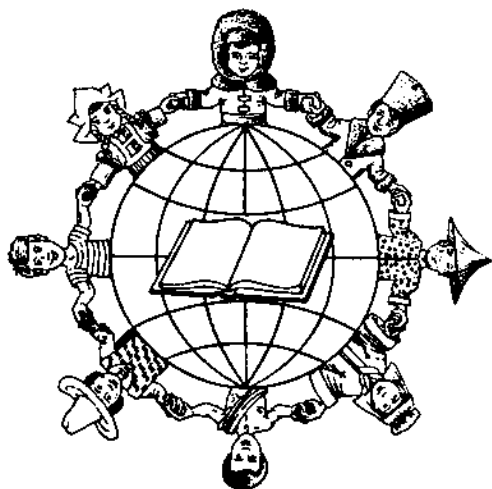


All the Children

A Collection of True Stories
From Around the World

For Junior and Intermediate-Age Children



Compiled by
BESSIE HARDIN CHENAULT

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to Children everywhere
Who may be our Missionaries
of the future.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I want to express my deepest appreciation to all who have had a part in this Collection of True Stories, to the many throughout the world who have written stories, or who have furnished material or ideas from which the stories came.

I am especially grateful to my friend, Addabelle Steele, for her assistance in writing a number of the stories, giving of her time in collecting, final editing and assembling of this book.

To my publisher and friend, J. C. Choate, I owe a debt of gratitude. His dedication to mission work throughout the world as a missionary, publisher, editor, and fellow-Christian is a strong influence in the cause of Christ.

I want to thank my husband, Sid Chenault, for his love, patience and understanding, and for the service he has been to me during the writing of this book.

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*Written by Bessie Hardin Chenault unless name given

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INTRODUCTION

I am honored to be able to introduce to you again a book by Bessie Hardin Chenault. If you are familiar with her life and work, and her last book, *Give Me This Mountain*, in which the South Africa story was told, then you will automatically conclude that this one is centered around mission work. True, it is about mission work, but this time it is a compilation of stories from the mission field, directed in particular to junior and intermediate age children. But to be more exact, it is really for everyone who loves people and the events that form their lives.

These stories have literally come from around the world, but they are not fictitious; they are based on true facts, actual things that have happened. There are, therefore, many valuable lessons to be derived from them.

How we need to begin to educate our children, to put them on a proper course, to lead them and to set a good example for them. What better way to begin than to build within them a respect for those men and women of God who have given their lives to take the gospel of Christ to the masses in far away lands. Allowing them to meet children, young people, and all kinds of people from all over the world, to hear of their experiences, to be told of their problems and their triumphs, can do much to create within them an interest, yes, even a desire, to take the glorious message of Christ to others at home and abroad. If you as parents are afraid this will happen, you need to take a close look at your own life, your faith, and your priorities. You also need to ask yourself where you will be leading your children and how that emphasis can be

Introduction

better than for them to give their lives to the Lord in pursuit of saving the lost.

Thank you, sister Bessie, for putting this book together and we also want to thank all others who have contributed to it. May it be the means of changing lives and blessing children and parents around the world.

J. C. Choate
Winona, Mississippi
February 1, 1988

A WORD TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR USE:

ALL THE CHILDREN is a collection of true missionary stories for junior and intermediate-age children. Its purpose is to inform children of missionary opportunities and activities in various fields, and to inspire children to become missionaries. These are but just a few of many beautiful stories.

Many Christians are inclined to be vague in their knowledge of mission work, to the point of not knowing for sure where some countries are located, or whether or not any missionaries have ever been there. Mission efforts are altogether too small – there is no limit to the work that is needed. Many fields are ripe unto harvest but there are few reapers to send forth into the harvest.

This is not primarily a course of study, although a Bible class teacher could build a missionary course upon the contents by adding other materials of informational and thought-provoking nature. Suggestions for use of this book:

1. Stories to be read by children themselves.
2. Stories to be shared by children and parents in family devotionals.
3. Supplemental, inspirational material for Bible classes, Vacation Bible School classes, home Bible studies, etc.

It is suggested a world map or a globe be used with these stories.

You may ask, "How can I help?"

I asked a young lady, Becki Sharpe, who has gone to do missionary work in Kenya, what led her to enter the mission field.

Her answer held the key: her home life as a child, and her Bible class and educational backgrounds.

WHY BECKI BECAME A MISSIONARY

TO MOTHERS AND FATHERS:

Becki grew up in a Godly home with parents totally committed to the Lord, the church, and mission work of all kinds. Bible reading and prayer, a real "talking with God," took place every day. When children were disciplined, it was "with a conversation about God's desires and ways."

TO TEACHERS:

Becki had a Bible class teacher who loved telling about missions. Becki wrote in her letter, "The teacher's excitement for foreign missions was a tremendous influence on me. I decided during this time that I would be a foreign missionary." She went on to explain that there were no exciting stories as such, but the teacher told the stories with great excitement that was contagious.

Becki was blessed in that the congregation where she grew up emphasized missions and gave a large percentage of their money toward foreign missions. She went on a number of campaigns to the northeastern states and learned how to talk to people about the Lord.

At Abilene Christian University, Becki took mission courses, attended "Mission Outreach," went to retreats, and

attended a number of mission seminars. Missionaries encouraged her, and her Mission Department professors were "great."

But, it was her childhood Bible teacher who first inspired her to become a missionary. Can you do the same for a child?

S T O R I E S

WHAT WILL I BE?

From the time you were very small, you probably said: "When I grow up I want to be a _____." Little boys want to do something exciting, like a fireman, garbage collector, or operate a bulldozer, or be a pilot, so they can ride on big machines. Little girls like to imitate something they have seen also, so they may say they want to be a mother, or a nurse, or a teacher.

You don't have to decide for sure what you want to be until you are older. You may change your mind a few times, and that's all right too. But it is a good idea to be thinking about it, even now.

A teacher once asked everyone in her class to say what they wanted to be and why. All the children thought very hard.

Jamie was first. He said, "I want to be a fireman because it's exciting and you can save people's houses, and sometimes their lives."

Julie decided, "I want to be a nurse and help sick people get well."

Josh chimed in, "Yeah, there are lot's of bad diseases, so I want to be a scientist and discover some new medicines."

Jeremy thought about what Josh had said and concluded, "That's too hard for me to do. I think I'd rather be a policeman and catch the crooks."

What Will I Be?

Other children thought of all kinds of things like astronauts, carpenters, engineers, mechanics, waitresses, salesmen, lawyers, farmers, ranchers, artists . . . all good things they might grow up to be. We need all these people to make our world go.

The teacher asked Mary if she was ready to give her answer: She said, "I'd like to be a teacher, and help people to learn and have new ideas."

Then the teacher said, "Mark, you haven't had a turn yet. You look as if you are thinking very hard."

Mark really was thinking hard. Finally he said, "I think I want to grow up and be a preacher. Maybe even a missionary, because there are lots of places where people don't know about Jesus. I could go somewhere and take Bibles to them and teach them to be Christians."

That reminds us of when Jesus was a young child. We are not told at what age he began to know what he was going to do when he grew up. We do have the story of when he was twelve years old. Mary and Joseph found him in the temple, talking with educated men about the scriptures.

When Mary asked him why he had stayed behind and not gone with them, Jesus answered, "Don't you know I must be about my Father's business?" We know by that time he knew he was here to do his heavenly Father's work.

We can always look to Jesus to be our example. If he knew at twelve years of age what he was to do, maybe we can begin thinking about it too.

* * * * *

What Will I Be?

This book of true missionary stories is written to help you to see the many great opportunities there are for those who love God and want to serve Him. There will always be a need for missionaries. If you choose to serve God in this way, He will bless your life, and all your life touches.

A True Story
By L. Wesley Jones

DISCOVERY!

What is the most exciting discovery you ever made? Did you find a cave, or a beautiful sea shell? Perhaps you discovered a new way to walk or ride to school, or a new store with many things you like.

I think discovery is the most thrilling part of life. Perhaps that's one reason I love being a missionary and a pilot.

There are so many beautiful things to see from an airplane, even when you are a passenger. Maybe you remember finding a huge cloud formation or a lovely sunset when looking out your window. When flying the airplane from the cockpit there is some special "magic" in guiding the plane through the atmosphere toward a destination while the pilot sees so much of the marvelous universe of God.

In May of 1972 I was piloting a Cessna over the jungles of Sumatra. My friend, David Carruthers, was with me as we were flying from Singapore to Jakarta.

If you will locate the large island of Sumatra on a map you will discover it is on the equator on the other side of the world. Its jungles are some of the most dangerous in the world. Up there in the plane, in the hand of God, we felt comfortable and safe. We knew God would watch over us, because we had asked Him (Matthew 7:7). So, you may be surprised at what happened next.

Discovery!

An unreported storm forced us to leave our course. Our gasoline almost gone, we were forced to land. But where? In the tangled, remote jungles of Sumatra, there are tigers and pythons. Worse than these, if one crashes in such a jungle there is little chance of being found.

Where would we land? As we faced that decision, David said, "You fly and I'll pray!" There before us was the first open space we had seen in hours. We landed the Cessna there. Even though there was a hidden hole in the ground which broke one wheel from the plane so that we somersaulted, neither of us was injured.

Soon we were surrounded by friendly people who helped us in countless ways. God had taken care of us! He had answered our prayers; and the great discovery on that island that day was the thoughtfulness of people of a different color and language half way around the world!

People discoveries! These were the most wonderful experiences we had in the years on Sumatra and Java. God was always there with us, putting us in touch with these wonderful people. May I tell you about one of them?

His name is J. H. Kurnia. Would you like to say it in the Indonesian language? Please say, Yea Hah Koor nee ah. Now you have a new discovery -- pronouncing the name of this good man in his own language.

When we met Mr. Kurnia he could speak only a little English and we could speak very little Indonesian. We had many happy times learning to converse with each other. He wanted to study the Bible and we wanted to help him and we prayed and tried very hard.

I must tell you, we would never have found Mr.

Discovery!

Kurnia without special help. We had prayed and prayed, while going to Indonesia that God would send us someone we could teach. So we did not meet this man by accident. He was sent to us by our great God.

On U. S. Thanksgiving Day, 1971, I had the joy of baptizing J. H. Kurnia into Christ. Since that time he has baptized many, many others.

How does he do it? J. H. Kurnia loves people and he loves serving them. He never expects others to serve him. When people see how loving and sincere he is, they ask about his faith and he teaches them. They learn about Jesus and follow Him.

For example, you have heard about Moslems in the news, I am sure. Sometimes these people seem far away from Jesus and may even appear dangerous. Brother Kurnia is able to win some to Jesus by his kindness and love. He is such a great example for all of us!

As a missionary there was no greater gift from God than a brother like J. H. Kurnia. To explain, let me ask about your good friends. I'm sure you have several. Well, brother Kurnia is one of mine. Just imagine! In some far away place there is someone you do not know now, who does not know you or even Jesus. Some day this person may become your very good friend. What a wonderful discovery that will be!

We have been home from Indonesia several years and I have made another discovery: Not only can we use airplanes to tell the story of Jesus, we can also use radio.

In the beautiful state of Alaska, Christians own a powerful radio station which reaches places like China and

Discovery!

Russia with gospel broadcasts. My wife and I now work with this radio station called KNLS. (NLS means New Life Station). We receive letters from wonderful people in Japan, Australia and India. We even get letters from Indonesia where we once lived – the homeland of brother Kurnia.

Yes, life is full of wonderful discoveries, and the most joyful discoveries of all are the people to whom the Lord leads us!

* * * * *

People in these and other countries are hearing broadcasts by radio every day from the Bible. As God's Word works on their hearts, doors are opening. Wouldn't it be exciting to help the people there to discover the gospel of Christ?

STORIES - AFRICA

PIONEERS

By Bessie Hardin Chenault

Some missionaries are pioneers. This means that they are the first ones to go into an area to preach the gospel of Jesus.

In a part of southern Tanzania, East Africa, there had once been some German Lutheran missionaries. They were pioneers, and they had built a school on top of a mountain called Ailsa. That was very long ago, and the German missionaries had long since left the country, but the buildings were still standing.

In the early 1950's, some American missionaries working with the churches of Christ in South Africa decided that they needed to go to Tanzania. These men were Guy Caskey, Eldred Echols, and Martelle Petty. What they wanted to do would not be easy. The first obstacle in their way was a ruling by the government of Tanzania that no new missionaries would be given permission to enter the country. They would be permitted entry if they were farmers, so they decided to look for land to buy.

The three men made the long, hard journey to Tanzania, and when they were just about to give up on ever finding what they needed in the way of land, they found just the right place. They were certain that God guided them there, for they had passed it by on the road, and then suddenly decided to turn back and inquire about a

Pioneers

place they had seen. It was ideal, and it was for sale at a reasonable price. In the lowland area was good farm land, and on the mountain close by were the buildings of the old German school.

Now there was a second obstacle to overcome -- money. Where would they find money for all that land and the buildings? They would try to raise money from churches in America, but first they would show their personal interest by giving as much as they could out of their own pockets. Each of the three men gave what they could. In order to give money, Martelle Petty sold his car, bought a motorcycle for a lot less, and gave the difference.

Someone had asked brother Petty long before that, "What if you get killed while you are in Africa?" He had answered, "Well, it is as close to heaven from Africa as it is from America." And it happened that Martelle was killed, not by a lion or a buffalo, but while riding his motorcycle on a street in the city of Pretoria. His friends all felt that he had indeed given his very life for the cause of Christ.

Guy Caskey, Eldred Echols, and Al Horne became the pioneers for the church of Christ at Ailsa. Native men came from all around to go to the Bible school there. The wives of the missionaries taught the black women and children. The farm land below was worked by the native people.

All around Ailsa and the farm below the mountain, there were poisonous snakes and wild animals of many kinds. Leopards were sometimes seen, and when they became a threat to the people, the government allowed them to be trapped. Men had to keep watch all night in the corn

Pioneers

fields to keep baboons from stealing the corn.

The nearest town was Mbeya, about 60 miles away, over rough dirt and gravel roads. There was a small hospital there, and a doctor from India. Whenever the missionaries' families were sick, they had to go 60 miles to the doctor.

Today there is a good hospital that is part of the Chimala mission, just below the mountain of Ailsa. The people can now be treated for their diseases and hear the gospel at the same time. It is no longer a "pioneer" work, but there will always be much work for missionaries to do.

Once when the John Hardin family were visiting the Ailsa and Chimala area, there was a young black woman who was expecting a baby. She was very sick, and the doctor said that if she did not have a blood transfusion, she might die.

Several native men were present, along with John Hardin and a missionary at Chimala, Andrew Connally. The doctor asked, "Who will give blood for this woman?"

The black men were terrified. They had never heard of such a thing. Maybe they thought they would die if they gave blood. Brother Connally and brother Hardin both offered to give their blood. The doctor tested their blood and found that brother Hardin's blood type matched the sick lady's type.

The black men watched, wide-eyed, as the blood was drawn and then inserted into the lady's vein. They kept exclaiming, "Hau! Hau!"

* * * * *

Pioneers

All went well, and several years later, the thankful lady wrote a letter to John Hardin, thanking him for his blood. Enclosed was a snapshot of her healthy little boy. What a happy ending! If you were a missionary doctor, perhaps you could experience many such happy endings.

The story of Jacob at Sinde Mission
Written by Bessie Hardin Chenault from
"Mother of Eighty" by Dana Korfker and
a letter from Jacob himself.

JACOB - OF SINDE MISSION

It was four o'clock in the morning, the time when you and I are still fast asleep for another two or three hours. The alarm clock was ringing. Mrs. Brittell and her daughter Elaine jumped out of bed. There was much work to do. The morning was chilly, so the first thing they did was to make fires in three wood stoves. Then they poured milk for 79 children. At a quarter to five, Gladys Brittell and the older children got up to help feed the babies. While the older boys tidied the rooms and brought the cooked cereal from the kitchen to the dining hall, Elaine carried all the babies' blankets and night clothes to the wash house.

Before going into the dining hall, each older child washed himself. Gladys supervised the children as they ate their breakfast, and then each one washed and rinsed his own dishes. Two children dried the dishes and put them away, two cleaned the tables and benches, and two swept the floor.

The older girls carried all of the soiled linens and clothing to the wash house. Then they sorted and put away the clean clothing from yesterday's washing. After tidying up their rooms, they helped get up the older babies in the nursery - each older girl had been assigned as a special "Mama" to one of the babies. When these duties had been attended to, the school-age children were off to

Jacob of Sinde Mission

chapel at 7:00 a. m. and classes immediately afterward.

Seventy-nine children? Where would you find 79 children all in one place? Imagine getting that many children up in the morning, fed, washed, dressed, and 46 of them off to school! How many children are there in your home? Two or three? Maybe four? What a commotion there can be, just to get up and off to school!

You have just read about the beginning of a typical day at the Sinde Mission Orphanage in southern Zambia, Africa. The home was opened in 1946 with two little black babies, and soon many more were brought in. The government of Zambia limited their number to eighty and that is where Mrs. Brittell got the name "Mother of Eighty."

The people all around Sinde Mission were very poor. They did not have access to good doctors. Many had little or no education. They did not know how to do many of the things that you and I take for granted.

One of the things they did not know was how to feed a baby with a bottle if the mother was dead. They did not have the money for milk, but even if they had, they did not know how to keep milk and bottles sterilized and free of germs. More than half of all the babies in the whole country died before they were a year old. If a baby was left an orphan, it was almost certain that he would die.

When the people found out that the Brittell family at Sinde would take orphan babies and care for them, they began to bring the little ones from near and far. Often, a baby would already be so weak and sick that he would die after coming to the orphanage, but many of the little ones were successfully nursed to health and grew into fine

Jacob of Sinde Mission

boys and girls. The Brittells loved all of the babies that came to them, and it hurt them to see how sick some of them were.

They had a hard time finding suitable names for all the babies. Often they used Bible names, and many times they named the babies after some of their missionary friends. One was named Bessie, after me.

One day, in 1957, a tiny baby boy, just two days old, was brought to the mission and left with the Brittells. Perhaps it was a good thing that he was brought when he was only two days old. If his people had kept him and tried to feed him on corn meal gruel or unsterile milk, as some did, he would probably have been too sick to live. This precious boy was named Jacob Alvin Brittell Sianungu. "Jacob" was a Bible name, "Alvin Brittell" was one of the missionaries, and "Sianungu" was a tribal family name. That was a big name for a tiny boy.

Jacob lived at the orphanage home for many years. He became one of the children just described, getting up early in the morning, helping with the younger boys, doing his part in keeping his room tidy, and doing chores on the farming land that was part of the mission. He learned how to take care of the cattle. It was necessary to spray or dip the cattle twice a week to kill the ticks and other insects that could cause fatal diseases among the animals. Jacob learned to work the land and raise crops and plant fruit trees.

In school, Jacob and all the boys and girls learned the usual reading, writing, and arithmetic and other subjects. Equally important, or more so, Jacob could not remember a

Jacob of Sinde Mission

time when there was no Bible study, prayers, and singing, both mornings and evenings. The children loved to sing songs in English as well as in their own language. Jacob was very musical and when he grew old enough, he became a good song leader.

When Jacob was 13 years old, he was baptized by Orville Brittell. When he finished the elementary school at Sinde, he went to the secondary school at Namwianga Mission, about 70 miles away. It was then that he decided to become a preacher and work full time for the Lord.

Years passed. Mr. and Mrs. Brittell grew old and died. Most of the other missionaries were forced by the new government of Zambia to return to America. The government also forced the closing of the orphanage. Elaine Brittell remained in the town of Livingstone and worked at printing Bible lessons in the tribal language, and trying to help those she had known when she lived at Sinde.

When Elaine was tragically killed, Jacob was very sad, and when he saw that there was no one to take her place, he was more determined than ever to be a worker for the Lord among his own people.

* * * * *

For a while, Jacob attended the Manzini Bible School in Swaziland. He returned to Zambia and taught Bible subjects at Kabanga Christian School. At the time that this story is being written, Jacob has finished his work at the Southern Africa Bible School in Benoni, and is now at home in Zambia, preaching to his own people. And it all started when loving Christian missionaries took him in as an orphan, two days old.

A True Story
from Nigeria, W. A.
By Betty Broom

A NIGERIAN "BUSH" BOY

Let's say your name is Akpan. In your language this name means first son. Let's say that you are ten years old and you are the typical son of a rural family living in a bush village in Nigeria, West Africa.

