself—a "samurai for Christ."

Kiyoki Yuya was born October 3, 1890; he died September 18, 1971. Early in life this samurai's son chose Jesus Christ as his *daimyo* ("lord") and dedicated to Christ those inherited qualities of discipline, loyalty, dignity, and strength which were the hallmarks of a good samurai.

E. Luther Copeland, who as a missionary leader in postwar Japan

The late Pastor Yuya at work in his study at Mejiro-ga-oka Baptist Church.



The author has been a missionary to Japan since 1950. He is stationed in Hiroshima.



Pastor and Mrs. Kiyoki Yuya pose in this 1967 photo in Tokyo.

officers among the occupation forces sought out Yuya after the war, as was described in *The Commission* in December 1949, "He was a living skeleton, walking painfully with the aid of two canes, having barely survived the war years with the persecution and the starvation that befell him and his family because of their steadfast refusal to go along with the militarists and the politically controlled and spiritually decadent 'united church.'"

Even before the Foreign Mission Board sent Edwin B. Dozier to Japan after World War II to scout the possibilities of Southern Baptists' reopening work in Japan, Yuya had written to the Board asking that missionaries be sent to serve in theological education and in medical and agricultural work.

When Miss Blanche White of Virginia wrote to Japan in 1932 asking if missionaries were still needed in that country, Yuya replied, "Missionaries with a healthy faith and a vivid, evangelistic spirit, who can understand the times and Japan itself with a deep sense of sympathy, are always needed."

He often said that missionaries direct from America were not so desirable, that they should come to Japan by way of heaven. He did not mean by this that the best mission-

ary is a dead one, but that a distinct call from heaven is the prerequisite for a good and successful missionary work.

Perhaps he was speaking from the experience that his daughter, Mrs. Furuta, recalls. When Yuya was a young pastor, he went through a period of doubt about his calling to be a pastor. He discussed the problem with the W. H. Clarkes, missionaries. They reminded him that this calling depends not on man's

strength, but on God's power. On his way home, young Pastor Yuya rededicated his life to God, and, in his daughter's words, "Never had another doubt as to his calling to be a pastor."

During the war Yuya learned to be a masseur so that he might minister to the tired bodies of his fellow countrymen, as well as to their spiritual needs. Thus the hands and arms that delighted in Japanese calligraphy and sketching developed a

Leaders, including Kiyoki Yuya (seated, second from left) pose in 1947 at the Seinan Baptist High School, Fukuoka. The late Edwin B. Dozier, missionary, is at Yuya's left.



physical strength that gave them a samurai-like quality of power and gentleness.

Copeland recalled one illustration: "When I was 38 or 40, in my prime physically and aware of my strength, I was persuaded by a mutual friend to arm wrestle Mr. Yuya. Only by the most strenuous effort was I able to win—and Mr. Yuya was in his 60s!"

After the war Pastor Yuya led his congregation to form a new church outside of the Kyodan (Union Church of Christ in Japan); members named it the Mejiro-ga-oka Christian Church. When asked their denomination, they answered without hesitation, "We are Baptists!"

Yuya was vice-chairman at the postwar reorganization of the Japan Baptist Convention in 1947. Related

Dozier, "The presence of the Spirit was much in evidence as Brother Yuya led in a fervent prayer of thanksgiving and dedication."

The years that followed saw Mr. Yuya leading out in many phases of the convention's work. He was convention president for several years, chairman of trustees of Seinan Gakuin (Baptist school complex) and the Japan Baptist Hospital, and pastor of Mejiro-ga-oka Baptist Church.

In the year Yuya died, Noboru Arase, president of the Japan convention, reminded the convention that it was during the years of Yuya's leadership that the convention saw its most remarkable growth. Yuya often stated that the only way the Japanese could preserve their autonomy was to achieve

self-support. Just before his death, the convention saw the wisdom of this faith and voted to become self-supporting within the next five years for its operating budget.

Immediately after World War II, when Japan Baptists asked Southern Baptists to help them with personnel and finances, it was Yuya who insisted on the right of Japanese Baptists to exercise autonomy in their relationship with Southern Baptists. Once again he combined a strong loyalty to his nation and firm principles of Christian growth.

Yuya's pastoral experience included several churches. He was pastor of Moji Church for three years before going to Louisville, Kentucky, to study at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Upon his return to Japan, he spent eight years in Fukuoka, then twelve years as pastor of the Kagomachi Church in Tokyo. The last 27 years of his life were spent as pastor of the Mejiro-ga-oka Church.

Pastor Yuya was much in demand as a preacher for evangelistic services in churches of the Japan convention. He used many down-to-earth illustrations in his preaching, such as reporting that his mother referred to herself as the "trash can." Yuya said every home and every church should have a "trash can"—a vessel to serve a lowly but important task in humility.

He used parables with a pointed application toward his listeners. The story of Zaccheus, for example, he used to apply to the Japanese, who, like Zaccheus, are short in stature, curious, and given to receiving rather than giving. He urged his congregation to follow Zaccheus' example and to let Jesus into their hearts and homes, so that they could become givers rather than getters and be transformed from a self-centered to a generous, other-centered people.

On the day of Yuya's funeral, Mejiro-ga-oka Church was filled beyond capacity, and a tent was set up in the churchyard for the use of church members. As Missionary Evelyn Owen played "Nearer My God to Thee" on the cello, those who had come to pay their last respects to this Christian warrior could envision the samurai victoriously approaching his Lord and hearing the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

TC

Pastor Yuya leads observance of Lord's Supper at Mejiro-ga-oka Church.



Unless You Mean It

By William L. (Bill) Wagner

AN ELDERLY minister one day gave me this advice: "Never pray for a revival unless you mean it." When I asked him to explain, he only added, "When God sends a revival, those involved must be ready to give themselves totally to the work of God."

I was never quite sure what he meant until recently. In Salzburg, Austria, we prayed for a revival, and God definitely sent one. I have suddenly realized that my time is not my own. What I am and what I hope to be belongs to the Lord. Blessings have come so fast and have been so many that it is impossible to think about them, much less to explain them.

This moving of God's Spirit has taken many forms, yet in every case I can see the unmistakable imprint of God in the lives of those involved. I am writing this at midnight; I have just returned from picking up a young man at the Austrian-German border. He had quit his job and come to Salzburg on faith to learn more about Jesus at the newly opened Bible school.

I went to transport the youth even though I was tired. I knew he had been hitchhiking a long time. When I saw him standing in the cold with all his earthly possessions, I had a feeling of compassion for him and a desire to say something to cheer him up.

But upon climbing into the car, his first three words were, "Praise the Lord." He began to laugh and to share how God had been with him during

the trip to his new home. I felt as if the Apostle Peter or Paul had just climbed in. No matter how tired I felt, I began to rejoice with him. In a short time I was laughing and praising God with him. Revival had come.

Revival means sleeping after a hard day's work and being awakened at two o'clock in the morning by a young man saying a girl was seeking help. After talking with her, I learned that she needed to confess sin in her life, and that I was the one God had chosen to speak with her. Half an hour later I had the joy of seeing her praising the Lord and beginning a new life with Jesus.

Revival means having the opportunity to speak with young people from India, Pakistan, Guatemala, the United States, Canada, Germany, Yugoslavia, and Austria. It is having a young architect from Pakistan come asking, "Please, Bill, tell me about Jesus."

It is the son of a Muslim preacher in Yugoslavia saying, "I know Jesus as my Saviour. Praise the Lord!" It is talking with a prostitute or seeing an LSD addict freed from "acid."

It is throwing my arms around a young soldier from Berchtesgaden after he had been baptized and knowing we are one in the Spirit, one in the Lord. It is when a missionary journeyman and I meet with tears in our eyes because both of us share what God has done, and the joy is so great we cannot express it any other way.

Revival means receiving a telephone call from a girl who was converted only two weeks earlier. She told me

that the girl who had led her to rebel against school and home had just given her life to Jesus, and that two other classmates were pondering such a decision.

