

# FIRST STEPS IN FAITH

*By*  
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## DEDICATION

TO

**J. C.**

Whose vision and dedication have  
brought this richness into my life  
and who has led me in taking these  
first steps in faith . . . . .



BETTY BURTON CHOATE



J. C. CHOATE

## A WORD TO THE READERS

For several years—in fact, ever since I became so sold on the value of mission work—I have been trying with great fervor to convince the wives of various preachers that they are missing the best of life by refusing to go where the gospel needs to go. The middle of December it suddenly dawned on me that the problem is that I never have enough time to say all that I want to say! And the natural result of such a discovery was to begin writing a book of our experiences during these years of foreign work. I have written of all sides of it—the problems, the sacrifices, the disappointments, and the joys. But since the outcome of these years has been that we are more devoted to the great commission than ever, I pray that these pages will bring to the hearts of the readers just a small taste of what we feel, and will thus help to remove whatever obstacles may be hindering them from stepping out into the world on their faith.

I am very fortunate to have a husband with enough vision for us both. It is my desire to be a co-worker with him, to do whatever we can together to bring the truth to more of the people of the world. If my job is to prepare meals for visitors, or to teach children's classes, or to train a group of women in some far corner of the world, then that is what I want to do. If I can help by speaking to ladies' classes or other groups in the States when we are there, then I will be happy to do that. At best, working all our lives together as a co-operative team, we will see accomplished so little of what needed to be done, when we have come to the end of that road of faith. I pray God that I may never hinder J. C., that I may never limit God by refusing to be used by Him in His work. And if I can help the readers of this

book to see that I have been enriched beyond measure by freely giving myself this way, that what appeared to be a sacrifice has come to be the windows of heaven opened in showers of blessings and that the struggle to have our own way is what keeps us from being completely happy as Christians, then the many hours I have put into this story will have been well used. I do not hold myself up as an example—I've only begun to walk by faith myself—but I can testify from my own experiences that any failures and shortcomings in my life are the result of a temporary failure to live for God and not for myself. The women of the church do not all know this, and they cannot teach their children and their friends what they have not experienced themselves. Do you want to be happy beyond measure? Do you want to really be contented and completely free from worry? Then start living first of all for God and the spread of his truth, and he guarantees that he will take care of everything else! *Try Him.*

If there is anything more I can say or do to help you decide to go with your husband to some part of the world that needs you, please give me the opportunity. I want you to have that richness.

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## CHAPTER ONE

### THE BEGINNING

The seat belts were buckled, but we strained forward against them to catch a last glimpse through the window of the little group huddled together against the cold of the February day. Daddy, Mother, Ted and Curtis raised their hands in a final wave and, though I couldn't see, I knew tears streamed down their cheeks as they did down mine, and their hearts ached with the pain of the long separation that had begun.

I had time to think on that flight, and to remember the chain of events that had brought us to that point in our lives. Five years previously, in 1957, J. C. had begun to mention occasionally that one day he wanted to do foreign mission work. It sounded comfortably indefinite, so I listened when he wanted to talk about it, and forgot it the rest of the time. But plans have to be dropped or grow into specific shape, so the day he got a map of the world and pointed out India as his goal, I knew that one day India would be our home. We drifted on, decided to work for two years in a mission field in the States, and set our date for departure to India early in 1961.

In July of 1960, we resigned our work with the Central Church of Christ in Minneapolis, Minnesota, with regrets but with determination. The plan so far had been adhered to exactly, and so we began the search for a sponsoring church and the necessary support to take us to India. Of course we had been told occasionally that the doors to India



were closed and that we would not be able to get in. But we were very young and very determined—what can defeat a combination like that? The church responded well and the necessary support would have been available on the proposed departure date. But when our third carefully worded application for visas was denied, we began to get the idea that definitely India did not want us! I suppose, since I was playing follow the leader, that if J. C. had been content to drop things there in the face of the closed door, I would have happily settled down again to the work of a preacher's wife in the States. It is a sad fact that some wonderful talent never reaches the mission field because the original goal could not be reached. But J. C. reasoned that India was not the world and that he could be just as useful somewhere else. Perhaps in neighbouring Pakistan? After all, in 1947 it had been an integral part of India, so it would be almost the same as going to our original destination.

The elders of the Central Church of Christ in Ada, Oklahoma, who sponsored us, agreed that this alternate plan was wise, so Karachi, Pakistan became our target. The last preaching appointments in behalf of the needed funds were met, the shopping and packing were done—or almost—and the tickets were in hand. On February 18, 1962 we got up before dawn to frantically complete the last of the packing and made the drive to the town twenty miles away where we were to catch the small plane on which we would begin our journey. As we drove down the road I discovered that something had been forgotten so we had to return to the house. With that delay we barely had time to reach the airport, so we all concentrated on the time and Ted's driving on the way down. At the airport our luggage was weighed and before we could realize it, there we sat on the plane. How I wanted to get up and rush out to hug every-

one just one more time, but they were already a half a world away as far as physical contact was concerned. So as the plane roared along ( it *was* a dinky little thing and the remark made by my brother-in-law, Clayton, kept recurring to me: Why you'll have to get out and push to get it off the ground!) and I thought about the past, and about all that our folks meant to us, and about how long it would be before we would see them again, I did what any twenty-one year old Mama's baby would do: I cried my heart out.

I suppose I would have just kept on crying if the hostess hadn't brought a cup of hot chocolate which Sheila, our one-and-one-half year old daughter, promptly spilled all over my coat. Ahead of me lay cold New York and Europe, with no time or opportunity for days to have a coat cleaned and by then the stain would probably be so set it wouldn't come out at all. Well—maybe I could hold Sheila over the spot and hide it—hopefully.

With the break in thought, my mind turned to vague imaginations of what might lie ahead. We had read a lot of Pakistan and India and knew that what they had most of was people. They were both sadly undeveloped, poverty-stricken, struggling to survive in a progressive world. We had seen pictures, read books, but I had never been outside the United States, so it all seemed very hazy to me. I had my own ideas and was sure that they would be proven to be true. We had talked over the items we needed to ship for personal use during the four years but had hardly put anything on the list, for I was sure that since people in Pakistan had an average monthly income of twenty dollars or less that everything there must be very cheap, and that if *they* had the necessities for existence, then *I* surely wouldn't need to ship half of America in

order to live there! What kind of home should I expect? What kind of food? What kind of people? I really don't think I ever thought very deeply about those things, because I had no inkling of the answers, and that would have worried me—I was very good at worrying over things I couldn't answer.

I confess to my shame that as I sat there thinking over the past and imagining the future, I was well pleased with my growth as a Christian. I had come a long way—I had sacrificed being with my people, enjoying the comforts of home, and the joys of living in the United States. I was willing to share with J. C. whatever the years in Pakistan might hold. And I did so without begrudging the giving. At twenty-one I felt grown up in Christ. What more can one give? I was to learn many answers to that question.

## CHAPTER TWO

### EN ROUTE

We planned to be en route about one month, making stops in England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Jordan, Israel, Turkey, India and finally coming to our destination in Pakistan. Many would immediately conclude that we had planned a wonderful vacation, and I will admit that we needed one after the months of fund-raising. But such travel with a baby of a year-and-a-half is not a very restful way to spend a vacation. In making our plans we had two thoughts in mind and I felt then, and feel now, that we did the wise thing. J. C. had been a part of a group-tour of Europe and the Holy Land in 1955, so he was aware, to some extent, of what to expect in foreign countries. But I had not been outside the States, and it would have been a blow to have been taken from the culture of America and to have been set down twenty-four hours later in the extremely different culture of Pakistan. Perhaps we avoided some of the much talked about "culture shock" by getting adjusted to the changes gradually. Our second idea was that we would be better prepared to begin the work of establishing the church in Karachi if we could see first-hand the work being done in other places by fellow Christians. We had previously obtained addresses and phone numbers so that we would be able to meet the various ones and discuss with them the methods they were finding effective, and the progress they were making.

Airlines charge nothing extra for stops along the way, and the ticket, including the places we wanted to stop, was no more than it would have been if we had flown straight to Pakistan. We felt (because we were aware that many Christians feel that such a trip is just a vacation paid for by the church) that we should pay for the extra hotel and food expenses incurred because of the stops, so we sold our car on which we had put 125,000 miles in the interest of India and Pakistan, and used the money from it to pay those bills. Today, I would not feel such an obligation and I would encourage any people who are thinking of going into the mission field not to be overly concerned about opinions held by those who have never done any foreign work and do not intend to do any. You will have a tremendous task to adjust to your new home, and an even greater one to build a stable and healthy church; you will need every ounce of education you can gain to help you accomplish these two things, and the best place to learn is en route to your new home. The church could make no wiser investment than to allow new workers to spend a few days or even longer with the church in each country along their travel route, for it is *there*, on the field, that you come face to face for the first time with some of the things you will meet later in your own work. And perhaps you can avoid serious mistakes by observing those who are more experienced.

We landed in New York in the afternoon and were scheduled to leave the next afternoon. Our hours there were filled with some last minute shopping that we had not been able to do at home, and with getting a very necessary signature on our health cards. Somehow, when we had gone to Jackson, Mississippi to have our Yellow Fever shots, the health officer had failed to sign the cards. Our family doctor in Winona had noticed it the evening

before we were to leave, and by then it was too late to get it done. The only possibility was to go to the Health Office in New York and see if they could be signed there, or to take the shots again if it could not be remedied any other way. We were very relieved when we found the office, since New York is such a bafflingly large city to those who do not live there, and were even more relieved when the secretary called the Mississippi branch for confirmation on the shots, and proceeded to sign the cards. With the red tape taken care of we returned to the hotel, holding our breaths at each tick of the taxi meter. Every tick hurt, and five dollars was spent before we could get out. We ate lunch at a snack bar across from the hotel, wondering how long it would be before we would have a hamburger again!

As we returned to the hotel to get our things together for the ride to the airport we saw a crowd of people gathered around the television in the lobby. We stood on tip-toe to look over shoulders and saw the count-down and blasting-off into space of the first American astronaut. I could well imagine his apprehension and fear of the unknown, for I felt that we were about to do just as he had done—to go over the precipice, to meet and deal with . . . what?

At the airport we stood in line with many others and had our passports, health cards, and tickets checked. Finally we passed through customs and were ready for boarding the plane. I found that the procedure was not nearly as difficult or complicated or frightening as I had expected; in fact I doubt if there is any other country in the world which the nationals can leave as easily as Americans can leave America. At the time I couldn't appreciate that fact, but after seeing what Pakistanis go through to leave Paki-

stan, I can well see why it is America to whom the taking of the gospel to the rest of the world has been entrusted! If Pakistan had the gospel and the responsibility of evangelizing the world—well, it just wouldn't be done, for few Pakistanis are able by hook or crook to get outside their country!

The flight to London consumed the night. The hours were miserable, trying to keep Sheila satisfied and quiet, and trying to get a little sleep. In the gray of dawn we were aroused by the unwelcomed flashing on of lights and the clatter and noise of the hostesses serving breakfast. At such an hour the thought of food almost makes me sick, but I ate for fear that the hours before the next meal might be long.

When we landed at London, it was cold and damp, with a sharp breeze. We bundled Sheila up tighter in her baby quilt and rode the airport bus to the city. The hotel in which we had reservations was nice, but if there was any heat in the room it was not evident so it was hard to feel comfortable. Most of the day was spent seeing some of the places that had grown familiar through history books. Several times we tried to call the missionaries, whose telephone number we had, but were unable to get any answer. Later we learned that they were out of town. Our impression of London was that the people seemed as cool as the weather and we did not envy those who had taken upon themselves the task of preaching the gospel there. We readily admitted that, as far as convenience and progress were concerned it was much like "home", but that would not compensate for the general indifference toward religion.

We arrived in Paris on Wednesday afternoon and were able to attend the midweek Bible study of the church. We

found the group to be made up primarily of Americans stationed there, as the French-speaking people had a separate meeting. After the period of study we had coffee and dessert together and talked about the work in Paris and of what we hoped to do in Pakistan. It was a very enjoyable evening and we felt that we had a tie there even though the people were strangers to us by name.

The next day we visited the palace of Versailles, recalling some of the French history we had about forgotten. The Eiffel Tower and other well-known places in the city looked just as they had in pictures, so we were neither stunned with surprise nor deflated with disappointment. I priced a few things in the shops, using our Pan American World Guide for a list of "what everyone buys in Paris," but found that everything was too expensive, even if it was considered "cheap" relatively.

We were to leave on a mid-morning flight on Saturday for Geneva, Switzerland, but when we went to the desk at the hotel to pay the bill, we found that they were charging \$20 for a bed and room for Sheila that we had neither asked for nor used, and which had even been locked the second night so that we could not have used it if we had wanted to. Perhaps a person is not to "bargain" about prices till he gets to the Middle East, but we were determined not to pay such a bill, and they were equally sure that we would. During the discussion that followed, I nervously checked the time every two minutes and paced the lobby until Sheila suddenly vomitted on herself and me and the floor. I could have cried if there had been time for it, but instead I ran to the ladies' room and cleaned us up the best I could. By the time we got back to the lobby, J. C. and the very irritating young man at the desk had reached a compromise and the bill was cleared so that we could leave. We



hurred the driver of the car as fast as we dared to go, but it was no use. The plane had gone by the time we reached the airport. We went to the desk and asked about later flights. The man was sympathetic and soon arranged to have our tickets changed so that we could continue our journey in the afternoon.

On Sunday morning we had worship in the hotel room, as there was no church in Geneva at that time. Being our first Sunday away from the warm environment of an American congregation, we felt very alone and lonely, yet somehow drawn closer to Jesus because we knew that he had promised to be with us.

Rome was our next stop and we had eagerly looked forward to that city. The Keith Robinsons were the only missionary family there then, and we called them soon after our arrival. They invited us out to eat a spaghetti supper with them, and we enjoyed their hospitality so much. Keith spent part of one day showing us some of the Biblical spots of ancient Rome, and also showed us where the church was meeting and some of the work they were doing. We were glad to know that in the shadow of the great Colosseum where so many faithful of the first century laid down their lives, the same pure church exists today, nearly two thousand years later. The drive along the Appian way making note of the places Paul stopped as he traveled toward Rome, was equally inspiring. Part of the road is still very narrow and old, overgrown in many places with grass, and we could almost imagine ourselves being in the group of anxious people, straining our eyes for the first glimpse of the apostle as he marched between his guards.

J. C. had once written to the Greek Embassy inquiring about the possibility of getting visas to live there to do evangelistic work. The Ambassador had replied that Greece

had no need for missionaries because it was already a "Christian" nation. So, Athens was another city among many without the purity of New Testament Christianity. We found it to be a beautiful city and thought we would have liked to have lived there, though we were sure that it would not be easy to work among Greek Orthodox people. We visited the Parthenon and became another two among the many who have admired its perfection and beauty through the ages. There were other places of archaeological and architectural interest, but what I remember best about Athens is that there I saw for the first time the skinned carcasses of animals hanging in open stalls, waiting for customers to come along and buy the day's supply of meat. The contrast between the modern beautiful city and the ancient type of meat market was really sharp. I also recall vividly stopping at a pastry shop and buying some pastries to eat in lieu of supper. They were so scrumptiously good that I did my best to persuade J. C. to go back and get some more, but he *would* not, so I still have an unsatisfied feeling every time I think of Athens!

The Pan American book listed many things that just must be bought in Athens, but again the prices didn't sound much like bargains to me, so I admired the pretty things and passed them up—except one pottery vase. It was so typically Grecian in design, so delicate and beautiful, that I ignored J. C.'s almost audible frown and paid the purchase price of two dollars for it. That was the only souvenir I bought on the trip, willingly. J.C.'s disapproval was not because of the money spent, but pottery is my weakness, and since it breaks easily I always buy it over strong protest!

Athens was the door to the "unknown" and when our flight to Cairo was delayed because the power was off for several hours in that city, we entered that strange world

at two A.M. I think I will never forget the feeling as we stepped from the plane into the hot night air of Cairo, and went into the very old and dirty airport. The people wandering around or squatting here and there on the floor looked like *no* people I had ever seen before, much less at an important international airport. In my world, when anyone had business at an airport he was the type of person who wore a well-cut, successful look. Most of these people were in voluminous clothes, dirty, wrinkled, unkempt, with scraggly beards and un-cut hair—well, I admit that times have changed and my description sounds just like the modern American hippie, but this happened several years ago, and this type of garb was a new sight to my eyes! I looked, and thought: so this is the Middle East; this is Egypt!

Checking through customs had been a breeze at every airport along the way, but as we watched the proceedings with the luggage of the people in the line ahead of us, we began to feel apprehensive. The majority of the passengers on the plane had been Egyptians, and they came with every type of container for carrying things that you can imagine. Some had beat-up suitcases; some unrolled what looked like huge sleeping bags with belongings of every sort inside—at that time the significance of those bags didn't register with me but now I know that with a portable bed and a street to lay it on, a night's lodging can be had cheaply for those who are short on foreign exchange. Many of these countries allow departing citizens to take with them the equivalent of only ten or fifteen dollars, and how far could they get on that? Other passengers had packed their things in huge cardboard boxes, and as the customs authorities began to dig through them, taking out, examining, feeling, and then dumping in a pile, every item in the boxes and other containers, my heart sank. I could

just see me, at three o'clock in the morning, with a sleepy crying baby, re-packing our tightly stuffed suitcases after the embarrassment of having every article looked over by the prying eyes of an Egyptian customs officer. But I might have spared myself the worry. We had several things in our favor: (1) It is the local people and not the foreigners, as a rule, who are closely checked. (2) White faces in the East or Middle East automatically speed up almost any process. (3) Our crying baby was supreme insurance. In this part of the world, children are usually kept at home, and the quickest way to hurry anything is to be a wife with a crying child! Men just cannot take this combination, in a world where the percentage of women and children on the street is nil compared to the men, so they bend over backwards to be polite and kind to those who come their way. When our turn came, the officer asked us what was in our luggage, scribbled the pieces and passed us on through! We almost felt guilty to get by so easily after our fellow passengers had had such a rough time.

We walked out of the airport, expecting to be met by a representative of the tourist agency through which our reservations in Cairo had been made. It soon became evident that no one was there so we went in the airport bus to the hotel in which we had reserved a room. When we got there, they had never heard of us and every room was taken. It was about three-thirty by now and we insisted that we *had* to have a room of some kind. The receptionist called several other hotels and finally found a vacant room in a small (about fourth class, I would say) hotel across the Nile River. We got into a taxi and wound through the dark deserted streets and alleys until we came to the place at last. It was far from what we had expected and we were more than hesitant to even get out of the taxi, but there seemed to be nowhere else to go. We collected our luggage

and then found ourselves confronted with another problem. Because of the hour, we had not been able to get any money changed at the airport, and no one at this hotel could do it, so we were in a dilemma about what to do about paying the taxi fare. An Egyptian turned up from nowhere and paid it for us. We assumed that he was either connected with the hotel or was staying there, so we thanked him for his kindness and assured him that we would repay him the next day. However, we never could find him again. You would have to be in a similar situation, in a country so utterly different from your own, in the still loneliness of the night, with such an embarrassing problem, to appreciate our feeling toward the helpful stranger who came to our rescue. Such moments live as vivid memories.

Egypt we found to be thoroughly fascinating. It was like seeing the Old Testament characters come to life again. The men in the flowing robes were especially picturesque. We saw the Pyramids and other tourist attractions, and discovered that no matter how much you anticipate exactly what they will be like, the real thing seen up close is just overwhelming. The Museum was well worth the hours spent there, and we wished for longer, but we had a tight schedule to keep. The grandeur of Egypt's past rises up in stark contrast to the poverty of the present day, in testimony of the inevitability of the fulfillment of God's promises. At the time of our visit there was no church in Egypt at all, but since then the Bob Douglas family has worked there for about two years and some Christians still struggle to keep the church alive in that country in spite of the opposition of the government. The majority of the people are Muslim, believers in the true God, but of the opinion that Mohammed was the last of the prophets and the one to whom the world should give ear.

We flew from Cairo to Beirut, and expected to be met at the airport by brother Carl Matheny who was at that time in the process of beginning the work in that city. We had only his post office box number, so we had written him giving the details of our arrival and stating our desire to see him and his family. We were disappointed when he was not there, and we were unable to make contact during the few hours we were scheduled to be in Beirut. Later we learned that our letter arrived after we did—a frequent occurrence in this part of the world, and one that you come to accept without the slightest trace of surprise. We spent the night in Beirut and drove quickly over the city the next morning, being impressed with its modern appearance and the obvious western influence.

About mid-morning we took the road that led to the ruins of the city that was once the heart of Baal worship—Baalbeck. The skeletons of the temples still halt the passerby in his tracks to admire their beauty. During the zenith of its day the city must have been architecturally outstanding, but so pitifully steeped in idolatrous worship. The fallen and broken ruins cry more loudly than could the voice of any prophet that the gods created by man can only be doomed to such an end.

It was in Baalbeck that we bought our second souvenir of the trip, and I mention this because the same tactics have been used on us countless times since then, throughout the East. As I was walking back to the car, with Sheila in my arms, she suddenly turned toward me, showing me what had been put into her reaching little hand behind my back: a string of crudely carved wooden camels. Of course it would have caused quite a disturbance to have taken away something that she already considered to be hers, so we resignedly asked the boy, "How much?" It was only a few cents, fortunately, so we learned our lesson cheaply: Always watch

your children's hands when you are out in public because the favorite way for a toy peddler to sell his goods is to quietly put the tempting thing into the hands of the child when the parent is looking in the other direction. The average foreigner will pay the price rather than cause a scene.

Damascus took us even more deeply into the world of long ago. The Street Called Straight is still one of the main thoroughfares, and part of the old city wall remains. But more than the physical reminders was the atmosphere. Of course there were evidences of the Twentieth Century, but one could almost forget them in seeing the people everywhere in what looked like costume dress from the pages of the Bible. Men wore robes of coarse materials with bold stripes, and broad ties around their waists, sandals on their feet, and Arabian head coverings. Many of the women wore the dark shrouds of Muslims and looked like black witches walking down the street. The children were playing everywhere and paid little attention to the traffic that moved around them. Many were dirty and dressed in rags, and to my surprise they had reversed the American custom. We often dress little boys in pants during hot weather, but all of these little boys wore shirts, though many were bare from the waist down!

We happened to be passing through Damascus on the night of the end of the Muslim month of fasting, called Ramazan or Ramadan. In the evening we decided to take a walk around the commercial section near our hotel, and we just stared in amazement at the thick crowds of people everywhere! We could hardly squeeze our way along the streets—but the odd thing to us was the fact that no women were to be seen, and practically all of the men walked along in pairs, holding hands! In later years we grew accustomed to seeing men on bicycles riding side by side holding

hands, and men sitting and talking, clasping each other's hands. The reason for this is that in Muslim cultures the women as a whole stay at home, and those who do go out are covered from head to toe with some type of shroud. Public physical contact between sexes would be most disgraceful behaviour, so the men turn to other men. Another irksome side effect of this practice of hiding women away is that when any woman does go out on the street, she has to run a gauntlet of eyes. I used to walk with my head up, looking straight ahead, but it got to be unbearable in Pakistan, so the habit of keeping my eyes on the path before my feet was developed. It has become so much a part of me now that I could probably pass my Mother on a street and not see her!

We soon tired of battling the crowd and returned to our room to get some sleep, but we had not reckoned on the Damascus drivers. They use more horn in their driving than gas, and the result was almost deafening!

It was hard for me to imagine, as we drive from Damascus toward Jerusalem, that God described this land as flowing with milk and honey. So much of it today has become dry and barren and rocky. We were reminded over and over again of familiar phrases in the Bible: the shepherd out leading his flocks to pasture, the herds of goats and sheep mixed together, the many farm scenes that have changed not one whit from what Jesus saw as he walked that country-side. The occasional villages made up of small mud huts were so novel to us then, but today we realize that what seemed "different" and "picture-material", to us, is a way of life for millions and millions of the people of the world. The beasts of burden, the donkey, the camel and the oxen, rounded out the picture. The rest of the world has perhaps made much progress in many ways, but for



masses of people life is no easier and offers no more hope than for their ancestors of centuries ago.

Amman, the excavations of Jericho, the Jordan River, and the Dead Sea were all memorable spots along the way. Jerusalem, Jordan was inspiring in some ways and disgusting in others. The Catholic church has so commercialized the spots of traditional Biblical interest that they have "captured" all that remains of what might once have been significant in monstrous cathedrals. We stood in awed silence among the gnarled trees of the Garden of Gethsemane and could well imagine why Jesus often went there when he was in Jerusalem. The hill whose face so resembles a skull, and the tomb in the near-by garden, touched our hearts as no places had ever done before. I longed to have hours to myself just to sit there in those surroundings and to draw closer to Him, and one day I hope that period of silent worship will be permitted me.

We crossed from Jerusalem, Jordan to Jerusalem, Israel through the famous Mandelbaum Gate, and moved from a predominantly Muslim atmosphere to a Jewish one. Of course today the city belongs entirely to the country of Israel, and the Jews are able to worship in their holy places, under their own government, for the first time in many centuries. We were glad to find that in the midst of flourishing Judaism, the church of our Lord existed, and the Ralph Henleys were doing a commendable work there and throughout the country of Israel. We went to their house and had dinner with them and later attended the Sunday evening worship, which Bro. Henley conducted in Hebrew. In our talks during the hours we spent together, Brother Henley remarked that one does a tremendous amount of soul-searching when he is in the mission field. In the months and years since, we have come to know exactly what he meant and can agree whole-heartedly.

We had arranged to drive through Israel, stopping at Nazareth, Capernaum, Tiberias, the Sea of Galilee, Joppa, and finally Tel Aviv. Words cannot describe the feelings we had at each place, for here there were not so many Catholic buildings, and we could appreciate the places as time has left them. Nazareth still retains, in some parts, the air of a small unimportant village where life goes on with few real changes through the years. The streets are narrow and winding and crowded. I was warmed by the smile offered me by a beautiful little girl who was standing in the dark doorway of one of the tiny rooms that served as home, workshop, and outlet for the finished product. Another picture that is etched on my mind is of a young boy riding a gray donkey at break-neck pace down the open sewer that ran down the middle of the street.

In Capernaum we visited the remains of the old synagogue, and walked to the shore of the Sea of Galilee. How many events in the life of Jesus took place in that city and on that Sea! They all came flooding to our minds, as real and close as yesterday.

More than the cities, the countryside drew us, as it must have drawn Jesus. We shuddered at the sight of the thorny bushes with the long cruel spikes that must have been of the same type that were plaited by the Roman soldiers as the crown for Jesus' head. But most of the things around us were beautiful. Olive groves covered the hillsides, vineyards were plentiful, the land bloomed with lush growth and life, suggesting prosperity and plenty. And everywhere were the bold wild flowers of the field that are still clothed more sumptuously than even King Solomon could afford. I couldn't help but think, as we drove along, that since Jesus was human he must have loved those hills and flowers and all the beautiful things of nature. He must have felt about them much as I did. And I wondered if, as he walked those

hills for what he knew would be the last time, he felt a pang of regret?

We reluctantly left the inspiration of the farms and rolling hills and entered Tel Aviv. From there we flew to Istanbul, Turkey. Again we were in a Muslim country, so the city was dotted with the minarets of mosques rising above the surrounding buildings. We visited the famous Blue Mosque and went in the evening to the Flea Market. My memory of it is walking quickly past shop after shop filled with things that I would have really liked to have stopped and examined closer: brass that glittered in the glare of the lights, delicate embroidered pieces, brocades; but we were in too big a hurry to even stop and ask prices of anything (perhaps this was premeditated on J. C.'s part!), so we were in and out of the bazaar before I could hardly realize what was happening.

Again, as with Geneva, Athens, Cairo, Damascus, Amman, Jerusalem (Jordan) and Tel Aviv, no church existed in Istanbul. It hurt us to think that in so many of the major cities of the world we had failed to make even a beginning of preaching the gospel. And what made us feel even worse was the ample evidence that not only had the denominations forged ahead while we were asleep, but they were well entrenched in many places from many years of work. Today some work has been done in Athens, Cairo, Amman, Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, but compared to the need, hardly a scratch has been made on the surface.

Our next stop was to be New Delhi, India. This was going to be a new experience for J. C. as well as for me, so we went to the airport in eager anticipation. When we checked through customs we discovered that we lacked about thirty cents having enough Turkish money to pay what is called "airport tax". The only solution was to

cash a ten-dollar traveler's check. They would not cash it into anything except Turkish lira, but assured us that we could take the lira to the airport bank and change them there for American dollars. However, with the lira in hand, at the bank we were told a firm "no", so we were stuck with useless money and it was almost time for our plane to leave so there was no chance to spend it. As we walked by a pottery display counter I hurriedly purchased my third souvenir, again unwillingly: a blue vase that caught my eye. The flight was announced as I collected the change, so we boarded the plane with five dollars of Turkish lira. We have tried several times since to have it changed to some other kind of money and no one wants the stuff. So that has become our fourth souvenir of the trip. My advice to anyone passing through Turkey would be not to tie up much good money for the worthless paper they have—even *they* won't take it back!

## CHAPTER THREE

### INDIA

Coming from Istanbul, we flew over Pakistan and wondered what it would be like when we stopped there at the end of our journey. We landed in New Delhi and stayed overnight, going on to Bombay the following day, which was Sunday. We had worship in our hotel room alone and later went out to see some of the city. The weather was misty, so few people were out, in comparison to what we now know to be normal. We saw Marine Drive with the multi-storied apartment buildings, some parks, the main shopping area, and then drove along a bridge which over-looked the city laundry. Rows of square concrete tubs had been built and the place was a bee-hive of activity. Dozens of men, dressed in loin cloths, beat the wet clothes against the concrete and dumped them into the vats of water for rinsing. Everywhere were piles and stacks of clothes, and I wondered how anyone would ever get his own things back once he had turned them over to the "laundry". I didn't wonder any longer, though, why many of the people we had seen were dressed in dingy-gray clothes that hung in tatters.

From Bombay, which was originally to have been our home in India and which is a beautiful city, we were to fly to Calcutta. We flew on Indian Airlines, a four-engine plane. After the big jets, the plane wasn't very smooth riding but that was bearable. We had been in the air about an hour and a half when engine trouble developed and

the far left engine quit. The only thing to do was to turn around and go back to Bombay. When the pilot made the announcement, silence fell, and you could see the nervous apprehension flood every face. I am sure mine was as gray as the rest because my confidence in an Indian operated plane wasn't much at best, and under such critical conditions practically the whole return flight time was filled with fervent prayers. Every time I opened my eyes I could see the still propeller with the widening oil or gas stains slowly covering a great part of the wing. The minutes dragged and reports of fatal air crashes kept flashing through my mind. But I countered them with the objection: Surely we haven't come all this way to die like this? As we neared the Bombay airport, we could see a big red fire truck parked below, and the glaring white of ambulances. Such emergency machinery didn't do much to ease our minds, but the landing was made without mishap. We waited for several hours in the airport and finally boarded another plane which took us without incident to Calcutta.

Calcutta is reputedly the largest city in India, with a population of around eight million. It is also the least Westernized of the large cities. As we rode along in the airport bus we saw much of the same poverty and filth that we had seen in the Middle East; only the differences in the styles of clothing gave India a different air. The next morning we had an early ride through the city for we were to catch a plane to Gauhati and go from there to Shillong, Assam. I was amused and saddened too, as we drove along, at the glimpses we caught of the lives of some of the Calcuttans. Reports say that 200,000 people sleep on the streets every night, rolling up in sheets or blankets if they have them, or just bedding down with no more protection against the elements than their clothes. Naturally, those same people have to clean themselves and do their cooking in the

midst of all the traffic passing to and fro around them. Confidentially, not much of either is done. Their clothes look, literally, as though they have been put on and not taken off for weeks, and I know from what I have seen and heard that they feel fortunate if they have a stale chapati and an onion or chili pepper for a meal. Many times they own nothing more than what they carry on their backs—a few rags of clothes. They have never had anything and never hope to have anything, for most either could not, or do not, work at jobs. They beg or steal or manage in some way to keep body and soul together, and that is the entire story of their existence. They don't seem as bothered about it though as I was, for they go on about their business of loitering around and passing the time in seeming contentment. The children entertain themselves with never a thought of going to school, for most don't go at all. They become the most persistent taxi-getters I ever saw. When they spot someone on the street waiting for a taxi, they run out into the maze of traffic—little boys no older than four or five years—and do their best to flag one down, expecting baksheesh for their pains. And many times they just stand there beside you till a taxi is about to stop and then they run out and open the door as though they hailed it—naturally, for opening the door they expect a large tip! One hung on to our door for nearly a block once because we would not pay for such an antic. Perhaps this would seem hard-hearted to those who have never been to India, and I would not want to leave the impression that such plights do not touch us. We feel so badly about it that we would do anything in our power to change their lives for the better, but encouraging beggary is not the way to solve the problem.

On the streets that morning we saw the usual hum-drum of activity: cars, rickshaws, bicycle riders, bullock carts, making their way to town to start the day's work. Brahma

cows wandered here and there, and we noticed people bringing out food for these sacred animals to eat. One man bent to catch a glass of water from a pipe set in the curb of the street. Another old fellow, thin and whiteheaded, was vigorously brushing his teeth with his finger, and as we passed, he stuck out his tongue and gave it a thorough scrubbing too. Mothers nursed their babies, sitting on the sidewalks, and the other children played around the street. I felt bleak and washed out, just looking at them and thinking: what if I had been born here? Words cannot describe the awfulness of the consequences of such a thing.

From Gauhati we were to go in a taxi to Shillong. Gauhati lay on the hot flat plain, and the day was a miserable one as far as the heat was concerned. We were relieved when we finally made connection with the taxi that was to take us on our way, and we settled back to enjoy the ride. The road to Shillong wound up the mountains and was strictly for one way traffic. Though the distance was only sixty miles, we bumped and knocked around over that road for four hours before reaching our destination. Every mile took us further from the advances of modern civilization, and by the time we stopped before the hotel we felt that we had come about as far as we could go. I had the uneasy feeling of being isolated from the rest of the world. This city was our goal after we could not get visas for living in Bombay, for the church did already exist here and operated a school for grammar-school-aged children, in which we had planned to teach. But the ruse did not result in the desired visa, so we entered the city as visitors, planning to stay for one week.

The Pinewood Hotel had a picturesque appearance, being a white building with brown wooden trim. We checked in and were taken to our room, which was a separate little structure among many of the same type scattered around



the office-restaurant-lobby. A concrete walk with flower beds and borders led up to it. The room-boy unlocked the door and we stepped inside. What we saw was a wooden-framed room of ample proportions, the walls of which were nothing but white canvas. The breeze swept through the room, billowing first one wall and then the other one. Opposite where we stood was a thimble-sized fireplace, and the boy hurried to put a few chunks of coal into it and started a small fire. This he did almost as a ritual each evening during our stay there. Each morning about six o'clock he would come knocking at the door with "bed tea": a tea pot covered by a fat "cozy," bananas, and bread. These he would deposit on a table, and then would build the little fire which did nothing to warm the room, but did help psychologically. The atmosphere of the place was something that has to be experienced rather than described—I remember it not as being wonderful, but something so different that it had a certain charm.

Shillong lies in the crests and valleys of the Himalaya foothills, the capital of the State of Assam, and a city of about two hundred thousand people. The people look more like the Chinese than the typical Indian, and their dress is quite different. Particularly, we noticed the use of large squares of woolen cloth knotted around the shoulders of the ladies in place of sweaters or coats. Because it was late winter, everyone seemed preoccupied with carrying the daily supply of wood, which was accomplished by strapping a three foot cone-shaped basket around the forehead. Both men and women carried these baskets on their backs and I wondered how their heads and necks could support the weight of the heavy wood.

We knew that the church had been begun there in the 1940's through the efforts of some of the people to leave denominationalism, and that they had succeeded in reaching

their goal. One of the primary leaders in this movement was Brother Kharlukhi, and it was to his home that we went as soon as we had left our luggage at the hotel. Brother Kharlukhi lived in the part of town called Mawlai, and we found that he had a very nice home by Indian standards, a large house and well built. They knew of our plans to visit Shillong, so we were warmly welcomed when we drove up to their gate. Brother Kharlukhi was out at the moment but his son invited us into the house and soon came back with his father. We were then introduced to the other members of the family. Even though Brother Kharlukhi worked for the government and was well educated himself, his wife had little education and could speak no English. She was very shy and we saw little of her. A meal of bananas, tangerines, cake, boiled eggs and tea was placed before us, and we were left in the privacy of a side room to eat. Afterwards we talked with our host of the progress of the work, what we could do to help during our short time there, and of the possibilities of getting a visa with the help of Brother Kharlukhi's influence in the government. During the conversation I suddenly missed Sheila and rushed outside to find her. All I could see was a crowd of thirty or forty children of all ages, bunched up in a tight circle in the yard. At the alarmed look on my face, they moved aside so that I could see Sheila in the middle of the group. The foreign baby had been too much for their curiosity to resist, so when they saw that she had come into the yard with no adults, they had quietly crowded in for a closer look. Sheila wasn't interested in coming back into the house, so I stayed outside with her, partly to keep her from wading through a corner of the yard where rice had been spread out to dry, and partly to enjoy the children. They smiled with such friendliness—children of every nationality have that enviable characteristic of magnetism that can steal your heart away in mere seconds. One thing amazed me:

there were small children in the group that could not have been more than three or four years of age, and I knew that if they had been mine I would not have let them wander into another yard in the neighbourhood without an older brother or sister to look after them; but *these* little ones were not only on their own, but on the backs of several were strapped babies! I just looked at them in wonder. Both seemed accustomed to life in this manner; the babies rode around royally, peering over the shoulder of the "sitter" with great dark eyes, and being bumped around with never a whimper. The older child went about its play as though it carried nothing at all on its back. I suppose such independence and responsibility must not be as dangerous as it looked to me, for it is an accepted system for raising children in this part of the world.

On Wednesday night J. C. spoke to the church, and then visited a number of the Christians or interested people during the remainder of the week. The homes of most were far different from the Kharlukhis'. Most had only one room, which was entered through a low doorway, and which had a very low ceiling. The floor was dirt, and the fire for heat and cooking was built in the middle of the floor. Smoke filled the room and escaped through the door and window and cracks. They were dark stifling places, and I felt so sorry for people who could never hope for anything better. Everything about their homes, their dress, their lives, cried out that here were people who had learned to get along with what was truly the "bare necessities"; many, in the cold mountain weather of March wore no shoes on their feet.

Out of curiosity we asked the Kharlukhis to take us to the market. It consisted of a maze of very small wooden stalls built up off the ground, and connected by narrow muddy streets. The yard goods "shops" were grouped to-

gether, further on were shops of household things, then dry goods, fruits and vegetables, and finally meats. We waded through the mud and observed in silence the crudeness of the stalls, the dirty and often damaged merchandise displayed—we would not have been considered buying things at home in such poor condition—but when we came to the meat market it was almost more than I could take. The mud, the stench of hours-old meat in the sun, and the hordes of flies that buzzed around were nauseating. I was very glad when J. C. politely suggested that we were ready to return to the hotel.

Shillong seems to be the heart of betel lovers. All of India, Pakistan, Ceylon and other neighbouring countries are addicted to this habit, but I think the percentage of addicts is greater in Assam than anywhere else. Betel, or paan, is a “chew” made up of several pastes, ground betel nut, and lime rolled up in a green betel leaf. The chewer pays his few paisas to the paanwala, pokes the delicacy deep into his mouth, and proceeds to chew. Side effects of the habit are teeth stained a deep red-orange colour, red stains on floors and sidewalks where the addicts have spit, and a high percentage of mouth cancer. In Shillong they have a special problem with it because the people get the white lime on their finger as they smear it on the leaf, and they tend to wipe it off on the nearest surface. Everywhere, you see signs: ‘Do Not Wipe Lime’, but there is a band around almost every vertical surface, about finger high, and white “commas” made by smearing fingers!

On Sunday after worship Brother Kharlukhi's teen-aged son, and a cousin, asked to be baptized. We were overjoyed that J. C. could have a part in helping them to obey God, both in teaching them and in immersing them into Christ. We walked as a group down a winding path that finally

led to a mountain stream in the valley a mile or more away. There in the cold clear water their sins were washed away and they became a part of the growing family of God.

In spite of our happiness at being with Christians, we found ourselves more and more anxious to leave Shillong. Part of the reason lay in the fact that Sheila had developed a case of vomiting and diarrhea and we felt sure that the food at the hotel was the cause. Also, by then we had been away from home for a month and the homesickness seemed to be getting worse every day. Living out of a suitcase over a prolonged period usually causes us to feel restless and depressed and dissatisfied even now, under the best of conditions. But Shillong was not the "best conditions" and every day the urge to get away from the place grew stronger. We had tried so hard to get visas to live there, and J. C. still wanted to make another application, but I was beginning to see God's wisdom in not granting our request, at least as far as I was concerned. I do not believe that I could have made the adjustment at all. Probably I would have only succeeded in making life miserable for J. C. and hindering him in his work. At that point I was beginning to realize that my growth as a Christian was far from complete, and that actually I had only taken the first very weak step.

We decided to leave for Calcutta early Tuesday morning and told the brethren when we planned to go. They immediately insisted that they make arrangements for our transportation to Gauhati, and we gave our consent without argument, though we knew that we would reimburse them for their expense. Early Tuesday, just as dawn was breaking, the jeep arrived at the hotel. When we saw the crowd of people that was already aboard, we wondered doubtfully where we and our luggage would find a place. But Indians learned long ago how to make a vehicle carry

twice as much as common sense argues is possible, and we were soon ready to be on our way. The first adventure of the day was a flat tire before we could even get out of the city. That replaced, we merrily drove on our way, huddling together against the coldness of the early morning air in the open jeep. As we twisted and wound our way down the narrow mountain road, we joined our voices in the singing of old familiar hymns. I will never forget the happiness in my heart, or the bond of fellowship we felt toward these people whom we had known only a few short days. Though I heartily disliked Shillong, we both felt reluctant now to leave our brethren who kept begging us to find a way to come back to work with them.

Part of the road was closed to two-way traffic and we got to that section just as traffic from our direction had to wait for one hour for traffic coming from the other direction to pass through. It was a tiring wait and the sun was beginning to get hot, but at last we were on our way again. When we got to Gauhati it was very hot and dusty. Our plane was to be late, but the Christians refused to leave until they knew that we were off, so we all stood around and talked and J. C. made some pictures of the group. Just before going to the plane, he pressed some money into Brother Kharlukhi's hand for the jeep rental. It was accepted after much insistence.

In Calcutta we found that there was a flight later in the evening to New Delhi, so we just waited at the airport. We had a snack in the restaurant, treating ourselves to cokes, potato chips that were not very good, and some ice cream.

The first time we were in Delhi, a room had been reserved for us in the Ashoka Hotel which we found to be one of the most expensive in town. It was close to mid-

night when we got out of the airport bus at the downtown terminal this time, and we were determined not to end up in a costly place again. We asked at the desk of the terminal where we might find a good, reasonably priced hotel, and the man recommended the Central Court Hotel. Two coolies piled our heavy luggage on their heads and started off, with us following close behind. We walked about two long blocks and then turned into a doorway and climbed some stairs. J. C. signed the register and we were shown to our room. It was not very good, and we shared it with a sizable family of mice but at least it wasn't as expensive as the Ashoka. We were there for two days and part of the time Sheila and I entertained ourselves by scaring lizards on the walls and making them scurry away.

There was only one flight a week to Lahore, Pakistan where we were to go to meet the Gordon Hogans, which was the only family of Christians working in Pakistan. We were not sure if we would be able to get seats on that plane since we were on a waiting list, and we were so anxious to get out of hotels and stop the heavy flow of money for rooms and food—we were just anxious to get on to our destination. So we decided to check into the possibility of going by train. J. C. made reservations for us in a second class compartment of the "Frontier Mail" which was to leave Delhi on Thursday night. We were thrilled that we had succeeded in making arrangements to get to Lahore two days ahead of schedule, and we could hardly wait till time to get on the train.

Indian trains are different. Each car is a separate little room and passengers cannot go from one car to the next. In our car were two lower and two upper bunks which would seat about four people each, but would only sleep one. Two other passengers shared the car, and they knew enough about travelling by train to bring pillows and blan-

kets, but we had nothing but the hard bunks to try to sleep on. The Frontier Mail was just that, and burned coal for fuel. The soot and cinders worked their way into the car even though every window was closed tightly, and soon we were as dirty as any Indian we had seen. Lying on the hard beds without anything to elevate our heads, being bumped and jostled around with the lurching movement of the train, with the night air creeping in and chilling us through and through, we promised ourselves that never again would we make the mistake of getting on an Indian train! To top it off, we had bought some bananas at the station to tide us over for food until we could get to the Hogans' and eat again—there would be nothing along the way but Indian food and it would have brought us down with a good case of amoeba if we had dared to eat any—and the acid from the bananas was making J. C. sicker by the minute. The distance from Delhi to Lahore is only three hundred miles, but with stops at every little village along the way, it took seventeen hours to make the trip. Half-dozing, holding to the window so that Sheila and I would not roll off, bracing against the constant stops and starts, hearing the screeching of the brakes and the rattle and clack of the wheels, knowing how sick J. C. was getting in the bunk above me, the night seemed never-ending.



## CHAPTER FOUR

### OVER THE BORDER

An Indian friend once remarked, "God made every creeping thing that creepeth upon the face of the earth—and then he made the Indian Railways!" After our one experience with them, we laughingly agreed.

As you have read the previous chapters, you have probably received the impression that we noticed only the bad conditions in each country, especially in India, and you may suspect that we were just trying to find fault. I have written this as we remember the sights and events, not necessarily as they would appear to us now. Yes, we did notice the poverty and extreme filth more than the nice houses and the men dressed in suits or the women in expensive silk sarees. Why? Because this was what seemed so different to our eyes, and people always tend to notice the things that are an oddity to them. These things have not been exaggerated—they could not be—but experience has taught us a more balanced view of things, and now we see the progress as well as the problems, and would probably remark more on the former than the latter. But to eyes so fresh from the States, such conditions come as a shock, and that is why we wanted to make the transition slowly, rather than over night. After a month of travel, seeing the open markets first in Greece and then working our way East, meeting in each country more and more of the conditions we would have to learn to live with in Pakistan, we were now anxious to make Pakistan home and

to begin to grapple with whatever challenges it hurled our way.

We reached Amritsar, the Indian border town, about lunch time and checked through customs there. Waiting our turn in the burning heat and dust, our mouths parched for a drink of water, grimy and black with soot from head to toe, we were completely miserable. J. C. had grown steadily worse through the night and morning, and now he was hardly able to sit up. At last our turn came, and I answered the questions of the customs official who, in turn, scribbled them in every available blank spot of what looked like a scrap piece of paper. I seriously doubted that it would be filed anywhere but in a trash can and wondered why we were even bothering with the formality.

When we got to the Pakistani customs in Lahore, J. C. looked so awful that the man was as anxious as I to hurry us through. He asked what we wanted to declare on our Form A (a list of any unaccompanied baggage), and I asked him if we couldn't wait until the next day to turn in the list because J. C. just wasn't able to take care of it in his condition. Women are not expected to handle any business here, so he readily agreed to give us twenty-four hours, under the circumstances. This was very irregular, and I have always had a grateful spot in my heart for that official who took it upon himself to waive the rule. At the time I didn't appreciate his courage, but I know now how few would have done that.

We took a taxi to the address of the Hogans on Warris Road, near the heart of the city. Their daughter, Beth, greeted us at the door and invited us in, though her mother was in the hospital at the time, and her father was not at home at our arrival either. J. C. went straight to the bathroom and took a bath and then went to bed, so you can imagine by that both how dirty he was and how bad he felt!

A little later Gordon came in and we were introduced all the way around. He welcomed us heartily, commenting that he hadn't believed we would come until here we were. Experience has taught us, too, to have the same "wait and see" attitude about those who write and say that they are planning to come over to do mission work. There is a tremendous weeding-out process between the decision to come and the actual setting of the feet on foreign soil.

By the time the cook had dinner on the table J. C. was feeling well enough to get up and eat. After the meal we went to the United Christian Hospital to see Jane, who was recuperating from a gall bladder operation. I was glad to see her, but she had been away from Christian American women longer than I, and she cried as she hugged me in greeting. We sat and talked for an hour or more, enjoying the warmth of Christian fellowship. There is nothing so precious when you have been isolated from it for long months.

Back at the house, Gordon began making suggestions for our Form A list, and by now we had seen enough both of the prices of electrical things, and of the "necessities" in the homes of Eastern people, that we knew that the only logical thing to do was to ship what we needed from home. When a four-year-old refrigerator sold for \$600.00, and an electric stove carried a price tag of nearly \$1000.00, and a pressure cooker was marked at \$50.00, my idea of the necessity of coordination between the prices of things and the salaries of the average people was exploded sky high. There is no coordination. The rich in Pakistan are *rich* and can afford to pay five times the American price for what they want. The poor have never considered such things as necessities. With my background I certainly counted them as necessities, and yet I couldn't afford to pay the prices asked in the stores. We soon completed the list to

our satisfaction and prepared copies for the customs officials and for Daddy and Mother to use in purchasing the things we had discovered we would need. We remain thankful to God that J. C.'s sickness enabled us to declare the things twenty-four hours later than the rules required, giving us just enough time to find out what was vital.

The saying goes, "When it rains, it pours," and that is just what it did. The day after our arrival, the Bob Stewarts from Kabul, Afghanistan, drove up to the Hogan house. They had been in Kabul for several months, working with the Wyoming University Team in a program with the Kabul University. Being dedicated Christians, and alone in Afghanistan, they felt as we did that the opportunity for three families to be together in this far corner of the world was showers of blessings. The Stewarts remained in Kabul for four years, during which time our paths crossed and re-crossed. We love them now as our own family.

Life on Warris Road could have been more pleasant. Lahore is a very hot city, with temperatures rising to 120 degrees in the summer months—a dry, parching heat. We were there in the spring months, but the heat came with us and stayed. The ceilings in the house were low and it was only a one story building, so the sun bore down hot and heavy. About ten o'clock the drapes had to be pulled, or else walking by the windows was like walking by an open oven door. Some days a heavy pall of dust would hang in the air and for two or three days in a row everything in the house accumulated a coat of powdery dust in a matter of minutes after being wiped. The floors lay thick with it and no amount of sweeping and mopping would clean them. We sat under the ceiling fans that are an accepted feature of every pukka house in this part and stared at them in misery, wondering what good they did but blow hot air. As if in answer, the current often went off and it

would not come back on for hours or sometimes all day or night. Then (perhaps it was all in our minds), we really thought the heat was unbearable. Our only relief was taking cold baths, and even that presented problems. Water was rationed there and the city supply was on only in the early morning, around noon, and late in the afternoon. Many times at three or four o'clock in the morning, when we lay in the bed too miserable to sleep and wishing for morning so that we could at least get up, J. C. would get up and take a cold shower. For Sheila's comfort I kept the bath tub full of water and she spent most of her time playing there like a cool little princess while everyone else slowly evaporated.

Gordon suggested and insisted that we stay in Lahore until our box of things arrived at Karachi and since it would have been hard to have managed house-keeping without them, we decided to stay for a few weeks anyway. We were still anxious to reach our destination, but we knew we could profit much by the Hogans' experiences. Gordon and J. C. took turns preaching at the various services, visited and studied with those who expressed an interest, conducted a meeting in a village near Lahore, and talked over many things concerning the work. During this time too J. C. applied for visas for India as Brother Kharlukhi had suggested, and wrote a Bible correspondence course which he later intended to print and use in the work in Karachi. The days were full of work and new experiences, and time passed quickly in spite of the heat.

Jane was released from the hospital and we enjoyed her being at home, though she had to spend much time at first in the bed. Beth made a very good substitute as lady of the house, and also introduced me to Lahore. She and I often visited the bazaar, called Anarkali, riding home in a tonga. These first experiences with trying to locate what I wanted

were both interesting and frustrating. Besides the problem of trying to make people who could speak little English understand what I said in my Mississippi accent, there was the Muslim attitude to deal with—if serving the customer requires too much effort, just remain squatted in your shop and pretend that no one is there! Being used to the strong salesmanship in the States, it was hard for us to get used to the idea that often the shop-keeper couldn't care less whether he sold anything or not. It soon came to be a real treat when we ran across someone who seemed anxious to please. The matter of bargaining was also novel. I found it to be embarrassing at first, but after paying half again as much as I should have for a few things, I soon became hardened to the fact that if I didn't whittle the price down I would be taken for a rich American fool—and, that, I would not be!