Your father is a very important man in your village. He is the head of a PWD road gang; he is a sub-chief in your village; he serves on the town council. But the real mark of his importance is the fact that he has three wives.

You look very much like all the other boys in your village. Your skin is black; you have dark eyes; you have black, curly hair. You are strong for your age and size because you have always walked everywhere you've gone. When you have something to carry, you carry it on your head and this leaves your arms free to swing at your side.

You started to school when you were big enough. The way your parents decided whether or not you were big enough was to have you put one arm across the top of your head to see if you could touch your ear on the other side. As soon as you could do that they let you start to school. Now you are in the fifth grade.

You live in a house with your mother and your two sisters. Your mother's name is Ekaete. Your oldest sister is named Adiah. Her name means first daughter. She is eight years old and is in the second grade. Your younger sister, Ngwa, is two years old.

A Nigerian "Bush" Boy

There are other families who live on your compound and also your father's house is there. Your compound is a large yard with several houses under the same roof. The front doors of each of these houses open into a courtyard. Outside the back door is a separate kitchen for each family. Your father lives in a two or three room house in the middle of this compound. The walls are made of mud which has been pressed into a framework of sticks. It is a thick wall of mud and when it dries it is quite strong. Your roof is made of palm fronds which overlap and keep the rain out of your house. The floors are beaten very smooth and then colored black with charcoal mixed with kerosene. These floors are really cleaner than they sound.

There is very little furniture in your house; a few low chairs and low table. You and your sisters and your mother sleep on raffia mats which can be aired in the daytime and rolled up and put out of the way. The yard is scraped free of grass around your house to keep snakes from getting close to the house. It is your job to sweep this yard around your mother's house and kitchen every day.

Your mother's kitchen is built much the same way as the house except the walls just come halfway up to allow the smoke to escape. Your mother builds a fire in the middle of the floor and puts a rack over this fire on which she cooks a pot of fish soup about every other day for her family. She uses a mortar and pestle to prepare some of the food. This is a large round solid piece of wood that has a bowl shape scooped out. Another long stick of wood is used to pound seeds, dried fish, and other things.

If I were to be driving through your village, I would

A Nigerian "Bush" Boy

hardly know I was going through a village because there is no post office, no bank, no filling station, no stores in sight. There is only an open place that is used for market every few days. I would see no houses because the bush is so thick on either side of the road. But if I were to stop my car it would soon be surrounded with laughing children.

The stream is a very popular place in your village. At 5:00 every morning most people in your village go to the stream to bathe and to wash clothes. Your mother rubs a cake of soap over your hair before you leave the house and when you get in the stream this soap lathers up and helps you get your body clean. Your mother is washing everyone's spare set of clothes. When you are through, you fill your water pot with water and carry it home on your head. Everyone carries a pot of water home. In the evening, you and your older sister will go back to the stream to get more water for the family's use.

Every other day your mother cooks a big pot of fish soup. She calls it efereiyak. She starts off with about two cups of palm oil. This comes from the fruit palm tree and is very rich and nourishing. It is bright orange in color and quite thick. She adds onions, tomatoes, dried fish, lots of hot peppers and crayfish which she has pounded into a powder, and melon seeds which she has pounded into a powder. These two things thicken the soup. With this soup you will eat what is called fufu. It is made from yams (which are like our white potatoes) pounded into a thick mass. You really like this fufu and efereiyak. Your family does not eat together but simply goes to the pot to get something to eat whenever hungry. You also like gari

A Nigerian "Bush" Boy

which is made from the casava plant. It is similar to Cream of Wheat.

In the village you spend a lot of time with your age group. Before market day it is your duty to sweep the market, also to pick up the trash. Sometimes your age group is taught folk dances of your people, and chants that your village elders know. These you can perform at the next village function. Sometimes you go with your mother to a meeting of her secret society. There you watch your mother and her friends practice folk dancing for the village functions. You go to market with your mother if it is not a day you must be in school.

There are no churches in your village. You and your family practice the traditional religion of your people. You often see your mother or father offering sacrifices to their gods. Your mother has her juju, the symbol of her pagan religion tied to the center ridge pole of your house. This symbol is made up of a goat's skull, some chicken feathers and a bottle that once had palm wine in it, but it has dried up. All of these things are tied together with strips of bright colored cloth. This has hung in your mother's house ever since she married. Her father gave it to her. Your great grandfather was a paramount chief in your clan.

You have heard of Abasi, the god who created the world, but you and your family believe that after he created the world he went away somewhere and is not interested in hearing the prayers of the people he created. When someone in your village dies, it is very frightening. There is a great fear of death because there is nothing known about what is beyond the grave. Nothing is known about what

A Nigerian "Bush" Boy

happens after the spirit leaves the body. There is just the blackness of burial and unknown emptiness.

You and your family have no knowledge of a loving Father in heaven. You will grow up just like your mother and father, and know nothing of the saving grace of Jesus Christ. You will know nothing about how much God, your Father in heaven, loves you – unless someone cares enough to go and teach the people in your village about God and His Son, Jesus Christ.

I hope you will not have to wait long.

With portions quoted from "Meanwhile, Back in the Jungle" by Donna Horne, with permission of the author.

"WAZUNGU"
(White People)

Have you ever looked in the mirror and wondered what other people might think of you? Maybe we wonder if we are ugly or good-looking. Maybe we wonder how we compare with our friends or with someone we especially admire. But have you ever thought that someone might be afraid of you because of the color of your skin?

In Africa, there are still some people who have never seen anyone with white skin. Everyone is likely to fear something strange and different. Black children in Africa are likely to be afraid of the first white people they see, or maybe they have seen some white folks who have given them reason to be afraid. In Vendaland, South Africa, John and Bessie Hardin could not visit a certain black family because their children would scream with fear. The only white people they had seen were doctors and nurses at a clinic where injections and vaccinations were given, so they thought all white people would hurt them.

In the 1960's, the Al Horne family were missionaries in Tanzania, East Africa. Donna wrote two interesting incidents about fear of the "Wazungu." These are quoted as she wrote them.

"The Mkoje River area has been perhaps the most

“Wazungu”

discouraging place in which we have taught. The natives in that place are absolutely terrified of us because of our white skins. In fact, it was difficult in some villages to even get permission from the chiefs for us to show our Biblical slides. One village asked us to please arrive in the afternoon hours, so the people could see us in the daylight and not be afraid. Another called in a native who owned a shotgun so he could ‘stand by’ while we showed the slides. Rumor even got around that the communion wine we passed out to the Christians on Sundays really contained poison, so that we could ‘dupe’ the natives and capture them un-awares.”

“Life among the Wanji tribe is always interesting. At Ukongora village the children always run when they see me coming. Some of them are so afraid, they run the other way. The smaller ones fear our rather anemic and pale faces which are a contrast to their own. Last week we were waiting for the people to assemble when I heard a little voice ‘crying in the wilderness.’ It was loudly and tearfully protesting the presence of ‘Wazungu’ (white people) in the village. Finally, his mother went over to the bushes and dragged out this pitiful little squealing fellow who was absolutely terrified of us. He insisted upon squatting in the middle of the path during the entire class period with a blanket draped completely over him. I guess he reasoned like the ostrich who buried his head in the sand, ‘If I cannot see you, then you cannot see me’.”

As the years go by and the people of the world mix more and more with each other, the black people of Africa

“Wazungu”

will learn what you and I already know – the color of skin is only on the outside. On the inside, we are all human beings who laugh, cry, eat, sleep, work, play, and worship the one true God. Meanwhile, it is interesting to be a missionary and see all of these fascinating things about people of other lands.

* * * * *

Why do you think the people in these stories are afraid of white people? Is it for the same reason that they have other fears and superstitions?

What would you be like if you had been born where they are? Name some of the things in your life that make you different from the people in this story.

A true story from Zimbabwe, Africa,
told by Donna Mitchell, missionary.

TAFADZWA

In Zimbabwe, Africa, there are some American missionaries who have spent many years, teaching the black Christians to be preachers and Bible teachers. One who became a preacher was Mr. Karikoga, and his wife became a Bible teacher who has taught many women and children about Jesus.

The Karikogas have several children. It is customary for those people to have names with special meanings. Some of the names mean things that are sad or unpleasant, but this was not true of the Karikogas. One of their daughters was named Munyaradzi which means "comforter," and their son Nanurai's name means "helper."

When another baby was born, they were so happy that they named him Tafadzwa, or "we are pleased." Your parents were just as happy when you were born, but they gave you a name they liked, perhaps without a special meaning. Do you wonder what your name would be if your parents had chosen your name the way the Karikogas did? Would you be "We Are Pleased?"

When Tafadzwa was born, Nanurai (Helper) was five years old. Already he could help by carrying firewood, digging in the garden, and running errands. He loved to play soccer (nobvu), and he hoped his baby brother could soon play with him. Some older boys built a toy car out of shoe polish cans and wire. Nanurai enjoyed playing with

Tafadzwa

this cleverly made car.

Big sister Munyaradzi (Comforter) helped take care of Tafadzwa by strapping him to her back and carrying him as she went about her work or play. Tafadzwa bounced along on his sister's back as she carried water from the river. She carried the water in a clay pot balanced on top of her head. The small leafy branch she placed on the top of the pot kept the water from splashing.

Sometimes the Karikoga family would visit their grandfather's village. Young girls always greet older people by kneeling, young boys by sitting. Standing before older people is considered impolite.

When the children were given some peanuts by their grandmother, they clapped their hands twice to show appreciation, then held both hands open to receive the gift. This is called "ombera," and if a child forgets, his mother will say, "Ombera!"

At night the children sit around the cooking fire and listen to stories told by their grandmother. She tells fables of long ago, (kare kare, pronounced "car-ray, car-ray") about the baboon, the elephant, the rabbit named Kalulu, and many other animals. The animals behave like humans and each story teaches a good lesson. But the children especially enjoy hearing Bible stories told by their mother and father. They ask questions like "Where did we come from?" and their mother tells them about God who made the world and the first family.

For a long time, all went well for the Karikoga family. Then one day, some wicked men and women who did not want to hear about Jesus, came and broke into their

Tafadzwa

house. The children were frightened when they saw those people smashing all the furniture.

It was very hard to see everything in ruins. It made them sad because the parents had worked hard to buy what they had. However, God was watching over them. God's people – Christians – helped the family move into the lovely town of Mutare where a house was found for them. They missed their old home, but there were Christians with whom they soon made friends. Tafadzwa and his brother and sister all went to worship and Bible study with their parents every Sunday. Soon they were able to forget their bad experience, and Mr. and Mrs. Karikoga were able to continue teaching people about Jesus.

* * * * *

If you go to Zimbabwe and visit the town of Mutare at the foot of some beautiful mountains, you may meet Tafadzwa and then you too will say, "We are pleased."

A true story from Kenya, based on a letter from Hollye Conway, missionary.

THE TUGEN WAY OF LIFE

There are many different ways of doing missionary work, depending on where you are and the kind of people with whom you are working. You might have a hospital for the poor people and teach them about God while you are helping to heal them. You might have a school for deaf or blind people, or a school for all the children, and teach them the Bible with their other subjects. Or, you may simply start to teach whoever will come and listen to you, convert some, and start a new congregation.

Whatever method you choose, you would find that it is sometimes hard to get to know the people of a foreign country really well, and for them to gain confidence in you. In this true story from the country of Kenya, in East Africa, we learn of the way Larry and Hollye Conway learned how a native family really lives from day to day.

In Sirwa, a little village of thatched houses, lives a family of five, of the Tugen tribe. The father is named Zephaniah and the mother is Gladys. The oldest child is Chepkoech, a girl of eight years. Her brothers are Kipchumba, 5, and Kipchirchir, 3.

Zephaniah had been in a certain church, but he was not satisfied that they were teaching him the right way. When someone sent him the World Bible School correspondence course, he was very happy for the chance to study. Zephaniah finished all of the lessons, and some of his

The Tugen Way of Life

friends also took the course.

There were some missionaries in that region who called together all of the people who had taken the correspondence course. When they gathered, they had Bible classes every day and the students had a chance to ask many questions. Zephaniah was overjoyed, and each evening, he would return to his home and tell Gladys what he had learned. The family would gather around the fire and sing songs and read the scriptures.

Soon Zephaniah said he wanted to be baptized, and David Bush, one of the missionaries, immersed him, as we read in the book of Acts. David then went to Zephaniah's village, Sirwa, and spoke to about 200 people. Not long after that, the Conways and their team members started a church there, and very soon, three other congregations grew from that first one.

When Larry and Hollye decided that they needed to get acquainted with native life, they made a plan to go and live for a while with one of the Tugen families. They chose the family of Zephaniah, so they got together and made their plans. They would do everything together, the native way. Larry and Hollye took with them only what they could carry in a back pack. They moved into a room that had been prepared for them, just like the rooms where Zephaniah's family lived.

Hollye is a tiny lady and it is hard to imagine her doing the things that she describes. Water has to be carried a long way from the river. This is women's work and has to be done every day. Hollye and Gladys would walk down the mountain and visit with other women who were also

The Tugen Way of Life

getting water. They would fill their 50-pound containers and strap them to their heads. The climb home is hard, for it is up a stony path and over several fences. This water is for washing dishes, bathing, washing clothes, and cooking. Some of it is boiled for tea. It cannot be drunk unboiled for it is full of germs.

Imagine carrying all of your water on your head. You would not waste any of it, you can be sure of that.

The women also would go every day in search of firewood for the cooking. Gladys knew that Hollye did not have to do these heavy chores in her own home, but the two women were becoming close friends in sharing this work.

Chepkoech is in school, so she has to wake up early each morning. Probably she hates getting up as much as most American children, but soon she is busy washing herself in about three cupfuls of water. She rubs Vaseline on her face, arms, and legs to make them shiny and beautiful, and then dresses in her school uniform. Meanwhile, her mother has made a fire and boiled water for tea. Chepkoech sits on a tree stump and quickly drinks a cup of tea and hurries off to school. She remembers that late-comers are punished by being whipped, so she does not want to be late.

At school, some of the children have swept the floor with branches that they have gathered, and classes will start soon. The school building is one long mud hut. The children sit on benches in groups of about five. There is just a small writing area, and one small notebook is used for all of the subjects. There are forty or fifty children in the

The Tugen Way of Life

room.

At recess time, the children run to the sports field, where cows are usually grazing. The girls may skip rope while the boys play ball. There are no balls to buy, so the children cleverly make their own ball out of leaves and plastic, tied with string.

Chepkoech gets home from school in time for the main meal of the day, either boiled beans and corn, or potatoes and rice. After the meal, she heats some water over the fire and washes the dishes with leaves instead of a cloth. Then she goes out to help watch the cows so they will not eat the garden of beans and corn that she had helped to plant. She may help her mother wash clothes by hand, or she may go to the mill with a 16-pound bag of corn on her back. The corn meal is used to make a mush for supper. After dark, she carries the lantern out to help her mother milk the cow.

At night, the family all sleep in one bedroom. Zephaniah and Gladys share one twin bed, and the three children the other. Poorer families would sleep on mats on the ground. If it is cool, they use coats and sheepskins as cover.

On Sundays, everyone walks for half an hour, through hills and forest, until they come to the long mud schoolhouse where the church meets. The services last for two hours, and then everyone walks the long way home again. They must love the Lord very much to be willing to do that every week. The Lord is blessing them and they are very happy.

* * * * *

The Tugen Way of Life

Larry and Hollye decided that their experience of living with a native family had been a good thing. Zephaniah and his family now know for sure that the missionaries really love them and are serious about teaching the Tugen people in the way of the Lord.

Maybe this story will help you by giving you some ideas about what to do if you become a missionary.

WHAT DO YOU DO ALL DAY?

Do you ever get bored? You do?

What do you do all day? You go to school, take some special lessons such as music or sports, watch TV, play games, read books, ride your bicycle, talk to friends on the phone, and other things. In summer, you usually take a vacation trip in your car. You swim, play, visit friends, have barbecue in the back yard, go on picnics, shop at the mall, and help with house work or yard work. And you get bored?

What does an African girl do all day? She may never get to go to school, or she may go for only a few years. Much of the time her morning task will be to walk to the river with many other girls. Each girl has an empty bucket on her head. If they are lucky and there has been rain, they may have only half a mile or so to walk. In the dry season, they may have to walk miles to find water.

Walking with an empty bucket is easy and the girls laugh and joke along the way. At last, they come to the river. Each girl wades into the water and fills her bucket. They all break small leafy branches from the bushes to put into their buckets. This helps to keep the water from splashing over. The girls help each other to lift the buckets up high and balance them on top of their heads.

The girls have practiced carrying loads on their heads ever since they were tiny toddlers imitating their mothers.

What Do You Do All Day?

They can walk with a graceful gliding motion and hardly spill a drop of water.

When they get back to their huts, the girls find that the older women have swept the floors and the areas outside with short brooms made of bundles of small twigs. The sleeping mats have been rolled up and stacked against the inside walls of the huts.

While the women work in the corn fields and gardens, the girls take care of smaller brothers and sisters. A girl age 7 or 8 may have a baby tied on her back with a blanket. She will not be paid for her work, but she will be beaten if she does not take proper care of the baby.

Later in the day, there will be food to prepare. On some days, girls who are strong enough will help their mothers pound the dry corn kernels with a heavy pole until they are ground into meal. On sunny days, the cooking will be done on an open fire out of doors. On rainy days, a fire will be built on the dirt floor of the cook hut. There is no chimney. The smoke escapes through the thatched roof and makes it look as if the hut is catching fire. Of course it isn't, but the cook has to inhale a lot of smoke while she is doing her work.

On some days, girls may be sent with large pans to the places where cows have been grazing. There they collect blobs of cow dung and fill their pans. They carry the pans on their heads to their homes. When the older women get ready to make good floors for their huts, they mix cow dung and a lot of mud. They mix it with their hands, working it very thoroughly. They spread the mixture very carefully and smoothe it with a flat stick. Before it is dry,

What Do You Do All Day?

they may make fancy designs on it.

How would you like to have a cow dung and mud floor? "Yuk," you say. "What a bad smell!" Would you believe that when the floor is dried well, you don't smell it at all? It gets quite hard and you can sweep it, but you cannot wash it because it would get soft again.

Why don't the African people make wood or cement floors like we do? It is because they do not have money to buy those things. They must use what they have that doesn't cost anything.

In much of Africa, the first schools were started by missionaries. Sometimes there are government schools, but there are many places with no schools at all. Lucky children who live within a few miles of a school may get to attend for anywhere from two to ten years, and girls as well as boys are allowed to attend. Many of the parents think it is not important for girls to be educated.

Do you think African girls get bored? They are probably too busy doing things just to keep alive. Sometimes when there is time to play, girls make up games of hopping, skipping, or dancing in a circle. They sometimes play a game in which pebbles are tossed into holes made in sandy ground, according to their own rules.

What does an African boy do all day? Early in the morning, he will have to take cattle or goats from the pen near his hut and herd them to places where there is grass for them to eat. Other boys will also be herding their animals. All day they must watch them carefully. The animals must not stray too far, and nothing bad can be allowed to happen to them.

What Do You Do All Day?

Sometimes the weather is good and herding the cows and goats can be pleasant. Sometimes it is raining and the wind is blowing, but the job must still be done.

A boy may have a chunk of yesterday's hard corn meal mush to take with him to eat, but he may have to snare field mice or doves and roast them. There are also some edible insects to find. Do you remember the Bible story about John the Baptist? He ate locusts.

There are no Big Mac's or pizzas or peanut butter sandwiches. There is no soda pop – only water from the river. Only at the end of the day when the animals are returned home can a herd boy expect to have his supper, and maybe that will only be more mush.

Most African boys look forward to growing up and going far away to work in a city, but jobs are scarce and many never find a job.

Life for African children is very hard. They have few chances to do any better.

Do you know what is the worst thing about the African children? I think you do know. You have the answer. **Only a few of them know about Jesus.** There needs to be a great number of missionaries to teach them about Jesus and to give them more schools so they can learn to read. The children need Bibles and other books and a chance to grow up living Christian lives.

Who will be a missionary? Who will go and spend a lifetime helping people like these African boys and girls? Don't look around for someone else because someone else may never go. **You can be a missionary. How about you?**

NATA (Story One)

These true stories of Nata take place in the African country of Botswana which borders on the northwest side of South Africa. Botswana is about the size of the state of Texas. Much of it is wasteland or desert, and only about a half million people live there. There are a few towns in Botswana but no large cities. Most of the people live in villages made up of thatched huts.

