



White Unto Harvest

TRUE STORIES from the MISSION FIELD

Compiled by
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Published by
J.C. CHOATE PUBLICATIONS
Winona/Singapore/New Delhi

©1991
J.C. Choate Publications

First printing, 2,000 copies
Typesetting, Pansy Patton
Lay-out and artwork, Betty Burton Choate

Order from:

J.C. Choate Publications
P.O. Box 72
Winona, MS 38967

INTO THE HARVEST

Jesus told his disciples, “The harvest is plentiful but the workers are few. Ask the Lord of harvest, therefore, to send out workers into his harvest field” (Luke 10:2).

This book is dedicated to Christian young people with the prayer that many will become workers in the Lord’s harvest all around the world.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The writing of this book of stories would not have been possible except for the help and cooperation given by a number of missionaries as well as local native workers. At my request, they gave of their valuable time to send story material and in many instances, at their own expense, sent pictures to illustrate the work that they are doing. My grateful thanks goes to each of them.

Credit is given to each contributor at the heading of each story. In most instances, I took the facts that they wrote to me and wove the story from them, but without the materials that they sent, there would have been no stories. Thanks to each and all!

Publisher's Statement

Jesus said to the disciples, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields: for they are white already unto harvest." (John 4:35) In a new book of children's stories bearing the title, **White Unto Harvest**, Sister Bessie Hardin Chenault vividly demonstrates the church's response to that command. The Lord's servants are to be found all over the world, and those servants are at work, teaching people around them, influencing souls for Christ, and bearing fruit to His name. From this background have come these true stories, exciting, thrilling, and wonderful stories, which will inspire us to become more involved with the world for Christ.

Fiction is one thing, but true-life stories are something else. How could one read them without being touched? They are meant to affect us in just this way. We recommend that you read these personally and share them with others, especially with your Bible class students. Don't be afraid of what they will do *to* you but delight in what they will do *for* you. Their purpose is to involve us with the world for the harvesting of the ripened fields.

We express our appreciation to Sister Chenault for this wonderful book, and we wish for it acceptance, a good influence on all who read it, and the reaping of the harvest.

J. C. Choate
Winona, MS
June 1, 1991

INTRODUCTION

“Where Have You Been All This Time?”

Many years ago (in the 1960's), some missionaries visited the small area of South Africa known as Vendaleland, inhabited by members of the Venda tribe. Missionaries from denominations had been there for almost 100 years. When the men from the church of Christ began to teach that infant baptism was not right and that Christ has only one church, one man spoke up and asked, “If you are so sure that you have the truth, **where have you been all this time?**”

Where *have* we been? When will we go? Why should Christ's church wait before sending missionaries by the hundreds into all the world?

“The harvest *is* plentiful, but the workers are few” (Luke 10:2a). Be one of the workers the Lord can send into the

harvest that is white and ready to be gathered.



“Our brotherhood has to be taught (and it has to teach) the need of continuous mission efforts: in the Sunday school, in Bible classes for adults and young people and even in private home Bible studies” (from **Working for the Lord in Peru**, by Hans Dederscheck, p. 177).

It is our hope and prayer that this volume of true stories will be a means of information and inspiration which will help to build our mission forces for the future.

What Will Your Answer Be?

There is an old invitation song, "What will it be? What will your answer be?" In this book you will read stories from many mission fields, and there are a great many more that could not be included for lack of space. It is hoped that you will gain insight into the field of mission work and that one day you will have your answer to the above question and that you will say, "Yes, Lord, I will be one of your missionaries."

What is a missionary? The dictionary says, "One with a special mission to perform." To a Christian, this is not enough. Perhaps we can say, "*A missionary is one who takes the gospel to those who would not otherwise hear it.*"

For years we have heard of "home missions" (work in our own country) and "foreign missions" (work in other countries). Here are some suggestions of the types of work that can be done.

1. Metal missionary (printing).
2. World Bible School (WBS) and other correspondence courses.
3. Bible translation and distribution into many lands that do not have Bibles.

4. World Radio and other radio broadcasting work, and TV.
5. Chaplains in military service.
6. Student campaigns. (These are usually short-term, but give much good experience for future permanent work.)
7. AIM, MARK, and other apprentice programs.
8. Programs to teach varied skills in backward parts of the world.
9. Hospitals, deaf work, blind school.
10. (You name it) _____.

These are ideas in addition to the method of moving into a mission place in person and simply preaching and teaching personally.

Are You a “Yeah-but”?

When I was a girl, my mother called me “Miss Yeah-but.” She would tell me something I needed to do and I would argue, “Yeah, but...I need to do something else.” Always “yeah, but” this and “yeah, but” that, and so the name “Miss Yeah-but.”

Our Lord said for his followers to go into all the world and preach the gospel to everyone. He receives many answers to his command. Some say “Yes, I will go,” but he hears many “Yeah-but’s” also.

“Yeah-but” I can’t bear to leave my parents and friends.

“Yeah-but” there are unsaved people next door. Why go to a foreign country to preach?