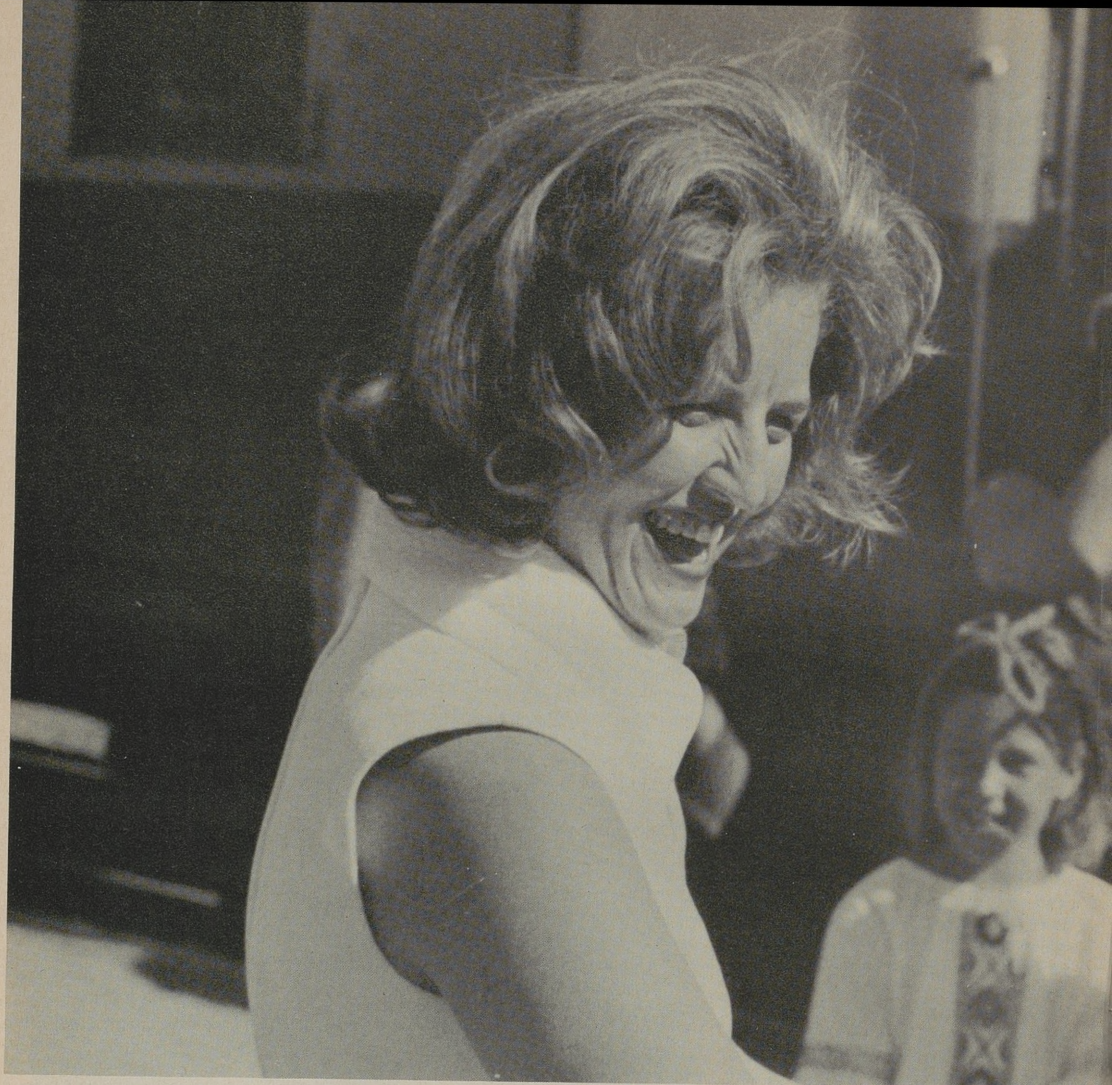
It means another call a day later—a voice practically shouting, "Four seconds, that was all; four seconds to a new life." Later I found out that the young man on the phone was a person who had been totally against God and Christian beliefs until he spoke to one of the men in the youth center. With much doubt, the young man who had called me had agreed to pray. Four seconds after he started praying, he was literally shaken by the Holy Spirit, and he was changed.

It means correspondence course, film work, the Bible school, youth center, and church work. It means hours of prayer. It means love for all who come—the beautiful and the outcast, the street cleaners and the university students. It means that every moment must be taken in discussions with those who need help. I must use all available time for the Lord. Even while driving, I pray for the next moments of work.

Revival brings with it an uncanny solution to problems that come in a mission. Problems seem to disappear, and the love of God takes over. God has brought us together to work.

Never pray for a revival unless you are ready to give of yourself. Your time will no longer be yours. You must die to self and let God completely take over. The world will take on new meaning.

The author has been a missionary to Austria since 1965. He is stationed in Salzburg.



Returning to Botswana after furlough, Mrs. Marvin R. (Beth) Reynolds, missionary, enjoys a warm welcome.

WELCOME HOME

BY EDWARD L. SMITH



aries to Botswana. The Reynolds family were making their first furlough trip home as missionaries, and the prospect of sharing in this homecoming had brought us to the airport early.

We found many family members already there, anxious to welcome their loved ones, who had been in Africa three and a half years. We introduced ourselves and were soon caught up in the building excitement. As we waited we talked about the changes we expected to see in the family after so long a time.

But we were excited for other reasons, too. We had just been appointed missionaries to Botswana, where the Reynolds serve, and we wanted to talk to them about the work there. We had known them since college days, and Marvin and I were fellow pastors in Arkansas before their appointment.

Now we felt a new relationship—one of concern for the people of Botswana and the mission work they had begun there. We would soon be going to missionary orientation, and then we would be in Botswana before Marvin and Beth ended their furlough. We would be on hand to welcome them in Africa later, just as we were doing in Arkansas.

We were also interested in this particular homecoming because we soon would be leaving our own families to go overseas; we wanted to see what it was like to return for the first furlough.

As the plane landed and unloading began, almost 50 pairs of eyes were fixed on the deplaning passengers; each person waiting hoped to get the first glimpse of the Reynolds family. It seemed unbearably long before someone yelled, "There they are! I see the boys! I see Marvin and Beth!"

Soon the tears were flowing in warm greetings, loved ones embracing and friends exchanging expressions of welcome.

I remember the dozen red roses given Beth by a family member as a token of welcome. We shared that evening of joy with a family that had been separated for 42 months.

Driving home, I told our children, "It will be difficult to leave our own families, but remember the homecoming you've been part of tonight, and think how wonderful it will be for us when we come home again!"

Ten months later we were to witness another homecoming for the Reynolds family, this time as they returned to Botswana to take up their work after their furlough ended (in June 1972).

Again we found ourselves in a crowd, this one waiting for the train bringing Marvin and Beth and the children back to Botswana to their many friends in Francistown. There was as much excitement as there had been ten months earlier in Little Rock.

Looking over the crowd waiting to greet the missionaries, I saw family and friends here, too. There was the family of fellow missionaries, who felt the joy all families feel when they are welcoming other members of the family home again. And we saw the anxious faces of the African friends as they looked down the tracks, each hoping to be the first to spot the train bringing the Reynolds home to Francistown.

I saw Beth leaning out the train window as it approached the station, and I heard the same words of excitement I had heard months before: "There they are! I see Beth!"

This was also a real homecoming, with everyone crowding toward the train to greet the family and welcome them home.

One missionary remarked to me that it was good to have all the missionary family back together again. I watched one of the missionary children presenting Beth with a bouquet of flowers I had seen her pick from her own yard a few minutes before. I thought about those flowers so simply presented, and I remembered the dozen roses Beth had received from her family in the States. Both presents were given to say "welcome home."

At that moment I realized that missionaries truly cannot lose with two such families.

TC

OF THE missionary it is often said that God gives him two families—his own family he leaves behind in the States, and the family on the mission field where he serves.

I was thinking only of the family at home as I drove with my own family to the airport in Little Rock, Arkansas, the night of August 9, 1971, to join the relatives of Marvin and Beth Reynolds, mission-

The author was appointed a missionary to Botswana in 1971. He is stationed at Francistown.



Bill Colston in Seoul, Korea.

Strategy for a Day



One of numerous apartment complexes in Seoul.



BY BILL G. COLSTON AND PAUL A. RHOADS

(Authors' note: The incidents related here are true without exception, and have been blended into one account to try to convey something of the feeling a missionary experiences when facing the events.)

MISSION WORK functions around a mission strategy, defined as an artful planning and management of mission work. However, the basic unit of all mission strategy, as is true of all mission work, is the individual missionary. His strategy, when broken down to smaller units, becomes amazingly complex and sometimes very difficult to pin down.

Put yourself in a missionary's shoes for a day.

Your day begins at 7:00. You have a possibility of 45 minutes with your children. You owe them more, but now all you have is 45 minutes. You give them that much and search later for more.

The children must have a place in this matter of strategy. They do not feel your call; they face a strange land; they encounter real problems, which somehow must fit into the whole picture.

"I'll see you later tonight, Dad. I've got to go to school early for a pep club meeting." They, too, must be part of your strategy.

At the office—where do you begin? You're trying to start an apartment-house ministry, and there are miles and miles of apartment houses in this city alone. Where do you start? What property do you pick? How much of a project do you start with—do you just establish an office? If so, where?

"We just got word on that apartment you were thinking of renting," comes the message. "You may as well forget it—it's been subleased at least four times, and we're not sure who the original

owner was. Seems like you'll have to start looking again."

Start over again! What about your strategy? What is your plan, your goal? You will find another apartment in another building, or maybe in the same one, and again check records and try to find the original owners. And you will always pray—pray for God's will, pray that it will not be your strategy, but God's. Maybe the news today is God's way of saying "wait."

It's noon, but today you won't get to eat. A pastor from a small church outside the city wants to see you, and this is the only time. He leads a small, growing church, but there are problems, and he has turned to you.

You ask yourself, "Is this my area of work? Shouldn't someone else be doing this?" No, it's your work—right here, right now. And you listen, for helping churches grow is also part of your strategy.

It's 2:00 P.M., and an American soldier you met last week stops by "just to talk." It's a strange land to him; he's been assigned here, maybe against his will. He's lonesome, true, yet you came to work with Koreans, not Americans, and he does have a chaplain at his base with whom to talk. But maybe it's a friend he needs.