When this story begins, there were only a few Christians in the whole country. Some missionaries in South Africa decided to make a trip of about 700 miles to the town of Maun, Botswana, and preach the gospel. They would stay for about 10 days, they decided.

As soon as the travelers crossed the border into Botswana, they found that the roads were very bad. In fact, an American farmer's driveway would look like a highway compared to a Botswana road. The three vehicles in which the missionaries traveled all experienced flat tires, so when they arrived in Francistown, they had to buy several tires. Although there was gasoline in the Francistown filling station, they did not buy any. "Nata is close enough. We will buy gas there," they said.

In about two hours, they reached Nata, a large village of thatched huts, two stores, a police station, and a gas pump. "Fill up our tanks," the drivers said to the man

Nata – Story One

at the pump.

“Sorry,” the attendant said. “We have had no gas for two weeks.”

“When will you get some?” the drivers asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe tomorrow, maybe next week.”

The missionaries looked at each other. “What shall we do?”

“Well, we can find a place to camp here. We have our food with us. We will trust the Lord that gasoline supplies will come soon,” suggested one.

“We can preach to these people right here, whether or not we ever get to Maun,” said another.

And so they preached and taught many people about Jesus for four days and baptized six people. There were six new Christians all because some missionaries ran out of gasoline. When the supplies finally arrived, the trip to Maun was continued.

Before leaving the new Christians, they promised that someone would return as soon as possible to teach them more about the Bible. One of those missionaries was Eldred Echols. Brother Echols could not forget about Nata, that big village with only six Christians. He made up his mind that he would visit Nata again and take helpers with him.

A True Story
By Eldred Echols

NATA
(Story Two)

The second story about Nata happened on one of brother Echols' later trips into Botswana. Let us name the story "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" (Isaiah 11:6). This is written by Eldred Echols himself.

He was a skinny little kid of ten with a wide grin that flashed white teeth much too large for his face. "I am Peter," he announced. (When he said his name, it sounded like "Peetah.") "I want a job!"

We were camped under a large, spreading acacia tree on the east bank of the Nata River. Peter came from the large dusty village across the river from our camp. Village people came in two's and three's all day, to sit with us and discuss the Bible. Peter was the first one to ask for a job.

"What can you do?" I asked him.

"I can build fires and boil water for tea."

"How much do you want a day?"

"Fifty cents."

"You're hired!"

And so Peter Setimela became a part of our team. At first we were vaguely aware of his small figure in khaki shirt and shorts, scurrying about the cooking fires and dragging in firewood. Soon we did not even notice him. He was so quiet that he was almost invisible. The kettle seemed to

Nata – Story Two

boil itself and the firewood seemed to stack up without any help. Days passed.

A voice from nowhere asked, "Can I be baptized?" and then I saw Peter crouching beside my chair.

"No," I told him. "Baptism is only for people who have been taught and who know what they're being baptized for."

"I know what it's for," he replied firmly.

"Where did you learn?" I wanted to know.

"Here," he said. "While I was working I listened to the Bible classes with older people."

Sure enough, he knew, all right. Every question we asked him he could answer. Only ten years old, but he knew. And so Peter was baptized into his Lord and joined a growing congregation. There were several men and a large number of women.

Almost a year later, I was surprised when a letter from Botswana appeared in my mail box, addressed to me in a childish scrawl. After greeting me and my family and the Christians at my place, Peter got down to the purpose for writing. "All the men are gone," he wrote. "Charles and the men who work for the public works department have been transferred to another place. Elijah has gone to Kasane to look for work. Only Insima and I and the women are left. But don't worry, Brother Echols, I hold services every Sunday. I can't preach, but we read the Bible, sing some songs and I do the Lord's Supper."

And that is why we found the church at Nata still meeting when we revisited them many months later. An eleven year-old had kept it alive!

Nata – Story Two

Years have passed. The Nata church has its own building and a regular minister now. On a good Sunday, many people have to stand outside and listen through the windows because there are not enough seats inside. Soon Peter will graduate from Oklahoma Christian College. But the church is in Nata because of our water and fire-wood boy.

* * * * *

Have you thought that there is little you can do for the Lord while you are still a child? Peter, in this story, was only ten.

Talk about things you can do as an individual, and also as members of a Bible class.

A True Story - as told by Lyle
Pomeroy - A missionary for
many years in Zambia and Zim-
babwe, Africa.

WITCH DOCTORS AND JIMMIE, A VENTRILOQUIST'S DOLL

Are you superstitious? What does it mean? Have you heard someone say you will have bad luck if a black cat crosses your path? Or that you will have seven years of bad luck if you break a mirror? If you really believe those things, you are superstitious. You are afraid of something you heard somebody say, and if you hear it often from people who believe it, you may begin to believe it too.

Most people in civilized countries know better than to truly believe things about black cats or mirrors. There are many places in the world where people are not educated, and where they have not heard the gospel. Millions of such people are very superstitious.

In primitive villages in Africa and other parts of the world, there are people called witch doctors. Often the witch doctors know something about curing some diseases with certain leaves or roots of plants. That is the only good thing about them.

Witch doctors claim to practice magic cures. They try to cast out the demons they think cause sickness. They also claim to predict the future or diagnose a disease by throwing a handful of bones, sticks, and stones down onto something like an animal skin. They look at the way these things land and tell you what they think is going to happen.

Witch Doctors and Jimmie, A Ventriloquist's Doll

The witch doctor often uses his so-called "power" to scare people into doing whatever he wants. If he doesn't like somebody and wants to get rid of him, he pronounces a curse on that person. When the person hears that a curse has been placed on him, he is so scared that he is likely to die of fear within just a few days.

The following is a true story by Lyle Pomeroy who spent many years as a missionary in Zambia and Zimbabwe, Africa.

MR. POMEROY'S STORY

In the year 1961, my wife and I settled at Sinde Mission, 17 miles north of Livingstone, Zambia. Near the mission were several African villages. At night we could hear the sounds of drums coming from these villages. Some of the people had become Christians, but many of them still believed in the witch doctors. They had been taught that way all of their lives. You and I know that there are no real witches, but we had much work ahead of us, teaching the people that the witch doctors are fakes.

Early one Sunday morning, Lester Brittell and I drove a four-wheel-drive Land Rover to several of the villages, holding services in each of them. We picked up two black men who were going to one of the villages. Along the trail, we came upon a strange sight. A small tree had been stripped of all of its branches except two which stuck out like arms. A can had been placed on the tip of the trunk like a head. The cut branches had been laid out in a design around the base of the tree.

The two black men were frightened. "What does it

Witch Doctors and Jimmie, A Ventriloquist's Doll

mean?" we asked them.

They said, "A witch doctor has cast a spell on someone in the village. That one will die."

Lester and I got out of the Land Rover and destroyed the image so that we could drive past. "What will happen now?" we asked.

The men answered, "The witch doctor will be afraid. He will believe that a spell has now been cast on him and he will die."

On another Sunday, we drove to a village to hold services with the Christians. When they heard the Land Rover coming, one man ran down the trail to warn us, "Two witch doctors are performing in the village. Do not come now."

We told the man to climb into the vehicle and we drove into the village anyway. The witch doctors were there, just as we had been told. They had animal skins spread on the ground. On the skins were some small human bones, small sticks, stones, small dolls, etc. When they saw us coming, they quickly wrapped all their things in the skins and ran away.

After these experiences, we began to plan a way to convince the people of the villages that they should not believe in witch doctors, for that kind of belief is against what the Bible teaches us.

I had a ventriloquist's doll named "Jimmie." He was three feet tall. I would set him on my lap and talk to him. I could make Jimmie's mouth move, and I could talk without moving my lips, so it would seem that Jimmie was doing the talking. I also knew a lot of magic tricks. They were

Witch Doctors and Jimmie, A Ventriloquist's Doll

really not magic but they looked as if they were.

Lester and I decided to try using the magic tricks to attract a crowd, and then use Jimmie, the doll, to talk to the people. We would do this on week days so that there would be no mix-up with Sunday's religious services.

Some people in Chief Mukuni's village asked us to come there and bring the magic tricks and Jimmie. This village was larger than most, with about 800 people. They were curious to see what was happening, and several hundred villagers gathered around us.

The people sat on the ground during the magic show. As soon as I put Jimmie, the doll, on my lap, they all got up on one knee like runners posed for racing, ready to take off. After talking with the doll for a while, I had him sing a song. Then I made a mistake. I had Jimmie jump toward the people and had him say "Boo." The people all got up off their knees at one time, fell over one another, and ran or crawled out into the bushes.

I asked my black helper, "What do we do now?"

"They will come back soon," he said.

In ten or fifteen minutes we could see hundreds of eyes, peering through the branches. In a few more minutes, the people came back but they did not sit down. They just stood there, waiting.

I asked them, "What do you think makes the doll talk?"

They answered, "You have cut a heart out of a man and put it into the doll. That is what the witch doctors say they do to their dolls." (This could never have been true since their dolls are only about three inches high.)

Witch Doctors and Jimmie, A Ventriloquist's Doll

Now I understood why they were afraid of Jimmie. I asked them if they would like to know how I make the doll talk. They said they would. I took the doll close to the people and let him talk. Then I laid him down and continued to talk in Jimmie's voice, not moving my lips. They all agreed that that was how witch doctors made their dolls talk.

After that experience in Chief Mukuni's village, we presented the magic and ventriloquist act in many villages in Zambia and Zimbabwe. I never again made Jimmie jump and holler "Boo." I had learned by my mistake.

This true story happened a long time ago, but there are still many who believe in witch doctors. They live a life of fear. They need people like you to teach them that witch doctors are fakes, and only God is true and full of genuine power. We do not need to be afraid of the true God. The Bible teaches that love gets rid of fear.

* * * * *

Have you ever wondered why some people believe in such things as witch doctors? Why do you not believe in them?

Adapted from "Silhouettes of Life"
by Myrtle Rowe, pp. 236, 237

NATIVE "DOCTORS"

Not all native doctors in the primitive areas of Africa are what we call "witch doctors." They are not doctors as we know them. They have never been to medical school. They have no scientific training. They do things that they learned from their fathers and grandfathers. Sometimes they know about certain plants that have medical uses, but much of what they do is out of superstition and ignorance.

Different doctors among them do different things. One doctor may make cuts on the sides of your head to let out the extra blood that they think is causing you to have a headache. We must not laugh at this ignorance for it was only 200 years ago that some American doctors did similar things. George Washington was treated by being bled.

One of the strangest kinds of doctors in Africa is the "finger doctor." No, he does not specialize in healing hurt fingers. He uses his own finger to make his diagnosis and to choose the medicine to be used.

A black boy named Jeremiah was very ill and thought he might die. His family sent for the finger doctor.

After hearing the sick boy's complaints, the finger doctor stood up. He pointed his finger at the ground and began walking. Wherever the "magic" finger pointed, or seemed to point, the finger doctor walked.

The finger kept on pointing. It led him over giant

Native "Doctors"

ant heaps, across the creek, and around trees and huts. It led him across a corn field to an old empty hut. There the finger pointed to the rotten grass roof. Aha! There was the cure for the boy!

The finger doctor pulled out some of the old dirty grass and returned to his patient. He poured boiling water into a mug and stirred in the trashy grass as if he were making tea. This "tea" was given to Jeremiah to drink.

"The boy will live," declared the finger doctor, and live he did. So Jeremiah and all the people believed all the more in the "magic" power of the finger doctor. You and I would say that Jeremiah would have gotten well without any doctor, for many times we get over some diseases without seeing our doctors.

* * * * *

Do you want to be a doctor or a nurse? There is a need for what we call "medical missionaries." Christian doctors and nurses can heal the many terrible diseases that the people have. At the same time, they can tell them about the true God. They can teach them the truth about genuine medicines. They can also teach them the truth about spiritual illness and what to do about it. They can help the native people to become real doctors and nurses.

If you want to become a doctor or a nurse, you could also become a medical missionary.

THE BIG TENT

In America, we are used to having church buildings. Some of them are small, some are medium size, and some are very large and will seat 2,000 people or more. We take this for granted. In most places in the world, it is not this way.

In South Africa, there are some big cities, but when you leave the city areas, you come to places where many black people live in villages of mud huts. They have small plots of ground where they can raise corn and vegetables, and they may have some cows or goats and a few chickens, but they have very little money.

The government builds schools for the black children, but there are not enough schools for all of them. The schools have class rooms but no assembly halls or gyms. Sometimes there are no desks and the children sit on plain benches with no backs. They practice writing and arithmetic on slates held on their laps, or they kneel on the floor and use the benches as tables or desks.

If there is a church in a village where there is a school, services are held in a class room because there is no church building. Sometimes a hundred people crowd into a class room meant for thirty people.

In 1970, some missionaries in South Africa decided that there needed to be a big meeting place so that they could preach the gospel to hundreds of people at a time.

The Big Tent

They met together and prayed for God to show them a way. Then they discussed the problem for a long time and decided that they would buy a very large tent. They could load the tent onto a truck and take it to many villages.

Everywhere the tent was set up, there was much excitement. Can you imagine a village of mud huts where the only lights are candles or little lanterns? Then comes a big tent, all lit up with electric lights. A gasoline-operated generator makes the electricity, and the lights can be seen for miles. Suddenly, from the loud speaker on the tent pole, comes a voice inviting everyone to come to the tent. What curiosity! What excitement!

Sometimes only 100 or 200 people would come to hear the gospel, but sometimes there would be 700 or 800 people, all sitting on the ground, so closely packed together that they could hardly move. Sometimes half of the people were young children who came out of curiosity. They would sit still during a Bible film strip, but during a sermon, they became very noisy and misbehaved. Their parents were not with them and no one could make them be quiet and listen. Sometimes the children would be sent away so that the adults could hear the lessons. Isn't that sad? The children needed to learn about Jesus, but there was no way to teach them when they were so naughty.

During the next several years, there were hundreds of people baptized after hearing the gospel preached in the big tent. Some of them were young people, as young as 11 or 12. There were many Christians in various villages who said the big tent had helped to do a great work for God.

After a few years the tent began to wear out. The

The Big Tent

canvas sides rotted. It cost a lot of money to keep making repairs. Before 1980 rolled around, the missionaries who started with the big tent had all returned to America. Soon there were no more village tent meetings.

This story has been told to make you think about the naughty children who need to learn about Jesus and let Him change their lives. Maybe **you** can go to South Africa and teach them. There is much work to do for God.

* * * * *

What did Jesus mean by the “harvest” and the “laborers?” Talk about this in your Bible class, and with your parents. We are told to pray for laborers to be sent out to the harvest. This is something you can do.

Adapted from "Silhouettes of Life"
by Myrtle Rowe, pp. 244 - 251

MOOKA

In Zambia, Africa, there was a middle-aged black man living with his wife and children. He was a good man, a Christian, but he had had leprosy. He had lost all of his toes and some of his fingers. Most of the time, many years ago, leprosy could not be cured, but a missionary by the name of J. D. Merritt had treated him and the dreaded disease had been stopped. Of course he could not grow new fingers and toes.

The people who lived near Mooka were not Christians. They could not understand what had happened to Mooka. They thought that he had been involved in witchcraft to be healed, so they were afraid of him. In their ignorance, they chased Mooka away instead of trying to learn about becoming Christians.

A Christian headman of another village invited Mooka and his family to live there. Soon Mooka had better crops and more cattle than anyone, so the people became jealous. They demanded that Mooka pray with them to the spirits of their dead forefathers. Mooka refused, so again he was chased away. In the same way, he was driven out of two other villages.

Mooka then built himself some huts for his family outside of a village. An officer came from a government office and told Mooka, "It is against the law for you to live outside the village," and he set fire to all of Mooka's huts.

Mooka

You might think that Mooka would have lost his faith in the Christian way, but he did not. Instead, his faith in God grew stronger, and he prayed very hard every day.

Finally, Mooka left the people who were tormenting him and got permission to build his own village far out in the bush country. He cleared land, plowed fields, and had many cattle. He cleaned out some springs of good water and built good houses.

During all the years when he was being persecuted, Mooka preached from village to village about his one God. One of his sons and a son-in-law became preachers.

One of Mooka's daughters was named Alifa. Alifa had gone to the girls' school at Namwianga Mission. Myrtle Rowe, who wrote the book from which this story is taken, was Alifa's teacher. She taught the girls how to sew and keep a clean house. She taught them how to keep themselves and their clothes clean, and she helped them learn to read. She taught them many Christian songs and helped them all she could from the Bible.

Black girls in Zambia lived a hard life, carrying water, doing field work, and taking care of younger brothers and sisters. They could be forced into marrying men they did not love. Christian girls were sometimes forced by their heathen parents to marry heathen men. Mrs. Rowe spent much time teaching Alifa and all the girls how Christian girls should act to please God.

Alifa grew up to be a lovely Christian lady. When Mrs. Rowe visited Mooka's village after many years, there was Alifa, bringing gifts of nuts, wild fruits, eggs, and a cup of tea. She gave Mrs. Rowe the best chair and fixed a

Mooka

comfortable place for her to sleep. The visit lasted for several days. Each night they all had Bible reading and prayers led by one of Mooka's sons. Mrs. Rowe had Bible classes for the women and children each day. She used a flannelboard for the lessons. Can you imagine a flannelboard Bible lesson in the middle of an African village? It was very exciting to the people. Even the men gathered close by to watch.

Mrs. Rowe wrote in her book, "I believe that the church is in Africa to stay, for I'm sure there are enough Christians like Mooka to keep Christ in their country." Then she said, "I thank God for Christian homes that were established by our own boys and girls." (She meant those who had gone to school at Namwianga Mission.)

Several years after Mrs. Rowe's visit to Mooka's village, other visitors found three generations of Christians. There was old Mooka and his wife, Alifa and her brothers, and a number of grandchildren of all ages. All of this was made possible because of the faith and courage of Mooka who did all he did in spite of being a cripple from leprosy.

* * * * *

In Africa, there are still hundreds of villages without the gospel. There are few as faithful as Mooka. Those people need missionaries to bring them the story of Jesus. What will you do with your life when you grow up? Would you go to Africa?

From "Dew Breakers" by
Dow Merritt, pp. 183-184

BICYCLE -- A PREACHER

In Zambia, Africa, there are strange customs concerning the naming of children. A baby is not named until it is a year old, for it might die and a name be wasted. When naming time comes, the grandmother gives the child a name from a list of ancestors. Then when the child grows older, he can choose his own name. He might choose Simon or Peter or Shadrack or Samson, but he might choose such a name as Rice, Spoon, Soap, Thousand, Million – or almost anything. What sort of name do you think you would choose for yourself if you had the chance?

Many of the African boys choose their own names, and then add the father's name to their own. Thus Bicycle became Bicycle Sianjina, one of the school boys at Kabanga Mission in Zambia.

Bicycle was a bright boy. He was quick with his lessons and had time to have fun. Sometimes the teachers thought he had too much fun, thinking up mischievous tricks to do. He was a happy-go-lucky boy, and seemed never to have a serious thought. In spite of that, he managed to get good grades, and he finished the sixth grade. That was as far as the Kabanga school went, so Bicycle had to go back to his village.

Bicycle became a young farmer and began to do very well. He grew tall and lanky. Everyone in the village knew Bicycle to be a person who loved conversation, and

Bicycle – A Preacher

sometimes even a good argument.

Several years passed, and the missionaries had not seen Bicycle for a long time. Then one day, much to everyone's surprise, he turned up at Namwianga Mission, fifty miles from Kabanga, asking if he could study there, and learn only the Bible.

How could missionaries turn down such an earnest request! So Bicycle was made a special student and given assignments in Bible study. To earn his way, he herded cattle half of every day. While the cattle grazed, Bicycle studied.

After many months of study, Bicycle returned to his village to preach to his people. At first, the church at Namwianga Mission sent him money each month. Meanwhile, Bicycle worked on his farm and got it going well. When he saw that his farm would provide everything he needed, he asked the Namwianga church to quit helping him. "I want this to be my work," he said.

And so Bicycle became a very good preacher. He established six congregations and visited them all regularly. He did so well at his farming that the government agency named him "Model Farmer." Would you also say that Bicycle is a "Model Christian?"