“Yeah-but” I’d have to learn a foreign language and that would be hard. I have enough trouble with English.

“Yeah-but” I might not like it.

“Yeah-but” I can make more money at home and I need to support a family.

You can think of all sorts of “Yeah-but’s,” but only a few that the Lord would accept. *Are you a “Yeah-but”?*

No Other Name

In Acts, chapter four, Peter spoke to a group of Jews who had heard him preach about the resurrection from the dead. They had also seen the lame man whom Peter and John had healed. When they asked by whose power this was done, Peter answered that it was by the power of Jesus, and then he said, *“There is no other name under heaven, given among men, by which we must be saved.”*

Yes, it does matter what we believe and in whom we place our trust. Read that scripture again—**“There is no other name under heaven, given among men, by which we must be saved”** (Acts 4:12).

If you become a missionary in a foreign country, you will be likely to find people who place their trust in some other person or religious system. There are many religions in the world, and some of them have some good things about them—but only Christianity has Christ.

The largest non-Christian religion is Islam, the religion taught by Mohammed. His followers are called Moslems, Muslims, or Mohammedans. They believe that there is one God who is named Allah, and that Mohammed is his prophet. They say that Jesus was a great teacher and a good man, but not the Son of God. They believe that Mohammed, who died

in the year 632, ascended to heaven from Jerusalem. The religion of Islam was spread originally by conquest of "holy wars."

A faithful Muslim will pray five times a day, forehead to the ground, facing the "holy city" of Mecca, birthplace of Mohammed. Their holy book is the Koran.

Today, Islam is a powerful religion in North Africa, Asia, Jordan, and many other places. It is very difficult to convert a Muslim to Christianity—his own family members will disinherit him or even kill him for becoming a Christian.

Six hundred years before Jesus was born, a man named Guatama became known as Guatama Buddha, meaning "fully enlightened." No doubt he was a good man with a strong desire to help his fellow men. He believed that selfishness caused all the sorrow in the world. "Love must replace hate," he taught, and "the love of one's enemies is the crowning jewel." (Sounds like Jesus' teachings, doesn't it?)

A Buddhist believes in the goal of "nirvana," or perfect peace and love, but in order to reach nirvana, a person must attain perfection. He must have perfect self-control, perfect unselfishness, perfect knowledge. You and I know that humans can never be perfect in this life. We believe that Jesus, by His sacrifice, makes heaven (not nirvana) possible for us. **Indeed, there is no other name.**

If you become a missionary in India or other Asian country, you will find a good many Buddhists, some of whom worship many Buddhas. You have probably seen pictures of the statues of the fat god Buddha.

If you go to India, you will also meet many people of the Hindu religion. The name of their god is Brahma. A Hindu believes that he approaches perfection by following truth and the love of God. This sounds good until we examine it further. Idol worship is allowed as a stepping stone to higher modes of worship. Many animals are considered sacred, especially the cow. Some Hindu people will not destroy any form of animal life, not even a rat or a fly. They do not know that **there is no other name (than the name of Jesus) whereby we must be saved.**

Almost every group or tribe of primitive people, in parts of Africa, New Guinea, the South Sea islands, and elsewhere, believe in the worship of ancestors. They believe that when a person dies, his spirit remains in the community, and that spirit must be appeased by sacrifices or other forms of worship. Even in the United States today, ancestor worship still influences some of our Indian tribes.

In a typical African village, around 1975, a Christian preacher advertised that on Sunday he would show the people their gods. Many of the people were ancestor worshippers, and their curiosity was aroused. A record crowd arrived for the service. There was a hum of conversation as they anticipated this unusual happening. "Look around you," the preacher began. "All of you will die some day. If ancestor worship is true, you will then be the gods that your children and grandchildren worship."

The people looked at one another. You might have read some of their thoughts. "What? My grandchildren would worship ME? And that lazy, drunk neighbor of mine—his

grandchildren would worship HIM? How ridiculous!”

The preacher had good attention from his audience that day as he told them about the one God and His Son, Jesus.

Another false religion is Voodoo, a form of witchcraft that originated in western Africa. From there, it has been taken to other places, the island of Haiti in particular. Voodoo involves contact with the dead and the casting of evil spells, practices which are forbidden by the Bible (Deuteronomy 18:11).

There are other religions in the world. Some people worship the sun, moon, and stars, or fire, or various idols. There is not room in this chapter to tell about all of them.

Do you believe the Bible, and that there is no other name that can save us? If you do, you will want to share that faith with other people. You may decide to go to one of the lands where the people practice some of the religions just described. You will need to know what they believe so that you can teach them the truth that takes away all fear.

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Europe



The Eternal Word

A true story from Hungary (in Eastern Europe). Copied from "To the Ends of the Earth," published monthly by Guy V. Caskey, printer and distributor of all kinds of Bible literature in many parts of the world.

The train blew its whistle and wove its way along the winding rails to the hometown of our brother in Hungary. A Communist custom agent came through checking all baggage. The sack of Bibles lay at our brother's feet. By his side lay his own personal Bible with notes and sermons abundant. The custom agent looked at the sack first. He opened it and thumbed through the pages of the Bibles and began to sail them out the window of the speeding train.