Ira Y. Rice, who was in Singapore, wrote Gordon and J. C., asking if they could meet him in Kathmandu, Nepal, to investigate that country and see what the chances were of getting workers in to preach the gospel. I reluctantly agreed that J. C. should go, and with a lonely feeling watched him and Gordon leave. They were to be away a week, which seemed a very long time to be separated in a foreign country. I faced it despondently, but Jane and I had many occasions that week for talking and we felt much closer by the time the men had returned. I think the time together had done us both a lot of good, especially me, for I learned a lot from Jane about how to live and get along with different things, and less, than I had been accustomed to in the States.

On the men's return, they reported that Ira had not been able to meet them, but that they had checked into things as far as possible, and had found that Americans could not enter Nepal just to preach the gospel. However, if some work beneficial to the country were done in addition to

preaching—a school or orphanage operated, for instance—then there would be no difficulty getting visas. A report was written and sent to the papers to that effect, but almost seven years have gone by and no one has answered that call yet! Those people are still waiting in the same darkness and sin—still condemned to hell—and no one will go to help them.

We decided early in June, after being with the Hogans for two months, that we should go on to Karachi and try to get a house rented and furniture made before the things from the States arrived. We deeply appreciated all the help the Hogans had been in the adjustments we had had to make, and we felt that we should be trying our own wings now. The distance between Lahore and Karachi is around eight hundred miles, so our nearest Christian neighbours would be that far away. But the night-coach plane flight was cheap and we could always take advantage of that if we got too lonely, so that was some consolation.

Gordon suggested that he accompany us to Karachi, so on Sunday night, June 10, amid hugs and tears we told the rest of the family good-by and left for the airport. I felt excited, a little bewildered about how things would be worked out, and more than a little frightened.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### HOME AMONG STRANGERS

The night coach was cheaper than day flights, so that was our means of traveling between Karachi and Lahore during our years there. The planes, the Dutch Fokker, were far from comfortable, but we were told that their safety record was an enviable one, so that helped my feelings toward them considerably. We were in flight about three hours, and as we neared Karachi and saw the twinkling lights of the city below, my excitement and tension began to rise. The reality of being there, of having come to the end of the long road, struck me with full force.

The plane landed about 12:30 A.M. on June 11, 1962, and we stepped down the ramp into the hot damp air. It seemed so different after Lahore that at first we had the sensation of wilting in steam, but a welcome breeze blew and provided some relief. We collected our suitcases and went into the city on the Pakistan International Airlines bus. At that time the Metropole was the best hotel in town, but we went to the Central Hotel, which was more in our price range. It was very much like the Central Court Hotel in New Delhi, and had very little to recommend it except its reasonable rates. During the ride along Airport Road I was all eyes to see what Karachi looked like. There were more neon lights than in Lahore and it gave the impression of being a larger, more modern city.

On Monday J. C. and Gordon went first to the American Express Office to try to get some money to meet the needs



we would have in renting and furnishing a house. They were taken to the office of the manager, whom neither had ever met before. He listened to J. C.'s explanation of why he was there and of his need, and to his request to cash a check for \$2500 to cover the expenses. Other than using their traveller's checks, we had not had any experience with American Express before and we realized that, from their standpoint, to cash such a check on nothing but appearance was risky. But we had to have the money and we trusted that somehow we could get it. Evidently their faces looked sufficiently honest for the manager gave instructions that the money requested should be deposited in a checking account in our name. Since that day, most of our foreign finances have been handled through American Express and we have found them to be a friend that can always be counted on, no matter what country we happen to be in. We would recommend that anyone planning to come to this part of the world should apply for a Credit Card as soon as the decision is made, as it sometimes takes several months for the first one to be granted. There are many times in a foreign country when some emergency arises and there is a need for more money than one is carrying. To cash a personal check in some countries is almost an impossibility, so it is a comforting thing to have a credit card for assurance of ready money. They also make a handy character reference.

After securing the money, J. C. and Gordon took a taxi and rode around over town, seeing the various areas and noticing any TOLET signs. (Here the words are written as one. It still invokes other thoughts at first glance but I have finally filed it as a new word in my memory, meaning "for rent".) They were especially impressed by the area called PECHS, which was not PEACHES as one might think at first glance, but was the short form used for Paki-

stan Employment Co-operative Housing Society. Taxi drivers knew it as simply "Society." It was the newer part of the city where foreigners, better-to-do Pakistanis, and many embassies were housed.

Because we knew that we could soon spend a lot of money on a hotel bill, we decided that the wisest course was to employ a real estate agent. The office of Loyds and Co. was located just down the hall from our hotel room. There we met Mr. N. Merchant who seemed very competent and business-like. He had the use of a company car, so he showed J. C. and Gordon several houses over the city.

Gordon returned to Lahore on Tuesday night, and Wednesday J. C. and Sheila and I set out to look at houses together. The first one we saw located in Society was on a pretty street and seemed to fit our needs exactly. The address was 145/Q/2 and the house was a single story, three bedroomed concrete block structure with a flat roof. Though it was not new, and showed the wear of former occupants, we were assured that the real faults would be corrected in short time. The house was surrounded by a wall about five and a half feet high. Inside the gate was a nice lawn, edged by various types of flowers. Across the front of the house ran a screened porch, and the first room was a combined dining-living room that would be perfect for a place for the worship services to be conducted. We liked the closets in the bedrooms and the cabinets in the kitchen for nearly all the houses we had seen had lacked these features. A bathroom adjoined each bedroom and there were two small store-rooms which we felt would be very convenient. The floors were terrazo, the windows were screened (another wonderful feature) and later we counted and found that there was a total of 142 bolts and locks on doors and windows in addition to the grills that served as protection against burglary.

We looked at other houses that day, but knew that the first one we saw would be the final choice, and so it was. The next day we met the owner Mr. S. M. Tayab, and whittled his price down from Rs. 700 a month Rs. 650, and drew up and signed the contract. In it we agreed to pay nine months' rent in advance (this is commonly required—we had expected to have to pay for a year) and took an option for two years. We had chosen a house that was adequate, so that we could be happy during our years of occupancy, but we had been careful at the same time not to take anything "too nice" for fear that we would leave the impression of being "rich Americans", as we already knew most Pakistanis had this idea of all Americans. We have been in the homes of Embassy and Aid people and they are so beautifully and tastefully furnished that it is tempting to enjoy the same beauty at home. But such furnishings cry out of money, and we knew that we could neither afford to spend it nor to leave the impression that we had it to spend.

A good part of Thursday was spent at the Modern Furniture Mart, a shopping center composed entirely of the shops of furniture makers. We went into several, asking the cost of various sample items on display, and were not very well impressed in some cases by prices, in others by the looks of the proprietors. How we happened to settle on the one we did, I can't say, for his thin face had a crafty, cheating look about it, and his mouth was so stained by betel that his teeth looked like red jags. Maybe we had just gotten tired of going from one shop to another and being disappointed. Anyway the man showed us pictures of various pieces of furniture and we finally settled on certain styles. J. C. was an efficient baby sitter while I sketched what we wanted, giving dimensions, wood types, and fabrics to be used. Each piece had to have this precise description, and then the price had to be haggled over. It was an ex-

perience. We ordered two pairs of twin beds, with foreign springs (better than Pakistani ones—the general idea is that anything made anywhere is better than what is made in Pakistan), two dressers with Belgium mirrors, four small night stands, one three-piece living room set with three tables, one dining table and eight chairs, one side-board, one small kitchen table, one desk, one bookcase, one table for the Lord's Supper, one communion set that took a good deal of explaining, one pulpit stand, and twenty-four chairs for the auditorium. As I recall, these were the pieces we ordered, and the cost was in the neighborhood of \$700. It was promised that the two beds would be delivered on Saturday, and the remainder of the things would come as they were finished, within a three-week period.

Friday, and the better part of several days thereafter, was spent in Bhuri Bazaar, buying the many odds and ends needed to begin keeping house. The weather was so hot, and Sheila got so tired of going to the bazaar and having to wait patiently while we looked at things that interested her not one bit, that she got to where she would start crying almost as soon as she saw where we were. That helped a lot to speed up decisions! The bazaar has never ceased to be a place of pleasure to me, in spite of its many bad points. It is very crowded, very dirty in places, filled with beggars of all descriptions, and has very inferior merchandise compared to a store in the States. But there is an air about a bazaar that one has to experience first-hand to appreciate. Bhuri Bazaar is about three blocks long and four blocks deep, criss-crossed by narrow streets through which no cars are allowed to drive, is composed of hundreds of small shops offering everything imaginable, and to fill a shopping list was like going on a treasure hunt. There were coolies throughout the bazaar, with huge baskets, and they pestered constantly to carry the purchases. Many have been the

times when we would stop for only one or two items, and J. C. would jokingly have to ward off half a dozen coolies by showing them the heavy typewriter eraser or box of staples that he was having to carry. They always got a laugh out of his sense of humor. But we were glad on the occasions when there was much to carry that there was someone to help, and we usually used the same two men, whichever was not busy and happened to show up first. I was constantly being amazed by their sudden appearance from nowhere just minutes after I entered the bazaar and I wondered how they always knew when I was there.

If you have never had to equip a house with every necessity all at once you cannot imagine the long list we started each day with, and the many insignificant little things that one must have to be an efficient housekeeper and cook. Going into a new country, having little idea of a reasonable price, or one that is doubled, not knowing where the various items are located, and not knowing the familiar terms by which they are called, filling a list can be a slow and tiring experience. Many times I found myself, after searching high and low for some particular thing, spotting it weeks or months after the need was passed, perched high on some obscure shelf in a three-by-three shop somewhere in the bazaar. As a rule, the shops handling specific lines of merchandise were grouped together: yard goods in one area; sheets, towels and pillowcases in another section; crockery and pots and pans on another street; rows of shops of shoes further down, then several of satchels and luggage, etc. The trying thing was to ask in the shops, where it should be handled, for some certain thing and to be met each time with blank looks. It took us some time to discover that a commode brush could be purchased at the paint store, that straight pins were office equipment sold at the stationery shop, that plaster of paris was also handled in paint stores

—and on the list went. It was always interesting and educational to browse around and poke an inquisitive nose into the high shelves and dark corners for there was no telling what long-looked-for item might be lurking there. Don't misunderstand: most shops weren't big enough for literal browsing for there was only room for the merchant to squat in the midst of his merchandise, or to stand behind a low counter and hand out for inspection whatever item the customer might want to see. Some of the more modern places were a little larger, to allow three or four customers to actually come inside.

The street vendors were just as interesting as the shops. They handled everything from a cold glass of water to cheap clothing and toys, and their enthusiastic calls, competing with each other to attract attention of customers, were a nostalgic part of the air of the bazaar. The scene was always different and we learned never to be surprised at what we saw. In those days everything was so startlingly new and unexpected that I could see with clearer eyes than I do now; these days my sight is obscured by the familiarity of everything. But the small four-wheeled, hand pushed carts piled high in a white mountain of sugar, or those carefully heaped with parched peanuts, others with an array of boys' shirts (obviously made in some cases from scraps of material or from old garments re-sewn), some with bright oranges or grapes, and those particular ones with mounds of dates, covered solid with flies—these were "exotic".

We walked along the narrow lanes, jostled by the ever-present crowds of people, plagued by the beggars—women in burquas with small babies in their arms, the baby's hand held out for baksheesh, accompanied by the monotonous chant, "Mem sahib baksheesh, khana baba ke liye. Bak-

sheesh, sahib, bakshheesh . . ." Every type of disease and physical disability imaginable could be seen, and our hearts were wrung by the desperate needs all around us and the knowledge that the few paises we might drop into their hands would not really help them at all. It took us some time to make the rule that we would help only those who could not possibly help themselves, because of physical disability. Many who could have worked resorted to begging for a living because they were simply too lazy to work. Later, through experience and newspaper reports, we learned that many who begged for a living died with large bank accounts. Also, often children were controlled by some adult who confiscated their collections at the end of the day and pocketed them for himself, while providing the children with only enough of the necessities of life to keep body and soul together. In times past it was a common thing for children to be kidnapped, their limbs broken and allowed to mend in deformed shapes so that the child could be put to work begging, with good results. Some Pakistanis say that this still happens, but I do not know.

In the larger shops, when it appeared that we might buy several things, we were provided with some kind of stool so that we could sit down. The fan—if there was one available—was turned on and a servant boy was dispatched to bring bottles of cold Coca Cola. These were sipped while the clerk showed sample after sample of whatever we were interested in buying. Soon there would be a pile of various types of sheets, bed spreads, tablecloths, towels, etc. on the floor at our feet. I winced in dismay as the item on the top shelf, that I only wanted to see a little closer, was dragged down and opened full length with a flourish and laid at my feet. And I wondered how long it would take to get the shop back in order after our departure. Naturally, after putting the clerks to that much trouble, I didn't have the

gall to say "thank you" and get up and walk out, so I would end up buying something whether that was my choice or not. I soon learned not to get involved in too much looking if I wasn't sure I wanted to buy. The shop keepers are very anxious to please in many ways and often sent to some nearby shop for some item we requested if they happened not to have it in stock at the moment.

At the end of a hard morning or afternoon of shopping, we would bump along toward home in the shock-absorberless taxis, and feel very dissatisfied, partly because we could have very little satisfaction over spending good money for scratched and bent pans, crudely made items that would probably not be in working order long, and inferior textile goods. On top of that there was the lurking suspicion that we had paid two prices for half of the stuff, merely because we were taken for ignorant fools. Time has convinced me that we were really not cheated much in the prices. Pakistanis always assure the foreigner that the local person can buy things for a fraction of the price that that the foreigner would pay. It did me good to prove them wrong occasionally. Once I bought a slotted spoon for one rupee and when I took it home, our kitchen boy almost smugly asked me what I paid for it. When I told him his face fell and he indignantly remarket that he had bought one the day before exactly like it and had paid one rupee and a quarter for his!

Early on Saturday morning we went to Empress Market to buy some food, intending to move into the house that day. As the taxi came to a stop, about twenty (no exaggeration) coolies crowded around us, practically tearing our shopping baskets from our hands. In self defence we chose one, whose name turned out to be Akram, and from that day forward he was our coolie. When we went to the market



the other coolies would greet us with, "Akram is coming", if he did not open the car door himself. As a rule he saw me long before I knew he was anywhere near, and I always wondered how—on any day of the week or any hour of the day—he could be instantly at our car door as soon as we drove up to the market.

Empress Market is a rectangular shaped building, open in the middle. Going through the entrance, one faces open fruit and vegetable stands with each variety of food carefully stacked in pyramid fashion. We went across the wide sunny area and inside the main building. The first shop against the far wall looked like a good place to start so we began listing the things we wanted to the man who greeted us at our arrival. In time we learned that he was Mr. Setna, a Parsee man, unmarried, and tied from 5:00 A.M. till 8:00 P.M. to his shop. Parsees are good businessmen and are known for their integrity, which shines distinctly in a Muslim world. That day was so hot and Sheila was crying miserably before we had completed the list. Mr. Setna provided us with stools and cold drinks which helped considerably.

From the dry goods shop we went on around the building until we came to a vegetable stand that appealed to us, where we bought the fresh vegetables that we would be needing. After that we bought fruit at the fruit stand, stopped at the egg shop, and went to the meat section. The first thing one notices about a meat market is the stiflingly strong smell of fresh meat. At first it looks terrible and one almost feels that it would be better to go without any meat, but with time it becomes—well, not so bad. A friend of mine once remarked, "I know now that I have been here too long—this morning I looked around at the meat market and thought, "This is really not bad at all'." From the doorway row after row of two-by-four-tables can be seen. They repre-

sent the business of just that many men, and at my entrance they all began to call out, trying to get me to come to their table to buy. Naturally, Akram had particular friends so he took me to them (J. C. refused to accompany me to the meat market and kindly offered to stay outside with Sheila!). There I was shown various pieces of meats hanging above the table. I had the choice of mutton, beef, or buffalo. In beef there were only two cuts that we could depend on; undercut, which is the tenderloin of the beef, and meat for grinding. We had been advised by several people not to have any meat ground at the market for there was great danger of being sold a mixture of meat and sawdust, or even meat and dry manure. So we ground our own.

After the purchases were completed we started home, stopping by a bakery for some bread on the way. The morning was nearly gone, and we had much to do before the day was over. At the house, workmen had begun to scrape the peeling whitewash and to prepare to re-paint the house. Several structural repairs also had to be made, so a crew of seven or eight men were underfoot all over the house. The landlord had confidently assured us that in three or four days, at *most*, the job would be completed, and we had hopefully believed him. Now that we saw the workmen up close we were most anxious that they complete their work as soon as possible. A dirtier, more thieving-looking bunch you could hardly expect to find. I was glad that we would be able to lock the bedroom in which our personal things would be.

We unpacked our parcels and began to put things away. Then we discovered that we had left the meat at the market! This was a low blow because it was now well into the afternoon and there would be nothing available at that hour that would be fit to eat; Sunday would be the day of wor-

ship, and Monday and Tuesday were declared by the government to be meatless days—so there I was, wondering what in the world I was to cook, with not a bite of meat in the house for four days! Just then, to our amazement, a rickshaw stopped before our gate and Akram got out. In his hand was the bundle of meat that had been overlooked. At the market we had told him our house number and address, and his memory was good enough that he had remembered exactly what we had said. We were astounded at his honesty too, and found ourselves softening in our feeling of distrust of most Pakistanis—though Akram often warned us, “Don’t trust any Pakistani—not even me.”

We anxiously waited for the arrival of the refrigerator we had hired, and for the promised pieces of furniture to come. We were about to give up in despair when a donkey cart pulled up, with a battered looking refrigerator anchored by ropes to the rickety cart. It was unloaded and carried by several men to the kitchen. I was now in business—with the refrigerator, the three burner gas stove that belonged to the landlord, and the sink, I could feed us!

Finally, late in the afternoon a hand-pulled cart arrived, and when we realized that it had been pulled by two men from the far side of town we were not surprised that they were so late arriving. On it were two twin beds and three cane chairs of a very common type, for which we had paid about \$1.50 each. So we moved in, with the kitchen furnished as I described, and two beds to sleep on, three chairs for sitting, and a cane clothes hamper for a table. We were completely happy. In less than a week we had come to a strange new city in a very foreign country, and had gone a long way in making a home for ourselves there. It was wonderful to be settled again.

During the following days J. C. made arrangements for

a box at the local branch post office, and Box 3103 became our mailing address. We could hardly wait to begin receiving mail. Until you have lived all alone in a foreign country, you can't appreciate mail, so there is just no need for me to try to explain to you how we felt about it. Suffice it to say that mail time was just about the most important moment of the day, especially during those early years.

To economize, J. C. bought and rode a bicycle a lot, resorting to a taxi or rickshaw only when necessary. It was very difficult trying to manage without a car, but any kind of a car was so expensive that we could not make up our minds what we should do.

The house was to have been ready in a few days, but the days stretched on and on, and I grew *sick, sick, sick* of the sight of the painters. Such piddling and messing around on the job I had not imagined could be done. One man seemed to have no other responsibility but to keep hot tea prepared for the rest of the crew, and a good part of the time I was sure that the rest of the crew had no other responsibility but to drink what their crony had prepared! But when I surveyed their work, I knew that they were doing something else too. Their paint was colored white-wash, the brushes were sticks with a bristly knot tied on the end, and they had not the slightest conception of using preventive measures. I tried to show them that they should cover the floors with newspapers, since they were literally covering them with whitewash—but no, that was not their way. Their way was to make a complete mess and then spend two or three days doing a half-way job of cleaning it up, leaving the rest for me to do. I did not hate them, but I certainly was disgusted with them. And I became more and more disgusted when they stretched their job to last three solid weeks. Having such men in and out of the house all day for so long a period of time, and trying to

take care of Sheila and do the cooking, washing, and other house work at the same time was a hectic experience.

We had allowed the landlord to choose the colors and they were all right inside the house, but outside he used the odds and ends of the paint left from the interior. There were so many areas of different colors that we jokingly named it "Our House of Many Colors." As time and rain and the sun faded them, they were not so glaringly bright and we did not wince quite so much at the sight of it.

Gradually the pieces of furniture were delivered, as J. C. went to the shop every day or two to remind the man that we expected him to keep his word. Each time, he would cheerfully declare that such and such pieces would be delivered on such and such a date, and each time the date would come and go with no delivery. So the next day J. C. would pay him another visit, and receive another optimistic promise that we hardly expected to be kept. At last, through persistent effort, the final deliveries were made and each piece of furniture was put in its place. One of the mirrors was of inferior quality, and after I finally convinced the furniture maker that I knew the difference between a good mirror and a bad one, he wrote a promisory note stating that he owed us one mirror. But persistent reminders of the debt did no good—he still owes us one good mirror. A few weeks later when we stopped at the shop to remind him again, he had disappeared completely—I guess his business caught up with him and he had to move on.

Of course we were very anxiously awaiting the arrival of our box from home, and finally about the middle of July we received notice that the ship on which the box had been sent was in the Karachi harbour. I expected it to be delivered to our house just any day after that, and kept one eye on the gate all of every day, waiting for the camel cart

to pull up and stop. But it was not that simple. The agency through which the box had been shipped had a representative in Karachi: Dadabhoy (pronounced Dad-a-boy; the son of the owner of the firm was named Dad-a-be mama! No joke!) J. C. went to the office of Dadaboy and Sons and met the man responsible for clearing the box through customs: Sam Driver, a Parsee man who has through the years been a great help to the various missionaries entering and leaving Pakistan. The necessary papers, Passport, bill of lading, A-form, and complete list of items in the box with their approximate value, had to be assembled. With them in the hands of the agency, we sat back and waited again. Nothing. So J. C. went to see them. They assured him that the box should be cleared within two or three days. Still nothing. So he went back again. This was repeated several times and then Sam said that they would just go together to the customs house and that maybe that would hurry the officials.

When J. C. came home he looked sick. The warehouse was simply a large open shed with a dirt floor, and the entire contents of our box were strung out all over it! His description of the way the helpers were plowing through and tearing out everything made me give up hope of ever seeing most of the things. We were two despondent people over the whole affair, and almost wished after all the trouble and red tape and the fear of having to pay a great deal in customs charges that we had not sent the box at all.

Sam promised again that the things would be delivered in two or three days, and this time we waited with little expectation of seeing them. But on August 6th (which happened to be our wedding anniversary) a very old truck pulled up to the gate and backed into our drive. I nearly jumped for joy! Four or five workers unpacked and un-

loaded the box, setting the things on the front porch. I was amazed to see, as we opened each box to check its contents with the list we had, that none of it looked like it had ever been unpacked! If J. C. had not seen it all over the warehouse floor, I would have never believed that any of it had been checked. It was all there, and to our relief no duty was charged on it, due to Sam's good management. When the last thing had been taken from the box and we had tipped the men, we joyously fell to examining the contents. It was like receiving a huge box of presents since we had done none of the actual shopping ourselves, and everything came as a new surprise. Of course the main things were the wonderful refrigerator and stove that would make such a difference in the kitchen work, but the books, teaching aids, projector, and other things we had needed in the work were so very welcomed. In addition, we had asked that Mother buy some yard goods (at that time what could be bought in Pakistan was expensive and hardly worth carrying home—now I hate to go through the fabric section of the bazaar for there are so many tempting materials available. We are proud of our adopted country's progress in this realm in such a short time.) and she had sent also some clothes that she had made for Sheila and me, and some pants and shirts and a couple of suits for J. C. In addition there was milk powder, candy (in Pakistan there was little variety and it was about seventy-four cents a pound—how we missed the good American candies!) canned hams, tuna, canned nuts (Daddy and I have a mutual love for them and he had remembered me) a bag of shelled pecans (Mother's gift—these were not available in Pakistan and by keeping them in the freezer of the refrigerator and using them sparingly, I made them last for more than a year, recalling fond memories of Mother each time I opened the bag), gum (a 5c package sold for 21c

in Pakistan), and other odds and ends. Perhaps the foods sound like a collection of foolish things, but if you have never lived in an under-developed country and searched the market for some "treat" to take home for the family to enjoy, you don't know how one can miss the endless variety available in America. In fact, after we returned to the States I would frequently go into a grocery store with the thought in mind of buying for us what we would enjoy eating the *most* of all, and the choices would be so great, and everything was just as good as the next thing, that I would finally walk out in hopeless indecision as to what to buy. In Pakistan we had the choice of two kinds of candy, about half a dozen varieties of cookies, fruit in season, and ice cream—three named varieties, three colors, but one flavor and one high price: 85c a quart. All of these things cost much more than their equivalent in America, and were far inferior, so what we missed most was some little treat with which to perk up the day!

Toys were also expensive in Pakistan, so we had asked that several be sent to Sheila. She was overjoyed with the doll that was almost as big as she was, but that baby became a constant companion for her and she cherished it during the entire time we lived in Pakistan.

There were other odds and ends too, and all of them were very useful, but an old kitchen knife that Mother had once given me and that I had left at home with her was what brought me to tears. She had known how much I had liked that knife, and only a Mother's love would have remembered such an insignificant thing. All at the same time, seeing it made me feel so close to home, and yet so very, very far away. So I ended the evening with a hearty cry.

New wiring had to be installed for the refrigerator, and



the transformer for its operation had to be wired. We finally located some men who seemed competent enough to do the work, and in about three days we were able to hook up the refrigerator, and revel in the pleasure of having a good one to use again. This one was twelve cubic feet, with a zero-degree freezer, and I would recommend that anyone who is going to ship a refrigerator for use should have one at least that large. In such places where grocery shopping can be such a headache, and where you often have company, anything smaller would be very inadequate.

So, by the middle of August the furniture had all been delivered, the box had arrived from the States, the house had been re-done, and we were feeling very well settled and more like we belonged at 145 Q/2 PECHS than anywhere else in the world.

## CHAPTER SIX

### NEW BIRTHS

Almost two months elapsed between our arrival in Karachi and the completion of setting up the house for comfortable living. But those months were not spent in isolation. Daily we were meeting new people, and J. C. passed out many, many of his newly printed calling cards, along with an invitation to worship with us. During those months we met many who continued to be our friends during the years we lived in Pakistan. We bought groceries every week from Mr. Setna and a pleasant friendship developed. Akram and the other coolies became familiar faces in the crowds of strangers. Friends were made at certain shops in the bazaar, at the brass bazaar, among printers. How wonderful it becomes, in a large unfamiliar city, to see the friendly smile of a face you recognize in the crowd. And today if we returned to Karachi we would look for these faces that have become symbols of that city in our minds, and would be disappointed if they were not there.

On our first Sunday, Akram came to the house to worship with us. He had been born and brought up as a Muslim, and knew nothing of Jesus, but we were happy to study with him. Thereafter he rarely missed a service, and we were glad to know that at least he was hearing the truth, whether he would ever have the courage to obey it or not. One or two others met with us on the following two Sundays, and we felt that by July 15th we would have every-

thing in readiness for the announcement of the first public meetings.

In preparation for that momentous occasion, J. C. wrote invitation cards to those whose names had been accumulated to form our first mailing list, placed an ad in the Dawn newspaper, and gave personal invitations to everyone he met. We hardly knew what to expect, and it was with nervous anticipation that we dressed and prepared for worship that morning. We were all smiles and happiness when a total of fifteen gathered in the "auditorium." Our landlord and part of his family, Akram, a toy merchant and his friend from the bazaar, a Catholic man and his wife whom we had met, and a few others made up the group. It was just a beginning, but at least we had not worshipped alone, and these people had come face to face with the truth and with the Lord's church. Our presence there had provided them with at least one opportunity, and this was why we had come.

We found that it was slow business getting acquainted with neighbors. Every house was surrounded by a high wall, and women as a whole stayed at home. I rarely saw anyone visiting back and forth in the neighborhood. And though many of the men spoke English, few of the women did, so it was very discouraging. There was one young Muslim girl in the house next door that I finally developed a friendship of sorts with, but it was duty that compelled me to visit her, not pleasure, for with her halting understanding of English and my Southern accent, nearly everything I said had to be repeated several times. Often she would answer my remarks with such blank looks that I knew that she had not understood what I had said. During the four years we lived at that address, we got to know a few of our immediate neighbors, but the fact that the majority were Muslim and did not care particularly for a

friendship with "Christian missionaries" certainly limited our contacts with them. Consequently, most of our dealings were with those who contacted us or came to us, expressing an interest in learning the truth. Our time was more than consumed in developing such friendships and acquaintances, so we did not feel that we should squander it on those who had no interest in the work we were doing.

I might point out here, too, that we shied away from developing too strong a tie with the Americans who lived in Karachi, who were there for purely secular reasons. From time to time American Christians lived there and we were very happy to have their fellowship, but we reasoned that Americans had had, or could have had, many opportunities for hearing the truth. Our days only contained twenty-four hours, there were only seven days a week in which visiting could be done, only so many available hours in which we could offer our hospitality to others in the form of meals and visitation. We had come to work with Pakistanis and we felt that we should concentrate on devoting our time to them. We still feel this way, and still find that we do not have enough time to develop, as we would like, the ties and friendships with even the local people.

Soon after moving to 145/Q men began to appear at our front door, applying for positions as servants; cooks, bearers, hamals, dhobies, drivers, choki-dars, sweepers, mollies, and women asked if we need an aiah. Many Pakistani families employ one of each of these servants, and for us to have done the same (at the doubled salaries they would have required of rich Americans) would have cost in the neighborhood of \$150 to \$200 a month! So you can see that there are wealthy Pakistanis—and yet when nine people make a total of only about one hundred and fifty dollars, you know that those nine people have very little money for

“extras”. The extremes between the rich and poor of underdeveloped nations is almost too great to comprehend. Knowing what it cost us each month just to eat, I could not see how a person could manage on only about \$20 a month—and often with very large families. The only conclusion is that they cannot possibly have a balanced diet, and often do not feel full when their meal is finished. Also, *their* idea of “necessities”, and *mine*, are poles apart.

Because of the lack of the modern conveniences found in the average home, and for many other reasons which will become apparent as the story of our life in Pakistan unfolds, we knew that it would be necessary to hire some kind of help. I could not bear the idea of relinquishing my position in the kitchen, so we felt that if we had someone to wash the dishes and straighten and clean the house, this would be the best solution. But most Pakistanis have what would seem queer ideas to us. They are not Hindu, yet they have been strongly influenced by the Hindu Caste system. Mohammed taught that all men are equal, and this is preached today in theory, but not practiced. In Pakistan, if a man cooks he usually considers himself too good to clean the house. If a man's job is to wash the dishes, he would be degraded if he had to carry out the garbage or sweep the floor, or work outside in the yard. We did not approve of these ideas at all, but there is a saying, “When in Rome, do as the Romans”, and we knew that we would have to bow to custom in this case. So we hired a sweeper who came daily to sweep the floors and wipe over them with a wet floor-rag, to clean the bathrooms, take out the garbage, and to sweep the walks around the house. For this service she was paid \$5.00 a month. By working at several houses each day she could make as much as a well-paid cook, but the equivalent income did not make her equal to a cook in status. She was still a despised sweeper,

married to a sweeper, and doomed to raise a family of sweepers.

The landlord had had a mollie taking care of the yard before we occupied the house, and he asked us to continue using him so that the lawn would be well cared for. Because of the dry climate, the living things had to be well watered each day, and the mollie cost only \$7.00 a month, so we hired him. We knew that the savings to us in time would be more than worth that amount of money, and we had come to spend our time working with souls, not watering lawns.

Several prospective bearers came to the house as word of the new family passed along the servants' grapevine, and we finally hired one so that we would not be pestered any more. I dreaded with a passion the first day he was to come to work, for I knew that I would have to show him how everything was to be done, and then would have to watch him closely for several days to be sure he was doing as I had taught him. I had rather do a thing myself than try to teach someone else, and I have not yet gotten over being embarrassed when I "spy" on a servant to see what he is doing—for I feel that I am doing exactly that, and I know that to have someone looking in on me as I worked would embarrass me, so I feel that servants resent it too. The fact is that they expect it, and if they find that the mem sahib is too lenient and keeps little check, they begin invariably to take gross advantage. They just do not think like I do, and maybe one day I will grow up in my dealings with them. But, in the meantime, my solution is to do without a servant if it is humanly possible.

Mohammed was typical and claimed to know just how dishes had to be washed in the kitchens of foreigners. But to be on the safe side, I heated the kettle of water, washed the dishes in the order I prefer in very sudsy water, rinsed

them, then scalded them with rapidly boiling water, dried them and put them away. (This process usually consumed about thirty minutes of my time after each meal. Servants generally spend an hour and a half at it.) I pointed out, too, that anything dropped on the floor was not clean and would have to be washed again; that a dish towel dropped on the floor was not to be used to dry dishes; and that the rinse water *must* be boiling. These instructions seem foolish to the average Pakistani, and servants often disregard them if they think they can get away with it. But care must be taken because of the many serious diseases that can be so easily caught in such places. In America, some Americans will allow their children to eat things that have been dropped on the floor, but in a country where amoeba is so rampant that many people are affected by it and do not even realize that they are sick, where people walk from disease infested places and bring the germs on their shoes into the cleanest house, one cannot afford to take such chances. Tuberculosis is also common and we knew that many who ate and drank at our house could have the disease, so we were anxious to see that the dishes be washed carefully.

When you observe drink vendors on the streets in Pakistan, you see that they have about half a dozen glasses, and a bucket of water hanging on the side of their cart. A man comes up and buys a glass of water or whatever the drink may happen to be. He stands there, drinks up, and returns the glass to the "wala" who dips it into the bucket of water, swishes it around, sets it on the top of the cart to drain and waits for the next customer. You can see why diseases spread so rapidly, and why it is almost impossible to control tuberculosis. In Pakistani homes, even those of the well-to-do, dishes are rinsed under the tap and laid up to drain. They *look* clean, so they *are* clean! With such

a background, you can see why servants would have to be taught and watched carefully.

I am just as sure now as I was then that Mohammad was not a good servant, and that the problem was not just that I had never worked with servants before. He had also never worked for Americans before, so my demands and his sleights in his work were at constant clashes. When we first hired him we did not have a sweeper, and he reluctantly did the work of that servant inside the house: sweeping and mopping—I got him a mop with a handle which he did not like and finally asked that I buy a rag so that he could do it in the traditional way. In the bathrooms he would wash the sink and the tub, but he declared that his religion would not permit him to clean the commodes, so the lady of the house did them!

Soon after hiring Mohammad (who lived in one of the two rooms attached to the back side of the house, intended as servants' quarters), a young boy in his late teens came to the house one evening. His name was Sammiuddin. He was a poor homeless orphan and he told of his sad plight in life with tears streaming down his cheeks. Despite a feeling of wariness, J. C. told him that he would let him stay in the other quarters and would feed him until he could find work. Both he and Mohammad attended the worship services, and Sammy studied daily with J. C. It soon became apparent that he was lazy and did not want to work, there at the house or anywhere else. Then he began complaining about the food (with no chili peppers in it, it was tasteless to him) and when he declared that what he had eaten one day was just garbage that had not been thrown away and that it had made him sick (when in reality it was spaghetti that we ourselves had eaten), that was just about the straw that broke this camel's back. I thought of all of that good expensive food that he had packed



away, and then thought of his attitude about it, and wondered if Christ's words about "casting your pearls before swine" didn't apply.

One night we heard a terrible commotion around back and J. C. jumped out of bed, dressed, and went to see what was wrong. Sammy and Mohammed were having a fight. It is seldom that Pakistanis, and especially Muslim Pakistanis, can live together for very long without becoming enemies. J. C. made them stop, warned them of what the neighbors would think hearing such a commotion coming from the house of an American missionary, and then began to listen to their charges against each other. They were both so anxious to "fix" the other one that in the process both were charged with having police records as thieves and convicts. The next morning J. C. went with them to the police station, and found that they had both been telling the truth. Their intention in talking had been to get rid of the other one, but the outcome was that they were both given two days to find other quarters. Thus, the first chapter of our dealings in charity, and our experiences with servants, came to an end.

It was such a relief to be alone again that I declared that I would not have another servant. I happily assumed the load of work that Mohammad had been doing, and enjoyed having the house to myself again. Sheila and I were constantly together and she grew more precious every day. Having almost no adults for companionship, her little world became mine and I wrapped myself in it. We read stories from her little books, I patted her to sleep for naps, we did the house-work together, played in the yard together. J. C. was busy with his work and we tried not to hinder him by demanding too much of his time, and though several attended the worship services each week and many came to the house for private study, all of these were men.

So, Sheila and I had to look to each other for companionship in those early days. That is one side-dividend of mission-work: regardless of the development of the work and the friendships you have with the local people, the family is drawn closer together than it would be in the States. You do things together, where in the States you might go separate ways. And even though you miss the folks at home, your sharing of each other is limited to the immediate family, and I treasure the closeness gained as a result. I am always glad to go home, but in a small way I find myself jealous of losing that close-knit feeling.

J. C. had met a young man at the post office named Waheeb Reheman. He was one of the postal clerks in the branch office at Society. He had a denominational background but seemed interested in pure Christianity. He began to attend the services and to come to the house for private studies, and soon he was talking of wanting to be baptized. Knowing the possibility of the interest resulting from ulterior motives (we had seen this in Lahore and had already met people in Karachi who made no secret of the fact that they would be baptized gladly if they thought they would gain materially as a result) J. C. was very careful to explain to Waheeb that his obedience to the gospel would not mean that he would hire him as a preacher, or that we would send him to America to school, or anything else of the kind. J. C. explained that his baptism would result in the salvation of his soul, and would make him a part of the church, and would bring about many blessings undreamed-of, but that he need not expect to find all of his problems and financial responsibilities solved when he came up out of the water. Perhaps to an American this sounds like very mercenary thinking, but we felt that these things had to be pointed out because of the attitude of so many Pakistanis. How many have offered to sell us their souls

for the price of a meager salary! Our desire, therefore, was to discourage such insincere people *before* they made a sham of baptism.

At the back of our house was a wall, with the entire ground area inside it concreted. This seemed a perfect place to build a baptistry since the concrete floor would already be there, and the corner of the wall could be utilized as two sides of the baptistry. So J. C. hired two masons to do the work. They estimated that about seventy-five concrete blocks, and so much sand and mortar, would be needed. The job was to be done in three days, and they were to be paid Rs. 125 for doing the work. An American mason could have done the job alone in a matter of hours, but we were not living in America. As we watched these men at work we wondered if they thought there was a virtue in having a job a long time. They knew they would get the same wages if they finished their work in one day or ten, but that did not cause them to hurry. It took those two men a full week to lay those few blocks and to plaster them so that the tank would hold water! I just watched them in amazement! Perhaps it would not have seemed so strange to me if Daddy had not been a mason and I knew that he had often laid several hundred such blocks in a day's time. We were very sure as we watched these men that we would hate to be trying to construct something really big! But even the tortoise finally got to the finish-line, and on Sunday, September —, they pronounced the baptistry ready for use. It was on that Sunday that Waheeb definitely decided he was ready to be baptised. After the morning worship, J. C. assisted him in his obedience, and we very happily welcomed him into the family of God, and into our fellowship as a brother.

Waheeb knew people that we felt would be interested in hearing the gospel, so he and J. C. spent several even-

ings each week visiting individuals, and speaking to groups in a village area of Karachi called Mahmoodabad. Most of these people did not speak fluent English and so Waheeb translated the sermons into Urdu or Punjabi, as J. C. preached.

Trying to make connections with public transportation, and going out so much at night, J. C. found that too much valuable time was being wasted waiting for a bus or rickshaw to come along, or walking to meet one. He put an ad in the paper for a car, and one who answered the ad was a Dutch man with a 1959 Renault Dauphine for which he was asking \$1100. This seemed like a terrific price to us, but compared to \$4000 that was the purchase price at that time of a new Volkswagen "bug", we decided that it would be better to invest the smaller amount in a used car. It was truly wonderful to have our own means of getting around again, and now J. C. was able to go out for visiting more often.

One day in September a young man stopped at the gate to read the sign which said, "The Church of Christ meets here." He came inside the gate and J. C. went out to see what he wanted. His name was Charles Johnson and he was interested in finding out more about this group. With his Bible under his arm, he came into the office to be taught, Charles seemed very meek and sincere, and after four or five weeks of private study, early in November he asked to be baptized into Christ. Though he spoke fair English his parents could not afford to give him much formal education, but what impressed us was his evident sincerity in what he was doing. He had been raised in the Brethren group, and he and his father both were accustomed to preaching to interested people in the evenings without being paid for their efforts. This type of dedication was so far

from the ordinary thinking that we truly rejoiced when Charles became a Christian.

In October we received a letter from Sister A. M. Burton stating that her niece, Mrs. MacDonald Salter, would be moving to Karachi during that month. Her husband's work was with U.S. A.I.D. She was a Christian, but he was not. Sister Burton hoped, and we hoped, that we could be some encouragement to her. We located the Salters soon after their arrival in Karachi, and visited them. She and their two sons were present the night that Charles was baptized and the oldest boy, Stephen, was very interested in seeing the baptism because he had never witnessed one before. For many years of their married life, the Salters had lived in areas where the Lord's church did not exist, and the faith that she had had as a young girl had grown weak with such little nourishment. We were very disappointed and did our best to encourage her, but she felt that she could not worship with such a young and struggling group. It has been our finding that Christians who come to the mission field either become as deeply involved in the work of evangelizing as a missionary themselves, or else they rarely or never darken the door of the meeting house. The reason for this is that people who have never once heard the gospel, or brand new converts, have to be taught entirely from the milk of the word. People who are really interested and concerned with these untaught souls listen to the truth through the ears of the new-comers, and find joy in knowing that the gospel is being proclaimed to those who have never heard it before. But people who are not mature Christians feel that such simple and unsophisticated lessons are boring, and they are not interested enough to come often. Such was the case with Mrs. Salter. She was glad to be our friend and did much to help us, often bringing over parcels of food from the commissary that she knew

we could not buy on the local market, giving toys to the children, and being a ready help on more than one occasion in time of trouble. I often mourned to J. C. that she was much better to us than she was to herself and her family, for she was not concerned for their souls. But I am happy to say that the last year they were in Pakistan, Stephen went back to the States to go to school at David Lipscomb College. He had some private talks with J. C. in preparation for his going and J. C. talked to him as he would have his own son, encouraging him to do right and be right. We were made happy when his Mother wrote last year and said that Shephen had obeyed the gospel. We pray that he will grow strong and faithful, and that the entire family can come to know the happiness of working for Christ. I will always be grateful to them for all that they did to make our years in Pakistan more comfortable from a physical standpoint.

The heat of the summer had now passed, and fall was in the air, though the leaves stayed as green as ever, the flowers were as bright, and the grass did not die. We had been in Karachi almost five months. Two had been baptized, we were studying daily with others, and we had bright hopes for the future. A thirty-lesson Bible course had been printed, and many had enrolled for it. Tracts were coming from the press, and a monthly magazine was being published. In October Gordon came down and conducted a meeting which was well attended, though there were no baptisms. We could see that the growth of the work would be slow and discouraging, and we often resorted to the comfort of talking over with each other ways and means of reaching more people with the gospel. Karachi had not been a center of denominational activity, so the percentage of people in the area who had any faith in Christ was low. On the other hand, there had been enough denominational influence to

cause those who claimed to believe in Christ to expect us to do as the denominations did. We had studied denominational methods and had seen their effects first hand, and were convinced that this was not the way the apostle Paul would have gone about evangelizing a city or nation. Our own brethren had been engaged in such work for so short a time that we were all still in the trial and error stage of trying various methods. So we discussed pro and con what would be the best course to follow, pursuing each way to the possible consequences and searching our souls for the best thing to do. Our aim always was to adapt to the modern situation, to the best of our ability, the examples of mission work found in the New Testament. This is much easier said than done.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### TRAGEDY STRIKES

On Saturday, November 10, I was baking bread and had just taken it out of the oven to cool before storing it in plastic bags in the freezer. I had been extra busy all day, for on Sunday we expected five men (Brother Stanley Shipp and others) who would be passing through Karachi, and the Hogans were also coming down to be with us during their visit. As I looked up, a Catholic priest was standing at the door. That was odd, so I called J. C. to come to see what he wanted. They went to the office and talked a minute then J. C. came back and said that the priest had received a call at Christ the King Church for us. Both of us thought that it surely must be a mistake for we knew of no one that would be calling us there, but J. C. went in the car, following the priest on his scooter.

It was about four o'clock when they left and as J. C. did not come back as soon as I expected him, I began to grow anxious for his return. I remember standing in the bathroom and thinking that I probably should comb my hair a little better because there was no telling what it could mean.

When the car pulled into the driveway I hurried out, eager to have my fears stilled by J. C.'s assurances that it was all a mistake. But when I saw his crushed anguished look, I knew that the worst had come. The words fell like murderous blows on my ears. "It's Ted. He's been killed in a car wreck." My cries brought the neighbors running



to the gate to see what was wrong. J. C. explained briefly to them and then led me inside. I begged him to tell me that Ted wasn't really dead, that he was only hurt badly, but there was nothing he could say that would take away the horror of what he had had to tell me. What does anyone do to comfort when a healthy seventeen-year-old boy, bubbling with life and promise, one you love so deeply it can't be measured, is so suddenly and irrevocably snatched away? J. C. tried, and little Sheila, though she was too young to understand, patted my shoulder and then started crying herself when she could not help me more. In agony, I begged J. C. to tell me what to do. We had not planned for anything like this to happen. No mention had been made to the Elders of the church in Ada about what we should do in such an emergency. I ached to be at home with Daddy and Mother and the rest of the family. I knew I must be there with them, both to help them to bear his death and to find comfort myself in them. And yet, I wondered how I could bear to face them with Ted dead. In just the last letter I had had from Mother she had said that the next week Daddy and Ted were going to start on a new job, together for the first time. Daddy was proud of Ted's developing ability as a brick mason, and they were closer together than they had ever been. The future seemed to hold so much and they were anticipating beginning soon on the new home they had planned for so long. Over and over the words twisted through me like a knife blade, "He's dead. Ted is dead. I won't see him any more."

The decision of "what to do" is one that every person who faces such a blow will have to make for himself. J. C. said that we would do whatever I wanted, but that a decision would have to be made quickly. Should I go alone? But that would necessitate carrying Sheila, and I quailed at the thought. J. C. had always been my source of strength

in troubles, and I could not bear the thought of going home without him. Besides the need for his moral support, I doubted that in my present trembling condition I could manage the red tape involved in flying half-way around the world, the change in flights that would be necessary, and take care of Sheila during twenty-four hours of flight-time, being already four months pregnant with our second child. My spirit rebelled at the thought of starting out alone, of enduring such agony alone. So J. C. agreed to accompany me.

Thus began a period of time that I recall as the blackest of my life, and yet shot through and through with the undeniable presence of God's hand. Seeing His help in such a time of desperate need sustained me. Though I was tormented with "Why?" I kept telling myself that He can see better than we, and that He had promised that all things would be for good to those who love him. I could not see then, and I do not see now, why it was better for Ted that he be spared the endurance of a long run of faith, but I know that I was brought to realize then how far I had to go on the road of growing up as a Christian. And some struggling steps were taken then that I would never have taken without the experience of the loss of one so very precious to me.

It is very hard to get a call through from the States to Pakistan, and vice versa, when you know the number and have "booked" the call in advance. The likelihood of a call being placed and getting through immediately is slim but since we had no telephone no such call could reach us. So the operator put it through to the nearest name listed, Christ the King Church, and for the person who answered the call to know our area so well that he could find us in a matter of minutes was also very unlikely. But all three of those unlikely things happened.

By four-forty-five we were on the way to the airlines office to buy the tickets. Initial arrangements were made, but before they could be issued we had to produce a certificate showing income tax clearance. The day was Saturday and the government offices were all closed. We got the address of the office anyway and went there. A chokidar on duty was able to tell us the home address of the person whose signature was required on the certificate. We drove to that area of town and finally located the house. J. C. went inside, and I waited. Waves of torture and impatience alternated in sweeping over me as the thoughts raced through my mind again that we were going home, and why we were going. And it seemed that he would never come. My hands cold and shaking, my eyes flooding with tears, my stomach tied in knots, I prayed for God to give me strength to endure.

When J. C. returned to the car he was angry. The officer was a woman and she seemed determined to show, in a land where it is customary for only men to have authority, that what she said on the matter of tax exemption certificates was law. She reluctantly agreed to sign the papers, but since a particular form was required and she had none of those forms on hand, we would have to type them out. She had no typewriter. It would be necessary for us to drive all the way across a town of three million people, type the forms, and bring them back by seven o'clock. If we were late, she had guests coming at that time and would not be disturbed. Sympathy and understanding were not a part of her make-up.

We battled the traffic home, knowing that every minute was of critical importance. We had decided that we should go over to the Salters' and ask her to help me with dressing Sheila while I packed clothes. She was very willing to help and was comforting and sympathetic. I learned later

that she had had a young son who had died suddenly of leukemia, so she could feel in her own heart the grief that filled mine.

J. C. typed the papers and raced back to the tax officer's house. The certificates were signed and the tickets were in his hand when he came home. But he had not been able to locate the only policeman in all of Karachi who had the authority to sign us out so that we would be permitted to leave the country. His pleadings that surely in such an emergency someone could do it, or that he could be directed to the proper person, were in vain. At the police station they called the man's house but there was no answer. Their suggestion was that the police officer at the airport would be able to do it, so they passed the buck to someone else, as we had found by then was a common thing to do.

As we were finishing the packing and preparing the house for our departure. Charles came to the gate. J. C. briefly explained to him what had happened and told him that we were going home, but would be back in about three weeks. He gave careful instructions about carrying out the worship services in our absence, making sure that Charles understood exactly what was to be done. Since he had been a Christian for only a few days we hated to leave such a responsibility on him, but there was nothing else to do.

The Salters offered to take us to the airport so they picked us up about nine-thirty. The plane was to leave at eleven P.M. and as we sat in the car I was amazed that we had actually succeeded in taking care of everything in such a short time and that we would be leaving in only one hour. J. C. had not told me about the complication that had developed at the police station. I thanked God that he had smoothed out the bumps and obstacles that had arisen and had made it possible for us to go. Pakistan had

done its best to thwart us but I knew that for reasons known only to Him, God was helping us to overcome every difficulty.

I waited with the Salters while J. C. took care of checking in our luggage and seeing about the other necessary things before boarding the plane. The flight was announced and we turned our house key over to Mrs. Salter so that she could give it to Gordon when he came. (J. C. had wired him informing him of all that had happened, and encouraging him to come on down and act in our stead as host to the expected visitors.) We walked to the plane with the other passengers and were soon settled into our seats, buckled in for the flight. I felt numb all over, too far gone to think, yet constantly called back to reality by the demands of Sheila.

It was not until later that J. C. told me how narrowly we had made the flight. When he requested the policeman at the airport to sign us out, he too refused on the grounds that he did not have any such authority. No amount of pleading or explaining or shaming would make him change his mind about signing the paper. Despair was in his heart because he knew that he would have to come out and tell me that we could not go after all, that it had all been for nothing. But just twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, the one man in all of Karachi who could sign that paper walked into the airport "accidentally." With no ado, he wrote his name and we were free to go. A miracle? No, but no one can convince me that God's providence is not real and active, or that he does not feel our anguish, and help us.

Flying with the sun planes serve meals according to the clock, which means that they are few and far between. For myself, I longed to spend the hours just sitting, thinking, trying to pull my battered heart back together, to find the strength to go on. But Sheila knew only the pangs of

hunger that filled her stomach, and she spent most of Sunday crying. I thought the hostesses would never bring her something to eat. We landed in New York in the middle of Sunday afternoon, with just minutes to make the American Airlines flight that would take us to Memphis, Tennessee. We had asked the pilot of the BOAC jet on which we had flown to send a wire to Daddy and Mother informing them that we were coming home, and telling of the time of our arrival so that someone could meet us.

At customs, we were rushed through the diplomatic desk, out of a sympathetic effort to enable us to make the next flight. We appreciated the warmth of feeling from understanding strangers, after enduring the hostile unbending attitude of Pakistani officials. We got to the American Airlines desk just in time to check our luggage on board the plane. All at one time I was anxious to be home, and filled with dread too.

