

The COMMISSION

FOREIGN MISSIONS JOURNAL, SBC/MAY '74

CITY OF REFUGE

By E. Carter Morgan

RAMDEEN

By James E. Spaulding

A COMMITMENT FULFILLED

By Perry R. Sanders

I KNEW A MAN

By Henry L. Anderson

ON THE DESERT'S EDGE

By DAVID W. KING

'I Am Not Afraid To Die'

By Calvin L. Fox

GUNS at the ready, the soldiers crouched to provide a smaller target and moved stealthily through the underbrush. Without warning, the noise of battle shattered the silence of the mountain forest. As the men sought cover, the captain dived into a shallow ravine.

Months afterward, the captain (or mayor), who is also lay leader of the Baptist church in his community, learned that the whole incident had been set up by the local Communist group and their professional killer. Their aim: to assassinate the captain. He also found out that the assassin had been hiding in the same ravine, less than ten yards away.

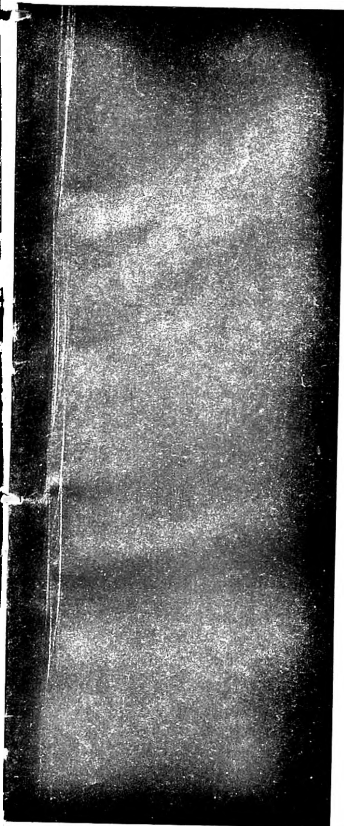
When the Communist executioner later told his side of the

story, he said flatly, "Something happened to me, and I just could not shoot the captain."

Within a few weeks the head of the Communist army in the Philippines called the assassin before him to explain why the captain was still alive. The professional killer offered the only explanation he could. "The captain is a man of God," he reported, "and that makes him very hard to kill." Enraged, the commander slapped the subordinate's face. "Do not speak the name of God again!" he shouted.

Sometime later the captain led another army patrol on an inspection of the village. "Where is the executioner's house?" asked the sergeant, as they moved through the village. "Just ahead," the officer pointed out. Tension engulfed the patrol, as the men quickly began preparing for a fight. Instead, the captain laughed. "This

The author was appointed a missionary to the Philippines in 1967. He is stationed at Cabanatuan City.



is not a hostile patrol," he reminded the men, "but only a cleanliness inspection."

He was mistaken. Without being aware of it, he was about to face another brush with death. The patrol's arrival had surprised the executioner, and he was hiding in his house. He confessed later that he fully intended to shoot the captain that day and then turn the gun on himself before the patrol could capture him. Instead, because of God the assassin understood later, he sat quietly and listened as this Baptist layman talked with his wife.

The captain informed her that President Marcos had promised amnesty to any Communist who would turn in his guns and denounce all ties with the Communist movement. The captain added that he would help anyone secure amnesty, if that person would confess his sins to a loving

God—who would forgive all sins, not just crimes against the government—and trust Christ as Savior. These words touched the executioner deeply, for he had never heard of a God who loved and forgave; he had heard only of a God who hated and took revenge.

After a few days the captain once again stepped into the valley of death. A party was planned at the executioner's home. As is customary, the captain was invited to make a short speech. The party was only a ruse; every guest had come just to help the host trap and murder the officer.

As soon as the captain entered the house, he sensed the danger. He greeted everyone, sat down, and prayed. The guests, in a game of cat and mouse, gave him a chance to speak. But his words startled them.

"I know who you all are, and I know why you have invited me," he began. "You think I am afraid to die. Well, I am not afraid to die, because I have trusted Christ as my Savior. He has taken away all of my sins and made it possible for me to go to heaven when I die.

"This is what you cannot understand. This is what makes you afraid of me. You can see that I am not afraid to die, but you are. This is why the Communists can hold you and force you to do things you know are wrong."

His gaze swept his audience. "You do not go outside of your homes without a gun or a companion," he charged. "I walk alone at night unarmed. You cannot sleep well at night, because you are afraid you might be killed. I sleep like a baby, because I know that if I die, I will go to heaven. This is beyond your comprehension, but Christ has changed my life and has made me a different man."

Then the captain told how Christ had given him a new life. "Christ is waiting to give you the same new life," he said, "if you will confess your sins to God and accept him as Savior."

Throughout the remarks, in the next room sat the executioner, M-16 in hand, ready to do away with the captain. But he was un-

able to move. Never had he seen a man who was not afraid of death. Never had he heard so much about this God of love.

"I will help anyone of you to get amnesty, if you will accept Christ and confess your sins to God," he heard the officer saying. "If you confess your sins to man, it is only burying them, and someday the old life will come back. But God removes sins and remakes men. I promise everyone of you that I will help you tomorrow to get amnesty, in spite of the fact that you invited me here to kill me."

He rose, excused himself, and left the house. At the bottom of the stairs the executioner's wife stopped him. "Did you really mean what you just said?" she asked softly.

"I will help anyone who will confess his sins to God and accept Christ as his Savior," he promised.

The following night the captain had a visitor at his home. The executioner's wife came to tell him that her husband would be waiting to surrender to him at a specified place. There were two conditions: the officer must come alone and come unarmed.

After much prayer and a night's sleep, the captain headed for the meeting place—either to lead a paid killer to Christ or to walk into another trap. He reached the designated spot and waited. In a little while, when the executioner was satisfied that his conditions had been met, he came out of hiding.

"I am ready to surrender, because I can trust you," he said.

The captain smiled and said, "You know my requirements."

"I do, and I am ready."

Together the Baptist lay leader and the trembling executioner knelt. The captain listened as the man poured out his confession of the murders of many of the officer's friends and neighbors.

The story is not over, for neither of these men or their families will be completely safe as long as there is a Communist movement in the Philippines. Both men need the continuing support of prayer. But because a believer was unafraid to die, a guilty man has found the promise of eternal life. TC

A COMMITMENT FULFILLED

By Perry R. Sanders

Leukemia claimed the life of Miss Marian Sanders at the age of 49 last July, cutting short her missionary service. Appointed as a Southern Baptist representative to Mexico in 1955, she served as librarian and teacher at the Mexican Baptist Theological Seminary in Torreón, Mexico.

Several weeks after Miss Sanders' death, a brother, Perry R. Sanders, Baptist pastor in Lafayette, La., sent to her friends a letter recounting some of the events of the last days of the missionary's life. With his permission, portions of that letter appear here, concluding with Miss Sanders' moving testimony of commitment, recorded at the time she accepted the call to be a missionary.

AS Marian and I talked together in her hospital room about three weeks before her death, she said, "Little brother, there are two things I want to do before the Lord calls me. I want to go back to our home in South Carolina one more time. Then I'd like to have the strength to write to all of my friends in the United States and Mexico."

She paused a moment to catch her breath and continued, "I

want them all to know that the gospel I preached and the Savior I presented in my years of strength and good health is also real and adequate in the hour of grave illness and weakness."

Unfortunately, she never got strong enough to write. Hence, this final letter from her brother.

When Marian returned for a four-month furlough in April, it was obvious that unless the Lord or medicine rapidly reversed the course of the disease, her days on this earth were short. Although she was more aware than anyone else of this fact, it scarcely altered her optimistic outlook. She remained vibrant, alert to people and their needs, and forward looking until the very end.

In words something like these she told my wife, Gloria, and me, "Forty years ago I placed my life in the hands of Jesus Christ. It has remained there ever since. I would be very happy if the Lord would see fit to heal this body and give me additional years of service to my people in Mexico. I have expressed this to him, and that is where the matter rests. If

he doesn't do it, he has a reason, and I trust him."

So with complete serenity and poise she faced the prospect of death.

Years ago we shared in revivals in northwest Louisiana, where she served as a missionary before going to Mexico. During that time we became acquainted with the song, "I Won't Have To Cross Jordan Alone." It remained her favorite across the years. After the doctor in New Orleans told her that she should make plans to terminate her affairs in Mexico and not count on returning there to live, she





The late Marian Sanders talks with children in Sunday School at a church in Torreón, Mexico.

recited every verse of this hymn to Gloria as they traveled back to Lafayette. Then she asked her to be sure this was used at her funeral. It was.

The trip to Mexico to wrap up her affairs was a marvelous experience. She flew to Mexico City and visited briefly with the Zamoras (her former pastor and wife, who had also been her students) and her missionary associates. Then my son, Perry, Jr., and I drove to meet her in Torreón, where she began to tie together the loose ends of a God-blessed and fruitful missionary career.

The Lord gave her a special measure of strength, physically and emotionally.

In a few short days she personally supervised every detail of packing and selling her belongings, as well as paying visits to numerous friends. I saw more of the true spirit of Jesus Christ and the incomparable rewards of being a missionary in those short days than I ever hope to see this side of heaven. I had to turn away to hide my own emotions many times, as her friends came to comfort her and found themselves being comforted.

The broad spectrum of persons

she influenced and who loved her was amazing—the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the literate and the illiterate, the men and the women. It seems they all found their way to her apartment.

I took her several places where she wished to give a final witness to persons who had not yet responded to the Lord. I saw the full meaning of Paul's testimony in those visits when he said, "I am all things to all men that by all means I might win. . . ." Her fellow missionaries were marvelous to her. The tie that binds missionaries is

surely one of the sweetest and strongest on earth. She loved them, and they loved her and showed it in countless ways.

When the seminary president told her that the faculty and trustees had voted unanimously to name the new library and administration building [at the new campus under construction in Mexico City] "The Marian Sanders Building," she was overwhelmed and literally speechless. It touched her deeply.

Her Mexican photographer gave me the negatives of her most recent picture, and from these our family had a beautiful oil portrait done, which will hang somewhere in the new building. The artist completed it in time for her to see it and be overwhelmed a second time. With characteristic humility and selflessness she said, "I never had any idea of anything like this ever being done for me."

As Perry, Jr., and I drove away from Torreón, we had in a large station wagon, with room to spare, every earthly possession of Marian Sanders, except what was in her traveling suitcase, which she had on the plane, and what she had given away or sold. Most people would consider 49 years on earth with a Phi Beta Kappa intellect wasted if the only physical assets were a station wagon load of personal belongings with a real value of a few hundred dollars. Those of us who know the Lord know that this is not the measure of a woman or her success.

During her final days all of her family spent time in the New Orleans hospital with her. We



In Miss Sanders' apartment at Mexican Baptist Theological Seminary in Torreón, scenes like this were routine: a piano lesson for a seminary student.

had many prayer and devotional periods together during the few months she was in our home and the hospital. She always remained interested in others. In the last prayer I ever heard her utter, she prayed for the people and work in Mexico, then called by name all of her immediate family, including nieces and nephews, asking that our lives be lived in total surrender to the will of God.

The experimental drug, beta-deoxythioguanasine, proved ineffective, and early in the morning on July 4, Independence Day, she became independent of disease and death. What a glad welcome she must have received from the Savior!

In the victory service held at First Baptist Church of Lafayette her requested song was sung and the Sanctuary Choir sang "How Great Thou Art" and, as a benediction, the "Hallelujah Chorus" from Handel's *Messiah*. (The Mexican Baptist Mission has since invited this choir to sing at the dedication ceremonies of the

new seminary facilities in Mexico City in the fall of 1974.)

Her body was flown to South Carolina, where final services were conducted before an overflow audience. Her body was laid to rest beneath a cedar tree in the country cemetery at Colston Baptist Church, where we all met the Lord. To conclude the service, I read Marian's testimony recorded in her Bible on the occasion of her commitment to serve Jesus Christ as a missionary. It is the most remarkable statement of personal dedication I have ever heard or read.

Testimony of Marian Sanders (1923-1973)

Lord, I give up my own purposes and plans, all my own desires, hopes, and ambitions, and accept thy will for my life. I give myself, my life, my all utterly to thee, to be thine forever. I hand over to thy keeping all my friendships. All the people I love are to take second place in my heart. Fill me and seal me with thy Holy Spirit. Work out thy whole will in my life at any cost, now and forever. "To me to live is Christ" (Philippians 1:21). **TC**

A Message from Gaza

By Patricia A. Haile

I RUSHED down the stairway to my mailbox one day last May, wishfully thinking I would find a letter from Gaza. No such letter was there. Instead, I found a "message" from my friend and fellow worker, Edward Nicholas.

After opening my mailbox I held in my hands the June issue of *The Commission*, and I immediately thumbed through the pages. Suddenly I stood frozen in my tracks as the large, black print stood out so boldly that I read the words over and over: "My Heart Is in Gaza." I could hardly wait to return upstairs to read the words by Nicholas. While I was in Gaza, he served as business manager of Baptist Hospital and as pastor of the Gaza Baptist Church. I always felt that the Nicholas family gave more support to both nationals and missionaries than any missionary family I have known.

As I read, at times tears blurred my vision. It was not only a message from "Brother Nicholas," but also one from my fellow missionary nurse, Mavis Pate, who was buried in Gaza in 1972 on my birthday, January 18. [Miss Pate died after being shot when commandos attacked the mission car in which she was riding.]

As I read the article, I experienced ambivalent feelings of sadness and of joy. I felt a peace about her death, because, knowing Mavis as I did, I know she died happy and in the center of God's will.

Although Mavis was murdered at the hands of those she worked so hard to serve, she, just as Ed Nicholas, would have no feeling of resentment toward the people of Gaza, whom she loved and served so willingly.

I was saddened to be reminded that Mavis' death meant one less missionary nurse on that foreign mission field. Mavis was a top-notch operating-room nurse. In Gaza that is a difficult role, for the Gaza Baptist Hospital is a surgical hospital, with well-qualified

surgeons on its staff. Therefore, it must have qualified nurses to assist the physicians, especially in the "theater," as the operating room is called in Gaza.

It is my prayer that young nurses will hear and answer God's call to fields of service such as Gaza.

I was at the hospital in Gaza when Mavis came to visit en route to America from her mission assignment in what was then East Pakistan. During those few days she was impressed with the needs of the people she saw and met. While there, she visited in some of the homes in the refugee camps and nearby villages. Indeed, life on the strip was interesting and exciting.

Ready to continue on to the U.S., Mavis looked forward to a trip to Jerusalem before going to Lod Airport. I was asked to accompany her from Gaza to Jerusalem on that March day in 1968. I did so eagerly.

Mavis told me that the most impressive place we visited was the Garden Tomb. There in the stillness of the morning we sat on the small bench inside the tomb with our New Testaments open, in silence, both deep in thought and prayer. If I should select one day when I felt God's presence the most, it would be that day. Late that afternoon our paths parted, as Mavis continued home to Louisiana.

In January 1970 our paths crossed again, this time in Gaza, for Mavis had returned for a permanent assignment as nurse in charge of the operating room. She not only carried out her duties as the doctors desired, but she also was able to communicate with the nationals who served in the operating room. She did a superb job.

On Feb. 24 that year Mavis and I were again in Jerusalem, and once more our pathways parted, mine to Heath Springs, S.C., Mavis' back to Gaza.

One day, I know not when, our paths shall meet again. I am looking forward to that glorious day that I shall meet her in heaven at the feet of the One we both served in Gaza. **TC**

The author served as a special project nurse in Gaza 1968-70; she resides in Cayce, S.C.

By Ronald C. Hill

WHY should Bible sales outrun all other book sales in a staunchly Buddhist country like Thailand? What would cause more than 10 percent of Thailand's 35 million people to buy a portion of the Christian Scriptures in 1973?

The reasons are as complex as they are interesting, but a major factor would have to be diminutive Pastor Boonkrong Pitakanon, executive secretary of the United Bible Society of Thailand and Laos.

For the job of Bible distribution, Pastor Boonkrong is the right man for the right time. When in December 1970 he became the first Thai national to be elected secretary of the Bible Society, Bible distribution had just broken all records. Under Chan Y. Choi, Korean missionary to Thailand, sales had topped two million for the first time.

Surprisingly, however, sales rose by 50 percent for 1971—to 3,100,000. Distribution continued at a record pace in 1972, topping 3,200,000 separate pieces. Some items sold out, and even with generous help from the United Bible Societies, the budget was not enough to keep up with demanding reprint schedules. Then in 1973, circulation approached 4,000,000. In only four years more than one-third of the population has purchased some part of the Word of God. (Only 10 percent of the distribution was free.)