As if for spite, the agent looked down at the open, used Bible of our brother and took a quick grab and out it sailed to parts unknown. For three years our brother bemoaned the fact that his good Bible with so many notes and sermons was no longer his constant companion. "I believe Romans 8:28, but O Lord, how can this work out for good?" he wondered.

One day he received his personal Bible through the mail. A letter enclosed read: "Dear Brother in Christ, Thank you, thank you for the use of your Bible. I found it by the railroad three years ago. I have kept it, read and studied it often. My

family and I have written many scriptures down on paper and many more in our hearts. We cannot thank you enough, for now maybe we can go to Heaven...but brother, please forgive me for keeping your Bible so long. I thought if I did not read it now, I might never again find a Bible to read.”



To think about and discuss in your class—Remember the parable of the sower in Matthew 13:3-23. What is the seed? What is the value of seeing to it that Bible are placed into the hands of people of all nations? For instance, a Bible might lie unread for 50 years. Then along comes someone who reads it and learns how to become a Christian. Has the Bible ever changed in meaning, or will it ever do so?

Eastern European Missions is one group of Christians that is printing Bibles in the languages of Communist-influenced countries of Eastern Europe, and slowly but surely making it possible for many people to have the scriptures. There are others who are translating scriptures into many other languages. There is a Bible Translation Center that is distributing Bibles in simplified language so that people with little education can understand the word.

Think about the many ways in which you could be a missionary and assist in these efforts.



God's Smuggler in Czechoslovakia

Adapted from an article by the same name in "World Radio News," March-April 1988, by Bob Hare.

Some members of churches of Christ have an organization called "Eastern European Mission." Its headquarters are in Houston, Texas, while the actual center of the work done is in Vienna, Austria. Its goal is to print and distribute Bibles in places where there are none and where Bibles have been forbidden by government officials.

Do you know what a smuggler is? A smuggler is a person who brings illegal items across international borders. Most smugglers are bad because they smuggle such things as drugs. This is a true story about a good smuggler who will be called simply "Brother K." He has been distributing Bibles in his native Czechoslovakia for many years.

Brother K was born in 1913 in a small coal-mining village. He was brought up by his grandmother, together with 17 other children. All of the family were strong Catholics. At age 15, while he was learning the shoemaker's trade, he was busy distributing Catholic literature from door to door.

At one point, two nuns advised Brother K not to distribute

any Catholic literature at a certain Protestant home, but he hoped to influence them to become Catholic and gave them some of the reading material anyway. They, in return, gave him some of their literature. For several years, he did not dare to read what they gave him, but one rainy day in 1942, not having anything much to do, Brother K dug out the "forbidden" pages and began to read.

That day was the turning point in his life, says Brother K, for it was then that he began to read the New Testament. (Catholics say that only the priests should read the Bible because ordinary people cannot understand it.) He read very slowly and carefully over a period of several years. Little by little, he gave up some of the Catholic teachings.

Brother K was used to praying to Mary, and he had always believed that she would answer. This confidence turned to anger when a son died as he was praying for Mary to send healing. The priest then told him that he should not read his Bible any more.

Somewhere during this time, Brother K began to listen to a German radio broadcast by a Christian named Gottfried Reichel. On one of these programs, Reichel mentioned the church of Christ in Vienna. In May, 1967, Brother K attended services in Vienna where he met Bob Hare and Gwen Hensley. Three years later, in 1970, Bob Hare baptized Brother K.

Have you kept track of how many years had passed since the beginning of the story? Born in 1913, Brother K was 29 years old when he first began to read the New Testament. He was 57 when he was baptized in 1970. Do you think he was

too old to start working for the church of the Lord? Read on.

Eighteen years after his baptism, Brother K was still as busy as ever. He has faithfully distributed thousands of Bibles to people in his homeland. He hides Bibles in his barn, his attic, and his haystack, until he has a chance to give them to people. The Communists, who are in control of the government, will not give him a work permit. People who want to employ him are threatened. It is difficult for him to get or hold a job, but in spite of all these troubles, Brother K remains "God's Smuggler."



Dimitris—A Man of Greece

Adapted from an article in "World Radio News" and a letter from Dino Roussos, Glyfada, Greece.

More! More!" The audience cheered and clapped when young Dimitris stopped playing his bouzouki. The people in the Greek communities in Canada loved Dimitris Ioannou, for when he played his bouzouki, it reminded them of their homeland of Greece. (A bouzouki is a stringed instrument—a sort of combination guitar and mandolin, quite difficult to play.)

Dimitris had been born in Florina, a small city in Macedonia, a province in Greece. If you have studied Paul's missionary journeys, you will remember that he was asked in a vision, "Come over into Macedonia and help us" (Acts 16:9). Verse 12 tells us that Philippi was the chief city of Macedonia, so we recognize that name when we see Paul's letter to the Philippians in the New Testament. It is easy to find Macedonia on a map of Paul's journeys.