When we landed briefly at Nashville, J. C. said that we might ought to call home, just in case they had not gotten the telegram. We didn't want to have to wait three hours in Memphis for someone to come for us. I thought that might be best too, so he called, and sure enough, the wire had not reached them. We were so thankful that we had taken that precaution.

In Memphis, we circled the airport, landed, and found ourselves in total darkness just minutes after we had collected our baggage. The lights were out over the entire section of town and stayed out until after we left the airport. We wondered what we would have done if we had been scheduled to land a few minutes later?

We decided to stand at the entrance and wait for whoever was to come for us. It was now about seven-thirty. Soon we recognized a black car that was pulling up, and

knew that it belonged to 'O'Nirah and Clayton, my sister and her husband. It was driven by a friend of theirs, and Daddy and Mother were inside. As the car stopped and they got out, we rushed to hug each other amid silent tears. Being as close as we were, words seemed insufficient and unnecessary. But clasped in Daddy's and Mother's arms, sharing the grief and tears, we also shared each other's strength and I knew that somehow we would be able to reconcile ourselves to life without Ted, and would find the way to pick up the broken pieces and put them back together.

Daddy took Sheila (and I recalled with a pang that the last one to hold her before our departure from the States had been Ted.) and we got into the car and started the trip to Winona. It was raining and dreary. Slowly I received the answers to the questions that had flooded my mind ever since the telephone call. Ted and a friend had been coming home from a ball game in the little sports car he had bought, taken apart, re-built and babied. They were on a part of the road that was being re-worked and had to pass over a detour. At one place the detour skirted a thirty foot deep wash-out, which was supposed to be marked by a warning sign and a blinking light. But the sign was not there and the light was not working. As the lights of the car shone ahead, they reflected on the road as it resumed its straight course, but the drop-off was shrouded in darkness. Seeing the road, and not knowing that it had skirted around, Ted drove straight off the bank. The car door came open and he fell partially under the car, his chest being crushed. Somehow it was easier, knowing that he had not suffered. And it relieved me, too, to know that his death had not resulted from carelessness on his part.

Daddy and Mother both talked quietly and collectedly, and it took a great burden from me to see that they were

accepting their loss in faith, I had not really doubted that they would, but until one endures such a blow there can be no way to know for sure just how it will affect him, especially at first. But I heard them saying the same things to me that I had repeated to myself all the way home: That God promises that all things will work together for our good if we love him and are obeying him. I knew that we were, to the best of our weak human ability, so I fully believed that even this sorrow was in His plan, not only for Ted's good, but for ours as well. The question that haunted me, though, and that Mother asked in agony was, "Why?" I could only answer then that we must not question God's wisdom, and that in time we would be able to see it as he saw it. Death cannot always be explained, but I believed then and I believe now, that in the lives of Christians there are no "accidents". Isn't this what his providential care, of those who belong to Him, means?

In less than three hours we were at home, and I had spoken to the friends who were at the house and had excused myself so that I could be alone with O'Nirah and Bennie. To meet them like this, for such a cause, was heart-breaking. They had both been with Ted so much more recently than I, and they had so freshly lost him, while I had given him up along with the rest of my family nine months before. Seeing them so stricken, I knew that I had to muster what strength I had to be able to help them.

I could not endure being so close to Ted without being with his body, and yet I cringed from the thought of going to the funeral home. As long as I had not actually seen him his death did not seem real. But reality had to be accepted, and we went together to see him about eleven o'clock. Others were at the home and a bank of flowers stood against the wall. There are not words to tell of the physical pain and mental torment I felt as I looked down on his



precious face, so very like I had last seen it—not a cut or mark anywhere—just my Ted lying there with a slight smile on his lips. Such anguish one cannot feel until the person lying there is as close and dear as life itself; but afterwards, you can feel the sorrow of the bereaved at every death because the old pangs come back as fresh as the day on which you first felt them in your heart. God surely must feel the hurt for us too, because once it was HIS son that lay dead.

Ted was buried on Monday afternoon and the masses of flowers were evidence of the fact that there were many who grieved with us. The church building was filled and many people stood outside. J. C.'s parents from Corinth had come, Christians from Tupelo and Belzoni were there, and other friends had driven from Arkansas, Louisiana, and Alabama to be present. Tears in the eyes of people I hardly knew were mute testimony of Ted's friendliness with the old and young alike. Sorrow engulfed us all, and I realized then how much it mattered that others cared, and cared enough to express their feelings.

The next three weeks were more empty than any I had ever known. Coming from the cemetery the finality of leaving him there flooded my mind, and the house seemed too bleak to be endured. And I knew that if I felt that way, it must be so much worse for Daddy and Mother. I thanked God over and over again that he had been so merciful in allowing me to come home, for my own sake, but especially to help the others in my family. Daddy had said that the telephone call from Nashville was the best news they had had since Friday night when Ted was killed, and I know that it did make it easier for them that J. C. and I could be there. And Sheila did a lot, too, in her baby sweetness to occupy them and demand their attention. The days passed swiftly—too swiftly—but when the time came to return to

Karachi we had each girded ourselves in the strength that God was with us and that everything would work out for the best.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### RE-ADJUSTMENT

We said good-bye again on November 30, and landed in Karachi twenty-four hours later, on December 1. The weather had been cool like fall when we had left, but now it had a definite nip, though the temperatures seldom dropped lower than the high forties at night. We took a taxi from the airport and went by the Salters' to get the key, only to be told that Charles had it. So we went on home, got the key and unlocked the house. Charles was glad to see us back and he and J. C. talked a few minutes about things that had happened in Karachi during our absence. The Hogans and the other visitors *had* come, and he had been glad to meet them. Everything seemed to have gone smoothly, with several being present for the worship services.

The house was damp and cold, due to the terrazo floors and the "Quetta breeze" that whipped through the sections protected only by screen wire. My heart felt just as damp and cold inside my breast as the room around me, and just as dreary. The emptiness I had felt after Ted's burial was multiplied many-fold now; just twenty-four hours ago I had had the comfort of loved ones to share my sorrow. Now there was the added burden of having given them up too, to return to a land of strangers where I would have no one to whom I felt close enough that I could occasionally pour out the grief I felt—except J. C., and I knew that he would not have the time to spare often. From the months we had already spent in Karachi I knew how full of work his every

day would be. We had come to do a work and it would be little comfort to me in my sorrow if I knew that I was being a hindrance to him in accomplishing that.

Our hours were completely turned around and we fought sleep all day and lay awake many hours at night for about two weeks. During that time I slept fitfully and dreamed often about Ted to wake crying and lie there in the dark covering my pillow with tears. And the prayers poured from my heart as freely as the tears from my eyes. I had first left home with the feeling that since we were all trying to serve God that he would take care of us and let nothing go wrong during the years we would be away. That had been my prayer, but it had been prayed in confidence. I guess I felt that my will on such a thing would necessarily coincide with God's. Now my prayers were prayed in pure anguish of soul, as though clinging desperately to those I loved and feared to lose. I learned to live with that fear and my faith in God has paradoxically grown stronger because of it.

No one could know the pounding of my heart every time we heard the clang of the telegram boy at the gate during the years we lived in Karachi. Or my dread of coming home each time we went to the bazaar or anywhere else—fear that we would find a note left by someone in our absence, telling of a telephone call. Or the clammy, paralyzing fear that possessed my whole body when J. C. was returning from Lahore once and the plane was two hours late. In my possessive clinging to those I loved, I was so sure that the plane had crashed and that he was already dead that I hardly dared to pray, knowing that God would not un-do what was already done. Another time O'Nirah concluded telling of a physical check-up with the statement that the doctor had suggested that she have a test made for cancer. Two weeks of intense mental suffering

followed, until I could receive an answer to my distraught letter—it was only a routine pap smear. Toward the end of our stay, J. C. was four days late coming home from a workshop and the horror of being a widow for those four days could be understood only by someone who has experienced the actual loss of her husband. These things, and others that have happened, have been a kind of trial by fire—I guess God could see that this was my weakest point of service to Him, and so He has given me many needed lessons in faith. I still have so far to go, but I've learned that I can bend to His will, and my peace of mind is greater. A long-distance telephone call still leaves me trembling, but I don't worry like I used to do. It has taken these years to come this far, but I feel confident that my feet are turned on the right path.

Looking back I can still feel the bleakness of those nights when sleep would not come. The sound of the low musical jingle of the camel's knee bells, as it plodded its slow way along some nearby street, left the night in lonely stillness. And about five o'clock each morning the eerie wail of the maulvies breaking the quiet with the call of the faithful Muslims to prayer remained always a reminder that this was a "foreign" land in which we lived.

Each day at first was a forced struggle to go on, rather than succumb to the temptation to sit down and let the rest of the world go by. Trying to cook and clean house and wash, all in the cold dampness, were added misery to my spirit that was already so low. J. C. checked on heaters and found that the only solution was a small electric one that sold for sixty dollars. We hated to pay such a price for something that would be really inadequate, but we had to have some way to heat at least one room, so we finally gave in and bought it. The office was still cold, and the kitchen, but we could have the pleasant feeling of warmth

in the bedroom. Soon J. C. had moved his office, bit by bit, into the bedroom; then we found ourselves eating there quite often. Everyone said that winter lasted through January and we were very anxious for it to be over.

Not only was I depressed, and the letters from home continued to be a reflection of Mother's heartbreak, but the cold weather brought the attendance at worship services down to almost nothing. When we thought of the inadequate housing and skimpy clothes and poor means of transportation that were the lot of the majority of the people, we did not blame them for not getting out. Often, to come to the meetings meant standing for a full hour in the cold northern wind, waiting for a bus, and waiting for another hour to get a bus to go home. We knew that very few American Christians would have been there under such conditions, and these people were only "contacts" that had not yet been converted to the truth. But understanding their weaknesses did not help much. We were anxious to see the church grow, to see dedicated Christians faithful in worship, and so we found ourselves often talking over ways of getting the truth to more people.

Before the partition of Pakistan and India in 1947, Karachi had been only a small fishing village. In 1947 it became the capital of the new country and the only harbour in the Western wing, so it grew overnight into a large city. Before partition little missionary activity had been carried on there, since the "Punjab" was the center of such work in what was then Western India. But in spite of this fact, the Catholics, Baptists, and Adventists had been active, and had built meeting houses for their "missions" in Karachi. These groups were now well entrenched, some having been in parts of Pakistan for more than one hundred years. Their permanence, as evidenced by the cathedrals in which they worshipped, compared to our lateness and inadequacy (we

met in our home which left a feeling far from permanent) was a great drawback. Yet when we looked at those meeting houses we could see that they still housed "missions," after many years of existence. And we knew that if it were not for the foreign preachers and upkeep, they could not go on. The local people could never build or maintain such structures. Was this what Paul and the other apostles did in the first century? Did they go into virgin territory and erect beautiful meeting houses and continue to support those churches and their preachers year after year? This method would have attracted larger crowds from the start and would have spared us of many days of discouragement. But we could not see that this was what had been done in the New Testament. We did not want to have a "church of Christ mission" in Karachi for the next hundred years. We felt that from the example of the denominations around us we knew what we did not want to do, but the question of just what to do was often a baffling one.

There were many other pros and cons to be considered. The problem was that the pace had been set by denominations and the people had definite ideas about what a church should do. The "Christian" population in Pakistan has a strong persecution complex, being convinced that the Muslim majority discriminates against the "Christian" minority. For this reason they can't get good jobs, or if they lose a job, it is because of their religion. I am sure that there are cases of this, but the fact remains that the persecution is greatly exaggerated. The result is that the "Christians" feel that they have been treated badly by the world because of their religion, and that the missionaries have come to help them in every material way. I don't deny that they are poor, and some truly need help, but many who could do better simply do not try because they are waiting for some church to shoulder their burdens. Denominations are

to blame for this attitude. Instead of instilling an independence in the adherents, they have provided schools in the villages, great give-away programs, jobs, medical care, burial grounds and many such other services. Now all of these things may sound good on the surface, but before we delve into them any further, tell me: which of these things did Jesus command in the great commission, and which of them did the apostles and early Christians practice?

Our problem was not whether we should perform through the church such benevolent deeds for those who could not help themselves, but whether such programs should be begun for the benefit of all who desired them? It is on this scale that denominations have carried out their work, and the result has been that much of the "Christian" world is made up of opportunists. And we did not blame the Pakistanis for this attitude as much as we blamed those who fostered it. We were constantly faced with the competition of these programs, though. Contacts were always telling of what this church and that church were doing, and wanted to know if we were going to give the same services.

What should we do? We wanted to help those who were in need, and we did not want to seem that we did not care for the poverty we saw all around us. We did not want true Christianity to appear less concerned for the welfare of people than the religious groups that we declared were in error. Yet, we could not see that their methods were scriptural or were bringing about the results intended from the start.

The Seventh Day Adventists had a hospital which was a good service, but instead of remaining the benevolent work it started out to be, it was a business. In addition,



it became a drawing card for "converts" because they were sure to get a job of some sort in the hospital. (Being forbidden to work on Saturdays, faithful Adventists found it hard to keep employment elsewhere.) Housing was often supplied for workers too, and free medical benefits. Then these things were used as a hatchet over the convert's head to keep him in line. No matter how efficient they were in their work, if they left the Adventist church they were threatened with the loss of their living quarters and medical care. Such strong material strings caused some that we converted to return to Adventism, though they admitted freely that they did not believe in it. And we found this attitude to be true of many who did not dare to risk their privileges by accepting the truth. It might be easy for us, or you, to feel that they should have been concerned first about their souls, but how many American Christians would put God first in such circumstances? Don't misunderstand: I am not excusing anyone. But sometimes we expect so much of the foreigner who has heard the gospel only two or three times, and so little of us who have heard it all of our lives. And in addition: what had this denominational church taught the people to think of, with its hospital as a weapon? of their souls or of their material welfare? No, we did not believe that Paul would have urged us to work through such means to establish the church in Karachi.

The schools were another major problem. In a country where the government does not operate enough schools for even a small percentage of the children to receive an education, private schools are a big business. The denominations have attempted to supply part of the much-needed education. We readily agreed that education was important and would do more than anything else to change Pakistan. But the schools that were intended to convert while

teaching secular subjects have evolved into something far different. In the first place, countless strong Muslims speak proudly of having received their entire education through "Christian" schools; yet they are still Muslim to the core. And in the second place, the schools have actually become agents for teaching Islam! A few years back, the government decided that all schools would be compelled to offer the subject of Islam for the Islamic students. Instead of refusing to bow to this edict, the schools gave in and now allow the very subject to be taught that they were established to undermine! It has gotten to be the attitude that evangelism through the schools is unethical. J. C. once talked to the principal of a Methodist school who was indignant at the thought that such a thing might be done in his school. He declared that he would not allow it!

So, since we felt that our work in Pakistan was to plant the gospel, we did not feel that it would be the thing to do to get involved in secular schools. Yet, the local people expected and even demanded that we supply the means for the childrens' education. Would we do less than those in religious error? Again we looked to the New Testament and could not find any such example, so we were forced to explain over and over *why* we had come to Pakistan, and to try to make the people understand our aims. We knew that prestige could be built up for the church through such methods, but we could not see that secular education was the work of the church, and we knew that we could certainly have no part in teaching Islam. So that ruled out the use of private schools.

The majority of the people in Pakistan are very poor, especially by American standards. A salary of one hundred or two hundred or three hundred rupees a month does not go far, and little is left for luxuries. Many have looked to the foreign missionaries to make their lives easier by sup-

plying their physical needs. Denominations have inaugurated give-away programs in which food and clothes are given indiscriminately to those who come asking for them, whether the receiver has a job or is in real need, or whatever the circumstances may be. As a result, many feel that they are due a share of give-aways each month, and are not shy about asking for them. We did not feel that this was the thing to do, as it would encourage the "beggar complex" that already seemed a plague among the people. There did develop cases in which we helped destitute families with food and hospital expenses, but we tried to check carefully and know that the people were not able to help themselves before the church's funds were spent.

We received a letter from the Church World Organization offering a supply of foodstuffs that we could receive each month to be distributed to the needy. It seemed like a good thing, so we got the allotted amount for one month. The result was that when word got around, our doorbell was constantly being rung by beggars. It does not take long to tell the difference between a destitute person and a professional beggar, and we quickly realized that our program was attracting the kind of people that could not be helped because they did not want help except with a hand-out. So we did not take the second month's allotment.

One Sunday when J. C. went to one area of Karachi where he was conducting regular afternoon services, very few turned up for the meeting. On inquiring about the reason for the small group, he was told that at the Catholic church building in the village food was being given away that afternoon and everybody had gone over there to get his share. Such tactics are disgusting because they not only destroy whatever pride people might have, and make beggars of them, but they actually encourage the selling of

one's soul for material gain. And the ignorant people who are tempted into it are not to be blamed nearly as much as the crafty deceivers who would stoop to use such means. Over a period of time such a program has its effect. The people have come to think only of their stomachs and most seem not all aware that they possess a soul. They have been well trained in looking out for the most advantageous offer, and so the groups that have sponsored such programs are the strongest in the area in number. With such a material outlook having been developed on the part of the local people, it is almost impossible to compete with such groups without indulging in their practice yourself. But would this reap souls for the Lord, or would it just mean that we had bought the physical loyalties of these people? We could not see that the Lord would want us to stoop to such tactics, even though refraining from using them would mean that the church would grow more slowly in number, and might even be accused of not caring for the poor.

Often people who had never come to us before would knock on the door and come into the office, presumably to study. But before they ended the visit the real reason for it would be bluntly blurted out. Any person needing a job just naturally supposed that a missionary would give him a job or would be able to wave the magic wand and secure one for him, or would at least write a character reference letter to help him convince some prospective employer of his dependability. Or perhaps someone in the family needed hospitalization or medicine. Why take care of these things yourself when some church can do it for you? Being so very anxious to meet people who had a real concern for their souls and where they would spend eternity, we became so sick of having our hopes built up by some new-comer, only to have them dashed to the ground when it became evident that his real interest in the church

was only for what he might get out of it materially. How many times we discussed these problems and how we could have an effective program of helping those who really needed it, without being taken in by the religious racketeers, and how we searched our souls for ways to teach the people that these things should not and must not take precedence over their concern for their souls. It has been said that you cannot teach a man on an empty stomach, but Jesus did, and fed them afterwards, putting their spiritual welfare first. But these people were not actually hungry—they were just opportunists because of their own low outlook on life, or because they had been taught to be so by our good denominational friends.

In teaching the truths of Christianity, the subject was invariably brought around to this question: "If I become a member of the church of Christ, will there be anyone who can perform marriages for my family, and where will those Christians who die be buried?" We had never been faced with such problems before, and you would have to understand the situation to appreciate the dilemma. First, marriages take precedence over *everything* else in Pakistan. Parents save for years for the doweries for their daughters, or borrow money for them that they can never hope to repay in their lifetime. Weddings are very costly for all concerned, and such expensive clothing and jewelry are bought for the bride, and worn by the guests, that they would put most American weddings to shame by comparison. This is a way of life that has held sway through countless generations, so it is not easy to teach people "better"—more sensible uses of their money. Because weddings are so important, it is vital that there be a qualified person to perform the ceremony, and that person must have his authority from the government. Hence, the question.

Cemeteries are either "Muslim" or "Christian", and you

have to be in a group with a burial ground to be buried—or that is what we were always told. I have often wondered what happened to those poor souls who seemed to belong to nothing and no one during their lives, but lived a miserable existence on the streets—where were they buried when they died? But, the various denominations who had control over the “Christian” graveyards required that a person be a member before he could enjoy the privilege of being buried in their cemetery. This caused people to tend to cling to the well established orders so that they could rest in the security of having some sure burial place at death. We solved this problem by paying a fee for the right to use one of the burial grounds, if it was ever needed. When these questions were asked, J. C. would laugh and assure them that we would see to it that they could be married and buried if they became Christians.

The other major problem that we often faced was the question of hiring local men as preachers. We badly needed a regular translator (We had taken lessons in Urdu for about a month at home with a tutor but decided to quit fooling ourselves and wasting good money, so we dropped them. The tutor was late about half the time and obviously preferred to spend the rest of it drinking tea and chatting socially, so we felt that we weren't getting the money's worth. We had fully intended to learn the language, and had hoped that we would find a good language school in Karachi, but to our regret the only one in the country designed for teaching Biblical Urdu was located in the northern part of the country. By the time we got to Karachi the session for that year was already underway, so we could not attend it. The next year, as the time rolled around again, we had a heavy work-program and several new Christians on our hands. We just could not make the decision to close down everything and go a

thousand miles away for three months to go to school. Besides, the course was intended to cover four periods of study, i.e. four years, and so by the time we would have finished  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the school it would be time to go home. So we tried a home tutor again, but he was sickly and did not turn up for half of the lessons. In the meantime we had learned enough to keep a fairly close check on the accuracy of the translation of the sermons, and had someone in the church with ability to translate well, so we decided to devote our time to the development of the work and just pick up what we could of Urdu as we went along. With so many people in the country who could speak English it was very hard to force ourselves to concentrate on learning Urdu.) for the meetings in the village areas, and people were constantly applying for the job of translator. Many were "preachers" for denominational groups and they readily offered to preach whatever we wanted them to, provided we would pay the salary they needed. As people obeyed the gospel, too, it sometimes developed that they wanted to become "full-time workers for the Lord". In some cases the desire was sincere, but others had obviously obeyed hoping to get a job preaching. Dealing with these requests and problems as they came up, and trying to show understanding without at the same time having to hire somebody as workers or losing them because they failed to get a job, came to be a feat of persistent diplomacy.

Following the request to be hired as a "full-time worker for the Lord" often came the feeler: "Do you send people to America to go to school?" We were by then well aware of the fact that most Pakistanis would very readily go to the States if someone would send them, and sometimes we wondered how many would be left there if the government did not make it so hard for them to get out. But we

patiently explained that we had come to Pakistan to help Pakistanis learn the truth so that they could be a blessing to their own country, so we did not want them to go to America. Then would follow a strong lesson on patriotism, aimed at showing that the reason America is a great nation is because her people have loved their country and have worked hard through the years to make it develop and grow. Pakistan can be just as wonderful a place to live if the people of Pakistan will stay there and work hard to get ahead and to help their country make progress. Leaving would not solve the problem at all. We earnestly wanted them to learn the lesson of patriotism, but whether they did or not, they heard it, and not much more was said about us sending them abroad to school. This was one thing that we did not want to see started in Karachi. We knew that it was common among the denominations, and has been done in the church, but usually the result is that the Christians with the greatest potential are lost to the church, for they go to America and never come back as a rule. Our solution was to begin "Karachi Christian College" so that the Christians who could attend the classes would have instruction on a regular basis. J. C. met each morning for five days of each week with the students. It was small but provided training and deleted the problems of sending Christians abroad for studies.

And so the months went by, with us learning more about Pakistanis, facing the problems that are a part of working there, and trying to make decisions on the best courses to follow in dealing with them. Much of it had to be done by trial and error, and we corresponded freely with the Hogans in Lahore so that we could each profit by the experience gained by the other. J. C. and I spent long hours at night after going to bed, talking in the darkness of the needs and the opportunities and the disappointments and



the hopes for the future. We could see many things wrong in the attitudes of the people and it made us realize all the more how badly the influence of the truth was needed. The greatest problem, we felt, was not these faults that we faced each day but the fact that we were not adequate to meet the needs. How can one family be felt in a city of three million? How can one drop of water saturate a desert? If the church had come in force, if there were other families to spread out over Karachi and help us teach the masses, any erroneous attitude could be corrected—it was not in the field that the deficiency lay, but in the harvesters. We knew that we were winnowers sifting wheat so that the chaff could be blown away. We expected the chaff to be there, and we knew that when it was discarded the good grains of wheat would be left. But the mountain of souls to be sifted was something to make us shrink back in despair. And when we thought not just of the three million of Karachi but of the one hundred and fifteen million of the country of Pakistan, and only we and the Hogans to break the bread of life to them, do you wonder that we found it hard to sleep at night? And do you wonder that we grew disgusted with our brethren back home who could have come to help but enjoyed their beds of ease too much to bother?

## CHAPTER NINE

### GROWTH

February brought the warmth of spring sunshine and the strong urge to get out and "do things" after the dreariness of winter. Things seemed to be looking up all around and we were enthused about the new life in the yard and the promise of new life in the work. With light hearts we decided to dig up and re-plant the flower beds, and J. C. promised to build a swing for Sheila. It was sheer joy to work outside in the warm sunshine together, with Sheila puttering around trying to help. Our "House of Many Colors" had come to seem very much like home, and Karachi and its ways no longer seemed a strange land.

J. C.'s office work became more and more demanding with the passing of time. He was busy with the printing of tracts and literature for distribution, and printed a magazine (*The Voice of Truth*) which was sent out monthly, first a thousand in number and then it climbed to twenty-five hundred. Besides that there were the Bible courses to grade and send out, lessons to prepare for, and private studies with the various ones who came by the office to learn more about Christianity.

On Sunday afternoon and some nights during the week, J. C. and Charles and Waheeb would go to various village areas in Karachi to preach. Many, many of the three million who live in Karachi live in these villages and we knew that they would have to be reached if the city was ever going to begin to be evangelized. The area called Mah-

moodabad seemed to have some promising-looking men with some education and ability around which a church could grow, so regular meetings were begun there. Two families by the name of Gill and one man named Khan were interested in the church to the point that the men became very regular in coming to the services at PECIS too, and we were thrilled by that. Early in February, after having studied with them through most of the winter, they came one Sunday to be baptized into Christ. Altogether, eight were baptized that day, so you can imagine our lightness of heart and thankfulness for them. During the years that have passed some of them have fallen away but happily some of them are still faithful and others in their families have now become Christians.

Villages differ from country to country, according to the natural cleanness of the people and according to the materials for building and the conditions for living. In Pakistan, especially in West Pakistan, the village consists of hundreds and hundreds of tiny mud huts, crowded into an unbelievably small area, and completely enveloped by a stench that is peculiar to them alone. With open sewage, no bathrooms and no knowledge of hygiene and sanitation, the smell is understandable. Looking from a distance, one is reminded of a great Gypsy camp, stirring with life and activity, and full of interesting sights. For the thousands that live there the word privacy, as we know it, does not exist. They cook, eat, sleep, bathe, quarrel and die in public. The whole area is teeming with people, moving about their daily business. Buffalo and chickens, crawling babies and naked playing children, women carrying water pots on their heads, men smoking "hubble bubble" or chewing betel or drinking the ever-present cup of tea, an occasional fight breaking out between a husband and wife or between neighbors and sometimes involving many of the

clannish village on one side or the other, women sitting in the sun picking the lice from each other's heads, others beating clothes with a stick to wash them and laying them out on the ground to dry, some with a basket of dung patties on their heads to be used to cook the day's food—these scenes are the life of the villager.

A family in Mahmoodabad would consist of the Father and Mother and all of their children and daughters-in-law and grandchildren. As long as the parents live, they boss the family, and any working sons bring home the monthly income and place it in their hands. (Though women are supposed to hold a very inferior position in most homes, it is said and often proven that the wife is in reality the boss of the house. She is just very discreet about letting her husband know!) This is the way family affairs have been managed for generations, and few sons would think of doing something contrary to the wishes of the parents. The father in the family, or one or two grown sons, may have a public job but usually there are adult men of the family also who are not employed. We often remarked that it seemed that one in the family would work until he got tired of it and then would quit and let someone else work for awhile—perhaps we exaggerated a little, for jobs are sometimes hard to find and hard to keep. Especially is this true for poor people because those in position to hire like to have their palms greased heavily and sometimes a man just cannot afford the price of buying his job. Such is the corruption that is common in Pakistan and India.

The home of such a family is made of thick mud walls, usually only one room, and surrounded by the mud walls of the compound. If they are wealthy enough to own a buffalo and chickens, these live in the compound, and grass and food are brought to them from wherever they can be found. Inside the house there might be a shelf jutting out

from the wall for the storage of pots and pans and other household articles. Bedding is stored there, and in steel trunks are kept the food, clothes, dishes and other possessions of the family—locked. Charpois are usually leaned against the wall outside the house in the sun to keep down bedbugs. The entire family sleeps outside during summer months, and somehow crowds together inside in the winter. With no heat, winter months would be miserable, and the rainy season would be hazardous for it is a frequent occurrence for the house to be damaged by the rain or to completely cave in, sometimes killing the occupants. The women seem to be constantly smearing a new plaster of mud, repairing and mending the damage done by rain.

The men of the village work at jobs as servants, day labourers, and occasionally as office workers. One is often amazed at the neatly dressed people that come out of a mud hut. The women spend their lives bringing children into the world and caring for the newcomers until they are old enough to look out for themselves, an independence that is reached at a very early age in comparison to American children. Duties as housewives include washing of clothes, bringing dung patties for fuel, cooking, carrying water for the family's use. It is all hard work, with none of the modern conveniences we consider necessary. The washing machine is a stick and a little water, sometimes even some soap. The woman squats before her pile of clothes, beats each one lustily with the stick, thus causing them to wear out much sooner than they would by more gentle means of washing, and then carefully spreads them on the bare ground in the sun to dry. This is the common clothesline, and even in the modern section of Karachi in which we lived there was a field about two blocks from our house which was used on alternate weeks for drying

dung cakes and then for drying clothes washed by public wash-men.

Dung patties consist of cow manure and stubble or straw, worked into a biscuit-dough consistency. A large handful is taken and patted into a flat cake about six inches in diameter, and plastered to any convenient wall to be dried by the sun's heat. Entire walls are often covered by patties, and the business of selling them is very brisk. Every day a little donkey cart passed down our street, stacked very carefully—piece by piece—about four feet high with this fuel for sale. The woman of the village has in her compound a stove built of mud—a mere support for her pans with room underneath for the fire to be built. She squats by the fire tending it and adding more cakes as they are needed, patting out in the meantime the chapatties for the family's food. With no thought of cleanliness or the lack of it, she handles first one and then the other, never rising from her work to wash her hands. The food is most commonly chapatti and tea, and at some meals there is also rice with hot chili curries. Dals (beans) supply most of the protein in the diet, for according to a report in the "Morning News", the average family in West Pakistan spent only about four rupees a month on meat, which would mean about four pounds of meat in the entire month. The family sits around on charpois or mats or on the ground and eats the food with their fingers. Flies—flies are thick in the air, sitting all over the food, crawling everywhere, covering the eyes and mouths of the babies—but they are so much a part of village life that no one seems to pay any attention to them.

Water must be carried from the public faucet, and the most convenient way of doing this seems to be in a large clay pot balanced on the woman's head. Since the water is only on certain hours a day it is a common sight to see

a line of water pots stretching out from the faucet, waiting for the hours of rationing. Evidently village rules strictly forbid the stealing or moving up in line of the pots. J. C. was greatly amused at the predicament of one young man who was caught stealing a water pot. The pot was tied to his back and then he was paraded up and down the streets of the village, to his utter embarrassment. When his tormentors threatened to take him to his mother to show her what her son had done, he began crying and begging them to kill him, rather than to degrade him in such a way. To J. C. the comedy of the situation was apparent, but to the villagers the entire episode was deadly serious. They are a law unto themselves, living by their own peculiar rules and having their own ideas of fitting punishment for offenders. The worst thing that can happen to an Easterner is to "lose face" so the boy's degradation on that occasion was very real to him.

Most of the people of Mahmoodabad and other similar areas of Karachi originally came from villages in the interior of Pakistan, agricultural settlements often owned by one landlord with the tenant families working the land for little more than their daily food. This has been the system for centuries, though since partition more of the land has been divided up and parceled out to the farmers themselves. Their lack of education (the majority can neither read nor write) and the training of so many generations of this way of life means that it will take a long time for the average villager to change. He has been accustomed to working, knowing that he will never have more than just barely enough to live on, often owing debts made by his parents or grandparents and getting more deeply involved in such debts to his landlord all the time. His life of work was all that he had to give and so that was put on the line in exchange for the bare necessities and the assurance that

the rich man for whom he worked would come to his aid in case of emergency. Though the system was not called slavery, it had the same results. The people lived essentially the lives of irresponsible children, having little thinking to do for themselves. Villagers are still plagued by this immaturity, and many of those problems the missionary has to deal with are the result of this background.

I have often wondered, with a feeling of dread, what my life would have been if I had been born in some village in the interior of Pakistan. How hopeless it would be, living in such miserable filth, hardly having enough food to fill my stomach, with the darkness of ignorance and superstition completely filling my mind. I would not be able to read and write. I would know nothing of the treasures contained in books—nothing of the extreme beauties and goodness of life. All I would have would be years of drudgery, marriage to some man I had not even seen, the bearing of children far from hospitals and doctors, the sorrow of burying half of them before they ever reached their sixth birthday. My hope would be only that tomorrow would be a little easier than today. My religion would be whatever I was taught by others, and I would live and die without ever knowing that my soul that was lost could be saved eternally by the sacrifice of the man Jesus Christ. How would I know of Him, living in a village where everyone followed Mohammed and his Koran?—I could not read of Him because I would not even know of the Bible's existence, and even if I did I would have never been taught to read. And though, during my life time and even at my death, there would be three million in the world who could have taught me the truth and spared me the agonies of eternal hell, no one would come. I would die, doomed, hopelessly doomed. The horror of such a thought never failed to bring tears to my eyes, and I ached for the ability



to multiply ourselves so that we could spread out over every nook and corner of Pakistan and give every last person at least one chance to hear of what God had done for him. But longing cannot accomplish the impossible, and those at home who had not seen would not come to help.

In Mahmoodabad each Sunday at four o'clock the worship service was scheduled to take place in the compound of Brother Gill's house. With experience J. C. learned to go about an hour early so that someone could be sent around to all the houses of the people who usually came and remind them of the meeting. It was aggravating, irritating and disgusting, but it was necessary. The same procedure has had to be followed in every village he has visited in Pakistan or northern India, and he and Gordon often bemoaned such immaturity when they got together to discuss problems and progress.

In preparation for the meeting a charpoi would be brought out, covered with a sheet, for J. C. to sit upon. A Pakistani speaker would have sat there cross-legged with his shoes off, playing with his feet. But J. C. was not a Pakistani, so he just sat on it cross-legged with his shoes off. Gradually the people gathered in and sat on the mats spread on the ground for that purpose. As they entered they pulled off their shoes from custom, a custom which to some has become a religious law that if violated would be sin. The men sat on one side of the compound and the women and children on the other, the women with heads covered by veils. Upon being seated each person bowed his head in a minute of silent prayer. Usually twenty-five to thirty were present, and with the commotion of the village, the flies thick in the air, the restless children, and their mothers constantly getting up to take them to the bathroom and returning . . . and going out and coming back and going and coming back . . . it was a wonder that anyone ever learn-

ed anything. But this is the village way. Most of them are like children when it comes to the task of sitting still and listening to a lecture. J. C. found that a sermon on a very elementary level, with illustrations drawn from the familiar things about them, was the best method of teaching.

The service was begun with the singing of hymns in Urdu, some of which are very beautiful. A prayer followed, and then the sermon which was translated into Urdu so that those who did not understand J. C.'s English would get the content of the lesson. After the Lord's Supper, of which all adults invariably partake, the collection basket was passed. Every person wants to give, but what they drop in is usually only a few paisa so the total given seldom amounts to more than a few rupees. With incomes so low and the cost of living so high in comparison, we sometimes thought that they did well to give anything, but I am sure that they can and will do better as they are taught and grow as Christians.

Invitation songs are not effective, so the sermon was followed by the Lord's Supper, as mentioned, and then a closing prayer and a brief period of time for questions and private studies with those who desired to stay. Easterners are the epitome of hospitality, so tea or some other refreshment was always served to the guests before or after the service. Sometimes J. C. was sick the next day from drinking what he declared looked and tasted like muddy dish-water (we decided that poverty must have necessitated the using of tea leaves several times and this caused the peculiar taste but when people are so obviously desirous of pleasing, and offer their scarce food with the best intentions, it is hard to insult them by refusing their gift.)

Villagers are the burden of the consciences of educated Pakistanis. They know that their less fortunate fellow-citizens need attention and help, and they are constantly

asking the foreigner if he is working in the villages to teach the poor people there. If he is not, they look on him in contempt, feeling that he is failing in his duties, derelict in his dedication. But an educated Pakistani, as a rule, would not voluntarily lower himself by being caught in a village for any purpose. And therein lies the problem, for it is certain that most of their leadership and guidance will have to come from those who have risen above the average level of the villager--yet, as fast as men are educated and brought up out of such darkness and ignorance, they leave it behind forever. Somehow they must be taught that love for the souls of those lost people is to be stronger than any pride.

In lieu of educated men, there are many hirelings who fill the positions of village preachers. Not all would fall into this category, but all are suspected of "being in it for what he can get out of it" because this attitude is so common. For that reason, local men who become preachers are often looked upon with no respect by other Pakistanis. The village preacher usually tries to tie in with some denominational group that will hire him, and then he preaches willingly whatever they require, in return for whatever he can get in the way of a salary. Those who have built up enough of a following that they can be "independents" go out on their own, preaching and taking up nightly collections for their support. It was not uncommon for such men to approach J. C. with the declaration that they wanted to become members of the church of Christ, dropping into the conversation hints of what they would expect in return for their "conversion" and promises that their entire congregation would also be baptized. Such mass "conversions" occur, and in some countries they may be genuine, but in Pakistan we soon came to have as little respect for most of the local preachers as Pakistanis had.

With the regular meetings each Sunday morning and evening at PECHS and those at four o'clock at Mahmoodabad, Sunday seemed pretty full. J. C. taught a Bible class at 9:00 A. M., while I took three neighbor British children to a room adjoining the "auditorium" and had a study with them. They were very regular in their attendance, prompt on arrival, never failed to bring the Bible and booklet I had given them for notes, and always knew the lesson assigned for the week's study. Since they were about nine, twelve and thirteen years of age we studied first the gospel of John and then the book of Acts, and I tried very hard to instill those truths into them so deeply that they would have some sound knowledge to guide them as they grew older and would be expected to swallow completely the religion of their parents. I do not know where they are in the world today, but I pray that they have not forgotten what they learned.

Usually, during those early months of 1963, attendance at the morning service was around twenty-five or thirty, and about twenty at the evening service, with about the same number at Mahmoodabad. Rarely did a person attend more than one service, and with our American background we found ourselves disappointed in their faithfulness. But we found with the passing of time that many things were responsible for this. Transportation is probably the greatest problem, and money for it a close second. After that is the strong, though unadmitted, influence of Islam. "Christians" would strongly deny that they are influenced in any way by the religion, but it is impossible for people to be surrounded by a way of life and thinking, having come out of it themselves only within the past generation or so, without absorbing many of its traits into their outlook on life. Muslims are supposed to pray five times a day, but it is not necessary that they go to the mosque—therefore, when

going to worship is inconvenient for the Christian, he excuses himself with, "I said my prayers at home." Denominationalism has not helped matters either, for in Pakistan as in the rest of the world, "the church is not important" is a common doctrine. With all of these ideas to cope with, the solution seemed to be to go to the people instead of expecting them to come to us. So, J. C. and Charles visited the various village-type areas and the different sections of Karachi, meeting people and making contacts, arranging for future meetings and making plans for conducting regular services at the places that seemed the most promising.

Although almost all of the correspondence students were Muslim, most of the people who came to the worship services, and most of the converts, were denominational. This fact was true not because of a lack of interest on the part especially of young Muslims, but because of the tremendous obstacles placed before those who would leave that religion. It is hard for us who have never been bound by such ties to appreciate the predicament of one who would leave it. With ninety-eight per cent of the population being Muslim, a person can be completely cut off as punishment. He becomes as one literally dead to his family and relatives, and it is not uncommon for them to go through the formality of having a "funeral" for the heretic. He therefore has no home, no food, no clothes, and is very unlikely to be able to find a job anywhere. He is left without friends, with little possibility of marriage (since the majority of marriages are arranged by parents and are not "love marriages" as they refer to our Western marriages), no future, no hope. Of course we can assure him that all of this is nothing compared to the saving of his soul and the hope of eternal life—and we would be right. But how many Americans would be able to see past the mental and physical

suffering, to enjoy the spiritual bliss of his soul's salvation? Not many, and yet we cannot imagine the tight family ties in a country like Pakistan and just what it means to break them, so we cannot begin to place ourselves in the shoes of the Muslim who denies his religion to embrace Christianity. A few are brave enough souls to do it, and they become strong pillars of the faith if they endure the rigors long enough to be grounded in their faith. But from Turkey to Pakistan these men are few and far between. One sterling example is Asghar Ali of Lahore. With tears in his eyes he came to Gordon asking to be baptized. He gave up his family and struggled with every trial, but was faithful to what he had accepted and he is today one of the strongest Christians in Pakistan.

We felt a warm glow of happiness to see the opportunities for reaching out to more people, and to know that the church was growing in number and in knowledge. But as the church grew, we were growing too in our understanding of the peculiar problems that faced the people. We were anxious to find solutions to them and to make our efforts more effective. So we talked over pros and cons, trying new ideas, experimenting, abandoning ideas that were fruitless, and putting into regular practice those things that worked. How often we wished for books written by our brethren, former missionaries, to gain from their experiences, but there was hardly anything to be had. We knew the reason—so few had gone to the white fields, and the church had been engaged in mission work for such a few years that only a very small number had written down their experiences for the profit of those who might walk in their footsteps.

## CHAPTER TEN

### A NEW ARRIVAL

As March was coming to a close, I began to be apprehensive. Sheila had been born two weeks ahead of schedule and had allowed me less than an hour's warning. J. C. was now gone from the house most all of every morning, either on some necessary business or taking care of printing work that was in the process of being done. Each evening, as a rule, he was at some home for a private study, or preaching to a group somewhere in Karachi. With no telephone and no ready way to get to the hospital in case he was not at home, I could very well imagine myself giving birth to our second baby in the house alone. Since my doctor was Seventh Day Adventist and seemed to believe in "natural" medicines and methods more than drugs, I was hesitant about approaching her with my problem but when I explained my fears to her, she readily agreed to induce labour as soon as it could successfully be done.

Planning ahead, we decided that as Sunday came on March 31, I should go for a checkup on April 1. If the baby should be born on that day, Monday, we could be dismissed from the hospital on Saturday, thus enabling me to be at home on Sunday to take care of Sheila and free J. C. for his usual day of work. I dreaded the idea of purposely giving the baby April 1 for a birthday, knowing the endless ribbing it would bring on him, but convenience ruled and so on Monday we drove to the hospital. After a brief examination the doctor was ready to start the drops imme-

diately, but I begged her to give me a few minutes to talk with J. C., and especially to say goodbye to Sheila since I would not be able to see her for several days. She seemed so much a baby herself, at two-and-a-half, that I could hardly bear the idea of being separated from her.

At 12:55 P. M. our seven pound-three ounce boy was born. I watched the nurse rub black ink on his feet and make the identification prints, and then they took him away to the nursery. I was wheeled down the hall to the room assigned me. On the way J. C. waited in the hall and I told him that we had a new son. We had not really cared whether the baby was a boy or a girl, but it was a great relief to us that he seemed perfectly normal and healthy. J. C. sent a wire to the folks, so that they would know of the safe arrival of their first grandson.

Steven Burton Choate was the name we wrote on the forms for the birth certificate. The hospital officials told J. C. where to go and what to do to have his birth registered with the local birth registrar, and at the American Embassy he was told what to do in order that Steven might be registered, with his birth recorded, as an American citizen. With all the formalities taken care of, we were very anxious for Saturday to come so that we could take our baby home.

J. C. and Sheila came to the hospital during visiting hours each afternoon, and I was permitted to sit in the lounge with them, since no children were allowed in the maternity ward. It was not uncommon for Sheila's dresses to be on her backward, and her hair-do lacked a little, but she looked great to me anyway. Being such constant companions at home, I really missed her. She, queerly, seemed shy around me, as though she had given up all claim on me while I was in the hospital. One day when they came they brought a box of things that had just arrived from Mother—dresses for Sheila, some things for Steve, a couple of



dresses for me, candy and other odds and ends. What fun we had in that little waiting room, sharing the box that suddenly made us feel very close to home!

Saturday morning Sheila brought the blanket for that baby she had been waiting for so long. We were so anxious to get Steve and replace the hospital wrap with clothes of his own, and to really claim him as ours. For awhile I was afraid we would all be disappointed, for on Friday a blood test showed that he had a trace of jaundice, but on Saturday he was better so the doctor agreed to dismiss him, with the admonition that we watch him carefully and bring him back in one week for another blood test.

When J. C. and I went to the office to pay the bill we were surprised that the doctor had charged nothing for the delivery, and with the discount allowed for missionaries the hospital bill was only \$37.50. We felt that we had a very cheap baby!

It was just wonderful to drive home, four of us now! At the house, J. C. put Steve and me to bed, and Sheila hovered around wanting to hug and kiss her brother. J. C. went to the kitchen to cook a delicious chicken lunch as a celebration treat for us all. Since cooking was not one of his greater accomplishments (he had admitted that he and Sheila had eaten so many scrambled eggs and so many hamburgers—I had left a supply of buns and ground beef in the freezer—that he thought neither of them would want any more for awhile), he constantly called from the kitchen, asking directions for every little thing. I finally decided to save my energy and get up and cook the meal myself, so that was what I did. Though he kept trying to help, I was very sure that J. C. was glad to relinquish the cook's job to me.

On Sunday after worship everyone wanted to see the new baby, so we introduced Steve to the church as they

filled the bedroom door and smiled and "Salaamed" their greetings. It was a happy occasion for us all.

I regained my strength quickly enough, but it was really difficult to manage all of the housework and take care of Sheila and Steve too. I really missed having Grandmothers and Aunts to help out, especially at times when I was busier than usual and Steve needed attention. I had planned to nurse him to eliminate the problems of milk and bottles and proper sterilization, for these would be much harder to deal with in Pakistan than in America. But in order to have enough milk for him, I knew I would have to get sufficient rest. The only solution seemed to be to hire a servant again. I dreaded the thought, but I knew too that in two weeks we were to begin a meeting in which Brother Ira Rice was to speak. Gordon and Jane were planning to come down and be with us for it too, and Zubair Rasul was to accompany them so that he could translate the sermons. With the added work of the meeting, there was no choice but to hire someone, at least temporarily. One of the members of the church in Mahmoodabad was at that time looking for a job, so J. C. asked him if he would like to work for us. He readily agreed, and so began another chapter in our sahib-servant relationships. Ramat was a quiet, clean young man, thorough about his work, and industrious. After having him in the house for a few days I wondered how I had ever managed without him.

In preparation for the meeting, handbills were printed and distributed, ads were placed in the paper each day, invitations were sent to all those on the mailing list in Karachi, and many personal visits were made. Of course to personal invitations the answer was always a very enthusiastic, "Yes," but we had learned by disappointing experience not to count on those promises being kept. Everyone to every request said, "Yes", but keeping the promise was quite another matter, and one that often never entered the

second time into the person's mind. This, we had learned, was the Eastern way of trying to make everyone happy by always having affirmative answers.

A large shamiana was put up in our front yard and chairs to seat fifty people were delivered. With the thirty we had already, we felt that these should be enough. When at last it was time for the guests to arrive, and I had made all the preparations necessary in the house, I could hardly keep down the butterflies in my stomach. Except for one week that Gordon had spent with us for a meeting in October, this was my first experience at having guests for an extended period of time. In the past, company for one meal had been an affair calling for all-day preparation, resulting in me being in a state of heebie-jeebies by the time the appointed hour rolled around. The idea now of preparing suitable meals three times a day for us and four visitors, and managing for their clothes in addition to ours and the mountain of diapers, and taking care of the demands of Sheila and Steve at the same time, left me bordering on hysteria. But since bridges can't be crossed until they are reached, I made myself be content with having done what I could do to prepare.

Jane was more experienced than I and she came to Karachi with the intention of relieving me of any added burden. She is a truly wonderful person, and each time we were with the Hogans we came to love them more. During that week Jane shared the responsibility and work as though she were in her own home, and I was deeply grateful to her for understanding my need for help physically as well as mentally. With her competent aid I somehow managed to get the meals on the table in spite of Steve's frequent interruptions, and the many clothes for the eight of us were somehow washed and gotten on the line and then came to be ironed and back in use again. The week became a pleasure

of warm fellowship and closeness as Christians, and I laughed at my apprehensions.

The meetings began each evening at 6:30 which was just at twilight. I vividly remember the clear deep blue sky contrasted with the scarlet blooms of our neighbour's acacia tree—the back-drop scenery behind the speaker's stand in our "auditorium." It seemed to me that it was very fitting to study of God with such beauties of nature filling our sight. Gordon led the English singing and Zubair led one or two Urdu songs each night. Attendance was good throughout the meeting, and we were happy that many with whom we had been studying were regular in coming. Several Adventists were present each night, and the sermon topics Ira had chosen could not have been more timely. He taught the truth so clearly and vividly that no one who wanted to understand could have misunderstood. Zubair's translation was very polished and impressive.

After the services, opportunity was given for those desirous of further study to sit with Ira or Gordon or J. C. and discuss the points of doctrine and disagreement. At first the Adventist men seemed very anxious to talk about the scriptures, but on Thursday night Ira so plainly showed the truth to the main defender of Adventism that the man started to open the Bible to answer, but closed it in defeat and walked away. The expression on his face clearly said that he knew his belief could not be upheld by the scriptures but he would not give it up. Instead he rejected the truth he could not disprove, and did not come any more to the services. Such determination to hold to error is pitiable.

Charles' parents were very faithful during the entire meeting and before it was over they, and five others, had been baptized into Christ. About mid-way through the series of meetings we decided to encourage all of the Bible

course students in Karachi to put forth a special effort to attend the last service, so another card was mailed to them, announcing our desire that they should come for that meeting. We felt that if they would come, perhaps by meeting personally they would be induced to come again in the future. In order to encourage them to stay afterwards so that we could have a little time for getting acquainted we mentioned on the card that refreshments and fellowship would follow the lecture. Then we sat back and waited to see what would happen. Early, the people began to fill the chairs. As the sermon progressed the audience grew larger. Ramat and a friend made trip after trip into the house, bringing out the couch and living room chairs, the chairs from the dining table, and finally the charpois. Even then some were standing, and two or three even straggled in as the invitation song was being sung, and one came in as the dismissal prayer was being said. A count at the close of the service showed one hundred and forty-seven present! We had not expected so many, so J. C. had to make quick arrangements after the service for more soft drinks and cookies. Even in a hurry, that took time, and to our surprise many did not stay for refreshments. There was a hub-hub of talking and fellowship that every one seemed to thoroughly enjoy, and it made us happy to know that they had not really come for the "loaves and fishes" after all.

So ended the meeting, and so grew the church.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### ALONE

The meeting closed Sunday night and we were happy with the teaching that had been done and the souls that had been added to the church. Jane had had to return to Lahore on Friday and Gordon took the night coach up on Sunday night. On Monday Ira left for New Delhi, so the house seemed very still and quiet. We always found ourselves in the doldrums after the excitement of a gospel meeting and company but this time I was busy getting J. C.'s clothes washed and packed for the trip he and Gordon and Ira had planned. Bro. J. C. Bailey had stopped over in Karachi during the week of our meeting, en route to Shillong, Assam, India where he planned to work with the church. We were so thankful that it was possible for Canadians to enter India with no visa difficulties such as we had experienced, and it was a joy to know that those people with whom we had worshipped would have some one to work with them to help spread the truth throughout their part of India. It was decided that Ira and Gordon and J. C. would meet in Calcutta on Wednesday after the meeting closed in Karachi, and proceed from there to Shillong where they would take part in a lecture program with Bro. Bailey.

It was with a real wrench that I saw J. C. close the door of the taxi and drive off to the airport on that Wednesday. He would be gone two weeks and they seemed more like two years as I thought of the lonely days. It was the first

time that I had been left alone and I was more than a little apprehensive and frightened. I had heard so much about burglars and houses being broken into in Karachi, and I knew that the local people feared theft so much that doors were usually kept locked even during the day, and a house was never left without someone to guard it. To ease my mind, J. C. had arranged for Ramat to stay at the house at night as well as during the day.