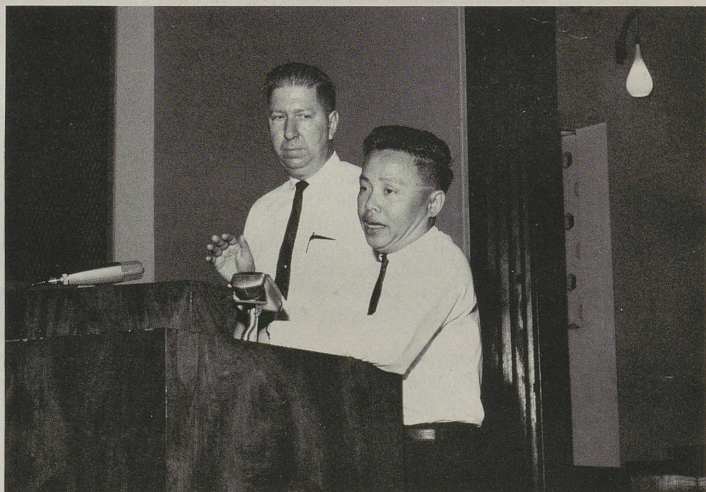
What is it about this unassuming Thai gentleman that has enabled him to get such results? He would quickly disclaim any credit and point to many signs of a readiness among the Thai people to inquire into the claims and character of Christ. Yet those who know Acharn ("Pastor") Boonkrong see in him a unique ability to challenge Thai Christians to take responsibility for reaching their own people and to become personally involved in Scripture distribution. This grows not only out of wide contacts across the full spectrum

The author, a missionary to Thailand since 1952, is currently on furlough in the U.S.



An Unassuming Gentleman

BEHIND THE THAI SCRIPTURE BOOM



Top: At a street service in Thailand. Above: While pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church in Bangkok, Boonkrong Pitakanon (right) interprets message by Missionary Vernon L. Dietrich, who was still studying the language.

of Thai Christian groups, but also out of his conviction that sound outreach must be based on nationally supported efforts, rather than those subsidized by foreign funds.

He is not anti-foreign or anti-

missionary. Far from it. He has no qualms about using all the resources that world Christians have made available through the Bible Societies. But he believes that exercising their own spiritual muscles is better for Thai Christians



During 1965 evangelistic crusade in Bangkok, Thailand, Pastor Boonkrong is shown talking with an elderly woman after service in Lumpini Hall.

and that in the long run it provides the greatest potential for unlimited growth. He has the ability to transmit this conviction to others.

On the other hand, Acharn Boonkrong's awareness that Thai people have become unusually responsive during the last few years and that spiritual awakening is in the offing has enabled him to redeem the crisis opportunity for Bible spreading. He declares, "I don't believe revival is coming; I know it. The time has come!"

He says that Thai people are tired of their present spiritual condition and that in their hearts is a vacuum that is open to the gospel message. This quiet confidence has led him to lay plans for logarithmic increase in Bible sales.

Yet another characteristic helps explain his results. He is open to new ways of getting out the Siamese Scriptures. He has found new formats, such as cartoon booklets; new ideas for distribution, like a packet of Scripture leaflets Christians can put in their places of business; and new media for carrying the biblical message, such as television and newspapers.

He has prepared a television spot in which he appears offering Scripture portions in connection with the Baptist weekly television

series. In 1973 he bought a half-page in *Thai Rath*, Bangkok's largest circulation daily, and printed a portion of 1 John which told the good news of God's love. Although it cost \$700 for one day's space, he says it is some of the cheapest printing per piece he has ever done. Circulation exceeds 400,000—meaning about five copies for every penny spent! And the newspaper's circulation department did all the distribution. More than 800 letters of inquiry came from that first appearance alone, and each of the letter writers received a copy of *The Man You Cannot Ignore*.

The vast increase in distribution has brought its own set of problems. Since Bible Society policy is to sell at a price the common man can afford by subsidizing costs, increases in sales demand larger budgets. To offset this, Boonkrong has raised the sale price of some portions to the level of their bare cost. Still, the people buy, and sales continue to grow. He has also challenged churches in Thailand to shoulder a larger responsibility by giving more toward Bible Society budgets.

Catholics, who have never printed their own Thai Bible, now want to circulate Bible Society Scriptures. Slight differences in

terminology had to be dealt with, but compromises were agreed upon and included in the printing of the new, revised version. Now Catholic dioceses are among the largest buyers of Scriptures, and Catholics are experiencing church growth at a phenomenal rate. Boonkrong has included Catholic representatives on the advisory board of the Bible Society.

Acharn Boonkrong, quite apart from his impressive work in Bible distribution, is himself a remarkable man. Contracting leprosy during his final year of university study, he became a Christian while at McKean Leprosy Hospital in Chiangmai. Responding to treatment so well that he has no scars from the disease, he yielded his life to preach the gospel after his cure. Moving to Chonburi, he asked to be baptized on the day the Baptist church there was organized, since his convictions coincided with Baptist principles. The church called him as its first pastor, and he finished his theological studies at the Thailand Baptist Theological Seminary.

Later he became pastor of the largest Thai Baptist congregation, Immanuel Church, Bangkok. He then was stricken by cancer, but after an operation, miraculously it, too, disappeared.

Steadily he has emerged as a leader among Thai Baptists. Respected for his spirituality and preaching, he was elected first moderator of the Thailand Baptist Churches Association. More recently he has been made chairman of a fledgling Baptist Council of Thailand through which all Baptists—Thai, Chinese, Karen, and English-speaking—cooperate.

The Southern Baptist Radio and Television Commission, finding in him a symbol of Christian witness in Thailand, made two films centering around his ministry, "Goodbye to a Small and Magic Dragon" and "A New Voice in Buddha's Garden."

Still active in Immanuel Church and longing to be once again in the pastorate, Acharn Boonkrong Pitakanon nevertheless is obviously right for his present job. It appears that for some time to come he will continue to be a major factor in making the Bible Thailand's best-seller. TC

CITY OF REFUGE

By E. Carter Morgan

JUST 21 years after Columbus discovered the New World, a Portuguese explorer set foot on the coast of south China. Had there been such things as commissions in those days, the report would certainly have favored the findings of Jorge Alvares, for he had made contact with one of the oldest civilizations on earth.

By 1557 the city of Macao had been founded, and trade between Europe and the Far East had been begun. For the next 300 years Macao served as almost the only link between China and the West. It was from Macao that Francis Xavier (1506-1552) entered Japan and China. Matteo Ricci (1552-1610) carried Christianity into the Celestial Empire, and later Robert Morrison (1782-1834) produced his monumental work of translating the Scriptures into Chinese.

In keeping with its seafaring traditions, Macao built the first lighthouse on the China coast, served as a refuge for seamen and explorers of all nations, and became the destination of the American Clipper Ships in the days of China trade. Set on three small

—Appointed a missionary in 1948, the author has served in Hawaii and, since 1955, in Hong Kong.





Left: Junks in Macao harbor. Above: Cannon at old fort overlooks city.

islands off the China coast, Macao faced an uncertain future as a seaport, because the Pearl River was forever filling with silt the channels of navigation. Thus, when Hong Kong was founded in 1841, with its splendid deep-water port, the new city soon took over as a center for trade, shipping, and banking.

Today Macao is very much like a museum, with its cobblestone streets, statues, monuments, Mediterranean architecture, and even some authentic, old, Chinese temples. One of the most famous relics is the facade of the Church of St. Paul, begun in 1602 by a band of Japanese Christians who were forced to flee their homeland or recant. And with this, Macao unwittingly took on the role it has played off and on for several centuries—a city of refuge.

The times and causes have been many and varied. The frequent crises and chaos in China contributed their share over the years. The Japanese war (1941-45) brought death and destruction to most of the cities of Asia, but the Portuguese neutrality was re-

spected, and a large company of Chinese and Europeans found refuge in Macao. After the Communist revolution in China, Macao became an escape point for great numbers.

Finally, in 1967, the Cultural Revolution (of Red Guard fame) spilled over into Macao. Mobs sacked the Senate House, attacked the British Consulate, and kept up a reign of terror for months. All but a few of the Europeans fled, and it looked as though Macao had gone down the drain. Then China declared it was not taking over at that time. The city slowly returned to normal—almost. Today, if you walk down any of the winding streets, somewhere ahead will be flying the red, five-star flag of Peking. But the Portuguese flag also flies, and the Christian witness has increased, if anything.

It is no surprise that the role of Macao as a city of refuge is not publicized, but word gets around anyhow, and today there is an entirely new group of displaced persons—overseas Chinese who are having to leave the lands of

Near the point
on the seacoast
at Macao.



their adoption, such as Burma, Sri Lanka, India, and even Latin America. Since the end of the colonial era, these overseas Chinese have suffered increasingly from discrimination and downright oppression in many lands. And, frankly, they have nowhere to go.

A missionary from Hong Kong went to Macao some months ago for a visit. He had once worked in Indonesia, and as he came off the dock and found himself surrounded by taxi drivers trying to get his attention, he involuntarily answered in Indonesian. Instantly one chap responded in that language. The taxi driver was one of the new refugees in Macao, pitifully glad to see someone from his beautiful homeland who spoke his language.

The Hong Kong papers reported last year that some 10,000 Indonesian Chinese are "trapped" in Macao and cannot go home. These people voluntarily left Indonesia a few years ago, lured back to China by glowing promises of a "better world" in the People's Republic. Almost uniformly they say things never turned out as expected. Having grown up in the beautiful lands where their ancestors settled long ago, these overseas Chinese found themselves totally unsuited to the society they found in Red China. At least they managed to secure exit papers—if only to Macao. They have no chance to go home—all

that was renounced when they left for China. And all doors were firmly closed behind them, even though they still have relatives living in Indonesia.

These people are generally well educated, multilingual, cultured, enterprising, talented, and gifted with assorted skills. Among them are some dear Christians—even families that never gave up prayer while inside China. Such are some of the people that now are appearing on the streets of Macao—homeless, friendless, penniless. Relief agencies have been trying to relocate them permanently abroad, and a few of the refugees have found asylum in Australia, Europe, or Canada. But this is a slow and most difficult process.

Meanwhile, Baptist missionaries are ministering as they can to the hearts of these people. One of the Chinese churches generously shares time and space for worship services in other languages. There are weekly fellowship meetings, and there has been a retreat for the youth.

Missionaries from Hong Kong who speak several different languages of these overseas people have been going to Macao for special meetings. Macao is one of the few remaining spots in Asia where a person lacking a passport and all the other proper credentials may get even temporary asylum—for a price, of course. Nationalism

in Asia has produced its share of suffering for minorities.

Macao now has three Baptist churches (besides some other Protestant groups), a large Christian middle school, several church-related primary schools, and a student center. In 1972 it acquired a missionary journeyman, a son of former missionaries to Brazil, who speaks Portuguese fluently. He has had many opportunities for service in Macao, besides being able to make friends among the Portuguese soldiers and civilians.

At the beginning of 1973 Freedom House in New York announced that two-thirds of the world's population "live without freedom." In fact, this seems to be the story of minorities around the world—politically, religiously, socially, economically. Amid all this massive insecurity and uncertainty of life, from day to day these refugees are asking, "What possible hope is there in life for us and our children?"

A United Nations official said not long ago, "The world is tired of refugees!" One of the missionaries very close to this problem commented, "The natural supply of compassion is running out." But we must not forget—God still cares. And it will take the grace of God to translate this care into effective action for these desperately needy persons—in light of all the barriers, suspicion, and fear between countries. **TC**



The Potter

By Barbara Epperson

WHEN we gathered at the seminary chapel for the devotional time of the annual prayer retreat, a young Nigerian woman occupied the stage. Seemingly oblivious to our presence, she was absorbed in making clay pots. She sat relaxed on a low stool amidst pots of various sizes. Beside her rested a large lump of clay and a container of water. Before her stood a small table on which she worked.

As the music began, she picked up more clay, quickly kneaded it into a roll, and skillfully added it to the base she had already fashioned. Around and around she applied the clay, turning the base with her left hand as she added the new clay with her right. The object began to take shape under her deft, professional hands.

The clay yielded as she continued to form it the way she wanted it. She wet a small strip of cloth

and laid it over the mouth of what was now a pot. Quickly, as she worked with the cloth, the rough clay became a smooth vessel.

She completed it and set it aside. She took more clay, and again it yielded as she began a new creation of another design.

While we watched, fascinated, we began to recall references that related to the potter in the Bible. Our own imperfections and need to be yielded and remolded became the center of thought. Our own necessity to be as pliable as the clay became more apparent as we identified our lives with the clay.

Background music of organ and accordion blended until this century-old art of pot making seemed to be a third instrument adding to the loveliness of the moment.

The potter set the pot aside. She began a third one.

Then the Scripture came alive.

God spoke to the Prophet Jeremiah and to us: "Arise, and go down to the potter's house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words. . . .

"And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. . . .

"Cannot I do with you as this potter? . . . As the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine" (Jer. 18:2, 4, 6).

The potter was still at work when we went to form smaller prayer groups. Throughout the day and all through mission meeting the theme—"Yielded, Remolded, Filled, Overflowing"—repeated itself.

The stage scene changed each day until, at the final session, a beautiful, finished, glazed pot occupied the platform.

The week was one of prayerful searching, confession, sharing, and praise. **TC**

The author has been a missionary to Nigeria since 1953.

RAMDEEN is his name—his only name. Standing behind the pulpit, he begins to speak in his pronounced Trinidadian-East Indian accent.

"First, I must say a pleasant good-night to each of you," he says, smiling. The setting is Valley Baptist Church in Petit Valley, Diego Martin, Trinidad. The occasion is youth night, and members of the Youth Fellowship are directing the service.

"I must say a little word about the two brothers here in front," continues Ramdeen. "The Lord Jesus helped me witness to these two young men. The one on my left was a Roman Catholic, and I had to work very hard with him. Look at him now. He is one of the finest young men in this country."

"The young man on my right was a little easier. He had no

faith when I witness to him. I thank the Lord Jesus for letting me have a little part in their lives."

The results of Ramdeen's witness are not unusual. The Ramdeen family operates a small store

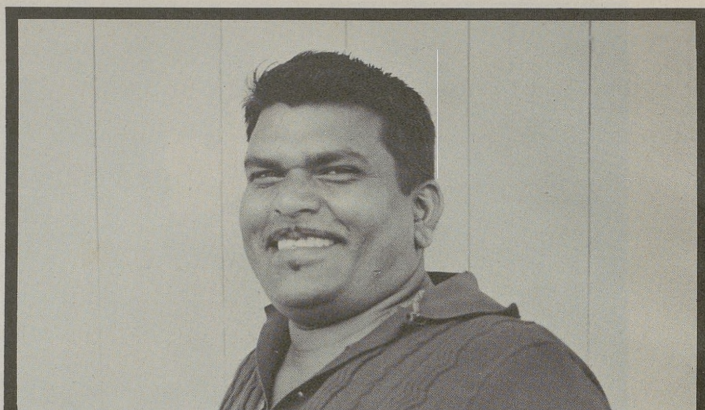
that occupies the front portion of their house, and family members offer a Christian witness to all who enter.

"I thank the Lord Jesus for this opportunity to speak for my Lord," Ramdeen goes on. "My father came from India. My home was a Hindu home. There was no such thing as love and understanding. By the time I reach 13 years my father and mother were both dead. I was on my own."

"I grew up as best I could. I spent much time drinking and gambling. I married young and had nothing. I was a bad man. I used my money to drink and gamble, and my family had to suffer. There was no peace, no joy, and no happiness in my home. My brother-in-law, Amrit Bridgelal, tried to get me to go to church. I laughed at him and said I had no time for that."

"After a long time I finally went to Valley Baptist Church. Pastor David Martin [a missionary] was our pastor then. He witnessed to me, and I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior."

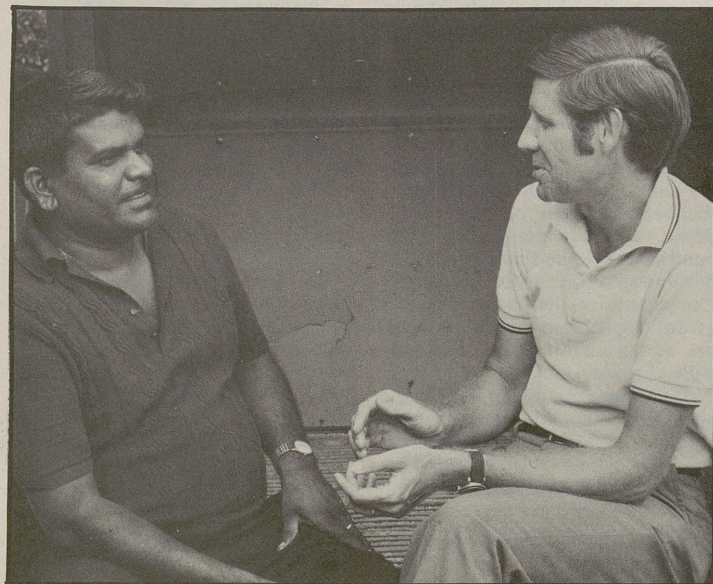
Employed as a missionary associate in 1968, the author served in the Bahamas before transfer to Trinidad in February 1972.