In Paul's day, there were a number of congregations in Macedonia, but that was 2000 years ago and we do not have them any more. The main religion of Greece now is "Greek Orthodox"—similar in many ways to the Catholic church, but not accepting the pope of Rome as head of the church.

While growing up as a teenager in Canada, Dimitris was not interested in God, and he did not believe in the Bible. He was a good bouzouki player and could only think of the fame he was getting because of his music. Worldly friends and glory surrounded him.

In spite of his fame, Dimitris was not happy. "Where will all of this lead me?" he asked himself. "My life is really empty. Every night I play my instrument and people clap and cheer. But for what purpose?"

Dimitris was miserable until one day, in Toronto, Canada, he was given a New Testament. "How can this little book help me?" he wondered. He started to read, and little by little, his life began to change. He could see that there was hope for him. There was more than worldly fame to be pursued. He began to believe and to praise God.

Dimitris returned to Greece to attend a Bible school in Athens. A few months later, he met Dino Roussos, a Greek preacher for the church of Christ at Glyfada, a suburb of Athens. Bro. Roussos spent many hours talking with Dimitris and soon baptized him.

Now, Dimitris Iannou is preaching and teaching both publicly and privately. Bro. Roussos wrote of him, "I have great expectations for the future, and I pray that he will be used dynamically in the mission work in Greece."



If you are in a Bible class, you may wish to discuss how God led Dimitris' life by his meeting of certain people. Do you know someone who has been influenced in a similar way? How, then, does one become a Christian?



By Chance Or By Design?

Adapted from a letter written by Pam de Oliviera. She and her husband, Manuel, work for the church in Lisbon, Portugal.

The day began almost exactly as every weekday had begun for the last six weeks, ever since Patricia had arrived in Lisbon, Portugal. An AIM (Adventurers in Missions) student, spending her apprenticeship in Lisbon, Patricia usually rode the 8:10 bus to report at the mission office to begin her day's work.

Sitting next to Patricia on this particular morning was Sandra, a young girl on her way to school. Sandra usually caught the 8:20 bus, but, having some extra work to do at school, she had decided to catch the 8:10.

Sandra noticed that Patricia had an English Bible, and she kept peering over Patricia's shoulder to try to read it. At first, Patricia was annoyed but decided to speak to her kindly. Sandra was able to speak some English, and before the end of the bus ride, she obtained Patricia's address—all except the street number, which had been omitted.

Every day that week, Sandra caught the 8:10 bus, hoping to see Patricia again. She did not see her and had about given up hope. On the following Monday, she went back to her

8:20 schedule, and there was Patricia! Friendly greetings were exchanged and the address error corrected. Sandra accepted an invitation to a church picnic the following Saturday.

The two girls shared Bible studies in English for many weeks. Patricia was so anxious to convert Sandra and was about to give up hope. Almost in desperation one day, she said, "Sandra, I am afraid you are studying with me only to improve your English."

Sandra was upset. "But I don't know everything in the Bible yet," she said.

"Neither do I," said Patricia. "I don't know it all. In fact,



Christian friends rejoice with Sandra on the day of her baptism into Christ.

nobody does. All of us are students of God's word"

Sandra was amazed. She had not realized that a person needs only, at first, to know the story of Jesus—how He came to earth to die for our sins, how He died and rose again, and how we need to repent and be baptized. Then, after that "new birth," we study to understand more and to grow as Christians.

After a few more studies, Sandra obeyed the gospel, and now she is a great helper in the church in Lisbon.



What if Patricia had decided not to speak to Sandra that first morning on the bus? What if their paths had never crossed again? Do you think God works through such "chance" meetings? Do we miss opportunities by not taking advantage of similar coincidental meetings? How do you think Patricia felt when Sandra obeyed the gospel?

Africa



Caught, Convicted and Changed

Submitted by Richard Chowning, twelve years a missionary in Kenya, East Africa.

When Paulo arap Lang'at, a tall muscular African, stands before an audience and proclaims, "Jesus is the Savior of my soul and he can save you too," you would assume he had preached the gospel most of his life. Actually, for many years Paulo terrorized neighbors and embarrassed relatives. The Savior made the difference—all the difference in the world.

Thirty-two year-old Paulo has converted many of his Kipsigis tribesmen to Christ. Villagers crave his mixture of joy and conviction. Paulo knows that his fellow Kipsigis search for answers to a life in fear of ancestors and the inability to cast the fear out.

The Kipsigis easily understand Paulo's lessons. They are a fine weave of scripture, traditional culture and personal experience. He talks of the culture's weaknesses and his own sinfulness. Then he reads scriptures that speak of fear turned to courage and weakness turned to strength.

The change is real to Paulo.

He has always been in the public eye. His father died when

Paulo was in his early twenties. His uncles and mother found him uncontrollable. He dropped out of school early and took to the back paths of the village. He hid in bushes and waited for school children. When they walked home in small groups, Paulo would jump out of bushes and threaten them. "If you want to pass, give me money or some clothes." Many of the children would take their shirts off and hand them to him.

He had been brought before the village elders on several occasions. Frequent fines were paid by his parents. When police were sent to catch him, he escaped.