I was very careful that night not to make things easy for anyone who might be looking at our house with greedy eyes. I locked and doubly bolted all the outside doors, pad-locked the office door, and bolted the doors to all the rooms in the rest of the house, working my way to our bedroom. Then I pad-locked the door to the bedroom, so that I felt very secure—but oh, the dreaded thought if Sheila happened to want a drink of water and I had to unlock doors all the way to the kitchen to get to the refrigerator! Looking out the window, Ramat lying on a charpoi between the front door and the gate gave an added sense of protection. So, we got used to the quiet house and the loneliness of the night.

On Thursday I was busy cleaning the house when I heard someone at the door. It was a man who could speak very little English, and since Ramat was not there at the moment we could hardly make each other understand anything. But from the few words I caught, I gathered that for some reason the man wanted to come inside and disconnect the electricity. I knew we had been prompt in paying our bills and told him so, and insisted that there must be some mistake. His reply was that if I would not let him disconnect it from inside the house at the meter, he would do it at the pole, and he turned away to do that. First I tried to reason with him, sure that he was mistaken or that the power company had made some mistake. Then

I resorted to a firm hard refusal to let him in to disconnect the current. When I saw that that only caused him to be more determined, I began to explain my plight to him. There I was with a baby less than a month old, my husband gone for the next two weeks, and no possible way to pay the amount showed on the bills he held out for me to see. I had noticed in the paper that the power company was beginning a drive to collect back payment of bills, and they had warned that if the power was disconnected it would be twenty-four hours before it could be connected again after the balance was cleared. Before me in my imagination stretched two weeks with no light at night, no stove to cook on except the little gas burners we had used when we first moved into the house, no refrigeration (and the subsequent spoiling of all the food we had bought and stored in the refrigerator so I wouldn't have to go at once to the market with Steve—expensive food that we could not afford to lose) no fans, and the heat was already uncomfortable even with the fans to help cool the house. Two weeks of this, and no way to prevent it from happening! I had tried every means of dissuasion in my power and nothing had helped, so I opened the door and let the man in in defeat. But I couldn't bear to see the deed done so I turned and started into the house. As I did so, he could see the tears starting to run down my cheeks—in utter defeat, I could not keep them back. At once, though the disconnection had already been made, the man climbed back up on the chair and opened the meter box and turned the power back on. Then he extracted a promise from me that I would do as I had already offered to do, and come that afternoon to the office and clear the matter up. With joy shining through the tears, I readily agreed, thanking God that I had been weak enough to cry!

After lunch, I dressed Sheila and Steve and we went to



the power office for our area. The men there were very helpful, showing me into the office of the manager and finding chairs for us. The manager was expecting me and had the book brought in which the records for our house were kept. As I had been sure, they showed that we had paid every bill we had received. The problem was that the former occupants had left a balance of more than seven hundred rupees (about \$140), and someone had to clear up that bill if power was to continue to flow into the house. I told the man that we had known nothing of such a bill until that very day, and explained to him that J. C. had gone out of the town on business and wouldn't be back for two weeks, that I did not have the money to pay the bill, and that with two small children he could imagine what a bad thing it would be for me to be without current during those two weeks. I suggested that he contact the landlord, since it was his responsibility and not ours, and promised that when J. C. came back he would see to it that the bill was paid. This seemed to satisfy, and he agreed to do nothing until J. C. could return. As our talk was concluded, he leaned forward in his chair and asked, "Madam, why did you cry today? Ladies do not cry. Babies cry." I blushed, hardly knowing what to say, but then I admitted that I cried because I simply could not help it. He seemed very much amused over the whole incident, but it hadn't seemed so funny to me.

I wrote the landlord a note, informing him of the trouble, and he came to see me in a few days. He said that he would pay the bill and that there was nothing to worry about. He did pay a little on it, just enough to keep the company off my back until J. C. would be gone again for a meeting or a workshop, and then the dreaded peon from the power company would invariably turn up a day or two after his departure, and there I would be in a dither again. I often

wondered how they knew when he was out of town, for not once did they come when J. C. was in Karachi, and I don't think they failed to come a single time when he was away! I learned a lot. I had always been so sheltered by J. C. that my experience in handling responsibility was no more than a child's, but from that first time alone I began to grow up. And somehow I managed to keep the current on, or to get it re-connected within an hour or two if the peon was so sneaky that he disconnected it from the pole without telling me what was about to happen.

In addition to the electrical problems, during those times when J. C. was away there always seemed to be some excitement to occupy me. The water for the house was supplied by means of pumping it from a lower storage tank into tanks on the roof of the house. Something seemed to be constantly going wrong with the pump and there I would be with a large wash to do, and not a drop of water going into the tank—so would begin the search for a competent plumber to repair the trouble, and another crisis would be passed with a sigh of relief. Or the stove or washing machine would start shocking for no apparent reason. Knowing that 220 volts of electricity flowed into them, we dared not ignore such malfunctions, but we went out and got an electrician with reluctance. They, and plumbers and other such laborers, always looked like they had never seen a bath cloth or water or soap, seemed to have picked up what little they knew from casual conversations with someone who thought he knew it all, often could not find the trouble, and the settling of the fee always brought on an argument. In addition it was often hard to locate one who could come to do the work, so a problem always brought on a sensation of sinking despair.

If there were no mechanical or electrical problems, I could always occupy myself with trying to decide what to

do when someone came to me asking for financial help, or with working out a problem that some member of the church brought to me. Invariably, too, a few days after J. C.'s departure would come the clear indications that our servant was trying me out, testing to see if all the authority went with J. C., and he could do as he pleased, or if I had the right to hire and fire too.

I admit that the days would have passed more happily if there had been no problems, but I would not have grown as much. Gradually with the passing of such occasions, I lost my fear of being alone and of not being adequate to cope with the crises as they developed. Somehow things always worked themselves out, and experience helped me to learn to live today and not get overly upset about what might happen tomorrow.

Not having a firm schedule to keep, we ate and worked and slept pretty much as we wished. I have always become more wide awake as the hour got later, so with J. C. away often I would stay up until one or two o'clock reading or sewing or working on some project I had started. Usually the first days he was gone I felt depressed and either wanted to visit people or to escape into some less lonely world by way of a book. Sheila loved for me to read to her, and we spent hours doing that. On such occasions through the years, as the children have grown older, we play more games than usual together, and I read extravagantly to them, or we go for walks, shopping or visiting—our family strings have to be temporarily drawn tighter with his absence, and I enjoy devoting more attention to them, having the time to do the things together that they want to do.

Always, as the dreaded time for J. C.'s planned departure drew near, I would begin to formulate mentally a long list of projects to do while he was gone. Once I re-worked the office, including organizing alphabetically the hundreds of

cards in the correspondence course file. Another time I repainted the kitchen cabinets and put new topping on a worn part of the cabinet. I had several pieces of material to sew into clothes for Sheila and Steve, during another absence, so that kept me occupied. And while he attended the first Middle East workshop I made three new shirts for him and two pairs of dress pants, using for patterns some old ones he had. Another time I worked very hard to keep up with all of his correspondence that I could answer, so he wouldn't have a huge stack of mail pressing him when he got home. Once there were several pieces of unfinished furniture to paint, so the kids and I did that.

Always the last day or two were spent in waxing the furniture and thoroughly cleaning the house so it would shine especially for J. C.'s return, having the car washed, the lawn cut, flower beds weeded, buying some new pots of flowers from the nursery, arranging bouquets of cut flowers for the house, making two or three freezers of ice cream to store in the freezer, baking some favorite desserts, and wandering around over the house to be sure that everything was just right. (I wouldn't want to leave the impression that the house or its furnishings were that fancy—my aim was to have what there was neat and shining, so that he could see as soon as he entered the gate that someone was anxiously waiting for him to come home.)

At last, after counting off the days, and then the hours, the exciting moment arrived—usually about three or four A.M. I always slept on those nights with one ear open, and the expected slam of a taxi door and the opening of the gate brought me to my feet in happy relief—the days had passed, nothing serious had gone wrong and J.C. was home!

The rest of the night we were too wide awake to sleep. He always had so much to tell, so many little adventures and things that had happened, lessons gained from work-

shops, experiences in the meetings—Then I had to wedge in how the worship services and the work had gone in his absence, and tell of any important or interesting mail that had come, and as soon as possible I poured out all of the little (or big) problems, too anxious to shift them from my shoulders to his to wait any longer. I knew that he dreaded that part of coming home because he never knew what crisis to expect, but still he had to be told. Then he would show us what he had bought as gifts or the foods that he could get wherever he was that we could not buy in Pakistan. We didn't have money for expensive things, but everyone loves to receive and to give surprises, and so we eagerly watched to see what would come out of the suitcase next. Perhaps if there had been more available in Pakistan we would not have enjoyed those "treasures" so much. Sometimes people wrongly feel that a great part of the purpose of going to workshops or meetings is to be able to shop, but that is a warped impression. Workshops and meetings are often conducted in places as under-developed as Pakistan, where no one would feel inclined to do much shopping. But when one's family is doing without things they need because they are not available or are too expensive in the country where he lives, a man would be foolish not to buy them if he happens to be where he can get them at a reasonable price.

J. C. was always lavish in his praise of the projects I had undertaken in his absence. He admired the accomplishments profusely, and enjoyed getting back to an extra large bowl of home-made ice cream and the old familiar cooking. After a short change of pace, he was brimming with energy and new ideas, eager to get back to work and see what could be accomplished. Ah, it was good to be together again, and to be happy and busy. I wouldn't have changed places with anyone in the whole world.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### MORE GROWTH

How well I remember the extremes we coped with in Pakistan. When a good week had gone by and numerous new people had promised to be at worship, we went to bed on Saturday night happily looking forward to a wonderful day on Sunday. And every time, it seemed, when we counted our chickens before they hatched, not only did the new prospects disappoint us, but some of those who were members, or who regularly attended, would be out and it seemed to us that everything had hit rock bottom. Other times when we were sure for one reason or another that the crowd would be small, we would be lifted to the clouds by the opening and shutting of the door as people marched in for worship. Then when there were problems in the church or some member that we had thought was developing well suddenly started having strong symptoms of spiritual sickness, we would look at each other with heart-sick expressions and wonder whatever could be done to get the church on strong solid footing so that we could feel confident that the church would continue on in Karachi even if we were not there to nurse it. Sometimes in one day we would be in the depths of blues and then someone would come for a study that we had given up for a lost cause, or the problem would suddenly right itself, and the world would be bright and sunny again. Never was the church and its progress really off our minds, and we were constantly trying to think of ways to help it to become more stable.

Since there were now a number of young people in the church, we felt that it would be good for them if a monthly meeting could be arranged. They all seemed enthused over the idea, and so the meetings were scheduled and became a regular part of the month's activities. Badminton, table tennis, checkers, dominoes, carrom and other games were provided, along with soft drinks and doughnuts or cookies for refreshments. The fellowship was good for all who took part and helped to draw them closer together.

The adults couldn't be left out, so one evening a month was set aside for the whole church to gather for singing, fellowship and light refreshments. There was usually a good turn-out for this, and everyone enjoyed the light-hearted occasion. Sometimes something special like the showing of slides, or some individual providing entertainment, or a guest of honor, made a particular gathering outstanding.

In addition to the times when the entire church was invited for fellowship, we tried to open our home to the families as individual units. As often as time and opportunity would permit we asked the various ones to share an evening meal with us. It didn't take long for us to learn that American food was very flat and tasteless to Pakistanis, and I was fully convinced that the reason was because they had burned up their taste buds with so many chilies in their food! I usually provided a pepper shaker and told them to help themselves if they wanted to perk up the taste of the dishes. Pakistanis are hearty eaters, and especially those who come from the village areas. One evening we had asked two families (brothers) to come to dinner, and I was determined that for one time I would cook enough to have leftovers. The menu was filet of sole, French fries, hush puppies, salad, and soft drinks. I cooked *sixty* pieces of sole, and equivalent amounts of the other

food, and when the meal was finished only five or six pieces of fish were left on the platter, with a few potatoes. Four in our family, three in one of the visiting families, and four in the other one had somehow put away all of that food! The climax of it all, though, was that one of the husbands had had to work and so his brother suggested that we put into a bag the food that was left and he would take it to him! So, in spite of my earnest determination, I had not succeeded in having any food left. After that, I cooked reasonable amounts with a little extra and told myself that if they were still hungry when the meal was over they could go home and eat again. I think that the problem was that they never had an abundance of food and had been used all their lives to eating what was put before them, so they ate everything in sight at my house too, just from force to habit—or maybe it was the opportunity of a lifetime in some instances.

Some of the better educated families liked western food, and we thoroughly enjoyed having them over for visits, and going to their homes for Pakistani food. Chapatti, paratha, nan, pilau, rice and curry, buriani, sweet rice, jalebis, kababs, and chicken tikka came to be family favourites. To me there is no better way to cement a friendship in a short time than in sharing good times over a table of delicious food. That seems to be the bond of affection the world over, and I heartily recommend it as a vital part of the work of any missionary family.

In planning the program of work, we set certain goals, believing that targets to aim for would help to keep us zealously alive and working. We tried of course to boost attendance at the regular worship services each month over what it averaged the previous period. Our aim was to teach and baptize as many as possible, but we set a goal of baptizing *at least* one person a month. Usually five,



seven, twelve or more were baptized, and in the four years there were not more than six or seven months altogether (three of these when we first moved to Karachi) when not a soul was obedient to the gospel. We felt that by taking the work a month at a time, and determining to do a certain amount of work each month, we would be less likely to let discouragement and the problems that constantly confronted us start us drifting. This way, each new month was a new challenge, a new beginning, and we were always eager to see what progress could be made during the thirty days before us.

Since there were so many suburbs and village areas around Karachi, J. C. preached in many open air meetings, or in homes, throughout the city. Tracts, literature and the magazine were distributed, and names and addresses added to the regular mailing list. Gradually in three of the areas—Mahmoodabad, Drigh Road, and Malir—people were baptized and regular meetings were scheduled. On Sundays we met at PECHS for worship at nine o'clock, and J. C. and one or two of the young men would go to Drigh Road for worship at two in the afternoon, to Mahmoodabad at four, back to PECHS at six, and on to Malir at eight o'clock. More meetings could easily have been arranged, but the day just wasn't long enough, and J. C. did not feel that any of the young men of the church were ready to go out alone to teach.

Each time a gospel meeting was conducted at PECHS new converts were made, new contacts were made, and the church grew in knowledge, so we could see no reason why such a good thing should be limited to once a year as is the case in the States. Whenever we heard of some missionary passing through our area on the way to or from his chosen country of work, we tried to get him to stop off and hold a meeting. There is just no way to measure

the good that is accomplished through such concentrated efforts, and we were very grateful to each one who took the time to help us in the work. Sometimes, though, no one loomed on the horizon line so J. C. would preach in a meeting, just to keep the interest built up and the members active. We felt that a meeting every four to six weeks in such a new work was not too often. It has been our experience that when meetings become few and far between, the members begin to lag and lose their zeal.

By this time there was a good group of children at the services on Sunday and so at nine o'clock I taught the class of British children, sat in the auditorium during worship for the singing, prayer and the Lord's Supper, and then took the children to another room for a class between ten and eleven. Again in the evenings I usually taught a group of children, and whenever we had gospel meetings we also advertised classes for the little ones. There were several reasons for this, though it was very hard on me. Children usually get restless if they must sit for very long listening to something they do not understand—I was well aware of this fact since I had two myself. And restless children distract not only their mother's attention but often disturb the entire congregation. This is true the world over, but especially true among Pakistanis and Indians. We felt that the adults needed to get all they could from the lessons, and so they would naturally learn more if half of their attention was not on a wiggly child. On the other hand, it seemed a shame to miss such golden opportunities to plant the desperately needed truths in the minds of the children. We wondered why it would not be best to make the services meaningful for both parents and children by having something prepared on the appropriate levels for both. And we decided that though this was not practised among churches of Christ, it should be. Even in

America, many children hear Bible lessons only when they come to worship. On any Sunday we plan three lessons for the adults of the congregation, *who can read for themselves*, and only one lesson for the children ( I have reference to pre-school children, who usually sleep through the adult services) who are dependent on others to learn the vital lessons from the scriptures. We might have a better educated church if we did not fail our children during these formative years. And I feel sure that such planned classes would increase attendance in any congregation as it did for us in Karachi. Many would come because they would know that not only they, but their children as well, would have a pleasant hour to study.

I found in teaching that I could group ages from two to twelve, and captivate the attention of the whole group. The lessons were really special to most of these children, partly because they were taught very little at home and partly because they had such a little entertainment in their daily lives that to color pictures or watch a flannelgraph story unfold, or a TV reel of stick figure pictures, was pure pleasure. I used sand-boxes, cut-outs, story-songs, finger plays, and every other type of teaching aid that was available. Most of them had to be made, and I drew most of the pictures for coloring, copy by copy. How I wished for a mimeograph machine!

We decided in the summer of 1964 to have a Vacation Bible School. J. C. taught two classes. Charles Johnson taught one class, his father taught one of the adult classes, and I taught a ladies' class one hour and a children's class the other. It was an extremely hard week, but one that we thoroughly enjoyed. The ladies' class was a new experience for me and for the ladies in it, and we all learned as the week progressed. My topics for discussion were The Christian Woman and her relationship to: God; to herself;

to her husband; to her children; to her neighbours. I made a chart to illustrate it, and we had some very enjoyable sessions, with very faithful attendance. The night we studied about our relationships to our husbands, I was pointing out that the Bible teaches that a woman is to love and respect her husband. Knowing that practically all marriages in Pakistan are arranged and do not result from love, I wondered how the lesson was going over. One very old woman spoke up (the others seemed shy on this particular subject, but I suppose age had helped this woman to overcome any shyness) and said, "Well, I guess we love them . . . we live with them, don't we?"

On a more regular basis, J. C. started having a training school for four or five young men of the church who wanted to become preachers. They met five days a week for four hours, nine to one, and studied books of the Bible, various Bible subjects, sermon outlining, giving speeches, praying, leading songs, and other needed subjects. It was very encouraging to see their growth over a period of time, and to know that they were being grounded in the truth so that they could defend it against false teachers.

One day when J. C. stopped at the Seventh Day Adventist Hospital he saw a very nice looking young boy standing at the entrance. It took only a few minutes to strike up an acquaintance and to learn that the young man's name was Percy Sajid, and that his sister worked at the hospital as a nurse. J. C. gave him our address and asked him to come by for a visit. That was the beginning of what at times was a very happy relationship, and then again was heartbreaking to us. Percy had been schooled at the Adventist school in northern Pakistan and had a good Bible knowledge, spoke excellent English, was very likable and was not subject to the depressive moodiness so common among Pakistanis. He quickly saw the truth and obeyed the gospel

in two or three weeks. He was anxious to help with the work of the church and had many talents through which he could be of great assistance. He proved to be a very capable translator, a song leader with a strong energetic-sounding voice, and a person with such varied and outstanding abilities that we wondered how we had gotten along so well without him.

Percy took advantage of the golden opportunity in Pakistan to make a good living by tutoring school children. This is a very common thing, and a good tutor can make more money working less hours than many government-employed people. Percy had no trouble finding work, with his broad smile, good English, and sharp wit. He happily attended the morning training classes and made rapid progress in his understanding of the truth. In the afternoons, and on occasional evenings, he went to the homes of his students for their lessons. The remainder of his time was willingly devoted to going with J. C. to various meetings and translating the sermons. He was so good-natured, eager to help in any way possible, and full of ability, that he soon came to seem like one of the family.

During this period of time, we came to know Mrs. Winnie Masih. Her sister had attended every session of the Vacation Bible School and had been very faithful in attending all the assemblies of the church since. She was baptized in the fall following the Bible School. I visited her fairly often, since she lived only about three blocks away, and got to know her brother and his wife, with whom she lived. Sister Masih was very anxious for the rest of her family to know the truth, and we were all made happy when her sister, Winnie, came to the worship service one morning. She too seemed glad to have found the truth, and was very faithful in attending the meetings, along with her young daughter and the sons of the brother with whom both sis-

ters lived. Toward the end of the year, we rejoiced to see Sis. Winnie become our sister indeed. Through the years these women have been faithful to God, growing in Christianity, and some of our dearest friends. How glad we were that we had come to Karachi so that wonderful people like these would not have to be damned for all eternity just because no one had bothered to come and teach them the truth.

In February Brother Bob Hare came to Karachi to hold a meeting. We had been looking forward to that for some time, but had gotten apprehensive about how everything would go when about a month before-hand we began to hear rumors about Percy. One day J. C. was in a hardware shop in Bhorī Bazaar when a Baptist preacher walked up to him and asked if Percy Sajid worked for the church. J. C. told him that he was not employed by the church, but did help with the translation. The preacher said that he thought we should know that Percy had accosted some of his members, asking for a donation for the "Pakistan Young Evangelist Fellowship". Gradually more rumors began to drift in, and then one of the parents of his students came to the house looking for him, saying that he had taken the money for the tuition but had not showed up for the lessons. J. C. called Percy in and asked him about the truth of the things we were hearing, and Percy shame-facedly admitted them. The session ended with Percy crying and begging forgiveness promising that he would make things right. We believed him because he seemed so sincerely sorry and because he was young, and we felt that he could make a change.

But no change was made. He had once been tidy and neat in his appearance, and now he seemed not to care how shoddy he looked. One night I had a long talk with him. J. C. had said everything to him that he knew to say,

trying to show him what he was doing to himself, and finally he suggested that I talk to him at the first opportunity. His conclusion was that if that didn't help, there was just nothing we could do to pull him back from the destruction he seemed bent on racing toward. We talked for a long time, and I tried to paint in vivid words the future he *could* have, showing what a great pioneer he could be in the establishment of the Lord's church in Pakistan, and how much good he could do for his country and himself by being faithful to the truths he already knew. I poured out my heart to him, showing him how blessed he was in ability—gifts from God—and how further blessed he was because, out of one hundred and fifteen million Pakistanis, he was one of the comparatively few that had heard and obeyed the truth. I told him how like a member of the family he had become, and how he was hurting us by his behaviour. He broke up into tears, and again promised that he would get the mess of his life straightened out and develop himself into the kind of person he was capable of becoming.

J. C. and I had many talks together over Percy, searching for ways to reach him. We had had so much confidence in him, as had everyone else who had met him, and we were desperate in our longing to save him from disaster. We wondered if he had been like this all along and had managed to hide it from us, until finally the truth could not be hidden any longer, or if he had really tried to live like a Christian for a while and temptation had dragged him back to his old ways? We had not known of previous similar problems, but as the puzzle pieces began to fit together we learned that he had collected money under false pretenses while in the Adventist church.

Percy was supposedly getting his wrong-doings straightened out, and since he had asked our forgiveness and promised to do right, we were planning to allow him to tran-

slate during Bro. Hare's meeting. We felt some reluctance about this, but as there was no one else in the church as capable, we hardly had a choice. We didn't want poor translation to ruin the effectiveness of the sermons. But Percy solved the problem for us by not showing up for the meetings after Sunday. It was a nerve-wracking week, trying to come up at the last minute with someone who could translate without slaughtering the sermons. Somehow we staggered through, and the meeting resulted in seven baptisms, over which we were thrilled. One of these was a relative of Percy's and we felt great misgivings about his motives for his father was a Presbyterian preacher who sometimes went to a movie on Sunday morning instead of going to "worship". We wondered if he might possibly have a job in mind for himself, for he knew what had happened with Percy and knew that we would be needing a translator. So we looked at him with doubts.

Alexander Sheen, for that was his name, had come off and on to the worship services and for private studies during the months we had known Percy. He, too, was a very good singer, was a handsome, clean-cut young man with beautiful English, and a tendency to be poetic in his speech. Though we watched him skeptically, he was faithful in worship, willing to help with the work of the church, and became one of the morning students. In time his sisters began to come to worship, and three of them finally obeyed the gospel. We felt that Alexander was not as studious as he should have been, and was too conscious of his health, but gradually we grew to have more confidence in him. He has been a Christian now for five years, and though there have been ups and downs in his growth, he is still faithful and has matured much in the faith.

As for Percy, toward the end of Brother Hare's meeting he and J. C. went to the place where Percy was staying and



had a long talk with him. They both felt after that that nothing more could be done to help him, but that the initiative to improve himself would have to come from within. He had a thorough understanding of the truth, so he had no one to blame but himself for his down-fall. We felt that such behaviour could not be tolerated, so the matter was taken to the church, and after the proper steps had been taken, according to Jesus' teaching on dealing with the ungodly, Percy and four others were withdrawn from. It hurt us deeply to have to take such a step, but there was nothing else to be done.

We knew that the seed that had been planted was bringing a harvest, and that the church was growing. For this we were thankful, though we prayed for other doors of opportunity to open and for a more rapid spread of the truth. Even though we were doing all it seemed that we could do, preaching the gospel to groups at five services on Sunday and most nights of the week, and preaching by teaching-ads in the newspaper to the thousands who subscribed to it, and preaching to about twenty-five hundred directly through the pages of the magazine, plus the Bible courses that went out, still so few of the one hundred and fifteen million Pakistanis had had an opportunity to hear of the gospel of Jesus, even one time. How we prayed from the depths of our hearts for more workers.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### HOLIDAYS

Unless you have worked in a mission field alone, with all of the responsibility on your shoulders, you cannot possibly know just what the burden feels like. We lived, ate, slept, dreamed, walked, talked, and thought the work. Usually our working day began about eight in the morning and continued until eleven or twelve or one at night, depending on the work that *had* to be done that day. But not even in sleep was the responsibility completely relieved. The work is your life, and your life is the work. The whole family is deeply involved. When the children are young they hear the problems, needs, opportunities, and plans discussed, and we have been gratified to hear our children praying about those things in their talks with God. As the children grow older, they too begin to feel a deep responsibility toward the lost, and can be helpful co-workers in many tasks that must be done. But such deep immersion in the work, constantly, is not good for the family relationship; and the old saying, "All work no play. . .", applies in the mission field too.

At most mission workshops, one subject that is discussed is the failure of the missionary to find adequate time for his family. This seems to be a common problem, and each time the men at the workshop would go home with determination to be more thoughtful of their families. J. C. was no exception to the rule. We made a promise that we would take off Monday, since we were usually extra tired on that

day from having such a full day on Sunday, and just relax and do things together. Our plans were good ones, but about half the time they were shelved for one reason or another. Sometimes we were having company, or often a meeting was in progress at the house or in one of the other areas of town, or something else came up. But the idea was good anyway, and I recommend it. Perhaps it seems like a waste of precious time in the midst of such religious darkness, and that every minute of every day should be spent in the work—certainly that, and more, was needed. But burning the candle at both ends will give twice as much light, but for only half as long; the body and the mind require rest if they are going to continue to function healthily and properly.

There were very few people with whom we could visit without a constant feeling of responsibility of teaching. Non-Christians were visited with the idea of converting them; Christians needed much teaching, and so a good part of the time spent with them was used in answering questions or discussing truths in which they needed more grounding. So, social life, as such, is often almost nil on the mission field. It is far different to those occasions in the States when a preacher can enjoy an evening of relaxation with close relatives or with some firmly grounded Christian family.

Our problem in Karachi was that after breakfast on Monday the question would arise, "What can we do today?" And sometimes it seemed that we spent more time trying to answer it than we did actually doing anything. Every city is different, and some offer more things for recreation than others. Karachi offered almost nothing.

Our diversions might perhaps sound a trifle uninteresting to some, but wait till you are under similar circumstances

and you may be surprised to find that such drab things can be entertaining!

Since the weather in Karachi can usually be counted on to be hot and clear, we could spend part of Monday going on a picnic. But there were problems involved. Since no sandwich materials were available, if we had sandwiches I had to make the mayonnaise for them, cook a roast, or go through some similar elaborate cooking in order just to wind up with a sandwich. I made our potato chips, too—nothing came easy. Or sometimes we had fried chicken and potato salad, but that involved a good while in the kitchen too, and since Monday was supposed to be a holiday I felt that cooking all morning was a very poor way to spend it. After the food was finally packed, though, we settled back in the old Renault to enjoy the drive to a place to spread the feast. Sometimes we went to Paradise Point, sometimes to Thatta, and one day we drove and drove around Karachi, trying to find a suitable place. Each time we slowed down either a swarm of Pakistanis would surround the car, or a swarm of flies would fill it. That day we spread the picnic on our own table.

We often remarked that Paradise Point was our only scenic spot, and whenever anyone visited us for a few days we tried to find time to take them to that lovely place on the Arabian Sea. I have wondered how we ever found the way to it ourselves, because after you leave town, passing Breathless Corner (a most horrible smelling spot along the road; we decided a glue factory was responsible), you follow the road for several miles and then it just disappears. The rest of the way is over sand and through gullies and washes, over hills, and then you are there...! A huge rock juts out from the land, perhaps one hundred feet long and flat on the top. In the center of it is a hole through which the white foam of crashing ocean waves pours in a

beautiful cloud of spray. We never tired of watching the spectacle. The beach in that area was rocky and often covered with shallow water. Once we were there at just the right season of the year to see all kinds of ocean life in the holes and cracks of the rocky surface.

During the fall months, giant sea turtles (200-300 pounds) come out of the ocean to lay their eggs in the sand, and it is a real adventure to drive out to the beach at night and walk along the sandy shore, flashlight in hand, looking for the small "tractor-tread" left by the turtle. When one of those trails marred the smoothness of the sand, we would turn and follow it until we came to the place where the turtle had stopped to dig a hole for the nest and lay the eggs. It was an interesting and educational adventure, heightened by the beauty and restlessness of the great sea washing at our feet.

Another beach that was popular with Pakistanis, but not with us because of the very fine sand there that was hard to wash off, was Clifton Beach. Though we disliked it, we went there often because it was a must for visitors. At Clifton are the shacks of the sea-shell jewelry makers and sellers, and it is there that one can ride a camel. In fact, the minute a car pulls into the area and starts slowing down, six to a dozen camelwalas will poke their camels to their feet, and race to see who can nab the tourists first. The ride was an experience and most people enjoyed it, but it was a nuisance to try to pay the men once the ride was over. No matter how firmly the price was agreed on before-hand, it was never suitable when time for payment came. Once J. C. took some visitors out for a ride, and rode along himself. As the old camel was loping along, the saddle suddenly slipped around and J. C. tumbled those seven or more long feet to the ground. Fortunately, he landed well, and on sand, so he suffered only some bruises and soreness.

Karachi has a fairly nice museum, though small, and we went there a few times. Recently a beautiful aquarium has been opened, but that was not there during our years of trying to find diversions.

The zoo we came to know intimately. Of course, Sheila and Steve loved it, and so we went there several times a year. They had a pretty good variety of animals and it was fairly clean and well taken care of. I was at first surprised that there were no camels, but considering the many that plied the streets I suppose they were not enough of an oddity to belong in the zoo! Elephant rides were offered, and we rode two or three times. The last time the box in which we sat was so rickety that I promised myself that if I got down from that dizzy height in one piece, I wouldn't be caught up there again. Near the exit of the zoo was the favorite spot for the children. There, in all of their color and splendor, were a merry-go-round and a ferris wheel. Both were home-made, hand-made, glaringly painted, and the motors that operated them were the men themselves. Sheila and Steve would be lifted into the saddles of the "horses" with thrills and squeals, and then the man in charge would begin to push. Finally he would be running and the horses flying around in an almost horizontal circle. It was an exciting ride, and the best that Disneyland has to offer could not bring more pleasure than they felt! Only once did we let them ride the ferris wheel. That time J. C. rode with them. The men tried to push the wheel around but could not make it budge over the top. So they called some young men standing near and gave them a free ride on the seat opposite J. C. and the children, to balance the wheel, and the thing began to squeak and squawk around. It wasn't much fun with all the jarring noise, so they didn't try that again.

The bazaar was always an interesting place to spend an

hour or two, and we frequently saved our shopping till Monday and enjoyed doing it leisurely. There was never any way of telling what we might stumble up on as we eyed the corners and nooks of the many little shops, so it was very much like a treasure hunt. There was little to buy except necessities, but I enjoyed looking at the glittering array of the brass bazaar, and the beautifully carved wooden pieces in some of the handicraft shops. Occasionally we bought pieces as souvenirs or gifts and stored the things in boxes at home. I put very few accessories out for interior decoration at the house because we did not want the Pakistanis who were constantly in and out to get false ideas of our "American wealth". A Pakistani village woman will invariably have a small fortune in gold jewelry (which *I* could not afford), but nothing is spent on "decoration" for a mud hut. So many unnecessary things, though cheap by comparison with gold earrings and bangles, would lead them to assume naturally that we must have money to throw away. So our house was plain and bare to the point of being tastelessly furnished.

Since Monday rolls around quite often, it didn't take long for us to go through our little list of things to do, so sometimes we resorted to simply riding over Karachi, seeing what new area we could discover, following trails and roads that we had not seen before, marveling at the building growth in areas we hadn't visited recently, and searching again for the roads on the map along the ocean and leading to Quetta. Both were supposed to be there somewhere, but we never did find them. Such are the clear markings for travel in Pakistan!

There were a few good restaurants where we could occasionally eat out. The Hong Kong was a wonderful place for Chinese food and was a real treat. We have never felt

that we had the money to eat out often, so we seldom did more than once a month. I do think, though, that when living in countries where the family does not have opportunities to eat out with friends as would be the case in America, it is a cheering thing to enjoy a nice meal at a restaurant whenever it can be afforded.

In the mission field, holidays and birthdays seem to take on more significance than in the States; perhaps because they provide another good diversion. Also, since the one little family unit has to do the celebrating that the grandparents and aunts and uncles and friends would do at home, it takes a lot of doing to make a day satisfyingly rich. We usually plan an extra nice meal on the birthday, several small gifts (preferably needed articles of clothing or things the child has been wishing for), and let the birthday child decide what the family should do to celebrate.

Since our children have gotten older we have inaugurated what we call our "Family Night". In it, each member of the family must prepare some form of entertainment for the rest of the group to enjoy. Sometimes it is a poem or a song, a story or a skit, or some play acted out from a book we have read. It is a marvelous means of helping reduce stage fright, or improving memory work, and spurring the imagination, and we have all decided that it must be continued even when we are in the States.

Not having television in these countries is a blessing, and we have never missed it in the least. The children and I enjoy reading good books together and have more time for talking and really knowing each other than many American families have, for their lives seem to be centered around the TV. How much richer we know ourselves to be without it, and I pray that neither my family nor I will ever become addicted to it as so many are these days.



On very rare occasions we made plans to enjoy a day out of Karachi. There was only one road that we ever found leading out of the city, and that led to Hyderabad, about one hundred and twenty-five miles away. When we went there (Maybe four times during the four years we were in Karachi) we got up long before dawn, cooked food to last the day, packed the car so that the children had a nice bed in the back seat for sleep and play, and away we would go. It took at least three hours to get there, and sometimes four. The road was just wide enough for one lane traffic, *rough*, and crowded. Trucks and bullock carts were especially plentiful, and when they came along somebody had to hit the shoulder. It certainly wasn't going to be them.

A few miles outside of Karachi on that road there were some tombs known as the Chowkandi tombs, and we stopped to see them. Further on were the Bhambori excavations which we explored. About half way between Karachi and Hyderabad was the city of Thatta which was the capital of the Sind district three hundred years ago. It was known as the city of tombs and the dead had better dwellings than the living. Their remains today, with the beautifully glazed bricks, are impressive, and we always felt that the trip to Hyderabad had to be broken by a walk through the area of these tombs. We usually ate our picnic lunch there, enjoying blissfully the *cold* Pepsi Cola in the thermos we carried.

Usually the drive was hot, dusty, and drab, but once we went just after there had been heavy rains in the Hyderabad area, and the country-side was lush with fresh green grass. That day it was pleasantly cool and cloudy, and with all the beauties of nature around us, even the bumpy road didn't seem so bad.

Hyderabad is a city of about one million people. It is

primarily Muslim in religion, and no church of our Lord exists there, to our sorrow. It seems to be many years behind Karachi in modernization, and lacks the influence of Western association. There you see things in the city, the homes, and bazaar as they must have been for centuries, with very little change. It left me with the feeling of having stepped suddenly into another age, and it was fascinating. Once we took a ghari and rode through the streets and bazaar—it made a treasured memory. The bazaar offered many things I could not find at Karachi—old type Sindhi shoes, wooden combs, beautiful baskets at give-away prices. And everyone was as interested in those odd Americans as we were in the curious merchandise. Wherever we went a crowd soon gathered around, and as we walked the streets of the bazaar, all heads turned to follow us. It always made us feel a little queer but we did our best to ignore it.

By the time we left Hyderabad it was usually nearly night and the drive back to Karachi was especially tiring and dangerous. The road seemed to constantly be worked on, and piles of rock and sand were neatly mounded all along the shoulders. During the daytime this wasn't so bad, but at night with the blinding lights of the oncoming trucks, a pile of materials on the shoulder could not always be seen, and once we nearly wrecked into one of them. It was with great relief that we got back to the safety of our own house, and we always declared "Never again". It was a rough day's work for a holiday.

When we went to Lahore it was usually in connection with a lectureship or a meeting, and those visits with fellow-Christians and co-workers were golden days. Invariably, when we went to Lahore or Gordon came to Karachi (in both cases the arrival would be either at midnight or three in the morning), the rest of the night was spent drinking coffee or Ovaltine or Cokes and enjoying recounting expe-

riences and talking over problems and possibilities in the work. Such hours of pleasure you could not imagine. It was like having a steady drumming rain after months of drought. Through those years our friendship deepened and ripened into a full rich love and respect for each other. Gordon and J. C. exchanged several letters each week, sometimes writing every day, and we worked fairly closely together, considering that eight hundred miles separated us! Not once did we find ourselves having disagreements and hard feelings. Our relationship was one of good will, general accord on the methods most effective in Pakistan, and full co-operation in helping each other in any way possible. We, and the Hogans, are proud of that record, and treasure the experiences we have had together.

After we had been in Karachi for two years, J. C. decided we needed to get out of the country for a short vacation. Steve was then a year old; Sheila, three-and-a-half. I had not realized how badly I, especially, needed the change, and was not eager to endure all that was necessary in order to go. Traveling with two small children was not going to be very restful, I knew, and before we could think of going anywhere there had to be some sewing done. I set to work at it in my spare time, and finally got a sort of wardrobe together. Trying to arrange everything so that our absence would not disrupt too much was not easy, but we felt that it would be good for the church to get along without us for a couple of weeks.

At last at the end of a busy Wednesday, the packing was done and we prepared to go to the airport to catch the 11:40 P.M. plane to Lahore. I was so exhausted that one word of discouragement from J. C. would have brought the whole plan crashing down, and I would have readily collapsed on the bed in relief. But he forced enough enthusiasm for us both, locked all of the windows with the bolts

at the top and bottom, locked every door in the house, and as many from both sides as he could (the padlocks were all the same kind and we wondered how we would ever tell which key belonged to which lock when we got ready to unlock all of those doors, but who was going to worry about a problem that was two weeks distant?) and went out to get a taxi. At last we were off, and even I began to feel a twinge of excitement coming to life inside. At the airport desk, we were unceremoniously informed that the flight schedule had been set up twenty minutes, and that our plane was just taxiing down the runway. My heart fell into my shoes. I had hardly been able to muster the energy to make the preparations to go, and now that we had gone through all of that, it had all been for nothing. The ride back home was certainly a let-down from what I had expected.

At the house J. C. finally found the key to open our bedroom door, and the one to open the kitchen door from the outside. We set our bags in the middle of the floor and wearily dropped into bed. I was really ready to call the whole thing off, but J. C. knew better than I how much we needed to be away for a rest, and my own listless feelings should have been a warning to me, but I didn't realize that. We know now from experience that too long in the depths of the work, without a change of pace, is not good and can be disastrous in some cases, resulting in nervous breakdowns. I am sure that no missionary gets as much rest as his counterpart in the States would get, but a certain amount of rest is vital to the well-being of the worker and the work.

The next morning we had a quick breakfast and then took the more expensive day flight to Lahore. We had a hearty laugh with the Hogans over our short trip of the night before, and enjoyed a few hours of fellowship with them.

Then in the afternoon we continued on our way, flying to New Delhi, India. There, we went again to the old Central Court Hotel. It had improved not one whit, but the attractive price kept us there.

Our plans were to go to Kashmir by Indian Airlines the next morning, so we got up early, ate breakfast, caught the airlines bus and rode out to the airport. There we waited hour after hour as the flight was delayed because of bad weather in Kashmir. Finally the flight was cancelled completely, and we had to return to the hotel, tired and disgusted. That afternoon we decided to do some window shopping around Delhi, and we found some dazzling arrays of handicrafts from all parts of India. I succumbed to buying some pretty pieces of brass that were better done than the equivalent in Pakistan, and cheaper. They were padded and wrapped in jute packing so that we could stow them on the plane with the luggage on our return trip, and we returned to the hotel with two sizable-looking parcels. The manager agreed to keep them for us while we were in Kashmir, so we felt that the day had not been entirely wasted after all.

Saturday morning the routine of the previous day was repeated, but finally about noon the weather cleared and we were on our way. We had wondered in Karachi if the reason scenery didn't seem to charm us was because our sense of appreciation was deadened? We felt sure, though, that the problem was not with us but was simply that there was no scenery around Karachi to appreciate. As we flew over the lofty Himalaya Mountains we thrilled to the beauty below us, and were a little relieved to find that nature could still stir us! Kashmir has long been noted for its beauty, and draws many tourists from all over the world. We could readily see why. The rugged mountains bathed in snow, and the green valley of Kashmir dotted by blue

lakes, were all pure pleasure to our eyes after being accustomed to the flat gray landscape around Karachi.

The plane landed on a short airstrip, and we took a bus into town. At the airlines office, a man approached us wanting to know if we wanted to stay in a house boat while in Srinagar. We had been told that this was a delightful experience, and since his rate seemed reasonable enough we decided to look at the place. The name of the boat was the "Pansy" and the name was the only pleasant thing about it. Being still early in the year (April) it was cold in Srinagar, and there was no heat on the houseboat. It was old and drab and the worst part of the deal was the food. We wished we had not taken it, and we got a very bad impression of houseboat vacations, but I am sure that if we had been more cautious in our selection our feelings would have been quite different.

That afternoon we window-shopped and found that the prices of hand-carved walnut pieces were so cheap that they could not be resisted. I bargained for several things, including a small table, lamp bases, serving trays, etc., and got them all for a total of one hundred rupees which at that time was roughly equivalent to fifteen dollars. Any one of them would have cost a good portion of that amount anywhere else in the world, so I felt that for once I had really gotten my money's worth.

Sunday morning we had worship in our room and then arranged to see some of Srinagar. We rode in a shikara along the Jhelum river, seeing the every-day life of the people who live their lives in house boats. It looked cold and cramped and miserable to me, but I am sure they must not find it so bad. They looked happy enough, and certainly picturesque, perching on the end of their small flat row-boats that serve as a means of transportation. These little

boats were everywhere on the river, loaded with all types of merchandise, and often a person would follow us a long way, trying to sell us the handicrafts or flowers or food that he had to offer.

We were rowed up the river to the beautiful Dal Lake, and had a picnic in Shalimar Gardens. Walking through the gardens was a happy experience because of the beauty of the artistic lay-out, and because the grounds were covered with the bright wild flowers of spring. It was a sweet balm to our tired spirits to bask in the sunshine, far from responsibility, and just to drink in the beauties of God's world.

We decided because the houseboat was cold and uncomfortable, and the food hardly eatable, that we would return to Delhi on Monday, so we spent the morning in the airlines office trying to make reservations. At first it seemed hopeless, but by the time the flight was ready to leave seats had been confirmed and we were on our way back to the hot country.

In Delhi we went to the Government Tourist Office and asked about the price of a bus ticket to Agra. It was agreeably cheap, so we booked seats for the next day, for a three-day triangular trip to Agra, Jaipur, and back to Delhi. The bus proved to be spacious and comfortable with plush seats and air-conditioning. Only the guide and one other lady traveled with us, so there was plenty of room for the children to play and take naps. The guide was a very sweet young woman and she entertained Sheila by telling her stories a good part of the time. We stopped at several places of interest along the way, and were served cold Cokes and cookies, if we would have them, after each excursion into the dry, withering heat. The ride took about four hours. We were taken to the Government Hotel in Agra for lunch, and afterwards were picked up by the bus to tour the Agra Fort and the Taj Mahal.

A Muslim Emperor, Shah Jahan who ruled India during the sixteen hundreds, was a great builder. He was responsible for the building of the Badshahi Mosque, Shalimar Gardens, Lahore Fort and other outstanding monuments in Lahore. In Kashmir he had a summer resort and built Shalimar Gardens there. In Delhi he built the Red Fort, with its many lavish buildings. In Agra, his father and grandfather had begun the Fort, and he added to it. His sections are mostly of white marble, inlaid with precious and semi-precious stones, and once sported some gilded walls and ceilings. Much of this wealth and splendor was stripped away by invaders and conquerors, but enough of it remains that the tourist can see that there was nothing crude about the king's residence.

Shah Jahan had a Persian wife, who was number one wife in his household. She died at the age of thirty-nine, giving birth to their fourteenth child. Seven years after her death Shah Jahan began the building of her tomb, the Taj Mahal, "Crown Palace". The completion of it took twenty thousand workers twenty years, and cost several million dollars. The Taj is approached by way of a ride through Agra where poverty, dirt, and want are a way of life even today. Leaving such a drab world of insufficiency, and passing through the entrance of the majestic tomb, one can hardly believe that the perfection in white that dazzles his eyes can be real. It looks so unlike everything around it, like a palace in the midst of slums, that it is almost beyond one's comprehension. Spacious gardens and fountains with pools to add to the beauty surround the tomb, and the nearer one draws to the tomb the more overwhelming it becomes. Inside the building itself, in the sarcophagus room, as our eyes became accustomed to the dim light, we saw a very delicately carved screen of white marble forming a wall about five feet high around the tomb. The screen appeared as



fragile and intricate in design as a drapery of lace. Over the arched entrance, and framing each marble panel of the screen, were flowers and leaves and designs cut of many tiny pieces of semi-precious and precious stones, and inlaid in the marble with such artistic perfection that the surface feels smooth and unbroken to the fingertips. One small flower may be composed of thirty to sixty-five pieces, and the lavish use of the flowers on the screen and the tombs themselves (Shah Jahan was eventually buried beside his wife) show utter disregard for time or money spent in the work—the aim was simple beauty, to the finest degree of perfection that man can attain, and the goal was reached.

Any thing after the Taj would tend to be anticlimactic but we did enjoy Jaipur when we arrived there the next day. It is known as the Pink City, the palace as the Pink Palace. We rode an elephant over part of the extensive grounds, marveled at the priceless treasures in the museum, and walked with interest through the Astronomical Observatory.

The ride back to Delhi was not as pleasant as the two previous days had been because the air conditioner was not working properly. The hours were hot and dusty and we were ready for a rest when we got back to the hotel.

Friday morning we flew back to Lahore and Gordon met us at the airport. He really teased us about looking like a group on a jungle safari as we walked through the terminal—The four of us were preceded by our suitcases and the two bundles of brass things and two other small bundles of wooden things, each on the head of a bearer. I guess we did make a lengthy little parade, but in my opinion it was not *that* funny. There was nothing to do but let him enjoy his joke though!

We knew that the road between Karachi and Lahore was

not good, and we really wanted to know what that part of Pakistan was like, so J. C. went that afternoon to book passage on the evening train. He was able to get only second class seats, and after our experience from Delhi to Lahore on the Frontier Mail, we were a little apprehensive. But in those days we were tenderfeet, and after two years we were old veterans, so we would do fine! Probably we were just soft before—

Jane and I put together a few things to eat during the expected twenty hour ride, and we had some water in one of those handy plastic clorox bottles that someone had given Jane. Then after an early evening meal with them, they took us to the station. The train was due to leave about eight P.M., and we said reluctant good-byes and got aboard to settle down for the night. Again the train was a coal-burner, with the same hard bunks. J. C. slept in the upper one with Sheila between him and the wall, and I slept on the lower one with Steve. The night was extremely hot and we hope for relief when the train started, but the thick flying dust and cinders soon forced us to raise the windows and we were left in suffocating heat.

Sheila and Steve woke off and on through the night, crying from the parching heat and miserable with dry, dust-caked mouths. I knew just how they felt, for I felt the same way, and could have almost cried myself! How in the world, with two good minds, we could have gotten into such a mess was beyond me.

When daylight came the next morning, I sat up and looked around in dismay. The entire car was covered with a thick coat of fine dust. J. C. brushed clouds of it from his clothes, and climbed down from his bunk. When I saw him I had to laugh—his hair and eyebrows had turned gray over-night, and before my eyes appeared J. C. as he will

probably look as a Grandpa! The transition was amazing—of course, I looked like Grandma myself.

Much as I hated the thought of going into the horrible smelling two-by-two "room" that served as a rest room, I could stand the coat of dust no longer. With the meager water available, and the bathcloth that I always took along on trips, I spot-bathed Sheila and Steven and then myself. We felt much better for a few minutes, but it didn't take long to get a fresh coat of gray.

The jostling of the train allowed for little moving around by the children so the confinement to the hard bunks was tiring for them. We nibbled through the day on some of the food we had brought, but part of it could not be eaten because the fine dust had sifted through the wrappings and the food was gritty. The water was more than tepid, and only the dry heat and parched throats could have induced us to drink it. We were always glad when a stop along the way allowed time to send a boy for Cokes—never cold ones, but they were slightly cool and wet.

I believe that every mile of the rail line from Lahore to Karachi is marked by a post on which is written the number of miles yet to the destination, and a good part of that afternoon and evening J. C. spent standing at the open door of the car, checking each marker as we passed. The hours dragged on and on, and we seemed to spend more time starting and stopping than we did moving. We learned two things: First, that either the problem on our previous train ride had not been that we were just softies, or else we were still that; and second, we learned what lay between Lahore and Karachi: eight hundred miles of almost nothing but gray dust—and we ate about half of that lovely landscape.

Finally, finally, at eight o'clock, four weary hours behind

schedule, we pulled into the Karachi station. Two coolies took our things to a taxi and we happily watched the familiar landmarks bringing us closer and closer to home. At last we were there and, thankfully, the place was all still intact. Again J. C. opened the bedroom door and the kitchen door. I boiled some water so there would be some to drink the next day and we had a Coke and a thorough shower and fell, exhausted, into bed. Oh! it was *great* to be home. Tomorrow would be soon enough to worry about opening the one hundred and forty other bolts and locks!

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### WORD GETS AROUND

The first year in Karachi was rather lonely and often discouraging, for several reasons. Any new work is more trying during the first year, and one often feels that he is a complete stranger in a very foreign country. But after the initial stages, more and more opportunities tumble over themselves to fall at your feet, and you begin to call the foreign city "home" without even realizing that you are doing it. Then, word slowly gets around through the American brotherhood that the church has been established in your city, and that you can be found at such-and-such address. And about the time you begin to feel at home, fellow-Christians find their way to your door, and your longest and hardest days are behind you.

As I have mentioned before, I was quite inexperienced at having much company when we moved to Karachi, and letters informing us of the impending arrival of some complete stranger at first sent me into a state of nervous dithers. What I really needed to get over such foolishness was a lot of experience, and we had come to the very place to get it! What started as a small snowball at the top of a hill became a landslide of pleasure the last year we were in Karachi, for during those months we counted up that twenty-six separate persons or families (not Pakistanis) were our guests for long or short periods.

We have often heard the slighting accusation made in the States that many want to be missionaries because it

provides them with a free trip around the world. Such statements would be fighting words to me if I did not so pity the ignorant and ill-informed person who said them. Yes, that is what prompts such statements, and one who has ever seen the smallest part of the needs of the world would know that those needs have been crushed to their hearts as stark realities because they have seen them with their own eyes. I would to God that not only every missionary, but every member of the Lord's church, could do a little of this scorned "traveling" and "sight-seeing". I guarantee you that if your eyes had seen what mine have seen, not only would you most gladly reach deeply into your pocket to help send those workers who want to preach the gospel, but you would most likely be among the number flooding the harvest fields.