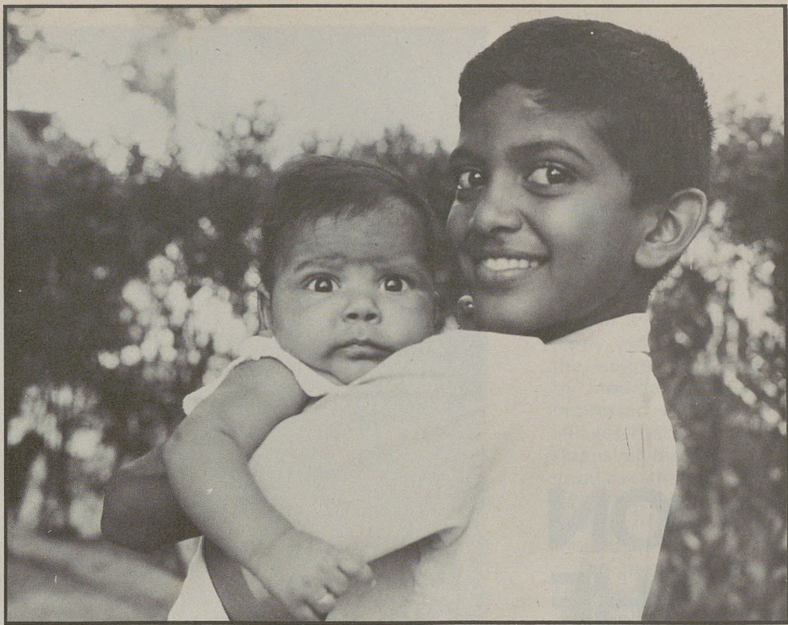


RAMDEEN

By James E. Spaulding

Ramdeen and Missionary James E. Spaulding converse.





Above and below: Some of the Ramdeen children.



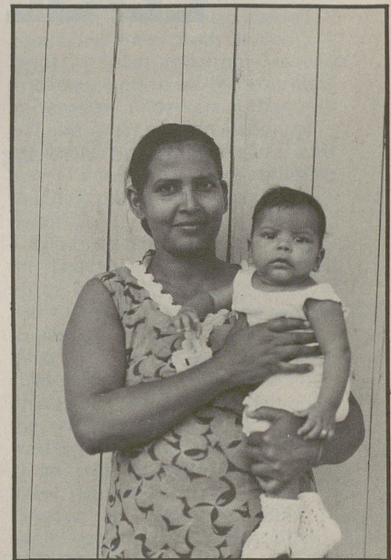
"Tonight I want to thank Jesus. I have a new peace and a new joy in my heart. I thank Jesus that all of my family, except the four very youngest children, are Christians. I thank Jesus for the little store he give me. I thank him for the new life he give me."

The Ramdeen family (there are ten children) is just one example of the many families reached through the efforts of Valley Baptist Church and its three missions. The church and the missions are the only Baptist witness to approximately 100,000 people.

Ramdeen now serves as a deacon in Valley Church. He also serves in other capacities in the church and its Richplain Mission. His family is also very active in the church and mission. Their smiles are undeniable evidence that they all have "a new peace and a new joy" and a "new life" in Jesus.

"We must all live for Jesus," declares Ramdeen, concluding his testimony. "We must thank him for all he has done for us. We must thank him and love him and live for him. We must tell everybody of the love he give us." TC

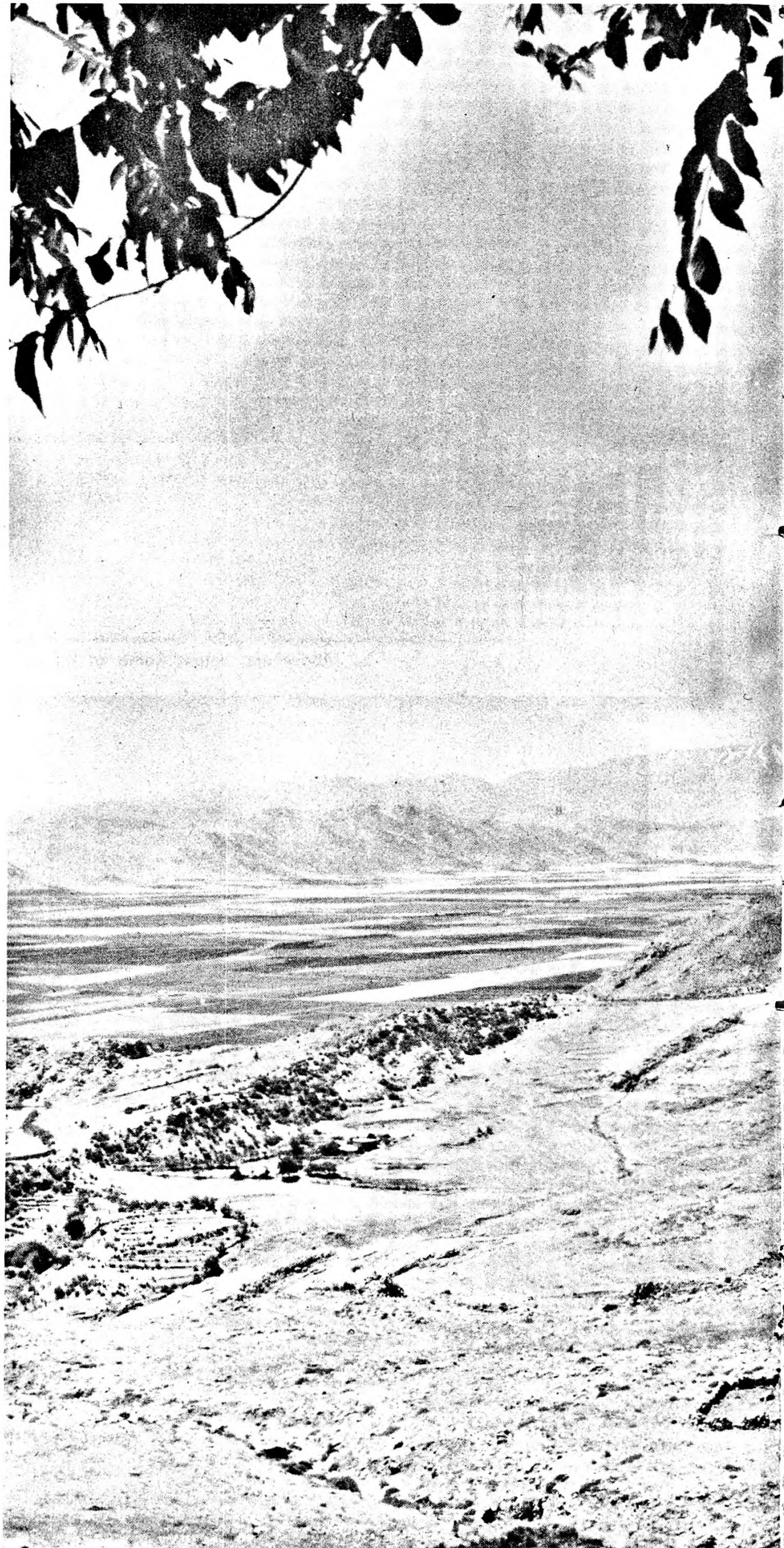
Ramdeen's wife and youngest child.

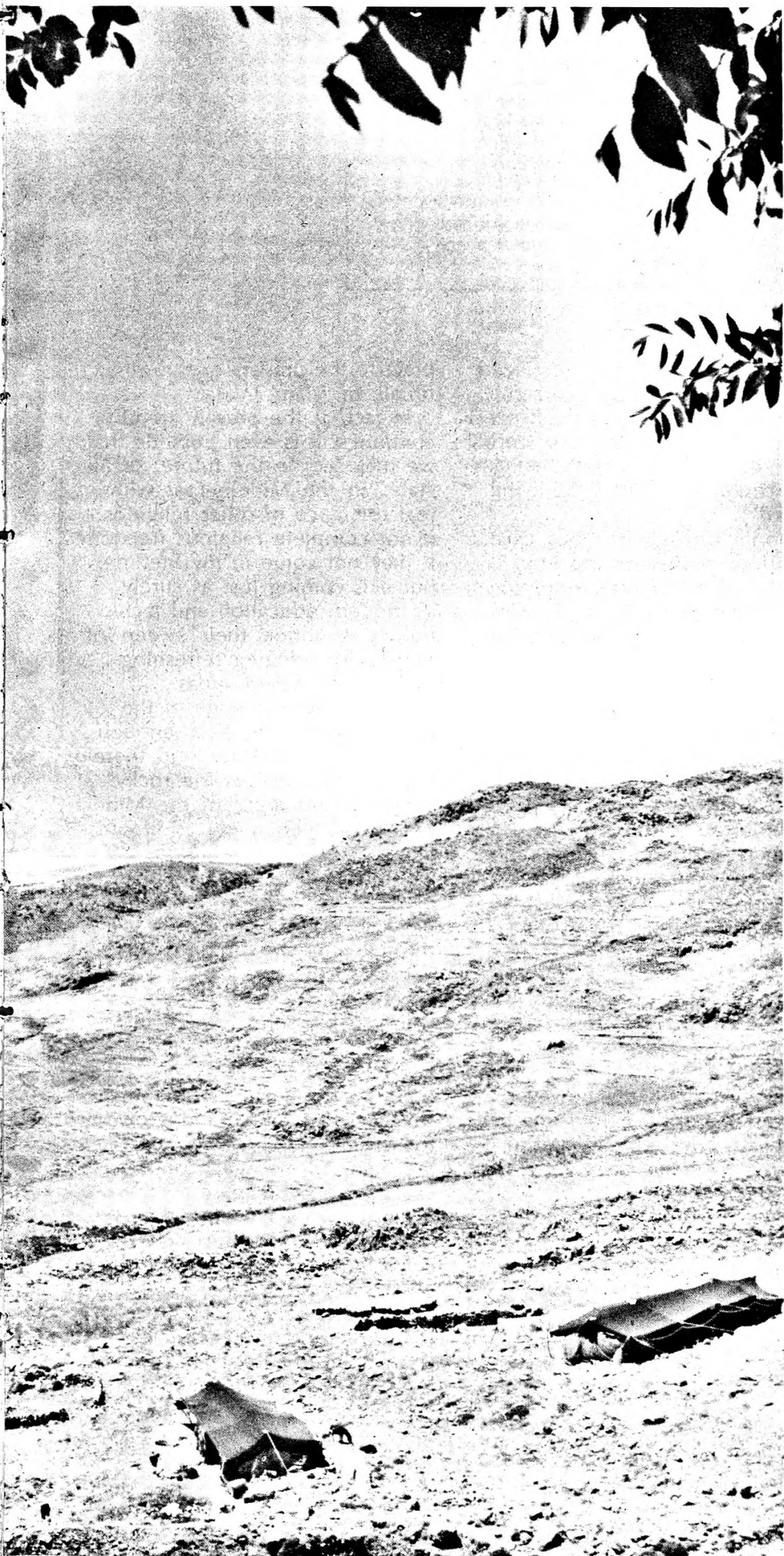


ON THE DESERT'S EDGE

By David W. King

A view in Lebanon
toward Mount
Hermon, with
Bedouin tents
in foreground.





IF you were to visit Lebanon, at first you wouldn't really think much about the desert.

Whether you came by air, by sea, or even by land, as do a few hardy travelers, you would find the entire landscape dominated by mountains. Visitors are always impressed with the number of villages that can be seen on the slopes of the Lebanon range in good weather, especially at night, when the lights sparkle like clusters of stars against the black mountain.

The mountains have dominated Lebanon's history, as well as its landscape. Because of them, the Phoenician ancestors of the modern Lebanese became the most expert sailors, navigators, traders, and colonizers in the ancient world. They carried man's first known alphabetic form of writing to the entire Mediterranean basin.

Phoenician ships also carried goods and news from ancient Egypt to Spain and from Morocco to Greece and to all the countries in between. Phoenicia (Lebanon) was the great trading nation of the ancient world, dealing not only in goods and grains, but also in ideas, philosophies, and religions.

But once you were to cross the Lebanon Mountains and the broad Beqa' ("spotted") Valley and to begin climbing the western slopes of the Anti-Lebanon range, you would see the terrain change rapidly. In about one hour's drive you would leave behind the relatively green coast and western slope of the Lebanon range, with its cover of citrus fruit trees, banana and olive trees, "snober" or "umbrella" pines, apple, peach, pear, and other cold-weather fruit trees, and the last remaining cedars on the higher slopes. You would descend the almost barren eastern slopes, cross the fertile farmland of the

The author was appointed a missionary to Lebanon in 1959.

'The spiritually dry and barren lands of the Middle East will . . . blossom through the application of the "water of the Word." Gradually we are seeing the spiritual garden of God grow in the Arab world.'

Bega' Valley, and climb the nearly empty slope of the Anti-Lebanon range, where a few grazing sheep and goats are about the only signs of animal life.

Past the Syrian border post and over the top of the Anti-Lebanons, you would begin to spot a few irrigated fruit orchards in the descent toward Damascus. Passing through a narrow gorge and around a curve, you would find yourself quite suddenly at the edge of the lush Damascus oasis. Here, water from spring-fed streams literally makes the desert blossom with trees, shrubs, flowers, and vegetables of all kinds.

Once beyond Damascus, however, you would leave the sown behind, except for occasional patches of wheat or barley grown in the winter—if it rains enough. Flying over Damascus, one can see for miles in every direction, and, although there are a few scattered small villages to the south, there is practically no sign of life to the east. The land has not yet become the great sandy desert, but it is dark, barren, and usually powder dry, even though sudden torrential rains sometimes cover the area with water and turn it into a sea of mud.

Many times in the past 13 years I have thought of how this land is, in many ways, typical of the spiritual condition of its people. A small minority know the Lord and have real spiritual peace and power, but the vast majority of the people live in the dry, barren atmosphere of a deadly formal "Christianity," or in the wilderness and windblown steppes and shifting sands of traditional Islam. There is no real spiritual life in either one. No wonder Muhammad was not impressed with Chris-

tianity—it was already fossilized and, to a large extent, corrupt when he first learned of it. How different the history of the world might have been if only Muhammad could have known the living Christ!

Formal Christianity does exist in various pockets in the Arab world, not only in Lebanon, which is well known for its small "Christian" majority, but also in other countries of the Arab world. I was amazed to learn a few years ago that there is an area in Syria where there are at least 40 nominally Christian villages. One young man from that area found Christ as his Savior and came to the Arab Baptist Theological Seminary for three years of training. Since his graduation in June 1968, he has been serving the Lord and seeking to win others to him in areas where barren, fruitless, fossilized Christianity forms the hard, rocky soil in which the seed of the Word of God must be planted.

The ideals of Islam are, in some respects, quite high; however, the vast majority of Muslims live in abject physical and spiritual poverty. In many cases they are held there by a kind of fatalistic acceptance of their lot, as though it must be accepted as God's will for them. Many educated Arabs are now breaking out of this poverty cycle—their barren desert—and have found that modern, scientific knowledge and technology are not entirely compatible with their religion. Many are leaving their religion—not officially, of course, because that would involve apostasy and all the economic and social sanctions that go with it; but informally and unofficially many no longer

practice the prayers or the other rituals of Islam.

In fact, as the present trend continues, it is even possible that we may see, in the future, secular states in the Middle East with real tolerance of other religions, if not complete religious freedom. It may not come in my lifetime, but it is coming just as surely as modern education and technology continue their sweep of the world, bringing refreshing showers to desert areas.

We live on the edge of the desert, where there is enough water to support life—and therein lies the key! Just as the rocky, barren desert areas of the Middle East have been made to bloom like the rose (a development true not just in Israel, but in many of the Arab countries as well) because water has been provided through modern methods of irrigation, so the spiritually dry and barren lands of the Middle East will also blossom through the application of the "water of the Word."

Gradually we are seeing the spiritual garden of God grow in the Arab world. New churches are being formed each year. Established churches are growing—relatively slowly, to be sure, but they are growing, and that is important. Groups of Muslims here and there are meeting in homes to study God's Word and to learn about the person named Jesus. Some of these, no doubt, will come to personal faith in him as Savior and Lord and find their lives transformed by his amazing grace and spiritual power.

So we must keep "watering" the desert, not only until it blooms, but also until it bears fruit and even reseeds itself! **TC**

KNEW A MAN

By
Henry
L.
Anderson

In October 1937 Park Harris Anderson and his wife, unable to reenter China in war-clouded days, sailed for Hawaii, where they served until June 1938 and helped pave the way for further Southern Baptist mission work. Appointed by the Foreign Mission Board in 1907, the Andersons had ministered in China until the mid-1930s.

With them on the voyage to Hawaii was their son, Henry, who today remembers his father as "the greatest man who ever lived." Now the younger Anderson, pastor of Britt David Baptist Church, Columbus, Ga., has drawn from his recollection specific images to paint a word profile of his father.

"I realize that my memory of him does not present the typical aseptic, alabaster portrait of a missionary that is so frequently seen in contemporary writing," he admits. "He was a real human being who lived and loved and laughed with the same profound passion that he believed and trusted. But I guess the legend that missionaries are not real people, but sort of latter-day, stained-glass saints, has about died out anyway."

IN THE FIRST remembrance I have of him, he was soaking wet. I was only five, or perhaps six. The chronology of events in our early years is always dim, never really precise. We remember in scenes and pictures and moments whose pungent vividness have made them live in our memories.