It was the gospel that finally caught and convicted Paulo. When the church of Christ evangelists first walked into his village Paulo heard that one of his relatives was converted. He determined to go to the next meeting and pour his ridicule on what he called the "message of weakness, only fit for women and children." But as Paulo listened he soon found himself in the company of the Apostle Paul, and multitudes throughout the centuries, who were turned from scorn to salvation. Once he heard the gospel, his sinful life haunted him. He was only relieved when he told the preacher he wanted to have his sins washed away in baptism.

Villagers were fearful when he began to preach with power of voice and spirit. They expected him to violently persuade them to follow him into the Kingdom of God. As the months passed the villagers were convinced that Paulo's change was true. "If these words can change Paulo, they must be powerful," they thought. Villagers listened and were converted.

Paulo, like all Kipsigis preachers, supports himself. He attempted many ways to gain income for his family. The

family farm does well, but he wants his family to have better opportunities than his present finances permit them to enjoy. He has just opened a small restaurant. He spends long hours cooking and waiting on his customers. But he always finds time to preach.

Paulo's influence for the Savior has gone beyond his own village. He preached often in the beginning of the Arokiyet congregation. His persuasiveness helped that congregation grow faster than any in the tribe. He has planted congregations in the villages of two of his relatives.

One of Paulo's most rewarding confrontations with the unsaved came two years ago. He and three other evangelists visited the Tugen tribal area eighty miles from home. One of the men they talked to about the Savior was a young government chief. The gospel penetrated his heart. He was won to the Lord. The baptism was set for later in the day.

Paulo and the other evangelists ate dinner in the chief's home. While they ate, the chief asked them questions about their village and past lives. Paulo recounted his changed life, from stealing from children to speaking for the Lord. The chief was taken aback. He smiled and said, "I used to work for the Central Intelligence Division near your village. I was sent to Kiptewit several times to look for this bully of children. Now *you* found *me* and changed my life."



Special work for Special people

It was a warm Sunday morning in Kisii, a town far in the interior of east Africa. Up on a hill, in a little mud-and-dung church building with a corrugated metal roof, about twenty-five Christians were gathered for the morning service. Everything was silent, yet the members of the assembly were greeting each other warmly and happily.

A leader stood up to begin the singing. He motioned with his hands and the expressions on his face kept changing. All the people made the same motions, but there was no audible music. What a strange song service! You see, everyone was deaf. (Most deaf people can neither speak nor sing because they have never heard the sounds and cannot imitate them.)

Most of the songs these deaf people were using were written by members of the congregation, or scriptures that they had memorized. They were praising God in unison, using hand signs, just as hearing people sing in unison, using their voices. To the Lord, these means of praise are equally beautiful.

Visiting the service that morning were Steve and Claudia Greek and their two little girls, American missionaries living in Eldoret, Kenya. The Greeks had learned the American deaf

signs while living and worshipping in Abilene, Texas, and work well with the deaf wherever they go.

The churches of Christ in America had bought the plot of ground for the Kisii building, and the deaf Christians had paid for the materials and had done the construction work. Four of the members had come from the Kuja School for the Deaf. Three of the four had married and their wives had also become Christians. Five of the men had been converted through teachings received at "Back-to-the-Bible" courses held by campaigners from America.

Often, deaf people have been treated as retarded and thus suffer extra disadvantages all of their lives. David and Mary Helen Bush, American missionaries living in Kenya's largest city, Nairobi, have worked with the government educational department and have done much to convince those authorities that the deaf can learn just as well as anyone else if they have the language with which to work. This is opening doors of opportunity for deaf men and women to find jobs in many places that were not previously possible.

Most important, of course, is the fact that our missionaries have a chance to teach the gospel to the deaf, and there are now many Christians among them.



There will always be deaf, blind, crippled, diseased, and poor people in every nation. Talk about ways in which these problems can be met by missionaries.



W.B.S.

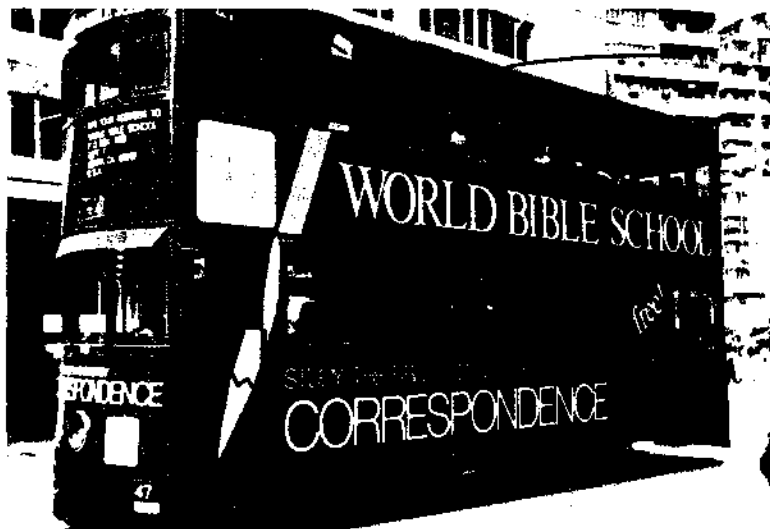
My husband is a missionary to Africa, yet he never leaves his home in Abilene, Texas, to do his work except to go to the post office. He is Sid Chenault, a retired mechanical engineer with 40 year of continuous service with Dow Chemical Company. He has never been overseas except for his time in the navy during World War 11, two work-related trips to Venezuela, South America, and a vacation to Hawaii.