The Lord began his commission with the ugly word "GO"—that means TRAVEL. And we have aided and abetted missionaries in their "traveling" by encouraging every one who would to go to their field of work, or to go home, by way of Karachi. We wanted them to see the work being done, we wanted to know of the work they were doing, we wanted them to help us preach the gospel to the Pakistanis—and the way to accomplish all of this was to say: "Come on over for a meeting." In the States, and even sometimes in the mission areas, we hear people planning meetings according to the *best* time—when school is out, when the season for weddings is not on, when there is nothing else to interfere. Our idea of a good time to hold a meeting was about every four to six weeks, the year around, and we could not tell that anything hindered one meeting or made it less successful than any of the others—fear of failure is our biggest failure! Why should there be a "season" for good meetings in Pakistan? The theaters operate four times daily, three-hundred and sixty-five days of the

year, and they run to full houses of interested people! Those who are *interested* in hearing the gospel preached will find a way to be there, as a rule, regardless of interference—and those who are not too interested . . . well, they would manage to find *some* excuse anyway, so why wait on them?

So, we had lots of meetings, with some wonderful preaching talent being represented, made friendships that we treasure yet, and gained invaluable experience.

Aside from men preaching in meetings, sometimes there were visitors who could be with us for only a day or two. These included some who were engaged in mission work and some who were Christians just passing through or who had worked, or were on their way to work, at secular jobs in a foreign country. We enjoyed, and felt enriched by, every new acquaintance. I know that in some heavily traveled countries a man could find his time completely taken up, and his work ruined, by the horde of visitors that would knock at his door. In such areas, a thoughtful Christian will want to meet the local workers and learn what they can of the work being done and of the needs and opportunities, and he will *by all means* worship with the church at the appointed meeting times, but he will not expect to be boarded and entertained by the workers. After all, we are not sending men to these countries to act as tourist hosts. *But*, in less traveled countries, one of the greatest blessings that can befall the missionary is the man who will include a stopover in his itinerary. When people hinted that their visits might be an imposition on us, we assured them that it was about like throwing a bone to a starving dog!

We know of missionaries who have flown directly to their destination, settled down to work, stayed their allotted time, hardly leaving the city in which they lived, and then

flew straight home. In such case everyone is the loser. Why? These are some of the more evident reasons:

1. The man and his family lose. They are afraid to travel any even in their adopted country for fear that some critical brother back home will accuse them of sight-seeing. So, they learn less than they would of the customs and culture of the people among whom they are trying to work. They are therefore less understanding and enlightened, and their effectiveness is diminished. In the second place, they do not take part in workshops and meetings in other countries, and do not see anything first-hand of the needs, opportunities, work, effective methods used, accomplishments and problems of fellow-workers. They, therefore, are neither encouraged by association with others, nor do they encourage anyone else. The result of such an experience is that usually the man sees his mistake and does not repeat it when he comes back for his second period of work, or he goes home not to return at all. In such a case, his very isolation was likely responsible for his discouragement or loss of zeal concerning mission work.
2. The man's work—the budding congregation—suffers. By association first hand with the work in other countries the man could gain much from the methods and experiences of others. These lessons would render him more effective in his own work. Then, because his vision of the church would be world-wide, and his interest would include all the people of the earth, he would unconsciously pass on that vision and interest to the local Christians. They would recognize themselves to be a part of a universal brotherhood, and if you don't know the value of that realization,



you need to gain some in vision and interest in others yourself!

3. The church as a whole suffers. Someone has to conduct meetings even in foreign countries, and though the local worker can preach in many of them, it is vital that others share in the sowing of the seed too. If more of the neighboring workers felt free and encouraged by their supporting brethren to make short meeting tours every year or two, it might not be necessary for preachers to travel all the way from the States for a few weeks of meetings. Local, experienced men would likely be more effective anyway, and they would not have nearly so far to travel, so their tickets would cost only a fraction as much.
4. Neighboring churches lose. A message of truth preached by one man is effective, but if in a year's time four or five men from other countries come and preach the same gospel, the added weight of conviction is tremendous. In addition, the church is made vividly aware of the existence of a sister congregation or congregations in this or that nearby country. The Christians learn something of the needs and opportunities there, of what the local Christians in other areas are doing, and thus their concept of Christianity is broadened.
5. The local family loses. How much the poorer we would be in rich and valued experiences if so many wonderful and dedicated Christians had not visited us during our years in Pakistan. I do not exaggerate at all when I speculate that the loneliness and discouragement might have been too much for me at times if we had not been blessed with the cheering arrival of some "angel in disguise". How much we learned

from them, how real the church in other places became, how encouraged we felt after a few hours or days of warm fellowship—such experiences can carry no price tag in value.

Gordon was the first visitor to spend a week with us to hold meetings and, during the four years, he was with us several times. I well remember how nervous I was about the menus that week. From our visits with them there were several foods that I knew he didn't like, and I have always wanted to please our guests, so I tried to avoid those things. One day there just seemed to be no suitable side vegetable to cook but onion rings, and Jane had said that he did not eat onions at all. I debated on what to do, finally decided that maybe he would have a complete enough meal even if he did not eat them (not many people are overly fond of cabbage, okra, beets, and carrots and these were our mainstays besides rice and potatoes). To my astonishment, it was one of his favorite dishes, and not one was left on the plate! They've been a regular during his visits ever since.

Bro. Ira Rice, Jane and Gordon, and a Pakistani boy from Lahore were our next guests. Since Jane was along on that occasion, she shared the responsibility of taking care of everything, and we enjoyed a wonderful week together.

The Rudy Wyatts came through Karachi on their way back to their work in Perth, Australia, and he preached in a four day meeting, showing slides one night of the work in Perth. Ever since, I have had a desire to visit there and meet those Christians, and maybe one day we can. The first afternoon of their short stay they were lying down in the guest room to take a nap. Suddenly Rudy burst from the room with such a queer expression on his face that I thought something must be terribly wrong. In a voice of

amazement he declared, "A *lizard* just jumped out from under the cover as I turned it back!" He seemed greatly relieved when I assured him that they were not the least harmful, and then he laughed and said that he was glad Melody had already gone to sleep! I had become so accustomed to the house lizards that I had forgotten to mention them. Usually they stay on the ceilings, but since the guest room was not in constant use I suppose this one had found a comfortable spot in the bed. I don't know where he had disappeared to while I had made the beds the day before, but I had not noticed him at all.

Brother Bob Hare spent several months holding meetings in Asia, and we thoroughly enjoyed the week he devoted to Karachi. Part of the time he was sick from some food he had eaten on a plane the evening before coming to Karachi, and one day he went up on the roof and forgot to duck while putting his tall body through a low doorway and nearly knocked the top of his head off, but neither problem hindered his preaching. He became like one of the family, taking up time playing with the children and telling us of his many interesting experiences. If he had not made us feel so much at home! I don't suppose I would have ever gotten over the mortification of serving a bowl of chili one day that was made with the local potent chilies and just could not be eaten. I believe that is the only time I have ever put something on the table, with guests present, that had to be thrown out. After that I knew better than to experiment.

Brother and Sister Jim Johnson were in Karachi over a weekend enroute to their work in southern India. He preached at the worship services on Sunday, and we enjoyed having them in our home.

Brother Frank Pierce had worked in Malaysia and he

agreed to stop for a meeting in Karachi on his way home. It was very good, and we got to know a lot about Malaysia. From the way he described it, it sounded about like paradise on earth, and we decided then and there that if the people were that wonderful, we wanted to get to know them. On our way home in '65, Malaysia was included as a brief stop-over and we happened to be there during a meeting in which Brother Stanley Shipp, then of Switzerland, was doing the preaching. We were not disappointed in the Christians there at all—they seemed full of zeal and enthusiasm and the future surely looked bright for the Lord's cause there. Malaysia is also a lush green, beautiful country, and a sight for our sore eyes after the near-desert climate of much of Pakistan.

While in Malaysia we were able to visit again with the Jud Whitefields and the Richard Matlocks, both of whom had been with us in Pakistan. During the Whitefields' stay I took Pansy down to the bazaar to show her what it was like, and thought she was being duly impressed. Later she told someone that I was surely brave—I just walked around in that bazaar and went on about my business and paid no attention at all to the filth! Well, I did notice it but since there was nothing I could do about it, and the bazaar was a necessary part of life in Karachi, I saw no need to make a lot of ado over it!

Richard and Wanema Matlock and their three children were with us over a weekend during the early summer of 1965. J. C. was gone at the time to a workshop in Beirut, but it happened that on the same weekend Flo Lanford and her two children (Sam and Flo had been working in Dacca, East Pakistan for two years in the University and she and the children were preceding Sam home by a few weeks) came, and Don Petty who was working in Lahore, and knew the Matlocks, was also there. So we had a *full*

house, and a memorable period of fellowship. Pakistani beds, called charpois, could be bought for about three dollars so we kept some on hand for just such times, and there was always a bed for everyone. And being crowded didn't matter—it was a case of "the more the merrier." Even though I was with Wanema at that time for only about two days, when she left I felt that I had known her for years. When J. C. returned I told him about our visitors, and I remember remarking that the Matlocks should be able to do a good work in Malaysia, for I could see that Wanema would be an inspiring co-worker. She radiated the beauty of Christianity. It was with stunned sorrow that I read of her death the following year. Again, the question came, "Why?" When such workers are so desperately needed in these countries, why would it be the best for her, for her family, for those who needed her in Malaysia, for all those who loved God, that she be taken away? So many times we cannot understand His wisdom, but we rest in confidence that He knows best. I will never forget her though.

Brother Archie Luper of Ventura, California was in Karachi on two occasions and generously took us to the Intercontinental to eat one night. It was too expensive for us, but the food was really good. He also preached to the church, and took quite an interest in the growth of the church over the world.

In 1955 J. C. had been part of a group that visited the Holy Land, and Sister Charlie Brown of Stanwood, Iowa was also in the group. During the time we were in Karachi, she and her husband made a world tour, and we were thrilled to have them visit with us. The children especially enjoyed their visit because Sister Brown read to them and took up time with them as their own Grandmother would have done—something they missed. I think the Browns were not too well impressed with our car—at that time we

were having trouble with it and joked of starting the "Choate Car-Pushers Club". She thought it was a shame that we should be hindered by having to put up with such a car, but it was so expensive to own a new one that we felt the Lord would prefer His money be spent on literature and other direct means of getting the gospel to Pakistan. Due to the efforts of the Browns, the church at Cedar Rapids has been a faithful supporter of the work we have tried to do, and we appreciate it beyond measure.

Once we were surprised by a brief visit by Brother Henry Tan from Singapore. He had won a trip to Germany and stopped in Karachi on his way home. Brother Tan is a fine mature Christian, and we were glad to see him again when we returned home.

When Becky Tilotta, then of Freeport, Texas, made stops in many countries, training local women as teachers, she planned Karachi in the itinerary too. But the Pakistan Embassy in Thailand, where she applied for a visa, refused to grant the visa, so she came in as a seventy-two hour transit. She presented some very helpful demonstrations and information, and I felt that I, at least, had profited by them. Some of the local women who attended watched with wide eyes, as fascinated as children. Becky has a wonderful vision for the lost of the world, and is doing all she can to influence the church by means of "The Gleaner," a magazine she edits.

As J. C. was in the throes of getting tax clearance in 1964 to attend the workshop in Baguio City, Philippines (and had come up on all sorts of difficulties but had finally gotten all of the problems worked out) we were surprised to see the Dorsey Traus in a taxi as we were returning to the house from the tax office. They were on their way back to the States after completing a period of work in

Chiengmai, Thailand. Because it was too late to change his plans, J. C. had to leave on schedule that evening but we had several hours together before his departure and they stayed about two days after. I was doubly glad they were there because it helped to eliminate the loneliness when J. C. left. They had a little boy, Cameron, just about Steve's age, so Steve was thrilled to find such a nice friend staying at his house. I acted as host in J. C.'s absence and tried to acquaint them with the work as well as show them a little of what Karachi was like.

J. C. invited Brother Bob Davidson, also of Chiengmai, to come to Karachi for a meeting in the spring of 1965, and offered to schedule others for him in Pakistan and India if he was interested, so six weeks of meetings were planned. The hitch to the success of the plan was that the Pakistani Embassy in Thailand seemed to want to issue visas only as a result of bribes. Finally when it was evident that Bob could not get a visa there at all, J. C. wrote and wired him to come on to Karachi anyway. We knew he would automatically be allowed to stay seventy-two hours as a transit, and we felt that surely there would be a way to get a visa during that time. In order to disembark as a transit it was necessary that he buy onward passage, so he had the ticket written from Karachi to Beirut, Lebanon. The ticket agent agreed to apply the cost to a return ticket to Bangkok if he was able to work it out to stay in Pakistan.

So, at the appointed hour we were at the airport to meet Bob, and he checked through customs, reluctantly leaving his passport with the officials as is required of transits. I think he felt a little nervous about the whole thing, and we were doing some praying ourselves. The blow fell the next day when it happened to be one of those unexpected government holidays! We stewed with impatience that day,

but the meeting began that evening on schedule under a large *shami anna*.

The following day Brother Bridges (an American Christian working in Karachi) one of his friends, J. C., and Bob got together to plan the attack. They decided to go to the airport and see if they could get the passport released first, but there they were told that prior authority would have to be given from a certain government office. This was the information they needed, so they went to that office downtown and told the man in charge just what the problem was: that Bob had come in on transit but wanted permission now to stay longer. At first it seemed that the man would not do it, but Brother Bridges diplomatically told of being in the same situation once himself, and of how nice the visa office had been to him, etc., etc. The atmosphere warmed and the official decided to write a note of authority to clear the passport. They went back to the airport, got the passport, went to another office for the issue of the visa, and on the authority of the note from the first official, a visa good for four years, for fourteen days at a time, was granted in a few minutes. J. C. and Bob returned to the house, two happy men! We have found that if determination can outlive discouragement and obstacles, a way can be found to accomplish what needs to be done.

The meeting resulted in sixteen baptisms, our best in visible responses. Each night I had taught a class for children and sometimes had as many as twenty-five little pupils, so I felt as tired as the men by the time the week was over.

The Hogans had returned to the States a few months previously, so we felt that we should accompany Bob to Lahore to help in the meeting there. On Sunday night, after a last wonderful day of worship, we had everything packed and ready to go on the night flight. We arrived in



Lahore about three A. M. as usual and were met at the airport by Bro. F. M. Perry who had come to Lahore the day after Gordon's departure, to work for two years in the communications department of the U.S.A.I.D. program. We spent the rest of the night at their house and the next day J. C. and Bob flew to Mangla to get the Microbus Gordon had left with Christians there. While they were gone the Hogans' cook was buying, with money we gave him, food supplies so that we could stay at the meeting house-preacher's home owned by the church.

A large shammi anna had been erected on the front lawn, J. C. had had advertisements printed and sent to Lahore for distribution, and all other necessary preparations had been made by the time for the meeting that evening. We were settled, too, in the house and were all ready for a wonderful week. It *was* a great week from many standpoints, but certainly presented some problems! The major one was that the electricity went off and stayed off more, it seemed, than it stayed on. Before the sermon each evening we had scheduled a showing of the Herald of Truth films, but on the nights when the current was off those plans were disrupted, and we had to sing by candle light a time or two. With no power, the electric water pump would not run and not only was there no water for the house, but the baptistry could not be filled! What great relief it was when with a sudden flick everything would come to life and we could go on with the proceedings. But that did not end the problems. Twice when we had grown weary with waiting for the current to come on, having people ready to be baptized, the pump would not work! So an electrician had to be sought out and brought—more waiting! We tried just leaving the baptistry filled, but all of the water leaked out over night—in retrospect, the idea of so many irritating little things happening is hilarious. But *then*—?

Yaqub, the Hogans' cook, was a Muslim, but he attended the meetings each night and was really interested in every phase of it. When he heard that there had been sixteen to obey the gospel in Karachi, he was really anxious to see more responses in Lahore. At first he didn't mention his private little race, but toward the end of the meeting, as the number was getting close he could contain his excitement no longer. On the last night, sixteen had obeyed in Lahore too, and Yaqub was crestfallen. With his enthusiasm we had hoped that he would become a Christian too, for he had worked for the Hogans a long time and surely had a fairly good understanding of the truth. We talked to him about it, but he wanted to wait—and like Felix, I suppose the convenient season never came.

On Monday another man wanted to be baptized, so we could hardly contain our joy at the success of the two weeks of work. Yet, it was with more than a little sadness that we saw them close. Bob went on his way to the meetings in India, while we went ours.

The only real drawback about having such guests is that it seems unbearably lonely for a few days after they are gone and the excitement of the meeting and the company is over. But there was always another close or distant date to work toward.

## RECIPES

With visitors, one needs a few recipes. During these years of living away from frozen foods and mixes, these have become favorites to us. I will include them, hopeful that some of you who read the book will find a use for them.

When I cook by a cook book, I follow the directions as carefully as ingredients on hand will allow, but when

I cook from imagination, the measurements are made in "abouts", so I am always hesitant to share the recipe with anyone else. But with a little experimentation, you might enjoy using these:

### CREAMED CHICKEN

Take one tender (if possible) fryer or broiler, cut it into pieces for frying, remove the skin, and sprinkle with salt. Place in a skillet with a little hot oil (about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " deep) and fry quickly to brown. When chicken is brown, but not burned, drain off oil and cover with water and skillet top. Reduce heat and cook until chicken is tender and all of the water has evaporated. Remove the chicken to cool. Into the brown juices in the skillet stir flour then add milk to make a gravy. Or make regular white sauce and pour that into skillet. Take the chicken off the bones, cut into small pieces, and stir into gravy. Very tasty served over a mound of mashed potatoes.

### TOMATO SAUCE ROAST

Trim, wash, and salt and pepper one beef undercut. Place in large deep pan. Chop onion and green chili pepper, and spread these over the meat. Add tomato puree or a bottle of tomato ketchup (tomato sauce) and a little water. Cover with lid and put into oven, 325°. Bake until tender, approximately two to three hours, until sauce has become thick enough to be used as a gravy. We liked this with rice, and spooned the gravy over the plain rice.

### STEAKS WITH BUTTER

With baked potatoes and rolls, these steaks were favour-

ites. Cut one undercut into steaks about  $\frac{3}{4}$ " thick. Salt and pepper, top with onion slices, fry in shallow hot oil. Brown one side, turn, brown the other side quickly and remove from heat. Put a generous pat of butter on each steak and serve immediately.

### SPAGHETTI SAUCE

Two pounds of minced (ground) meat: mutton or beef or pork. Brown meat in pan, add two medium sized onions, grated, and one bell pepper, salt, pepper, bay leaf and any other spices on hand that sound like they might make spaghetti sauce taste better. Pour in one bottle of tomato sauce (ketchup) and add water. Simmer slowly for two or three hours. Add grated cheese if it is available. Good served over rice, spaghetti or egg noodles. I often thicken mine with flour stirred into a small glass of water. Add this to the sauce just before you are ready to remove it from the heat; allow two or three minutes for the juices to be thickened and then it won't be watery when it is spooned over the noodles.

### FRIED RICE

Prepare chicken, pork, or beef, as per directions for creamed chicken without the sauce. After the meat is tender, cut into small pieces and mix with two or three grated carrots, several spring onions sliced in thin rounds, about two cups of cooked and drained green peas, and four to six cups of cooked rice. (Be very careful that the rice is not overcooked and that it is well rinsed so that it won't be starchy). Sprinkle black pepper generously over the mixture (this is the major cause of the flavour and if it is omitted the dish tastes flat.) Toss gently with a fork to

mix all ingredients together thoroughly. Into a deep pan, over a hot fire, put about three tablespoons of bacon fat and one heaping spoon of butter. Break three eggs into pan, salt and scramble until about 2/3 done. Quickly add about 1/3 of the rice mixture and stir with a large spoon or pancake turner, frying the rice and heating it thoroughly. Gently rake with a fork onto a platter. Repeat process twice with the remaining rice. Serve with crackers or poppard. If you like egg noodles better than rice, they make a good substitute. We also like to add fried cashew nuts to the mixture when they are available.

### POTATO SOUP

Three cups of potatoes, diced. One large onion, chopped. Salt, pepper, grated cheese to taste, and some water. Cook until potatoes are tender. Make white sauce and add to it two chicken bullion cubes. Pour sauce into potatoes and allow mixture to simmer a few minutes. Serve with crackers and a good book to read to the children while the soup cools.

### ONION RINGS

Three or four large onions, peeled and sliced 1/8" thick. Separate into rings in a bowl. Sprinkle with salt and break one egg over the onions, mixing carefully to coat the rings well. Pick up a handful and drop them into sifted flour, take them out, shake off the excess flour and fry in moderately hot deep fat, stirring, until crisp and light brown. Drain well on a paper towel or in a large strainer that can usually be bought in any market. Continue frying a few rings at a time until all are finished. Serve immediately.

## OKRA OR LADY FINGERS

Tender okra, sliced thin, salted, coated with one egg, and with enough flour stirred in to make the pieces dry, fried in deep fat, is another food we have grown fond of since living away from the peas and butterbeans of the South. Fried to a golden color and well-drained, the okra is crisp and goes well with mashed potatoes.

## POTATO CHIPS

In many Eastern markets you find some variety of potato chip slicers, and they work real well. The first time you use it, you should try several thicknesses of potatoes to see just which tastes better: too thin is just as bad a too thick! Slice the potatoes and salt them generously. Cover with water and let them stand a half hour or more. Into a deep pan pour about one inch of oil. Add the potatoes to the hot oil a few at a time, dropping them separately as much as possible, or stirring them briskly as soon as they hit the oil so they won't stick together. As they begin to sizzle, stir them to be sure they cook on both sides. When they are done the sizzling will almost be stopped. Take them up before they get brown, as they will taste burned long before they look it. Drain well in a large strainer.

## SHOE-STRING POTATOES

Cut the potato length-wise in layers 1/8" thick, then turn the potato in your hand and cut through the layers, again in slices 1/8" thick. The result will be "shoe-string" potatoes. Fry in deep fat as for French fries, and allow them to cook until the sizzling almost stops, being careful not to let them get really brown. Salt and serve.

## HUSH-PUPPIES

To three parts of suji or semolina or corn meal, add one part sifted flour. Add one teaspoon of salt and about one tablespoon of baking power. Grate one large onion into mixture, one egg, and enough milk to make a batter that can be dropped by spoonfuls into the grease that was used to fry the fish. Brown one side, turn over and brown the other side, or continually stir them if the oil is deep enough that they float. Drain well.

## ICE CREAM

Beat six or eight eggs with two cups of sugar until they are thick and light in color. Add a little salt, vanilla flavoring and enough milk to fill a four quart ice cream freezer. Strain mixture as you pour it into the freezer. If just plain milk is used, a can of condensed milk will make smoother ice cream. I usually use whole cream powdered milk and put about a third again as much powder as the directions say. For chocolate ice cream, cook about a half a cup of cocoa, a cup of sugar and a little water until it begins to thicken slightly. Stir this into a well-beaten mixture of eight eggs and a cup and a half of sugar. Blend well and add sufficient milk to fill the freezer. For strawberry or cherry ice cream, a cool-aid packet of the chosen flavor added to the egg and sugar mixture is very good. Freeze the cream until it is about  $\frac{2}{3}$  done and add a can of frozen strawberries or a cup of chopped maraschino cherries. Home-made banana splits taste better in some foreign country where such treats cannot be bought than the best one that Howard Johnson can offer.

## PASTRY

Someone gave me a recipe for pie pastry and I cannot remember for sure if I have the right person in mind or

not, so I will mention no names, but I have used the recipe continually and have never had it to fail. It can also be used for the bread for the Lord's Supper. Two cups of plain flour (and a pinch of salt), one cup of butter or other shortening, and one half cup of milk are the ingredients. I have had no trouble remembering it because each added ingredient was just half what the previous one had been. In a land where ready-mixed crusts are not available, it is a handy thing to know.

### DOUGH-NUTS

I use the regular dough-nut recipe found in any good cook book and then make a glaze of a little hot water and icing sugar. The glaze should be of the consistency to coat the back of a spoon. Dip the doughnuts and then run a rod through their holes to allow the excess glaze to drip off. If the glaze is the proper thickness, it will form a thick coat on the dough-nuts that will crack and turn whitish if you press it with your finger. A good variation is orange-glazed doughnuts, with orange juice mixed with the sugar instead of water.



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### WONDERFUL CO-WORKERS

When we entered Pakistan in the spring of 1962, we knew of no other Christians in the country except the Gordon Hogans in Lahore. Two American Christian families among the one hundred and fifteen millions of Pakistanis, Christians in only two of the many major cities of the country, made it seem like a big empty world. Perhaps that description sounds queer, but to me a city springs to life the moment the church exists there, and when no Christians are in a city or a country it seems strange and cold and uninviting. The picture was soon changed in Pakistan, for God blessed us with some wonderful people scattered throughout the entire country.

Before I introduce them to you and tell you in a small part what they meant to us, I feel that I must point out that two kinds of Christians live in foreign countries: those who are dedicated and are going to do all they can to help with the work while they are there, and those who couldn't care less. Some of both were in Pakistan, and though we were sorry that some denied the faith rather than try to propagate it, we were glad that they did not set their bad example before the Pakistani Christians by spasmodically attending the assemblies. That would have been a blow hard to overcome, and my advice to people contemplating entering a foreign country in secular work is that if you are not going to be zealous, glowing example of Christianity for the new Christians who will be watching you,

please don't hinder the work by being a deplorable example of unfaithfulness. Just keep your lack of conversion to yourself and stay away from the church.

Sometimes people think that if a person does not go to a country as a MISSIONARY, he cannot do any good for the Lord. But this is a terrible mistake, and is costing a fortune in lost souls each day. *Many* have done very effective work by going with secular jobs and working during the evenings and on weekends to teach the truth. And the wonderful thing about this method is that it opens the doors to countries for the gospel that are firmly closed to MISSIONARIES. Teachers, journalists, technicians, government and construction workers, and many other similar type workers can easily get visas to the various countries of the world with "closed" doors. The question is: when are we going to wise up and make more effective use of these means of getting the message to the world?

You are already well acquainted with the Hogan family from reading the previous chapters, so you know what effective workers they were for Christ. Gordon had been a credit analyst for Dunn and Bradstreet before giving up that work to become a preacher on a full-time basis. In fact he got his resident visas for Pakistan on that basis and looked up a few cases for the company in order to make the title valid. During the years they worked in Pakistan he preached in Lahore area and in one of the villages in the region known as the Punjab. For about two years he drove each Sunday afternoon to Mangla Dam site and helped with the work there. The distance being about one hundred and twenty miles from Lahore, and Pakistani roads being what they are, that alone was a stupendous accomplishment!

We tried and the Hogans tried, during those years, to get other workers to come from the States to help us, but not

one ever answered the call. Occasionally there were a few letters in answer to some plea, but that was all it amounted to. It is very frustrating to see all that needs to be done, all that can be done, and all that won't be done because no one will come to help carry the load.

For about two and a half years there was a young man in Lahore by the name of Glen Norton. He was with the Air Force, and was a wonderful example of the effect of Christianity in a person's life. He had good personal habits, clean speech, and was faithful in every way, willing to help with the work in whatever capacity he was called upon to help. We were with Glen on many occasions, and couldn't help but wish that he were in Karachi instead of Lahore! But since that wasn't the case, we were glad that he was there to help and encourage the Hogans. After his first tour of duty was up he was so interested in having part in the growth of the church in Pakistan that he requested to be reassigned there. That happened so seldom that his request was quickly granted!

North of Lahore was the site for the construction of the great earth-filled dam at Mangla. The contract was awarded to an American Company and so "Little America" grew up at that site. The housing area looked just like a subdivision in Southern California, and the homes included the modern time-saving conveniences common in American homes, but sadly lacking in Pakistan. In the community were neighborhood laundry rooms with washers and dryers, a huge super market and other shopping places, a lavish restaurant and economical snack bar, a gymnasium, tennis court, recreational area, movie house, community hall, and other such purely American features. Several thousand Americans were imported to do the work that common Pakistani labourers could not do. Among that number was a family by the name of Thomas Carter. Tom and Betty and their

two teen-age children, Johnny and Charma, were members of the church and it didn't take them long to begin conducting worship services at the community center on Sundays. Gordon offered to come up and help out, and so their work together became a regular thing. Attendance grew and at least one American family was baptized, and some Pakistanis taught through their efforts.

We visited the Carters several times, and found their home to be as warm and friendly as their hearts. They made every visitor feel special, welcomed, very much wanted, and very much at home. Besides the pleasure of talking together about an endless variety of subjects, they had some beautiful music on tapes and we were starved for that. The Classical Pakistani music on the radio did not appeal to me much, and there was not any kind on for a great part of the day since the radio only offered three short transmissions. So we learned from them that the smart person makes sure that a tape recorder and plenty of favourite music are a part of the essentials provided for happiness in a foreign country. Somehow with happy music in the background, I just find myself having a brighter, more cheerful outlook on life. But the Carters had more than the music—they had all of those scrumptious American foods that we sometimes drooled over in our reminiscences, and Betty is a first class cook! So, we all joked about how great it was to soak up the luxurious life in Little America! And, seriously speaking, it was almost like a period of recuperation to be in their home. We left, having our bodies, minds, and spirits recharged to go out and face the work with new strength.

North of Mangla about sixty miles is the city of Rawalpindi, twin city of the new capital recently constructed and called Islamabad (City of Islam). Brother Windell Kirk and his family were stationed there with the U.S.

Army for two years, and they were such dedicated Christians that each Sunday they drove the distance to Mangla in order to worship with the church there. On a number of occasions it was necessary for someone to preach when Gordon could not be there, and Windell often filled in with well prepared and well delivered lessons. His wife Ruby is a very sweet person, and they had two pretty little girls when they came to Rawalpindi. During their stay, a son was born and Windell wrote us, saying that he had arrived on Father's Day. We so completely lost track of most American holidays that we did not even know the baby's birthday until we saw Windell later and asked just when Father's Day had come!

West of Rawalpindi and on the frontier border of Pakistan was a small American Air Force Communications Base. The base was located at the edge of the city of Peshawar (not pronounced like it looks but as Pe-show-er), a large city but having the appearance of being far behind modern times. In that area most of the men pack rifles with them wherever they go, and it is common for shooting feuds to break out. Once a man in a faction kicked a dog belonging to a man in a rival grup, and a feud of long standing that had laid calm for some time was revived. Eight men were killed before a truce was called between them.

For some reason, the percentage of Christians among men assigned to secret bases is uncommonly high, and Peshawar was no exception. There was no church meeting on the base until a family named Edward Kemnetz was stationed there. They were not content to worship alone at home, so they made arrangements to conduct services at the base chapel. Then they got a list of the names of the Christians there by going to the chaplain and requesting the information. That was all they needed. They set to work, encouraging those young boys to be faithful to the principles

they had been taught by their parents. Being the type of base it was, most of the men stationed there did not have their families with them, and they were lonely and easily discouraged. The Kemnetzes, Ed and Margaret, determined to do all they could to *help* them. They went far out of their way to make them feel that there was a friend nearby to whom they could go. Margaret worked hard, having the various ones over often for home-cooked meals, and each Wednesday night after the services she always had delicious home-made desserts to serve at a period of fellowship—she knew that these were things they could get only at her house, things of home that they missed, and she gave unselfishly of her time and energies and money to provide these treats for them.

During our visits with the Kemnetzes we could see that their home, with the sweetness of their three little girls, and the parental warmth radiating from them, was a literal blessing from God for the Christian boys stationed on the base. As long as Ed and Margaret were there to work and encourage, about thirty gathered for worship each week, and some who had not known of Christianity were won to Christ through their efforts. But in 1965 many of those who had been faithful in worship completed their tour of duty and went home. When the Kemnetzes, too, returned to the States the impetus that had kept the group together was gone, and it slowly dwindled to nothing. As far as I know now, no church of Christ meets on the base at Peshawar, but I wonder how many unfaithful Christians are there, and how many families have come and gone that could have filled the Kemnetzs' place, but failed themselves and the Lord when they had the golden opportunity to prove their love for him by service?

Across the Pakistan border and beyond the Khyber Pass, in the intriguing city of Kabul (pronounced like Cobble),

Afghanistan lived the Robert Stewarts. Bob and Nina were alone, since their children were grown and married, and they came to Kabul primarily for the purpose of saving as much as they could of their income so that they might support themselves at a future time in mission work in some part of the world. They were associated with the Wyoming and Columbia University Teams in their aid program for the Kabul University, and they stayed in Kabul for four years. Afghanistan (try the local pronunciation, making all of the a's have a broad sound) is a strictly Muslim country, and very orthodox. No evangelization is allowed at all by any other religion, and for an Afghan to accept Christianity would be to invite certain disinheritance by the parents, and likely even death. So there was little that the Stewarts could do to teach, but they had regular worship services themselves, and two or three Afghans became faithful in meeting with them. There was one Afghan boy married to an American girl who was a member of the church, and Bob and Nina were a great source of encouragement to them in their many problems. Then they were told of a young Afghan man who had been sent to the States for some special schooling, and had come in contact with the church during that time and seemed very interested in the truth. When he returned to Afghanistan they soon got to know him and encouraged him to worship with them. Through careful private studies together they taught him the truth, and he became a Christian. He is presently in the States, but he hopes in time that it will be possible for him to return to his own country to teach his people the truth that he has learned.

It would be hard to express in words what the Stewarts meant to us, but everyone who knows them has the same deep love for them. They are so generously encouraging, so refreshing to be with, and such dedicated Christians that

they can only do good for the cause of Christ where ever they are.

The country of Pakistan is divided into two sections and the eastern wing, East Pakistan, is more densely populated than the Western side. We have tried in vain for several years now to get some preacher to go to East Pakistan to establish the Lord's church, but the millions that live there seem not to weigh very heavily on the consciences of the preachers in America. We were glad, though, that a family of Christians did work with the University there for two years—the Sam Lanfords. Sam and Flo and their two children were isolated from the other Christian in Pakistan, but we kept in contact by mail, and J. C. visited them whenever it was possible, to encourage them as he could. They took care of the Bible correspondence courses for their area, correcting them and corresponding with the students. I did not meet the Lanfords until late in their stay in Dacca, but J. C. kept telling me what fine people they were. Finally Sam visited us briefly on business once, and then Flo stopped for the weekend in Karachi on the way back to the States. We, and the others who were there at the same time, enjoyed the fellowship so much that we almost forgot the time that sensible people go to bed. The last evening of their stay one family was to leave on a flight about three A.M. and the other about five A.M. So we decided that it was a shame to waste such good hours for fellowship by sleeping, and we talked the night out! As, those were the good old days!

During three of the four years we spent in Karachi we were primarily alone, as far as American Christians were concerned. But from May of 1964 to May of 1965, the Atlas Bridges family was there in connection with his job as salesman for Continental Gin Company. Oh, how much we enjoyed visiting on casual occasions in their home, and



having them over for meals with us! Atlas and Grace had two teen-aged children, Tansy and Mike, and they were very patient with our two small ones, even having them over to spend the night occasionally. This was a great treat to Sheila and Steve, and they adopted the Bridges as Aunt Grace and Uncle Atlas, which they remain to this day. During their stay in Pakistan they were very faithful in attending all of the assemblies and were a source of encouragement in every way. Through their influence their house boy was taught the truth and then he led his brother to Christ. How easy it is for people to let Christianity live in them and reach out to influence others, if they will only let it be! The Bridges are an excellent example of how people can work at other jobs and yet contribute to the growth of the church in a foreign field. And aside from their example of faithfulness before the Pakistani Christians, they were a dear source of encouragement to us personally. Even though they have returned to the States their interest in the spread of the gospel has not died, for they have continually written to us and supported the work we have attempted to do. We thank God for them.

These were the members of our big family of American Christians during the "golden years." They came to Pakistan for many and varied reasons, but we all had one tie in common—interest in the souls of the people who needed the truth. Unlike their fellow-workers in the Army or Air Force or universities, these people were all happy to be in Pakistan and contented, because they felt that they were doing eternal good. And the good they did cannot be minimized. Just knowing that Christians lived and worshipped and worked at spreading the gospel in whatever ways they could in their respective areas made us feel less lonely and discouraged. And what wonderful people they all were!

God certainly must have hand-picked those He sent because they were such jewels, without exception.

But, one by one, they finished their work and returned home. Karachi was the city through which each had to pass in leaving the country, and as they came and stayed a day or two with us before departure, and we relished their fellowship for the last time, we wondered when we would ever see them again and where in the world our paths would cross. By the end of the summer of '65 not one of them remained in Pakistan. As we surveyed mentally the map of Pakistan, the lights had almost all gone out, and except for Lahore and Karachi the country again lay shrouded in cold and darkness. To us, the statement in Job 26:7, "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place . . ." took on a new meaning.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### THE MEMORABLE WEEKEND

Each fall there is a gathering of missionaries, called a workshop, in one of the eastern countries. It is scheduled to cover about five days of intensive study and discussion of the various problems which the workers encounter, of effective methods being used to reach the masses, and of other subjects of vital interest and importance to the missionaries. A program is also planned for the wives who are able to attend. There is opportunity given to each participant to give a report on the work being done in his country, and usually a guest speaker is invited to preach in a simultaneous gospel meeting in the evenings.

Much good, more than non-participants could imagine, is accomplished through these workshops. But, being in the Far East, the expense for going from the middle eastern countries is prohibitive so none of the workers from those areas attend. In addition, these men are working primarily among Muslim nations so their work would have a different slant to that of men in Hindu, Buddhist, or "Christian" countries. They deal with the problems and questions arising from Muslim influence, and since we too lived in an Islamic nation, J. C. thought that a Middle Eastern workshop should be planned to deal with the effective methods and common problems in Muslim areas. The brethren, Bob Douglas (Egypt), Evertt Huffard (Jordan), Carl Matheny (Lebanon), Dick Biggs (Jordan), and Ernest Stewart (Israel), rallied behind the suggestion, and the first Middle

East Missionary Workshop was held in 1964 in Jerusalem, Jordan. It proved to be very helpful to all those who took part, and has become a regular thing. In 1965 it was held in Beirut, Lebanon, in facilities used for Bible Camps, etc. J. C. was the director that year and so he was away for the workshop at the time the Lanfords and Matlocks, as I mentioned previously, visited in Karachi.

After all of the company had gone their separate ways the kids and I occupied ourselves with visiting local friends, shopping for something typical of Pakistan that we wanted to take to friends in the States when we returned in the fall, and with doing whatever the day demanded. J. C. had by then been gone about a week and a half, and according to his letters and my own deductions, I felt that he would likely be home by Thursday, or by Friday at the latest.

As usual we made the preparations for his return. By Thursday the house was shining and the freezer contained a fresh supply of home-made ice cream, as well as some other favorite "goodies". We were in a state of nervous excitement as we looked forward to his return. I remember how the kids and I talked and laughed happily about how little time was left. We had been especially lonely, after having company part of the time, and by now the Bridges who had lived in Karachi for a year had gone home too, so we did not have them to visit.

On Thursday I checked the flight schedule in the paper and noted the time of the various flights that J. C. could have possibly taken. About an hour after each plane's arrival, I would feel the excitement building up inside, for in just a few minutes he *could* be home! But each time the hour turned into two and then three with no taxi pulling up before the gate. But by then it was almost time for the next flight to come in, and I was sure that he would be on

that one. All day we went through peaks of excitement and depths of disappointment, and when the last plane had landed that night he still hadn't come. But as I went to sleep I sighed happily, content with the assurance that he would come Friday.

Friday morning there was an early flight and after getting over the disappointment of him not being on it, I got the kids dressed and we went in a rickshaw to the post office. J. C. always wrote at least a note every day when he was away from home, but this time I had not heard from him since the previous Monday. That was one reason I was sure he would be home on Thursday, but since he had not gotten in yet I thought maybe there would be a letter. After the bumpy ride down I closed the box in disappointment, for the envelope with the familiar handwriting was not there. Friday dragged on and on, a repetition of the day before. By midnight I had decided that the tentative schedule he had made before leaving Karachi must have been changed. I knew him well enough to feel sure that he would not come over the weekend for that would leave him worn out for Sunday. I tried to imagine what the circumstances of his delay might be, and thought of the possibility of him having gotten sick and thus deciding to stay in Beirut over the weekend. I felt that if anything serious had happened he would have let me know, so there was nothing to do but to wait.

Saturday morning we went again to the post office, and this time instead of a letter from J. C. there was a packet of pictures of the workshop activities from Brother Bob Douglas. It had been mailed the first part of the week, and by that I knew that J. C. was not in Beirut, for he would never have had the pictures sent through the mail. I was beginning to really worry by then, for he had said that he wanted to visit with the brethren in Jerusalem for a few

days before coming on home on Thursday or Friday. I had ridden, myself, over the lonely roads from Beirut to Jerusalem and knew that they looked just as apt to harbour thieves today as they did when the Jew was robbed on the road to Jericho. I knew too that everyone in these countries thinks that all Americans are rich, and J. C. could have so easily been attacked on one of those isolated mountain roads and no one would have ever known what happened to him.

Going back home, I stopped at the commercial area and sent a telegraph to Brother Evertt Huffard, informing him that I had not heard from J. C. and asking if he knew when he was coming home. Then I stopped at a chemist's shop and got a bottle of very mild tranquilizers. Already my back and knees had such a queer feeling, from fear, that I could hardly stand. I somehow had to control myself and be physically able to take care of the children during the day and prepare the necessary food for them.

Sunday came and there had been no answer to the wire, though I had been assured that it would reach its destination within six hours. There was a good crowd present for worship and I felt much better. I was sure that if anything had been wrong Brother Huffard would have wired back immediately and since there had been no word, J. C. must be staying with them over the weekend, to return home on Monday. Several of the members of the church had also been expecting to see J. C. at worship, and when I explained the muddle as best I could, they answered comfortingly that they were sure everything was all right. They told me not to worry and Sister Winnie, especially, reminded me of all the work he had yet to do in Pakistan and concluded that God would certainly bring him home safely. She has such a soft heart for others' feelings that there

were tears in her eyes as she patted my back and tried to cheer me.

Sunday afternoon passed and the evening, and I had decided that there was no need to worry. I had prayed countless prayers and I felt that God would answer them for they were wrung from the depths of my heart. Like all people, J. C. has short-comings and faults, but he was the essence of my life. Through him I could work toward a goal, I could hold up his hands in the struggle to plant the truth in Pakistan. His vision illuminated me, so that I could see what *could* be done, and the changes that could be made in the world through the type of efforts we were making. With him, my life had unswerving direction and purpose—there was a work to be done, a goal to reach, and with our combined strength and God's help, we could reach it. But, without J. C.? What work could I do alone to make the black fate of the world brighter? What meaning would my life have? The force behind it would be gone, and I would be left to mere existence. No! this could not be the best for us, or for Pakistan!

About midnight Sunday night I woke with thudding heart to the clanging of a telegram boy at the gate. Trembling, I went to the door and signed for the message. My mouth was as dry as powder as I tore it open and read: "J. C. left on Wednesday. Should be home by now. If not, wire back. Evertt." I sat down before my knees collapsed under me, and tried to think. Now I knew he was neither in Beirut nor Jerusalem, and that no one knew where he was. What should I do? I had to think carefully and not make any foolish mistakes in my decisions.

Winnie lived about three blocks away (with her brother and his wife, Bashir and Kamni Akhtar), and her brother was a pilot for Pakistan International Airlines. When he

had heard that I was worried about J. C. he had said that he had a flight scheduled for Beirut on Monday and that he would try to call the Douglasses for me if I wanted him to. I didn't think that would be necessary then, but with the wire in my hand, I knew that I had to talk to Bashir. Alexander Sheen, one of the young men who was a member of the church, was staying in the quarters at the back of the house during J. C.'s absence. I dressed and then called him. He was very much bothered, too, when I told him of the telegram, and felt that we should ask Bashir for his advice. I locked the children in the house, and Alexander and I walked through the dark streets to the Akhtar home. They soon came to the door in answer to the bell, and I went in and showed him the wire. They too were alarmed, and Bashir said that he would definitely get in touch with Bob Douglas as soon as he landed in Beirut, and would call Kamni through the PIA communications system when he learned anything. I was so anxious to know if the Douglasses knew anything of his whereabouts, or if he had said anything to them that might help us to find out where he was and what had happened to him. All of this was so unlike J. C. that my only conclusion was that something bad had happened to him, and no one there even knew that he had disappeared, so no one was looking for him.

Somehow I got through the night, I prayed, but I knew that what had already happened could not be un-done, and I felt so beaten down with despair that nothing seemed to hold any meaning anymore. Again on Monday there was no letter from J. C. By then I had quit even hoping for one, and only checked the box to be sure there wasn't any.

Bashir was to land in Beirut about noon, and by mid-afternoon I thought he should have had time to find out something. I spent part of that time beginning packing a



suitcase, for I had decided that if I hadn't found out something definite by the next morning, I would go to Beirut and stay there until I found out what had happened to J. C.

About three o'clock I went to the Akhtars' house and sat with Kamni, waiting for the telephone to ring. She made tea, and we sat and talked of this and that, and just sat waiting when there seemed to be no small talk that we could think of. Each time the phone rang my heart stood still, but it was only some friend or a wrong number. Finally, I decided I would go over to talk with the Salters. Since they were connected with U.S. AID and had worked overseas for years, I felt that they would be able to make suggestions as to what I should do to get a search started for him.

Barbara was as warm and understanding as she could be. She felt too that I had genuine cause for alarm, and said that I really should have notified the Embassy earlier because it was their concern to look after Americans living overseas. She called the proper person at the Embassy in Karachi and told the story as I had told it to her. The man said that he would do what he could to get word to the Lebanese and Jordanian Embassies, but that at that late hour they would already be closed and it might be morning before anything could be done. He assured her that every possible step would be taken, and that he would call at the first word received.

I called Kamni, but she had had no word from Bashir, so there was nothing to do but wait until someone learned something and got a message through. Barbara said that I should not go home since I had no telephone there, but insisted that we spend the night with her. I was not very hard to persuade, for the thought of going home to an empty house and trying to get through another night alone was

almost more than I could endure. So we had dinner and the kids and I went to bed early—I made myself go to sleep so that the night would pass faster and the uncertainty could be ended. In my heart I was as grieved and crushed as certain news of J. C.'s death could have made me. I was sure by now that he was dead—it only remained to find out what had happened and where his body was.

All through the night I dreamed of bad things and woke to the searing pain of J. C. being gone. And I cried and prayed until I drifted into fitful sleep again.

A knock on the door brought me up out of bed early Tuesday morning. Barbara came into the room saying that Alexander had come, and that J. C. had just gotten to the house and had sent him for me! My heart leaped from death to the brightness of a new life! I could hardly contain the surging joy that burst inside. Hurriedly I got Sheila and Steve out of bed and rushed out to the taxi, thanking Barbara for all of her help and asking her to please inform the Embassy for me.

Oh, such peace it was to feel J. C.'s arms around me again, and to know that he was not gone forever! He explained that he had decided to make another stop in a neighbouring country on the way home and had written me to that effect. Knowing how I hated telegrams, he had not sent one, and had just taken it for granted that the letter would reach me. It did—in that morning's mail, there it was!

Everyone in the church rejoiced with me and reminded me that they had told me that God would take care of Brother and bring him home safely. I felt very ashamed that their faith had been stronger than mine, but we had been drawn so much closer together through the crisis that even such a bad thing had resulted in good. And may-

be it helped them in their growth to be, for once, in the position of encouraging and strengthening me.

That experience taught me several lessons: not to depend too heavily on the certainty of the mail being delivered even though the letters have been duly written—not to rely on telegrams being received, and a reply being in hand within twelve hours as the operator optimistically declares will be the case—not to try to figure out what has happened several thousand miles away—and not to give up on God's protection before there is more ample proof of it than mere guesses. I suppose the heartache I had suffered at Ted's death had so steeled me to the realization that our will is not necessarily God's that I succumbed to what I feared might have been His will, rather than endure the pain of disappointed hope. Anyway, the result has been that I have slowly learned not to worry and not to try to cross my bridges before I reach them. I have thus been spared many sorrows, for most of our sorrows only loom on the horizon and never materialize. Life has gotten to be a lot easier since I decided to let God direct it and take care of whatever troubles and problems might come up tomorrow. He does a much better job of it than I ever did!

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### DRAWING TO A CLOSE

When we first moved to Karachi, with four long years stretching before us, we wondered how we would endure being away from the people we loved for such a long time, But the first year passed and as we reviewed the toe-hold we had made in getting the work started, we realized that the year had flown by much faster than we had expected. Of course sometimes I, especially, was so homesick it was like a physical hurting inside, but mercifully the pain came and went and could be borne. The second year went a little more slowly, I think, because the new had worn off and so had the novelty of living and working among "foreigners." By then we pretty well knew what to expect in any given circumstance, and so there were not as many pleasant, or unpleasant as the case might be, surprises. But as the end of the second year marked the half-way point of our intended stay, we were beginning to realize as the third year got its start that the complete time would be gone before we had accomplished all of what we had hoped to do. And by the time J. C. returned from the workshop in Beirut, only a few months remained to complete whatever work was to be done. The realization of the fleeting speed of the fourth year made us work with frenzied efforts to increase the size of the church and to strengthen and firmly ground those who were already Christians. For the work that we had undertaken, we knew the time would soon run out.

For about two years we had declared that we would not leave the church in Karachi until someone was there to take our place. We did not labour under the false illusions of many of our American brethren. We had often heard it insinuated, and even remarked with full assurance, that if after having a missionary working with them for four or six or eight years, a foreign congregation was not able to stand on its own feet—supporting its own work and needing no foreigner as a preacher and counsellor to strengthen and enlarge the work—then it would never amount to anything anyway and there was no need to waste the Lord's money on it. How many congregations in the mission field in the States are able after such a short time to take care of all of their own needs and supply their own preacher from among their number? For that matter, how many churches in the States of *any* age rely on the talents of the local congregation to supply the preaching? Yes, we judge foreigners by a much stricter rule than we apply to ourselves; but of course our excuse is that such phenomenal growth can't be expected of us because we all have rich incomes by the standard of the rest of the world, and we all have good educations. But those foreign people ought to make up mature self-supporting congregations overnight; they're illiterate and poor so they have so much to develop with. Ah! how blindly we make our judgments and reach our conclusions, brethren!

Having lived in Pakistan for nearly four years we, as I have said, did not labour under the false illusions of many of our American brethren. We knew that if the church in Karachi was left alone indefinitely that though a few would remain faithful, most would drift away and forget the truths they had learned. And our efforts during four years of work would be as lost as their souls. No, we couldn't let that happen, so we wrote appeal after appeal by way of

personal letters and articles in the gospel magazines, trying to interest some family in coming over to help us. At first we thought of it as "how wonderful it would be to have someone to work with"; then we changed it to a desire for someone to come during the last year so that they could become familiar with the work before we were to leave, and finally that was turned into a desperate plea for someone to come whenever it was possible. But no one seemed more interested than the letter-writing stage, and that is a far, far cry from actually going to a foreign country to work.

In those last months we became reconciled to the fact that if we got a replacement we would have to do it through personal efforts at home. It seemingly just could not be done through the mail. For the entire time we had been in Pakistan our own future plans had remained vague, but we had about decided that we wanted to go home and canvass the brotherhood to try to move more families to the point of getting up and getting out to the fields that were crying for workers, just as was the case with Pakistan. Certainly, one of the biggest problems in doing mission work was the indifference of preachers in the States, and we knew that before the world could hear the gospel some of those who preached it were going to have to be aroused to the point of leaving home and going with the good news.

But that would take time, and the church at Karachi could ill afford to wait as long as might be necessary. You cannot imagine how heart-sick we felt at the idea of having to leave them with no experienced worker at that stage. What had begun in such a small way had grown to the point that now the opportunities were multiplied many times greater than they ever had been. We were daily meeting new people of good backgrounds and education,

people that might be won to the truth if we could only work with them for a few more months. Many that we had known the whole time we were in Karachi seemed to be drawing closer to the truth, and we had great hopes of their conversion. My children's classes had grown and as I looked at those friendly little faces I hated the thought of leaving them. Would they be taught the Bible in my absence? How many of them would begin to go to classes at some denominational church while there was no one to work in my place?

Looking back, we were happy: where there had been no church four years previously, and not one soul in Karachi had heard the purity of the gospel, now about two hundred and fifty had been baptized and the seed had been sown in countless hearts by word of mouth and by means of the printed page. The church had not only been established but it had grown in number and had been grounded sufficiently that we had confidence that regardless of what came some of those we counted as brethren would remain faithful. But what would the future bring? What would a few months' absence cost in souls lost? The contemplation of the possibilities made me sick.