Yes, he was soaking wet, standing in the rain like some outlandish, white Buddha in the village of Long Gnon Tong, China. He was inviting the people of the village to come and worship, for this was his life.

Looking back at that scene from the vantage point of all these years, it seems slightly ludicrous. What was he doing there? This man who could have been so

much and done so many things; this stranger from Crab Orchard, Ky., sharing a faith with strangers who seemed uninterested and who called him a foreign devil. Why had he left his home, his people, a promising law career to be, of all things, a missionary? Why had he turned his back on his own land in the first decade of the twentieth century to sail out into some unknown, driven by that restless pull of faith that has always baffled men who never knew it?

He went because people were important to him, because he believed they needed the strength of faith in their living. It was his commitment to this belief that had brought him to this moment. And that moment made a crossroads where my memory and his life touched for the first time.

What I remember most of all about that moment is what he said—not the fact that I was small, tired, and hungry; nor the fact that we had been going from house to house for a long time, and I was ready to quit; nor even the fact that I was soaking wet, just as he was. More than all these, my most vivid memory is what he said.

Suddenly stopping his walk, he looked down at me, and noticed for the first time that I was as wet as he. That was the moment when I first remember the real person—totally real, without sham, utterly without contrived affectation, a man of honest humor. He grinned at me and said, "Son, ain't this a h--- of a way to make a living?" Dedicated without reservation to this "way to make a living," he could still laugh at himself, could still see the absurdity of two seedy-looking Americans getting soaked in a

Chinese village just because of a dream which lived with him day by day.

It was this dream of bringing men to a living faith and common love that kept him going—this, and his sense of humor. To him there was neither irreverence nor disrespect in humor. He was sure that God laughed, was fond of saying, "God has got to have a sense of humor—look at all the funny people he has made." He had that rare gift of seeing the humor always present even in the most unlikely moments. He saw it everywhere.

Spending some 33 years of his life in China and America teaching young future ministers how to prepare sermons, he constantly saw humor in the sweat and toil of this task. I once asked him, with that disturbing directness peculiar to children, "Daddy, where do preachers get sermons?" He looked at me for a moment and said, "Well, son, they read, they study the Bible, they study other books, they ponder, they pray, some even think." Then he grinned and said, "But most of all, they steal them from other preachers."

His humor would suit the occasion and at times was a great teaching aid—especially for teaching self-honesty, a commodity not always in great supply among those of the cloth. The pompous, the arrogant, and the psychotic often find a happy home in the role of prophet or priest. He found that humor could help greatly when faced with such a person.

Upon hearing a student who was overly impressed with himself praying loud and long in public, he was apt to tell him, "Son, if you are that far behind in your praying, you had better spend

some time in private prayer until you catch up. Never forget, prayer is talking with God; preaching is talking with people. If you are not careful, you are going to end up preaching at God."

Occasionally his work would bring him into contact with those of his own faith who looked upon religious faith as primarily an emotional experience. His innate kindness never allowed him to embarrass these colleagues, even though he thought them wrong, but those of us close to him garnered many a chuckle over his asides. One Sunday in the early '30s during a very famous, if somewhat excessively emotional, revival in Shanghai, our family was seated in church next to a middle-aged, unmarried female missionary. Suddenly, under the impetus of the emotional tension building up in the service, this good lady jumped into the aisle, knelt, and screamed, "I see Jesus." As the echoes of her scream died out, he leaned over and whispered to me, "Ask her if he has a beard." It was a private joke between us for the rest of his life. He would say, "We finally had a chance to find out once and for all, and you blew it."

However, he was more—much more—than just a man of humor. He was a man of faith. To him, faith was not some vague, transcendental, theological precept. It was a reality for living—the simple presence of God, whose presence actually made a difference in the way men lived.

I think this faith lives most vividly in my mind as he stood beside my badly burned mother. Traveling from Shanghai to Peking on one of those unique institutions, a Chinese train, we had to boil our own water to avoid

bacteria, a generous bonus in the drinking water. Mother was seated in the compartment beside a small table. On the table was a five-gallon container boiling on a little pump stove as the train rocked and moaned through the black, Chinese night.

Suddenly one of the legs on the stove melted off and the entire contents of the pot poured into her lap, burning the flesh to the bone in many places. It was about 6:00 P.M., and no medical help was available until the next morning about 8:00, when the train was due to arrive in 'Tse Nan Fu, where a mission hospital was located.

Seldom has there been such agony etched upon the memory of one small boy as there was that night. Yet, I saw something else—I saw the quietness and the strength of a man of faith. Somehow, as he prayed, there came into that compartment a stillness, a peace, a comfort that made the dark hours bearable. And instead of being dead from shock, somehow when morning came my mother was still there with a smile upon her lips.

Do not ask me to explain it. I only know that there in the night his faith became a tangible reality, and for a fleeting time we were one with that host of other men and women out of a thousand yesterdays who endured the darkness, who lived through the night simply because a faith made God real—for he really was there.

Yet, this faith was not just a kind of mystical sentiment, a sort of giant rabbit's foot to be used in time of need. Rather, it was the essence, the meaning of life itself. To him faith was a sham if it did not have a human dimension, if it did not create prin-

ciples and values, and build bridges between people.

Nor did he have any illusions about the difficulty that faith encounters in this human adventure. He would tell his students, "As you go through life, you will be surprised to discover that a man with faith and a man without faith appear to be very much the same. Most of the time they will look about alike, but once in a while in your walk through life, you are going to come across a piece of real estate where you will have to take a stand. And when you take that stand, you will find that the rent on that real estate comes mighty high."

In instructing young ministers, he taught them reality; he taught them life. Far ahead of his time, he "said it like it was." His advice to young ministers: "You must decide now, in your beginning, whether you want to be a happy prophet or a successful pastor, for you cannot be both. If you are going to preach like a prophet—if you are going to deal with right and wrong, with the turmoil of life, with the prejudice and hate in men's hearts, with the inner realities that destroy men's lives—then you had better be prepared to die like a prophet, for that is just what happened to all of them."

One other memory marks him a real man for this season. Although a born Southerner, he was a man totally devoid of racial bias. To him people were simply human beings, and he fought quietly for human equality long before it became intellectually popular, socially fashionable, or even economically rewarding. I shall never forget his words to me when I first encountered the cesspool

of racial bigotry.

Leaving China, we came back to the deep South, where he lived and taught for the rest of his days. In our home we simply had no racial awareness of any sort. Men of all races came and went, visited and stayed, ate and slept. Until I was 12 years old I was unaware that mere pigmentation was a categorizing device. As I look around me now, I am awed even more by the enormity of his gift to me. It is difficult even to envision a 12-year-old today with no racial awareness at all.

After moving to a large Southern city, I soon became good friends with two little black boys. We played together and grew together, close as is possible only through the ingenuous idealism of children. One afternoon I invited them to go to church with me. Their mother, far wiser in the ways of adult religion than I, was dubious. But on that, the last day of my unmixed naivete, I told her, "Sure, they can come. They are my friends."

So they came. We were met at the door by a woman, a pillar of the church, who, echoing the fears and insecurity of at least ten generations, asked, "What are these niggers doing here?" Looking at her in shocked surprise and disbelief, I said, "We've come to church." Quite unsuspectingly, this fine Christian woman epitomized the agony that was destined to tear and scar America in the decades ahead with just seven fateful words: "Well, we don't allow niggers in here."

I wonder if it is possible for anyone to know the depth of rage and anger and shocked surprise a 12-year-old boy is capable of reaching. It had been some time since I had cried, but I was so

humiliated, so ashamed for my church and my friends, that I had no words to express my emotions and burst into a kind of crying fit. Putting my arms around my friends, I all but screamed at the woman, "Then you don't want me either." And we left.

How I got home, I'll never know. I must have cried all the way. Coming to my friends' house, the first thing I saw was their mother—waiting, worried, suspecting the worst. She looked at me, and all I could manage to stammer was, "I'm sorry, ma'am, I really am." With the patience of long years, she said gently, "That's alright, but I thanks you for wanting them."

I went home; I sat down on the steps; I stared at the wall. It must have been some kind of crisis in my life. If it can be possible for just a 12-year-old, the church trembled in the balance for me at that moment. When my father came home, I was still sitting there. It didn't take a prophet to know something was wrong. "What's the matter?" he asked. I told him the whole ugly story, and he said to me, "Well, son, welcome to the world. Now you know what kind of fight we have on our hands. Just don't ever give the church up to these people." I have never forgotten those words.

When he died, we received messages from all over the world. The one I treasure most said, "Somewhere today in the mysterious realm of eternity, a host of people have gathered at the gates of heaven to welcome your father home—a host that would not have been there had it not been for him."

No man ever had a greater epitaph! T

GOALS:

A WAY OF EXPRESSING HOPE

By Ione Gray

ALL around the world where Southern Baptist missionaries work, strategy planning is in some stage of talking or doing. Jerold and Grace Palmer, the first Southern Baptist missionaries to take up residence in the Republic of Niger, wrote less than one week after arriving in Maradi:

"Our job here is to build and operate a Christian trade school."

Already a goal!

Then Palmer wrote, "I am to teach the construction trades—block making, masonry, carpentry, cabinetmaking, and perhaps some business economics. Most of my preaching for the next four years will be over a carpenter's bench, which, by the way, was probably the first Christian pulpit."

And also a strategy!

Although Palmer had already been helping on a farm and in a welding and shop class, he and his wife, Grace, had not had time to sort out their various objectives and the deadlines for attaining them. No doubt that will take place as they settle in for the years ahead.

Southern Baptist missionaries have always done strategic planning, even when it was planning for doing their own things. Excellent studies had been done in a number of areas. But with the beginning of the '70s, with funds and personnel stretched to their outer limits by the advancing of Baptist witness into more and more countries and more and more places of need, it was no longer possible for missionaries to act independently of each other and the national Baptists of the countries in which they served.

Winston Crawley, director of the Foreign Mission Board's Over-



Church member in a Spanish village.

seas Division, put down broad, general plans and methods, leaving much room for individual and group creativity, in a paper called "A Strategy for the '70s." With this paper to guide them and the limitations of money and personnel to pressure them, missionaries everywhere began formulating more definite strategy.

The Southern Baptist missionaries in Spain are among those who have already spent many days and weeks in detailed strategy planning. Daniel R. White, who last summer was elected new chairman of the strategy committee of the Baptist Mission of Spain (organization of missionaries), says it is his hope that the Baptists of Spain will always see

mission strategy as being dynamic as opposed to static. For this reason the strategy committee is a standing one.

"It is not a set pattern of work but a force relating to circumstances and change," White explains. "Such matters as the devaluation of the dollar, furloughs, resignations, et cetera, have a way of affecting our work. But at every moment our strategy is to touch the lives of as many people as possible and share with them the good news of salvation in Jesus Christ with the men and money available at the time."

Robert F. Crider preceded White as chairman of the strategy committee. He had throughout his year urged mission teamwork and the need for up-to-date and accurate job descriptions for missionaries.

In March 1973 the strategy committee spent six days considering action plans for achieving the goals the mission had adopted in its annual meeting in the summer of 1972. In voting for the "immediate implementation" of the action plans, the committee took into consideration the necessity for coordination of certain activities with the plans and actions of the Spanish Baptist Union. Other very real considerations were money and personnel requirements for accomplishing the goals.

The Spain Mission spent a full day of its 1973 meeting studying and adopting philosophy statements on each goal. J. D. Hughey, Foreign Mission Board secretary for Europe and the Middle East, who was present for this meeting, asked the missionaries to give attention as to how to further develop and promote fellowship and cooperation between nationals and missionaries and to the

The author is international writer and editor on the Foreign Mission Board staff.

furtherance of the process of indigenization.

Missions (missionaries within a given area or country) prepare strategy for themselves and try to relate to the strategy of national Baptist unions. When missionaries set a goal for a country, they are only expressing a hope and are offering to work with national Baptists in case they adopt the goal.

Thus, following intensive study by the strategy committee and the entire mission, the following goals have been adopted:

(1) To have 15,000 members in churches of the Spanish Baptist Union by 1985. (Current membership: about 6,150.)

In consultation with leaders of the Spanish Baptist Union, the mission has adopted detailed plans and strategy for accomplishing this objective. It has divided activity into what the mission must do, what the national agencies and commissions may do, and what the local churches may do. Strategy also calls for the integration of the Correspondence Bible Course Center into the mission structure and its utilization toward the accomplishment of this first goal, as well as goals three and four.

(2) To have a financially independent Baptist Union by 1988. Again the strategy committee in counsel with national leaders worked out pages of details for an annual reduction rate of 7 percent in support from the mission, and listed the duties of each organizational unit within the Baptist work of Spain.

(3) To establish work in 15 new cities of 100,000 or more, as well as in smaller strategic capitals, by 1985. The restructuring committee of the national board of the Spanish Baptist Union had

from the beginning of the strategy studies proposed that the mission take a free hand in beginning, supporting, and developing pioneer work.

(4) To lead every independent church to establish and develop at least two new missions every five years.

(5) To lead associations of churches to set worthy goals for the opening of new work in their areas.

(6) To have ten missionaries in associational work by 1985.

(7) To have a seminary student body of 20 by 1975, 50 by 1980, and 80 by 1985.

(8) To develop a seminary curriculum with emphasis on pastoral ministry.

(9) To expand the seminary program to include training for lay pastors and refresher courses for seminary graduates.

(10) To encourage seminary students to arrange for their own financial support by 1974.

(11) To develop a camping program which will contribute to spiritual growth and church development.

(12) To provide Spanish Baptist churches technical assistance and materials for a radio witness.

(13) To establish a television ministry in Spain.

(14) To provide the churches with technical assistance and materials for a music ministry.

(15) To begin a ministry with university students.

(16) To lead churches to develop a comprehensive program of religious education. The strategy committee explained: "An acceptable definition of 'a comprehensive program of religious education' is needed before more work can be done on an in-depth action plan for this goal. The mission must keep in mind that

such a program should meet the needs of Spanish churches and not necessarily be a carbon copy of programs of religious education in American churches."

(17) To develop a literature ministry which will adequately support the Baptist witness in Spain.

The strategy committee commented: "The development of this literature ministry must practice good stewardship by utilizing and promoting material already produced, rather than duplicating efforts purely from a vain sense of pride. Due to the fact that the Baptist Spanish Publishing House [El Paso, Tex.] is the largest publisher of evangelical materials in Spanish, the committee feels that Baptists in Spain should be encouraged to make the fullest use of this source of materials.

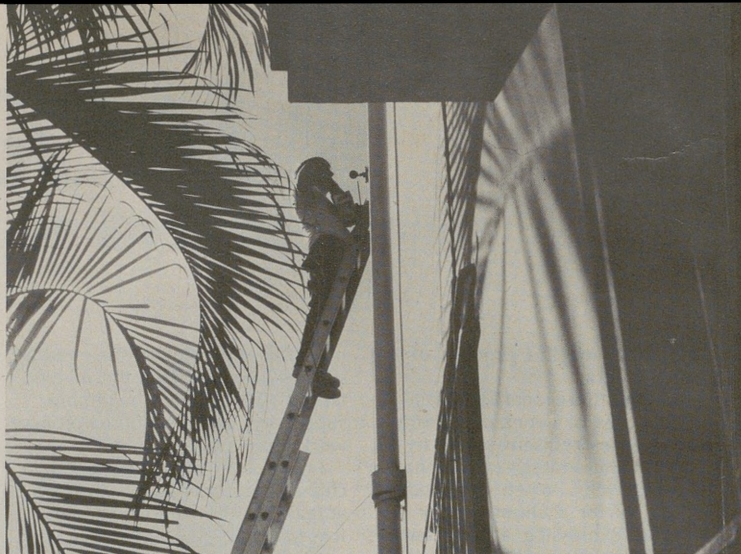
"Only when desired materials are not already in print and cannot be printed by the publishing house should the independent publication of such materials be encouraged."

To help reach the goals of the Spanish Baptist Mission and the Spanish Baptist Union the two organizations requested three Southern Baptist missionary couples and a missionary journeyman for the peninsula, a couple for Melilla, and one for the Canary Islands. During 1973 one couple was appointed by the Foreign Mission Board for service in Spain.

Mission strategy in Spain depends to some extent on what young adult Southern Baptists do with their lives. It depends to a great extent on trained Spanish leadership. Tom and Betty Law, missionaries in Spain since 1962, said in their report to the mission, "There is no goal or strategy to cover the difficult pastorless church situations." TC

THE FLORIDA FIXERS

By Veda Rae Lozuk



Jim Endress, visiting layman, installs floodlights at Caracas Baptist Center.

IT WAS a special adventure in missions when Spencer Memorial Baptist Church, Tampa, Fla., sent two members, Dennis Watkins, construction foreman, and Jim Endress, master electrician, to give 12 days of their time and professional services to assist Baptist work in Venezuela.