"I just dropped by to say 'hi.' It's always so good to talk to you," he begins. So you invite him to dinner next week and tell him to drop in anytime, and you know somewhere in your strategy you must plan for reaching out to him.

Four o'clock. With the pastor of the church you attend you visit a man who came to church for the first time last Sunday, for the pastor wants you to go along. "Come with me and talk to him," he says. "It will help."

How does your personal strategy deal with this situation? Later you can try to ferret it out; for now, you must go.

It's 5:00 P.M. Time for one more

visit, this one to the mother of a girl who attends the church where your teacher-helper goes. The mother has a lung disease, and she isn't a Christian; perhaps you could reach her with a visit.

At the house the daughter meets you at the door. "I'm so sorry you couldn't come earlier," she says. "My mother died this morning."

But you were so busy your teacher-helper didn't want to bother you, and so he didn't tell you about the situation until this afternoon. This must be a part of strategy, too, else why are you here?

The day ends. You head for home, hoping to have time for your children, your wife, and maybe even for some of the children of other missionaries, for you're their "uncle."

"You're late, dear," your wife announces. "The kids were hoping to see you before they left for a meeting they had to attend. There is a party or something afterward, so they probably won't be in until late. They wanted to see you, since you are leaving town tomorrow."

Tomorrow you must go to a missionary strategy meeting in another city. There you and others like you—others who feel the same mission problems, who face the same dilemmas—will try to piece together this matter called strategy. You will talk about the strategy of the mission as a whole and about its various components, and you will try to sort them out and unify them into one goal that you may strive for as a Christian, a Christian bound in the service of an infinite, personal God who said, "Go and love."

What you really want is a personal strategy that reflects God's divine strategy and will, for this gives unity to the whole and keeps mission work from being fragmented actions that do not relate but merely take up time.

Colston was appointed a missionary to Korea in 1967. He is currently on furlough in the U.S. Rhoads served in Korea as a missionary journeyman 1970-72.

FOR GI WIVES

BY
MAXINE
STEWART

IT STILL amazes me—the number of unusual opportunities for helping people that come along unexpectedly. The Thai wives' class is such a challenge.

The class is made up of Thai women married to U.S. servicemen, so class members have an unusually strong motive for learning English or improving the bits of English they already know. Some do quite well in English; some are extremely limited; some have what might be called a "GI vocabulary."

These women need help in many ways. They need to learn about American ways of living, so totally different from the Thai culture and life-style. Whatever they can learn while still in Thailand will help them be much better prepared when they arrive in America.

Something of the purpose of the class was explained by David Goetz in an article printed in some of the service publications:

"The 'Thai Wives Culture Course,' as it is known, was begun several months ago by Col. John Blackwell . . . and his wife, Jean. As the time they could devote to the course was somewhat limited, Chaplain (Lt. Col) Conrad N. Walker was given the task of continuing the course and expanding the scope of its content.

"The purpose of this course," said Walker, "is to counteract the exceedingly high divorce rate of Thai-American marriages. The anticipated

culture shock is eased through the mutual sharing of problems that arise during class discussions."

The Thai Wives Course is open to any Thai wife or fiancée of any American on official assignment with the U.S. Government. There is no limit to the number of persons who may enroll, and the only cost to the individuals is for textbooks.

The scope of the course is designed to cover basic as well as advanced speaking, reading, and writing English. The cultural and social aspects of living in the United States will also be explored. "Within this area," Walker said, "we try to surface some potential stress areas and deal with them as a group."

The area of food preparation proves very attractive and helpful to many of the Thai wives. The teachers mimeograph a bilingual menu in Thai and English, which they give to the students for their own reference collection. Then they prepare the meals so they will have first-hand knowledge of how it's done. . . .

The women who attend the Thai Wives Course come from all educational strata. "Some of the women are highly trained," Chaplain Walker said. "Some of them have had a little training, and occasionally a woman may attend who cannot read Thai. We try to give as much individual direction as possible to each person, let them know that we care about them as individuals and that we want to work with them."

In addition to the English and American culture classes, I sought

other ways to help. The Thai Baptist church I attend offered a situation made to order. The Thai pastor decided that because several foreigners attend (servicemen friends of ours and an American nurse helping train Thais in public health), services should be translated into English. He asked my husband (Bob) to do the translating.

This provided an ideal opportunity to try to channel these wives and their American husbands into this church, since it offers a worship service in a language each can understand. Several of those connected with the culture class have attended the services, some of them regularly, before going to the States.

I have visited in a number of the homes of the brides, and this itself is a bit strange, for in the Thai school system there is a definite line drawn that bars teachers from associating with students, especially on a visiting basis.

THE HUSBANDS have seemed most appreciative of the efforts made to help. As some of them have visited at the chapel or as I have been in their homes or they in mine, I have found opportunities to make suggestions of ways they can help their wives study English and also help them in church attendance. Many times I have found that the wife has the greater interest in attending church.



Mrs. Stewart entertains some of the GI wives at a tea at her home.

One wife said she had told her husband, even before she met me, that she wanted to attend his church and to know about his God. Then she added, puzzled, "Ma'am, he say he no got no God."

"I no understand," she went on. "He American; you American. How come he got no God?"

I had to explain that everyone living in America is not a Christian. She seemed to find this difficult to believe.

I explained that Christianity is an individual decision, that one isn't born a Christian in the way Thai people believe they are born as Buddhists. Her face made plain that this was new to her. She had begun to think deeply.

When I asked if she could remember ever deciding to be a Buddhist, she said she had grown up being Buddhist and had no decision to make. Again I patiently tried to explain the difference.

Several of the women are married to officers, and the rather high caliber of many of the husbands is striking.

THE CHAPLAIN counsels with most of the couples before they are married. Chaplain Walker's dealings with these couples has impressed me. He doesn't

promote such marriages, but, as he remarked to me one day, the couples will marry whether the chaplain approves or not; since they will marry and establish homes, he added, we need to try to help them have Christian homes.

Class members hold Chaplain Walker in high regard and seem sincerely to appreciate his actions to make the class possible.

As a result of the class I became a part-time Red Cross volunteer worker at the American Army hospital in Bangkok. I took this step primarily to try to channel some of the many free hours of some of the wives into useful and worthwhile activity. Four class members entered training for volunteer service early in 1972. Several others volunteered, but the class was filled, and they were to train in a later session. I attended partly to translate for them, but mainly to encourage them.

I have also tried to establish and maintain a correspondence with these families after they go to the States. If they know their mailing address before they leave, I encourage them to leave self-addressed envelopes with their family and even their friends, in order that they might receive mail soon after arrival at their new home.

As one part of the class, a representative of a cosmetics company demonstrated proper use of

makeup. Generally speaking, class members are well groomed, but for the benefit of some who needed help, this seemed time well spent. Ten o'clock in the morning, however, hardly seemed the appropriate time for applying eye shadow and glitter.

After a first-aid class was taught, 15 students met all the requirements and received first-aid cards. Several in the class soon found opportunities to use the new training. One class member, Mrs. Amporn Beamer, was credited with saving the life of a girl who attempted to take her own life with an overdose of pills.

Each term a lawyer talks to the class on different matters, mostly legal. On some of these occasions, I have translated.

One of my concerns was that several servicemen in surrounding areas were bringing their wives to Bangkok to attend the class. But since it met only two mornings a week, this was inconvenient and seemed to call for other classes in outlying areas.

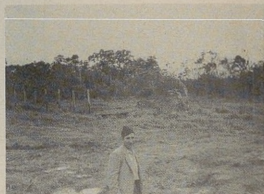
A group of American wives stationed at Lopburi became interested in the program and asked my assistance in starting a similar one. An active class was opened at Lopburi, meeting some of the needs of Thai wives stationed there.

The whole program is helping to keep new families together. **TC**

The author, Mrs. Robert R. Stewart, and her husband have served as missionaries to Thailand since 1958.

NEW PIONEERS

By Irvin L. Northcutt



Juan Maguina and pioneer land.



Hotel in Pucallpa, Peru.



ARRIVING by plane in the jungle town of Pucallpa, Peru, David (my son) and I prepared to carry out my assignment: to bring recommendations to the Baptist Mission concerning property given it by the R. G. LeTourneau Foundation.

The foundation had built a road through 30 miles of jungle in exchange for thousands of acres. But in October 1970 the government annulled the title to the land, including the portions the foundation

had given away or sold. Now to keep the property, a person must live on the land and work it, then petition the Land Reform Office for a title.

At Pucallpa during this first visit the weather was clear, but hot and humid. Dust covered everything. All the people, who are pleasant, friendly folk, seemed to wear the same color of clothes—dust-colored.

Fish, abundant in the kilometer-wide Ucayali River, are brought in by dugout boats fashioned from tree trunks and by launches. On the low bars at the river's edge sit some houses constructed of balsa logs, with three layers of the same type of wood for foundations. When the river rises, these houses float, anchored to telephone-size pilings

that hold the houses in place while the water level rises and falls.

Beef is available in Pucallpa every day, unlike Lima, where sale of beef is prohibited 15 days a month. Fruit is plentiful. Juices are sold in little stands and in restaurants. Grapefruits, oranges, lemons, papayas, coconuts, pineapples, and other types of fruit cost little.