As with every other crisis or problem, we spent many hours and days in discussion of what would be best to do, and we prayed that God would help us make the right decisions. Our plans slowly congealed and Charles Johnson and Alexander Sheen, both of whom had been Christians some time and had attended the daily training classes, would do the preaching. I began to train Winnie to take my place in the children's class—I had not done it previously because I felt that she needed the instruction and guidance she would gain from the sermons more than I.

Because the church met in our home, and it would be

necessary that a meeting place be retained, we decided to keep the house and let it remain furnished as it was so that it would not be so expensive for the next family to move in and begin to work.

In order to assure the brethren that they were not going to be abandoned, J. C. promised that he would return to Karachi himself after six months, and that he would either bring another worker with him or would try to be there until the expected family could arrive. With that pledge we felt that we had done all we could to prepare the church for the months during which it would have to try its own wings and fly without our help. Though we knew there would be casualties, we felt at the same time that it would be an added exercise to develop the strength of those who were daily growing stronger spiritually.



## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### BLACKOUT!

Having subscribed to one of the daily newspapers during the whole of the almost four years we had been in Pakistan, a favorite joke was, "What will they have found to write about Kashmir today?" For every day there was some article or some mention of the perpetually impending crisis of Kashmir. When India and Pakistan had been divided in 1947, at the time they received their independence from Britain, certain territories were disputed and both countries wanted to claim them. Jammu and Kashmir were two of these territories, lying side by side, and divided unhappily between Pakistan and India. The problem is that the majority of the people in these areas are Muslim, and since that was the rule of thumb for making the boundary lines, Pakistan feels strongly that the areas should rightly be in the Muslim country. But at the time of partition they had Hindu rulers and the rulers chose to go with India—thus the disagreement arose, and no one has been able to offer a satisfactory solution. Many word battles have taken place in these years, and they had passed from serious to ridiculous to us.

On September the ninth we had gone to the bazaar to make some purchases and have some tailoring arranged and were busily engaged in that when we noticed large crowds of people gathering around blaring radios. Though we could not understand all that was being said, we recognized the voice and knew that President Ayub was address-

sing the nation in tones that carried far more gravity and excitement than usual. We wondered just what it was all about, and just at that moment paper boys hit the street with the latest editions of the afternoon papers. The headlines blazed boldly, "India attacks Lahore Airport." We bought a copy quickly and scanned over it. The realization of what was being said left us stunned. The impossible had become reality. The word battle had lately gotten hotter, with claims by both sides that acts of war had been committed in Kashmir. Now it was not just claims and words. Bombs had been dropped and men were being killed. War! We looked at each other in speechless amazement. We had not bargained for this when we came to Pakistan to preach the gospel!

Having learned by that time how aroused Muslims can get when they are upset, and knowing that all along there had been some hard feelings toward the States because American arms were pouring into India as fast as into Pakistan, we quickly decided that the place for us was not in the middle of a crowded bazaar where frenzied bedlam could break loose any minute. We went to the car and drove straight home, feeling that under the circumstances we were safer there than anywhere else.

How thankful we were to have a radio so that we could turn it on and try to learn some news. It gave reports of how India claimed that Pakistani soldiers had invaded Kashmir and sabotaged certain places in India. (This was the report we heard from All India Radio). Radio Pakistan told of the invasion of Pakistan by Indian troops, and that planes had flown over Lahore dropping bombs but doing no harm. We sat with our ears glued to the radio because the reports were so conflicting.

Within a few hours we heard a messenger at the gate and discovered that he was from the Embassy. The mimeo-

graphed sheets told us a long list of instructions to follow, the chief of which were that we should stay at home until further notice and that we should pack one bag for each person in preparation for evacuation should that prove necessary. It made us feel very good to know that the Embassy was so much on its toes, so we set out to follow the list of instructions and see what would happen.

The radio warned that there would be a nation-wide blackout that night, for more Indian raids were expected. For once in my life I managed to get the food on the table by six o'clock so that we could be through with everything before darkness stopped the day's activities. After supper we decided to sit outside for awhile, since we could do nothing in the house anyway. Everything was quiet and most of the neighbourhood was dark, but the neighbours in the house next to ours kept turning their lights on and off so that we felt we would be prime targets for Indian bombs if any planes did happen to fly over.

Sheila was almost five by then and seemed to take all of the excitement without being too much upset by it. But Steve didn't understand not being able to turn on the lights, and the enforced darkness made him terrified. His reaction was to get as close to me as possible when we went to the bedroom and stretched out on the beds. He pressed his face against me and lay as rigid as a statue, not moving a muscle, and forced himself to go to sleep. I felt sorry for him, for I knew that he was completely saturated with fear, but there seemed to be nothing I could say to convince him that everything would be all right.

About three o'clock I suddenly sat up in bed, wide-eyed, with my heart pounding. My sudden movement startled J. C. and he sat up too. "What is that?" I asked in a whisper. He sat in silence and listened to the bombing

rumble in the distance. "It's bombs," I answered myself in amazement. "They're bombing Karachi!" My mouth went dry as I sat and listened to the ominous explosions and watched the accompanying flashes of light. Here was reality! Who could know what might happen in a war, how many houses would be blown apart, how many people would be killed?

The rumbling stopped and the night lay in deep quietness. We listened with our hearts beating in our ears until a siren sounded and we knew that "the enemy" had gone. Then we lay back on the bed to think and talk of this sudden turn of events. It still seemed unbelievable that Pakistan and India had actually gone to war, but now we knew the meaning of all the eastward moving troops we had seen in the spring when we had visited some of the Christians in the north. Pakistan had been getting ready for defence or attack, and according to the conflicting reports, we were not sure just which.

Throughout that day we received occasional notes from the Embassy assuring us that we and the other Americans in Karachi would be evacuated if things worsened to the point that it became necessary. We were startled, too, at the delivery of a telegram and opened it to find a request from the Christian Chronicle that we wire them back of the state of our safety and that of the Christians in Karachi. Since we would be wiring them, we wrote out messages too to our folks at home, and also to the Donald Pettys who had moved to Lahore in May to work with the church. We were greatly concerned about the Pettys and the F. M. Perrys (Christians working in Lahore with U.S. AID), as well as the local Christians, because Lahore was one of the main areas of conflict, and had been bombed several times according to the radio reports.

The day was one of outward calm and inner suspense. The evening meal was finished before time for blackout and we decided to go outside and sit and enjoy the night air before coming in to go to bed. About eight o'clock the warning siren was sounded as a signal of approaching aircraft. In a few minutes we heard the low drone of the planes and saw the flashes of light from the firing of the anti-aircraft guns. The distant rumble of the guns continued for several minutes and then the still silence of the night settled around us. We waited and watched, wondering what would happen next but the silence continued until it was broken by the all-clear siren. With relief we went back into the house and prepared for bed. As before, Steve got as close to me as he could and made himself go to sleep. Sheila lay in the darkness quietly and after awhile she said, in a voice that I could tell was meant to be assurance to us but was at the same time asking assurance for herself, "Surely with Jesus and the Embassy taking care of us we will be all right."

What would happen and how bad the war would become preyed on my mind more than I realized, but after a few days sprinkled with warning sirens and all-clear sirens, with planes overhead and anti-aircraft guns on the ground, I really didn't feel that there was great danger to our physical lives. The reports on the radio were so conflicting that we paid little attention to them, though we listened each night to Radio Pakistan, All-India Radio, Voice of America and B.B.C. Pakistan claimed to be repulsing the enemy with great damage done to the Indian army and much destruction resulting from their air raids over various parts of India. At the same time they reported the attempts of the Indian Air Force to bomb locations in Pakistan but never with any real damage being done. We decided the Indians were the world's worst at aiming, or

the Pakistanis were the world's best at lying. Each day the number of Indian planes shot down and the number of counted enemy dead were reported, with the result that soon more than the entire Indian air strength had reportedly been destroyed—yet the bombing raids continued. All-India radio claimed to have taken Lahore, and that report went out all over India. Though we knew that it was not true, many Indians believe to this day that that feat was accomplished. Voice of America and B.B.C. contented themselves with re-stating the claims of both sides, without trying to sift out and separate the lies from the truth. I suppose they were wiser, for probably no one ever really knew what the state of affairs was.

Fighting around Lahore became more severe and as soon as permission was granted to the American Embassy, planes were flown in to take the Americans to safety outside the country, some to Teheran, Iran, some to Beirut, Lebanon; and those evacuated from Dacca, East Pakistan to Bangkok. Canada, Japan, Germany, and other nations evacuated their people, too, and most of those countries also evacuated their dependents in Karachi. We still had had no word from the Pettys and were very concerned about their welfare, as well as that of the whole church in Lahore. Knowing that the planes brought in especially for evacuation were the only means of leaving the country, we wondered whether they had elected to go to safety or had taken a chance on staying. We wondered what we would do if things came to that point in Karachi. Would it look like we were deserting the church if we left? Would the church be profited anything, really, if we stayed and possibly lost our lives as a result? We never had packed our suitcases, but the haunting question of what would be the best thing to do, in the interest of the church, was one that we found hard to answer even though we discussed it many times

and tried to study it from every viewpoint. Mostly we prayed that a decision would not be necessary.

Our greatest fear was not from India, though there was certainly potential danger from that direction too—the dependents of the American Air Force Base in Peshawar were evacuated after spending a night in the trenches while Indian planes missed their target, but came dangerously close to the American base—but our fear was of what position the American government would take or not take, and of the repercussions we might have to face as a result. We had all been warned to stay at home during these days of inner and outer conflict, and report was given that some who had ventured downtown had been taken out of their cars and beaten up. The USIS Library was burned, while police stood looking on and allowing the obviously pre-planned inside job of sabotage to be carried out. The Embassy building was also stoned and many windows broken out. This happened even though no favor had been shown by the United States toward either side. We knew that if it became necessary that preference be shown, and if that preference should happen to be India, then the lives of Americans in Pakistan would be in grave danger. On the other hand, there were American Christian brethren in India who would be in equal danger if Pakistan received one word of sympathy or encouragement.

The suspense of what would happen became greater as the mood of war built up and became a fever around us. Now there were no ships or planes coming into Pakistan. We were completely cut off from the rest of the world except for the small link the radio provided. The Embassy constantly assured that in the event of danger the planes held in reserve at Beirut airport would be flown in and all Americans would be flown to safety. Should we go if those planes were landed? During the earliest days of the

conflict, before the commercial flights had completely stopped, Pan Am flew two special planes in and evacuated those who wanted to leave. We had not gone, feeling that we would not until we were ordered out by the Embassy. Then we thought that perhaps the children and I might go, and J. C. might stay behind. If things came to the worst state and he were made to leave too, we felt apprehensive about what might happen. How many Christians would be killed? How would all of this affect them? Would we be able to come back and be with them again after the greatest danger was over? These were questions that we could not answer, and they were constantly on our minds.

Another problem that confronted us was what would happen to the house, the furnishings, and especially the little things I treasured but that we could not possibly take out with us if we had to evacuate. I admit the things were not very important—pictures, personal records, souvenirs—but I had treasured them as my own possessions and the thought of losing them hurt. If things got bad and we *did* leave, I could see in the eyes of my imagination the house being blown apart by bombs, or the landlord claiming possession of everything in the house, on the grounds that we had left it, or there would certainly be thieves to break in and steal anything of the least value—and the things that I had confidently thought of as being *mine* would be irretrievably gone. While in the past in times of peace I had hugged them to myself in confidence, I now realized that they hung in the balance and could be snatched away from me with no warning at all. To prepare myself for the loss when it did come, I subconsciously began to stop thinking of them as being mine. I gave them up as lost and realized the full force of what Jesus meant about laying up treasure on the earth where disaster can happen to it. I knew now that I had loved these things too much, and that nothing in



this life is certain enough that we can afford to claim it with confidence. We can only use what has been temporarily put in our care, and teach ourselves not to regret the past and all that passes with it from our grasp.

On Sunday we were able to have worship as usual, with a better crowd being assembled than we had expected. It was a comfort to be able to assemble to worship God and to ask his care and help in the midst of danger. We set the time of the evening meeting up one hour so that everyone could get home before the blackout began, and again the war did not seem to interfere with the assembly very much. We were thankful that the daily activities could go on pretty much as usual, and the people did not seem as upset by the whole thing as we had thought they would be.

After nearly two weeks of blackouts, news reports, martial music, and addresses made to the nation by President Ayub, the possibility of a truce began to be rumoured. On September 25 the rumour became reality and the treaty was signed. Though the war had actually lasted only two weeks, it had cost both nations heavily. Damage had been done by the bombing raids, much of the fighting equipment of both sides had been damaged or destroyed, and many lives had been lost. Pakistan claimed that seven thousand Indians and less than one thousand Pakistanis had been killed. India claimed that about four thousand Pakistanis and three thousand Indians had lost their lives. Counting the minimum figures and the maximum, somewhere between four and eleven thousand men fell during those two weeks. And if other nations did not step in and help make up the loss, they would both be set back economically for years because of the exhausting financial drain that neither could afford. It seemed such a shame, and nothing had really been accomplished towards solving the problem over Kashmir.

With the physical danger passed, we began to be anxious about another problem. Our visas were due for renewal, and the Pakistan government was very cool toward the American government. Would we be granted new visas? The possibility looked doubtful, and we began to discuss what we should do in the event that our request was denied. The old ones were good until January 30. We had planned to go home the first part of November, since J. C. expected to be coming back within six months. It had been more than three years by then since we had seen our folks, nearly four since we had first come to Pakistan, and we were both tired mentally and physically. We had had the burden of the work to bear alone for all of that time, and the pressure of knowing our own responsibility in planting the seeds of truth for the first time in the hearts of those with whom we came in contact—the desire to see those people converted, the frustration when someone that we had “looked on and loved” turned away from salvation—these things had worn us out and we both knew that we needed a rest. I, especially, was counting the days, and looked toward the date we had set as certainty—we would be going home then. But with the war, the certainty vanished. As I had clung to the possessions I claimed as my own, so I had clung to the certainty that on a certain day I would be in Daddy's and Mother's arms and the eternal struggle against the overwhelming odds of Satan's forces in Pakistan would be over. And as I protected myself from hurt over losing the things I loved by mentally giving them up, so I mentally gave up the hope of going home. I felt beaten, defeated, and knew now how pitifully small was my strength in deciding what tomorrow would bring. There was no need to say, “Tomorrow we will do this . . .” Tomorrow might bring something entirely different to what I had planned or expected.

Faith is a queer thing. Four years previously I had begun the road to Pakistan with full confidence and pride in the depth of my faith. We had made plans and with God's help the plans were being carried through just as we had believed they would be. Now when everything was so uncertain, and there was more than the possibility of every plan we had going astray, I felt the birth of a different kind of faith—a blind faith. Before, we had walked in confidence, believing that we knew where the path would lead us. Now, we had seen the confidence of the future, and trust in the fulfillment of future plans, washed away, and I felt as weak and unresisting as . . . well, as the piece of soft clay Jesus talked about. We were trying to do God's work, we wanted to be of some use to him—what was the good of trying to look into tomorrow and decide what to do? We could only choose to submit to God or rebel against him—and there was no choice in that. We would serve him as best we could, and we would let him make the future plans. We waited, patient and willing, for him to decide what tomorrow would bring.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### THROUGH THE TEARS

A few days after the war ended, Brother Perry came to Karachi and visited us while he was there. Through him we learned that his family, along with Don and Sylvia Petty and their children, and the other American dependents in Lahore, had been evacuated to Iran. Only the men employed by the U.S. government had not been given permission to leave their posts.

Within the week, one day I went to the front door, and there stood Don. He had come back on the first available plane, leaving Sylvia and the children until he could decide what was best to do about them. We offered to help any way possible, offered the use of our home until they felt it to be all right to return to Lahore. One of their major concerns was that they had two school age children and the American school in Lahore had been disbanded because all of the children had been flown out. As the one in Karachi was in full operation, and we invited them to come, he decided to send a wire instructing them to fly to Karachi when they could get permission. Don went the next day to Lahore, planning to return to Karachi when his family arrived.

The next week Sylvia, Donnie, Dianna and Beth landed at the airport. Don was on hand to welcome them and we took them home to show them the guest room that would be theirs for as long as they needed it. Donnie was about eight years old, but Dianna was the same age as Sheila,

and Beth was just older than Steve, so we felt that the children would get along well. At least they would not be lonely for playmates as they had sometimes been in the past.

Donnie was enrolled in third grade, and Dianna and Sheila both started kindergarten. The school at that time was only about two blocks from where we lived so we could easily walk them to classes. Sheila was overjoyed at having her wishes for going to school actually fulfilled. It was a great adventure for her, and something new for us too. After being married for more than ten years without having to stay with a rigid schedule, I admit that I found it a little hard to do.

Karachi and Pakistan soon settled back to normal, at least on surface appearance. The war became a thing of the past, and the only reminders of it were the broken windows in the Embassy and the other buildings over town that had been damaged or burned. At first we were cautious about being in crowded places, but as things normalized we drifted back into the old grooves and turned our attention to things other than Kashmir and war.

With eight people in the house to cook for, Sylvia and I had our hands full trying to buy and prepare enough food to fill us all. We worked well together, and I enjoyed having company in the kitchen. We seemed to find plenty to talk about, so that the hours of work passed pleasantly. Keeping the other house work done, and especially the washing and ironing, occupied much of our time too so the days flew by. September drifted into October and the school was to have a Halloween parade. Since our children were to be in it, Sylvia and I decided to go. As I stood there and listened to the playing of the Star Spangled Banner at the beginning of the program, my heart filled with joy and pride that this was my country's song. I had

not heard it for nearly four years, and the beauty of it and all that it stood for brought tears to my eyes that overflowed and ran down my cheeks. How much I had missed America, and how much more I realized my blessings of being born an American since I had lived away from it for those years.

The time had come that we had to get new passports and attempt to get new visas stamped in them. The passports were no problem, but J. C. asked at the desk what might be the possibilities of getting visas at that time, and was told that it would likely be no trouble to get the endorsement for the time remaining in our old visas—until January 30—but that the chance of a new visa being granted was practically nil. There was nothing to do but to try, and that J.C. did one bright day. He left the house about ten o'clock (business and government offices in Pakistan do not open until ten o'clock and are not really ready for work until almost eleven) and was home in time for an early lunch! I was most amazed to see him back so soon, and decided that the trip must have been a complete failure because to get any legal business done always takes twice as long as common sense says it should. But the triumphant smile on his face told a different story. Not only had the visas been renewed for another four years, but the impossible had happened—it had been done in one trip, and in only about fifteen minutes of time! Unbelievable! But there they were, in black and white, and there was no disputing the validity of it. We felt like celebrating it as a real victory, and our hearts lifted to God in thanksgiving for his help.

Visas in hand, we were now able to plan when we should return to the States for the rest we needed. November 26 was set—and oh, how much there was to do before that

day arrived! Somehow I had to sort out what we would want to take home in suitcases, what we would have to ship by sea freight, and what should be left in Karachi as well as what was ready to be given away or discarded. The sorting and packing in the midst of the regular duties of each day left me so confused sometimes that I hardly knew what I was doing.

As though that were not enough, the last month we had trouble with practically everything in the house. The stove began to give all kinds of trouble, and one day just as we had a double recipe (about 16 cups of flour) of buns ready to bake, the oven would not come on at all. The refrigerator was also not working right—it would go off and fail to come back on as it should have done. Then the washing machine started leaking oil and shocking sometimes . . . the water pump decided to quit and we had to dip water for our use from the storage tank under the ground-level. In the States you would send for an electrician and he would have all of these things back in operation within a few hours, but in Pakistan it is not that simple. We brought electricians time and time again and they would test the appliance with the little screw-driver with the light in the handle that became illuminated in case of a shortage—the only piece of equipment some of them evidently had. But more often than not the short wouldn't show up right at that time, and they would shake their heads in a blank sort of way, as though suggesting that we had imagined it all, and would then present their bill for no services rendered. Finally, one by one, and after enduring a solid month of crisis, we got the things back in operation. But I do believe that was one of the most trying months I have ever lived—how can you cook for eight people with no stove? How can you keep the clothes washed with no water and no washing machine? How can you

keep food on hand to cook with no refrigerator to store it in? I know that the average Pakistani would have found none of these things to be problems, but since I was very much used to having the appliances, I found it more than frustrating to try to manage with all of the electrical trouble. Part of the house finally had to be re-wired, and the electrician said that the electricity was leaking into the concrete walls, so that we could have easily been electrocuted. I decided then that from that time forward I would make sure that all of us wore some type of shoes even in the house so that there would be that much protection anyway.

Our joke got to be, "Well, what will happen next?" but it wasn't much of a joke. I had been ready for a good rest before, but after all of the problems with the house, I was just about at my row's end. One more would have been the proverbial straw. . .

I decided to indulge myself in an extravagance to cheer me up. In the whole time we had lived in Pakistan I had not had more done to my hair than for J. C. to cut some of the back of it when it got too long to manage easily. Now that it was almost time to go home, I felt that it would not be so much trouble on the way if it were cut a little shorter and I had a permanent, so I made an appointment to have it done. I really felt like I was sitting in the lap of luxury that morning and liked everything about the experience except the cost of it. But I divided it by four years and decided that surely we could afford it! When I got home, I went to the office to show J. C. and he looked up to see who his visitor was. I laughed at him when I saw the look of recognition finally sweep over his face. Sheila just grinned and wouldn't say what she thought, but Steve cried when he saw me—he liked the old mother best! So the reactions were priceless, and I enjoyed the whole ex-



perience so much that I wouldn't have minded repeating it if we could have afforded it.

We finally sorted through everything and stacked in the office the things to be sent by sea. The day the packers came was really exciting—it meant that we were actually getting ready to go home! When we saw the box finally loaded on the camel cart and the responsibility for it placed in the hands of the shippers we breathed a prayer of thankfulness that God had blessed us to be able to get the box safely on its way home. Still, though in a sense the things had been “returned” to me, I did not cling to them as I did before, and have never since loved material possessions as I did before the Pakistan-India crisis. It comes as a relief and I am so glad that I have learned that lesson—life is easier to live without such anxiety over the physical things we claim as our own.

Don came down on Saturday before we were to leave on Sunday. He and the family planned to return to Lahore the following week after our departure, so we left the house in their care, along with all the keys and a list of things that would need to be checked on and seen after in our absence. All of our preparations—income tax clearance, police clearance, booster injections, etc., had been made and the packing was all done.

As I sat on the bed in our room, looking around at all that had been home for those years, and thinking that perhaps I would never see them again, my mind felt numb. The fact that the time we would yet spend in Karachi was counted in literal hours was hard to comprehend. It seemed more like a dream, and in that daze I passed through the remaining hours. Was I happy to be going home? I knew that I was, and yet here were people that I loved that needed me, and perhaps I would never see them again.

Now that the time had come, I was torn between the two homes—Winona and Karachi—between the two families—our physical families and our new spiritual family that had been born and nurtured through our efforts and prayers. You can't go off and leave something that you have helped to bring into existence without a tearing of the heart. Maybe it was that that kept me from enjoying the pleasure of the anticipation of seeing those we loved in America.

On Sunday very good crowds were present for worship. J. C. spoke on the subject of why we had come to Karachi, and of the responsibility of those who had been privileged to become Christians to be faithful to what they had been taught and had obeyed. It was a hard day, for we knew that undoubtedly some of these would be dead spiritually before we could return, and some of them might also be dead physically. But we had done all we could to get someone to replace us, so we did not feel that the responsibility for any that might be lost would rest on us. We had also tried to prepare the church so that it could continue without outside help, and we had prayed and prayed that God would help them and strengthen them in their weakness and immaturity as Christians. We had to leave it in His hands, trusting that he would help us to find the right people to take up the work where we were leaving off.

After the evening service everyone stayed for a period of fellowship and last words. I spent most of the time crying as each dear face thanked us for coming and asked God's blessings on us during the time we would be separated from them. When the last one had gone out the door I sank into a chair, feeling drained of everything. I had not dreamed that it would be so hard to leave or that I had loved so deeply the people who had been strangers to me just a few years ago. At that point it was not possible to

think of looking forward to home—my heart was too full of regrets for those I was leaving behind.

The plane on which we were scheduled to leave was to fly from Karachi at three A.M. Don, along with Charles and Alexander, took us to the airport. We had prayer with them and said a last good-bye, then went through the customs and passport check-out desks and on into the lounge to wait for the flight to be announced.

The JAL jet rose into the starry night and below us the lights of Karachi twinkled like an earthly reflection of the heavens. A very meaningful and precious part of our lives was ended, and the tears blurred my sight until I could see nothing at all.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

### HOMEWARD BOUND

With a good feeling about Pakistan and the future of the Lord's church in that country, with determination to go home and search out a replacement for us, with everything done there that was within our power to do to insure the stability of the church, we temporarily closed the book and looked forward to the wonderful days before us. In this entire time we had spent in Pakistan I had not been out of the Sub-continent and J. C. knew from his own experiences what good it would do me to see other cultures, other churches, meet other Christians and missionaries at work, to get a broader comprehension of the needs and accomplishments in the rest of the world. We had always tried to function as co-workers, and this trip was to be a great part of my education that had been lacking.

Our first stop was in Calcutta, India, where we applied for seats on a plane to Burma. That country is so closed to outsiders due to the strangle-hold of a dictator and a form of socialistic government that one can hope to get permission to stay there for only twenty-four hours unless he is a representative of a company that might in some way be useful to the government. But we were not, and it took all of one morning to get some trivial formalities taken care of. Sheila and Steve were listed as dependents in my passport, and the identification picture was of all three of us. However, when we had gotten the Burmese visas in Karachi the clerk had failed to write "and children" on my visa. When J. C. went to the airlines office to confirm

seats on the flight, the airlines refused to do so because the children were not mentioned in the visa. That necessitated a trip to the Burmese Embassy, which took most of the rest of the morning. J. C. had gone to take care of the little detail about the seats and expected to be back within a few minutes, so the children and I waited for him at the hotel. After he had been gone for so long I went to the desk and called the airlines office to see what the trouble was. The man who answered could not give me much information but about the time I was trying to dial the Burmese Embassy J. C. came in. I have finally learned never to try to guess when he will come back from taking care of such insignificant things—there is no telling what unexpected obstacle will loom in the way.

Burma is presently "closed" to the gospel. We had once inquired about the possibility of going there, and still would like very much to find a way to go through that door. I am sure the greatest problem is that no one has ever set their minds to it just right. As Jesus said once, "With man it is impossible, but with God all things are possible." There is a way into Burma if anyone seriously wanted to go in, but I guess no one has wanted those people to have the truth to the extent of finding the way. I am sure that living there would be hard, for the country seems dreary and backward, probably because of isolation. Yet, there is something intriguing about it too, something haunting. We spent part of our twenty-four hours walking through the "Golden Pagoda", supposedly the largest pagoda in the East. It reeked of incense, candles, flowers, gold leaf, and other things to be used in sacrifice. There were also prayer beads for sale. In the temple were many, many statues of Buddha, in every position and made of every type of materials. Many worshippers were bowing before the statues and praying, offering their sacrifices. Being used to the Muslim hatred

for idols, this observance of devotion and love of a man-made god was the first that drove the reality of it deep into my heart. How could people in this modern day and age really have faith in such helpless things? Though I knew it to be a way of life for many millions in the world, seeing it done before my very eyes made the hopelessness and absurdity of it even more striking. I felt so sorry that these people would never learn of the all-powerful God of heaven.

Once J. C., Gordon, and Glen Norton had attended a missionary workshop in Bangkok, Thailand together and they all came home raving about that marvelous country and the friendly smiling Thai people. Later, Glen was transferred there at his own request after spending nearly three years in Lahore. I could not imagine any place in the world being as wonderful as all of that, but I stepped off the plane ready to be won to such a paradise. And won I was. We were met at the airport by the Parker Hendersons, Bob Davidson, Glen, and other brethren. As we walked to the terminal from the plane we could see them on the observers' deck, and just at that minute Steve decided to throw a temper fit for some reason. I was so embarrassed I hated to go inside, but since most of them had children of their own I suppose they knew already how unpredictable two-and-a-half-year-old boys can sometimes be.

We stayed in the home of the Hendersons and since they had had so much experience at having company they knew just how to make us feel at home. A lectureship was in progress and J. C. spoke that night, followed by Brother Bill Beck who was working with the church in Chiangmai, Thailand. The church in Bangkok has a very serviceable and beautiful meeting house of its own, and a large crowd was present for that Wednesday night meeting. Many American servicemen are stationed in Bangkok so there were

enough Americans in the group to give it a real "back home" flavor.

The next morning we, and several others, went on the early morning klong trip into the older part of Bangkok. The new areas seem so modern and westernized that I was surprised to find the primitiveness that is a way of life along the klongs or canals that were the roadways of the old city. The houses were built right down to the water, and people practically live their lives in the water or on it. They have a floating market to which they take all kinds of foods and products for sale from their little boats. Women going shopping paddle their boats along the klongs until they find what they want to buy. Hawkers of all kinds rowed up to our boat to sell their wares to us. We saw not only the commercial side of life but also the homely duties of every day. The food and dishes were washed in the klong just outside the door of the house. The clothes were also washed there, and the family bathed there. It also served as a handy bathroom for other purposes. All in all, it seemed to be a very convenient way of life—not too sanitary, but convenient.

Having had such a pleasant association with Brother Davidson, we accepted his invitation to go by train with him to Chiangmai and meet his family and see the work being done there by the four missionary families—Davidsons, Traus, Rideouts, and Becks. It was a real treat to meet Mert and their four fine children, and we thoroughly enjoyed the time we spent in their home. We were there over the weekend, so we had the opportunity of worshipping with the church in Chiangmai, and that afternoon we went with Brother Ken Rideout to a small congregation outside the city where J. C. preached again and Brother Rideout translated the sermon. We could see that the people of Thailand did wear warm smiles and seemed much more

open and friendly than people under the influence of Islam in Pakistan. With the warmth of the people, and the beautiful lush greenery everywhere (another contrast to the near-desert country from which we had come), we teased the workers about living in a little paradise. They all seemed to be busy and happy, working together, and we were thankful to see the progress that was being made in taking the truth of God to that part of the world. Perhaps it will help to slow down the spread of Communism that is threatening to sweep across the entire nation.

From Thailand we flew to Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and went to Seremban where the Jud Whitefields and Richard Matlocks were working to spread the church. A meeting in which Brother Stanley Shipp was doing the preaching was in progress, and we were there for two nights of that. We stayed in the Matlock's home and were treated with warm hospitality. They had adjusted well to living in Malaysia and were deeply involved in the work. We were well impressed with both the beautiful country and the enthusiastic zeal of the young Christians. Each night after the meeting some of them habitually paired off with visitors to talk with them about the lessons they had just heard, and were thus directly responsible for some of the conversions. During the day the Christians of Seremban, along with some young people who had come up from Singapore, went out through the city making calls from door to door. It was inspiring to see their dedication.

As had been true of our feelings at every other stop, we reluctantly said good-bye to the Whitefields and the Matlocks, and rode with Brother Henry Tan through Malaysia to Singapore. The ride was refreshing since the countryside was a bright emerald green and everything looked so fresh and clean. The drive consumed most of the day, but every minute of it was a pleasure.



In Singapore, Brother A. L. Harbin was conducting a meeting in the home of one of the local brethren, Brother Koon. We got in a little late and had to stand outside because all of the seats and space in the house were filled. After the service we introduced ourselves to those nearby, and were glad to meet a number of the Singapore Christians. Brother Koon and his wife were very warm in their welcome to us.

We stayed over-night in Brother Pence Dacus' home, and enjoyed being with his family, though he was in the States at that time. We regretted that our time in Singapore had to be so limited, as we were scheduled to leave before dawn of the following morning. As we went to bed, Sister Dacus loaned us her alarm clock so that we would wake up in time for the flight. She asked if we could eat before leaving, saying, "Aren't you even going to have a piece of scraped toast with me?" We were truly sorry that our schedule had not allowed us longer to be with the Singapore Christians and the missionaries there.

From Singapore, our plane landed in Saigon. J. C. had stopped there with Gordon on the way to the workshop in Baguio City, Philippines in 1964, and had been so impressed by the people he met during short meetings arranged by Brother Maurice Hall that he had come home telling of the marked difference he had noticed between them and some of the other people of the East. Probably living for a generation of time in the midst of war has been greatly responsible for their outlook on life. We had wanted to be in Saigon long enough to meet the Christians but there were no flights out again for several days, and we did not have the days to spare, so we only landed for re-fueling and passenger pick-up, and went on. As we sat in the small air-terminal and watched the American planes landing and taking off, and saw the many American servicemen that

were everywhere, we were made poignantly aware that we were in a country torn by war. We wondered how many of those young boys who casually wandered in and out of the terminal, going about their business, would never see their own country again.

In Manila, Philippines, we took a taxi to Quezon City to the home of the Douglas Gunselmans. We found Brother Gunselman still weak from recent surgery, but he insisted that we spend the night at their home instead of a hotel. The evening passed quickly as we sat and talked with them about the work they were doing, and about the possibilities and problems we had met in Pakistan. There seemed to be many similarities, so we found the exchange of ideas and impressions to be profitable.

The following morning we took a Philippine Airlines plane to Baguio City so that we could be with the Christians there over the weekend. We had been invited to stay in the home of the Bob Buchanans, and spent some happy hours with Bob and Barbara and their children. Their American co-workers were the Ray Bryans. Being with them and the church on Sunday, and talking with them of the progress of the work, of the good being done through the Philippine Bible College in training the Philippino workers, were wonderful experiences. I was so glad that we had taken the time to go a little out of the way to be in Baguio, for it added a richness in fellowship and vision that I would have been poorer to have missed.

Leaving the Philippines, we flew to Hong Kong and were there for mid-week Bible study, at which time J. C. spoke. Those present seemed to be capable, educated people who could be of tremendous value in spreading the truth. The Clarence Kings were at that time working in Hong Kong, and would not even talk of allowing us to go to a hotel. We knew how many passed through Hong Kong, and were sure

that our stay in their home would be a hindrance, but they were so warm and hospitable and helpful that I felt they were particularly suited for living there. Not everyone would have had their patience with so many visitors. As it was, there were several things I needed to buy, primarily some warm clothes for the cold weather we were about to meet in the next stops, and it was such a help to have Sister King to guide me. I decided quickly that I would not want to live in Hong Kong! There is too much to buy there, and it would be miserable to have to fight temptation every time I went out the door! Better for me to be in Pakistan where one can live in peace!

Thursday night was spent with the Roy Mullinexes in Taipei, Taiwan, and they invited another family over for an evening of fellowship together. Surely, nowhere but in the mission field is there such warmth of feeling among workers, and nowhere else can such quick ties of kinship develop. At each home in which we stopped we were welcomed as a part of the family and made to feel that their home was ours. The names that had been only names now became representative of warm, living people who were as vitally involved in the work of spreading the borders of the kingdom in their respective fields as we had been in Pakistan. We found discussion of their work and ours, with mutual ideas and problems and the varied methods that had proved either effective or not effective, to be so inspiring and enlightening that we heard ourselves reasoning: "Next time we will try . . . and we will see if . . . can't be done." Next time—our plans that had seemed so vague were already shadowed by the realization that there would be a "next time" somewhere in the future.

On the way to the airport early the following morning I spotted a beautiful oil painting displayed in a little roadside shop. We drive past, but I realized that I just had to

stop and ask the price of it—the Chinese junk against the brilliant reds of the sunset was just too perfect to resist. So we went back, knowing that we just barely had time to meet the plane, and went into the shop to hear a ridiculously high price that would free us to go on our way. But the man asked only twenty dollars for the painting in a very ornate frame. I did not want the frame, so I was about to offer him twelve dollars for the picture alone when Brother Mullinax asked him how much he would charge without the frame. The man said ten dollars, and I happily paid it. J. C. wasn't too happy about it because he knew that it would have to be hand carried the rest of the way home, but it had the kind of beauty that made it worth a little extra trouble, so I assured him that I would personally be responsible for getting it home safely. We quickly had it wrapped and were on our way again. The plane did not leave without us, and the painting is a special reminder of the hours we spent with the Mullinaxes in their home in Taiwan.

In Naha, Okinawa we found the Joe Cannons doing a wonderful job both with the local people and with a congregation of American Christians stationed there in the Armed Forces. J. C. was invited to speak to the American congregation that Sunday morning, and how much like home that service seemed! With a large group, all familiar with the songs being used, the singing was really heavenly sounding to us. Our hearts thrilled to its beauty, and we were suddenly made vividly aware that we were actually on our way home and would soon be with such large developed congregations all the time. How soothing and restful the prospect seemed to our tired spirits.

On Sunday afternoon we took a plane to Tokyo, arriving there in the night. Brother L. T. Gurganus and his family met us at the airport and took us to their home.

The drive through the brightly lighted and crowded streets of Tokyo reminded us more of a very large busy city at home, rather than Japan. The Gurganuses' home was Japanese type, and we slept on mats on the floor. It was quite an experience to see all the differences between the customs with which they had to deal, and those that had been prevalent in Pakistan.

Japan was then in the middle of the winter season, and we needed the few warm clothes we had bought in Hong Kong and then some. But by staying close to the house and not getting out much, we got by. J. C. went with Brother Gurganus to the Ibaraki Christian College campus, and met Brother Billy Smith and others there. He was shown around over the campus and met some of the teachers and students. They stayed over-night and came back by train the next day. Though some work has been done in Japan for all these years since the end of World War II, we have all along satisfied ourselves with "token evangelization" and the country is still crying for the gospel to be preached to it. Why? Why won't more American preachers and their wives, more teachers, more technical workers, raise their eyes just a little and see what good they could do in the world with such a little sacrifice on their part? It would not be hard to work in any of these countries in which we visited—living conditions are modern and the people are all "civilized"—What are our brethren afraid of? How I wished, as I thought back of the one or two or three lonely workers in the various countries, that for just a few minutes I could lend my eyes and experiences to some who ought to be in the mission field but are not. If they could see and feel what I have seen and felt, they could not long be happy staying at home.

Saying Sayonara to Tokyo, we endured impatiently the long flight to Honolulu, Hawaii, where we checked through

customs and were once again on American soil, foreign though it seemed. When we landed in Los Angeles we began to feel that we were really close to home, and our hearts beat high.

The flight from Los Angeles to Memphis, Tennessee takes only about three hours, but it was a full period of time for us. My mind was flooded with thoughts, both of the past and of the future. What had started four years previously, with a feeling of contentment about my growth as a Christian and my faith in God, was ending with an entirely different realization. I looked back on all that had happened to us, at my weaknesses and fears, at the things we had tried to do, at the lack of vision that I knew had sometimes hindered me, at the short-comings in my ability; I thought of the things I would have done differently, of the ways I could have been a better helper with J. C. if I had only been aware of them at the time; I thought of the Christians in Karachi that were now half a world away, and of how much they needed us or someone to teach and strengthen them; I thought too of the trials my faith had endured, of the realization that true faith bends our will to God's and not that we have faith that He will see things as we do—I knew now the humbling truth that not only was I not grown up in faith, I had only begun to take the first wavering steps. But, with the beginning made, I knew the future steps would be easier. God does not expect us to grow up all at once, and like any loving parent, he is overjoyed when his children place their hand in his in confidence and let him lead the way. In thinking of the future, I did not know what lay before us, but God's promise that all things would work together for good was still there and I knew he would keep it.

As the plane neared Memphis, little waves of uncontrollable joy began to well up inside me. I looked at J. C. and

exchanged a happy grin with him. It had been so long, and now the end of this road was almost in sight. How changed could everyone seem? How much older and more worn-out would we look to them? Not too much, I hoped! Of course the greatest changes would be in the children, because Sheila had been only a year-and-a-half old when she had left in February of '62, and Steve was a stranger to them. I was eager to show off our little Choates, and could hardly wait to see my niece, Kimberly, who had been born to O'Nirah and Clayton just four days before Steve made his arrival. Also, my younger sister had a new daughter, Denise. And of course Curtis and Darla would have grown up so much. The minutes dragging by were painful ecstasy. The sign to fasten the seat belts made my heart beat like a drum in my ears, for below me I could see the checkered lands and the sprawling mass of a city that would be Memphis. Home! The long, long road had circled the world, and had brought us back again to the dearest spot of the whole earth to us!

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

### HOME!

Words cannot describe the ecstasy of the moment when we stepped through the door of the terminal and were suddenly in the arms of our families. Only those who have been away from the people they love for four years could appreciate just how we felt at that moment. The hugs and kisses, the radiant smiles of bubbling joy, the exclamations over how all of the children had grown—so much was being said at one time that none of us heard much of anything. But, oh, what sweet contentment it was to be hearing their voices again, to know that the initial work we had set out to do was accomplished, and that we could bask for awhile in the happiness of being with those who were most dear to us on earth.

Our luggage was soon collected and we began to try to figure out how we could get it into Daddy's car to go to Winona. J. C.'s Father felt that he must return to Corinth, but his Mother wanted to be with us in Winona for a few days. All the way home there was so much to talk about, so much news to catch up on, and so much exclaiming to do over everything that it seemed like no time before we were near the familiar old overhead bridge at the edge of Winona, and the house that had been "home" for so many years of my life was in sight.

The following days were full. Gradually we got used to being together again and lost the urge to not let anyone get out of our sight. We stayed in a whirlwind of experi-



ences, going again to a real American super market and trying to decide which of the things we should buy that we had had such a hunger for; visiting the variety stores and new discount stores, seeing all the changes that had taken place in the time we were away, seeing with amazement all the new products for sale; visiting old friends, and enjoying the company of the many who came to see us; buying winter clothes to supplement the summer wardrobe we had worn home; introducing the children to the wonder of television—so many adjustments to make. But it was all a wonderful, wonderful time, and we were so glad to be home again. Having been away from the American culture and the abundance of good things available there made us appreciate them the more, and we thanked God again that he had blessed us with such a country for our home.

But even at home there was work to do. Reports had to be made to the congregations that had so faithfully stood behind us the entire time we were away, and J. C. lost no time lining up appointments. The first weekend he spoke to our home congregations at Corinth and Winona, and after that each Sunday morning and evening and each Wednesday night he had appointments with churches that had had part in the work. As a rule he got up early on Sunday morning, two or three o'clock as the occasion demanded, to drive to the particular city where he was to be that day. After the evening service he would usually drive until late in the night in order to get home. This was done for two reasons: going over on Saturday and coming back on Monday would have resulted in those two days passing with nothing really accomplished; and staying overnight Saturday and Sunday in a motel would have cost the work fund a lot of money in a month's time. We hated to use it that way, so instead J. C. often drove practically in his sleep. I went along as much as I could to help out, and also

to be with him in making the reports. People everywhere were very kind to us and showed great interest in the church in Pakistan. After the meetings we often stayed for an hour or more answering questions put to us by those who wanted to know more. We were glad to see the interest and wanted to encourage it all we could.

Soon after our return to the States J. C. talked with the elders of the church in Ada, Oklahoma that had sponsored our work for six years, and it was decided that their responsibility for the work would be terminated when we had made an agreement with another suitable sponsor. The reasons for the change were the distance that separated us and kept us from working as closely together as we desired, and also the fact that they had just recently constructed a new meeting house and had committed themselves heavily financially to the operation of a Bible Chair at the college in Ada. Before we went to Pakistan, J. C. had visited a congregation in Dennis, Mississippi, in the county where he was born, and had been very well impressed with the brethren there. They had supported our work during those years, and had continued to manifest an interest in the work. So, with the warmth of their fellowship living in his memory, he visited them and in a private meeting told the elders of his desire that they take the responsibility of overseeing our future work. Their preacher, Brother Paul Speers, enthusiastically encouraged them to do so, and assured them that he would stand behind the work himself and help in every way possible. At that time only one other congregation in the State of Mississippi was sponsoring foreign evangelism, and the elders questioned whether they would be able to adequately discharge such a responsibility when many larger congregations in the state felt unable to launch out into such work. J. C. explained to them in detail how very little was required of them beyond the

interest they already had, the receiving of funds and accounting for them, and the printing and mailing out of the newsletter. There was nothing really to be afraid of, or to feel was more than they were capable of doing. He told them that he would give frequent personal reports to them as elders, and wanted to work as closely with them as they desired. We were sure that with their dedication, their interest in spreading the truth at home, and their zeal for those abroad, that they would prove to be just the church that we had in mind. So, the agreement was made. A truly dedicated couple, Herschel and Betty Orick, were put in charge of the receipt and handling of funds and of the mailing of the newsletter, and volunteers helped with the latter job. As we had thought, they have done a masterful job, and have been a tremendous boost to the work. We are so thankful for the elders, Brethren Monroe Pounds, Zeke Harrison, and T. F. Lindsey, for the church, for Herschel and Betty, and for all who have had a part in making our relationship such a happy experience. We look forward to many more years of working together to spread the cause of Christ.

The weeks flew by with all that had to be done, and the many reports that were to be made. In addition, J. C. spoke on a lecture program at the Webb Chapel congregation in Dallas, Texas, with Brother Stanley Shipp and other missionaries, in the interest of building up enthusiasm for foreign work. Later Brother Ira Rice was in charge of a similar missionary workshop at the Karns church in Knoxville, Tennessee, and J. C. had part in that too. It was while there that he first met Jim and Laura Waldron who were at that time very interested in taking the gospel to India. Another workshop took place at the Lake Highland congregation in Dallas, Texas, and both of us went out for that. Brethren Bob Hare, Otis Gatewood, George Benson, and others were to speak during the several days of meet-

ings. With so many churches in the area, everyone had expected the meeting house to be running over with people, but it was disheartening and saddening that the crowds were very small in comparison to what they should have been. When it came time for J. C.'s last speech he felt obligated to point out his sorrow at the lack of interest manifested by the preachers and elders and deacons of the Dallas-Fort Worth churches, not to mention the many other Christians of the area who were showing no interest at all in the challenging work of getting the gospel to the world. He said that this was evidence of the fact that the church was becoming more lukewarm about its responsibilities and privileges all the time. After the sermon, which had poured in despair from his heart, Brother Benson commended him for his courage in saying what he had said, and concluded with, "Yes, we have a lukewarm church on our hands."

During the time from January through June we were trying to find a family to replace us in Pakistan. Many showed an interest, but not enough to move them outside the United States. We met a number of preachers that were anxious to have a greater part in evangelizing the world, but whose wives would not agree to doing foreign work. Other preachers made no bones of admitting the fact that they "just did not have that much faith." We thought, as that excuse was offered, that a man who had such a weak faith as that certainly had no business being in the pulpit trying to teach the church. Such men only encourage the lukewarmness that has become a disease throughout the brotherhood. How we longed to convince them that they were missing the most rewarding experiences of their lives by walking by sight and not by faith, but it is hard to show people things that they don't want to see.

As the time for J. C.'s return to Pakistan was drawing dangerously close, we met a family in Texas that seemed

to be the answer to our prayers. They were sure that they could find a sponsor and the needed support, and would be able to get to Karachi in time for the children to begin the school year there in September. We went home from that meeting with them with happy hearts, praying that if this was the family needed in Pakistan that God would help them make the necessary arrangements to go.

The day that I had been dreading for six months had come, and it was time for J. C. to begin the journey back to Pakistan, alone this time. I felt sorry for him, for I knew what a hard, lonely time it would be for him, and I knew that the children and I would find the separation painful too. But the commitment had been made, and he had to return. It was equally impossible for us to go too, for he still wanted to come back as soon as the new family was settled and devote his energies for awhile to trying to build more interest in mission work. Having had our minds refreshed concerning that need during the months of reporting and being in the States, we felt now more than ever that something had to be done to change the attitude of the church at home before much could be done to reach the world. Since we now could see vividly the needs on both sides of the picture, we had a message to take to the church and knew that we could not be contented until it was delivered.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

### SEPARATION

Daddy and Mother have always kindly moved over and made room for us when we needed a place to live. They did so again when we returned from Pakistan, and we lived happily—though cramped—together. When J. C.'s appointments were closer to Corinth than Winona, his Mother and Father opened a room in their home for our use. We were thankful to have such unselfish parents who were willing to help in any way possible, but we knew that our family was not growing smaller, and one bed for the four of us was getting pretty tight. Since we expected to occasionally need a place to live in the States, we felt that we should build a house for our own use. Daddy is a contractor and was willing to sacrifice his regular work and profit in order to personally help with the building of the house. I had self-assuredly listed the things I felt that I could do to help, and he had privately laughed at my ambitions but didn't deflate my hopes by stating aloud his doubts of my ability. We borrowed the money for the house and began it just before J. C. returned to Pakistan, since this seemed to be the ideal time to build it. I would thus be occupied and the time would pass much faster for me, and when J. C. returned he would have an office to work in instead of having to spread his work out on the dining table as he had done in the past.

The days *did* go by in a hurry, but not everything went as we had hoped. It soon became evident that the family

that had agreed to go to Pakistan would not be able to raise the money in time to get to Karachi by September, and when they saw that, they decided to assume another work in the States rather than proceed with determination to reach the goal they had aimed for. Many are thus weeded out, and it is a great disappointment for they are so badly needed, but we always wonder if it is not a blessing in disguise for it takes grit and a mountain of determination to stick out the many ups and downs of work in a foreign land. People who give up at the first obstacle do not belong in a mission field.

But it was with a sad heart that I had to write J. C. of the change in plans. Now, we had no one in mind that could be definitely counted on, but since we doubted greatly that the Jim Waldrons would be able to get into India as they hoped, J. C. decided to write him and see if there was any possibility of them going to Karachi instead. It was a hope, a straw to grasp, but that was all.

The request resulted in Jim and Laura and their family coming to Winona to talk with me, so that they might have answers to some of the many questions that flooded their minds. We sat and talked until past one A.M. and I tried to show them what it would be like to live and work in Karachi. I did not conceal the fact that living in a foreign country carries problems, but it also brings many times of happiness and reward. I knew that it had added a richness to my life that I was thankful for, and I tried to help them understand in some measure what a blessing it could be to them. When they returned to their home in Knoxville the next day, Jim said that he would make a decision and let us know something definite soon. I wrote J. C. all about it, and began the first of many prayers that this would work out if it was for the best.

During the weeks that followed, I got up and went to work with Daddy each morning, learning to hammer a nail straight without mashing the finger that held it, laying tile, sanding wooden surfaces and painting them, painting the walls of the rooms, criticizing the work done by others—one day Daddy was hanging a door and I insisted that it was not straight; he put a level against it and then measured the distance of both corners from the ceiling. Sure enough, it was 1/8" low on one side! I am sure my eagle eye was not appreciated that time, but Daddy decided before the house was finished that my list of things that I could do to save money in building the house had not been an empty boast. Many evenings, after we began the work of finishing the interior, I worked at the house until twelve or one o'clock, went home and wrote J. C. the daily letter so that he would know what had happened on that day, figured the bills on the house and brought the books up to date, wrote other letters that needed to be written, studied for awhile from the Bible, and went to bed. It was exhausting work, but with Mother's help in taking care of the children and preparing the meals, I was free to help until the house was ready for inspection and the loan closed in December of 1966.

Sheila, in the meantime, had started to first grade and loved her teacher. She was doing well in school and I was proud of her. Steve, who at first had refused even to look at either of his grandmothers, had by now taken them and twisted them firmly around his finger, and knew it. He had only to make a request with his pleading little smile and it was automatically granted. He and Darla and Sheila played well together and enjoyed each other's company so much that I dreaded separating them.

Not willing to ignore the responsibility I felt in the church, I accepted the intermediate class on Wednesday



nights, and a class for pre-school children on Sunday evenings. With the beginning of that class, several who had not been coming to the evening meetings became regular in attendance and expressed their appreciation for the fact that both they and their children could have a study. Finding the time to prepare for the two classes took some maneuvering, but I enjoy teaching and I guess we all find time to do the things we like doing.

In addition to the classes there were personal work visits to make, meals to help Mother prepare when we invited someone over for a period of fellowship, hospital visiting to do, and the many other things that are a part of the growth of the church anywhere. After being among babes in Christ for four years, it was a period of recuperation and rest for me to worship with more mature Christians. The responsibility of carrying the burden of the work alone for those years had left both J. C. and me ready for the relaxation of pressure and anxious to be only a part of a working body of Christians. Perhaps you cannot appreciate those feelings if you have not been in the position of having every member of the church looking to you alone for guidance in the scriptures and in their daily lives—the pressure of successfully meeting those demands is more wearing than anything I had ever experienced before. It is that pressure that causes so much soul-searching in the mission field. I must admit that I felt a little guilty, enjoying the ease of those days, when I knew that J. C. was not only still facing that responsibility but was now having to do it without me.