The adventure took root when Pastor Waylon Moore of the Tampa church, on a mission trip through South America, stopped in Caracas, the Venezuelan capital, for training sessions with Venezuelans. Missionary George S. Lozuk (my husband), who directs Venezuelan Baptists' radio work, showed Moore how local Baptists had converted part of an old house into a studio and convention offices. George went on to tell of dreamed-about changes for the future.

Announced Moore: "I have two men in my church right now who could do that work for you."

After contact was made with W. Eugene Grubbs, Foreign Mission Board consultant on laymen overseas, Watkins and Endress headed south. Flight-plan complications put them in Caracas about five hours late and without luggage. When George did not find them on the scheduled flight, he mentioned their names to a young acquaintance employed at the airport and drove back to Caracas wondering what had gone wrong.

Finding themselves in a strange

airport where nearly everyone spoke Spanish, the two laymen discovered that they did not have the missionary's phone number or address. People who understood some English directed them to the claims office to report their lost luggage. Attending them in the claims office was George's friend. He recognized the Americans' names and called our home. Within the hour George was driving the visitors through the mountains toward Caracas. Their luggage appeared a day later.

The next day, Sunday, the two Floridians gave their Christian testimonies at Bethel Baptist Church, which serves English-speaking people of Caracas. Then they attended the Spanish-language services of Immanuel Baptist Church in the same building.

Collecting tools and donning work clothes the following morning, they went with George to *Centro Bautista* ("Baptist Center"), where they completed projects so quickly that George found himself busy just buying the necessary supplies. Watkins installed large double doors for the office of the president of the Venezuelan Convention. Then he built an entire wall of storage shelves, a closet for storing musical instruments for the radio choir, a table for a photocopy machine,

and a large mail divider for handling follow-up correspondence from radio listeners.

Endress installed additional electrical outlets in the old building, put in a new telephone line, and placed floodlights to illuminate the newly tiled patio. In the process he received several electrical shocks before realizing that wiring is not done the same way in every country. And Watkins was learning that in Venezuela prepared lumber is not purchased at the lumber yard; the carpenter buys a wide board and has it cut to specifications.

The two men collaborated in completing a combination film-storage room and photography darkroom. It had been partially finished for months, while missionaries sought a "spare minute" to work on it.

EVEN at our home, where the visitors stayed, they did not stop working. Endress was fascinated by a routine repeated several times a day: the multibreaker on the electrical circuit would be tripped; those in the house would begin turning off appliances and calling to the children to turn out lights; then someone would go outside to flip on the breaker switch. The

The author, Mrs. George S. Lozuk, was appointed a missionary to Venezuela in 1956.

house had never been wired for today's electrical living.

"You don't have to live with that kind of problem," declared Endress.

I agreed that the situation surely could be remedied, but that we did not know what problems, cost, or time might be involved. Recognizing that my words probably didn't sound sensible to a man who deals every day in keeping electrical systems working properly, I tried to explain further: "If I had lived in this house when we first came to Venezuela, the lack of electrical capacity probably would have bothered me. But now that we've lived in this country for 16 years, flipping the multibreaker back on several times a day seems normal."

It still did not seem right to Endress. He began quietly removing light fixtures until clusters of tangled electrical wires hung from several holes in the ceiling. Several time I walked into the kitchen to find him standing atop the dishwasher looking at a handful of wires as if expecting the bundle to tell him something. It must have done so eventually, for I returned to the house one day to hear him say, "Turn on everything you can think of. See if you can blow the circuit." I had forgotten how wonderfully convenient it is to push the "on" button of all machines at once.

The laymen's visit also brought a spiritual blessing to all who came to hear what the Lord has

done in their lives. Watkins told of a difficult childhood, of being on his own as a teenager, of frustrations as a young adult, of disillusionment because of weak Christians. Then he added his experience of coming to know Jesus Christ in reality and of learning to depend upon him.

Jim, from a religious background very unlike the Baptist viewpoint, spoke of marrying a Baptist and, as their family grew, of feeling a responsibility for providing a spiritual example to his children. Accompanying his family to church, he tried to ignore the sermons, but the message was heard, and one day he walked the aisle to confess his faith in Christ. Now, he says, his life has been transformed.

STUDENTS at the Venezuelan Baptist Theological Seminary heard the Floridians relate their Christian experiences. One student was so impressed that he invited the men to repeat their testimonies at the church in Maracay where he was pastor. Missionary R. Dean Harlan met the visitors in Maracay and drove them to Valencia, where the two men again shared their spiritual experiences at First Baptist Church. The next day the laymen constructed nursery furniture for the church.

While in Valencia, Watkins and Endress stayed at the Harlan home, where a serious electrical

short had survived the visits of several repairmen. The Harlans had decided the short was something they simply had to live with.

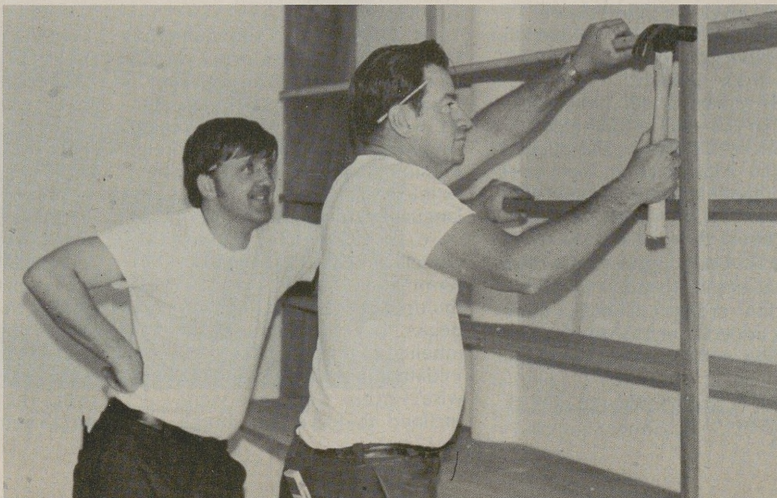
The visitors set out to find the problem. Before they finished, both men had turned plumpers, digging a hole through the bathroom floor to find a broken water pipe in the ground below. The water was causing the electrical short. Repairing the water line also solved the continuing puzzle of why there was but a trickle of running water in the bathroom.

Mrs. Harlan (Katy), finding her house in working order, could only say, "The Lord bless you."

Before leaving Valencia, the laymen went with Missionary Clarence R. (Buck) Smith to the Naguanagua Church, where they corrected a difficult electrical problem in about two hours. Then they drove to the national Baptist encampment, and the visitors drew up a schematic to serve the camp's future electrical needs.

In Caracas once again, Watkins and Endress finished a few odd jobs at the radio studio before packing to leave. During the visit the four Lozuk children had come to know the two quite well. Endress had even helped Ann with algebra homework. She expressed the sentiments of the family in the words of a 15-year-old: "Boy, they're cool. Do they really have to leave?" **TC**

Endress watches
Dennis Watkins
construct storage
shelves at the
Venezuelan Baptist
Convention offices.



A MINISTRY IN MUNICH

By Joe W. Burton



Rural setting near Munich, Germany.

MY wife and I stood enthralled on the verdant ascent to the Zugspitz. Taking in the breathtaking view of Germany's highest peak, even at that level we immediately agreed: "Why go to Switzerland when you can see *this* only 90 miles from Munich?"

That remained our firm judgment to the end of our eight months in Germany. The rugged Bavarian Alps, rearing their spectacular heights across the southern end of West Germany, surely must equal the raw beauty anywhere in God's upheaving world. To that natural beauty, in every direction around Munich, there is the added touch of the immaculate, picture-book Bavarian

towns: Mittenwald, Oberammergau, Dinkelsbühl, Rothenburg, and a hundred more, every one of them a storybook picture of cleanliness and history-filled German ingenuity.

All of these—far too numerous to roll-call—we saw every day of our eight months in Germany (more properly, in Bavaria). But we were not there for sight-seeing. Under sponsorship of the Foreign Mission Board, we were serving as interim pastor of the English-language Baptist church in Munich.

To that pastorate we gave ourselves with disciplined determination and with a variety of multiple fellowship. Right off, we began to perceive the deadly loneliness that threatens religious initiative in a foreign land. Otherwise sincere Christians were inclined to leave the church out

of their lives while on military or occupational duty abroad. After all, it was their "once in a lifetime" opportunity to "see the country" on the weekends.

I met two personable young women, one the daughter of a pastor in the States and the other of a recently retired denominational employee. Neither ever attended our services. They with their husbands and small children were simply trapped in the meshes of this foreign-travel psychology. That spirit was our constant and pernicious challenge to ministry.

Fortunately this sight-seeing obsession was not universal. The little congregation in our Munich Baptist Church received us immediately and warmly as their own. That fellowship grew with no abatement to our very last day

The author for many years was editor of *Home Life*, published by the Baptist Sunday School Board.

together. It was indeed like one small family—not big, mind you, but small. On Sundays we all drove downtown to the rented rooms in the German Baptist church. On Wednesdays they all came to the pastor's home for prayer meeting. We were truly blessed by the most cordial, even affectionate, relationship.

Typical was the remark one Sunday night at Church Training by one of our two deacons. "If you announced five services every Sunday," he said, "I guess I would be here every time."

The opportunities to help were varied. Most of them were from strangers, not out of the congregation. There was the teary young voice: "I have just had a premature baby. He is not doing well." Of course, I went at once to see the young parents. Upon my return home the telephone was ringing again.

"It wasn't the baby," she burst out. "It's my husband. He says he's going to divorce me and send me and the baby to New York. I'll have no place to go, no one to whom I can turn. My mother kicked me out when I was 13, and I can't go to my father. Now my husband is kicking me out."

About two nights later another girl came to see me, at the suggestion of the first one. "I'm going to divorce my husband," she

said, "because I don't love him as a wife should love her husband."

To my inquiry she insisted that she did not have her eye on any other man. Later my suspicion proved indeed to be grounded in fact. She had set her cap for the father of the premature baby—and had already landed him, he who had claimed once to have been a student for the ministry.

Then there was the poor fellow from Ethiopia, a gentle, kindly person. He was so deeply confused and out of balance that we finally had to put him in a mental hospital. He spent hours in our home, nearly all of one night and the rest of it wandering around in Munich's bitter cold of snow and ice. He spoke English very indistinctly, German hardly at all, and never heard from his father or stepmother in Ethiopia. Here in an unfriendly environment, out of communication and out of fellowship with his far-away family, he was a man alone. We spent many hours trying to help him gain some emotional balance. It was no wonder that his dreadful loneliness drove him to intolerable confusion.

Another man of midyears spent hours with me. A native of Hungary but resident of a half dozen countries and conversant in as many languages, he, too, was in fact a man without a country,

bedeviled by a devastating loneliness. He said he had taught in a college in the States, that he was now teaching tenuously in a private school in Munich. But he had lost his college job, was now losing his private school job, and within the year, at age 42, he had been rejected by his 39-year-old fiancée. So desperate was he that he, a Roman Catholic, broached the subject of entering training for the Baptist ministry with never an expressed intention of joining a Baptist church. Finally, because his plight was so pitiable and his problem so obvious, I decided to break all rules and tell him plainly why he had lost his jobs and his girl friend.

He didn't hear me. He hasn't heard me yet. He went out to lose another job, a man without a country and without friends, because he is never able to hear. He must always talk. Never can he listen.

But the challenges were by no means all negative. There was the smiling Nigerian who joined us from the Shepherd's Hill Baptist Church in Lagos. He brought a splendid young couple from the same church, and they brought other visitors, all of them engineering students.

From New Delhi, India, we received by watch care a smiling, bright-spirited Syrian Orthodox. Three others came for watch care the next to last Sunday. One was a Roman Catholic, and a couple were Methodists named Burleson.

"Ever hear of Rufus C. Burleson, early president of Baylor University?" I asked.

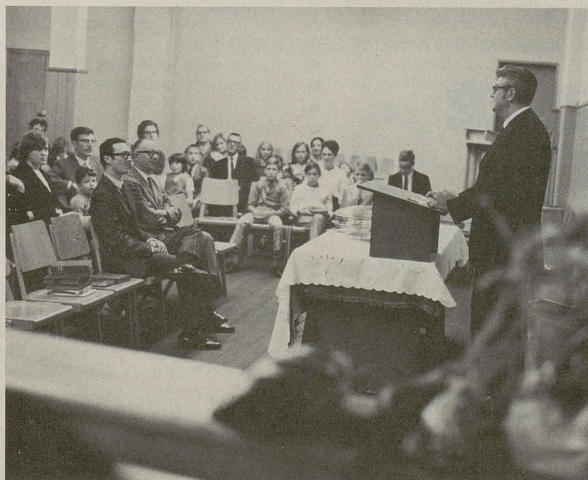
"Yes," he responded promptly. "He was a brother to my great-grandfather."

Altogether there were some 15 additions to the church in the eight months, plus those by watch care.

On the last Sunday the song leader, a young serviceman from Eutawville, S.C., folded his hymnbook on the very first stanza and quietly gave me his hand.

"God is calling me to full-time Christian service," he told our happy congregation (*our beloved family*). "I am ready to go."

It was a good climax to eight rewarding months. **TC**



Missionary R. W. Terry conducts worship service for Munich Baptist Church, meeting in the basement of a German church building.



"LIFE IS A VERY BRIEF AND URGENT MATTER"

That's how it looks to Bob and Suzie Hall, young Tennesseans in missionary journeyman service in East Africa. Bob and Suzie feel that their Christian witness is working with people so they've given two post-college years in a community service program in Nairobi, Kenya. Their spirit is contagious. So much so, that these two—and other young Christians now putting their faith to the test overseas—just might infect you. Interested? Expose yourself to

Seize The Moment

a motion picture
new from Broadman Films, with the
foreign mission board, sbc
20 minutes, color, sound, rental: \$15.00
available at discount through the CAVE Plan.
Order from the nearest Baptist Film Center.

IN A LITTLE WHILE

This word picture of a current setting was inspired by comments made by a Chinese Christian friend on his recent return from Mainland China.

Colorful posters mark the walls. People walking and riding bicycles fill the streets. The faces of old and young are tense and unsmiling. Their clothes are worn and patched from many sewings.

Once in a while air-conditioned, Japanese-made taxis come down the street. Inside are foreigners who have come to view this "liberated" land. Wearing their new shoes and up-to-date clothes almost in shame, they step out into the crowds. As if fearing it a crime, they train their cameras on the sights before them.



The building just in front, now in great need of repair and new equipment, had once been a modern hospital. Doctors and nurses dressed in spotless white had tenderly ministered with trained hands to thousands. Where once a cross had been now stands the statue of some recent idol-god with a red star on his cap.

Across the street, its doors fast barred, stands a house of God, its steeple-cross shattered as if by some angry blow. Once, not too long ago, songs of joy and praise had filled that place of worship. The happy sounds of children had been more than doors and windows could contain. The whole community was aware that the people of God assembled there.

Now the roof is falling in. Birds fly in and out of the broken windows. The "progress" of a godless philosophy has won the day, it seems.

But listen—what are those women talking about as they rest in the shade of that tree from their labor in the fields? Is that a copy of the accursed Book in their hands? Can they be so stupid? Do they not know the punishment?

And why is it that many of the old folks pause with eyes closed for minutes at a time in front of that run-down building? And what influence has touched these young people who have been "blessed" from birth with nothing but the great leader's thoughts? Why do they question the "better" way?

Nations come, and nations go. Governments rise and fall. A little longer, in just a little while, children's laughter will once again be heard here, and sounds of praise to God and his Son, our Savior, will fill the air.

*Richard L. Lusk
Kowloon, Hong Kong*

EPISTLES

PEACE WHERE WAR LEFT SCARS

A few months ago we visited the eastern part of Nigeria where most of the civil war was fought (1967-70). Scars of the war are still evident, but rebuilding has been rapid. One of our stops was in Onitsha with Missionary Emogene Harris. Connie (my husband) was asked to baptize new converts, since no ordained Baptist pastor is located there. This was an experience we shall long remember.

Hausa and Yoruba soldiers with their families came from surrounding areas and joined the small Ibo church for services. Connie preached in English, and the message was interpreted into Ibo (the eastern language) and Hausa (the northern language). Immediately after the service everyone went to the officers' swimming pool, where he baptized more than 200 persons. The baptismal service lasted more than two hours. Connie immersed soldiers and their wives and children, as well as many converts from the Ibo church.

As we stood around the pool we could see the mighty Niger River bridge in the distance, still under repair from wartime damage. Many buildings around the pool remained in ruins from the fighting. Yet the present scene was peaceful. The long line of candidates in their colorful clothes extended down the path and wound around a stately old tree.

After the baptismal service we returned to the church building to observe the Lord's Supper. How meaningful it was to see these people, who four years ago had been fighting each other, now sitting together in love as one in Christ!

Martha (Mrs. Connie M.) Bowers, Zaria, Nigeria

HELPING A YOUNG CHRISTIAN

On Sunday afternoons I go with students from the school into the villages to witness. Recently I went with a group on a seven-mile round trip to a village. When we arrived, people told us it was a Muslim village, and they did not want us to hold services. We were about to leave when a young woman stuck her head out of the door to her room and called, "Over here. Come over here and have services."