Story as told by Jaxie Palmer
To Bessie Chenault

WONDER

Wonder was a little African boy, just ready to start first grade. He lived with his parents near Macheke, a little town in northeastern Zimbabwe, Africa. Wonder's parents wanted him to go to school, but they both worked away from home. They were afraid that Wonder would get into trouble if he was left without someone to make him mind. They knew that the school at Nhowe (pronounced No-we) Mission was very good, and that all the children there learned much from the Bible.

Wonder and his parents went to talk to Mr. Roy Palmer, the superintendent at Nhowe. "We want Wonder to go to school here," the father said. "We know he will be taught to behave well at the same time that he learns his school work."

"Can he walk from his home to school each day?" asked Mr. Palmer.

"No, it is too far," they answered.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Palmer. "We do not take boarding students until they are in sixth grade. Wonder will have to go to another school."

Students in grades one to five lived within walking distance of the mission. Students in upper grades often came from far away and came to stay in dormitories for thirteen weeks at a time.

Wonder's parents were very disappointed. "We are

Wonder

so afraid our son will be badly influenced at another school. We want him to be well supervised so he will always be a good boy," they explained.

They talked for a long time and finally Mr. Palmer agreed to take Wonder as a special case.

The new school year started in January. Little Wonder cried bitterly when his parents left him at Nhowe Mission. He would be there for thirteen whole weeks before he could go home for three weeks. It seemed a lifetime to such a small boy.

Wonder carried his blankets and his suitcase to a boys' dormitory. There were many boys, but they were all much older and bigger. It was dreadful! He shed more tears.

Mr. Palmer and the teachers helped Wonder, and many of the big boys were kind to him. After a few days, he began to feel better. He made friends in first grade. It helped to get into a daily routine of activities.

The days began very early, for at a quarter to seven, everyone assembled in the church building for a chapel service. The children loved to sing and they filled the building with their happy voices praising God.

On school days, there were class periods and study periods. Each student also had certain chores to do to help keep the school, the grounds, the gardens, and other things in good order. There was not enough money to hire people for all of those jobs, and it was good for the children to learn to help. There was always time for sports and games. The children were usually very happy.

Usually there was very good food to eat. Sometimes

Wonder

it was better food than they would have had at home. The main food that everyone was used to eating was a very stiff corn meal mush. They ate this every day. At dinner time the mush was served with a relish of cooked greens or sour milk or meat. They did not have meat every day. They ate a lot of cabbage, usually cooked with tomatoes and onions which went well with the thick mush. Some ate with spoons but many ate with their fingers. They took a piece of thick mush, dipped it into the relish and popped it into their mouths.

On Saturdays each student cleaned his part of the dormitory, washed and ironed his school uniform (khaki shirts and shorts), and spent some time helping to beautify the mission grounds.

Every evening, before bedtime, the boys had their devotional while the girls had theirs. They all loved to memorize a new Bible verse every week. Wonder grew to enjoy everything at school, and it must be admitted that he enjoyed the special attention he received for being the youngest boarding school child.

On Sundays the children went to Bible classes and attended the worship. Many of the older children obeyed the gospel and were baptized during the school year. On Sunday afternoons there was free time for play or study or just sitting around.

Wonder and most of the other students were eager to learn. They knew that many of their friends did not have a chance to go to school. Some parents did not care enough to educate their children. Others did not have even the small amount of money for the school fees.

Wonder

Wonder studied hard, and at the end of seventh grade, he had to take the government exams. Only those who pass can stay in school. Wonder passed. Then at the end of grade nine he had to take another hard exam on everything he had studied. Again he passed, so now when this story is being written, he is a senior in high school.

* * * * *

Do you wonder what Wonder will do when he finishes high school? Maybe he will become an assistant teacher at Nhowe Mission. He could go to teacher training school and be a regular teacher. He could go to a university and become something different. I hope he stays at Nhowe Mission so he can help some little boys like he once was, don't you? Maybe he can teach them Bible lessons and help them become Christians.

Will you pray for Wonder and all the other boys like him?

Think about reasons why it may be better to attend a Christian school. (Remember the reason Wonder's father gave for his son to go to the Nhowe Mission school.)

ARE YOU RICH?

Have you ever wondered, "Am I a rich kid?" Maybe some of you are **really** rich, maybe millionaires. Most of you would say, "No, I'm not rich. I'm just ordinary, just average."

Do you have shoes? Do you have underwear? Do you have a bed with sheets and a blanket? Do you eat two or three times a day? Does your house have a floor? Does your family have a car? Do you have writing paper for school? Do you sometimes have money to spend for pop or candy? Is there a stove in your kitchen? Do you have books, games, and toys?

Are you rich?

If you were a child in an African village, you may never have had shoes. All of your clothes might be some ragged old things an adult had thrown away, many sizes too big for you. You would have to wrap those ragged things around yourself. Long sleeves would hang down past your fingertips. Pants might be held up with a thick piece of string. Forget about underwear. Lucky you if your dress or trousers would cover you so you would not be embarrassed.

If you were a child in an African village, your bed would probably be a woven grass mat on the dirt floor.

Are You Rich?

Your only cover would be a piece of old blanket. You would walk everywhere you needed to go. You might walk many miles to school – if you were lucky enough to have a school. You would do most of your lessons on a slate because paper costs too much. Once in a while you may have paper for something special.

If you were a child in an African village, you may never have even a penny to spend, or a penny to put into the contribution plate on Sunday. You might not even have a Sunday school or a congregation or a preacher, or a Bible.

If you were a child in an African village, your main food would be thick, hard corn meal mush. In good seasons, you might have greens, pumpkin, and a few other vegetables. You would have meat only once in a while. When there is little rain, you might not have food every day – only every other day.

If you were a sick child in an African village, you might never see a doctor. If you were lucky, there would be a doctor at a mission hospital somewhere in the country. But if you were too sick to walk, you might never get there. Maybe you would die because you couldn't get the medicine that would cure you.

There is a disease called kwashiorkor that many African children get. It is easy to avoid the disease, or to cure it, if you have protein foods. That means if you have some meat, eggs, or beans, you will not have this disease with the strange name. Kwashiorkor keeps a child from growing properly. The tummy becomes swollen and the skin has dry, gray patches. Because the brain does not get

Are You Rich?

the right food, the child cannot learn at school.

Are you rich?

Do you have Bible classes? Can you learn what God wants you to do? Do you know that God loves you? Do you know that God loves African children too? Will you go some day and tell them that God loves them? Then, at the same time, you can help them with their problems of poverty and bad health. This is a big challenge to you.

FOOD FOR BODY AND SOUL

All during the middle 1980's, there was little or no rain in some of the countries in Africa. Most of the people there had tiny farms. Even in a good year, with plenty of rain, they barely made a living. If rain failed for one year, there would be great suffering. If no rain fell for two or three years, thousands would die of starvation, and that is exactly what began to happen.

If a child cried, "Mommie, I want some food," he would be told, "There is no food." If a baby cried for milk, his mother had none to give him.

Couldn't they buy some food at the store? There was no money, and probably there was no store.

Couldn't they go to a town, or to another country? Many tried, but still there was no food. Some people walked very far, only to find that there was nothing for them to eat.

The people became very weak and thin, and many died, especially children. Mothers and fathers had to bury their own boys and girls, and almost every family was affected.

When the missionaries in the country of Ethiopia saw what was happening, they asked Christians in America, "Please help these people." A church of Christ in Ft. Worth, Texas, and one in West Monroe, Louisiana, began to collect money from members all over the country. They

Food for Body and Soul

collected hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The money was used to buy food and medicines. The food was packed into enormous cases called "containers" and sent by rail or truck to sea ports. Huge cranes lifted the containers onto ships for the trip to Africa.

When the containers arrived in Ethiopia, the missionaries were able to give food to about 60,000 people. The medicines cured many of the illnesses from which they had been suffering for so long.

The number of Ethiopian Christians grew greatly. The people could see the love of Jesus shown to them in these life-giving gifts.

One of the American missionaries had an extra surprise when he saw what had happened to the food containers. He had thought they might be used as storage rooms, or maybe torn apart for the wood to be used in other ways. He was amazed when he saw that the containers had been put together to make a long building. Windows, doors, and a roof had been added, and there was a school building with several classrooms!

The rains began to fall again in Ethiopia, and life became easier for the people. But in such a place, the hunger could come again any time in the future.

If you should become a missionary in a country like Ethiopia, you might find some day that there are hungry people needing food for their bodies as well as the food of the gospel for their souls. It is a very great work that needs to be done.

* * * * *

Food for Body and Soul

Read Matthew 25:31-46. Few Americans have starved to death as have the people of Ethiopia, but there are hungry people in our town or city, and in far-away places too. How is this missionary work?

MORCA

Morca Njikhu was a young black man from Malawi, a small country toward the center of Africa. He could not find a good job in Malawi so he had gone to South Africa where he found work in a hotel by the Indian Ocean.

We knew Morca well because he was a member of the church. We knew he wanted to serve God above all, because he had given up the bad things he used to do. He talked to his friends about Jesus even if they made fun of him for it. We liked Morca. His boss also liked him because he worked well and was honest.

One day we heard bad news. A new law had been passed saying that black people from other countries would have to go back to their homes if they had been in South Africa for less than eight years. This law was passed because too many from other countries were coming in and taking jobs needed by the South African black people. The permit that Morca had to carry in his wallet showed that he had been in the country for only seven years.

We were very sad. We asked, "Morca, what are you going to do?"

Morca replied, "I don't know. I guess I'll have to go, but I don't want to. I have this good job, and I can never find such a job at my home."

"But Morca," we said, "the police will see your papers and they will put you in jail and then they will send

Morca

you home.”

Morca sighed. “I know it,” he said.

Leonard Gray and John Hardin were the American missionaries who were working in Port Elizabeth at that time. Every Sunday afternoon, the black Christians gathered for worship. Every time, Morca was there. Every time brother Hardin and brother Gray saw Morca, they would exclaim, “You’re still here!” Morca would duck his head and say, “Yes, I’m still here.”

We were curious. We knew the police often went to all places where black people worked to check their permits. Why had they not found Morca’s permit and put him in jail or sent him home?

One day, we finally asked Morca how he was managing to stay in South Africa. He was embarrassed, but he said, “When the police come to the hotel to look at permits, my friends tell me and I hide in the big walk-in refrigerator until they go away. I can get behind the stacks of cases of fruits and vegetables and nobody can see me.”

We had many talks with Morca. We all prayed for God to guide him. Deep down in his heart, he wanted to do the right thing. It was not right for him to hide from the police. Can you imagine how hard it would be for Morca to leave his good job, his friends, and the people at the church and go more than 2,000 miles away, never to return?

Finally one day, Morca came and said, “I am going back to Malawi.” Soon after that, we all said good-bye to our good friend. We all hoped that Morca could find a job. We especially hoped he would remain a faithful Christian,

Morca

but we knew we might never see him again.

Often we talked about Morca and remembered how he would hide in the refrigerator. We did not hear anything from him for many years, so we didn't know if he was dead or alive.

Thirty years passed. Then a letter came from brother Doyle Gilliam, a missionary who had worked in Malawi in the past. On a visit back to that country, brother Gilliam met a middle-aged man who asked, "Did you know Leonard Gray and John Hardin? They were American missionaries in Port Elizabeth, South Africa many years ago. I am Morca Njikhu and those men converted me down there."

"Yes," brother Gilliam replied. "I knew them. I especially knew John Hardin. Did you know that he is dead now?"

"Oh, I did not know that. I am very sad. But I am sure he is in heaven now. Those two missionaries taught me very much from the Bible. I have never forgotten those things that they taught me."

So there was Morca, back in his home country, a faithful Christian after thirty years, now helping to teach others the truth from the Bible.

There are times when we do not know what has happened to people we have helped to become Christians. Sometimes people leave the church and go back to sinful ways. That is sad. But the story of Morca has a happy ending, for even though he is beginning to grow old, he is serving God and helping the people of his home country of Malawi.

* * * * *

Morca

Years ago there was a man who spent his life planting apple trees. Wherever he went, he planted the seeds, and soon people named him "Johnny Appleseed." Very likely he never saw many of the apples that grew on those trees, yet he went on planting them. How might you compare his story with missionaries preaching the gospel?

A True Story
By Darrell Foltz

A MAN CALLED SHADRACH

In a small Nigerian village called "Bansara," lives a man named Shadrach. He is very small. He not only looks queer, but his voice doesn't sound like other people's voices. He reached only the 5th or 6th grade in school. With a strange name like Shadrach, we are tempted to smile at him, for he doesn't look at all intelligent. However, Shadrach is a Christian. He was taught by his uncle, who was taught by a World Bible School teacher.

When I first met Shadrach, I thought: "This man can never be of service in the work of the Lord. When the Lord passed out talents, he did not get even one." Shadrach's wife, Veronica, is from Ntira Waterside, a village on the other side of the Bansara River. The people there worship idols called "Ju-Ju."

One day it came into Shadrach's heart to take the gospel to his wife's village. I do not know the struggle that might have gone on in his heart. I am sure that Satan whispered, "Shadrach, you can never succeed. You have no experience at all. Besides, you can hardly read. People will laugh behind your back when they see you. You are foolish to even think you could tell these Ju-Ju worshippers about Christ. You must be out of your mind."

But Shadrach put aside the whisperings of Satan. He got on his old worn-out bicycle and started for Ntira Waterside. Leaving his bicycle on the bank of the river, he took

A Man Called Shadrach

off his trousers, and holding them and his Bible above his head, he waded across the river.

He **did** find receptive hearts. His wife's people **did** listen to him. Especially the children of the village were drawn to him. He began to teach them native choruses, which are mostly Bible verses that are sung. In this way many Scriptures are memorized. Always there was a Bible story. At first the church building was the shade of a huge tree, with bamboo poles for pews. What a beautiful place to worship God, there by the riverside! (Acts 16:13). Now they have a mud house with a grass roof as a place to worship when the rains come.

The children invite their friends from other villages. Three times a week Shadrach quits his work early so he can go to different villages with the message of Christ. The children walk as far as five miles to hear the Word of God. Many have turned to Christ against the wishes of their parents who cling to their Ju-Ju worship.

Some parents have tried withholding food from their children, hoping to force them to worship idols, and sell palm wine for their fathers. The children are loyal and support each other by slipping food to the ones who are being made to suffer for Christ. Being unable to break the devotion of their children to God, some parents are forsaking their idols to serve Christ. Five or six villages now know of the Lord Jesus because of a man named Shadrach.

As I see the quiet behavior of these young people, and their steadfast faith in times of testing and trial, I have learned the meaning of many Scriptures. God said to Gideon, "The people that are with thee are too many"

A Man Called Shadrach

(Judges 7:2). The power and the honor for victory are not of man, but OF GOD.

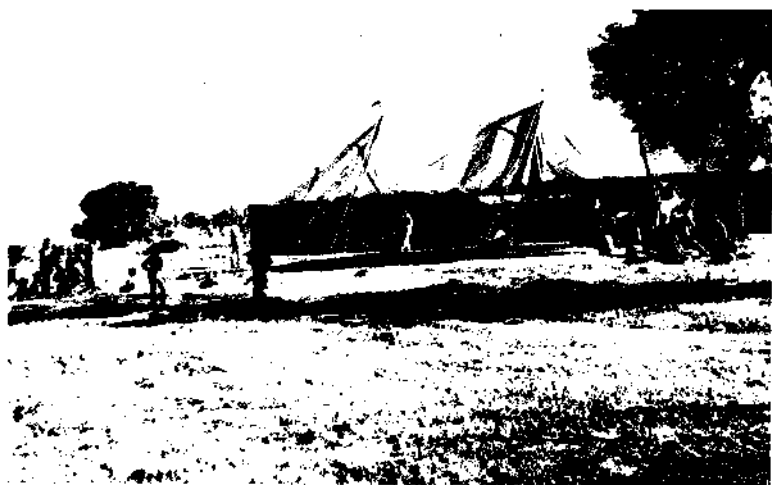
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We do not do great things because of our own wisdom or strength. The story of Shadrach teaches that ONE talent given willingly to the Lord, is worth more than a hundred talents that are used for personal glory. There is a place for everyone in God's plan. ONE person, with GOD at his side, becomes a power that the devil himself cannot defeat!

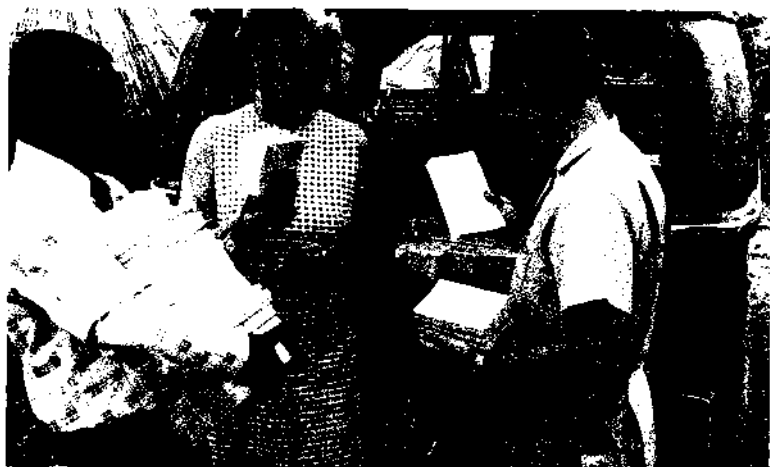
PICTURES OF AFRICA



A native witch doctor



The big tent set up at Duthuni



A large volume of tracts
being delivered to Samuel Ramagwede



Baptisms following a tent meeting



Leonard Gray talking to Morca Njikhu in Korsten, Port Elizabeth. Morca later was forced to return to Malawi.



Young girls work hard grinding meal



A poor African man often seen by the road

S T O R I E S — A S I A

Adapted from articles in "Hong Kong Kall,"
March, April, 1987, by Betty Tucker and
Jack McGhee

THE DRAGON OF CHINA

China is a very big country. It has one of the largest populations in the world. People are crowded – they cannot have big homes on large grounds like you can have. A farmer must make a living from a very small piece of ground. People in cities live in tiny apartments.

There have never been enough missionaries in China, so there are few Chinese Christians. For a long time, the Chinese people were allowed to have any religion they wanted. Many worshipped their ancestors. Some worshipped trees, water, or other natural objects. The worship of Buddha became a popular religion. People made images of the big fat god Buddha and worshipped him.

Have you ever seen pictures of Chinese holiday celebrations with huge paper dragons being paraded in the streets? They are cleverly made and they are caused to move in a realistic way.

Chinese people are fascinated by the idea of dragons. The old-time emperors' robes had fancy dragons embroidered on them. Thrones had dragon carvings, and kings slept in dragon beds. Carved dragons can still be seen coiled around stone pillars of buildings or spread across big walls.

There is a legend that the dragon has a snake body, a lion nose, deer horns, tiger eyes, ox ears, eagle claws, and fish scales. It lives, they say, in deep water, and sometimes flies across the sky with the speed of lightning.

The Dragon of China

Many Chinese people are superstitious. Some worship the dragon and also fear it. Some consider it to be the god of rain, and if they worship it properly and do not make it angry, it will bring good crops.

In 1949, the Communists took over the Chinese government. Communists believe that there is no God. They will not allow anyone to worship God. So the Communists drove all of the missionaries out of China. They made it against the law to worship God or to have any idols.

Getting rid of idols was a good thing. The bad part of the story is that a whole generation of Chinese people grew up without any knowledge of God. Now the Communists are no longer in power and religion is allowed once again, but only a few are interested.

* * * * *

Being a missionary in China is not easy, but it is a challenge to men and women of courage and zeal. Do you have courage? Do you want to share the story of Jesus with the Chinese people? The time to go is soon. Soon you will be grown up. Soon you can go.

A series of short stories from China, Hong Kong, and Singapore, from reports and a letter written by Betty Tucker.

FROM THE LANDS OF THE DRAGON

SOMEONE IS LISTENING – a story from China

M. H. and Betty Tucker are missionaries living in Hong Kong, an island city off China. Sometimes they make trips to mainland China where it is very difficult to spread the gospel. The Communists in the government fear that the gospel will tear down the Communist teachings and ideas, and they are very suspicious of any Christians.

Some American Christian friends of the Tuckers went to Beijing, China, and checked into a hotel. Once in the room, the lady commented, "They haven't emptied the waste basket." In two minutes, an employee came in and emptied it.

"I'm sure the room is bugged," the lady said to brother Tucker. "Someone heard me when I complained about the waste basket."