The work in Karachi had gone very well during our absence, and everyone was glad to see J. C. back. He had written that it was nearly too much for him when he walked into the house and saw everything just as we had left it, with many of our clothes still hanging in the closets, and Sheila's and Steve's toys there. It made him so much

more acutely aware that we were so far apart, and that the long days would seem very empty. He was kept busy in the work though, and had the added job of preparing his own meals and keeping house to a certain necessary extent, so he had little time to mourn over the fact that we were not there with him. As he had planned all along, he spent about two months conducting meetings in various parts of India and was glad to see the progress that was being made there, and to have a part in it again.

While still in India, J. C. wrote Jim that he needed to have a definite decision about what they intended to do by the time he got back to Karachi, so that he himself would be able to make plans for the immediate months ahead. On his return, the letter was there in the box. In it Jim said that they would come to Karachi but would be unable to arrive before August, as they needed time to raise support and make the preparations. He requested that J. C. plan to be in Karachi during their first weeks there, to help them make the adjustments to the new country and new people. That posed a problem, for it was then January, and J. C. had been away from home for six months. Neither of us relished the idea of being separated for eight or ten more months, but the decision concerning what was best to do was a difficult one to make.

J. C. and I exchanged several letters, discussing the possibilities pro and con, and trying to decide what to do. Without mentioning my suggestion to anyone else, I wrote him that if he thought it wise, we could all go back with him for another period of work, if he decided to come home in order to help Jim make preparations to go. The necessity of coming home and then returning to Karachi just previous to the Waldrons' arrival had become evident; the only question was whether J. C. would go alone again, causing us to be separated for several more months, or whether

we would all go and settle down to work in a foreign field once more? The answer came fast and with obvious joy. If we all returned, we could help the Waldrons for as long as needed, and then attempt to go into India on a tourist visa to establish the church in New Delhi. The matter was closed.

Breaking the news to the folks was not so easy. Daddy had worked so hard to help us have our house, and now we were not even planning to live in it. Not only that, but he and Mother had taken Sheila and Steve to their hearts and had become as "grandparentish" as any people I have ever seen. Mother, as usual, spoke her objection only by the look of sorrow on her face, but said that she knew how much more we were needed there than at home and she would not try to stand in our way. Daddy, at first said he had approved the first time but we would have to go without his consent this time. He thought it was not a healthy place for our children, and he felt that we should consider them. Mainly, I knew, he wanted them close to himself because he knew how lonely he and Mother and Curtis would be when we left. But within a few days he had gotten used to the idea that we would be going and he changed his mind. Though it meant a painful sacrifice on his part, he was willing to make it if souls could be saved through his loss.

That weekend we all went to Corinth to visit J. C.'s parents. They had not expected such a turn of events for they knew that we had planned to work for some indefinite time in the States trying to build interest in mission work. Now the news that even before their son returned home it was decided that we would soon be starting out again was a low blow. With tears welling in her eyes, Mama burst out with the natural mother's response: "But why do you have to do it all yourselves? Why can't somebody else go?" Know-

ing J. C., she knew the uselessness of trying to change his mind, but she could not suppress the instinctive objection to being separated again by half of the world. But both our parents are Christians to the point that they will always put the welfare of the church before their own desires, and so in the end they all accepted with understanding our necessity for returning to the East. I was so thankful for their dedication, and wrote J. C. of all that had happened.

Since there was work to be done, J. C. decided that it was time to begin it. He wrote that he would be coming home on February 3 and told us which flight to meet in Memphis. We waited with eager anticipation for that exciting day to arrive, and when it did, Daddy and Mother drove with us to meet him. As he stepped through the terminal door, he was undoubtedly the most wonderful sight that had ever filled my eyes. The lonely months of separation melted away into nothing, for we were together again—one family, united, to face whether the world might hurl at us.

Oh, there were so many things to talk about, so much to catch up on! J. C. had always written skimpy business-type letters—from force of habit, I guess—so he had much of his experiences to share with us. We talked ninety-to-nothing all the way home, and then the proud moment arrived for me. Assuring him that he would never be able to appreciate adequately what a gem of a wife he had, or all that I had gone through in order to build his house, we drove up to it and he had his first view of “home”. Then we showed him around, and I happily opened the door to his office that had been prepared with loving hands for this moment. A pretty second-hand desk and chair had been painstakingly refinished, his typewriter set in place, and his most used books were handy. The smile of pleasure on

his face was all that was needed to make the moment complete.

Now that the seven months of separation were behind us, we looked back on them with a sense of satisfaction. J. C. had had added months to strengthen the work in Karachi, and had held the meetings in India that had also been a part of his purpose in going. I had, with Daddy's much appreciated help, transferred our house from paper to reality, and now we were both ready to close those chapters and begin on a new one together.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

### SECOND TIME OUT

Knowing how things always seem to go with us, and knowing too how tired J. C. and I both were, and that we needed to have a little time to be together and catch our breaths before getting full-swing into the work again, I had extracted a promise from J. C. that we would take a week or two off when he got home. He got in on Thursday, and because his youngest brother, Don, was to leave for the Philippines for a year of duty in the Air Force in only a few days, we went to Corinth on Friday. Corinth is only about forty miles from Dennis, Mississippi and the Liberty Church of Christ that was sponsoring our work, so we went over on Sunday to spend the day with the brethren there. They are wonderfully kind and hospitable and welcomed us with enthusiasm. We felt so happy to be working with them and to see their interest in Pakistan and the people there.

Sheila had to be back in Winona for school on Monday so we drove home Sunday night, with the children asleep in the back of the car. I sighed with relief, glad that now we could rest. But a call came from Jim Waldron, asking that J. C. come to Camden, Tennessee to talk with the church there about sponsoring them in the work in Pakistan. Such an important thing could not be postponed, so he agreed to be there on Wednesday night. Tuesday evening we drove to Corinth, reluctantly leaving Sheila with Daddy and Mother, but grateful for their willingness to

temporarily take her as their own so that we could go together to the appointment. Wednesday morning we started out early so that we could catch part of the day's activities at the Freed-Hardeman Lectureship. We saw some old friends there and enjoyed the various lectures, including the Mission Forum which was attended by better crowds than usual.

Early in the afternoon we drive on to Camden and had a quick meal with the Parker Frenches who were working with the church. J. C. spoke at the meeting that night and afterwards we met with the elders and others who were interested and answered their questions regarding the duties of a sponsoring congregation. Jim was also there, and was eager to see them make a decision. Parker felt that getting actively involved in foreign work would do more for the congregation than anything else they could do, so he encouraged the men to consider carefully their responsibility. A decision was not given then, but later they decided that they would sponsor the Waldrons. That was a great hurdle passed and we were so happy for it.

Thursday morning we attended a few more of the Freed-Hardeman Lectures and then drove back to Winona. There was much to do there since it seemed that we were constantly packing and unpacking, loading and unloading the car, and sooner or later things have to be sorted out and put in the proper places again. J. C. was behind on correspondence and also needed to begin forming a line-up of appointments for the weeks to follow, so his hands were full.

The church at East Main Street in Tupelo, Mississippi was planning a mission workshop that was to begin the following Sunday, and J. C. was to be on the program, along with Brethren J. C. Bailey, Ira Rice, and Pat McGee who was making preparations to go to Indonesia to plant the

church. After school was out on Friday we drove to Corinth to spend the night and the following day with Don, as he was to leave immediately after that. On Sunday J. C. spoke at Pontotoc, Mississippi, and in the afternoon we were present in Tupelo for the afternoon speeches of the workshop. Since J. C. had been working with that congregation at the time we were married, we were glad to be with those old and dear friends again. Arrangements had been made for the speakers and their families to stay in a nearby motel, but J. C. whispered to me that he would drive back and forth from Corinth every day before staying in a motel, as many as there were in that town who professed to be our friends. As he had expected, we were invited to be with various ones, and stayed with the Guy Kingsleys who had been like parents to J. C. when he had lived there.

The workshop was well attended and the church seemed inspired to begin putting their new vision to work. In visiting one afternoon with the John Wheelers who were working with the East Main brethren, Sister Wheeler confided that John was considered going on a three-month preaching tour that would include countries in Europe and Asia. I jokingly warned her that she had better not let him go if she did not want to be living over there herself in about a year's time, for when he saw the needs I was afraid he would not rest until he was there trying to do something about them. She thought there was not too much danger, for they were very happy in the work in Tupelo and had been there only about a year.

Two full weeks having gone by mostly on the road and in speaking appointments, we gave up on a holiday and got into the work full swing. J. C. had told Jim that since he would have to raise four thousand dollars for a car or



microbus of some sort to be used in the work in Karachi, that he would help him by raising this amount. Knowing what a headache the old Renault Dauphine had been to us, we wanted to spare them that nuisance. So, appointments were made to make reports on the progress of the work and to raise the needed money.

One Friday night J. C. was speaking at Chapman, Mississippi to a rural congregation that has faithfully stood behind our work for several years. In the audience was Malcom George, preacher for the fine church at Ripley which was nearby, and a friend of J. C.'s since college days. All the time we had been in Pakistan we had written to the Georges and to the L. D. Willises, another good family of friends, trying to get them to see what they were missing by not coming over to help in the work. Letter after letter had been answered with a joking excuse and J. C. had decided that they would just never leave the States. After the meeting that night, Malcom and I were talking as J. C. met the people who were coming out the door. I told him that I knew just the thing for him! The East Gadsden church had asked J. C. to help them find someone to replace the Evertt Huffards who were soon to return to the States, and I was sure that Malcolm would fit into the work in Jerusalem perfectly. He laughed off the idea, saying with modesty that is characteristic that he was sure they could find someone better than he. I replied that they had been looking for several months and hadn't found anyone yet, and I thought it was time he and Verlin were doing some mission work. When J. C. walked up he endorsed my suggestion, but halfheartedly because he had tried to convince Malcom of this very thing before and hadn't made any progress. On the way home he remarked that he thought I ought to leave Malcom alone because we had talked to him enough and the decision had to be his. I defended my-

self with, "Well, at least I tried to show him how much more they are needed there than here in the States". The next day I was stunned speechless when Malcom called long distance, wanting to know more about the whole possibility. I could hardly talk for the joy that welled up inside. When you are so happy with something yourself, the first thing you want to do is to share it with those you love. For all these years we had tried to share the vision of what "could be" with them and had failed. Now at last they were showing a real interest, and I couldn't wait till J. C. came home later in the day to tell him what had happened. We arranged to visit Malcom and Verlin on the way back to Winona so that more definite talks could prepare the way for more definite plans.

Arrangements were made for Malcom to visit the church in Gadsden, and it looked like everything was going to work out without a hitch, But just at that time the terrible six-day war between Israel and the Arab countries broke out. The Georges were with us that weekend, and we saw with surprise and gladness that where they had seemed hesitant and unsure of what they should do just a few weeks prior, now they were watching the war news with anxiety because they really wanted to go and were afraid that the disturbances and evacuations would make it impossible for them to see their plans materialize. As it worked out, the Huffards decided to stay longer in Jerusalem since things had happened as they had and it would be harder for a new-comer to come in and do an effective work. But the Carl Mathenys were due shortly to return to the States from their work in Beirut, and J. C. recommended that Malcom be sent to take his place. That was worked out with Carl's sponsoring congregation, and today the Georges are in Beirut. We are so thankful that another very capable

and dedicated family has been added to the meager workforces on this side of the world.

The Wayne Newcombs, also of the Knoxville area, were good friends of the Waldrons, and as Wayne had grown up in Corinth too, he and J. C. knew each other. Wayne and Deany decided that they would go to Karachi to help the Waldrons, and we were glad of their decision for we knew that there was more to do than one family could manage. One week Wayne came to our house and from there he and J. C. set out to visit among congregations that were capable of assuming sponsorship, in search of a sponsor for the Newcombs. The church at Rogersville, Alabama seemed interested and after time to make a decision, committed themselves to stand behind the work. Not all the hurdle was passed, but the Newcombs had a sponsor and that was one important thing accomplished, and they were determined that the necessary funds would be raised so that they could get to Karachi around the first of 1968.

It was now late in June and our dead-line for leaving home was July 11. We had many things to do in preparation to leave. Primary among them, and one that we had been working on for several months, was the adoption of Darla. She was the child of a broken marriage in the family, whom Mother and Daddy had cared for for three years. She and Sheila were nearly the same age, and since they were as close by now as sisters—though neither of them would ever have a real sister to grow up with—we felt that it would be best for all concerned if we adopted her. On the last day of June the case was finalized in a court hearing, and our family had been enlarged by the addition of an eight-year-old daughter.

Having gone through the frustrating process of packing a box to be shipped to the other side of the world on a

previous occasion, we felt sure that we would be able to get things in order this time well in advance and would therefore have no rush at the last minute. But there seemed to be so many things to do besides assembling the things for shipping—preaching appointments, receiving visitors who wanted to come before our departure, getting some sewing for the family done, catching up on over-due correspondence, shopping for the things we needed to take with us and the things we needed to ship—I finally got to bed about three o'clock the night before we were to leave. Rising again at six A.M., on July 11, 1967, we hurried through breakfast and loaded the car. Our plane was to leave Memphis at eleven o'clock and we had to leave home by seven in order to make it on time.

As we drove along, Mother and I recalled again as we had so often done, that we had kept promising ourselves that one day we would sit down and just enjoy talking together, without feeling compelled to be doing any work in the meantime. But the spare hours had never come, and now it was time to go our separate ways again, and for how long we did not know. Our future plans were very flexible and we did not know when we might come home. But we had those two hours on the way to Memphis, and we thoroughly enjoyed them.

At the airport we sat in the lounge until our flight was announced. We had refused to let ourselves think of the moment that was fast approaching, so when it did come, there was hardly any time left to cry. Good-byes are not easy, and that one wasn't either, but before we knew it we were seated in the plane and were getting buckled in. We sat there for an hour and waited, were served lunch, and finally the announcement was made that there would be a delay in the flight. Daddy and Mother had waited to see the plane take off, so they were still in the lounge

when we walked out. It was four P.M. before we left, so we had the opportunity for that lazy visit that we had planned for so long. The hours passed pleasantly and we were so happy that things had worked out as they had. The only bad thing about it was that the sorrow of goodbyes had to be endured a second time.

We spent the next two weeks in speaking appointments in California and then flew to Honolulu, Hawaii, where we stayed overnight with the Pat McGees who were at that time taking a crash course in the Indonesian language in preparation for their work in that country. Pat was so busy that we wondered how he could keep up the pace.

Leaving American soil, we worked our way around the globe to Manila where we stopped for a few days in order to visit the Gunselmans again, and to proceed to Clark Air Base where the Charlie Davises had offered their home as a meeting place for us and J. C.'s brother, Don, who was then stationed in the Philippines. With their kind hospitality, and the joy of being with Don for even a short time, the days were happy ones. In many ways the Philippines are much like Pakistan and the reality of what it would be like to be there came flooding back to me.

Continuing on our way, we could not by-pass the brethren in Thailand. We arrived there just as the Bob Davidsons were returning to resume their work, and were bringing with them the Depew and Fox families who were coming to Thailand for the first time to join the work force there. The Bill Becks and Dorsey Traus and Ken Rideouts came down to meet them from Cheingmai, so it was a gathering to remember. The Jesse Fonvilles invited us to stay with them, and they had all the workers over for the evening meal the day everyone arrived. After a delicious dinner that was a real tribute to Naomi's managing ability, we all sat in the living room and sang songs. The fellowship

couldn't have been better, and it was a special treat to us because we knew that we would not have such an experience again for a long, long time. With seven families, our pitiful one or two families in Pakistan seemed like a lonely little crowd.

We reached Bombay, India in time to spend the weekend with the George Bryans. They had been in Bombay for nearly a year, George working as a speech therapist in a hospital in order to have a visa, and working with the church during his extra hours. They were very happy in India, and we found the family to be a real pleasure. Their four children, though older than ours, did their best to entertain their guests, and Joetta and I stayed up until all hours of the night talking of the many things of common interest. She is especially good at working up materials for illustrating lessons in children's classes, and I got some very good ideas from seeing her methods of teaching. How much we wanted to take them up on their encouragement to stay longer, but after the worship services Sunday we felt that we just had to gather our things together and take that last flight that would bring us to Pakistan.

To my surprise, the flutterings of excitement and joy were almost as strong as we neared Karachi and could see the lights of the city in the distance as they had been about a year and a half previously when we had looked from the window of the plane to see Memphis below us. I found that I could hardly wait to see everyone again, to see what changes had taken place in the city in my absence—I could hardly wait to be home!

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

### HOME AGAIN IN KARACHI

Knowing Karachi weather so well, the last thing we expected to find was a drizzling rain as we landed about ten o'clock that Monday night, August 21, 1967, but the drops peppered down as we ran from the plane to the terminal. I was surprised, too, to see so many changes in the terminal itself, for it was nothing like I remembered. Since 1967 was "International Tourist Year" we were greeted in a special lounge and shown every courtesy as tourists. All of the kind attention and helpfulness seemed odd, but a welcomed change anyway! Checking through customs and filling out our Form A for unaccompanied baggage, we soon cleared all the red tape and were on our way. The taxi driver out front kindly offered to take us into town for fifteen rupees until J. C. assured him with a few words of Urdu that we were not strangers to the country. The price automatically dropped to the customary ten rupees, and we piled our luggage in and started home. The biggest difference that I could see in everything was seeing it all through rain! For the most part, the landmarks had changed little and I ached with the familiarity of it all.

On the way to the house I remembered that in one letter Gordon had written he had said something about the electricity, and I could not recall if he said it had been disconnected because of exorbitant bills, or not. It was with great relief that we saw a light shining in the house as we pulled up in front of the gate. J. C. went to the door while

I began to unload our luggage. He called and called and finally got an answer, after going around to the back side of the house and shaking Charles awake. He and his wife and her family had been staying in the quarters at the back in our absence, and they had overflowed their area and had occupied the guest room in the house as well. There were people everywhere, but Charles finally emerged from the group and produced the key to the front door of the house. We hurriedly moved the luggage inside out of the rain, eager to get the minimum of necessary work done and get to bed. Greeting and saying goodnight to Charles in almost the same breath, I began the discouraging job of trying to find enough sheets in the drawers of the bedroom to make beds for us to sleep on. As I worked, J. C. and Charles talked and got caught up on an exchange of news. Later Charles brought in his three-week-old son to show us. He was a very proud father, and had a fine looking boy.

Dust lay deep everywhere, and I felt contaminated by everything I touched. The desire to clean the place from top to bottom was almost too strong to resist, but I contented myself with making the bedroom presentable and getting the children bedded down. Then I got the kitchen opened and scrubbed up the kettle so that some drinking water could be boiled. We would have to rent a refrigerator until the box could arrive from the States, but in the meantime water had to be boiled and cooled so we would have something to drink the next day.

As I finally went to bed, I could hardly sleep for thinking of all that had to be done the next day. Getting the house in shape would be an ordeal, and I really needed some help, but the idea of trying to break in a servant with things in that kind of a mess was more than I could bear. Better to scrub off the months of accumulated dust and dirt myself and then try to get some kind of help trained just prior to



the arrival of the Waldrons. They were due by early September, less than two weeks away, so there was plenty to do to keep me busy in the meantime.

It seemed that I had hardly gotten to sleep, with the steady drumming of rain in my ears, before a knock at the door aroused me. It was seven in the morning, but the sky was so dark it seemed much earlier. J. C. got up and went to the door and was surprised to find Barbara Bryan standing there. When we had visited the Bryans briefly in the Philippines they had said that their daughter might stop in Karachi on her way back to the States to school, and we had expected her but did not know when she would arrive. There she was at the door, with the rain pouring all around her. He asked her in, explaining that we had arrived ourselves only the night before. I made her a place to sleep on one of the children's beds, since she had been up a good part of the night in making flight connections, and we all slept for awhile longer.

I felt that Barbara could have hardly enjoyed the few hours she spent with us, because there was nothing in the house to eat except a few cookies and snacks I had had left-over from our trip. When I got up, I left her and the children in bed, and set to work on the house. They slept for some time longer, and we finally stopped to eat our little snacks about two in the afternoon. The rain continued to come down, and the streets were so flooded that we were stranded at home for the time being. Barbara entertained herself and the children, talking to me at times, while I continued to work through the afternoon. I could begin to see a little progress, and I could hardly wait to have the house clean again.

Finally the rain stopped and we began to hope that the three-foot-deep-rivers that had been streets would drain enough that we could go downtown to the Hong Kong Res-

restaurant for supper. According to custom of long standing, we had our cold showers and felt like new people after being so hot and dirty all day from the cleaning. About eight J. C. went out and found a taxi, and we cautiously made our way along the streets to the main part of town. Ah, how good the old familiar places looked, and how wonderful it was to be stepping inside that restaurant again.

I was glad that Barbara would not leave Karachi without one decent meal, and we all enjoyed that one since the Chinese food there was something we had not been able to forget. The owner of the restaurant was as glad to see us as we were to be back, and to show his welcome he tore up the bill when we went to pay it, saying that that one was on him. That was a real surprise.

Barbara was to take a late night flight out so J. C. went with her to the airport, and stayed up practically all night since her plane was late. When he finally got home he was almost sick from having his sleeping hours so upset during the past several nights, so he went to bed for awhile and I got up to get some more of the work done in the house. That day we bought some groceries, and arrangements were made for a refrigerator to be brought the next day. Things were beginning to take shape, and we were feeling more at home all the time.

By the following Sunday I felt like falling apart I was so tired, but the scrubbing and cleaning was done. I could go through the rooms of the house without having to close my eyes against the filth, and our few belongings had been put in their proper places. The linens and household things were washed and the guest room was ready for the arrival of the Waldrons. There were still some extra sheets and towels to be bought, but the worst of the preparation was over.

Sunday was faced with some apprehension, since we had made no effort to contact the members, and few knew that we had gotten back to Karachi. We wanted to see just how many of the congregation that met at our house would be present when they did not know that a foreigner would be there, and at the close of the service we felt encouraged and gratified that around 25 were there for worship. There are no words to tell you what it meant to me to see those people again that we had held in our hearts during those months of absence from them. To see them still faithful and growing as Christians, to know that even though it had been left alone for these months of time, the church had not died but had continued to worship God and to preach the truth, were happy thoughts to me. That realization wiped away the sacrifice of being four years away from our folks, and made it all more than worthwhile.

The following week we were invited to a number of homes for tea or for meals, and we also called on some who had seemed to be good contacts before our departure, encouraging them to begin attending the assemblies again and arranging to have some private studies of the Bible with them. All of it—the working with the people, the food we shared with them, the conversations we had—were so familiar and welcome to me. I guess I went back to Pakistan with an open heart, loving more freely than I had during our first stay there, and every day was a joy. The people seemed as happy to see us as we were to see them, and I wondered how hard it would be to leave this time. The very thought was unpleasant so I didn't dwell on it much.

About the middle of the week, Alexander brought a young man over to inquire about the job of working in the house. He had been accustomed to a larger salary than we could afford, and J. C. discouraged him because he felt that he would not be happy with less pay and would be con-

stantly complaining. But finally, reluctantly, he agreed to try Nazir out for a few days. By then I had the house in good shape so there was not so much for him to do, and I had time to teach him how I wanted things done. True to his claim, he knew how to wash dishes for Americans, and was more than efficient in everything he did. It didn't take me long to recognize that in his ready smile and willingness to help in any way he was needed, here was the helper I had wanted during all the years we had been in Pakistan, and had not been able to find.

The Waldrons had planned to arrive on Sunday morning, and we planned to meet them at the airport, but they surprised us by coming in early Saturday morning. They were worn out from an all-night flight, so as quickly as we could we got the beds prepared so they could get some rest. With twelve of us (The Waldrons have three boys of their own—Steve, Phillip and Bryan—and two adopted children, Sherry and Larry) in a two bedroomed house, you can imagine how stacked we were! All five of us slept in one room. Four of the Waldrons slept in the other bedroom, one of the boys slept in the living room on the couch, and the two older children slept in the office on charpois—there's always a way!

In the following week we all did a lot of adjusting. Everything the Waldrons saw was strange and new, and we were pleased that they were taking it all so well, with seemingly none of the "culture shock" we've heard so much about. J. C. took Jim to the police station to sign in with the police, and they went to American Express, and to the office where he was required to get an import license for the car he was shipping; they visited the various areas of town and went to the villages where the church had been established. Laura and I visited the bazaar together and got acquainted with the market. But a lot of our time was spent at home, pre-

paring meals for the twelve of us. That was a two-hour task for each meal for both of us, but we had plenty to talk about, so everything went well. By putting the small children at one table and the adults at another we all found a place to sit (that's one advantage to having the church meet in your home—there's always an extra table and plenty of chairs for company!) In time, Nazir came to be a great help with the meals, and we finally devised the system of taking turns in the kitchen on certain days, so we would each have some free time to visit or do needed shopping.

Our plan had been to stay in Karachi as long as the Waldrons seemed to need us, until they had gotten well enough acquainted with the work that they could carry on without us, and then we intended to go on to New Delhi to establish the church there. But we had shipped some things, including a refrigerator for the Waldrons' use in Karachi, and knew that we would have to stay until that could reach Pakistan and be cleared through customs. So we thought it best that we locate and move into a furnished apartment for the two or three months we would be there. We put an ad in the paper, and found one that was sky-high in rent, but seemed bearable. But before anything definite could be done about it, Jim and Laura decided that they would prefer not staying in the house we had occupied during those years we had been in Pakistan. As we had promised the landlord two months' notice in case they should make such a decision, we agreed that we would stay on in the house and that they could find another house. So they began the search.

The weeks went by. The American school was so expensive that Jim decided it would be best for their two boys to be enrolled in the British Overseas School instead, so uniforms were ordered and they started to school. There

were no classes for junior high school or older children, so Sherry and Larry were to take a correspondence course. Our own daughters were enrolled in a correspondence course from the Calvert School, since we knew that we would be moving in the school year, and we did not know what problems this might cause. It was a real job for me to teach them each day in addition to the regular housework, but there seemed to be no better solution.

In addition to the preaching and private studies in which J. C. shared responsibilities, he was busy printing Bible courses and literature for the use of the church in Karachi. We were so glad to be there, to have a little more part in the growth of the church. A very sincere young man named Issac Masih came to the office for several days in a row for private studies, and was afterwards baptized into Christ. Nazir became a Christian too, and we soon discovered that he had the ability to be a wonderful Urdu song leader.

During this time, we received a card from Brother Randal Harley, who was on his way to Colombo, Ceylon to work as a teacher in a university there for a year. He asked if it would be possible for someone to come there to help him establish the church. We knew that the John Wheelers, with whom we had worked in a mission workshop in Tupelo, were considering going to Ceylon but had not made a definite decision. J. C. wrote John, and told him of Brother Harley's request, and asked if they intended to go to Ceylon or not. He volunteered that it might be possible, since they could not get there immediately, that we could go there from Karachi and do what we could toward planting the church, if they definitely were planning to come, and did not object. Letters were exchanged, and then one day a letter came with the happy news that the Wheelers would come in June of 1968, and that the East Main church in

Tupelo would send them. We thanked God for their decision.

From the time the Harleys moved to Colombo in August, until the latter part of November, we struggled with the decision of what to do. Our plans had not really included Ceylon, the Wheelers were definitely going there in a few months, Delhi was still without the church, and we had had our minds turned toward India and not Ceylon for all of those previous months. Where should we go? Should Delhi wait for awhile longer, or should we use the six months in Ceylon? Could we weather major moves from the U. S. to Pakistan to Ceylon to India in a matter of only months, without suffering mental repercussions? What effect would such changes make on the children? Would we be able to accomplish enough that the moves would be justified? What would be in the best interest of spreading the gospel through the sub-continent? How could we be most effective?

These, and many other vital questions, beat through our minds during those months of indecision. We discussed things from every angle, reading all we could about Ceylon, and talking of the impressions J. C. had gotten from his short visit there a year previously. He had liked the island and had been well impressed by the people he had met, but when I read a report published by the American Embassy I had my doubts about how easy we would find life to be there. According to the report hardly anything was available, and the weather was unbearable most of the time. But those things are not everything, and the fact that twelve million people lived there without the gospel weighed heavily. We prayed often and fervently for God's help in making the decision as to what to do. Our feeling was that we were willing to bend our plans and alter them in whatever way was necessary so that we could be useful to God in his work. We knew that many people have far

greater talents than we, but not everyone was willing to go to either Ceylon or Delhi! Since the Lord can use best those who will allow themselves to be bent to his will, and who are willing to be placed where they are needed, then we felt that God would help us to go where he could best use whatever meager talents we might be able to place at his disposal.

In November J. C. went to Iran for a few days to attempt to check out a story he had been told concerning a large group of true Christians in the mountainous areas near the Caspian Sea, and while there he got a three month tourist visa to India. On his return, I applied for a visa at the Indian Embassy at Karachi. By that time we had almost decided that we should move to Ceylon, but our plan was to apply for the Indian visas and see if they were granted. If I was able to get a visa too, we would find it very hard to resist moving there, but if mine was denied we would conclude that this was God's way of pointing his finger toward Ceylon. We truly believe that God works through many "natural" means, over-ruling in order that events may be shaped as he sees best, for we have seen that very thing happen too often in our lives to doubt it. This time, again, we trusted that God would show us clearly which way we should go. After making ten or twelve trips to the Indian Embassy, and enduring every "run-around" in the book, my visa was flatly denied. The official even went so far as to declare that he could not allow us so much as *one* day in India as transits! That was hard to believe, but we had our answer in firm language: Ceylon would be our next home.

The first half of the month of December was full to overflowing. Our box had finally come in and had been released from customs. Jim and Laura were waiting for theirs to be cleared, and were at the same time pressing their land-



lord to get the house they had rented ready for occupation. Finally, about the eighth of December, after three months of waiting, they began to move. I offered a solution to our problem of insufficient furniture by suggesting that they move everything except the kitchen and the dining room things, and what was absolutely essential of our bedroom furniture. Then, during the week that remained before we were scheduled to leave for Ceylon, they would have opportunity to do the shopping and straightening and assorting that would be necessary to make their house livable. In order to free them for that, they could eat their meals at our house, and I would do the cooking for all of us. That seemed to be the best solution, for it would have been utter confusion for us to have moved with them, only to spend the following days packing to move again.

The ties we had felt for six years with the Christians in Karachi had naturally deepened during the months we had spent with them. In addition, there seemed to be so many others who had come to be closer than just friends to us, and how we longed to see them become a part of the body of Christ. How we longed to be there to work with them and to see their obedience to the gospel. I felt more and more depressed as the time for leaving drew nearer, and when talking with others about it I found myself having to hide the tears. Of course, Pakistanis being as they are—the idea of going out of Pakistan is almost as (or possibly more so) fascinating as going to heaven—when we were invited to the various homes for tea or meals, there was eager discussion on their part about Ceylon. But, at that point I would have been much happier to have settled down right there at old 145/Q and made myself at home for an indefinite period of time.

The box of personal things and teaching materials to tide us over until some could be printed in Colombo was turned

over to Dadabhoy and Sons, our suitcases were packed, and the last round of visits had been made. The church gave us a farewell tea on our last Sunday there, December 10, and we treasured in our hearts that last occasion to be together. The only thing that kept me from feeling the worst about leaving was that we planned to stop in Karachi as we moved in six months from Ceylon to Delhi—and six months would not be long!

On Friday afternoon we had completed every arrangement necessary before departure, so we spent a few hours visiting people, driving through the familiar streets, paying one last nostalgic visit to the bazaar, and wound up at the Waldrons' house. We were glad to see them as well settled as they were, though while we were there their stove short-circuited the power in the house and it all went out—good old Karachi! We stayed with them as late as we dared, fearing we would not be able to get a taxi if we stayed longer. At home, J. C. and the children stretched out for a few hours of sleep before having to get up at three to catch the plane to Bombay, enroute to Colombo. It was midnight by the time they got to bed, and I was feeling too depressed to sleep. I wrote some letters to the folks at home, and then sat in the auditorium and sang my favorite songs from the hymn book, quietly so that I would not disturb the others, but with all the feeling of my heart. I needed to know God's nearness as we were about to make another step into the darkness, and sitting alone where I had worshipped so often with Pakistani Christians around me, I knew that He was there.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

### DETOUR TO COLOMBO

At three o'clock I woke J. C. and the children and they got dressed to go to the airport. The world outside seemed so quiet and peaceful, and as I moved around in the house making the last-minute preparations it seemed hard to believe that the parting of ways had come again, and that within only a few hours all that we loved in Karachi would be left far behind.

Charles, Alexander, and Nazir had stayed at the house so that they could accompany us to the airport. All three of them went out separate ways to find a taxi, and for awhile we wondered if they would locate one. Finally one of them stopped a rickshaw, and rode in it to an area nearer the center of town where taxis were available all night. We quickly loaded our luggage, locked the house, and started out. On the way, Charles and Nazir, who were in the rickshaw, found some jasmine leis at some little shop and when they arrived at the airport a few minutes after we got there they hung them around our necks with words of their appreciation for us and assurances of how much we would be missed. We had prayer together and said tearful goodbyes, encouraging them to be faithful and to work hard to help the Waldrons spread the truth in Pakistan.

In such a short time we had checked through customs and were aboard the Iran Air jet, circling over the city and then leveling off in the direction of Bombay. Darla was nauseated from getting up in the middle of the night,

so a good part of the trip was spent in trying to help her feel better, and in keeping close watch so she would not vomit on herself and the plane. We landed at Bombay about eight o'clock, and proceeded through customs. Having been told in Karachi that we could not have even one day in India, we wondered how things would go at the visa desk but it was all smooth sailing. Permission was given for one week in India, which was much more than the customary seventy-two hours that we had expected. J. C. said he was tempted to write the Embassy in Pakistan and send greetings from their beloved India, but decided that might not be in the best interest of obtaining future visas!

We took a taxi to the Bryans' home and were greeted and welcomed by them. The following days were spent enjoying their fellowship, talking over the growth and changes in the work in recent months, and just relaxing between responsibilities. We had worked hard in Karachi, and we knew that with such a short time to be spent in Colombo, we would feel the pressure to work night and day to accomplish all that would be humanly possible in those months. Now was our opportunity to ease up a little, and we literally absorbed the luxury of it.

We worshipped with the church on Sunday, and were glad to see the familiar faces, with some new ones added. Joshua Gootam, a young Christian from South India, had worked with the brethren in Bombay for a number of years and was still there doing a capable job.

On Monday, J. C. went to the airlines office to confirm our flight on to Colombo, and was told that we were number thirty-three, beginning, on the waiting list. This was a low blow, for no hope was given for being able to get a flight out before Wednesday of the following week. Yet, our visa expired on Saturday. It seemed that since the "Christmas holidays" were in progress, every seat on every plane

was booked far in advance. J. C. explained our plight to the representative, and begged him to do what he could to help us. The next day, Tuesday, he went back to the office and inquired about the tickets again. This time he was told that seats had been confirmed on the flight the following day. It was with real relief that he received that news. The funny thing was that on the plane the next day, there was at least one vacant seat, and possibly more. We wondered if some of these long "waiting lists" are not just inventions of the representative to get a little money under the counter. We have never paid any and do not intend to, but such a thing is common.

With some reluctance at giving up the state of irresponsibility, and yet with excitement over starting for our new home, we left the Bryans' home and went by taxi to the airport. There, as we proceeded through customs we were amused at the remark made by one of the clerks. Steve was dressed in shirt and pants common to the section of Pakistan and India known as the Punjab, and in addition he wore a bright red cowboy hat that he had treasured since he left the States. The Indian clerk recognized the type from movies, I suppose, and he teased Steve about being a Texas Indian!

It was about six o'clock on Wednesday evening, December 21, when we landed at the small Ratmalana airport on the outskirts of Colombo. We had written the Harleys of our coming, but as no one was there to meet us we wondered if they had gotten our letter. We passed through the legal procedures for entering the country, and took the airport bus into town. As we were about the only ones on it, the driver was very helpful and took us directly to the address of the Harley home. We were surprised at his willingness to go out of his way to help a stranger to the country, and were warmed in our feeling toward Ceylon.

Riding along what we later learned was Galle Road, we observed with interest the various lighted shops and the items we could see displayed in the windows. A Singer store brought me a measure of relief, for they had refrigerators for sale, and I felt reasonably sure that we would therefore be able to get one of some kind. Other shops that attracted our attention were those filled entirely with long bunches of bananas hanging from the ceilings, and those that specialized in fresh pineapple. The damp hot air reminded us of our first arrival in Karachi, but this time we would be living much closer to the sea. As we drove along, we could often catch glimpses of the moon reflected in the ocean which was only about a block from the road in many places.

After quite a long drive we left the main road and wound and turned through a residential area until we came to the address given us by the Harleys. J. C. went to the door and rang the bell. Through the long windows in the living room we could see a number of Ceylonese people, and gathered that some sort of party was in progress. Randal and Jane came out to meet us, and I was surprised to find that they were just slightly older than we. Their three children, Jim, Tom, and Lydia, ranged in ages from ten to seven to four, so we could see immediately that it would be nice to have their companionship. They invited us into the house and introduced us to their guests, students from the University at which Randal was teaching. We were then taken upstairs and shown the room in which we were to stay. We deposited our luggage, washed up a little to get rid of some of the grime of travel and went down to join the party.

Jane and Randal very kindly offered their home to us until we could locate a house or apartment that would be suitable. Such an offer, backed by evident sincerity, was hard to turn down so we gladly accepted. They were help-

ful to us in every way possible, and we deeply appreciated all that they did to make the early difficult days easier. We began at once to check the classified ads in the paper, and to circle places that sounded likely. As Randal had some school holidays, he and J. C. and I went out the next morning to see what we could find. The first place we checked was a new duplex that lacked only a little of the paint-work being finished. It was located less than two blocks off Galle Road, about a block from the ocean, and was near enough to the main part of town that we felt it would be convenient for those who would come from any direction to worship. We contacted the landlord, and after some time made arrangements to rent the flat. In the meantime we had seen other flats, both furnished and unfurnished, and had debated over the best course to take. The furnished places had not looked too appealing, and since we knew that the Wheelers would soon be coming to take our place, we felt that we should go to the trouble and expense of having furniture made so that when they came they could have living conditions more nearly like those to which they had been accustomed. Thus, the furnished apartments were eliminated, and we finally closed the agreement with the owner of the duplex we had seen first. He felt sure that it would be ready early in January, so we began immediately making arrangements for the furniture to be made. On Thursday, Randal took us around to several places they had bought from when they had come to Colombo, and we were duly impressed with one of them. During the next few days we placed an order with them for the pieces on display that we wanted copied, and sketched the things they did not have. Prices were dickered over, with friendly bantering mixed in, and an offer was finally made for the entire order. After more discussion and compromise on their part and mine—as is the rule in bargaining—the price was settled and I signed the order. J. C. had given me free rein to

do the household purchasing, and I did it conservatively, feeling the full weight of responsibility.

One cannot keep house without dishes, cookware, linens, and seemingly a million odds and ends. Jane went with me to the down-town stores and the bazaar the first time, but after that I usually took my list and went alone in a taxi. With a little pricing around, I soon found the cheaper prices, and gradually the necessary things were purchased. As I write this it sounds much easier than it was, for the shopping was done in the humid heat, and had to be wedged between public holidays and strikes. I began to wonder if we would ever get all the things taken care of, for it seemed that every other day was a holiday of some sort. Then there was a mass strike in which the postal workers and labourers at the harbour participated. Everything came to a stand-still, and there we were champing at the bits to get things done while no one else wanted to do a thing. It was frustrating to say the least.

The furniture was late being delivered, but by the tenth the house was completed and we were ready to move in. Jane suggested that we plan to eat our meals that day with them and offered to keep the children so I would be free to set the house in order. Having been through the ordeal before, I knew how much help her thoughtfulness would be, and I was grateful to her for making the suggestion. By the end of the day, J. C. and I were both worn out, but the house was ready to live in.

We had been at the Harleys for nearly three weeks. In that time, J. C. and Randal had visited the services of some of the religious groups, making contacts and meeting people. Some had come to the house for private study, and had attended the workshop services we were conducting there. We were impressed with the people and their ability



to reason—it seemed almost like studying with Americans, and that was surprising indeed!

When we moved to the duplex at 28-A Asoka Gardens, part of the large living-dining room was set aside for an auditorium, and one bedroom became the office. Though this crowded things a little, it seemed the best course to take, for that way we were always on hand when anyone wanted to come for a study, which proved to be often. Though many detest the thought of living in a meeting house, especially in a foreign field, we prefer it that way, for then J. C. can work whatever hours he chooses in the office, not having to stop and come home for meals; and people who come to worship know where we can be found to have further study if they so desire. Also, it is convenient during meetings, for people can sit around and discuss the scriptures as long as they wish. Though there are evident disadvantages, we feel that in the interest of the furtherance of the work, the advantages far out-weigh them. I guess we like to be right in the middle of things!

On the fourteenth we had the first worship services at the new meeting place. Since Sunday was a regular work day we decided that it would be best to plan to have them at first on Sunday evenings only, and later we would be better able to see what other arrangements needed to be made. J. C. put ads in the paper concerning the worship services, and we were surprised and happy that several visitors were present as a result.

One Pentecostal free-lancer that J. C. had met soon after our arrival, and with whom he had studied on several occasions, was by that time insisting that he wanted to be baptized. Being a little leary of him, based on past experiences with denominational preachers, J. C. was hesitant to baptize him. When the man kept saying that he wanted to become a member of the church, J. C. finally sat down

with him and had a long talk, stating plainly that if he became a Christian he could not expect us to take him under our wing and relieve him of his financial responsibilities, etc., etc., etc., and concluded with the suggestion that if he still wanted to be baptized under those circumstances, he would assist him. So, on January the fifteenth, the first Ceylonese was baptized.

J. C. had gotten a visa for India in Iran the latter part of November, and after the hard time we had had trying to get one for me in Karachi, we wondered how many more he might ever be able to get. Having India very much at heart, and hating to see a good visa go completely to waste, J. C. had made plans to conduct meetings in various places in that country before getting too involved in the work in Ceylon to be able to get away from it. So, now that we were settled in our own house, with the Harleys there for moral support and in case of an emergency, and with Randal willing to assume the responsibilities of the worship services for the weeks that he would be away, J. C. set the date for departure on January the sixteenth. Needless to say, I felt a dark cloud hover over me when I thought of the idea, for Ceylon hardly seemed like home in such a short time, and I could hardly see how I could manage alone for seven weeks. But I knew, too, that the meetings were worthwhile and needed, so I couldn't conscientiously say much against his going.

When the suitcase was packed and closed and we had waved goodbye to J. C. as the taxi pulled away from the house, the little black cloud of gloom settled down and I felt submerged from head to feet. The children looked like small miniatures of me, and I knew that we had to find a fast remedy. The first few days we indulged in buying new books and reading at leisure, taking walks down to the ocean in the evenings and watching the sunset, visiting the

Harleys and the Fiscuses (another family of American Christians in Colombo), having them over for meals, and getting acquainted with the city itself. Gradually the loneliness was not as acute, and we developed a routine that helped us get through the days.

I would not want to leave the impression that time dragged on our hands, or that there was nothing to do. My stove was a three burner kerosene cooker, with a poorly insulated oven that could be set over two of those burners, but was hardly reliable enough for baking anything more delicate than a potato. There are far worse means of cooking, and compared to many I had it easy, but cooking on kerosene and being without an oven, for all practical purposes, was a new adjustment for me to make, and I found that it took some effort. In addition to that, we had not wanted to hire a servant at that time because we did not want someone we did not know very well in the house with J. C. gone. So, there was all of the regular house work to do, plus the washing of the clothes by hand. With a hot, humid, dusty climate I was constantly being amazed at how many clothes we used and how fast that basket could be filled. At that time we were having rains quite often, so I hung some lines from the windows to the doors in the bedrooms under the fans, as a temporary means of drying the clothes. What began as a temporary thing became permanent, for I often wound up washing at un-heard-of hours of the night, and could not have left clothes out for fear of thieves.

When I ran out of things to do at home, there was always the marketing to take a couple of hours. It necessitated seven or eight stops in various places, to buy the fruit and vegetables, the meat, fish, dry-goods, bakery products, dairy products, etc. Trying to manage all of that and keep up with the purchases while getting in and out of taxis was not easy, and I grew to dislike heartily the days on which

I had to buy food. But I was thankful that things were nowhere near as bad as the report by the American Embassy had said. We found a good variety of foods, more imported ones than in Pakistan, and prices were slightly cheaper, so our stomachs didn't suffer. We especially enjoyed the fresh pineapples and the delicious papaya.

J. C. had placed ads in the papers to appear during the time he would be away, inviting people to worship and offering Bible correspondence courses for home study. A good number of requests had come in, but I had been unable to do anything about them because the courses we had sent in the box from Karachi had not yet arrived. I was very anxious for it to come because of the literature and because we had sent the girls' school books in it, and we badly needed to be keeping up with their studies. Finally a note came in the mail, saying that the box had arrived, and requesting that I contact the agency responsible for checking it through customs. To my surprise, it was cleared in three days, with very little difficulty and no duty charge. Now, I was in business! It was time to really get down to work!

I tried to keep a schedule in the school work, so each morning we would go to the office about ten o'clock, when the essential housework had been done, and would begin on the day's lesson. As much as possible, I sandwiched letter-writing and correcting Bible courses between instructions and teaching, as the girls did their assignments. Often, just as we were beginning, someone would ring the doorbell and I would be faced with an opportunity to answer some questions about this "new church." Such a thing can't be passed up, so the morning hours would fly by as we talked back and forth, reading answers from the Bible. I always took the person's name and address, invited

them to the worship services, and gave tracts or Bible courses for further study.

Of course, by that time it was one or two o'clock, and I had three starving children on my hands. I would rush around and cook whatever could be gotten on the table in the least amount of time, we would clear the table and wash the dishes together, and then it was time to attempt to get back to the school work. Some days we studied with no interruptions, but many days I spent as many as six or seven hours in Bible study with curious or interested people who would stop in. That made the cooking and sweeping and dusting and washing come at queer hours, but since I hadn't gone there to keep house but to help to plant the church, I was too happy for words.

The neighbors on our short street turned out to be very friendly, and all of my time could easily have been taken up in receiving and returning social calls. I regretted that I couldn't find the time for social visits every day. Some of the people came fairly frequently to the workshop services, and their children came each pre-Poya day (In Ceylon, the first day of the week is determined by the moon, can fall on any day of the week, and is called Poya. Some weeks have eight days!) for a class, and also sometimes on Poya morning when we had a "Sunday morning type of Bible Study." This seemed the most convenient time for it, since everyone was off from work on that day. Thus, I was kept busy preparing materials and lessons for two classes a week, in addition to the other work.

A young man, Lakshman Dabre, who had begun attending worship almost from the first had by this time studied enough with Randal in the public meetings, and with me in private talks, that he was ready to be baptized. Randal took him, at his anxious request, to a swimming pool and

baptized him into the body of Christ. He seemed so sincere and dedicated that we could hardly contain our joy at seeing him become a Christian.

J. C. had written me regularly while he was gone, and I had kept him informed of all that was happening with us. I was so excited over the attitude of the ones with whom I had talked that my letters bubbled with enthusiasm. Words couldn't tell how glad I was that we had come to Ceylon, for the people seemed open-minded toward the truth, and most declared that they were opposed to denominations. There were so many opportunities for teaching, and so much interest was expressed both by those who stopped at the house and by those who wrote through the mail, that I was convinced that there could be a strong church on the island in a relatively short time. And I just couldn't wait for J. C. to get home, to really push the work.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

### NEW EXPERIENCES

J. C. got home on March 7, after seven weeks in India. He had enjoyed the meetings, though they kept him busy and on the move constantly. He had spent some time in Southern India in several places, and had gone to Shillong, Assam again, then to New Delhi to see the contacts he had previously made there. It was a wonderful thing to feel whole again, having a husband to rely on to take care of decisions and problems. We talked constantly, getting caught up on all the things that had happened to both of us since the parting of ways. He was as thrilled as I over the response of the people in Ceylon, and we were both very anxious to get a real program of work going. Already two of our six months had passed, and there was so much that we felt had to be crowded into those months that remained.

At that time, we had Sunday evening meetings, in which the service was regular worship, lasting for about one and a half hours. On Poya mornings at ten o'clock we had a study similar to Sunday morning Bible classes in the States. Brother Harley taught this, while I taught a children's class in the office. Each pre-Poya afternoon at two o'clock some of the children of the neighbourhood came for an hour of study. We had not yet had a week of meetings each evening, so we decided to try the filmstrips for five nights. These went over well, with steady attendance, and we discovered that the best crowds were present on

pre-Poya and Poya evenings, so rather than lose that prime time, we made plans to begin having Poya evening meetings on a regular basis. We were thankful that the Harleys had the work at heart and were present for every service. Their dependability was a wonderful example to the local people who were attending, and their humility and evident love for the Ceylonese likewise made a lasting impression for good.

After the filmstrip meeting, which had provided us with many good prospects to work on, J. C. placed an ad in the paper offering two weeks of study for four hours each morning, on the subjects: WHY I AM A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST and THE BOOK OF ACTS. Lakshman, the young man who had been baptized in J. C.'s absence, was anxious to attend the classes, and two other men turned up—one was a humorous short Muslim about forty years old, who had already written in for the Bible correspondence courses; the other was a Catholic man temporarily out of work, also about forty years of age. Having a Christian, a Catholic, and a Muslim as students sounds like such a mixture of ideas that it would be hopeless to know what angle to teach from, but surprisingly enough they were a compatible three. They were present every day, and were keenly interested in the studies. J. C. enjoyed them more than any classes he had ever taught before, and we were strongly hopeful that both Chamba (the Muslim) and Reggie (the Catholic) would be converted.

The week following the close of the studies, arrangements were made for the use of the YMCA hall in the heart of downtown Colombo. Reggie kindly offered to come to the house each evening and take J. C. and the filmstrip equipment down in his car, and since such eagerness to be of service was different to what we had known in Pakistan, we hardly knew how to react. But it left a very satisfying



glow inside to know that we were working among people that were not always looking for what they could gain from the church in a material way.

On Tuesday morning of that week, Reggie came to the house saying that he wanted to be baptized. As he was a mature responsible man with a wife and three children, owning his own home and car, we felt that he would be a tremendous asset to the church—there can be little stability without such family men. And, of course, our joy at his understanding and acceptance of the truth was overwhelming. His attitude was that God had by his providence helped him find the truth, for if he had not been out of work at the time he would have been unable to attend the classes, and might have never learned about the pure gospel and the church. J. C. took him to the Indian Ocean and baptized him in the white-capped waves. I doubt that one could witness a thing more beautiful than the birth of a soul into the family of God, in the majestic and awe-inspiring greatness of the expanse of the ocean.

Every night during the meetings at the Y, rain poured down in torrents just before seven, so attendance was lower than we had hoped, but Chamba came two or three nights and a young Adventist man named Peter Joshua was there one night. He came home with J. C. for a study that night, and learned and agreed with far too much to ever be of any value to the Adventists again. He was supposed to come for another study the next morning, but didn't show up. We were disappointed, for he had seemed sincere and inclined to accept the truth.

In May, Gordon had promised to come to conduct a meeting, so we advertised it as much as possible, especially sending notices to all of the contacts in the Colombo area, and having five-inch teaching ads placed in the leading paper each day, as well as ads in a number of the minor ones. A

filmstrip study each morning for five mornings was also planned and advertised. We felt that things were ready for a good meeting, and we eagerly looked forward to Gordon's arrival.