Due to the intense heat, much liquid intake is required for the body. As David and I rode on two rented Hondas out to a village, I balanced a watermelon on my lap, and at the edge of the river we broke it open, ate what we wanted, and gave the rest to some Chama Indian boys.

At the base for the Wycliffe Mission, the Summer Institute of Linguistics, at Pucallpa, the airport runway ends at the edge of a lake, and the concrete continues down to the water for use with float planes. The institute has a self-contained, small town and sends workers out for six

The author was appointed a missionary to Peru in 1959. He is stationed in Lima.

ries, sticks, and nuts; we paid the equivalent of about 80 cents for two strands.

The Peruvian Coast Guard patrols the river, where barges and small ships carry cargo to docks along the river. Although the Pacific is only some 200 miles away, the cargo comes up the Amazon River from the Atlantic, a distance upriver of more than 2,000 miles.

David and I rented the Hondas to reach the location of the mission property. Those 70 miles on the jungle road the first day and the 40 miles the second separated the man from the boy. The boy fared better! But our ride and investigation set the stage for our next visit—a much different one.



Alpa port on Ucayali River.



Balsa house floats with river.

months at a time among the tribes to put spoken languages into writing and teach the people about Jesus. The base is a jungle paradise, with year-round swimming, water-skiing, fruits, and Hondas.

In town we stopped at a small stand to examine Indian handwork. The owner was playing with a baby tiger, playful as a kitten. At a house further down the road were a number of monkeys, for sale at about \$40 each to tourists. A *garza* (heron) was tied by one foot, and visitors had to be careful not to get too close, for with one hard peck of its long, needle-sharp bill, it could penetrate the skin.

By the river we watched a man shaping a tree trunk with a sharp tool to form a boat. Next to him several children swam among lily pads in waters said to hide boa constrictors, water snakes, and alligators, but we saw none. A small Chama Indian woman approached, offering beads made from dyed ber-

TWO eyes are insufficient to retain the beauty I saw on the second flight to Pucallpa. The jet rose from the Lima airport, immersed itself in dense clouds, then climbed to the surface of the thick, foamy layer and zoomed to gain the necessary altitude to cross the ice fields of the Cordillera Blanca of the Andes.

Where the mountains protruded to the altitude of the clouds, the edge of the cloud layer formed around a high valley basin. Farms were clearly lined off. Villages appeared to have sprung up with no visible entrance or exit except some footpaths winding up the sides of the mountains.

In the high mountains ice fields of thick glaciers nestled, whipped-cream tops composed of innumerable tons of frozen rain. Those tops sometimes break off and bury villages at the base in slush and mud; such was the fate of Yungay two years ago.

Further on, the mountains decreased in height and vegetation began to appear, with crystal streams coursing through the canyons. Villages and farms follow those streams to the green jungle. Rains mix mud in the waters to turn them red; below us rain was falling. On the approach to Pucallpa the jungle vegetation seemed fresh and glistening with the new moisture.

But the rain had turned the streets into sheets of mud, with unavoidable pools of red water that stained clothes and shoes. The choking dust had turned to sticky goo. No

Hondas would suffice this time, so David and I rented a small Toyota automobile. In the persistent rain the windshield wipers did not work; neither did the horn. Whenever visibility became too difficult I took one wiper blade off and cleaned the windshield by reaching out the window as I drove. The dirt roads were so slick that even birds did not land on them; only humans try to negotiate such roads.

Our passengers on the drive were Mr. and Mrs. Juan Maguina, accompanying us to see if they would become a colonizing family to preserve the Baptist Mission's claim to the property given by the LeTourneau Foundation. If the family would colonize the land, Baptists might have the right to put a church on one corner of the property.

Mrs. Maguina seemed of pioneer stock. She was not afraid as the rains blinded us, nor as we slid sideways along part of the muddy road.

Rains had slackened by the time we reached the property. We slogged through gummy mud that multiplied the weight of our shoes; my trousers collected spots and streaks to the knees; I was glad they were washable.

The Maguinas had come to talk about local conditions with others living in the area. We filled the trunk of the little car with pineapples, growing wild in the virgin jungle, so the Maguinas could show their children in Lima what they would find in the new location. Maguina pulled down a large stalk of wild bananas to hide in the brush until the next Tuesday, when he would return to stay and construct a house.

I take my hat off to these pioneers. Maguina is receiving about 80 acres of jungle that is just as God made it, with whatever changes weather and beasts have brought. Maguina will dig a well, cut trees for a house, and ready the six acres we have cleared for planting. It is his—and the Lord's. Maguina seems happy just for a chance.

His willing spirit stands in contrast with so many who still will not try to make their own way, even when offered the opportunity. Much more, Juan and his wife are the finest in manhood and womanhood. But then, Christians are the finest people in the world. **TC**

THE Casa Batista da Amizade ("Baptist Friendship House") has passed its 16th anniversary. When the 15th birthday was observed in October 1971, a week of festive activities marked the occasion. There were special programs for churches, an open house, and a worship service at the center during which ex-students and former teachers were recognized.

The activities program has changed little basically during the years, because the community needs remain almost the same. The major change has come within the last eight years in that a gradually diminishing number of literacy classes have been offered. Today there are none of these classes for adults, because the local church offers such classes at night. More public schools have been built, and these offer night classes, enabling everyone to study in public school.

The goals of this community center are to evangelize and to help the people help themselves in solving their problems of daily living. Through the casa we aim to meet the needs of the whole man as best we can. We realize we can't change the world, but we can focus on our neighborhood.



Our program includes head-start classes for five-year-olds; Bible clubs for children and youth, ages six to eighteen; sewing, cooking, piano, typing, and English classes for teen-agers; sewing, child-care, first-aid, artificial-flower-making, and decopage classes for the ladies.

An evangelistic service on Thursday night is for the whole family. Our nurse promotes health campaigns and is available to give shots and distribute free medicine samples as prescribed by doctors. We have four extension points for children's clubs in our area.

There is always something happening at the casa. Yesterday a cute 12-year-old boy named Jorge, one I did not remember seeing before, came rushing in and asked about his club group. Since he was an hour late, I told him he could not enter.

Plopping down, he sighed, "Some guys only think of football and then school. I put school first and went to my class, and now I'm late for club."

I discovered that he lives nearby and that his school schedule would probably keep him from club participation.

"Is the pastor gonna tell more about Jesus today?" he asked. "I really liked that last week."

Of course, I let him have special permission to enter.

Marilois Kirksey

Rio de Janeiro, CB, Brazil

175

EPISTLES

THE GIRL tipped her head and turned on one toe as she chewed at the corner of the Sunday School paper and said, "I'm going to be what you are when I grow up." Then she quickly ran down the aisle to partly hide behind her mother. I told her she would have to study hard if she wanted to be a missionary.

Her younger sister bravely stepped up then and shook my hand. She already belonged to Mission Friends.

"How much more can be guaranteed to be given to the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering because you went to that World Missions Conference?" a group of adults asked when I returned from North Carolina during furlough in the U.S.



"I cannot be sure it will increase at all," I reported, "because the entire association is rural. But we'll have some more missionaries, preachers, and Christian homes because of God's moving among the people."

"I'm coming over to help you," one ten-year-old girl said.

"I'll be waiting for you, so don't forget," I answered.

"I'm in nurse's training now," said one young woman. "I love it and feel I'm right where God wants me to be. I'm praying about mission work, but I'm not sure yet."

"I'm praying with you," I answered. "He'll let you know when it's time. Be sharing his love with everyone each day now, and it will be good."

"I thought I wanted to be a missionary once," said another woman, "but I decided to get married. I've raised my children, and they're gone now. But you make me feel like I'm not doing a thing. I'm going to start telling others about Jesus here."

Such contacts are part of the reason I come to the U.S. on furlough. May every contact be used to God's glory.

Helen Masters, Okuta, Nigeria

THE LARGEST of the 11 districts of the state of Piauí in Brazil is Canindé, the Portuguese word for a blue and yellow macaw. Covering more than one-fifth of the state, Canindé has nearly 200,000 residents, although it is by far the driest, poorest section in the state. Because of the dry weather, farm animals in much of the area are almost non-existent.

In São Raimundo Nonato, the central and largest county of Canindé, almost everyone with whom I talked was most concerned about drinking water for the city—or for themselves. The only apparent solution to the problem seems to be to pipe water from a river 60 miles away.

Accompanying me on a recent visit to the district was Manoel Ferreira dos Santos, a Brazilian Baptist pastor who graduated last year from the Baptist Bible institute in Bahia state; his wife, Jardelina, was soon to complete study there. Pastor Manoel and I could not find even one Baptist in all Canindé, a district reaching as far as 220 miles east to west and 125 miles north to south. This dedicated pastor and his wife have agreed to serve in the district. They will live near the center and visit at least four cities with a total population of more than 125,000.



The state Baptist board will support Pastor Manoel but has no funds with which to buy a vehicle—buses are almost non-existent in the district—or with which to build small chapels of adobe or other inexpensive material. The sponsoring church in Teresina, although some 400 miles from Canindé, and already with two preaching points and two missions in four other counties, will help "pipe" the water of life to Canindé.