"Aw, it must have been a coincidence that the man came and emptied the trash at just that moment," said brother Tucker with a smile.

Not long after that, the Tuckers themselves checked into a hotel in Guangzhou, China. They had gone there to study the Bible with a Chinese girl, Jenny Shen. As soon as they entered the room, Mr. Tucker tried to open the drapes so he could look out at the city. "The drapes must be stuck. They won't open," he mumbled.

From the Lands of the Dragon

Very soon, an employee entered the room, walked directly to the window, and without a word from anyone, opened the drapes. This time brother Tucker did not smile. Maybe the government did have the room bugged. In a newsletter, he wrote, "Even though we continue to study the Bible in the hotel room, we are mindful that someone is listening."

Maybe someone would listen and believe what was being taught. More likely, the one listening would be looking for a chance to accuse the Bible teacher of action against the government.

I think that it takes a brave missionary to keep on teaching the Bible in that hotel, don't you? God needs many brave missionaries.

JESUS THE KING -- a story from China

In the days of Jesus, there were many Jews who wanted him killed. The Pharisees, for instance, feared that Jesus would rise to be more powerful than they, and they were jealous. Herod, the king of Judea, feared that Jesus would become king and replace him. Jesus was to be king, but not the kind of king that any of them were thinking about. They couldn't seem to understand that He would be a spiritual king. Before Jesus was put to death on the cross, he was standing trial before Pontius Pilate. Pilate asked, "Are you the king of the Jews?"

Jesus answered, "My kingdom is not of this world..."

"Are you a king then?" asked Pilate.

"You say rightly that I am a king. For this cause I

From the Lands of the Dragon

was born, and for this cause I have come into the world, that I should bear witness to the truth" (John 18:33-37).

That was almost 2,000 years ago. You and I understand that Jesus is a spiritual king, and His kingdom is His church.

However, in April 1985, a church leader in China was sent to prison for two years and another for three years. They were accused of holding secret house meetings, (Services and Bible studies) more than twenty times. They were also accused of preaching the establishing of a kingdom of heaven on earth. Both were found guilty of disturbing the social order and religious work according to Chinese laws.

Why could this sort of thing still happen nearly 2,000 years after the time of Jesus? Is it perhaps because we Christians have not been doing nearly as much missionary work as we should? Isn't it time for us to get busy and go into all the world with the gospel?

JOURNEY TO ANOTHER WORLD – a story from Singapore and Malaysia

In October 1986, more than 200 Christians from thirteen nations, including the United States, China, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Pakistan, and Singapore gathered in Singapore for the second annual lectureship. In America we have thousands of Christians who gather for such occasions, but 200 was a great number for Singapore because there are so few Christians in that part of the world.

M. H. and Betty Tucker, who live in crowded, noisy

From the Lands of the Dragon

Hong Kong, enjoyed Singapore's slower pace, smaller crowds, and quieter streets. They were in for an even greater treat when they accepted an invitation to visit Malacca, Malaysia, and helped to teach the gospel there for a short time.

It was a long, hot bus ride, but they enjoyed seeing many new sights. There were rubber trees being tapped for the latex that is made into rubber. There were coconuts on tall palm trees, and there were bananas three times larger than any they had ever seen before.

Only one full-time missionary is allowed by the government to work in all Malaysia. It is unlawful to even try to convert a follower of Mohammed, of which there are many. But there are many others to be reached with the gospel and much work to be done.

The Christians in Malacca did all they could to make the Tuckers welcome. They showed them many interesting sights. One Saturday evening they were invited to an Indian home where one of the sons is a Christian. It was the Indian New Year. All of the women wore beautiful saris — long, colorful pieces of silk material, wound and draped gracefully like lovely gowns. Special food was prepared for the holiday: curried chicken and mutton served with rice pasta and large, flat rounds of home-made bread.

The Tuckers were very happy to find that the Christians in Malaysia were as warm-hearted and friendly as those in churches "back home" in America.

You would find it to be true too, that Christians are brethren who love each other and the Lord, everywhere you find them.

From the Lands of the Dragon

A NEW FRIEND – a story from Hong Kong

M. H. and Betty Tucker are happy to be missionaries in Hong Kong, even though they are very, very busy. You might even say that they are over-worked. Although they have many friends in Hong Kong, they quite naturally miss their American friends back home.

Betty Tucker, probably a middle-aged lady, tells about her newest friend, Adrienne, a lovely Chinese girl of sixteen. Just a year before this story takes place, Adrienne had tried to take her own life because her parents "argued a lot."

Now Adrienne and six other girls come to the Tuckers' apartment every Wednesday. First they drink tea and eat chocolate pudding. Then they study the Bible and have prayer time, sing songs, and enjoy one another's company that way. The girls are not yet Christians, but surely some of them will be soon. They are trying hard to learn to speak English, and they help each other to understand and translate from Cantonese to English. After a while, they all go to Betty's kitchen, cook up some good things to eat, and have a lot of fun.

One Thursday, the Tuckers' doorbell rang. A voice called out, "I'm Adrienne." The shy young girl came in with a smile and said, "I was afraid you might be lonely, so I brought you a present." It was a yellow scarf that she had crocheted, and she had worked Betty's name into it with black threads.

As she left, Adrienne handed sister Tucker a note that read, in part, "Thank you very much for your concern

From the Lands of the Dragon

for those two months. You have taught me a great many things.”

That was just one of many nice things that missionaries sometimes experience.

DR. CHRIS CHAN – a story from Hong Kong

Chris Chan lived in mainland China. He studied medicine and became a doctor. When the Communists took over the government, Dr. Chan tried to escape to Hong Kong. He was caught trying to escape and put into prison where he was treated very badly. He was not allowed to practice medicine but was forced to do hard labor.

After many years, Dr. Chan was set free. However, he still wanted to be out of China, so he and five others tried again to escape. They swam a long way in waters that had many sharks.

Three of the men were shot during the escape, but Dr. Chan managed to get away. Finally, he was picked up by a fishing boat and taken to Hong Kong. He became a Christian, married, and had a fine son.

Some stories from the mission field do not have happy endings, but we are happy for Dr. Chris Chan and his friends in the Hong Kong church. For them, this was indeed a happy ending.

A VISIT TO GUANGZHOU – a story from China

In China, it is very difficult to be a Christian. It is illegal to have certain meetings, but the Bible says, “We

The Lands of the Dragon

must obey God rather than man" (Acts 5:29). So the "underground church," as they sometimes call it, continues to meet.

On a trip from Hong Kong into China, M. H. and Betty Tucker visited an illegal church service in Guangzhou. Over a hundred people were crowded into a tiny room, and another hundred in another room had to listen over a speaker system. The benches had no backs and it was stuffy and uncomfortable, but the Chinese people were eager to hear the teachings from the Bible, and they sat patiently through a very long sermon.

The preacher was a brave man who had once been in prison for twenty years, and another time for a year, for preaching about the God of the Bible. Once a Communist soldier visited the service. The preacher told him that he would willingly go to prison again if need be, but the soldier did not return.

During this service, a Chinese girl of about six sat in front of Betty Tucker and kept turning around to look at that foreign white person. Betty had a key ring made like a miniature street car. She gave it to the delighted little girl. Perhaps the child will remember who gave it to her and come back to hear more of the gospel story.

Sister Tucker couldn't help thinking of the little six year-old Chinese boy she had seen on the way to the meeting. He was picking up trash in the streets and stuffing it into a big, heavy bag that he was pulling along. What a little boy to be doing such a hard job! Would he ever have a chance to hear the gospel?

After the service was over, the Tuckers handed out

The Lands of the Dragon

about forty Bibles and some tracts that they had smuggled into the country with them. The Chinese are eager to receive and read religious materials.

* * * * *

How would you like to preach or worship where there is always a chance of being put into prison because you believe in God? The little you can do -- hold some secret meetings, hand out some Bibles and tracts, pray, speak encouraging words -- what will come of it? You never know. You just keep on trying to do what you can. You plant the seed, God makes it grow. Pray for the doors to be opened for you to go into such places and do much work for the Lord.

Adapted from "All the Children of Abraham,
Preaching the Gospel to Arab and Jew"

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN THE WORLD

Do you ever just wonder about things? You probably do. It is a good sign that you are doing some thinking.

Have you ever wondered what happened to all the churches we read about in the New Testament: the churches of the Corinthians, the Galatians, the Ephesians, and all of the others? Then there was the big church in Jerusalem told about in the book of Acts. What about that one? (Remember, when we use the word "church," we mean people, not a building.) Acts 2:41 says that there were 3,000 in Jerusalem who were baptized on the day of Pentecost. Acts 4:4 tells about the number of Christians then being 5,000, and more were being added every day.

What happened between then and now? First of all, we read in Acts 8:1 that a great persecution arose against the church, and the people were scattered all throughout Judea and Samaria. (Persecution means being treated badly because of your beliefs, maybe beaten, or even killed.)

Persecution was not all bad because wherever the Christians went, they converted other people and established new congregations. The apostles remained in Jerusalem and continued to preach and convert people. Then in the year 70, the whole city of Jerusalem was destroyed by the Roman army.

There have probably been more wars fought over the lands of the Bible than any other place in the world. Many

The Oldest Church in the World

of these wars are described in the Old Testament. History books tell us what has happened since the New Testament times.

When the Roman Emperor Hadrian rebuilt the ruined city of Jerusalem, he forbade any Jews to be there. How strange. Jerusalem had been built by Jews in the first place. The next emperor, Constantine, made the city into a Christian shrine.

After that, the country was captured and re-captured at least nine times.

At the present time, the lands that once were the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, are now divided by the Jordan River into two countries, Jordan and Israel. Jerusalem is divided into Jewish, Arab, and Christian sections.

There are millions of Jews living in many countries all over the world. Many thousands of them have now gone to live in Israel. It was their country originally, and they want it restored to them.

In Jordan and in Israel as well, there are many Arabs, most of whom are Moslems. They believe that there is no god but Allah, and that Mohammed is his prophet. They claim that Mohammed ascended into heaven from Jerusalem.

Most of the Arabs and Jews hate each other, and in Jerusalem, they live in separate sections of the city and have little to do with one another. So you have Arabs who do not believe that Jesus is the Son of God – only, perhaps, a good teacher. Then you have the Jews who believe the Old Testament, but they are still looking for the Messiah.

Do you think it would be easy to be a missionary in

The Oldest Church in the World

Jerusalem? You are right – it is not easy. Sometimes Muslims kill their own family members who become Christians. And sometimes, if a Jew becomes a Christian, his family will act as if he were dead and even hold a funeral for him. Becoming a Christian means giving up one's family.

In spite of these difficulties, there are missionaries in Israel today. There is a Christian high school in Ailaboun, not far from Nazareth. Many of the students are from Arab families. Bud Chumley, an American missionary, is happy to report that some students are being baptized.

At Ailaboun, there is also a child care center for pre-school children, run by Christians. This center does good in two ways: first, it is a way to make friends of the people in the area while the children are being cared for, and second, the children are taught Christian ideas and Bible songs that they can always remember.

Bill Clark, another American missionary, is at the city of Lod. Joe Shulam preaches mostly to Jews in Jerusalem, while Raji Stephan, an Arab himself, preaches mostly to an Arab congregation. All of the congregations are still small, for it is a very difficult work.

We can never say that a missionary's work is all done. No preacher can ever sit down, fold his hands, and say that there is no more work to do for the Lord. And we cannot say that we do not need to go into any certain part of the world because there are already some missionaries there.

Let us all pray that the church can once again be strong in the land where Jesus and His disciples walked two thousand years ago. Maybe some of us can go there some day to help in this hard work.

S T O R I E S - E U R O P E

True stories of the churches in Germany
from "Contact" magazine, 1987

BEING HELPED AND HELPING

Hans Nowak had a job delivering telegrams, riding on a yellow bicycle. It was not long after the end of World War II, and the German people had been defeated. Hans lived in Frankfurt. Much of the city was still in ruins from the bombings. Food and clothing as well as medicines were scarce, and the people were poor.

One day, Hans had a telegram for Otis and Alma Gatewood, American missionaries who had recently arrived in Frankfurt. Hans' clothes were poor, and his toes stuck out of his worn-out shoes. They were all he had. When Alma Gatewood saw Hans' shoes, she thought of the piles of used clothing and other items that had been given to them by Christians in America. "Otis," she said, "take this man to the store room and see if there is a pair of shoes to fit him."

Brother Gatewood took Hans to the room where the clothing was stored. Together they searched, but they found no shoes to fit Hans. Then brother Gatewood sat down, pulled off his own shoes, and gave them to the young man. Hans Nowak was astonished. What kind of man was this who would give him his own shoes?

The experience made Hans do some deep thinking. His country and America had recently been enemies in a terrible war. There had been so much hatred between the two countries. Now here was an American giving his own

Being Helped and Helping

shoes to a German. Why?

Hans returned again and again to learn all he could about the religion of Otis and Alma Gatewood. After a time, Hans was convinced that Christianity had the truth, so he was baptized into Christ and later became an evangelist himself. Today he lives in Birmingham, Alabama, and makes frequent journeys to Rumania where he does mission work. He will never forget Otis Gatewood and the gift of shoes.

II

Why did missionaries decide to go to Europe? Don't missionaries usually go to places where the gospel is little known? After all, Europe had been "Christian" for more than 1500 years. However, very few people were truly Christian any more. This was true in many of the countries of Europe. It was especially true in Germany. Hitler had all but destroyed religion in that country. For many years, the youth had been forced to attend political rallies on Sundays, and the emphasis was on military things. The war had caused more damage than you and I can imagine.

The Otis Gatewoods and the Roy Palmers went to Germany in 1947. (The war had ended in 1945). They went to preach the gospel, but found a great need to follow Jesus' example by first doing the things that the people needed in their lives. So there were hundreds of German people who came for the clothing, food, and medicines. Some of them went away then and never came back to hear the preaching of the gospel, but there were those who did return. Quite a few of them became Christians, and a

Being Helped and Helping

congregation of the Lord's church began in Frankfurt.

III

Georgia Carver was a social welfare worker in Denton, Texas. In 1952, Otis Gatewood told her about the many German children who had no fathers. So many men had been killed in the war, leaving wives and children. Now those mothers had to go out to work, and the children needed a care center: a kindergarten for the little ones, and a place where school children could go after school and do their homework.

Sister Carver knew only a little German, and the people she was to work with knew only a little English, but she agreed to go to Germany and give it her best effort. Soon the care center was going well, and after a while there were more than 150 children. The program for the older ones was called "Kinder Hort," meaning a place of refuge. Each day, the children had a warm lunch, some recreation, and a time to do their studies. There were also daily Bible studies, so sister Carver was doing her missionary work every day.

IV

For many years after the end of the war, the American army of occupation had soldiers stationed in many parts of Germany. Some of the soldiers were Christians. They saw how badly the German people needed to hear the gospel of Jesus. They began to meet together and invite German people to meet with them. Many of the soldiers had their families with them, so the wives and children were

Being Helped and Helping

a big help in meeting German families. Soon there were congregations in a number of places. After the Americans returned home, they left behind them these congregations of German Christians.

In other German cities there are congregations started by missionaries who went there for just that purpose. In some places there are congregations started by German people who have moved from their original locations. In Heidelberg, there is a German Bible School operated by Pepperdine University, a Christian university in Los Angeles, California.

V

Remember, we began with the story of Hans Nowak and the shoes. Now, the congregation in Braunschweig, Germany has sent a missionary named Peter Klockner to Zambia, Africa. They pay part of his salary, but here is the interesting part – the German people are now sending clothing to the poor African children at the Christian school in Zambia. They are also sending food and clothing to needy brethren in Poland.

That is why this story is called “Being Helped and Helping.” When Christians have received blessings, they want to pass them along as they are able. Just think, your missionary work could start with giving away your shoes!

A true story from information
sent by Irene Gatewood

Irene and Otis Gatewood are missionaries now in Vienna, Austria. They have served as missionaries in Europe for many years. Before they were married, Irene taught a daily Children's Bible School in Frankfurt, Germany. This is a story about one of her little kindergarten boys. We'll call him "Hans."

FROM A TURTLE TO A PREACHER

"Just a few weeks ago as I was sitting in the church service in Frankfurt, Germany, a young man walked up to the pulpit and gave his sermon. I was so thrilled because this was a child in December of 1968 who was so shy that I could not give him a role in the Bible story of the Creation in which he had to **talk**, because he was 'the silent type.'

"He was a little boy of four, and I was his daily kindergarten Bible class teacher. We were planning a play about the Creation, but "Hans" was so bashful that he would not take a part in which he would have to speak.

"I asked him if he would like to be a turtle in the play, and he nodded. His family gladly agreed. He was a very lively turtle, because he did not have to look people in the eyes, and didn't have to say anything. He was so happy to be in the play!

"Can't you just see this class of pre-school children acting out the Creation story, where everyone's eyes were on the shy, silent turtle, walking around on his shaky little legs!

"Well, "Hans" came every day throughout the weeks,

From a Turtle to a Preacher

months and years to our daily Bible school, and he gained confidence along the way. He took part in all the Bible plays, until eventually he was the powerful Pharaoh of Egypt!

"Hans" was the first one of these children to be baptized into Christ. Others followed him, and today the congregation in Frankfurt is filled with those children who attended the daily Bible classes every afternoon, all afternoon.

"It is such a great joy to me to see the children whom I had as three and four year-olds back in 1968 and earlier, now preaching, doing personal work in bringing others to the Lord, doing camp work, youth work, making speeches at the Ladies and Men's Retreats – well, in just every area of the Lord's work."

* * * * *

Irene Gatewood says: "... about the importance of doing children's work in mission work, now I can say that I think it is **one** of the best ways for **women** to do mission work."

* * * * *

Do you think Irene Gatewood knew that four year-old "Hans" would become a preacher? Why do you think it is important to teach little children about Jesus and the Bible?

You can be a Bible class teacher in any congregation in the world. It is one of the most important things a Christian can do, but you may not see the results in the lives of your pupils until years have passed. Remember Irene Gatewood's little "Hans" and the turtle.

From a letter written by Pennie Dacus
in Nantes, France

PENNIE'S STORY

Several years ago, Pennie Dacus, a Texas girl, decided she wanted to be a missionary. She was young and single and of course she had some doubts in her mind about such a big decision. Where could she go? What could a single girl do? A girl does not preach, but she can meet people and talk to them. She can teach girls her own age and she can teach children. Her decision was made. She would go!

Pennie's first opportunity came when she had the chance to go with other young missionaries in the apprentice program called AIM. There were a number of places where she might have gone, but she decided to try France. For two years, Pennie lived and worked with other missionaries and had a chance to learn the French language.

Learning to speak French was difficult, but says Pennie, "When you can finally have a heart-to-heart conversation with a (French) friend, you realize it was worth it."

Sometimes there can be comical experiences when a wrong word is used. An American friend of Pennie's once asked the butcher for a kilometer of hamburger meat. She was asking for 5/8 of a mile of meat! (She meant to ask for a kilogram, or a little over 2 pounds.) Another friend was suffering from bronchitis and asked the pharmacist for some medicine for it. She used the wrong word for her ailment and actually asked for something for her shish-kebab.

As Pennie learned enough French to converse with

Pennie's Story

people, she then began to teach classes. One of her favorites is a Sunday class for children. One of her students is a boy named Aurelien, age 9, who comes with his older sister and younger brother. Their parents are also studying the Bible but have not yet become Christians.

During the week, Aurelien and the other children attend school. On Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, they go from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 5. There is no school on Wednesdays, but classes are held every Saturday morning.

French children learn handwriting from age 5 or 6 -- they do not print. They do much memory work and recite poems in front of their classes. In 6th grade, they begin to study either German or English, and in 8th grade, they must add another language, so high school graduates all know three languages.

Aurelien is a typical school boy. He loves to play soccer, and sometimes his team plays on Sunday mornings. Aurelien skips the Sunday games because he would much rather go to Bible class.

Three boys from Aurelien's Bible class attend the same public school. They stick up for each other sometimes and refuse to do some of the naughty things that the other children do. They had studied about faithful friends like David and Jonathan, and applied their lessons to real life.

Aurelien has also listened to the men who teach Bible classes. He has decided that one day he would like to have a job and also be a Bible teacher. We want to praise God for Aurelien and for Pennie who teaches him.

* * * * *

(As this is written, Pennie is in her third two-year term of work in France and plans on spending much more time there.)