We crowded into the little room of Bertha, a young Christian. Her leg was swollen from a snake bite, and she was in much pain. When we were able to return later, we found her at a farm further down the road with her husband, grandmother, younger sister, three children, and two other men. We held services for them.

After the others had left, Bertha told me that her eight-month-old baby was very ill. She thought I was a nurse and could help. I explained that I was not a nurse, but would bring a missionary wife to assist, since the missionary nurse was on furlough.

Mrs. James A. Park and I walked back to the village the next afternoon. The baby was suffering from malnutrition, for the mother had no milk after having been bitten by the snake. The family had no money to buy milk. Mrs. Park gave the baby medicine and instructed the mother to feed the child papaya, broth, and fresh foods. We then made arrangements to give the mother some canned milk.

Bertha later appeared at our door to bring a gift of tangerines and a plant—a cross between a cucumber and a squash. As I walked with her back to the monkey bridge, she quoted Psalm 24. She spoke the last portion with emphasis: "Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. . . . Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory." I had a feeling that she knew the King in a real and personal way.

Clara Roberts, missionary journeyman, Monrovia, Liberia

AN UNUSUAL 'THANK OFFERING'

The order of service followed in Korean Baptist churches each Sunday morning calls for taking the offering following the sermon and just before the announcements. There is usually special music during this time, or the congregation sings. This gives the ushers time to gather the offering and to find those envelopes marked "Thank Offering."



Such an offering is a regular part of the program of giving for the Koreans. It is given over and above the tithe. Our pastor takes the envelopes and calls out the name of the person giving and states the reason for the offering. Occasions for the gifts vary from thankfulness over the birth of a son or grandson to the coveted passing of an entrance exam for school.

Some Sundays ago, a new occasion arose. The pastor took a few minutes to explain that an older member of our congregation, Tau Hung Baptist Church in Taejon, had been sick for a long time with cancer. She had passed away on Saturday morning. The funeral was to be held on Monday. Then the pastor read from the envelope: "A thank offering to God for taking my mother to her heavenly home." The envelope was signed by a daughter of the departed mother.

Genevieve (Mrs. Rolla M.) Bradley, Taejon, Korea

AFTER TEN YEARS

We live among masses of people with empty lives and hungry souls, but we do not find multitudes clamoring to know the way of salvation. Although we have seen a nucleus of new believers gather as a potential church in many villages, we have not yet seen the converting power of God sweep over whole communities.

There are days when we fail to see a genuine interest or response to our witness. There are times when a new group of believers that shows promise seems to be about to dissolve before our eyes. For weeks a village will seem receptive, and then we return to find a wall of opposition.

But we stand amazed at the power of God's Word when planted in the human heart and in the assurance that the mysterious ways of God's Holy Spirit will bring to fruition the seed that is sown in faithful witness. Such is the testimony of one new believer.



She appeared at church several months ago. No one knew who she was or where she came from. Upon meeting her after the worship service, I discovered that Ibu Erlena lived in a village several miles north of Jember. She explained that this was her first opportunity to come into town since hearing several weeks earlier that there was a Baptist church here.

Because of her efforts to attend church, I assumed she was a Christian, but she explained only that she wanted to become one. I was curious as to why she passed several other churches and took the trouble to find our little church, not on a main street.

Then she related that in 1963 she had been a patient at the Baptist hospital in Kediri (a full day's drive from Jember), and one of the missionary doctors had witnessed to her. Although she did not receive Christ at that time, the impression of that testimony continued to grow in her heart until ten years later she determined to find a Baptist church and become a Christian.

Since it is difficult for her to come into town, we offered to go to her village and begin Bible study and worship services in her home. Now she and several of her family and neighbors have received Christ. A new village is open to a Christian ministry for the first time because of the faithful witness of a missionary doctor ten years ago and the promise of our Lord that his Word will not return unto him void.

Jerry A. Rankin
Jember, Indonesia

TWO KINDS OF FRUIT

Our family diet in Surinam includes much fruit. I usually buy it from a Hindustani woman who displays her goods on two tables under a big tree. It came as a surprise to our family when this *bacova vrouw* ("banana lady," as she is known in the area) invited us to her son's wedding by Hindu rites.

I took many pictures of the gala affair. When the pictures had been processed, I took them to the "banana lady." She was so happy to receive them that she wanted to pay for them. I did not want payment, but at her insistence I agreed to accept a bit of fruit. She presented me a basketful of oranges, papayas, bananas, and tangerines—a gracious and healthful payment.



Within a half hour I was in the home of another Hindustani family, whom I had visited previously. A young man in the family had responded to one of our tracts and had requested a Bible-study course. On this second visit with him I explained briefly how one could know God personally through accepting Jesus Christ. After I helped the young man read through a tract that clearly defined how this experience is possible, he invited Jesus into his life. The fruit of the Spirit was received with rejoicing.

Both fruit from the vine and fruit from the Father enriches the health of a missionary. It was a fruitful afternoon.

Leo E. Waldrop, Paramaribo, Zuid, Surinam

CONTRAST CLARIFIES CALL

Shortly after our arrival in Guadeloupe, Al (my husband) went one night with Wayne Frederick, our fellow missionary, to visit a church member whose son had just been killed in a motorcycle accident. The streets outside the home were crowded, due to a nearby carnival. The house itself was packed with literally hundreds of people, many of them just curious on-lookers from the carnival.



In the center of a small room was the casket. The mother, a Christian, sat at the head of the coffin, while a worker welded a tin sheet over the body. (Burial must take place within 24 hours here, since there is no embalming. The crowd and the heat of the welding torch made the surroundings miserable for the mother in her grief. She found no comfort from the drunken father.

In complete contrast, a little band of Christians took the mother into another home. There they ministered to her through public prayer and singing of hymns. As Al watched this contrast between paganism and Christianity, he received anew his call to Guadeloupe. Before, he knew he had been called. Now he knew why—what a difference Christ makes!

Judy (Mrs. Alvin L.) Gary, Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe, FWI

SIGNS OF GROWTH

Evangelistic response still is slow for reasons much like those where you are. But we are encouraged by evidences of growth and maturity in the Chinese Baptist convention and churches.

Nearly 90 percent of the 63 churches are now self-supporting, compared with only eight out of 29 churches ten years ago. (There are an additional 47 mission points.) The convention continues to support both home and foreign missionaries.

How grateful we are for answered prayer on behalf of our seminary! In 1970 the school had only 14 students; there were 22 in 1971, 31 in 1972. But for the most recent year there have been 49 students, with three more students attending the Asia Baptist Graduate Theological Seminary, making a total of 52 students.

There has been a wonderful, powerful spirit of joy and enthusiasm among them that is contagious. The students study hard and witness well in their weekend field work in the nearby churches.

W. Carl Hunker
Taipei, Taiwan

THE RECEIVING END

Our aim throughout the one and a half years of preparation in missionary orientation and language school was forever in our minds: to serve the Lord in Mexico through preaching and in whatever way possible. We finally arrived on our field, the state of Veracruz, where there are a few Baptist churches but where none of our missionaries has ever lived.

We were excited about the possibilities.

Before we could even find a house, however, I became ill with hepatitis. Three weeks later, my husband, Jim, was also confined to bed for a long period of time. We were discouraged and disheartened. But the *hermanos* ("brothers") from First Baptist Church, Veracruz, came by twos and threes to visit, sing, pray, and share Scripture with us. This has bound us closely to these national brothers in Christ in the first days of our work here.

We came to minister, but the Christians already here were used of the Lord to minister to us when we were in need.

Margey (Mrs. James D.) Watson
Veracruz, Veracruz, Mexico

MINISTERING BY AIR IN MEXICO

Let me describe a typical week. *Sunday:* By 8:30 A.M. we climb in the Jeep Wagoneer to go to the ranch where our 27-year-old personal airplane awaits. Gilbert (my husband) fuels the plane and checks other details, and then we wing our way over the Sierra Madre Mountains to the Santiago Valley and the small village of Gomelia, where we land. Soon a group of 50 or so people have gathered to sing choruses and hymns, pray, and study the Bible.

At about 11:30 A.M. we are airborne again, this time only for ten minutes or so before we land at Santa Rosa. A congregation assembles quickly, and another service of worship and teaching is under way. The interest in this village has been slower than in some other places, but it is beginning to grow.

After the service we travel again by air to Zaragoza. During the flight we eat our lunch, packed for this purpose. Upon landing we are ready to proclaim Bible truths to yet another 35 people who have come together to learn more about Jesus. Returning home, we rest for a while before attending evening worship service at Bethel Church in Durango.

Monday: We work some on the airplane to keep it in tip-top shape.

Tuesday: We go to Maymora, where between 100 and 200 persons always congregate to hear more of the Bible. Many have professed faith in Christ and are studying before being baptized. By 5:00 P.M. we are back in Durango.

Wednesday: We are packed and ready to go south to the state of Zacatecas, taking along the motion picture projector, films, power plant, clothes, and some food. A two-hour flight in the Supercruiser takes us to Morelos. People in this village are building a small chapel for worship services. We spend the night with one of the families.

Thursday: Take off for Los Sauces—about 15 minutes by air. During the day we visit in homes. For the evening service about 75 persons pack the small chapel the congregation members built themselves. Several accept Christ as Savior. After a few weeks of Bible teaching they will be ready for baptism. We spend the night here.

Friday: Early-morning takeoff to return to Durango.

Saturday: Ready to take off early for Tenebrapa, another lovely village in the Santiago Valley, to teach simple Bible truths. Seven people have been baptized in this village, and others are now ready. Next we fly to El Tule (about 15 minutes), where another group is ready to listen to the gospel. It is easier for these people to hear and accept the truth than it is for them to live it; therefore, growth is slow, but we thank God for victories won through Jesus. For us there is never a dull moment.

Carolyn (Mrs. F. Gilbert) Ross, Durango, Durango, Mexico

GOING TO WAR INSTEAD OF CHURCH

What If They Gave a War and Nobody Came? I think that's the title of a film, though I haven't seen it. It popped into my mind as a fitting caption for an experience that was recently mine. On weekends I spend some time working at a small settlement on the slopes of Mount Meru with a group of young men of the Arusha tribe. On Saturday afternoons I teach a literacy class of around 15. These are men in their teens and early twenties who have not had any schooling opportunity.

On Sunday mornings I attend a service there led by a lay preacher from a nearby Baptist church. Last week he asked me to substitute for him, since he knew beforehand that he could not attend. Upon my prompt arrival, only a small boy was there. We waited for over half an hour, but no one else came.

Finally one of their number arrived, out of breath. He had been sent by the others to bring the message that they were unable to come. It seems they were involved in what he termed a "war" at a place further up the mountain near the forest. There was a land dispute, and hostile factions had gathered, armed with spears and swords. Some had threatened to kill one of the tribal elders. Fortunately, a small contingent of police arrived in time to avert actual conflict.

Have you ever heard of a more bizarre excuse for not attending church?

Earl R. Martin, Arusha, Tanzania

DEATH OF A DEACON

Word came that Baba Chirwa, a long-time Baptist deacon and lay preacher, was dying. Our pastor decided to go to the village, about seven miles away, to talk with Baba Chirwa again about the Scriptures he had requested to be read at his funeral.

We found Baba Chirwa very ill. His body was so swollen that he could not bend his legs to sit or kneel. His wife never left his side and helped him when coughs racked his body. I cried as he tried to kneel for prayer.

Finally he consented to let me come back the next day in the car to return him to the Baptist hospital for treatment. Maurice (my husband)



and the staff at the hospital were able to regulate his medicine, and his heart condition improved for a few weeks. His wife cooked food for him in the hospital compound, and while doing so was a strong witness to others. (Each patient brings his own food and cook to prepare it.) One day a woman approached Amai Chirwa to say, "I want to know Jesus and be a Christian like you."

After Baba Chirwa had lost 20 pounds and the swelling had subsided, he and his wife returned home. Three weeks later word came that he had died peacefully. His wife shared his final words the night he died. "How many people are in this room?" he asked. "We are two," she replied. "No, we are three," he said. "God is here. Do not be afraid; God is here. I am finished now. God will take care of you. When I am gone, call the family here and pray. I want you to lead the prayer. Then you may shed tears."

Later Amai Chirwa told the pastor that her husband had thought he was dying a few days earlier, but he asked God to allow him to remain a little while. The reason shows the kind of man he was. In a neighboring village a feast was being held for two or three days to welcome a new son-in-law into the family. Baba Chirwa said his death would only cause confusion during this happy time. God heard him and granted the request. I feel that now he and God are just continuing their conversations with each other up there.

Amai Chirwa continues to be an inspiration to all the WMU groups who have come to share in the time of sorrow. I have felt that she has comforted them instead of being comforted. The Holy Spirit is truly felt in that hut and has blessed my own life.

*Shirley (Mrs. Maurice L.) Randall
Gatooma, Rhodesia*

GOSPEL SEED PRODUCES FRUIT

Three small children learned a verse of Scripture and a gospel chorus while attending with their aunt the first Southern Baptist preaching service in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. This was the sowing of the gospel seed that has sprouted and grown from 1964 to the present.

The aunt accepted Christ that first day. The children went home singing and repeating the chorus and Scripture learned in one day at a Baptist mission. Their parents were not permitted to eat without pleasing the children by giving thanks to God for the food. The mother and father had to learn the Bible stories in order to retell them to the children.

The natural result in such sowing of the Word was the attendance in church by the mother and her subsequent conversion. The father began visiting the mission, although his response was cool until the day he accompanied



the missionary to a meeting of Christian physicians. On the agenda was a scientific discussion on the subject of "Christianity and Medicine," followed by a roundtable session. The meeting closed with sentence prayers by the doctors—including participation by Agustin Cornelio. He began praying, not having ever done so in public, and looked in desperation to the missionary to help him close his prayer.

It was only days before the influence of his children, the Word of God, and the Holy Spirit led this physician to surrender his soul and life to God. Since that time, his three oldest children have also accepted Jesus. And his brother, also a doctor, and his wife have been baptized.

On a Sunday morning in 1971 several guests attended worship services: Luis Guzman, a surgeon and brother-in-law of Cornelio; his wife, Guty; their year-old daughter; and their maid. The couple had come seeking the solution to many problems in a home "on the rocks." Guzman had become an alcoholic, carried on an illicit medical practice, and was devoting his life to sin and pleasure; he confessed it was not a pleasant life. Although he had no desire for God, since he and his wife had agreed that this day would be their last together, they decided to accept Cornelio's invitation to attend *Templo Bautista Central* before finalizing their separation. Cornelio had told him they would find the answer to their need at this church.

When the invitation was extended, the doctor, his wife, and their maid all accepted Christ as Savior. Two weeks later Mrs. Guzman's mother trusted in Christ. One month later her grandmother, then 92, was converted. All were baptized together in the fall of 1971. They have been faithful followers of Jesus, preaching his Word and giving a testimony of what he has done in their lives.

So the seed planted brings forth its fruit.

Howard L. Shoemaker, Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

TRACTS AT THE TRACKS

One of the children's books, which I have read aloud almost enough times to have memorized it, begins, "Hooray, hooray, we're on our way; our summer vacation starts today!" With the change of "summer" to "spring" we all happily chanted that ditty as we headed out of Bogor on a road leading to an area on the west coast of Java where we had never been.

In one town the gate was down at a railroad crossing, and I could see that the road forked just beyond. I called to a man at the roadside, "Which way to Labuan?" He told me to go to the right, and I handed him a



gospel tract. Others saw me hand him something, so they came from all directions to see if I had more. We had put about 1,000 tracts into the car, and after dropping them along the way, we still had 500 or more. As Martha (my wife) and I put them into the hands of those eagerly crowding around both front windows, our Toyota van in a few moments became an island in a sea of humanity. Noisy children to toothless old men—all scrambled to get a tract. Our two oldest children, Rosella and Richmond, helped distribute the leaflets at the back windows.

At the climax of the din and activity, Rosella shouted, "Look at Joel." We turned our heads to see our two-year-old happily handing out tracts. When the train had passed and we left town, we had about half a dozen leaflets left.

George R. Trotter, Bogor, Indonesia

Today

Today
I faced the choice
Of doing something for others
Or spending the time
In doing something for myself.

I chose
To do that which would help others.
I gave to one, and to another,
And to another.
All I gave was my time and myself.

At day's end
Others were helped, and so was I.
By giving to others,
I had also given to myself.
All had gained, and none had lost.

— **Sara Hines Martin**

Missionary to Trinidad

using missions mediapak

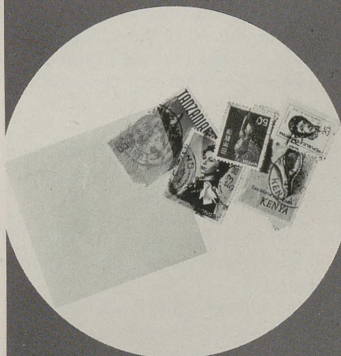
THE MISSIONARY OVERSEAS

Stamps are for mailing letters. And for collecting. Perhaps you are a stamp collector. Or maybe you know someone who is. A modest place to begin a collection is with the small packet of stamps in the Et Cetera package of Missions MediaPak: THE MISSIONARY OVERSEAS.