T. Leighton Lewis, Teresina, Piauí, Brazil

SOME months ago while I was in Bandung, I heard the Christian testimony of a former Muslim teacher. At that time he was invited to come to Solo when possible, and several months later Preacher and Mrs. Roesli were able to share their witness in the Solo area.



The local Christians were kaget ("astonished") to hear the unusual story of Preacher Roesli's life. Years ago a business acquaintance read the Bible to him every time Roesli visited the man's home.

One day during prayer at the table, the host prayed, "Lord, get hold of Mr. Roesli and never let him go." Roesli could not believe his ears at that moment, but the Lord answered the prayer.

A former Islamic teacher has become an effective Christian evangelist.

Kenneth B. Milam
Surakarta, Indonesia

OUR approach to the work here has been mainly to go out to the various churches for two days of teaching. We held our first "teach-out" at Bunda, near the center of our area and where we make our weekend home. (We stay in a camper parked near the church.)

We arrived at Bunda on Friday night so we could begin teaching early on Saturday. The first session began at 11:00 o'clock and by the time Don had



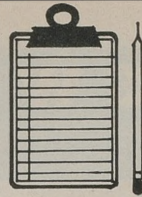
finished his devotional period, there were 20 people present.

Next I taught about the importance of having Sunday School for children and young people and showed some visual aids. One of these was a picture puzzle of a giraffe. (The puzzle belongs to our daughter Debbie.) The adults were excited about the puzzle and wanted to play with it the rest of the day.

During the afternoon teaching session, I could not help but notice one elderly, toothless man trying to put the puzzle together. It was really very hard for him, for he had never seen anything like it. Finally, after more than an hour, he looked up in triumph, his eyes sparkling and a grin spreading from ear to ear—such happiness over such a small thing!

But his was only a temporary joy. We pray that through teaching God's Word and trying to show his love, witnesses may help this man find a permanent joy and happiness in Christ.

Mary Alice (Mrs. Donald R.) Dolfika
missionary to Tanzania



THE BIBLE Institute held in Governador Valadares was a good one again in 1972. It was encouraging to see students returning for another year of study; it was especially rewarding to see a number of new faces among the students. The aim in the institute program is to help those individuals who have not had opportunity to secure adequate training in higher levels of education.

Students include young men who are thinking about the ministry and preparing for it. They also include laymen who direct the work of local churches as "evangelists," as they are called here. An "evangelist" is a lay preacher who is not ordained but who usually does all the work of a pastor with the exception of administering the ordinances, by local custom administered only by ordained pastors.

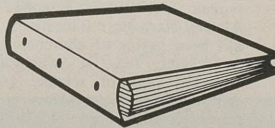


I'd like to describe a few of those who came to the recent institute.

Pastor Abraham, from the neighboring state of Espirito Santo but just across the border, has been attending the classes for four years. He now has some home study to do before taking his final exams. He is about 46 years old. He was ordained to the ministry without any formal theological training, but while serving in small, country churches he came to realize his need for further training.

Pastor Sinesio came again from his little church deep in the interior of the state. He is typical of several of the younger pastors studying at the institute. As a young man he was active in the Roman Catholic Church, but then felt a call to accept Christ. Soon after his conversion, he sensed a call to preach the gospel, and began serving rural churches. He married and began to raise a family, and although very capable, he was unable to continue his secular education and thus secure the groundwork for seminary study.

Having sensed the need for some sort of theological training, when he heard about the institute in Governador Valadares, he made the necessary sacrifices



to come to study. He has shown a real desire to learn and to evangelize. His goal is to become a missionary in some pioneer area to open new work and establish churches in towns where there are none.

Brother Etelvino, who had begun study two years earlier but had to drop out, was welcomed back to the recent session. He is in his 50s, but is not ordained and is an "evangelist" in one of the churches. He is representative of a number of dedicated, consecrated laymen who want to serve in a greater capacity. Some will become pastors, but others will continue as lay preachers.

There are a few students like Brother Gerson, a younger man who has felt a call to the ministry but has not yet been ordained because he lacks in experience and preparation. His experience is being broadened as he serves as an evangelist. He is completing his high school work and soon will be ready to attend a seminary, but in the meantime he did not want to stop his theological study, so decided to attend the institute. He feels the study will help provide him a good base for further study in a seminary.

There are other types of students, such as Brother Joseph Joaquim, who has not sensed a definite call to any Christian ministry but who feels the need for some sort of training. Several women are also studying in the institute, some full-time like Auta, a young schoolteacher who took a month off from work to take the course, and Maria, a housewife who wants to serve more efficiently in her local church.

It is amazing to see how the students develop in a four-year period. The first year they usually have little idea about how to study or take notes. Our main aim is to help them learn to study and have the desire to study, so they can continue on their own once they have an introduction to various areas of theological education. If we can do this, we feel the institute is accomplishing its purpose.

W. L. C. (Bill) Richardson, Belo Horizonte, Minas Gerais, Brazil

NEW

MISSIONARY PERSONNEL

Missionaries Appointed

December 1972



CHILE: **Lloyd H. Atkinson;** born: Coral Gables, Fla., Aug. 21, 1941. Graduate: Carson-Newman College; Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary (M.Div. and further study); Institute of Religion, Houston, Tex. (certif., clinical pastoral education). He was a Southwestern Seminary summer missionary to the Bahamas in 1966. He has worked as a salesman and was chaplain intern at a Houston hospital 1969-70. He has been pastor of churches in Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia, including Sunset Hills Church, Alexandria, Va., 1970-72. Expected type of service: general evangelism. **Sue Jones Atkinson;** born: Cleburne, Tex., April 9, 1943. Graduate: North Texas State University. She has taught school in Colorado, Texas, and Virginia. Marriage: May 18, 1968. Child: John Lloyd, May 17, 1971.



EAST AFRICA: **Roy W. Brent, Jr.;** born: Campbellsville, Ky., Aug. 29, 1942. Graduate: Western Kentucky State College (now Univ.); University of Kentucky (M.A.); attended Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He was a staffer at Glorieta (N.M.) Baptist Assembly (now Conference Center) the summers of 1965-68. In Los Alamos, N.M., he taught high school 1966-72 and was a museum guide at a scientific laboratory 1968-72 (part-time). Expected type of service: education. **Diane (Dena) Hutto Brent;** born: Dorchester Terrace, S.C., Nov. 13, 1947. Graduate: San Diego State College. She was a staffer at Glorieta Assembly the summer of 1968. She served as a missionary journeyman in Kenya 1969-71. She has worked as a research assistant and substitute teacher. Marriage: Aug. 20, 1971.

SENEGAL: **Everett R. Burnette;** born: Valley Falls, S.C., Sept. 16, 1939. Graduate: Wofford College; Southern Seminary (M.R.E.); University of North Carolina (M.S.W.). He served in the U.S. Navy 1961-66, including service in the Far East. He was assistant pastor in Arkansas for a



summer, was activity director for an orphanage in North Carolina, and served as psychiatric aide at a Louisville, Ky., hospital. He was psychiatric social worker for a mental health center, Rock Hill, S.C., 1970-72. Expected type of service: social work. **Dorothy McKeown Burnette;** born: Chester, S.C., April 3, 1947. Graduate: Medical College of South Carolina School of Nursing (B.S. in nursing). She has worked as a psychiatric nurse, was a staff nurse at hospitals in Rock Hill and Lancaster, S.C., and in 1972 was head nurse in obstetrics at a hospital in Chester, S.C. Marriage: Sept. 11, 1971.



INDONESIA: **Jimmie (Jim) L. Harvey;** born: Wichita Falls, Tex., Dec. 3, 1939. Graduate: Howard Payne College; Southwestern Seminary (M.Div., M.R.E.). For two years he was director of the speakers' bureau and public relations for Texas Alcohol-Narcotics Education, Dallas. He has been pastor of churches in Lawn and Sweetwater, Tex., in Sweetwater 1969-72. Expected type of service: general evangelism. **Elaine Kelsey Harvey;** born: Independence, Mo., Sept. 11, 1938. Graduate: Howard Payne College; Southwestern Seminary (M.R.E.). She has worked as a typist and has taught school. Marriage: May 9, 1959. Children: Gregory Wayne, Oct. 14, 1960; Jeffrey Nelson, Mar. 18, 1963; Jason Fielder, Sept. 17, 1965; Jennifer Gaye, April 30, 1969.



LAOS: **Douglas G. Ringer;** born: Oklahoma City, Okla., April 5, 1945. Graduate: Oklahoma State University; New Orleans Baptist Theological Seminary (Th.M.). He has worked as a carpenter and was music and youth director for churches in Louisiana. He served as pastor of First Church, Mulhall, Okla., 1971-72 (part-time). Expected type of service: general evangelism. **Brenda Barnes Ringer;** born: Wynnewood, Okla., May 14, 1948. Graduate: Oklahoma State University. She was a counselor at Falls Creek Baptist Assembly in Oklahoma the summer of 1966. Marriage: Sept. 5, 1970.