EASTERN EUROPEAN MISSION

(Bibles for the Communist World)

Imagine if you can, this scene in a little village in the country of Romania in eastern Europe. A preacher wants to look up some scriptures to make certain that he teaches the truth to some people who have been asking him about Christianity. He puts on his coat and hat, goes outdoors, looks around carefully to see if anyone is watching him, and walks quickly to a house a half mile away. He knocks at the door and an old man comes and opens it a crack. When he sees who it is, he opens the door and lets the preacher in.

"My good friend! How are you? What can I do for you?"

"I am well, my friend. I hope all is well with you. I have come to see if you have the Bible."

"Yes, I have it. Wait a minute while I get it out of its secret hiding place."

The Bible is handed to the preacher who tucks it securely into an inside pocket of his big coat. "Thank you, my friend. I will return it to you tomorrow, the Lord willing. May God be with you."

That is not an impossible scene. A missionary, Gwen Hensley, on a visit to Romania, found that in some villages, there was only one Bible, and in others, the people had only some hand-copied pages of some of the scriptures. Even the

Eastern European Mission

people who were trying to preach did not have Bibles of their own.

Do you know where Romania is? Maybe geography is not one of your favorite subjects, but if you will look on a map of Europe, you will see Russia (USSR), Poland, East Germany, Yugoslavia, Romania, Albania, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. These are known as "Eastern Europe."

In these countries live more than twice as many people as in the United States. Many years ago, the people of those countries were free to worship God. Now they are ruled by Communists, sometimes called Marxists, who are atheists. They say, "There is no God. People who believe in God are fools. We will not allow our people to have churches or be taught about God." And so they have burned the Bibles and closed most of the churches. On Sundays, there are youth rallies that all young people are forced to attend, and at those times, communistic ideas are taught.

Children in Eastern Europe have not had any Sunday schools. Their parents have been forbidden to speak about God. A whole generation has grown up not knowing God.

For years, there have been some people who have smuggled Bibles into these countries. They have risked their lives and had some close calls when communist officials have nearly caught them. They could be tortured in prisons or put to death.

There is an organization, supported by churches of Christ, called Eastern European Mission, or E. E. M. for short. It has its headquarters in Houston, Texas. E. E. M. helps to provide Bibles, tracts, and correspondence courses

Eastern European Mission

in the many different languages of Eastern Europe.

In Hungary there is a man who is helping E. E. M., to print and distribute Bibles and lessons. He hoped to visit a certain man in Czechoslovakia, but found that he had been put into prison because he was found to have Russian Bibles in his home. He knows that he too could be thrown into prison but he keeps on taking Bibles there when he can.

The life of the apostle Paul, the great missionary, was also in danger because of what he did (Acts 14 and Acts 16)

* * * * *

Tremendous changes are now taking place in Russia. Since Gorbachev has recently adopted the new policy of "openness," *glasnost*, no longer is it necessary to smuggle in miniature New Testaments. Bibles can now be sent legally into Russia.

Responses to broadcasts by E. E. M., and radio programs, show the people's eagerness to receive a Bible: A Russian postman sent a letter saying he had delivered several New Testaments, and asked if he could have one. Another letter was from a man who said he cried like a baby when he received his New Testament, the first he had ever seen.

* * * * *

Is the Bible precious to you? Do you read it daily? So many people in the world have no Bible. God has given us all the opportunity to help now with this great mission.

Written by Addabelle Steele
By permission of the Author

DIETLINDE

This true story, taken from her book *Dietlinde's Diary*, has a powerful message, as Dietlinde compares her life without freedom with the blessings of living where freedom exists.

We, who live in a free country, have no idea what it is like to live in a Third World Country, where people still live under Communist oppression. They are prisoners in their country, not allowed to leave. Communists teach atheism, which is "there is no God." In places the Bible is forbidden.

What does it mean to live under Communist oppression? It means you have no freedom. Everything you do is watched and controlled by the authorities, or the secret police. In World War II everything of value was taken from you: your home, furniture, car, food. Many, like Dietlinde and her family, were driven from their homes, and forced to travel by foot in the winter to another country.

Dietlinde tells us what it was like:

PART ONE

"What a glorious day! The 23rd of April, 1956, I am 17 years old. I want to dance, to twirl. I want to shout and reach up to the sky. What a wonderful feeling it is to be alive."¹ The past seemed far away on this her 17th birthday.

She would not think about the horrors of war, and

Dietlinde: Part One

the changes it made in her family's life. She barely remembered when she was a small child, when her family had an elegant home, servants, and how happy and secure she felt. Then the war came, and they were forced to leave their home, and live in a strange land. The hardships and terrors of this trip will forever be etched in her memory. She remembers the hunger, starvation, and freezing snow during the Death March. She remembers the despair of her parents when everything they owned was destroyed or taken by the Polish people, who were under Communist rule.

Dietlinde lived with her family in Poland for thirteen years. Their life there was full of hardships. Everyone worked to have the bare necessities, such as food to eat, and coal to keep warm in the winter. In school, the children were taught Communist beliefs, and filled with false teaching about western countries.

Her mother and father never stopped hoping to get out of Poland and go to West Germany. She felt sorry for her father, who once had been so strong. Now, after losing a leg, he could not work, without help getting to work. Her beautiful mother, once so elegant, now worked all day as a cleaning woman to support her family. Then at night she came home exhausted, to cook and care for her family. Her mother waited in long lines to buy food, often to find little left.

Dietlinde had a deep desire to finish high school, so she might get a better job. She went to school at night, so she could work during the day, and help her mother with expenses. She worked too hard, and had too little rest, for one with her fragile health.

Dietlinde: Part One

In spite of the hardships, Dietlinde enjoyed life. She loved the beauty of the countryside, and spent as much time outdoors as she could. She loved music. When a youth group organized a band, she was the M. C., and sang for it. Her beauty and vivacious personality made her popular with the young people. Always eager to learn, everyone she met helped her to grow.

As she began to grow up, she began to question the so-called "superior" way of life under Communism. If it was so much better, why was there no doctor in her town? Why were they forbidden to leave the country, when her father had tried for years to leave for West Germany?

Finally it looked like they would be permitted to go. Then began the long agonizing months of waiting. They sold or gave away most of their few belongings, and packed the rest.

When the day finally arrived, Dietlinde said goodbye to her special places and people. They picked up their bags and went to the train station to wait, and be questioned again by the authorities. The Secret Police were watching their every move. They wondered if they would really be allowed to go. At last they were on the train. They waved final goodbyes to their friends, and were on their way.

What did the future hold? Was it really so much better in West Germany? Would the people accept them? Would they make friends, and find work? These and other questions raced through their minds.

Their travel was a nightmare. They were packed into a train marked "Refugee." In West Germany they were moved from place to place, waiting to see what was to be

Dietlinde: Part One

done with them. Where would they be sent? Eventually, they were crammed in open trucks, on their way to their new homes. Families were dropped off in towns along the way. They were exhausted and hungry.

At last their name was called. The truck stopped in a small village, and they were dropped off at a three-story cold-looking building. Nobody came out to welcome them. They made their way inside to a bare room, with only an old stove for cooking. There were no beds, no table and chairs, no bath. Dietline and her family were now in the home of the free! Can you imagine their disappointment?

They were very lonely their first days in West Germany without friends. Days passed before the villagers began to accept them, and help them. They learned later that several families who had arrived before them had been Communist spies, and the people were afraid of anyone new.

* * * * *

In countries where the Bible is, people are free. Where the Bible is forbidden, people are often punished if one is found in their homes. Some have just a few pages copied from the Bible, which is a treasure protected, and of great value. This is why it is important to work with these countries, so Bibles and missionaries can go there.

How do you feel about your Bible? Do you treasure it as a great possession? Have you ever thought what a privilege it is to read God's Word, and learn about God's love, and His son, Jesus?

DIETLINDE

PART TWO

Let's suppose you and Dietlinde were friends long ago in Germany. When World War II came, you moved to the U. S., and Dietlinde and her family were forced to leave their home, and live in Poland. If you have never been cold, or hungry, or afraid, do you think you would appreciate a warm home, or food, or freedom, as much as Dietlinde?

We in the U. S. take for granted the things that many people of the world never have, like: toothpaste, shoes that fit, warm homes, clothes, cars, bathrooms with warm water, oranges, bananas, cold pop, ice cream, doctors, schools, and most of all the Bible, the freedom to worship God, and not be afraid.

In Poland people work hard, and are paid too little. Families live in crowded rooms, in unfit buildings. Everything is of inferior quality. Most of what they produce is shipped out of the country. Store shelves are bare. Food is too scarce.

In school, children are taught that Communism is the "Superior" way. Personal lives are sacrificed for "the good of the country." Material things are "wrong," and are "traps" of countries like the U. S.

This is why it was difficult for Dietlinde to accept her feelings when she enjoyed fresh fruit, and a warm house in West Germany. Things we think as ordinary, she calls "riches." However she is an intelligent, caring person, and she soon learned to recognize the true from the false.

* * * * *

Dietlinde: Part Two

Dietlinde and her family were overwhelmed by the "riches" they found in West Germany. She tells about their first look at the shops: "There are no lines in the stores I have never had the delight of choosing shoes by style and color They even put shoes on my feet."² Her thoughts went back to Poland where the shop windows were bare.

Dietlinde felt like a traitor at times for enjoying nice things. In West Germany everyone works and prospers. She questions what is so wrong with this: "Oh, I am so mixed up It is so easy to enjoy the comforts which "riches" bring"

She asks: "Why do I have this nagging feeling of discontentment inside me? I am free here Would I like to spend my life working, traveling, and spending money, or would I like to do something worthwhile?"³

After World War II, U. S. soldiers remained in West Germany to help the people rebuild their war-torn country. Many of these were Christians, members of the Lord's church. They became self-made "missionaries," as they taught the people God's will.

Dietlinde met one of these soldiers, and they fell in love. Raymond took her to church services with him, and they studied the Bible together. Soon she became a New Testament Christian. This was what Dietlinde had been looking for in her life.

They were married, and moved to the United States. Dietlinde was overwhelmed with the kindness and love she received here. She loved the church of Christ, and the people in Nashville, Tennessee.

Dietlinde: Part Two

There were times of great loneliness, when she longed to see her family in Germany, but after a visit with them, she went back to Nashville, happy to be "home" at last!

* * * * *

Dietlinde has known both ways of life: She has lived where people were **not free** to live and worship as they pleased, and she now lives where people **are free** to make their own choices, and to enjoy life.

She is very concerned about the choices we are making in the U. S. We take for granted, or do not seem to be aware of the blessings we have of freedom: We do not have to worry about finding food, clothing, or warm homes. We have cars to take us places, schools to teach us, and opportunities for good work when we finish. We can do anything we make up our minds to do. There is nobody to keep us from doing so – except ourselves.

We have the greatest of all freedoms: the freedom to worship God as we please. However, we are not a people committed to God, as we once were. We do not know God's Word as we should. We have let **things**, "riches," and a life of ease take priority in our lives.

Just as the soldiers in Germany did not go there to become "missionaries," neither did Dietlinde come to the United States to be a "missionary." However, anyone who loves God, and cares about people, as Dietlinde does, feels compelled to share Him with others. She tells what her life was like without freedom, and compares it with the blessings of living in a country where **freedom** exists.

Dietlinde: Part Two

Some who read this book, **ALL THE CHILDREN**, may live in a country under Communism, as Dietlinde did, where the government dictates the way you may live, and you are punished if you disobey. Others may live in Africa, India, China or South America, in places where the Bible is not known, the people worship their idol gods, and are dominated by fear and the superstitions of their witch doctors. Most of you, however, live in a country governed by principles found in the Bible, and enjoy the privilege of **freedom**.

Have you ever thrown a pebble into a body of water, and watched the ripples form a circle, which grows larger and larger, as it reaches out in all directions? The gospel of Christ is like the pebble.

“Cast your bread upon the waters, for after many days you will find it again” (Eccl. 11:1).

* * * * *

Has this story helped you to appreciate your **freedom** more? Do you have a “dream” of using your life to help others find the freedom found in Christ through His Word?

* * * * *

QUOTATIONS: *Dietlinde's Diary*, Penmann Press, Brentwood, Tennessee.

Part One: ¹Pg. 1. Part Two: ²Pg. 51; ³pgs. 65, 66.

S T O R I E S - A U S T R A L I A

A true story -- Heidi
A girl in Australia
By Addabelle Steele

Did you know you can be a missionary and not know it? You can. Webster's Dictionary defines missionary as "one sent on a mission." Jesus has given us a mission: To show others his love by the way we live. The following story is about young people I know. Do you think they are missionaries, but may not know it?

HEIDI HARTMAN **An Eight-Year-Old Girl Who Lives in Australia**

When Heidi was around three years old, she, her one year-old sister Hayli, and parents, Kent and Nancy Hartman, moved to Australia from Oklahoma. Her baby brother, Heath, was born there. They came back to the States for a visit during the holidays in 1987, and spent some time with their supporting church in Tulsa.

One Sunday morning the Youth Minister announced that Michelle, now attending Oklahoma Christian College, wants to go to Japan as an exchange student for a year, and needs help with her expenses.

In Japan they do not believe in God or the Bible. Their religion is Buddhism, and they worship their "god" Buddha. However, some have been taught Christianity. While Michelle is there she will have opportunities to tell people about Jesus.

That Sunday night Heidi went to Greg, the Youth Minister, and said: "I've got my allowance from my

Heidi Hartman

mother.”

Greg said: “That’s neat, Heidi.”

She handed it to him: “Well, I want to give it to you.”

Greg told her: “Heidi, I don’t need your dollar.”

She said: “I mean I want to give it to the girl who is going to Japan to spread God’s word.”

Does this remind you of the “widow’s mite,” the story in the Bible of the widow who gave all she had to the Lord?

Do you think Heidi appreciates the opportunity of being part of a missionary family in a foreign land?

When Heidi’s parents were getting acquainted with their neighbors in Campbelltown, Australia, many of their contacts were made through the parents of Heidi’s school-mates. They made friends and cultivated them so they might share the message of Christ with them. Many did not know anything about the Bible.

Heidi was deeply interested in this also. She invited her second grade school teacher to attend a special service of the church, and her teacher told her she would come.

Heidi and her parents waited at the door of the church building until time for the services to begin. Then, since her teacher had not yet arrived, Heidi asked if she might wait a little longer. When she did not come in, her parents went out to get her. They found her at the door, alone, waiting. She walked in with them, crying, because her teacher had not come.

* * * * *

Heidi Hartman

A missionary is one whose heart reaches out to people. Would you say that Heidi is a missionary, at eight? Also Michelle?

Can you think of some ways you can serve as a missionary, even now? Can you name some?

STORIES
SOUTH AMERICA
MEXICO AND CENTRAL
AMERICA

Adapted from "There's No Nut Like a
Brazil Nut" by Glover Shipp, pp. 93, 94
By permission of the author

A HEX ON US

In the big country of Brazil, about seven out of every ten people believe in some kind of spiritualism. Some think that they can talk to dead people. Others believe that dead people come back to live in another body. Many believe in witchcraft. They believe that an evil spirit or "hex" can be placed on someone they do not like and cause something bad to happen to him.

The Glover Shipp family were missionaries living in a suburb of the city of Belo Horizonte, Brazil. One morning they found that a hex had been placed on them. In the front yard there was a partly burned candle on a saucer. Beside it was a glass of alcohol.

Brother Shipp did not believe in hexes. He thought he would teach the people a lesson, so he put a rose in the glass. Near the glass he placed a sign, "A rose with love, in the name of Jesus."

Everyone who passed by saw the rose and the sign. Some smiled. Some were afraid, but nobody touched either the rose or the sign.

A few days later, a second hex appeared. This time, a cigar, part of a dead chicken, and some other things were buried in the Shipp's flower bed. Then late one night, there was a paper sack on the grass. Inside was a plate, broken in half. The jagged edges were smeared with red paint. Friends told the Shipp's that this meant that their

A Hex On Us

lives would be broken and their blood would be shed.

Of course the Shipp family did not believe in the hex, and nothing bad happened, but it did make them feel strange. The Shipps and you and I all know that Satan is the one who gets people to believe in such things as hexes. The Gospel of Jesus is the answer to this false belief.

Many missionaries need to go and teach the people of Brazil that Jesus has much more power than any hex. Some day you can be one of those missionaries.

Adapted from "There's No Nut Like a
Brazil Nut" by Glover Shipp, pp. 134-138
By permission of the author

INTO AMAZON COUNTRY

Most boys dream of having exciting adventures when they grow up. Some girls love adventure too. Do you like adventure stories?

Sometimes missionaries' lives are quiet, but sometimes they may have exciting adventures. The Glover Shipp and the Carl Hendersons lived in Belo Horizonte, a city in Brazil. These two couples decided to make a trip in a small, private airplane. They wanted to fly over northern Brazil and then far up the Amazon River. The Amazon is not quite the longest river in the world but it is the biggest. Big ships can go many hundreds of miles up the river from the Atlantic Ocean.

The Shipp and Hendersons flew for many hours, finally arriving in Manaus. There they visited some people from Switzerland. There were two ladies who were making a written language for a tribe that had never known writing. Their language had never been written, so they had no books, not even the Bible. It was a very big job that these two ladies had undertaken and was taking them a long time. They were planning to translate the New Testament into that language and write it down for the people. Of course they would also have to teach the people to read so that they could use the Bible when it was finished. It looked as though it would take several years.

When our friends flew out of Manaus, they went

Into Amazon Country

south, across hundreds of miles of dense jungle. A bad storm forced them to land on a muddy landing strip on a cattle ranch. The people there were so surprised that even the mayor of the small town came to see what was happening.

After many more delays, the plane was able to take off, but more storms made flying dangerous. They had to land at a town named Carolina. Nobody in Carolina was expecting them. The first thing they knew, they looked out and saw men from the Air Force running out to the plane. They were carrying machine guns. The Shipps and Hendersons wondered what crime they were guilty of committing. They knew they had done nothing wrong, but did those Air Force men know that? Our friends were ordered to get out of the airplane. Then they were told to unload everything to prove that they were not carrying things that were against the law. Many hours passed, and finally they were allowed to reload the plane and take off.

Do you think the Shipps and Hendersons were ready to end their adventures and return to their homes in Belo Horizonte? They most certainly were, but after all, it had been an exciting time and one they would never forget.

Here is something to think about. In all of this long trip of about 5,000 miles, they had met only about 50 Christians. Do you think there is more work for missionaries to do in Brazil? Could you be one of those missionaries?

* * * * *

The people in this story had adventures in an airplane. Can you remember some of the adventures the apostle Paul had in his travels as a missionary? Read about Paul's exciting adventure in Acts 27.

A true story of a blind boy from Mexico

HUGO

On a day in the late Mexican spring of 1965, a tiny boy was born into the family of the Espinosas. Families in Mexico are very loving and close-knit, and they often have many children, so the birth of this boy was a happy occasion. With all the usual celebration and ceremony, the new arrival was named Hugo.

After a time, the Espinosas' joy was dimmed. There was something wrong with Hugo. He was blind.

Have you ever wondered what it is like, not to be able to see? Try closing your eyes the whole time you take your bath, get dressed, brush your teeth, fix your hair, eat your breakfast, and get ready to leave for school. (No fair peeking, even once!)

Then try to imagine caring for a blind baby. He can't see your smile so he can't smile back at you. He can't see the colorful toys in his crib. He can't see his bottle, or the spoon that feeds him. He can't see where to crawl, or where to take his first steps. Slowly he must learn to feel his way around, enjoying only what he can hear or touch. Can't you just imagine how easy it would be to "spoil" a blind little child? — It is so hard for him to do things for himself, and you feel so sorry for him.

And so, Hugo had always been a special child to the Espinosas, and they kept him very close to them. He was not used to being with other people, but soon he was five years old and needing to go to school.

The only national school for the blind in Mexico was

Hugo

very far away. Hugo would have to go there and stay for months at a time. How could he ever do that?

The Espinosa family were better off financially than most of the people where they lived, in Nuevo Laredo. Money was not the problem, but a close Mexican family will do everything possible to stay together. There was a tiny mission school for the blind in the heart of the city's poor area. Would they take Hugo? They would! Now their boy could live at home and still go to school.

Hugo was brought to the school and introduced to Claire and Norma Hobart and to Lilia Hernandez who helped with the teaching. But this was not for Hugo. He cried and cried. He shed so many tears that it was decided that he should wait until he was six before starting school.