How can Sid be a missionary to Africa and never go there? He is a W.B.S. teacher. You will see several references in this book to World Bible School—W.B.S. Christians in America send Bible lessons to people in other countries. These people study the lessons, fill out answer sheets, and mail them back to the teachers. The teachers correct the lessons and answer questions the students may ask. When all the lessons have been completed, the student is awarded a Bible and a certificate. Many are converted in this way, and numerous new congregations have been started all over the world.

W.B.S. was first begun many years ago by Jimmy Lovell, a man in California. It had a small beginning, but today there are many hundreds of American Christians serving as teachers. There are students in South and Central America, India,

Europe, New Zeland, Australia, South Africa, Kenya, Nigeria, Ghana, Malawi, Zimbabwe, and a great many other places.

You may be wondering how people all over the world hear about W.B.S. In most instances, an ad is placed in newspapers of various countries. The names and addresses of teachers appear in the ads. Interested people write in for the "Introductory Lessons", and "viola" the teachers are in business.



The famous double-decker buses are an effective way of advertising World Bible School in Hong Kong.

For many years, there was the problem of students in distant places having no one to baptize them or teach them further. Today there are "follow-up" missionaries or local Christians to do this important work. For example: Sid may have a

student in South Africa who has finished the course. The student wants to study more, and perhaps be baptized, so Sid sends him the name of a South African "follow-up" person who can help him. He will also send the name of the student to the "follow-up" person.

Sometimes the student and "follow-up" teacher have individual study times, but in some places, there are so many students that special classes have been set up to teach whole groups at a time. These seminars, as they are called, last for several days and often result in numerous baptisms.



In South Africa a motel swimming pool is used as a baptistery for people who have been converted through World Bible School.

At a W.B.S. seminar in Daveyton, South Africa, a man came to hear the Bible lesson. At the close, he walked forward and handed the teacher a large screw driver. "My

children are hungry and I have no work," he said. "I was on my way to break into a house with this screw driver, but now I have changed my mind. I would rather be a hungry Christian than a full burglar." The Christians gave the man food, and they assured him that they would help him in the future, both physically and spiritually.

Sid Chenault loves his work as a W.B.S. teacher. It makes him know that he is doing something worthwhile for the Lord. Others share his feelings. One lady teacher says, "This is the most rewarding work I have ever done." She has given up a paying job to be an unpaid W.B.S. teacher. "God has pro-



Brother Worndle and his family live on their boat, distributing World Bible School literature and doing follow-up work with the students.

vided me with much more than I really need," she says. Throughout the years, approximately 100,000 Christians have taught some 6 million people. Exact figures are not available but it is estimated that 60,000 to 70,000 are baptized each year.

If you can be a missionary who travels to a far country—great! You could even be a W.B.S. follow-up person. But if circumstances of life keep you at home, you can still be a foreign missionary by becoming a W.B.S. teacher.



2,000 tribes in the world have no written scripture in their language. Have you thought of this: A person who does not have a Bible he can understand is no better off than if he had no Bible at all. To him, it is the same as if God had not given us His word for guidance.



“I Was Hungry and You Fed Me”

A true story of poverty and starvation during the drought in Ethiopia. Adapted from the story as written by Bill McDonough of Little Rock, Arkansas in 1988.

It was a trail of tears — tears that could hardly flow any more because her eyes were thickly coated and caked with dust. Alamaiyu of Ethiopia, Africa, staggered wearily along the trail, a young child named Zetachew in a sling on her back and six-year-old Germa holding her hand.

The path seemed unending, and none of the little family had had any food for a long time. Alamaiyu’s vision blurred and she thought she would fall. “Keep on for the children’s sake,” she thought. “Put one foot in front of the other. Now the other foot in front. Left foot. Right foot, on and on. I *must* go on.”

Finally little Germa’s legs could go no farther. The weary mother was desperate. “If I leave him here, he may surely die,” she said to herself. Alamaiyu pondered the situation for a long time. Finally she decided to leave Germa and walk on with the baby. Perhaps she would reach Fursi, the refugee camp, soon and could return for Germa. Some of the refugees had perished on the trail, so it was a hard decision, for perhaps

her son would die too. But if she and the baby stayed with Germa, they would all die.

Alamaiyu settled Germa as comfortably as she could and spoke soothingly to him. "Soon I shall surely reach Fursi, get food and water and return for you. Do not be afraid," she said. But fear clutched her own heart and she turned away so that Germa would not see her cry.