Missionary Associates

Employed December 1972



ISRAEL: **G. Wayne Buck;** born: Williamsport, Pa., June 1, 1928. Graduate: Georgetown College; Southern Seminary (M.R.E.). He was a summer missionary in Nova Scotia in 1946, sponsored by Canadian Baptists. He has served as minister of music or minister of music and education since 1949 for churches in Kentucky, Virginia, Louisiana, Alabama, and Georgia. Since 1962 he has been minister of education at First Church, Rome, Ga. Since 1965 he also has been a counselor at an alcoholic rehabilitation clinic in Rome. In 1969 he and Mrs. Buck were summer missionaries in Massachusetts, sponsored by the Rome church and the Home Mission Board. Expected type of service: bookstore manager and host. **Jeannine Strange Buck;** born: Nicholasville, Ky., Feb. 6, 1932. Graduate: Georgia State University. She has been a secretary, a family and children's service caseworker, and has taught school. Marriage: Aug. 1, 1950. Children: Mary Elizabeth, Dec. 22, 1964; Thomas Clay, Aug. 20, 1970.

Until April 13 these new missionary personnel may be addressed at Missionary Orientation Center, Box 535, Pine Mountain, Ga. 31822.

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3. Mail to: Editor, **The Commission**, Box 6597, Richmond, Va. 23230.

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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

BARR, Larry (journ., *Colombia*), 2630 Rodman St., Hollywood, Fla. 33020.
BRAY, Rev. & Mrs. Albert L. (*Colombia*), Box 645, King City, Calif. 93920.
CARROLL, Dr. & Mrs. Daniel M., Jr. (*Jamaica*), AltaLoma Apt. F-100, AltaLoma Rd., Madison, Tenn. 37115.
CUNNINGHAM, Dr. & Mrs. Milton E. Jr. (radio-TV rep., *Colombia*), c/o University Bop. Church, 2720 Wabash, Ft. Worth, Tex. 76109.
FLEET, Rev. & Mrs. Ray T. (*N. Brazil*), 4622 Frasier Ave., Ft. Worth, Tex. 76115.
FRYER, Rev. & Mrs. Ross B., Jr. (*Indonesia*), 4236 Yource Dr., Shreveport, La. 71105.
HART, Lois (*Chile*), Box 4255, El Paso, Tex. 79914.
LANGLEY, Mr. & Mrs. Earl E. (assoc., *Taiwan*), c/o Mrs. M. Garrett, 5204 42nd St., Lubbock, Tex. 79414.
LINEBERGER, Rev. & Mrs. Marion T., Sr. (*Argentina*), 106 Prescott St., Greenville, S.C. 29607.
LYON, Dr. & Mrs. Roy L. (*Venezuela*), 2512 Summer Ave., Waco, Tex. 76708.
MORRISON, Martha (*Malaysia*), c/o Elizabeth Woodruff, 309 N. Park Cir., Kansas City, Mo. 64116.
MOSLEY, Mr. & Mrs. Ben D. (assoc., *Liberia*), 60368, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73106.
POOR, Mr. & Mrs. J. Wallace (*Uruguay*), c/o Mrs. Maude Magee, Bloomfield, Mo. 63825.
REED, Rev. & Mrs. Don W. (*Peru*), 1005 E. Brooks St., Apt. D. Norman, Okla. 73069.
ROOSKOPF, Dr. & Mrs. Bruce A. (*Argentina*), 8909 Old Frederick Rd., Ellicott City, Md. 21043.
SHORT, Jaxie (*Hong Kong*), 303 W. Georgia St., Shawnee, Okla. 74801.
SMITH, Rev. & Mrs. Jerry P. (*N. Brazil*), 2613 45th St., Lubbock, Tex. 79413.
TRIBLE, Rev. & Mrs. C. Lamar (*Chile*), Rt. 2, Box 234, Wadesboro, N.C. 28170.
WEHAT, Ruby L. (*Korea*), 2210 Taylor, Wichita Falls, Tex. 76309.
WHITTEN, Rev. & Mrs. Charles W. (*Spain*), 3331 Old Canton Rd., Jackson, Miss. 39216.

Departures to the Field

BRIZENDINE, Rev. & Mrs. J. Wesley, *Guam*.
BROWN, Dr. & Mrs. Delos D. (assoc.), *Zambia*.
BURNES, Rev. & Mrs. Norman N. III, *Israel*.
CAPPS, Mr. & Mrs. Royce L., *Malaysia*.
COAD, Rev. & Mrs. Norman L. (appointed for *Upper Volta*), *France*.
COHEN, Martha (Mrs. Charlton Lee) (assoc.), *Taiwan*.
CROCKETT, Rev. & Mrs. Robert W. (appointed for *Argentina*), *Costa Rica*.
CURP, Rev. & Mrs. W. D., *Ethiopia*.
GARY, Rev. & Mrs. Alvin L. (appointed for *Leeward Islands*), *France*.
HARMS, Dr. & Mrs. W. David, *Honduras*.
HARRIS, Rev. & Mrs. Robert L., *Bermuda*.
HIGHFILL, Virginia, *Japan*.
HOLLAWAY, Rev. & Mrs. Ralph W., *Japan*.
JONES, Rev. & Mrs. J. Randall (appointed for *Paraguay*), *Costa Rica*.
KEY, Mr. & Mrs. Mike H. (appointed for *Togo*), *France*.
KIDPATRICK, Rev. & Mrs. Thomas D., *Bangladesh*.
LINDHOLM, Mr. & Mrs. Raymond V., *Ethiopia*.
LONG, Rev. & Mrs. Charles P., *Belgium*.
LONG, Rev. & Mrs. J. Shannon (appointed for *Chile*), *Costa Rica*.
MCNIXLEY, Dr. & Mrs. Hugh T., *Rhodesia*.
MCWHORTER, Ava Nell, *Gaza*.
MEREDITH, Helen, *Colombia*.
MOVE, Rev. & Mrs. Jerry Elmer L., *Hong Kong*.
PARK, Mr. & Mrs. James A., *Liberia*.
PARKER, Rev. & Mrs. F. Calvin, *Japan*.
RAY, Cheryl L., *Zambia*.
REYNOLDS, Rev. & Mrs. W. Raymond (assoc.), *Belgium*.
SCHWEINBERG, Dr. & Mrs. H. M., *Spain*.
SIBLEY, Rev. & Mrs. Ernest, *Malawi*.
SIEBENMANN, Rev. & Mrs. Paul C. (appointed for *Dominican Rep.*), *Costa Rica*.
SIMONEAUX, Mr. & Mrs. Michel S., *Japan*.
SMOTHERS, Rev. & Mrs. Charles E. (appointed for *Paraguay*), *Costa Rica*.
TELLINGHAST, Dr. & Mrs. Jon (appointed for *Yemen*), *Lebanon*.
WADDILL, Rev. & Mrs. Thomas A., *Zambia*.
WALKER, Mr. & Mrs. William L., *Japan*.
YARBROUGH, Rev. & Mrs. Teddy E. (appointed for *Guatemala*), *Costa Rica*.

Transfers

CALLAWAY, Rev. & Mrs. Merrell P. (assoc.), *Yemen to Morocco*, Jan. 1.
TOPE, Rev. & Mrs. Charles, *Uganda to Kenya*, Jan. 1.
WOMACK, William L., *Leeward Islands to Windward Islands*, Jan. 1.

Retirements

HARRINGTON, Rev. & Mrs. Joseph A. (*S. Brazil*), Dec. 31.
RICKETSON, Bettie (Mrs. Robert F.) (*China-Philippines*), Dec. 31.

Resignations

BREWER, Nadyne (*S. Brazil*), Dec. 31.
MOOREFIELD, Rev. & Mrs. Virgil H., Jr. (*Switzerland*), Dec. 31.
MURRAY, Rev. & Mrs. Ben R. (*Peru*), Dec. 31.
NOWLAND, Rev. & Mrs. Harvey L., Jr. (*Peru*), Dec. 31.

Assignments Terminated

BARR, Larry L. (journ., *Colombia*), Dec. 31.
SPENCE, Jacquelyn (journ., *N. Brazil*), Dec. 31.

Missionary Orientation

The following missionary personnel (listed below with the name of the country for which they have been appointed or employed) may be addressed during the period January 8 through April 15 at: Missionary Orientation Center, Box 535, Pine Mountain, Ga. 31822:

ATKINSON, Rev. & Mrs. Lloyd H. (*Chile*).
BALLARD, Mr. & Mrs. Merrell R. (assoc., *Colombia*).
BRENT, Mr. & Mrs. Roy W., Jr. (*E. Africa*).
BUCK, Rev. & Mrs. G. Wayne (assoc., *Israel*).
BURNETTE, Mr. & Mrs. Everett R. (*Senegal*).
BUTTEMERE, Rev. & Mrs. Clive R. (*Costa Rica*).
DUVAL, Dr. & Mrs. Donald G. (*Indonesia*).
DYCHES, Rev. & Mrs. Olie D. (*Chile*).
EVERHART, Mr. & Mrs. Jackie D. (*India*).
FRENCH, Mary Jo (*Peru*).
GOAD, Rev. & Mrs. Kenneth L. (*Vietnam*).
HARVEY, Rev. & Mrs. Jimmie L. (*Indonesia*).
HORN, Rev. & Mrs. Richard N. (*Japan*).
RINGER, Rev. & Mrs. Douglas G. (*Laos*).
ROBERSON, Carolyn (*Rhodesia*).
STEWART, Mary Joan (*Ecuador*).
WALKER, Rev. & Mrs. Toby R. (*Argentina*).