A year later, Hugo was again brought to the school. Again he cried, but this time he stayed. It was a long time, perhaps many weeks, before he quit having crying spells, but an older student named Roberto carried him around and talked to him like a father.

Hugo grew to love school and became a brilliant student. He was a normal little boy who could be full of mischief. He loved to laugh and have fun, but he was not rebellious in any way. Every year, when school closed for summer vacation, Hugo and all the other students were sad, for now there would not be much for them to do.

Everyone at the school for the blind learned to read Braille, a system of raised dots to be read by feeling them with the fingertips. There are many books printed in Braille, including the Bible, and also music. Of course, at a mission school, there are Bible classes every day, and

Hugo

the students learn to read the Bible and other Braille books for themselves.

The usual way is to "read" from left to right across the page, just as you are reading this with your eyes. The index finger of the right hand reads the dots across the page while the fingers on the left hand keep the place at the left margin and move down the page as the reading goes on. Somehow, Hugo developed his very own style of reading. He turns the book around, facing away from himself. Then he starts at the bottom of the page, and with his left index finger, reads from right to left, and on up the page. It works for Hugo, so why should he change?

When Hugo was thirteen years old, his grandfather said he would like to hear Hugo play songs on the piano. Lilia Hernandez, who was also blind, could play, so she became Hugo's first piano teacher. Her pupil turned out to be very talented, and after a while he had learned just about all that she could teach him. One day, Mr. Espinosa asked Claire Hobart if he would teach classical music to Hugo. Claire was both astonished and thrilled. He himself was blind and a very fine pianist and composer. But could a blind pianist teach another blind person to play long, difficult, complicated classical music? Did Hugo have that much talent? A blind person must memorize everything that is to be played, but he was happy to try his best to teach the young man.

Hugo took to classical music very quickly and soon proved that he indeed could memorize the difficult pieces. After just a year, he and Claire played the "Blue Danube" as a duet on two pianos. Not much later, the two of them,

Hugo

teacher and pupil, gave concerts at the Laredo Junior College.

After the last concert, Hugo was invited to take part in a national piano competition in Monterrey, Mexico. There were no prizes, which was disappointing, but there was much excitement over Hugo's ability. The other contestants could hardly believe that Hugo had not attended a regular school of music. Several students from the conservatory of music said that Hugo played better than they.

Hugo's love of fun and tricks comes out in his music. He can play a piece backward to make his teacher laugh, or he will use his synthesizer and make a whole song sound as if "sung" by a meowing cat.

Best of all, Hugo learned his Bible well while at school, and he loves the Lord. Pray for Hugo that he will always love the truth of the Bible and be obedient to God.

* * * * *

This true story covers twenty-two years, so remember, if you are a teacher or a missionary who works with children, stay with the job, and many times, you will be thrilled with great results.

From the "Latin American Clarion,"
Winter edition, 1987

ENCARNACION

In the town of La Boca in old Mexico, many years ago, the gospel had not been preached. Most of the people of the town were very bad. They cursed and fought with knives. They were very poor and ignorant. In their ignorance, they were against the gospel.

Some Christians came from other towns to share the story of Jesus. For a while, there were only five people who believed. One lady was told that if she did not give up this new faith in Jesus, she would be driven out of the town.

Gradually the numbers of believers grew although other people made fun of them. Some of those who made fun would take sticks and poke the backs of those who were listening to the preaching.

Even the preachers were very poor. They drove ox carts which were left outside during services. A group of young men would cut the harnesses and loosen the wheels so they would fall off after a while. One of the members of this group was named Encarnacion.

At the invitation song, these young men would go forward for prayers, but in their hearts they were just pretending. After the missionaries left to go home, the youths would imitate them and conduct pretend services, making fun of everything. That is how it went for a short time. Then the youths began to think that the things they heard were pretty good. Every time they would go forward for

Encarnacion

prayers, God would touch the hearts of some of them.

Soon Encarnacion truly responded to the gospel call. His life began to change. He changed the way he talked and the way he lived. Then he had a chance to go away to study. He had good teachers, and he became an assistant minister. Then he became a minister, and for forty years he has done much work for the Lord.

* * * * *

If you had been one of the missionaries in those early days when the young men were cutting harnesses and making cart wheels come off, do you think you would have become discouraged? Would you have stayed on and tried time and time again to preach to such people? Do you think it was worth it to convert a young man like Encarnacion?

If you become a missionary and have difficult things happen to you, remember Encarnacion. God can help everything to come out for the good, even when things look bad.

True stories

By Ana Maria de Urrutia

STORIES FROM GUATEMALA

Guatemala is a country in Central America. It is just south of Mexico and is about the size of Tennessee. Parts of Guatemala are very hot, but there are mountains where the climate is cooler and the nights are even cold.

Guatemala is a Spanish name. Spain conquered this land over 400 years ago and ruled it until 1835. Many Spanish people came here to live. About half of the people are Mayan Indians and the rest are mixed Spanish and Mayan. The people speak Spanish.

There are cities in Guatemala, but many people live in villages, in small houses with thatched roofs. They raise rice, beans, cassava, coffee, rubber, bananas, and many other crops. Most of the people are Catholic. They have mixed many heathen customs with the Catholic religion, and some still believe in witch doctors.

Sumpango is a little town built on a hill. All the people in Sumpango are Mayan Indians. They dress in brightly colored materials that they weave themselves. They have a strange custom of using animals' names as last names, as we would use "Smith" or "Jones." One Christian man is Mr. Gallina (Hen). Others are Pescada (Fish), Conejo (Rabbit), and Burrion (Sparrow). But names do not matter – they are all good people who work hard in the church.

There was one man (we will call him Pablo) from Sumpango who had visited the city of Antigua. He was

Stories From Guatemala

waiting for a bus to take him back to his home. As he sat on a bench in the park, he saw a piece of paper floating on the muddy rain water in a ditch.

When Pablo picked up the paper, he saw that it was a tract – a little booklet about the gospel of Christ. Having nothing else to do, he dried the tract as best he could. The bus came then, and he got on board. As he rode along, he read the tract and became more and more interested.

The same night, after Pablo arrived home, he shared the tract with a group of his friends. They all decided they needed to obey the gospel as it was explained in the tract. That was the beginning of the congregation of the Lord's church in the little town of Sumpango, Guatemala.

* * * * *

Wouldn't it be wonderful to meet these interesting people in Sumpango? Just think what a great thing resulted from a little booklet floating in some muddy water! We can all help hand out tracts, maybe in our home towns, maybe in a far-away place like Guatemala.

A STRANGE ROOM MATE

In our work for the church, we spend much time visiting Christians in many villages and on farms. We want to teach them more about the Bible and help them teach other people who are not Christians. We usually spend one day and night in each place. Each day I teach women and children and invite neighbors to come to the service at night. After service, we are invited by someone to sleep at their home.

Once we were in a little town called San Andres Villa Seca and had spent our time as usual, with classes and a service. A lady asked us to sleep at her house. The lady's husband was in prison, and she was planning to visit him the next day.

Prisons in Guatemala are like big farms where the prisoners live and work. People are allowed to visit their relatives at the prison farm. Sometimes the prisoners have little shops where they sell things like food, soap, tooth paste, and other items. Relatives can also bring things to sell.

The lady of the house told me she was going to take some special food to sell at the prison. It was an Iguana that she had bought. She was pleased because the meat of the Iguana was delicious and would sell very well.

I knew about Iguanas and had seen pictures of them. They are giant green lizards and very ugly, sort of like crocodiles. They may be as long as five feet, including the

A Strange Room Mate

long tail.

After a good night of sleep, we got up early to make the trip to the prison. Right next to the bed where I had slept was a big basket. What I did not know until morning was that the basket contained the Iguana -- still alive!

* * * * *

Missionaries have all kinds of strange experiences. Sometimes there are funny endings to the stories, and sometimes there are real serious lessons to be learned from funny experiences. A good lesson from the Iguana is that an ugly thing can also be a good thing. The Iguana is horrible on the outside but good to eat. We can't judge people by the way they look either. On the inside are precious souls that need Jesus. People in Guatemala need Jesus just as much as you and I do.

S T O R I E S
U N I T E D S T A T E S

A true story based on material written
by Dan and Lu Marshall, missionaries.

FROM THE LAND OF THE HOPI -- PART ONE

High up on the second mesa of the Hopi Reservation in the state of Arizona, lives an Indian family named Kolchaftewa. All of the houses in the village are made of stone and are hundreds of years old. The houses all have flat roofs where the people sit in the evenings and listen to the older folks telling stories about the Hopi people. In this way, many old customs and traditions are passed on to the children.

On a day in about 1947, there was a lovely baby girl born to the Kolchaftewas. In the custom of the Hopi, the new mother and the baby must stay in a very dark room for twenty days. Only on the twenty-first day is the baby brought out and presented to the sun. How bright the sun must have seemed to little Gloria and her mother on that day!

From the time she was little, Gloria helped grow the corn, beans, and melons in the family's field. She also helped to grind the corn between two special stones to make their corn meal.

Gloria saw how the young boys climb up the cliffs and capture young eagles before they can fly. Each family has an eagle on a leash on the roof-top. The feathers are sometimes carefully pulled out and used as "prayer feathers," placed near the ceilings of the rooms. For a boy, catching an eagle is part of becoming a man. It is part of the mysterious Hopi Indian religion with its many

From the Land of the Hopi – Part One

superstitions. They believe that many spirits bring various blessings.

Gloria went to grade school on the reservation, but when she wanted to go to high school, she had to go to the city of Phoenix. She taught herself to type, and later worked in an office. There she learned many useful things about the world outside the reservation.

While in Phoenix she met a music teacher, Lois Albright, who was a Christian. Lois taught Gloria the gospel story of Jesus, and after a while she was baptized. She studied the Bible often, and later became a good teacher.

When she was grown, Gloria moved with Lois to New York City and worked with the American Bible Society there. Can you imagine the change, going from a quiet Indian reservation to the busy, noisy streets of huge New York City?

Gloria liked her work, but she never forgot her people. She remembered sitting on the roof-top, listening to the stories her grandfather told about their people in other times. Their ways hadn't changed through the years. She prayed every day that someone would go to the Hopi reservation and teach them about Jesus.

Soon Gloria met Dan and Lu Marshall, who had moved to New York City to work with the church there. She told them about her people, and how she had prayed for someone to go and teach them. She said her people would accept them, and invited them to visit the reservation. They did, and saw the need for themselves.

When the Marshalls returned to New York they thought a great deal about the Hopi people. They decided

From the Land of the Hopi -- Part One

they should be the ones to go. It was a hard decision to make, moving from a big city to an isolated reservation near Polacca, Arizona.

Now, Dan and Lu Marshall live in a mobile home just outside the Hopi reservation. The Indian people are becoming more and more friendly. Sometimes Indian ladies come to ask Lu to teach them certain kinds of sewing. As they learn to trust her, she also teaches them about Jesus.

Written by Addabelle Steele
From Report from Lu Marshall

FROM THE LAND OF THE HOPI -- PART TWO

The Marshall's son is a coach at the new high school on the reservation. This has opened up doors to get better acquainted with the Hopi people, as they watch the games and other activities together. They have been invited to some of their traditional Indian events. By being friendly and helpful, they hope to have many chances to teach them.

One such event was when they helped with an Indian funeral. A seventeen-year-old boy named Jamie wrecked his car, and was killed instantly. Jamie and Bryan, the Marshall's grandson, were on the team together at school, and were friends. Bryan's father, who was the coach, spoke at Jamie's funeral. The Marshalls all attended and told of the unusual ceremony.

They drove twenty miles across the mesa to a place south of Old Oraibi, which dates back to at least 1150. The family gathered around the casket and put in water and food, the "sacred" corn, Jamie's shoes and clothing, and a picture of the "team." Then they took new blankets and laid over him, to keep Jamie warm for his long journey. On a table nearby was displayed a color photograph of the football team, his football, and his No. 88 basketball jersey.

The sun was about to set just north of the San Francisco Peaks seventy-five miles to the west. These peaks are where the many spirits, "kachinas" are believed to be living. Strips of pink clouds painted the rim rocks. Above,

From the Land of the Hopi – Part Two

the sky was deep blue, and a half moon was overhead. The burial must be finished before sunset. It was a race with the sun.

What tales the rocks above the grave of Jamie could tell! This day the old and new had been mingled, with the ancient rite of the "sacred" corn meal and the football shoes and jersey in the casket. Number "88" had been benched

As the Marshalls walked slowly away from the grave of the nice looking young man, who had been well liked by his school friends, they took a last look up at the rim rocks above. Another tragedy came to their minds: Old Oraibi had suffered many tragedies from the white people. Over one hundred years ago, the Indian agents had tried to force the Hopis from their mesa land. They also tried to force them to abandon their ceremonial dances, so they would become "good Indians." Now, the white man had been asked to be a part of one of their most sacred ceremonies, the burial of one of their people.

Theirs is a place of great contrast of the old with the new. The snake dancers carry rattle snakes, put them in their mouths as they dance; then drive home in their new cars. An old Hopi lady removes fresh bread from her ancient stone oven in her yard, and six feet from the oven is a T. V. satellite dish! They still hold to their ancient customs and traditions, while at the same time they reach out adding a little of the new along the way.

Their greatest need is to leave behind their rituals, superstitions, and fears, as they worship their spirits. The Marshalls are there to help them to know Jesus, and to

From the Land of the Hopi – Part Two

replace their old way with His way.

Just think, if Gloria had not gone to high school in Phoenix, she would not have met Lois Albright who taught her about Jesus. If Gloria and Lois had not moved to New York, they would never have met Dan and Lu Marshall. Then the Marshalls would never have been invited to go to Hopi land – and there would be no one to teach her people.

Make friends as Gloria did, and tell them about Jesus. God can use everyone!

Story told by Vic Rodriguez
at York College Lectureship

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

Several years ago there was a little Mexican boy who lived with his mother in Denver, Colorado. They had very little money, but his mother taught her children about God and they always attended church. Vic was a good boy, and helped his mother. When he was a teenager he started missing some of the services at church. This became more frequent as he was influenced by non-Christian school friends.

An elder of the church told Vic he wanted to talk with him. He took him to a classroom and they sat down and talked. The elder told him he had noticed a change in his attitude, and that he was concerned about him and his missing church. As he drove home that night, Vic said to himself: "You know, I could get mad and say it was none of his business. But he's a busy man. He didn't have to take his time to talk to me. He did this because he loves me. He cared enough about me to come to me and try to help me."

Vic told this story later as a speaker at a York College lectureship. He said to the audience: "If you had told me back then that some day I would be standing up here in front of all these people speaking, I would have said, 'No way'!"

He went ahead then and gave the rest of the story: He said from that day on he started going to every meeting of the church, including those of other congregations. His

Stop, Look, Listen

mother said it wouldn't last; but it did. Later, he told his mother he wanted to go to York College. He loaded what things he had in his old car and headed for York, Nebraska. He arrived at the college in the wee hours of the morning, and slept in his car until people were stirring about. Then, he went in and enrolled.

Since then he has been one of the most faithful supporters of York College. He has devoted his life to working with young people, teaching in classrooms and youth camps, influencing children. After he has taught them the gospel, he fills his car with them and takes them to York College. He lived in California until recently, and every year a large number is enrolled at York from California. He speaks at youth gatherings all over the country. Young people feel the care and concern he has for them. They listen to him, and are influenced by the message he delivers.

Vic now preaches for the church in Lake Havasu City, Arizona. The Hopi Indians are among those he tries to reach.

Just think what would have happened if this fine elder had not cared enough to speak to Vic. But, this elder did tell him what he was doing wrong, and showed him a **better way** to find happiness. What a change this made in his life! Think what his life would be now if he had not **stopped**, taken a good **look** at his life, and decided to **listen** to this elder.

Have you ever thought you are too small to do anything great – or thought one person can't do very much? We are afraid because we try to do things by ourselves,

Stop, Look, Listen

instead of giving God the opportunity to work with us.

Vic listened, and made the right choice, and it turned his life around. The result was God opened doors for him he never had imagined. God will do the same for you.

True stories - with names changed
By Mary Oler

LOVE CHANGED THEIR LIVES

For twenty-six years Mary Oler lived at Boles Children's Home. Her husband, Gayle Oler, a gospel preacher, was the superintendent. Her experiences were used in a weekly publication for children, "Glad Moments." Songs, poetry and children's stories became her life's work. These interests have continued to influence her teaching and writing. All who have heard her on television or in person are endeared to her.

What is it like to live in a home away from your parents? Mary Oler tells us:

"Every child who lives in a children's home is there because of misfortune: Children are forced to find a home away from their parents for many reasons: Their parents may have died, or be extremely sick. It may be because of poverty, sin, or failure to care for the children.

Their future really starts the moment the children arrive at the children's home. The influences of the past must be erased as best they can, if they were harmful. Their future is NOW. This future is in the hands of the people who work with them in the home. There must be a great deal of love in the heart of every worker - love enough to change the lives of young people entrusted to the care of God's people.

Let's take a peek at some of Mary's "children" when she was there:

1. Tommy wrote about some of the "good things"

Love Changed Their Lives

to his pen-pal: "We have good milk to drink. We have clean sheets on the bed every day." To a child who had known poverty, clean sheets were something to write about. We can never appreciate the blessings of good food, if we have never known the sickening gnawing of hunger. Tommy knew both. He could appreciate the blessings of having these things, that most of us take for granted.

Tommy grew up to be a Christian. He went to college, and had every opportunity to be a success. **Love had changed his life!**

2. One night Juan, a hostile little boy, was taken to an already overloaded housemother. She put her arm around the little stranger, and led him gently through the door. At the door, she turned to say: "I don't care how busy I am -- When I see a little fellow who needs me, I find I have plenty of time for him!"

Juan grew up to be a loyal American citizen, faithful in his responsibilities. He loved music. He loved life. Others had taught him that **Love could change his life!**

3. Mary was a big-eyed little girl who kept hoping her father would come to see her, but he did not come. Every Saturday morning, she would dust and straighten her room, hoping he would come. As the day wore on her eyes grew bigger and sadder. At the end of the day, she would say: "Well, maybe . . . next Saturday!"

Mary grew up feeling the strong love of God's people who cared for her. She began to believe the Bible verse: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Today, we see Mary as the mother of six children,

Love Changed Their Lives

faithful and true to her home and husband. **Love changed her life!**

What is it all children want? I think Billy summed it up. He delivered milk to my kitchen door each afternoon. I often fed him some of the hot biscuits and fresh jelly I had ready for my family's supper. One day he sat on our front steps with my husband. When asked what he would like to add to his life in a children's home, he said: "I would like to have jelly on our dining table!"

What a small request! But it meant being normal. He wanted what every child in a children's home wants – a chance to be like other boys and girls – to feel he had a normal home and life.

Do you thank God for your home, your parents, good food, and clean, warm beds? Do you thank Him for those who have taught you about the love of Christ?

Do you want to teach others about God's love – and help them to see that **His Love Can Change Their Lives?**

"GO INTO ALL THE WORLD"

"Go into all the world . . . and teach"

The Saviour said,

Where shall I go? Where can I do my part?

The fields are white, open for harvesting
Full strength for workers with a loving heart.

A true story

Written by Barbara Kee

HERE COMES THE PINK BUS

Ricky Hayes moved with his mother to West Monroe, Louisiana, when he was fourteen. His mother was a Christian, but Ricky had not gone to church with her. Jim Moran, one of the elders of the White's Ferry Road Church of Christ, came by to visit and invited Ricky to ride the bright pink bus to church services, that came by each Sunday to pick up people in his neighborhood. Those bright pink buses were what caught Ricky's attention.

The summer that Ricky was sixteen, he was invited to attend the summer camp that the church provided for its young people. Here he became acquainted with more people from the church, including Don Stevens who was the youth director.

When they learned Ricky's mother was moving back to Mississippi, Don and his wife, Mary Ruth, asked Ricky to stay with them and finish high school in West Monroe. He did, and that fall Ricky was baptized.

Each Monday evening Bob Danklefsen taught a class on personal evangelism, and Ricky attended the class for a full year. That next year he graduated from high school and married Denise, a girl he had met at church services.

Ricky wanted to know more of the Bible so he could serve the Lord in a fuller way, so he made the decision to attend the School of Biblical Studies at West Monroe. While in school he became friends with two other students. The three of them decided to commit themselves and their

Here Comes the Pink Bus

families to go to the Amazon in Brazil, and to start the church there in the jungle city of Manaus. In February of 1981 Ricky arrived in Manaus with his family, and continues to work as a missionary there.