Examine these stamps carefully. Can you determine the country each comes from? Do you find symbols that tell a story or celebrate some event in the country's history?

Your MediaPak editors think these stamps are special because each one arrived in the U.S. on a missionary letter—maybe bringing news of an evangelistic outreach program. Or perhaps the story of a natural disaster. Or maybe the report of a new congregation.

Consider your stamps the incentive for you—or the missionary education group you work with—to read up on one or more of the countries represented. One stamp might trigger a study project about missionary work in a particular country. Or how about adding a stamp album to your church library—with the suggestion that members contribute both stamps and personal experiences as they correspond with people overseas?



You will find the stamp packet in the Et Cetera package of Missions MediaPak: THE MISSIONARY OVERSEAS.

Available now at your Baptist Book Store.
And through Broadman Films' CAVE Plan.
Sale price: \$14.95

LETTERS

Letters to the editor with comments, suggestions, or criticism about this magazine or its contents are welcome.

Emphasis on Archaeology

Today one of my students placed into my hands a copy of your most interesting February issue of your foreign missions journal, *THE COMMISSION*. Since I am the professor of Old Testament, with Biblical Archaeology as one of the courses which I teach, and also the teacher in charge of the seminary missions course, the young man assumed I'd find this issue of special interest. I certainly have, and I do appreciate the "combination" presented both in the magazine and in the witness in the Middle East.

Congratulations on a job very well done.

Milton C. Fisher
(Theological Seminary of the Reformed
Episcopal Church) Philadelphia, Pa.

I have enjoyed from time to time reading copies of *THE COMMISSION* belonging to my sister. Now I should like to subscribe to the

IF YOUR'RE READING THIS

you're in a select group
among Southern Baptists.

Most Southern Baptists have never held a copy of *THE COMMISSION* in their hands. Only three or four out of every one hundred Southern Baptists even know this publication exists.

That's sad—not for the benefit of the magazine, but because it is the only Southern Baptist publication devoted entirely to foreign missions. Since foreign missions is such an important part of the work of Southern Baptists, a growing number of church members should become better informed on the subject.

Thus, a growing number of church members need to know about—and receive—*THE COMMISSION*.

You can help. Since you already know about this periodical, you can help introduce others to it. Show a copy to your mission group, or post a copy on the bulletin board, along with subscription information.

Subscription rates for individuals: \$1.50 a year; \$2.75 for two years; \$3.50 for three years. Lower rates available for groups (see details inside back cover).

magazine and am enclosing a check for \$1.50 to pay for one year's subscription.

If possible, please include in the year's subscription the February issue. The articles on archaeology in this month's issue are most interesting, and I would like to have the articles to keep.

Meta T. Callaham
Abbeville, S.C.

You have done an outstanding job in your February issue with emphasis on archaeology. We would like to begin a subscription to *THE COMMISSION*.

Charles and Betty Egedy
Slidell, La.

About 'Economic Threats'

Missionary Edgar H. Burks, Jr., in his article, "Race and Foreign Missions" (Feb.), intimates that there are some "economic threats by churches and leaders to withhold contributions from the Cooperative Program. . . ." Since when does the Foreign Mission Board bow to blackmail? If these so-called influential churches object to Southern Baptists' stand for what is right, then we would be better off without their financial support. It might be tough for a while, but I believe God would bless us in the end for having taken such a stand.

Miles E. Wesner
(Pastor, Oak Grove Baptist Church)
Idabel, Okla.

'A Valuable Resource'

This is just a note of appreciation and commendation for *THE COMMISSION*. I eagerly anticipate the arrival of each issue. The articles and the pictures are a tremendous help in keeping us abreast of our mission work overseas.

My file copies of *THE COMMISSION* are a valuable resource for enriching the experiences of mission study in our Baptist Women organization and in churchwide studies of the annual graded series. I am always glad when the cover picture is one that can be used on a poster.

Let me thank you in particular just now for your page on "Expanded Prayer Support" in the February issue. What you have given us in this and what will come later will be a great asset to me personally in my own intercession for missions and as I encourage others to pray intelligently for missions. You may be assured that I will draw on this material and point others to the use of it as I lead two Baptist Women conferences on prayer as a means of mission support in the Ridgecrest WMU conference this August. Please continue to give us this kind of help.

May I add that I join with others in appreciation for the revised logotype used in the title of the magazine. I feel that what you have now both meets your desire for a modern format and keeps the impact of the words that many of us value in appearance on the cover and elsewhere.

Need I say that *THE COMMISSION* is one of my favorites?

Ruth Provence
Columbia, S.C.

I am writing to let you know how very helpful and interesting I find the magazine.

Muriel Bryan
Corn Island, Nicaragua

**Multiple
Sclerosis
cripples
young
adults.
We don't
want
your
sympathy.
We just
want
your
help.**

We can win this one.



National Multiple Sclerosis Society
257 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

Famine Victims Aided

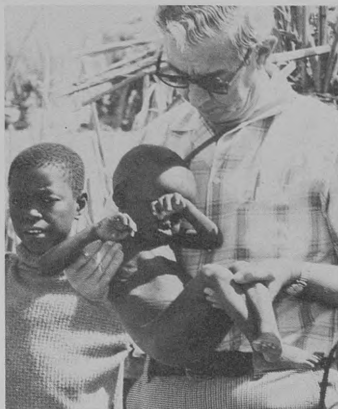
"Last year we lost half of our cattle. This year it is the people who are dying." Those words of Oumarou Youssoufou, an official in the Niger Republic, reflect part of the impact of the drought-created famine that began last year in the West African nation.

Because the town of Maradi is in one of the best-watered and best-cultivated sections of the country, it has become one of the major centers for refugees forced by the famine to leave their homes. The influx of 24,000 homeless and starving put an unbearable strain on the already hungry residents of Maradi.

An estimated 90 percent of the 4,000,000 inhabitants of the Republic of Niger depend on agriculture and livestock for their existence, according to 1972 figures. The drought has compelled them to turn to wandering like nomads in search of food. Even if rains come, the harvest will not be until August.

The number of persons starving to death and dying of malnutrition-related disease has been estimated by Missionary Dr. Walter M. Moore at about 100 daily. Most of the victims are babies, pre-school children, expectant and nursing mothers, and the elderly.

Moore, a public health specialist who had been stationed at Baptist Medical Center, Nalerigu, Ghana, was transferred



One of thousands of babies suffering from malnutrition and disease in the West African Republic of Niger is examined by Missionary Dr. Walter M. Moore.

to Niger by Foreign Mission Board action in March. To assist him, Miss Rachel Bandy, missionary journeyman with public health training, was also transferred from Ghana to Niger. They will help meet the emergency medical needs and assist the two missionary couples stationed at Maradi.

Four Southern Baptist missionaries—the H. Jerold Palmers, Jr., and the Robert D. Williamses—were already assigned to the Republic of Niger to help develop a Christian Trade School. Now, temporarily, they spend much of their time helping the homeless to survive. They work nearly around the clock to distribute food and care for the sick.

The Board in March also appropriated \$6,900 to purchase needed medical supplies and food for the Niger Republic. In February the Board had designated \$5,000 for relief. The Agricultural Missions Foundation, based at Yazoo City, Miss., has given \$6,000 for purchase of a pickup truck for distribution of food and medicine. An order for an estimated month's supply of drugs was placed with the Medical Assistance Program to be sent by air freight. Board Medical Consultant Franklin T. Fowler composed the list of needed drugs.

Reporting to the Board, H. Cornell Goerner, Secretary for West Africa, told of the needs of the five West African nations hardest hit by the famine. He recommended aid to be sent to Niger, since Southern Baptist personnel are available to help.

"The famine and consequent population dislocations in West Africa cannot be ignored," he said. "Every means must be explored not only to meet the immediate crisis and avert mass starvation, but to take steps toward changing the total ecological pattern of northwest Africa.

"We shall await recommendations of the newly strengthened Niger Republic

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

BONNELL, Dutton A./Marilyn (Dahomey), 111 Pineapple Dr., Winter Haven, Fla. 33880.
COZZENS, Katherine (S. Brazil), 2008 W. Broadus, Ft. Worth, Tex. 76115.
ENGSTROM, G. Edwin/Jean (assoc., Philippines), 713 Cheltenham, Everman, Tex. 76140.
FENNER, Charlie W./Joy (Japan), 411 Traylor St., Lufkin, Tex. 75901.
GARRETT, Robert H./Eloise (Rhodesia), 404 W. Commerce, Eastland, Tex. 76448.
HUMPHRIES, Carol Leigh (Nigeria), Rt. 2, Woodsdale, N.C. 27095.
MCULLOUGH, Rita R. (Nigeria), Rt. 1, Box 128, Lee, Fla. 32059.
PHILLIPS, Gene D./Jean (Rhodesia), 2006 Crestridge, Greensboro, N.C. 27403.
SWEDENBURG, Mary S. (Japan), 306 Sunnyside Blvd., Hueytown, Ala. 35020.
WARE, James C./Susan (Colombia), P.O. Gen. Del., Columbia, La. 71418.

Departures to the Field

BLAKELY, Vestal N./Carol Jean, Tanzania.
CARTER, Pat H./Evelyn, Mexico.
GWYNN, Orman W./Elizabeth, N. Brazil.
HARDY, Cora Ney, Nigeria.
LEROY, Julian R./Jeanette, S. Brazil.
MCENTIRE, Dennis E./Jean, Paraguay.
PETER, Ernest C./Marjorie, Argentina.
SMITH, Cathryn L., S. Brazil.
WATSON, Thomas L./Iris, Peru.

Transfers

BANDY, Rachel (journ.), Ghana to Niger Rep., Mar. 12.
MOORE, Walter M., Ghana to Niger Rep., Mar. 12.
RUCHTI, W. C., Jr./Helen, Italy to Norway, May 1.

Resignations

WOLF, R. Henry/Kathleen (Mexico), May 31.

Births and Adoptions

BEDSOLE, Philip Daniel, son of Jerry P./Rosie Bedsole (Ethiopia), Feb. 12.
COOPER, Allen Harrison, son of Jackie B./Arlene Cooper (Costa Rica), Mar. 13.
COOPER, Amy Michele, daughter of J. Virgil/Amy Cooper (Korea), Feb. 21.
KAMMERDIENER, John Andrew, son of Don R./Meredith Kammerdiener (field rep., S. Field, Patinsk S. America), Feb. 19.
SHERER, Laura Beth, daughter of Robert H./Claudia Sherer (Japan), Feb. 13.

Deaths

CLARK, Clifford N., father of Dwight C. Clark (Bahamas), Mar. 8, Mo.
HAYLOCK, Robert S., father of Arthur R. Haylock (Dominican Rep.), Mar. 4, Tampa, Fla.
HUNKER, H. C., father of W. Carl Hunker (Taiwan), Mar. 14.
MATHIS, A. W., father of Helen (Mrs. George H.) Hays (field rep., East Asia), Mar. 19, Tampa, Fla.
MEUTH, Mrs. Nannie, mother of Sue Meuth (Indonesia), Feb. 25.
ROLLINS, Gordon, stepfather of Elizabeth (Mrs. Clyde N.) Roberts (Mexico), Jan. 28, Youngstown, Fla.
SEAY, J. V., father of Julia (Mrs. Louis E.) McCall (Guam), Feb. 15.
WHITE, J. Russell, father of Fay (Mrs. Charles A.) Chilton (Philippines), Feb. 21.

Marriages

LOGAN, Martha Alyce, daughter of Wayne W./Dorothy Logan (Nigeria), to Lt. Calvin Lee Ramage, Feb. 9, Dallas, Tex.

Mission concerning any possible expansion of the relief program in that country, and shall remain open to requests for additional funds or even personnel to meet future needs in Upper Volta and Senegal."

MOVING?

Help us keep your copy of **The Commission** coming to you every month. When you change mailing address, give us as much advance notice as possible (at least five weeks).

Attach the old mailing label in the space at right (or copy the full label information there if you prefer not to deface the magazine). Then add new address information below. Mail to: Editor, **The Commission**, Box 6597, Richmond, Va. 23230.

Name _____

NEW Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Missions Update . . .

In a service attended by about 3,000 persons in LITTLE ROCK, ARK., April 9, the Foreign Mission Board appointed 23 missionaries and employed four missionary associates. (Site was due to the FMB's continuing program of meeting at least once a year in a city other than RICHMOND, VA., location of FMB offices.) The Board also employed 85 missionary journeymen--a record number--to begin training in June in preparation for two years of service overseas. . . . Other Board actions: appropriation of \$10,000 for famine relief in WEST AFRICA, bringing to more than \$50,000 the total sent to the area by the Board, including gifts from individuals and churches channeled through the Board; establishment of a committee to study the philosophy of missionary financial support; election of officers--W. O. VAUGHT, JR., Little Rock, president; ROBERT B. BASS, Richmond, first vice-president; E. H. WESTMORELAND, HOUSTON, TEX., second vice-president; MRS. THOMAS C. WOMBLE, JR., CLEMMONS, N.C., reelected recording secretary; MISS ELIZABETH MINSEW, of the FMB staff, reelected assistant recording secretary.

Sixty-two students representing 53 colleges and professional schools in 20 states gathered in RICHMOND, VA., on a recent weekend for orientation in preparation for serving as summer missionaries in 24 countries. Joint sponsors are state Baptist Student Unions and the Foreign Mission Board. Each state BSU pays overseas travel expenses of the students it sends. The Baptist Mission in the host country provides food, lodging, and work-related transportation. The student serves without salary.

Some 36,000 new students are expected to enroll during 1974 in the Bible Way Correspondence School carried on by Southern Baptist missionaries in INDIA. Regional "seekers conferences" are being organized to continue contact with enrollees. About 200 students attended the first such conference recently in BANGALORE. . . . A new student center, to open later this year, has been dedicated in Bangalore by the India Baptist Mission to serve students of Bangalore, especially those at the University of Agricultural Sciences. A \$25,000 donation from an Episcopalian couple, MR. and MRS. JERE L. CROOK, JR., MEMPHIS, TENN., made possible the center.

Sales by the Baptist Literature Society, BANDUNG, INDONESIA, for 1973 were up 50 percent over 1972. Five times as many publications were sold in 1973 as in 1969. . . . Baptist pastors in ECUADOR at their national retreat set a goal to double the number of Baptist congregations and church members in five years. Goal: grow from 1,727 church members in 58 congregations in 1973 to at least 4,000 in 116 churches by 1978.

Six years after the PORTUGUESE Baptist Convention set a number of goals during its 60th anniversary, remarkable progress is noted. Among advances: a small, but thriving, seminary is in its fifth year; new work has been opened in nine areas; two radio programs reach out weekly over Portugal's strongest network; a lay-training school has opened; five churches now meet in new buildings. In 1967, with 30 churches and a Cooperative Missions gift of \$3,500, the convention set a goal of 40 churches and \$6,000. In 1974 there are 41 churches, and the missions gift has reached \$10,000.

This year's annual Bible Institute of the ANGOLAN Baptist Convention doubled its enrollment over the 1973 class. Twenty students attended the course in March as part of a five-year theological study program. . . . The Baptist Training Center in LIBERIA has added several extension courses, allowing laymen and women who cannot go to the center near PAYNESVILLE to take courses in the Baptist Center in downtown MONROVIA.

"Maravillosa Gracia," a broadcast of the Spanish Baptist Union, is marking its tenth year on the air. In the Baptist church building in ALICANTE, SPAIN, a new studio to house production facilities is under construction. . . . Facilities of the Baptist Camp at MANGLARALTO, ECUADOR, built in 1969, already are outgrown. Camp programs in February attracted 230 persons; 100 young people from churches in GUAYAQUIL filled the camp for a retreat during annual carnival weekend. A team of laymen from NORTH CAROLINA plan to enlarge and improve facilities next January.



The Cooperative Program and Foreign Missions

By Baker J. Cauthen

IN 1948 the Southern Baptist Convention accepted the challenge of worldwide missionary advance. Since that time the number of missionaries under appointment for service abroad has increased from 625 to 2,538. Work has been expanded from 19 countries with financial assistance in 6 others to reach a total of 77 countries where missionaries are located.

Resources for this remarkable development have come primarily through the Cooperative Program and the Lottie Moon Christmas Offering. Without these resources it would have been impossible for this growth to have been experienced.

Each year the amount of money received by the Southern Baptist Convention through the Cooperative Program has increased. In some years the percentage of increase has been larger, but every year definite growth has been seen. This reflects an undergirding commitment on the part of churches throughout the entire Convention territory.

In 1948 the amount of money brought to the Foreign Mission Board through the Cooperative Program was \$2,107,984. In 1973 the amount was \$17,135,169. The amount anticipated for 1975 is \$18,000,000, with a possibility of an additional \$1,500,000 if the challenge goal which is being projected is reached in full.

For many years funds through the Cooperative Program came to the Foreign Mission Board in three sections. The largest amount was for operating purposes. Then there was a separate amount for capital purposes and a third amount for advance. In some years the funds for advance were quite

large. In 1957 the advance funds amounted to \$2,445,226. These funds represented funds given in excess of the Convention budget adopted for that year.