In the meantime, Chamba had been counting himself as "one of us" though he knew he had yet to obey the gospel. He wanted to, but all of his family was Muslim, and they lived in a Muslim area of town where he was a respected leader. He hoped that by not taking a stand until he had had a chance to teach his family, he would be more likely to win them to Christ. So, he started bringing his oldest son to worship with him, and he declared that the young man would be present for each of the mornings sessions of study during Brother Hogan's meeting. He kept his word, and was there for all that he could arrange to attend himself. Then one afternoon, when J. C. and Gordon had gone out, Chamba came to the house with a bundle of clothes in his hand, wanting to know where Brother Choate was. I told him that they should be back soon, and invited him to sit and wait for him. He confided that he could not wait on his family any longer, but that he had come to be baptized. I congratulated him on his decision, and prayed silently that they would hurry. Chamba waited for more than an hour and then decided that he would come back the next day. I hated so much to see him leave, but he felt he could not wait longer. Just as he was going down the driveway, the men came up. I breathed a prayer of thankfulness, for I knew how Chamba had had to screw up his courage to take the step he was taking, and I knew that there was danger of his family weakening him if he came this close and yet went away not a Christian. He was glad that that would not have to happen too, for his smile was broad and full of relief when he saw them. He too was baptized in the Indian Ocean, and immediately after-

wards prayed aloud a prayer of thanksgiving for his salvation, and asked God to help him teach his family.

The meetings each night were well attended, with the number ranging from forty to fifty. Enthusiasm was high, and sometimes it looked (happily!) like everyone would never go home. There were evenings when Gordon was in the office after the service with one or two, answering questions and teaching, J. C. was in a corner of the auditorium with someone, Lakshman sat somewhere else with another interested party, I was talking to the ladies, Randal was answering questions, and Reggie was quietly and efficiently teaching what he had learned. I have never seen a more beautiful room anywhere, though an auditorium-living room combination with the chairs scattered and turned in every direction for the convenience of the different study groups is hardly the vogue in interior decoration. But give me an eleven o'clock supper, and a room well used and in a state of utter confusion after a successful evening of Bible study, anytime, over the proper schedule and the just-so house.

Just before Gordon arrived, a wire came from Ira Rice in Singapore saying that he would be coming to talk with Gordon about the possibility of his becoming the new president of the Four Seas College of Bible and Missions, as Ira was having to return home due to sickness in the family. Since he could be in Colombo for a few days, we planned and advertised a continuation of the evening meetings through Wednesday night. With Gordon's meeting from Sunday through Sunday, and Ira's Monday through Wednesday, many people had the opportunity to hear the gospel preached, and a number were baptized. We were so glad to see the church growing and to know that if things continued as they were going, in a relatively short time there would be a strong body of Christians in Colombo.

Following the meetings, we concentrated on taking care of the local mail—grading and sending out Bible courses, answering questions from people all over the island concerning the things they were reading in the papers and literature of the “new church,” sending out bundles of tracts to those who requested them for distribution—and on teaching those who had been baptized, as well as studying with those who seemed to be good prospects. Each month we had a work night for mailing out the magazine and tracts to about a thousand people over the island. The members cooperated very well and we had an evening of pleasant fellowship getting the work done. When the last address had been written and the last stamp stuck on, we sat around and talked while enjoying a cup of tea and do-nuts or some other light snack. The feeling of closeness, of having accomplished together the work that would bring more of the truth to a thousand homes, the happiness that we could be one in Christ, created a bond that needed no words to define it. They seemed to realize, as far too few people do, how enormously they had been blessed in having the opportunity to hear and obey the gospel, and their zeal for sharing their privilege with the other Ceylonese brought the feeling to our hearts that a proud parent knows when his children exceed his fondest expectations.

Since we had only a short time to be in Ceylon, our major concern was to do as much as possible on a mass scale to sow the word in the hearts of the people over the island. We were overjoyed when those who received it obeyed the gospel, but that in itself was not our first aim. We knew that the fruit would come in due time, if enough of the truth could be taught and for a long enough period that it could sink into the hearts of the hearers and begin to work a change in their lives. Ceylon offered greater opportunities for mass teaching than any place we had ever seen. News-

paper advertising was cheap at the outset, and several of the major papers offered attractive discounts on religious ads. Representatives of some of them came to the house to get the articles to be printed, thus saving many hours of errand work for J. C. At first we tried only small announcement ads, but when we saw that nearly all of the visitors present at the worship services came as a direct result of seeing the notices in the papers, we decided to try teaching articles. These were usually about five column inches long, and dealt with basic principles of Christianity. Since the papers went out all over the island, and usually had forty to one hundred thousand in circulation, we knew that this was the cheapest means of getting the truth to the English speaking population. There were many, though, who did not speak English, and we worked toward making a beginning in teaching in Tamil and Sinhalese. Several tracts were finally translated into both languages, and some Bible courses into Sinhalese. One small ad in the classified column in Tamil, running for one day, brought in more than four hundred and fifty requests for the courses and tracts. We knew by that that an overwhelming program of work could be done in that language alone when the literature and working force to care for it could be organized.

During the early months when the letters came from all over Ceylon requesting answers to religious questions, we did not have sufficient tracts on enough varied subjects to take care of them. But we made note of the more frequently asked questions, and of the subjects that needed to be dealt with, and printed tracts and Bible courses accordingly. Some of these were written by J. C., when they involved correcting ideas and errors peculiar to Buddhist thinking. As often as possible he used material written by other brethren, both in order to profit from the varied styles and arguments used, and because he did not have the time to

work up all of the literature himself. Within a few months most inquiries could be quickly and effectively answered by sending selected tracts to the person. This saved much time for us, and left us free to devote more time to personal teaching.

With the pressure so great all the time to do as much as possible while in Ceylon, and with the opportunities being many more than one family could hope to take advantage of, we found ourselves working constantly from about seven-thirty in the morning until about twelve or one or two o'clock in the night. J. C. was covered up with office work, printing, and private teaching. I had the cooking (though we had gotten some help with part of the house work by now and I did not have all of it to do.), marketing, teaching the children, three Bible classes each week, and other personal work as there was time. We knew that such a pace could not be continued indefinitely, especially in the tropical heat, but our deadline was June when the Wheelers would come. Surely we could hang on that long.

It seemed that from the first day we were in Ceylon, everyone I met asked, "Have you been to Kandy yet?" I began to wonder what was so special about Kandy that I must see, and I was getting awfully tired of answering that question in the negative. The Ceylonese seemed to be proud of their country, and anxious that foreigners see the various historical sites. We knew it would help us in our understanding of the island to visit some of the major cities, so that they would be real to us and not just dots on a map. Our recreation, and the boost that kept us going, was an occasional short trip to some place of interest that we had been told of or had read about. When we felt that we just couldn't get up to face another day of constant work, followed by another day of constant work, and heaped up with the knowledge that working all day for seven days a week

we still could not do all that needed to be done, we would begin to plan two or three days away from Colombo to rest and get ready to go back to work with renewed energy. We found Ceylon to be a paradise of beauty. The rugged coast-line going south, washed by the white-capped waves of the blue Indian Ocean, made me long for the days to just stay there and soak in the peace of nature at her best. Or when we turned inland and climbed into the low mountains, covered with tea estates that looked like deep green carpets from the distance, with the cool mountain mist filling the air, and the hillsides dotted with bright wild flowers, I thought I had never seen anything prettier. Until one has felt the weary tiredness in every part of the body from forcing it to go on past its endurance, he can't really appreciate the other extreme. Perhaps that was why the whole island of Ceylon came to be like a world apart for us—because we so much needed the balm that its ruins and mountain streams and lush green hillsides and sparkling coasts provided.

Besides the pleasure of the trips, we saw quickly the possibilities of going into the various cities and doing follow-up work with Bible course students, and conducting meetings. In many of the cities and even smaller towns the government operated a rest house that usually proved to be both adequate and reasonable in price. With time, a man could go all over the island preaching and teaching, with relatively little inconvenience as far as satisfying personal needs would be concerned. How we wished we would be there long enough to get into more of that phase of the work than would be possible with our schedule! J. C. and Gordon did go to Jaffna for some meetings, and later he and Brother Wheeler spent a week there; also, J. C. taught some in Kandy, and a Buddhist Bible course student was baptized there. He said he had been waiting for seventeen

years for someone to come to Ceylon teaching the truth. We were so thankful that God had spared him so that he could obey the gospel.

As the weeks passed, amazing us at how fast they could fly by, we began to feel an unspoken dread. June was near. The Wheelers would be coming, and we would be continuing with our original plans to establish the church in New Delhi, India. But to leave the people in Ceylon, whose faces had grown so familiar and precious to us—that thinking couldn't be borne for very long at a time.

In the midst of these conflicting emotions and near exhaustion from the work, a letter from Mother brought another anxiety. An aunt with whom I had been very close as a child, and whom J. C. had taught and baptized into Christ, discovered that she had cancer of the breast in advanced stages. She underwent surgery the latter part of May, but being a nurse herself she had very little hope of fully recovering.

Almost the next letter from Mother contained another blow. My Grandfather had suddenly died of a heart attack. With a heavy heart I could see in my mind his face when I kissed him good-by, broken up with sorrow and streaked with tears. He could not help voicing his fear that he would never live to see us again. Now home would be far more lonely, for both Papa and Mama Burton would not be there when we returned.

Feeling that I could not endure more, and continue with the heavy work load, I prayed with renewed fervor that everything at home would be right itself, that Aunt Benny would recover, and that nothing else would go wrong. Then Mother wrote that she had had a check-up, using my aunt's sickness as a warning, and had been told to her horror that the pap smear came back positive. A telegram from



Daddy said that she had had a complete hysterectomy, and that the doctor was sure he had gotten all of the cancerous growth. Only time will tell if it will recur, and my comfort is that "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him . . ." No two people on earth could be closer than are Mother and I. I desperately wanted to be with her during surgery and the months of recuperation, but she insisted that it was more important that we continue with the work in Ceylon, for we were needed more there.

Living with the knowledge of Mother's danger, of Papa Burton's death, and of Aunt Benny's worsening condition did not make life, or the pressures of the work, any easier. Yet, when I compared my attitude with that of previous occasions of crisis, I could tell a marked difference. It was not that I loved or felt less, but that with the heartaches of the past, paradoxically, I had learned to trust more.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

### PROCRASTINATION

The Wheelers planned to arrive on June 16, so we were busy making preparations for their arrival. We planned to let them move into the house we occupied, so that they would more quickly become involved in the work program. We felt that it would make less difference when we left if people had become accustomed to turning to Brother Wheeler for private studies and discussions, and if when new-comers came to inquire about the church, they became acquainted with Brother and Sister Wheeler first. Besides that, we felt that in comparing the apartments we had seen at our arrival with the one in which we were living, ours was better in many respects, and much more conveniently located. So, to make it easy for the Wheelers, we planned to move to a furnished apartment and just let them take our house as it was. But, when we began to look at flats, we found one that was reasonably priced and had a gas stove, and electric refrigerator, and an air conditioner, as well as a water heater. With such "luxuries" available, we began to alter our thinking and to wonder if it wouldn't be easier on them to take the flat.

On the planned day, about five minutes before midnight, the Wheelers arrived. We were so glad to welcome them to their new home, and to know that another family had been added to the work force in Asia. After visiting together for a little while, we showed them to the beds that had been prepared, and wished them a good night of rest.

The next days were spent helping John and Girthel and their two children, Rachel and Nicky, to get settled, though we had encouraged them to take their time in making any decision about where they wanted to live, and not to be in any rush to get out on their own since there were many new things to become accustomed to. I knew from experience how much different marketing and cooking would be for Girthel, and I hated to see her rush into it before she had time to grow a little familiar with the peculiarities of Ceylon. But they felt that the sooner they got settled in a place of their own, the happier they would be. We told them of our thoughts on the houses, but they would not consider causing us to move, so we showed them the apartment we had seen. After looking at a few others that were advertised in the paper, they decided to take the one we had liked. I helped them with buying the groceries they needed, showing Girthel the various places where I shopped, and telling her what experiences I had had that I felt would be useful to her. We visited the bazaar together, and some of the shops downtown, and she bought the kitchen things and linens that would be needed. In just a few days they were ready to move.

Just prior to the Wheelers' arrival we had told the Christians of our plans, and that as soon as the Wheelers were settled in the work, we would be leaving. They were greatly surprised, but we explained how our coming to Ceylon had been brought about in the first place, and told of our great desire to plant the church in New Delhi. Since they knew that they were not being deserted, they seemed to understand our line of thinking, and to realize the need for the gospel in Delhi. Still, we did not set a date for our departure, for we wanted to allow the Wheelers plenty of time to get adjusted, and to be as much help to them in this as possible. And, to be frankly honest, we dreaded the very

thought of leaving. Ceylon and the Ceylonese had entrenched themselves in our hearts as had no other people. We could envision what could be done to change the nation for the better, and we delayed and delayed, enjoying doing every little bit that we could do toward that end in the little time we had left.

Two weeks after the Wheelers' arrival we scheduled a meeting in which Brother Wheeler would preach, in order that he might become known among the contacts and prospects we had made. During this time the cousins of Brother Reggie, who had been attending the services for several weeks, obeyed the gospel. Both were such sweet girls and we had been especially praying for their conversion. Before, they had seemed shy but baptism changed them completely and now they opened up and talked as though we had been close friends for years.

With Grace and Christina now Christians, I suggested having a ladies' class. They had already expressed their desire to study, and seemed thrilled that we would spend an hour or two each pre-Poya afternoon studying whatever they might have questions on. With Sister Wheeler there, and Jayne Harley, we planned to confine our studies to round-table discussions without anyone being appointed as a teacher as such. Three or four other ladies attended fairly regularly, and we all enjoyed the periods of time we spent together. After about an hour of study, we had tea and cake or cokes, and talked lightly or continued discussing whatever we had been considering in the class.

To our regret, the year that the Harleys were to teach in Ceylon came to an end, and they returned to the States in August. The Sunday before their departure the church arranged a dinner of Ceylonese food in their honour, and presented them with gifts that all the members had con-

tributed toward buying. Several of the local Christians stood up after J. C. to tell Jayne and Randal how much they had meant to the church, and how much they were appreciated. We all knew that they would be sorely missed, for they had been willing supporters of the work program of the church, and had both been active in the teaching of classes. In the evening, at worship, as we closed the service with the familiar song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again," tears flowed freely down the faces of many in the group.

By the time September rolled around we knew that we could put off the inevitable no longer. The Wheelers had been in Ceylon for three months, and J. C. had completed the printing of Bible courses and tracts that had been his goal. I had begun a program to train Grace and Christina to help in teaching the children's classes, and Christina had done some practice teaching. A very good young man was well trained in taking care of the Bible course work, and several of the young men of the church had begun to develop in the training class that preceded the Poya evening meeting. Peter Joshua, whom we had met during the meeting at the Y.M.C.A., had become a Christian and seemed to be good preacher material. Twenty-seven had been baptized, through the combined efforts of the various ones who had conducted meetings, and John and J. C. In checking through the list, all of them except four had been contacted through newspaper advertisements of meetings or Bible courses, so we were thoroughly convinced of the value of continuing such ads. Of the four that were not reached through the newspapers, two were the cousins of Reggie, one was his wife, and one was the man who worked as a house servant for us. David gladly attended each meeting, voluntarily taking care of putting out and taking up the song books and Bibles and straightening after the services.

We knew from the way he talked and acted that he felt a part of the group, but we waited about talking to him, hoping that from the sermons he would grasp the truth—too many times we had known servants to go through the act of obeying the gospel just because they thought that would guarantee their job. One night, Lakshman was adding the name of a new convert to the register he had worked up, and David read over his shoulder to find his own name. When it wasn't there, he asked why, and Lakshman began to explain to him. Later he and J. C. studied together, and when he found that the Bible really didn't teach infant sprinkling, then he wanted to go immediately and be baptized. We believed that he was really sincere, and both his dedication as a Christian and his desire to help beyond the demands of his job made us more convinced as the weeks passed.

Though twenty-seven may not seem like a large number, we had not come to Ceylon to emphasize rapid growth of the church from the start. Our purpose had been to teach as much as possible by meetings and literature, and let the natural results follow. We had laughingly joked the Harleys that they would go home and tell people that they had spent a year in Ceylon attending meetings! During the ten months that we had been there (with J. C. gone nearly two months at the first) J. C. had conducted three meetings in three parts of Colombo, and Gordon Hogan, Ira Rice, John Wheeler, and Carl Matheny had preached in others. These, and three sessions of morning Bible schools, had kept enthusiasm high and resulted in far above average faithfulness on the part of those who had been converted. Though the church was not large, we were satisfied and happy with the spiritual growth of the members, their desire to influence others, their willingness to help with the work program, and their dependability. We would

not have been afraid to compare them with a congregation of its age anywhere in the world, and for the experience of working with them we would not have taken anything. Looking back, we could see God's great wisdom in directing us to Ceylon, for there we had spent some of the most meaningful months of our lives, and though they were short they left a deep and lasting feeling in our hearts.

We set October 16 as the red-letter day. In the meantime there was the usual sorting and packing to do. Since we had collected various personal items and records of the work that we could not afford to send to India, it became necessary to sort things four ways: what we would take with us, what would be sent by sea to India, what should be sent directly to the States, and what should be left in Ceylon either for future use in the work or to be given or thrown away. With the four classes I was teaching each week in addition to the regular meetings of the church, and trying to wind up a section of the children's studies in their school work, sometimes I wondered whether I was coming or going. I was trying, too, to finish making clothes for myself and the children so that there would be no clothes to make during the busy months we would spend in Delhi. The days and nights all ran together, and as usual, I got fussier and fussier with the loss of sleep. But my very patient family put up with me, and slowly, slowly I began to have hope that it would be finished on time.

Being everything but sure that visas for India would be granted, it was with some apprehension that we applied for them on the tenth of October. The representative at the Embassy told J. C. to come back for them at four o'clock that afternoon. We almost held our breaths in suspense over the outcome, but when J. C. walked into the house with a happy triumphant smile, my doubts disappeared. It was certain now that we would leave on the sixteenth as

we had planned, and would have a few months to work in the city that had long been our goal.

Contrary to what we had expected, we could not feel elated over the visas for they meant that the days of procrastination were over; that we had less than one week to spend in Ceylon. I won't try to tell just how that week went by, for it was so filled with happiness—the visits and fellowship and meals eaten together—and with sorrow—knowing that these were the last times we might share with them—that I was emotionally exhausted by the time it was over. Where there had been no one to meet us at the airport just ten months previously, many now came to the house to tell us a final goodbye. On Sunday, the church shared a meal of Ceylonese food, and we were presented with gifts. I could not hide the tears as the various Christians stood up to express their appreciation for our having come to Ceylon to share, for the first time in recent history, the gospel they had obeyed. What they said came from the heart—they were *glad* to be *Christians*, and they were *glad* that someone had come to teach them the truth.

At the house on the morning of our departure, and at the airport, more than fifty people came to see us off. Several had arranged for a day off from work in order to be with us, and several brought gifts. The Buddhist lady next door, with whom we had become good friends, cooked our breakfast and sent it over—a Ceylonese dish called “egg-hoppers.” On every hand we saw warmth and thoughtfulness, and a feeling of kinship that neither differences in skin, color, nor citizenship could obliterate.

As we walked from the lounge to the customs section, many words and expressions of love whirled through my mind, but the plea that rang in my ears echoed and re-echoed: “Come back soon . . .”



## CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

### OUR DREAMS COME TRUE

For so many years our hearts and minds had been half concerned with India, no matter where we lived or what we were doing. Now that we were actually realizing the fulfillment of desires that had haunted us so long, we felt a certain measure of peace. HOME! at last! But, full contentment eluded us. Ten months in Ceylon had done something to us that we had not expected, and we had terminated our work there with the greatest reluctance we had ever felt about leaving any place. Perhaps it was because the island was small, with a population of only twelve million people, with such excellent opportunities for mass evangelism, that we had so enjoyed working there. Who could hope to ever get even a few words about Christianity to one hundred and fifteen million in Pakistan, with only one other family as co-workers? And who could expect to reach India with her five hundred and fifty millions, with less than a dozen Canadian workers? The mere size of the task is discouraging—but twelve million? Why, you might even dream of evangelizing a country of that size!

Though we had been in India a number of times before, we had to get used to her all over again. The poverty, the endless crowds on the streets, the dirt, the beggars, the homeless children, the cows wandering everywhere—these are India, a teeming mass of humanity that is going on its way in groping ignorance of the truth it is without. To look from a window down on the sea of life below fills me with

an ache of despair. How can each one of those be taught and helped to live in a world of light? That child with the snotty nose and no pants, running around holding out a grimy hand to passers-by? that old man so thin and ragged sitting in the corner of the street? that woman with the child in her arms, begging? that paan seller with the stained mouth? that young man briskly going about his business? There might be a way to teach the bright young men—or some of them—for they are a part of this modern age, with enough education that they hunger for more; but those who sit in such obvious darkness of mind, illiterate, full of superstition and false faith in gods of wood and stone—what are their chances of ever hearing and understanding Christianity? We looked down and saw with clear eyes the pure hopelessness of it: hundreds of millions of the present generation will die without having once heard of Jesus Christ. *But*, if that bright young man can be taught, he will have the ability to teach others, and maybe the next generation of Indians will have a greater hope of hearing the truth than the present one. That was why we had come: To contribute what we could to increase the number of bright Christian young men that may, in turn, reach out to the poor and illiterate, the masses of their fellow-countrymen.

With the months of continual work behind us—the hardest months I had ever lived from that standpoint—and at least six months of the same before us, we sought a mental retreat for a few days. Allowing time to adjust again to the cultural differences in India, and to become physically and mentally ready to begin all over again, we stopped in Madras for two days to visit the Johnsons and the church there. Then we flew to Calcutta where we hoped to see two Christians who live there, and who needed the encouragement of fellowship with other Christians, but we were unable to

locate them, to our regret and disappointment. We stayed at the old Russel Hotel, a poor excuse for comfort, but a familiar place since we had stayed there before. Calcutta reminds me of what India's other cities must have been before there was so much of the modern western influence. It just has an air of the past lingering about its crowded streets and bazaars. We enjoyed absorbing that atmosphere and seeing the interesting little things that one could expect to see nowhere else in the world. One day we visited the zoo and another afternoon was spent in the museum. But time dragged and we felt more and more anxious to be on the move toward Delhi.

The flight from Calcutta to Delhi stops in Benares and Agra, so we stopped in both places, staying over-night in each. Benares is on the Ganges River, a sacred river to the Hindus, and thus Benares is counted as a sacred city. It is here that people are cremated, if at all possible, and their ashes scattered into the waters of the river. We went to the bathing ghats where the devout make their way into the dirty waters to bathe in order to gain religious merit. Men, women and children were there by the hundreds in the cool of the early morning standing waist-deep in the river and dousing themselves with its water, washing their hair and faces and mouths. We took a small boat and went up the river to the burning ghats where several bodies were either burning or being prepared for cremation. All along the water-way were Hindu temples of all varieties, and people entering them to worship the idols enshrined inside them.

The wide street leading to the ghats is lined with beggars and "holy men". One beggar had died in the night, and his body was stretched out in the middle of the street, half covered with his shawl, with his mouth and eyes open and swarming with flies. Coins had been dropped on him

by passers-by. The knowledge that all of this was the near-core of Hinduism, that this was the righteousness of the religion, left me sick. And the glowing purity of Christianity shone brighter than I had ever realized it to be. How often, when we know intimately only the beautiful way that Jesus instructed people to walk, do we fail to appreciate its perfection! Contrasting it with such ignorance and superstition made me realize as never before what it can mean to the world.

Agra is the home of the Taj Mahal, and though we had seen it several years before, we could not pass through the city without another look at its shimmering beauty. To me it seemed more lovely than it had before, and any words to describe it fell far short of being adequate. Coming out of the tomb, we sat at the edge of the garden for awhile, doing nothing but feeling the cool breeze and drinking in the peace and solitude of the tomb as it loomed to the sky in the distance. Why is there never enough time to be spent like that to satisfy the need? I always have to leave the state of dreamy nothingness long before I am ready.

Delhi has not changed much, except to grow larger. I got off the plane with mixed feelings—it was a relief to have reached at last the destination that had evaded us for many years, but I almost shrank from the tremendous responsibility that we were shouldering. We knew that, at best, our tourist visas would allow us only six months in India, and though we expected to go out of the country temporarily to have them renewed, we could not possibly stay longer than June, which would still be only eight months at most to work. What could we expect to accomplish in that time? We knew that many would question our wisdom in going to Delhi at all, since six to eight months is hardly sufficient time to plant and ground a congregation of the Lord's church, but we answered those questioning doubts

like this. (1) Would the people of Delhi be any more lost because of our having spent a few months there? No—so, since the situation could not be harmed, the only effect our work could have would be at least a small amount of good. (2) Who could say what could come to pass in a few months' time? Who could say who might be contacted and converted? Who could predict the effect those short months might have on the eternal existence of some soul?

Such answers spurred us on to try to accomplish the "impossible". Yes, we would have much preferred to have been coming to Delhi with the expectation of being there for several years. But if those years were not to be granted, we could only do what was placed within our grasp—we could go and we could try and we could pray for God to do for the work the things that we could not do. He had promised to be with his people, and in undertaking such a task we were stepping out on faith more than we had ever done in the past. Knowing that Christianity could never flourish in Delhi without a start being made by someone, we had no alternative—we would make the beginning, and depend on God to make it possible for the church to continue past our short stay here.

We went "home" to the Central Court Hotel and were soon settled in a mouse-infested room. The food had not improved through the years, but the location was still a strong drawing card, so there we stayed. As quickly as possible J. C. put want ads in the paper for a furnished flat or house, and waited for the response to come in. On Sunday we had worship in our room, and in the afternoon he went out to areas of Old Delhi to visit some of the contacts from previous visits.

Monday through Thursday were filled to the brim with looking at apartments. J. C. was soon so worn out with it

that he decided to take me along with him to help make a decision. Most of the places he had seen were very expensive, and usually had such terrible kitchens that he shrank from the very idea of renting them. The first address we visited was located on the very edge of town, but most of the furnished flats were far out, to our sorrow. This one was on the first floor and looked as though it might be endured after the use of a little paint and soap and water. We saw some other places, but decided to take the one at C-42 Greater Kailash 1, because it had a fairly good location and was the best for the money that we could find in a great hurry. The agreement was signed on Saturday and on Monday I completed the remainder of the small purchases that were necessary, and also got some groceries, so we could move in. By the middle of the week the house was fairly livable, and we were feeling almost at home. It was good to be back to eating my own food again—anything was better than the dining room of the Central Court!

Having learned some from experiences in Karachi, and more in Ceylon, we knew what had to be done and how to quickly go about it, so that no time would be lost in establishing the church. First, J. C. went to the newspapers and arranged for the appearance of ads concerning our worship services. Then he started making the rounds of the many printers in Delhi, checking work and prices. In a very few days six or seven printers were working on tracts and Bible courses. The following weeks were full with turning in new material for printing, checking proofs, and finally collecting the finished literature. As the courses and tracts came from the press, advertisements had already appeared in the papers concerning their availability, so about four hundred had written in for them. Then began the work of addressing and sending out the materials, and grading the courses as they were returned.

A monthly magazine was prepared and by the time the first issue was brought from the printers there were about a thousand on the mailing list. Little advertising had been done, but with the other work no more than that could be taken care of, so we advertised no more. We felt that in addition to the courses, if a magazine with several good sermons on varied subjects could go into a thousand homes each month, people would be influenced and their thinking molded by it in time. These names represented a thousand families that were being taught, and whose homes we knew we could not visit personally each month. The mail that resulted from sending out the first issue of "THE BIBLE TEACHER" was gratifying, for every letter praised it as a worthy work, and many sent names of friends that would like to receive it.

As with Ceylon, one of our major aims in Delhi was to properly sow the seed, so that in time people would be thoroughly taught and grounded in the truth, and the church springing up in various places in India would be the natural result. We were convinced that one of the most effective ways of doing this was by means of a steady flow of literature into the homes, month after month. The Bible courses, tracts, and magazine filled this need. Requests came from many of the places for bundles of tracts to be distributed among interested people, and we were thrilled to be able to reach out by these means to influence the lives of those who received the truths on the printed page.

But, in Ceylon we knew that the Wheelers would be there to continue the teaching program after our departure. In Delhi, we had no such consolation. Somehow we had to reach and convert some who were dedicated and responsible enough that they could continue to work when we had to leave. How could that be done? Teaching by literature by mail is excellent for mass influence, but is slow—

we did not have the time to wait for a nucleus to be formed that way.

In response to the ads in the papers concerning the worship services, one man was present the first Sunday, and another the second Sunday. Both became regular in attendance, and seemed much interested in what they were learning. Both were Hindus.

As soon as we had a house address, J. C. had calling cards printed and began to use them freely. He visited the Bible Society and other Bible bookstores, introducing himself and inviting those he met to worship with us.

On Sunday afternoons J. C. continued to go to Old Delhi to see his contacts there, and often they would take him to the homes of "Christian" friends where he would have opportunity to teach or to preach.

As soon as possible, arrangements were made at the YMCA for the use of one of their halls, and a series of meetings was planned. Invitations were sent to all Delhi addresses on the mailing list.

We prayed as we had never prayed before that God would help us to find those who were searching for the truth. We knew that as God could look into the hearts of the people around us, he could see which would be his people if they ever had a chance to hear and learn the truth. As he had told Paul once, we knew that he could say of Delhi: "I have much people in this city". I cannot begin to tell you how often and how fervently we prayed for God's help, realizing fully that his help would make the difference in success and failure in establishing the church.

Gradually, all of the methods used for making personal contact being to pay off and attendance slowly grew at the services. In the meeting at the Y, one of the Hindus that



had been attending since our arrival in Delhi was baptized after several personal studies with J. C. A beginning had been made.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

### PROSPECTS

Life in Delhi could have been much easier. I have often recalled Jane Hogan's words, "You sure like to do things the hard way." It is not that I like to, but somehow things just develop. Since I was teaching our two daughters third grade by Calvert Courses, and our son was in process of learning the first grade course, the better part of each day was pretty well accounted for. We had promised ourselves before leaving Ceylon that we would hire a cook in Delhi so that I would have more time for the children, more time for visiting on a social level, more time for a thousand other things that had been neglected during the past months. Soon after moving to the house, we advertised for a cook. Several men came as a result, and one looked like he might do, so we told him to come back the next day and we would try him out. By the end of the day four things were apparent: (1) The cook's dishes did not taste like mine, and since I am no great cook we did not like the idea of enduring worse. (2) I was spending more time in the kitchen showing the cook how to prepare the food than it would have taken me to cook in the first place. (3) No cook could live in a house in another part of the city and fit his schedule into ours—with J. C. not able to do anything downtown until the businesses opened about ten o'clock, he usually did not get home until one-thirty or two o'clock, and on days when he saw the printers or had other business to take care of that meant that lunch was late, which resulted in dinner being about eight o'clock, or later when

he went out for studies and appointments. (4) The cook spent a good part of the day standing around with nothing to do, while I was running my legs off trying to take care of the other housework, the washing of all of our clothes by hand, teaching the children, helping J. C. with whatever he needed me for, writing long-overdue letters, taking care of the marketing and other necessary shopping, etc., etc. The idea of paying out money we could not afford in the first place and then seeing the recipient of that money doing nothing while I couldn't see the end in sight of the jobs for me was just more than I could bear. So, at the end of the day we apologetically explained to him that it would not work, and paid him for the day.

The cook provided one interesting insight that is true of the Hindu outlook on life. Here when a girl gets married, the father must pay a large amount of money to the groom as a dowry. Naturally, if a man has several girls he is ruined financially. Our cook had five or six girls and no sons. His explanation was that he must have been very evil in his former existence, before being born this time, and the gods were sending him so many daughters as punishment! It is sad that in so many families girls are resented and thought of as a curse instead of a blessing.

With no cook the children were good to help with the work, and I knew they needed the training. We settled down to doing what had to be done, with little success at keeping a schedule, but the important things were usually taken care of though not every day was the furniture as carefully dusted as I would have liked.

The winter months were cool but not cold. If we had not had our few warm clothes scattered from the United States to Pakistan to a box on its way from Ceylon, it would have been pleasant, but as it was we were chilly at times. I

finally bought another sweater each for the children since it seemed that the box with our others would never come, and we managed to get by until warm days came again. I felt ashamed to complain too much, for so many thousands in Delhi had much less to protect them from the elements than I had and often the paper told of people dying from exposure.

When we first came to Delhi and were still in the hotel, we endured a stronger siege of homesickness than we had ever felt before. In fact, before that I had never known J. C. to be homesick, so I was just speechless with surprise. Being unsettled, and facing the tremendous job before us with all of the pressures that would be a part of it, seeing the monumental physical and spiritual needs of the masses around us—and pierced through and through with the longing for Ceylon—we compared thoughts and feelings and discovered that both of us were struggling to control the same urge: to get up and run as far away from Delhi and India as we possibly could! I am sure that many have that same desire when they are beginning to get used to a new land, but it is not a pleasant thing to live with. We knew that the solution to the problem was simply to bury ourselves in work, so we looked forward to being too busy to indulge in feelings of dissatisfaction. Sure enough, within a few weeks we would look at each other and smile in contented happiness—who would be anywhere else even if it were possible? Not us! We were together, we were at “home”, we were busy, we were teaching people truths they had never heard before. What more could one desire?

Our first visitors were the Fiscuses from Colombo, and then the Don Perrys came through on their way back to the work in Assam. I had long admired a mother of eight children who could live in the primitive conditions of Shillong, so I looked forward much to meeting Miriam. They

spent a weekend with us, and we enjoyed every minute of it. Our neighbors later remarked in surprise that we had had company, with eight children, for they could hardly believe that so many could be so quiet. They are all well behaved and would serve as a great example for many parents in the proper way to rear children.

Brother Mack Lyon, who had worked for two and a half years in Perth, Australia, was able to spend some time in meetings on the way home, so J. C. arranged for one to be conducted in Colombo, Delhi, and Karachi. He was here in the middle of January, and the meetings at the YMCA were well attended, with an average of 19 present each night. His lessons were well planned and inspiring, and did much good to further plant the truth in the hearts of the listeners.

Another meeting was planned for the middle of March, so we knew that we had much to do in the meantime to build the church and to make preparations for it. We began to invite the various good prospects to the house for an evening of personal study, and it proved to be effective. The children and I would leave the living room to J. C. and the visitor, after serving them coffee or tea and cookies. Then they would discuss the points of differences and read from the scriptures to see what the Bible taught on the subject. One young man, whom J. C. had met at a Bible bookstore and who had attended the services regularly since, was one of those who came for private study. Sunny David did not believe in denominations and was anxious to be a part of the Lord's church. When he learned that the way he had been baptized was not according to the scriptures, he came the next Sunday asking to be baptized. His evident sincerity warmed our hearts, and we thanked God that slowly we were locating some who loved the truth more than the doctrines of men.

The man who had attended our first worship service in Greater Kailash, a Mr. Mitra, a Hindu, had been coming to the house each Tuesday for some time for private study so that he could become a Christian. He had been told that he might be discriminated against and might lose some of his friends if he changed religions, but he was not satisfied with Hinduism and he wanted to leave it. J. C. told him that the decision was his—we wanted to give him the proper teaching so that he would know and understand what to do, but we had no desire to pressure him into making a decision that he was not ready to make. One Friday night he came with some extra clothes, ready to obey the Lord. He remarked afterwards that he felt like an entirely different man, and that he was so happy to be a Christian. He is always at worship, continues to come for personal study each Tuesday night, and never misses an opportunity to encourage others to come to worship or to tell them that he is now a Christian. Soon after obeying the gospel he wanted to have a part in the worship services, so he began to do the scripture reading. Then he started leading in prayer on Tuesday nights, so that in time he will know well enough how to pray that he can pray in the public meetings. It is seeing Christian development like this, seeing a man grow up in Christ, that is one of the most rewarding things about taking the gospel to people who have never had a chance to hear it before. Brother Mitra realizes what he has missed and how much he has to learn in a short time to make up for it, for each week he brings his niece and nephew with him to worship, so that "they may learn while they are still young," as he puts it.

Bob Davidson came on schedule for his meeting in March. This time we met at the YWCA, and were anxious to see how the attendance would be since we had had to change meeting places. It averaged 23 each night, and we only

wished that the series could have continued for another week, for interest grew each night. Binny Sudhaker, another of the young men who had come to the house for personal study, obeyed the gospel during the week, and we were overjoyed when Sunny's wife, Jasmine, was convinced the last night of the meeting. Two other men who had been visiting Delhi, and whom J. C. and Bob had met one day at the Bible Society, were present for the last night's sermon and stayed afterwards to discuss the truth. The result was that they obeyed the gospel too, and returned to their home in Rajasthan loaded down with tracts for distribution, and Bible courses for their own study.

With these and one other Hindu man who had been baptized before the meeting, the church seemed to be on good footing. At least, when we compared the nucleus and the prospects with the picture as it had been when we had come in October, we knew we had been right to come.

On Monday after the meeting ended, we got up early to go to the airport, and we were so thrilled we could hardly contain ourselves. Daddy and Mother had debated for months about the possibility of allowing my brother, Curtis, to come to spend a few months with us. As he was not yet fourteen, they feared to see him start on such a long trip alone, and neither could they afford it financially without a great sacrifice on their part. But they both have the spread of the church very much at heart, and want Curtis to be aware of the needs of the world. They felt that to be in India and to see the conditions here, and to see the church as it exists in other countries would do more to shape his attitude and values in life than it would cost them. So, they had finally said yes, and he was due to arrive on March 17. When the Pan Am Jet landed and we saw him walk into the terminal it was almost as good as going home! Of course we had a lot of talking to catch

up on, and he has had many new things to become accustomed to, but it has all been a wonderful experience. He has adjusted without any problems, and is already convinced that he will appreciate the advantages in America more than he has in the past. We pray that we can be effective teachers, and that he can see the need of devoting his life to the spread of the gospel. Perhaps it would sound strange to those who read this book that I would wish for my brother, and for my three children, a life of separation from America and from their loved ones there. But if I can instill in them the love for the world that has come to mean so much to me, I'll not ask for more. The greatest happiness I could know would be to be fellow-workers with them—regardless of the miles between us—in establishing the church in countries that have not had the gospel in modern times.



## CHAPTER THIRTY

### THE FUTURE

There was a time when we made definite plans and banked heavily on seeing them come to pass. Those days of surety are a thing of the past, and if someone asked me what we will do tomorrow or next week or next year, I would have to answer with all honesty, "I just don't know."

Today is April 5, 1969. More than seven years have passed since we first left our home in the States to do mission work. Much has happened in those years. We have seen the birth of the Lord's body in Karachi, Pakistan, in Colombo, Ceylon, and in New Delhi, India. We have seen the Jim Waldrons and Wayne Newcombs carry on what was begun in Karachi, and are gratified that the truth is continuing to influence the lives of people in that land. In Ceylon, the John Wheelers are strengthening and enlarging the work, and Christians with ability and dedication are taking the message of salvation to others of their countrymen. Here in Delhi we are confident that through the efforts of the local Christians the church will grow and flourish through future years. I wish that I could say in words what it means to us that the Lord has blessed us with the opportunity to plant the church in these places, to see people hear and accept the truth with heartfelt joy, and to know that these souls have been snatched from the grips of eternal death. Knowing what salvation and having a refuge in Christ means to me, I know what it has meant to those who have been saved because we left our home and loved ones to bring the gospel to them. This relationship that we have

with fellow-Christians in Pakistan and Ceylon and India is something that neither time nor distance can diminish.

We have much to do during the short time that remains for us in India. Others, with the Lord's help, will be won to Christ and a concentrated program of training will be carried out. Literature will be printed up to last for several months, and arrangements will be made for its distribution. As things look now, Sunny will be left with the responsibility of the Bible courses and the preaching. He is very capable and can be an invaluable instrument in the Lord's work. Through his efforts the existing work can be continued and the truth can be further planted and watered.

We are presently working toward gaining an extension of our visas without having to leave India, but this may not be possible. In that case, we will leave the country for a few days, apply for new visas probably in Nepal, and come back to complete the work we had planned. In June we hope to visit the church in Karachi and Lahore, and then go on to Teheran, Iran and possibly help the American congregation that meets there to get some tracts and other literature printed. We have a strong interest in the establishment of the church among the Iranians since J. C. has visited there in the past, and as yet no real work has been done toward that end.

This fall we would like to have our children enrolled in the school in Winona—they have had to pay a tremendous price for the last two years of mission work, but they have endured an untrained teacher and erratic schedules with wonderful patience, and we hope that they have not been hurt too much by it, academically. Anyway, *I* am well grounded in grades one through three!

J. C. will make reports to congregations who have faithfully backed us for these past seven years and more, and then he wants to return to this part of the world for

awhile. There are several countries without the gospel that he wants to visit, and he will also spend as much time as possible here in Delhi further strengthening and encouraging the church. Until it is well grounded or some stable Christian family can live here in our stead, we will feel a responsibility to work here whenever it is possible. How long J. C. will be away from us, we do not know. Or what we will do after he re-joins us, we cannot say. If these things are what the Lord sees to be best, and they work out, then the future will gradually take shape. We would like to make available to the brotherhood more books and materials on mission work, and would dream that one day we will see the existence of the magazine we have long envisioned, "WORLD EVANGELISM". Another dream, and one that could change the state of the world if fulfilled, is the establishment of the SCHOOL OF WORLD EVANGELISM through which prospective missionaries could be trained by current and former missionaries, thus profiting by their knowledge and experiences. These things are desperately needed in the brotherhood. Somehow we *must* impress on the church the great, the tremendous, task that it *must* do to save the world from condemnation.

But these two undertakings would tie us to the States for several years, and that will be a decision hard to make. Already we know in our hearts that somewhere there is a country without the gospel today that will call to us too loudly to be ignored. And with gratitude in our hearts to God for the opportunity, we will once again endure the pain of separation from our loved ones and our country, to know the joy of pointing a new people to the road on which we have learned to walk by faith.

Oh, God, how blessed we are that we do not have to sit and wait for someone to bring the truth to us—and suppose we get there too late for them ???

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

- Daddy and Mother—Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Burton.
- Ted—My brother who was sixteen at our departure from home.
- Curtis—My younger brother, six years old at the time of our departure.
- Clayton and O'Nirah Malone—My sister and her husband.
- Sheila, Steven, Darla—our children.
- Keith Robinsons—Missionaries in Rome.
- Bob Douglas family—Missionaries in Lybia, Cairo, Egypt and Beirut, Lebanon.
- Carl Maheny and family—Missionaries in Beirut, Lebanon.
- Ralph Henleys—Missionaries in Jerusalem, Israel.
- Ernest Stewart—Missionary in Israel.
- Brother Preshon Kharlukhi—Indian Christian who had part in the resoration in Shillong.
- Hogan family—Gordon, Jane, Beth (at our arrival, 11 years old), David (6) and Julie (4).
- Bob and Nina Stewart—A Christian couple working with the Wyoming University team in Kabul, Afghanistan.
- A. M. Burton—Noted Christian of Nashville, Tennessee. Sister Burton encouraged us and helped us more than once.
- Mrs. MacDonald Salter—A niece of Sis. A. M. Burton who lived in Karachi while her husband worked with the U.S. AID program.
- Asghar Ali—A convert from Islam in Lahore.
- Ira Rice—Missionary from Singapore who came to Pakistan to conduct meetings.
- Zubair Rasul—Translator for Bro. Gordon Hogan.

- Charles Johnson—Our second convert in Karachi.
- Percy Sajid—Convert in Karachi who later quit the church.
- Winnie Masih—One of our converts in Karachi who has proven to be very faithful.
- Bob Hare—Missionary to Austria who came to Karachi and Lahore to conduct meetings.
- Alexander Sheen—A convert during Bro. Hare's meeting and who later worked with the church as a translator.
- Rudy Wyatts—Missionaries to Perth, Australia who came by Karachi and conducted a meeting for us.
- Jim Johnsons—Missionaries to Madras, India who visited with us on their way to India.
- Frank Pierces—Missionaries to Malaysia who came by Karachi to conduct a meeting on their way back to the States.
- Stanley Shipp—Missionary to Switzerland, but who originally visited in Karachi back in 1962. Later we saw him in a meeting in Seremban, Malaysia in 1965.
- Jud Whitefields—Missionaries to Malaysia who visited us on their way to that country.
- Richard Matlocks—Missionaries to Malaysia who also visited us on their way to Malaysia.
- Archier Luper—Christian businessman from Ventura, California. He visited us twice and has a great interest in world evangelism.
- Charles Browns—A wonderful Christian couple from Iowa who came by Karachi for a visit.
- Henry Tan—A Christian from Singapore who visited us in Karachi in connection with a trip he had won to Germany.
- Becky Tilotta—A well known Christian who spends a lot of time teaching women how to teach others. Sister Tilotta came by Karachi for some classes, being on a world tour.
- Dorsey Traws—Missionaries to Cheingmai, Thailand who

visited us in Karachi in 1964 on their way back to the States.

Bob Davidson—Missionary to Cheingmai, Thailand who came to both Karachi and New Delhi to conduct gospel meetings.

F. M. Perrys—A Christian family who lived in Lahore and worked with the U.S. AID program.

Don Petty and family—A Christian family who worked in Lahore as missionaries.

Glen Norton—A Christian man in the U.S. Air Force stationed in Lahore.

Thomas Carter family—Tom, Betty, Johnny and Charma. A Christian family who lived at Mangla, Pakistan and worked on a huge dam construction project there.

Windell Kirks—A Christian family who lived in Rawalpindi, Pakistan, being stationed there as a U.S. Army Advisor.

Edward Kemnetzes—A Christian family stationed in Peshawar, Pakistan on a U.S. Communications Base.

Sam Lanfords—A Christian family working in Dacca, East Pakistan with the U.S. AID program.

Atlas Bridges family—Atlas, Grace, Tansy and Mike. They lived in Karachi for about a year while he worked with the Continental Gin Company.

Evertt Huffard—Missionary who began the work in Jerusalem, Jordan.

Dick Biggs—Bro. and Sis. Biggs came later to Jerusalem to work with the Huffards.

Bishir and Kamni Akhtar—Pakistani friends of ours. Bishir works as a pilot for Pakistan International Airlines and is also a brother of Sister Winnie.

Parker Hendersons—Missionaries to Bangkok, Thailand.

- Ken Rideouts—Missionaries to Cheingmai, Thailand.
- Bill Becks—Missionaries to Cheingmai, Thailand.
- A. L. Harbins—Missionaries to Singapore.
- Pence Dacus and family—Missionaries to Singapore.
- Maurice Hall—Missionary to Saigon, Vietnam.
- Douglas Gunselmans—Missionaries to Manila, Philippines.
- Bob Buchanans—Missionaries to Baguio City, Philippines.
- Ray Bryans—Missionaries in Baguio City, Philippines.
- Clarence Kings—Missionaries in Hong Kong.
- Roy Mullinaxes—Missionaries in Taipei, Taiwan.
- Joe Cannons—Missionaries to Okinawa.
- L. T. Gurganus and family—Missionaries to Tokyo, Japan.
- Billy Smith—President of Ibaraki Christian College in Japan.
- Paul Spears—Preacher and family working with the Liberty Church of Christ, Dennis, Mississippi at the time the church became our sponsor.
- Herschel and Betty Orick—Members of the Liberty Church of Christ who agreed to handle our funds under the direction of the Elders.
- Monroe Pounds—One of the Elders of the Liberty Church of Christ, Dennis, Mississippi.
- Zeke Harrison—One of the Elders of the Liberty Church of Christ, Dennis, Mississippi.
- T. F. Lindsey—One of the Elders of the Liberty Church of Christ, Dennis, Mississippi.
- Jim Waldrons—The family who replaced us in the work at Karachi, Pakistan.
- Parker Frenches—The preacher and family working with the church at Camden, Tennessee.
- Pat McGees—A Christian family preparing to go to Indonesia to preach the gospel.

- Guy Kingsleys—Christian friends of ours and members of the East Main Church of Christ, Tupelo, Mississippi.
- John Wheelers—Bro. Wheeler and family worked with the East Main Church of Christ in Tupelo, Mississippi and were sent by that church to Colombo, Ceylon to carry on the work there.
- Malcom Georges—Good friends of ours who worked with the church at Ripley, Mississippi but later moved to Beirut, Lebanon to serve as missionaries there.
- L. D. Willises—Close friends of ours who live in Cherokee, Alabama that we have been trying to encourage to go to some foreign mission field.
- Wayne Newcombs—Friends who have moved to Karachi, Pakistan to serve as missionaries there.
- Charlie Davises—Missionaries that work with the church on Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines.
- Dave Depews—Missionaries to Thailand.
- The Fox family—Missionaries to Thailand.
- Jesse Fonvilles—Missionaries who have worked a number of years in Bangkok, Thailand.
- George Bryans—A Christian family who came to Bombay, India on a Fullbright Scholarship for the purpose of helping with the Lord's work there.
- Barbara Bryan—The daughter of the Ray Bryans who visited briefly with us in Karachi in 1967.
- Nazir Kurshid—A young man in Karachi who helped us with the house work and who became a Christian.
- Isaac Masih—A young man in Karachi who studied the Bible with us and became a Christian.
- Randal Harley family—Randal, Jayne, Jim, Tom, and Lydia. They were sent to Colombo, Ceylon in 1967 to work with the National Council of the Deaf and Blind and to teach some courses in a local university there. They remained



- one year and were of tremendous help in beginning the church in Colombo. They now live in Nashville, Tennessee where he teaches for Peabody College.
- Joshua Gootam—Preacher for the church in Bombay, India.
- Clyde Fiscuses—Bro. and Sis. Fiscus are originally from Mitchell, Indiana. They were sent to Colombo to work with the Peace Corps, where he served as Assistant Director. Later they were transferred to Bangalore, India.
- Lakshman Dabre—Our second convert in Colombo, Ceylon.
- Chamba—A Muslim convert in Colombo.
- Reggie Gnanasundaram—A Catholic convert in Colombo who has become one of our most dependable members. He now serves as the treasurer of the church there.
- Peter Joshua—A young man converted from Adventism. He is now helping Bro. Wheeler with the work in Colombo.
- David Thomas—A man who helped us with the house work but who later became a Christian.
- Don Perrys—A Christian family who has worked for several years with the church and Bible School in Shillong, Assam, India. They visited with us in New Delhi on their return to Shillong in 1969.
- Mack Lyon—A missionary to Perth, Australia who visited with us in the first part of 1969 and conducted a series of gospel meetings.
- Binny Sudhaker—A young man studying in the Hotel Institute here in New Delhi who was converted during one of our meetings.
- Sunny Davids—Sunny and Jasmine are a wonderful Christian couple and the kind of people that we are looking to to keep the church alive here in Delhi in the future. They have one daughter.

NOTE: Other individuals have also been mentioned in the book by the way, but these are some of the more prominent characters. I trust that these few identifying remarks about them will be helpful to you as you read this material.

## DICTIONARY

- Pukka—Well built.  
Tonga—A two-wheeled, horse-pulled carriage.  
Coolies—Men who carry parcels.  
Burquas—Cloaks with veils worn by Muslim women.  
Baksheesh—A gift, preferably of money.  
Paisa—1/100 of a rupee.  
Paan Wala—A seller of the chew called paan or betel.  
Mem Sahib—The lady of the house.  
Baba—Baby.  
Khana—Food.  
Ke Liye—For.  
Bearer—A helper in the house, usually waits on the table.  
Hamal—Bearer's helper.  
Dhobies—Clothes wash-men.  
Driver—Chauffeur.  
Choki-dar—Night guard.  
Sweeper—Servant who cleans bathrooms, floors and outside pavement of the house.  
Malis —Gardeners.  
Aiah—Nurse for children.  
Wala—A keeper or seller.  
Mistries—"Skilled" labourers—carpenters, masons, etc.  
Rickshaw—Three-wheeled motorized scooter used as a Taxi.  
Quetta Breeze—Wind from the north.  
Maulvies—Muslim preachers.  
Punjab—Area of northern Pakistan and India.  
Hubble Bubble—A kind of pipe smoked in the east.  
Compound—A house and the garden enclosed by a wall.  
Charpois—Light Pakistani beds.

Chapatties—Unleavened, whole-wheat bread.  
Paratha—A kind of fried bread.  
Nan—Leavened bread but similar to chapatti.  
Pilau—A rice dish.  
Buriyani—A spiced rice dish.  
Jalebis—A sweet candy-like food.  
Chicken tikka—Similar to barbequed chicken.  
Sahib—The man of the house.  
Shami-ana—Tent.  
Peon—A messenger or delivery servant.  
Ghari—Four-wheeled, horse-drawn carriage.  
Shikara—A small boat.  
Poppard—Crisp bread, thin as potato chips.  
Urdu—National language of Pakistan.  
Hindi—National language of India.  
Sinhalese—National language of Ceylon.