Who knows how many people Ricky will teach the gospel of Christ in his lifetime. Ricky's road to becoming a great missionary for the Lord in Brazil all began with his riding the bright pink bus to church as a boy.

He would never have ridden the bus if an elder had not cared enough to visit him and invite him to church. What great things God accomplishes with our small acts of service. Remember how David slew the giant with a small stone. And Jesus fed the multitude with five loaves and two fish.

* * * * *

Do you know there are many children in your city who will never know Jesus unless someone tells them? How about inviting someone at school or in your neighborhood to go to church with you? Or, you might go with your parents and invite children to ride the church bus as Ricky did. You could be a missionary at home. Talk with your parents about this.

S T O R I E S
A L L T H E W O R L D

THE BIBLE FOR ALL THE WORLD

How many Bibles do you have in your home? In my home there are at least eight. Our favorite ones get used all the time. The others are put away on a book shelf, collecting dust. Any time we want a new Bible, we can find a choice of many sizes, and many different translations, in almost any book store. In the United States, it has always been easy to obtain a Bible. We have no excuse for failing to know the scriptures, for there are even organizations that give free Bibles to poor people.

Did you know that most of the people in the world have no Bibles? God's word has been translated into the major languages of the world, and into some of the lesser languages used by tribes in remote areas. But there is a sad part to this story – there are more than 3,000 languages with no translation of the Bible, no gospel of Jesus, no hope of salvation. This is according to Jim Albright of the Wycliffe Bible translating team in Brazil.

In Brazil, South America, there are four main languages, and there are also some 200 tribal languages that are different. In 44 tribes, there are men busy making Bible translations. Ten tribes have the New Testament. Mr. Albright says it can take up to 15 years to complete a whole translated Bible. Computers are now making it a little easier, but it is still a very big task.

When a missionary goes into a foreign country, he must learn the language of that place. It takes at least a

The Bible For All The World

year to learn the language well enough to teach or preach even a simple lesson. It takes much longer to learn it well enough to work on translations of the Bible. Missionaries who have learned languages well are often the ones who do the translating of the Bible. Often they begin with one of the gospels, such as the book of Mark. Then they go on to do the rest of the New Testament, and last of all, the Old Testament.

Pretend with me that we are natives of a far-away country. A missionary comes and tells us the gospel story. We have never heard before of the God of love. We have never heard of Jesus who died for our sins.

"How do you know these things?" we ask.

The missionary shows us his Bible. "This is the word of God," he says. "It tells us all we need to know to believe in God and do what He wants us to do. It tells us all about God's love and care for His people."

We know how to read a little in our own language. We take the Bible in our hands and try to read it. We cannot read a single word. "This book does not tell us anything. We cannot understand it at all. What is the matter?"

The missionary says, "This is in the English language. There is no Bible in your language."

"We are sure you are telling us the truth about God and Jesus. But how can we learn more if we can't read God's book?" We are very sad and look into the eyes of the missionary for an answer.

The missionary's heart is touched. He promises, "I myself will translate the Bible into your language, but it will take a very long time."

The Bible For All The World

We wait for our Bibles. We wait a year, two years, five years. Did our missionary forget his promise? No. It is a very difficult task to make sure the meanings of all the sentences are exactly right and mean in our language what they are supposed to mean. Then it takes the printer a long time to get all the machinery set up and all those pages printed.

Are you still pretending with me? Now pretend that at last, the great day has come. We have Bibles in our very own language. We hold them in our hands and flip the pages. Here are treasures more precious than anything we could own! We are so happy that we get big tears of joy in our eyes.

Now we are through pretending. Just think about this for real. You could become a missionary who translates the Bible for some real people who still do not have God's word that they can read. Or maybe you could help people in places like Russia and China to get Bibles into their countries. Girls, remember this – women are often excellent with languages. You too could be translators of the Bible. There is so much work to be done for the Lord.

A true story from:
"To the Ends of the Earth"
Guy Caskey, Editor. July, 1987

SOWING SEEDS - TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

In the country of Ghana, West Africa, there are a great many Moslems. There are far more Moslems than Christians. They do not believe that Jesus is God's son. Their religion is called Islam, and sometimes referred to as Mohammedanism. In some places if a Moslem becomes a Christian, his own people will kill him.

Not long ago, a Moslem man in Kumasi, Ghana, picked up a book written by Guy Caskey, a preacher and editor in Arlington, Texas. This book was "A Reply to a Moslem." After studying the book, and learning the truth, this man went to a gospel preacher and was baptized. Now he is teaching his parents, hoping they will also become Christians. He has already converted several others.

This man, whose name we do not know, wrote a letter to Guy Caskey informing him that there is now a church of Christ in his village. After his own conversion, he asked Christians from a church twelve miles away to come and teach the people in his village. They spent five days preaching, and soon there were twenty-five people converted to Christ.

This man became the father of a little son, whom he named "Guy Kwaku Caskey," "because," he wrote, "through your books which I read, I have been directed to the true church." What is remarkable is that he asked

Sowing Seeds - To The Ends Of The Earth

the permission of his Moslem parents, and they granted it. Maybe they will soon be Christians too.

This true story shows how you can be a missionary, even when you have to stay at home. Guy Caskey spent many years as a missionary in South Africa, Tanzania, and Jamaica. He has now retired.

Perhaps he could not live in those lands any more. He now spends all of his time printing and distributing books about Jesus and the Bible, such as the one in this story. He is still concerned for the lost.

He says: "Somehow we must seek for a way of reaching into the hearts of these people. There are almost one billion Moslems in the world and scattered over many countries."

Guy Caskey did reach the heart of man on the other side of the earth by sending him a book. This man is now also a missionary, as he teaches still others the message of Christ.

* * * * *

In this story we see that one way of doing mission work is by sending printed Bible literature and Bibles. Several fine publishers do this. It costs money though. This is one way people at home can help with the spreading of the gospel of Christ in other countries.

Also missionaries need literature and supplies, and often do not have money for this.

A true story - About Darrell Foltz
Whose mission interest - at home
and through *World Bible School*
Promotes fantastic works in Ni-
geria. By: Addabelle Steele

DARRELL FOLTZ' "SPECIAL" WORK

Did you ever want something very badly? Maybe you even prayed for it. Then you waited for God to give it to you, but He didn't.

Sometimes we think God doesn't answer our prayers, but we are wrong. God answers, but He may say "No," or "Wait a while," or since He is wiser than we, He may give us something far better. This is what happened to Darrell Foltz.

Darrell Foltz was born in southern Iowa in 1927. When he was in his early teens a neighbor invited his parents to a little country school house where a man was preaching. The power of the gospel touched his heart and he turned to Jesus. He went to church in a small village of Davis City, Iowa. This was the home of John Dow Merritt, one of the early missionaries to Africa. The desire to go to Africa was sown in his heart by Dow Merritt, but sickness stopped his education at age sixteen.

Is there a place in God's service for those without a formal education? Can God use EVERYONE in his service? "Yes," Darrell says, "God can use **everyone**."

Instead of going to college, Darrell studied on his own and began preaching in a small church in southern Iowa. Years passed. Like Moses, Darrell didn't know God was

Darrell Foltz' "Special" Work

preparing him for a special work. In the meantime, he just kept on studying God's word, and preaching.

What was God preparing him for? Wait and see how the story unfolds.

Darrell and his wife, Juanita, moved to Nebraska, and then to Hoxie, Kansas, where he preached for the church of Christ for fourteen years. Every Sunday morning since 1972, he has preached his "Lessons of Love" over KXXX, a Colby radio station.

But he never forgot his desire to be a missionary. He decided to be a *World Bible School* teacher, so he wrote the school for the names of five students, and began teaching them through correspondence courses. All these students "happened" to come from Nigeria. He says: "The idea behind the school is: Americans with their postal system and their money can reach any person in the world who can walk to a mail box." Each of his five students had from three to five friends, and "that's the way it goes," he says.

In his basement "office" are shoe boxes filled with airmail letters from his students. There are thousands. The walls are covered with shelves holding his Bible lessons, and literature he mails to his students.

But what about his **dream** as a boy to go to Africa as a missionary? Nine years ago one of his students invited him to come to Nigeria. He went, and has gone every year since. He goes to the bush country, where white men are a novelty.

Quoting from a long article from the local paper which covers his trips each year: "The climate is hot and

Darrell Foltz' "Special" Work

humid. No one in his right mind would go there . . . When he makes it to the bush country he has no trouble finding people to preach to. He is a white man, the only one around. Everyone comes running to see what he is up to." ¹

"The country is one of scattered trees and elephant grass. The people do not have cattle, but scratch a living from small farms or gardens. Since the women do all the work, the farm can be no bigger than what a woman can care for with machete and a short-handled hoe. They grow casava, yams, bananas and oranges, gather seeds, and eat anything they can catch . . . mice, rats, snakes, monkeys." ²

Darrell arrives and leaves Nigeria from the Nigeria Christian Hospital. His days are long and hard. Many could not survive the 40 plus days he is there each year. He is careful about what he eats, boiling his water, eating cooked yams, boiled rice, boiled eggs, or a nourishment bar. He catches rides the best way he can between villages. He often sees God's hand in his travels. He walks four or five miles to the river to baptize those he leads to Christ.

He says: "The people are poor. Many are hungry. Their sanitation is terrible. They have diseases, and no doctor or medicine. Each year I take what I can to help them. I put drops in their eyes, clean and bind their wounds. If I can treat their wounds before they become infected, they heal. This impresses even their wizards, who become friends with a white man who has a "JuJu" that can make people well."

In his nine trips there, he has converted hundreds of people. Many have become leaders, teaching others in their villages.

Darrell Foltz' "Special" Work

After his sermon in the evening, they stay asking questions about the Bible, and it is usually midnight before they leave. They often come before he is up and dressed, to have their wounds treated, and to ask questions. After a morning devotion, he travels on to the next village, to more people with diseases, needing help, and eager to hear about Jesus.

The one thing that thrills him most is the great progress he is making with his prison ministry there. Each year he sees those he has converted doing honest work, caring for families, and teaching others in their villages about Christ. He sends New Testaments for each prisoner.

"I try to visit each villiage where I have been in the past, and then enter new villages with the gospel," he says. "Many in one village who were JuJu worshippers offering sacrifices to their idols, would not listen on other trips, but are now receptive to teaching."

Last year an important chief of a tribe of a larger village asked Darrell for a Bible, which he sent. This year the chief told him he believes the Bible, and insisted he come and talk with the people in his village. He also promised land for a church building.

The life of Shadrack is in a separate story. You will enjoy it. Darrell is inspired by the work Shadrack is doing with the children.

These are only a few of the many stories Darrell tells each year. When he returns he is thin and exhausted, but there is a glow on his face when he talks about his students.

He says: "The rewards are greater than the hardships endured. Fifty-one souls confessed their faith in Christ and

Darrell Foltz' "Special" Work

were baptized this year. Many others heard the gospel for the first time. We have no way to put a value on the worth of a person" (Mark 8:36-37).

Darrell sees the fruits of his labor of love. Where there were no Christians, now there are growing churches. Several have buildings. "It is my hope to have a well-trained leader in each of the many tribes . . . Three are in a Bible school now. I hope next year to have five," he says.

"The rains did not come in time, so the crops were very short. Food is scarce . . . However, poverty is never the danger to the spirit of man that plenty is. It is when we are full that we are tempted to forget God."

* * * * *

QUOTATIONS

The Hays Daily News, December 25, 1987, Hays, KS

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Darrell keeps busy writing, printing and mailing his lessons to his ever-increasing number of students. He paints houses, and his wife works to help with expenses. As others hear about the work he is doing, some want to have a part in it. Their help enables him to send more Bibles and Bible lessons to more students.

Do you believe God "prepared" Darrell Foltz for a **special** work in Nigeria? *World Bible School* opened up a whole new field to him. Do you think God might prepare **you** to do a special work for him?

S T O R I E S
TO M O T H E R S A N D F A T H E R S
A N D O T H E R A D U L T S

Written by Barbara Kee
By request

I REMEMBER MOTHER

I remember as a little girl that we always went to church services. I thought everyone went to church, had company for Sunday dinner, and sat around the table afterwards talking about the Bible. I thought everyone had older brothers that went off to Wyoming, Africa and Switzerland as missionaries to preach to lost people so that they could know how to be saved and serve God.

It was only as I grew older that I came to realize that not everyone loved God as my mother did, and not everyone guided the family as she did, so that all seven of her children grew up to be Christians.

I remember as a little girl my mother working hard all day at a job, and then coming home in the evening and working hard to make supper and have the house running nice for us children. I also remember my mother each evening before going to bed sitting in her rocking chair and reading the Bible. I thought everyone did that and everyone knelt by their bed and prayed before going to sleep.

When I grew older and began to realize that not everyone did these things, I asked myself why my mother did, and not others. The answer I found was that long ago she had made the decision to serve God, and do what was right and pleasing to Him, regardless of the circumstances, or what others did.

I remember as my brothers grew up, when they went to mother and told her they wanted to go away to work,

I Remember Mother

when they discussed this with her, she would say: "Is the work honest? Is it good?" When they said "Yes," she would say: "Then if that is your choice, it is all right with me."

She taught us the principles of right and wrong. She taught us to be strong, think for ourselves, and make our own decisions. As long as our decisions were good and honest and pleasing to God, they were all right with mother.

As I remember mother, and the things she taught me, it helps me with my decisions.

* * * * *

BONNIE KEE

In 1987 an article appeared in the newspaper in Searcy, Arkansas, the home of Barbara Kee's mother, Bonnie Kee. It was entitled *Mother of Eight Finally Finds Time for a Hobby*. Quoting from this article:

"She'd be the last to admit it, but 78-year-old Bonnie Kee is unquestionably among Searcy's most remarkable citizens. The latest to surface in her long list of achievements is her artistic ability. A collection of oil paintings by Mrs. Kee was recently displayed in the Stevens Art Gallery. The thirty pictures exhibited were selected from among the fifty she has finished since first trying her hand at the easel in 1968, after her daughter, Marie, gave her some paints for Christmas. 'I've always wanted to draw,' Mrs. Kee said, 'but I had to work so hard all my life I never had time.'

I Remember Mother

"Mrs. Kee is a native Texan, reared on a farm. Formal schooling ended in the eighth grade, but she took classes at home, completed high school, passed the teaching exams and taught school. Marriage produced five sons and three daughters. 'We talked nothing but college to the children, but we told them we'd rather they make B's and C's, than to sacrifice learning how to work.' The teaching was a success. All graduated from Harding College, and most have advanced degrees. Sons James and Norman are business men; Windle and Doyle are missionaries. Wayne is deceased. Her three daughters are Jeannette and Marie, teachers, and Barbara, a librarian* All are committed Christians.

"Mrs. Kee brought her family to Searcy in 1958 and went to work in a cafeteria. She worked hard, sometimes ironing ten hours a day to keep the family going. 'When I look back now, I don't see how we made it,' she laughs.

"With her children all grown and educated, one might think she'd relax, but not so. She enrolled in French classes at Harding, raised travel funds and joined evangelistic campaign groups. Next she took on typing. She has worked with mission groups until recently.

"Meanwhile, she continues working on the one-acre tract at her home. She studies the Bible daily, gardens, cans and freezes food, grows flowers, thinks about the next picture she wants to paint, and continues to study French every day.

"She was responsible for starting the Golden Years Group of the West Side Church of Christ. She eagerly waits for Tuesdays to join the others for games, singing, Bible

I Remember Mother

study, lunch and other pastimes. She teaches the Ladies Bible Class at church each week."

This past year her health has caused her some problems, but her spirit remains as active as ever. She is inspirational proof of her belief that God blesses those who love and serve Him, with a long and useful life.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed" (Psalm 31:28).

* * * * *

* Note: Barbara Kee is the librarian at the White's Ferry Road School of Biblical Studies at West Monroe, Louisiana, and a teacher and counselor. She has worked in 26 mission campaigns. For the past twelve summers, she has spent one month in Germany and Switzerland, teaching ladies the gospel of Christ. Her brother, Doyle, is a missionary in Geneva, Switzerland, and Windle is a missionary in Cameroon, West Africa.

A true story

By Eva L. Hardin

MOM AND HER MILLION

"I can hardly remember the time in my adult life when I wasn't wishing for a million dollars. . . . If my wish were granted I would be very happy, for then I would preach the gospel to a world lost in sin. 'Mom and her million' became a household expression in our family.

"I always thought that if my ship were to come in I would reach out and grasp my million, and how wisely I would spend it. I would wisely invest the capital. The interest would provide a perpetual source of income, to be used in preaching the gospel long after this tabernacle in which I dwell had crumbled into dust.

"Often in the dark and silent watches of the night, I would spend my money. It crossed high and rugged mountains. It sailed over deep and stormy seas. It crossed vast plains and scorching desert sands. It went into all the world preaching the gospel. I prayed that soft and gentle winds would bring the good ship into port bringing my million dollars to me.

"Time passed. The war came and ended. My sons returned home and to their former jobs. One son, John, was not happy. During the time he had spent in the service of the U. S. Government, he saw the great need for workers in the Lord's vineyard. After a while he resigned his work with an oil company and moved to a Texas town, with his wife and small son, as song director for the church. He thought perhaps it would be a stepping stone to a more

Mom And Her Million

concentrated effort in the mission field, preferably in the northwestern part of the United States. The urge grew, but he did not find a sponsoring church. The Lord had other plans for him.

"When opportunity opened its doors, it was in far away Africa. When the letter informing me of the acceptance of the challenge came, it struck deep within the inner recesses of my heart. But how could I object to such an important and vital decision? This was a decision that I would have made for myself in my younger years had I received proper encouragement. On the other hand, the advancing years were taking their toll in the lives of his father and me. The snows of many years had whitened our hair, and the years had wrinkled our brows. The thought of the mighty Atlantic Ocean that would lie between us was hard to bear.

"It was overwhelming. The year was 1949. The last goodbyes were said in Ft. Worth, Texas, a few weeks before they sailed. In 1953 I sent a cablegram to Port Elizabeth, South Africa, saying: 'John, come home. Dad is going away.' They came with their four small sons. In February 1954, we buried his father.

"They were soon to set sail for Africa again. I needed my son more than ever! Why did he have to go? If I had my million dollars, I would send six or a dozen preachers to Africa, China, India and Japan. 'Lord, send me the million, so I can keep my son with me.'

"In August 1954, they said goodbye and sailed across the ocean for another five years. In May of 1959 they returned home. I was afraid to ask them if this was their

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final return.

“One day John and I were in conversation with some friends regarding the African work. They asked him if he was returning. He replied ‘I am.’ I covered my face with my hands to hide my emotions. John told them how that for so many years I had wished for a million dollars to use in preaching the gospel and then added, ‘I’m her million dollars.’

“In my heart I cried out, ‘Lord, how selfish and shortsighted I have been. You answered my prayer – not in dollars and cents but with a precious son and daughter-in-law.’ I know ‘my million,’ like the pebble that is cast into the pool which sends its waves to the farthest shore, will send its influence through time and on to the shores of eternity.

“When John, Bessie and six sons leave around the first of this year for another five years in Africa, I shall say through my tears: ‘Goodbye, God bless you, and bon voyage, my precious million dollars’.”

* * * * *

John and his wife, Bessie, served in the mission field in South Africa from 1949 until 1978. Four of their six sons were born in South Africa. John died in May, 1981. John and Bessie Hardin are a legend in South Africa. Their influence has reached to the far corners of the country. All who knew them loved them. They are missed by those who remain.

In 1986 Bessie published the book GIVE ME THIS

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MOUNTAIN about the work in South Africa during their service there. Following is a quotation from this book: "Mothers and Dads, brothers and sisters and friends, if you have someone near and dear to you who wants to go into the mission field, encourage them, help them to go, and rejoice and be proud of them. Be thankful that your loved ones are so willing to serve the Lord."

* * * * *

TEACH ME TO CARE

Open my eyes that I might see
 Countless lost souls all around me,
Open my ears that I might hear
 The cry for help from far and near,
Open my heart that I might care
 Enough to teach, enough to share,
Open my mouth that I might say
 Words of wisdom, kindness each day,
Open thy arms Oh Lord to me
 May I always live close to Thee.

By Addabelle Steele