Births and Adoptions

JOHNSON, James Allen, son of Dr. & Mrs. Paul B. Johnson (*Philippines*), Nov. 10.
PINKSTON, Daniel Steven, son of Rev. & Mrs. D. Edwin Pinkston (*Ivory Coast*), Dec. 1.

WITHERSPOON, Stephen Daniel, son of Rev. & Mrs. John A. Witherspoon (*Argentina*), Nov. 24.

Deaths

FLETCHER, C. C., father of Jerry (Mrs. Robert D.) Worley (*Spain*), Dec. 3, Dallas, Tex.
GAINES, Ralph D., Sr., father of Jane Ellen Gaines (*Nigeria*), Dec. 11.
HAYWORTH, Mrs. J. R., mother of Ila (Mrs. L. Glynn) Breeden (*Colombia*), Dec. 1, Granbury, Tex.

Degrees Conferred

MATHEWY, William E. (*Peru*), received the Ph.D. degree in history from Texas Christian University, Ft. Worth, Texas, in August.

Mrs. Eudaly Receives Award

Mrs. N. Hoyt Eudaly, missionary assigned to the Baptist Spanish Publishing House, El Paso, Texas, received the Distinguished Alumni Life Service Award from Southwest Baptist College, Bolivar, Missouri, in November. The award is the highest honor Southwest bestows upon its alumni, according to the school president, James L. Sells.

At the publishing house, Mrs. Eudaly edits children's materials. Her husband directs the sales division.

Couple To Work in Minnesota

Mr. and Mrs. Evan F. Holmes, former missionaries to Chile, have been appointed by the Southern Baptist Home Mission Board to work with Spanish-speaking people in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area of Minnesota.

The couple was appointed by the Foreign Mission Board in 1947 and served until resigning last November. In Chile, Holmes was pastor of First Baptist Church, Concepcion, Brotherhood director and evangelism secretary for the Chile Baptist Convention, and chairman of the Crusade of the Americas for Chile.

YOUR FREE COPY IS WAITING!

Annual index of *The Commission* for 1972 (Vol. 35).

The index is published separately rather than as part of any one issue. In it every item that has appeared in *The Commission* during the year is listed by month and page number, according to author, country, and topic. The index becomes a valuable reference guide for foreign mission materials.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Elected in December

MEET Sam Pittman, associate secretary in the Foreign Mission Board's Department of Promotion and Furlough Ministries. Elected by the Board December 12, 1972, he assumes his new duties February 1.

Pittman comes to his new post from the Beaverdam Baptist Association in South Carolina, where he has been superintendent of missions since 1970.

A native of Greenville, South Carolina, he is a bachelor of arts graduate of Furman University, having attended on an athletic scholarship. His other degrees are the bachelor of divinity and the master of theology, both from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky.



Sam Pittman

In addition to his experience in associational work, Pittman has been a pastor. While a seminary student, he served Fall City Baptist Church, Rock Island, Tennessee. He returned to South Carolina and became pastor of Six Mile Church, in the Pickens-Twelve Mile Association. His other pastorates were Homeland Park Church, Anderson; Lee Road Church, Greenville; and Mountain View Church, Pickens.

While at Pickens, he was engaged in overseas preaching tours that took him to Africa, Europe, and South America.

Pittman's responsibilities in the department headed by Samuel A. DeBord include assistance through promotional efforts and the ministries of furloughing missionaries. Also he will strive to develop an awareness of overseas mission opportunities and to encourage qualified Southern Baptists to consider careers in foreign missions. His base of operation for all of these responsibilities is the Board's office headquarters in Richmond, Virginia.

Pittman and his wife, the former Katherine Ann Mayhugh of Louisville, Kentucky, have two teen-age children, Vance and Cheryl.

It is a joy to share with our readers a warm, enthusiastic welcome to Sam Pittman on behalf of the office force and to the entire Pittman family as they come to work and live among us. To those who support us with prayer, be sure to add these new names to the list.

Reservation Time

WITH A FEW MORE weeks of winter yet before us, thoughts about next summer may seem a bit premature. However, the time is here for church groups, families, and individuals to start making their plans for attending a Foreign Missions Conference, either at Ridgecrest, North Carolina, or at Glorieta, New Mexico.

There are many thousands of Southern Baptists who already know the impact that these conference programs can have. God has spoken through them in many ways. For some his communication has meant returning to home churches committed to world missions as never before. For others it has meant a call to missionary service overseas. Generally it has led to spiritual enrichment and an expanded vision of God's missionary purpose for us all.

A substantial program is planned for every age level, for all six days of each conference. The range of subjects and interests includes Bible study, prayer fellowship, face-to-face

sharing with foreign missionaries, as well as numerous recreational opportunities. The atmosphere is invigorating, both physically and spiritually. The scenic beauty at each conference site is in itself inspiring.

From observations made during recent years we have found that a basic guideline needs to be adopted by any church from which a youth group is scheduled for attendance at these conferences. At least one adult should accompany the group for every five persons of youth age. These adult sponsors should be chosen carefully and with regard to their emotional and spiritual maturity. They should be considered also in light of their ability to relate effectively with youth and to keep their groups in a positive relationship with the purpose of the program.

Reservations are now being made at both conference centers. For every person scheduled to attend, a conference service fee of \$7.50 must be forwarded at the time reservation is requested. The date for the Foreign Missions Conference at Ridgecrest is June 21-27 and for Glorieta August 9-15. Send reservation requests and fees to:

Ken McAnear, Manager
Ridgecrest Baptist Conference Center
Ridgecrest, North Carolina 28770

or
Mark Short, Jr., Manager
Glorieta Baptist Conference Center
Glorieta, New Mexico 87535

Reminder

IT IS NOT LIKELY that many Southern Baptists need to be reminded that the second Sunday in this month, February 11, has been designated in the denominational calendar as Race Relations Sunday. Yet there may be some whose crowded calendars and distracting circumstances have caused them to forget or overlook this special opportunity to join with fellow Christians in a constructive effort to develop better understanding in a problem area of our traditional culture.

According to the information we have received, the Christian Life Commission has provided information and materials sufficient in quality and quantity to help every church in its planning for this emphasis. It is our hope that more and more churches are graduating from merely a one-Sunday observance to a year-round plan of promoting spiritual growth in our basic attitudes at the point of racial differences.

Begging Your Pardon

BY THIS TIME there are probably numerous readers of this magazine who justifiably wonder about the editor's arithmetic ability. On this page in our December issue he presented the recently reported total membership of Southern Baptist churches. That figure was used as the basis for calculating per capita participation in support of the Foreign Mission Board's 1973 budget. The sixth paragraph, however, contained a miscalculation that allows misleading conclusions.

Please substitute for that paragraph the following:

In light of the figures we can safely conclude that if the average income of Southern Baptists were the same as the reported per capita amount, the Foreign Mission Board's budget for 1973 calls for less than one-tenth of 1 percent, or one-hundredth of a tithe. Stated another way, it means that the Board's budget for 1973 (\$38,891,996.43) is much too small. Southern Baptists will be providing on a per capita projection only one-tenth of 1 percent of their income for reaching other nations with the gospel of Jesus Christ.

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EMPHASIS: Bangladesh

Bangladesh Today
Marjorie Bennett Cover II

Sharing with the Bengalis
James F. McKinley, Jr. 11

Interview: The Decision To Stay ... 17

ARTICLES

Samurai for Christ
Melvin J. Bradshaw 24

Unless You Mean It
William L. (Bill) Wagner 27

Welcome Home .. *Edward L. Smith 28*

Strategy for a Day
Bill G. Colston and Paul A. Rhoads 30

For GI Wives *Maxine Stewart 32*

New Pioneers .. *Irvin L. Northcutt 34*

FIELD FEATURES

Bangladesh: In Struggle for Life ...
James McKinley 19

South Vietnam: Lotus Country
Mrs. Rondal D. Merrell 21

PERSPECTIVE

Missionary Orientation
Baker J. Cauthen 23

From the Editor 40

EVENTS

Missions Update Cover IV

MISSIONARY PERSONNEL

New Missionary Personnel 38

DEPARTMENTS

Epistles 36

Missionary Family Album 39

COVER: Resident of Ariora village, Comilla area, Bangladesh. Ariora was leveled by the Pakistan Army in Bangladesh's struggle for independence. Baptists have helped villagers construct new houses. Stories on Bangladesh begin on Cover II. Photo by Steve Dunwell.

CREDITS: Photos—Steve Dunwell, Cover II-p. 16 (except bottom, p. 7), cover III. Kenneth R. Lawson, 18. James F. McKinley, Jr., 19-20. Fon H. Scofield, Jr., 20, 22, 24-25 (top). Gerald S. Harvey, 21. Al Stuart, 24 (bottom), 25.