Beginning with 1965, the funds for capital and operating purposes have been combined into a single figure under the heading of operating. In 1973 the sum of \$382,062 was received as advance funds beyond the amount provided in the Convention allocations.

The funds received by the Foreign Mission Board represent approximately 50 percent of the Cooperative Program funds received by the Southern Baptist Convention. The amount received in 1973 was 49.4 percent. The largest percentage received during the years of advance was in 1964, when 52.3 percent came to the Foreign Mission Board.

Heavy reliance is placed upon funds received through the Cooperative Program as the basic channel of financing.

In 1948, when the advance program was launched, the Cooperative Program brought to the Foreign Mission Board 42.41 percent of all gifts the Board received. In 1973 the Cooperative Program brought 43.45 percent of all gifts received by the Foreign Mission Board. This illustrates the fact that the cause of foreign missions is more reliant upon the Cooperative Program today than when the advance was launched.

Funds from the Cooperative Program provide the basic funds for all foreign mission planning. It is to these funds that the Board looks for its basic undergirding. Funds provided by the

Cooperative Program are applied to the support of missionaries, programs of evangelism and church development, education and student work, publications, medical and benevolent ministries, theological education, radio and television, and a great array of other services, as well as requirements of home base responsibilities. These funds also make possible many buildings on mission fields. Residences, schools, hospitals, publishing plants, seminaries, and other structures have come about through funds received through the Cooperative Program.

The story is often told about the visitor to Westminster Abbey who inquired about a monument to Christopher Wren, the famous architect who designed it. The guide replied, "Look about you, and you will see it."

It is the same way with the Cooperative Program. When one goes to visit the mission fields, he has but to look around him, and he sees—in the presence of the missionaries, the work being done, and buildings being utilized—the fruitage of the Cooperative Program.

The importance of the Cooperative Program to foreign missions is so clear that some missionaries are now devoting their furlough time as missionaries in residence with state convention organizations. In this capacity they help to acquaint people and churches with the great importance of the Cooperative Program to foreign missions.

As we look to the future, we pray God's blessings upon this lifeline of world missions that it may grow, be strengthened, and extend blessing around the world.

The Missionary's Grief

AS we continue our effort on this page to encourage greater prayer support for overseas missionaries, it is not our purpose to imply that they differ from us in basic characteristics and needs. In fact, quite frequently the furloughing missionary comments on his or her discomfiture at being "placed on a pedestal" by some persons and groups among us. At this point all missionaries register the same concern, attesting their sense of being much in need of spiritual support through prayer. No facet of living, witnessing, and relating should be overlooked in the life of a missionary as we intercede and petition before God on his or her behalf.

In the overseas setting, however, some of the events and experiences encountered by the missionary produce unusually intense personal impact. One of these is the experience of grief. When a loved one dies, the great distance that separates the missionary from the stateside family tends to press frustration into the pain of bereavement. The nearest of kin, at such a time, seem farther away than ever. It is the time when one agonizes to be with them and cannot.

During the six months that ended January 21 of this year, 29 Southern Baptist foreign missionaries mourned the passing of their fathers and 10 were bereaved by the deaths of their mothers. Also, a child died in each of two missionary families.

Prayer support for a bereaved missionary is something that most of us can give only in relation to the weeks and months of adjusting. You and I are not likely to know about the death event until some days or even weeks have passed. Is it too late to pray?

Bereavement is an experience that calls for healing, of a sort. A special hurt is usually derived from the fact that one could not be at home with loved ones, sharing in their immediate experiences with arrangements, funeral, and mutual comforting. But just knowing that others are aware of your anguish and regrets, backing you up with prayer, means something that few of us can adequately describe.

Also, there remains that difficult experience at the time of furlough when the missionary returns to homeland and home. A second grief cycle ensues, with painful awareness that the deceased loved one is absent from familiar settings and family gatherings. How can one measure what it means to have alert friends and fellow Christians who remember you through such experiences?

As You Pray

WE CONTINUE our presentation of specific prayer requests. These have come from various mission fields and should be the occasion for individual, group, and churchwide prayer effort.

Malaysia: "Regularly we have shared with you our hopes and plans for a church building here in Kuching. Due to many complications and problems, we are having to scrap the original building plans and begin all over again. Naturally, this is disappointing; but we trust the Lord to work all things together for good. Pray for the church that they will take this in their stride and that a good, useful building will soon be theirs."—B. D. Evans, missionary.

Ecuador: "How we need more laborers in the field of gospel proclamation! Our missionary staff is 50 percent less

than what it was a year ago. That means that we are each carrying a heavy load of job assignments. Added to that, over half of our work (20 churches) is located in this province, the country's most populous. Stanley is the only missionary evangelist among them. Pray that we may have more missionaries. Pray that we may have more national pastors!"—Glenna Stamps, missionary.

Philippines: "An optometrist called our office for someone to come to her place for Bible study with her friends. She stated: 'Please understand that we do not want to be converted to your religion.' Yet various members of her group keep asking questions related to salvation. Remember to ask God to reveal himself to this group of 15 to 20 professionals."—Marjorie Olive, missionary.

Colombia: "My use of the now official Colombian pilot's license will help to develop a new type of witness—a tape ministry. With it we hope to see dozens of new areas opened to Bible study. This may be one way to extend the ministry of the all-too-few field missionaries in Colombia. Pray definitely right now for this great possibility."—James Stiles, missionary.

Japan: "Our new place of work is in Amagasaki (Osaka), and is most difficult. This church is struggling to keep alive. The spiritual struggles we are presently experiencing in much of our work in Japan call for a strong prayer support from all of you. Some pastors have resigned, others have been dismissed, and still others have had to work in secular fields to support their families. The only assurance we have is in Jesus Christ."—Tomoki Masaki, missionary.

Brazil: A Billy Graham crusade has been planned for Rio de Janeiro, October 2-6. Pray for all phases of preparation, for the actual crusade within the scheduled dates, and for the follow-up task of conserving the results.

Nigeria: "One young man who has been our helper around the house for four years has just completed the course here at the Kaduna Baptist Pastor's School. He has now left, with his family, for the Mubi area near the Cameroon border to become pastor of a small church there. The Mubi area is about 600 miles from the young couple's home, so it is not likely that they will get to see their parents for several years. Yet they go willingly and carry with them a joyful testimony. We must strengthen them daily through prayer."—The Don Smiths, missionaries.

To Avoid Delay

IF YOU ARE a pastor and soon will be moving to a new mailing address, please rush such information to the Baptist Sunday School Board, Nashville, Tenn. You receive THE COMMISSION according to the address they provide for us. Notifying THE COMMISSION means delay, possibly allowing the next issue of the magazine to be mailed needlessly to your out-of-date address. Upon receiving a pastor's change of address information we send it to Nashville.

In notifying the Sunday School Board be sure to include the out-of-date address, as well as the new one. If possible, clip and send the mailing label used on the most recently received copy of THE COMMISSION. If, however, you do not wish to mutilate your copy of the magazine, provide a hand-made facsimile of the label, reproducing it in every detail. Send all information to Research Services Department, Baptist Sunday School Board, 127 Ninth Avenue, North, Nashville, Tenn. 37234.

The COMMISSION

Needed Now

Requests for missionary personnel come to the Foreign Mission Board from Baptist Missions on the fields. Shared here are but a few among top-priority requests.

The Commission, Southern Baptist Foreign Missions Journal, published 1849-51, 1856-61, and since 1938 by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, U.S.A.

Published monthly by the Department of Missionary Education, Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. The Commission is published at 3896 Monument Avenue, Richmond, Va. 23220. Second-class postage paid at Richmond, Va.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—Single subscriptions: \$1.50 a year; \$2.75 for two years; \$3.50 for three years. Addresses in foreign countries \$2.10 a year. All-Families Church Budget Plan: Eight cents a copy, applicable only when church includes in its order a complete list of families in active membership. Club Plan: Write for information. Student rate: \$1.00 a year; \$2.00 for three years. Single copies: 15 cents, prepaid. Make checks and money orders payable to The Commission. Address all correspondence: The Commission, Box 6597, Richmond, Va. 23220.

Foreign Mission Board
W. Douglas Hudgins, President
Eldred M. Taylor, First Vice-President
Robert B. Bass, Second Vice-President
Mrs. Thomas C. Womble, Jr., Recording Secretary
Miss Elizabeth M. Minnow, Asst. Recording Secy.
John C. Williams, Attorney

State Members—Ala.: Drew J. Gunnells, Jr., Charles T. Carter, J. R. White. Ark.: Harold Friend. Cal.: W. O. Vaughn, Jr. Calif.: Jerry Little Harris. Colo.: Len E. Braswell, D.C. Keefe. Conn.: E. Thornton. Fla.: Andrew M. Hall, Don Mott. Ga.: Mrs. Lindsey Barron, John W. Langdale, William L. Self, Ohlen R. Wilson. Ill.: Raymond L. Odle. Ind.: Ronald P. Liesmann. Kan.: Nab.: J. W. Pace, Ky.: Mrs. Ray Mullendore. La.: Eldred M. Taylor. La.: John G. Alley. Md.: Ralph D. Walls. Mich.: Hubert G. Keefer. Miss.: W. Douglas Hudgins, J. L. Taylor. Mo.: John W. Galloway, James W. Hackney. N.C.: J. R. Raliff. N.C.: Mrs. Carl E. Bates, Mrs. J. E. Collette, Grady B. Wilson, Mrs. Thomas C. Womble, Jr. Ohio: W. Lynn Payne. Okla.: Harvey Albright, Robert L. Pugh. Ore.: Wash.: William O. Crews, Jr. S.C.: Ira Q. Craft, Robert L. Deane. Tenn.: B. Greer Garrett, Joe L. Orr, C. Clifton Ward. Tex.: Travis S. Berry, Clyde J. Childers, Morris Cobb, James Flammang, James G. Harris, B. J. Minnow, E. H. Westmoreland. Va.: Mrs. James T. Cravens, Lonnie E. Quillen, Jr.

Local Members—Robert B. Bass, Mrs. Robert B. Carter, Sr., J. Roy Clifford, Paul E. Crandall, Austin W. Farley, Joseph B. Flowers, Scott C. Humphrey, Neal T. Jones, J. Leonard Moore, John W. Patterson, Julian H. Pentecost, J. B. Price, M. Hunter Riggs, Jr., Meredith K. Roberson, Mrs. Ross S. Shearer, Mrs. E. S. Stratton, Mrs. Thomas Whalen, H. I. Willett.

Elected Staff
Baker J. Cauthen
Executive Secretary
Rogers M. Smith
Administrative Assoc. to Executive Secretary
Winston Crawley
Director, Overseas Division

Area secretaries: Frank K. Means, South America; H. Cornell Goerner, West Africa; J. D. Hughey, Europe and the Middle East; Charles W. Bryan, Middle America and the Caribbean; R. Keith Parks, Southeast Asia; James D. Belote, East Asia; Davis L. Saunders, Eastern and Southern Africa; Consultants: Franklin T. Fowler, Medical; Joseph B. Underwood, Evangelism and Church Development; W. Eugene Grubbs, Laymen Overseas; Truman S. Smith, Missionary Family, Director of Missionary Orientation; W. David Lockard.

Jesse C. Fletcher
Director, Mission Support Division
International Writer-Editor: Ione Gray; **Public Relations Consultant:** Richard M. Styles.
Missionary Personnel—Louis K. Johns Secretary. **Associate Secretaries:** Stanley A. Nelson, Melvin E. Torstreich, W. L. (Wimpy) Smith, Dwight A. Honeycutt. **Regional Personnel Representatives:** Robert C. Covington, New Orleans, La.; Don A. Reavis, (Ft. Worth, Tex.); W. Dennis Hill (Raleigh-Durham, N.C.), Allen C. Orr (Kansas City, Mo.).

Missionary Education—Eugene L. Hill, Secretary. **Associate Secretaries:** Fon H. Scofield, Jr., Program and Product Development; G. Norman Price, Publications; Wilbur N. Todd, Resources and Services. **Editor, The Commission:** Floyd H. North.

Promotion and Furlough Ministries—Samuel A. DeBord, Secretary. **Associate Secretaries:** Edna Frances Dawkins, Sam Pittman, Roger G. Duck (Arlington, Tex.), Ralph L. West (Atlanta, Ga.).

Sidney C. Reber
Director, Management Services Division
Treasurer: Everett L. Deane, **Assistant Treasurer:** Ralph A. Magee. **Business Manager:** Elbert L. Wright. **Assistant Business Manager:** Ward S. Eldred, Jr. **Employment Manager:** James G. Edwards. **Manager, Information Processing Department:** William K. Dawson.

ARTICLES

'I Am Not Afraid To Die' Calvin L. Fox Cover II

A Commitment Fulfilled Perry R. Sanders 2

A Message from Gaza Patricia A. Haile 5

An Unassuming Gentleman—Behind the Thai Scripture Boom Ronald C. Hill 6

City of Refuge .. E. Carter Morgan 8

The Potter Barbara Epperson 11

Ramdeen James E. Spaulding 12

On the Desert's Edge David W. King 14

I Knew a Man .. Henry L. Anderson 17

Goals: A Way of Expressing Hope Ione Gray 20

The Florida Fixers Veda Rae Lozuk 22

A Ministry in Munich Joe W. Burton 24

PERSPECTIVE

The Cooperative Program and Foreign Missions Baker J. Cauthen 35

From the Editor 36

EVENTS

Missions Update 34

MISSIONARY PERSONNEL

Needed Now Cover III

VERSE

Today Sara Hines Martin 31

DEPARTMENTS

Epistles 27

Letters 32

Missionary Family Album 33

CREDITS: Photos—Mary Lucile Saunders, Cover II-1. Warren Johnson, 2-4. Morris J. Wright, 6 (top). Fon H. Scofield, Jr., 6 (bottom), 8-9. Joseph B. Underwood, 7. Lavell Seatz, 9. E. Carter Morgan, 10. Bob Harper, 12-13. Charles L. Gillespie, 14-15. S. Dennis Hale, 20. Veda Rae Lozuk, 22-23. W. Robert Hart, 24-25, 35. John E. Mills, 33.



Each article to which this symbol is attached is recommended for use in the Foreign Mission Graded Series study of the year indicated. Scheduled topics: 1974—Strategy in Foreign Missions, 1975—Directions in Healing and Helping (Southern Baptists' Medical and Benevolent Ministries), 1976—Schools and Student Work, 1977—Publications: Tool for Church Development and Evangelism.

KOREA: General evangelist to carry out preaching and teaching ministry with one or more associations of churches; work would be both urban and rural from urban centers. Should have basic seminary degree. Language: Korean. General evangelist should have pastoral experience, ability to work with others, good knowledge of Baptist doctrine, adaptability. Training in human relations, evangelistic efforts, or music helpful. Challenge unlimited: less than 10 percent of 31,000,000 population are Christians. No restrictions on any evangelistic effort. Associations desire missionaries to work in cooperative efforts with emphasis given to beginning new work. (There are six other similar requests from Korea.)

INDIA: Nurse anesthetist to work in newly opened Baptist hospital at Bangalore, city of 2,000,000. Should be an R.N., plus have special training as nurse anesthetist in a recognized center; M.S. required. Would face busy surgery schedule and have numerous opportunities for church and evangelistic work. Medical and evangelistic work is done through interpreters; one year's study of an Indian language is encouraged.

ANGOLA: Theological teacher to instruct and to develop a seminary training program centered in Luanda, the capital. Besides basic seminary training, should have an aptitude for teaching; during furlough advanced study could be sought. A Bible institute operates one month a year, but with a number of students preparing for more advanced studies, a concurrent seminary program is needed. Mission work is done only in Portuguese, the nation's official language.

ECUADOR: English-language pastor to serve First Baptist Church in Quito, the capital. Should have basic seminary degree and pastoral experience. Would work with a large North American community, mostly connected with the petroleum industry, many from southern U.S. (Other English-language churches in city include an interfaith congregation, Lutheran, and Episcopal.) Church stipulates pastor should be reasonably young, but mature enough to minister to North American professionals, most of them in their 30s or 40s. Would minister in English but need working knowledge of Spanish for everyday living and for identification with Ecuadorian Baptists.

For additional information concerning these and numerous other opportunities for career missionary service abroad, contact: Department of Missionary Personnel, Foreign Mission Board, SBC, Box 6597, Richmond, Va. 23220.



HAVE YOU THOUGHT
ABOUT YOUR
NEIGHBORS LATELY?

THE NEIGHBORS IN YOUR GLOBAL COMMUNITY.

Dare to look beyond your backyard fence and join us at the 1974
FOREIGN MISSIONS CONFERENCE: GLORIETA, N.M., August 9-14.

Some of the opportunities which will be available to you include listening to missionaries and Baptist nationals speak, attending an appointment service for new missionaries, and experiencing a World Missions Fair. There will also be inspirational seminars, conferences, and youth choirs. Make your reservations now to bring the entire family.

Write: Reservations Clerk
Glorieta Baptist Conference Center
Glorieta, New Mexico 87535