As the poor mother resumed her weary way along the trail, many thoughts went through her mind. She remembered how the drums of the witch doctor had pierced the silence all night long, night after night. "Rain will come," he promised.

"Rain and crops and prosperity." For seven years he had made the same promise, and for seven years the crops had been poor or failed altogether.

All of the family's property had been sold for money to buy food. Last to go was Alamaiyu's silver jewelry that had been in the family for hundreds of years. It brought only enough money for a two weeks' supply of food, and now there was no more. Fursi, the far-away refugee camp was the only hope for food and medical care.

Yes, put one foot in front of the other. On and on. Was the baby still alive? Yes he was breathing. What about the boy she had left beside the trail? "Don't move," she had told him. "Stay right here. I will be back with help for you. Do not be afraid. You are a brave boy."

More than once Alamaiyu thought she would faint. She brushed the back of her hand across her eyes. Others were fainting on the trail, but she had to leave them for she herself

was too weak to help others.

There! There on the plateau she could see hundreds of people. Was it real, or was she seeing things? Could this be Fursi where the feringe (foreigners) are? "Forget your fear of feringe," she told herself. "They are your only hope."



Hungry children in Ethiopia are led by Christians who care.

Alamaiyu struggled on and finally came to a gate. Desperately she held onto the fence. She must not faint now. Some one was touching her, holding her up. It was a feringe. They took little Zetachew from her back and when they washed his eyes and face she saw a look of wonderment come over him as the water touched him.

Some people were singing about someone named Jesus who loves, cares, and helps people. "Is one of these people that Jesus?" wondered Alamaiyu. "I never heard of him

before, but I want to know more about him if he is the one who told these 'feringe' to help me. They have fed me and my baby and my boy. They gave me a blanket and sent a Jeep back to fetch Germa from the trail.

"Was Jesus the man with the black cord around his neck who listened to my chest, or was he the one who spoke so kindly to my little Germa as he gave him medicine. Tomorrow I can ask those questions. Now we must all sleep. Sleep. Rest. Food. Medicine." Alamaiyu sighed deeply and closed her eyes. "Tomorrow. Tomorrow I will learn about this Jesus." She was still thinking these thoughts as she and her two precious children fell asleep together under the new blanket.



During the drought years of the 80's, many thousands of starving people in Ethiopia were fed by members of the church of Christ who paid for tons of supplies to be sent to that country. The story of Alamaiyu is true, and many similar stories could be told. Is this a good way to reach people with the gospel as well as helping their physical bodies? Food, medicine, blankets, Jesus, the gospel—sometimes all of these are the tools in the hands of missionaries. Jesus looked with compassion on the suffering. Will you do the same when the need arises?

For the scripture from which the title of this story comes, read Matthew 25:31-40. Jesus said, "I was hungry and you fed me."



“This Is A Hold-Up”

Adapted from information by Chester and Angela Woodhall of Kitwe, Zambia in a mission report, dated 1982, and an item in World Radio News, dated 1988.

Do history and geography bore you? They do some people, but you will double your understanding of the following story by knowing some of each.

First of all, look on a map of Africa and find Angola, Zambia, and Zaire. If your map is old, you will find Angola, Northern Rhodesia, and Belgian Congo. (Governments and names have changed rapidly in Africa.)

Our story takes place in and around Kitwe, Zambia, near the large copper mines for which that country is famous. For a long time before it became an independent country, Zambia was a British colony. For years, before and after independence, there was a good deal of violence as various groups vied for power. Most of the violent activity was between groups of black natives, but it was possible for innocent people to be caught in the crossfire. In addition, terrorists, getting in on the action, often robbed, and sometimes killed, wherever and whomever they chose. Life became uncertain for everyone as gunfire could be heard almost daily. There were missionaries who chose to leave the country when the

violence began, but Chester and Angela Woodhall courageously stayed on. They realized that the native Christians needed their presence more than ever before, and if there were to be any Zambians converted by them, it would not be done back home in England.



Chester Woodhall with African church leaders in Zambia.

Bro. Woodhall did not carry a gun, even at the worst of times. He had, however, played rugby (a kind of football) in his native England. Sister Woodhall writes, "Although his training has served us well, it was never included in any of our missionary courses. It was with a rugby tackle that he once brought down a thief who had robbed his mother during her visit from England."

The mission report goes on—"We had another adventure recently, a big one! It had been a long hot day. We had

returned home, and it was time for the children to go to bed. As my husband (Chester) was carrying goods in from the car, an African preacher suddenly burst into the living room, swaying and panting for breath, his brow glistening with sweat. It was a summons for help for one of our mission vehicles, the red one, that had broken down. We rapidly put together a breakdown kit—tins of oil, containers of water, tools, and tow rope. Chester left for the scene of the breakdown, made sure a friend was present with the vehicle for security, and set off in search of a service station that was still open.

“Returning within fifteen minutes, he drove briefly around the breakdown area for security, saw no vehicles of suspicious characters, and then parked behind the broken-down red mission vehicle.

“Suddenly a third vehicle appeared from a concealed spot and “boxed-in” the white rescue vehicle. This was the action of professional bandits, armed with a Russian AK47 rifle. One bandit screeched, ‘This is a hold-up.’