Each article to which this symbol is attached is recommended for use in the Foreign Mission Study of the year indicated.

Scheduled topics: 1973—Career missions as a vocation. 1974—Strategy in foreign missions. 1975—Medical and benevolent ministries. 1976—Schools and student work.

This month in TC

Bangladesh is a word seared into the world's memory—at least, for a while. Time has already blurred our recollections of that new nation's trauma, and other locations of human suffering have claimed our attention.

Too many of us, it seems, learn geography by tragedy. Places only vaguely positioned on our mental maps take on definite shapes due to disaster. Death and destruction, brought on by natural disaster or war, prompt the pinpointing of nations on maps displayed in our living rooms by the nightly news.

Bangladesh—it was East Pakistan then—made the electronic and newspaper headlines on both counts: (1) natural disaster—a tidal wave (or bore), claiming an officially estimated 500,000 lives in 1970; (2) war—first in nearly nine months of what amounted to occupation by armed forces of West Pakistan, and then the brief India-Pakistan war, ending in Pakistan's surrender and the birth of Bangladesh in 1971.

From rock bands to religious agencies, sympathy and money were extended to help relieve the agonies of a suffering



Man cuts bamboo for walls in housing project in Bangladesh.

people. Most of the concern had to be expressed at long range. A comparative few were able to assist in person. Among these were a handful of Southern Baptist missionaries.

The first half of this month's issue is devoted to words and pictures about Bangladesh. Beginning on Cover II, articles tell what has happened, what is happening, and what may happen there.

Beginning with the August 1969 issue of **The Commission**, subscribers to the magazine have received a "bonus" 19 times in the form of special, four-page sections in the center of the magazine. Each of these sections has focused on two particular Southern Baptist mission fields. The 20th of these sections, concerning Bangladesh and Vietnam, appears this month, pages 19-22.

These sections are prepared by the publications section of the Department of Missionary Education and are provided for inclusion in **The Commission**. This same material is made available in the form of individual brochures on each field, free on request from the missionary education department. Thus readers of **The Commission** get first look at the new "country pamphlets."

Five or six more of these "bonus sections" are scheduled during 1973.

Missions Update . . .

The 78-bed Baptist Hospital in BANGALORE, INDIA, was officially opened and dedicated January 15. The general medical and surgical hospital "is to benefit all," according to the dedication announcement, but "the primary purpose is to serve the very poor; 75 percent of the beds will be reserved for indigent patients."

Beginning mission work in UPPER VOLTA, the J. B. DURHAMS, missionaries, are concentrating on use of a Bible correspondence course in French. At the end of the first two weeks of the enrollment campaign, 243 persons had signed up.

The earthquake that heavily damaged MANAGUA, NICARAGUA, in December destroyed the buildings of all six Baptist churches there and seriously damaged the building housing the Baptist seminary. American Baptist Churches (formerly Convention), which has had a missionary ministry in Nicaragua for many years, said its hospital in the city was 80 percent destroyed. No American Baptist missionary personnel or family members were among the thousands killed or injured. Although Southern Baptists have no missionaries in Nicaragua, the Foreign Mission Board authorized use of \$5,000 for emergency aid.

Baptist conventions of JORDAN, LEBANON, and EGYPT have agreed to send two Arab missionaries to each of three countries, MOROCCO, TUNISIA, and SYRIA, according to the information service of the Evangelical Alliance. The missionaries are to follow up contacts made through evangelical radio broadcasts in Arabic.

The name of the BARBADOS Mission was changed to the WINDWARD ISLANDS Mission by the Foreign Mission Board in December. The new mission will include BARBADOS, ST. LUCIA, ST. VINCENT, GRENADA, and DOMINICA. The states of St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Grenada recently formed a federation to encourage freedom of movement between the three countries. The WILLIAM L. WOMACKS, missionary associates, were to arrive in Barbados in December; government regulations caused them to leave after their arrival earlier in 1972.

The Asian Baptist Fellowship was constituted recently in Hong Kong at a meeting where 18 Baptist groups in nine countries were represented. The fellowship, a regional organization related loosely to the Baptist World Alliance, would provide fellowship and cooperative mission endeavors among Baptists in the Pacific. Each of the Baptist groups must officially ratify the decision to join.

Two new missionary families assigned to UGANDA are in NAIROBI, KENYA, with instructions to wait until it can be determined if they should proceed to their field, where government policies have made uncertain the future of foreigners. Members of three Baptist missionary families continue in Uganda; others are watching the situation from nearby Kenya.

Southern Baptist missionary personnel assigned overseas at the end of 1972 totaled 2,507. This included 2,203 career missionaries, 174 missionary associates, 128 missionary journeymen, and 2 special project personnel.

Baptists in VIETNAM dedicated their newly completed office facilities in SAIGON in December. The three-story building houses business offices, Vietnam Baptist Publications, a Baptist book store, a large conference room, and accommodations for missionary personnel residing outside Saigon.

The first Baptist church to be established in IRAN has been started in TEHERAN with 16 members, reported DWIGHT L. BAKER, Southern Baptist missionary to ISRAEL, who went to Iran for two months to help the congregation begin. Constitution as a church was planned for late January during a scheduled visit by BAKER J. CAUTHEN, Foreign Mission Board executive secretary. Baker estimates that 10,000 Americans are now living and working in Iran, primarily in oil and related industries.



The government is finalizing arrangements for international adoptions of orphans and abandoned children, whether fathered by Pak or Bengali. This is a giant step forward for the welfare of children who otherwise would have been condemned to hopeless existence.

WHAT is the situation now in Bangladesh? Building a new nation takes time, but Bangladesh does not seem to have much time. Pressing problems are faced: —Overpopulation; latest statistics indicate 1,325 persons per square mile, making Bangladesh the most densely populated nation in the world.

—Underdevelopment of industry and low wages (per capita income is less than an equivalent of \$100 a year).

—Annual threat of flood in rainy season, drought in dry season.

—Yearly epidemics of cholera, typhoid, smallpox, and a high incidence of tuberculosis.

These and resulting complica-

tions, plus the need for rebuilding after war, place the new nation on a precarious balance.

To deal with these matters, a government is being established based on four principles: nationalism, democracy, socialism, secularism. How well this intent succeeded during the first ten months may be too early to say, but with elections set for March, some answers are needed.

1. *Nationalism is more than patriotism.* There is resistance to any outside interference, no matter how well intentioned. The government admits it needs foreign aid, but adamantly refuses any that might have strings attached. Any hint of outside control is resisted dogmatically.

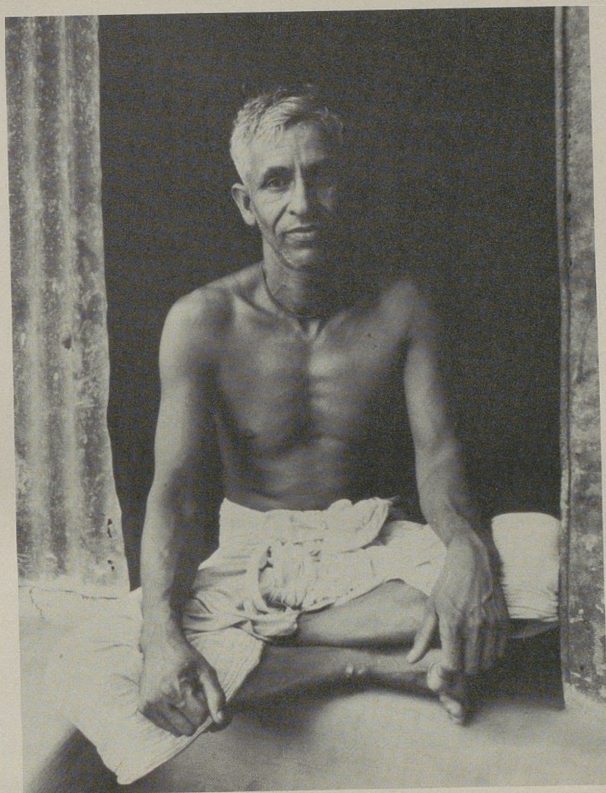
Previously three languages were used—Bengali, Urdu, and English. The official language is now Bengali; it had been English. Now Bengali alone is accepted. Almost all schools have been instructed to use Bengali. More and more foreigners find Bengali a prerequisite

to effective service. The constitution has been written in this language; many new words had to be developed for reference to official positions, for which English words had been used.

Another factor in nationalism is the Bengali culture. Paradoxically, this has increased the interest in Indian ways and the desire for products from Calcutta, India, which is in West Bengal. More than ever, the accepted dress for women is the sari. Seldom now do we see the shalawar-chemise (tunic, pants, scarf), copied from women of western India and Pakistan.

When Mujib first returned, the question of the *biharis* (non-Bengalis) was being debated. His answer was that all would be welcome—if they would accept Bengali language and culture.

2. *The government is being organized as a parliamentary democracy*, with a vote guaranteed for every adult. Last November 4 the assembly members who were elected before the revolution ap-



In Brahman Gita village at Dacca, man sits in doorway of new home.



Upon his return to Bangladesh after being held prisoner in West Pakistan, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman (in circle), head of the ruling party, edges through jubilant crowd toward speaker's stand.