“While the bandits demanded the key to the white rescue vehicle, one of them said in the Bemba language, ‘Let’s shoot him. It will be easier.’ Bro. Woodhall handed over the keys, but the bandit driver was unable to start the car. Bro. Woodhall offered to start the motor, hoping to reverse the vehicle at speed and escape. (His companion had long since vanished into the thick undergrowth near the road.) The AK47 at his neck convinced him that it would be unwise to try any tricks, and the bandits disappeared with the white rescue vehicle.

“After much excitement and activity, police rescued the red

vehicle from the thieves. Then the hunt began in earnest. The red vehicle was repaired and Bro. Woodhall, two policemen, and a tall English friend searched bush country and night bars around Kitwe and Mufulira. Reaching the brow of a hill, they saw before them an unusual scene. Chester shouted, 'Stop, it's a hold-up down there.' In the valley, a vehicle was parked across the line of traffic and highway robbers were stopping traffic, robbing the drivers of their cars, valuables, and shoes, and telling them to walk back to Kitwe. The men in the rescue car were planning a move to turn the tables on the bandits when a vehicle carrying armed men was held up and a gun battle ensued. These were plainclothes police and one of them was wounded, and the bandits sped away in a stolen car.

"The next day, the stolen white vehicle was repossessed. It had been piled high with stolen property from overnight robberies. Our friends took as passengers an Englishman and his child who were walking without shoes along the white line in the center of the road.

"Driving into Kitwe, Bro. Woodhall met me and the children in another car. One of the children exclaimed, 'There is the car! I knew when Daddy went out this morning that he would come back with it!' Returning the stolen property to the police station and making a written statement, Chester had a slight problem explaining to the police that the number plates had been changed.

"A day later, the bandits were identified as escapees from the Ndola prison who had been blazing a trail of robbery and violence all across the country."

An Asian lady of Muslim faith commented to Mrs. Wood-

hall, “Your husband and his friend have courage.” Her statement was more true than she could have realized, and it should have extended to the entire Woodhall family. It takes courage at any time to keep on proclaiming the gospel amidst people of other faiths — ancestor worshippers, Muslims, and others who may scoff and persecute, or simply ignore one’s efforts. It takes courage to be thousands of miles from homeland and loved ones, comforts, and luxuries. But what courage to remain month after month, not knowing if one’s very life and the life of the family will be snuffed out by gunfire!

What would motivate a family to remain in such a place? “We were the only missionary family of the church of Christ for hundreds of miles,” say the Woodhalls of that time of their lives. “We were here because we have faith in Jesus Christ, our living Lord and Savior, and share this faith with others.” That was 1982. Now, life is much more quiet. Bro. Woodhall is busy speaking on the World Radio broadcasts in Zambia, in both the English and Bemba languages, and there have been conversions as a result. In addition, they have made evangelistic trips along the border of Angola and Zaire and baptized a great many converts. (Look again at your map to see where these things are happening.)



In a Bible class situation, you may want to discuss the pros and cons of missionaries remaining with their families in places where life is endangered. There are points both for and against such a decision. What would you have done in the Woodhalls’ place? Even if you would have decided to leave

during the time of unrest and violence, do you admire those who decided to remain for the sake of the gospel? Do you foresee that other missionaries may have to undergo situations of danger?



How to Have Beautiful Feet

Feet are not usually very attractive parts of our bodies, but Romans 10:15b says: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things."



God Gives The Increase

Brother and Sister W.N. Short began mission work in Zambia in 1922. They worked diligently and helped to establish many congregations. They helped teach in a Christian school, and all went quite well. Fifty years later, political terrorism broke out and made life in Zambia dangerous. Christians scattered and many churches closed. The Shorts were getting old and had moved to the city.

I asked the Shorts if they were not very sad to see their hard work broken up this way. Bro. Short answered, "No, we did what we could. We sowed the seed and God will give the increase. We never know what good will come of it."

About fifteen years later, long after the Shorts' death, the following report appeared in the "Christian Chronicle".

"Kalomo, Zambia— A 1988 survey of churches in this African nation showed 413 congregations and more than 20,000 in attendance....

"More than 240 of the churches are in the south, where churches have been strong for nearly 40 years, and 119 churches have been established since 1980.... Baptisms for 1988 are estimated at 1900."

Not only is there this encouraging report of the revival and further growth of the churches in Zambia, there is to be a Christian College opening for the training of teachers of math, science, and religious education.

How right Bro. Short was—the seed has been planted, and after many years, God is still giving the increase. We should never allow ourselves to be discouraged, even when the going gets rough.



Missionary Translators

Translators sometimes spend as much as 20 years learning a remote tribe's language, reducing it to writing, and translating God's word into the newly written language. The International Bible Society recently printed translations in 18 tribal languages. This is because people need the word of God to show them the way of salvation. You might some day become good at languages and be able to do that kind of work. It is another way of being a missionary.



A Mission of Mercy

The story of Chimala Mission Hospital in Tanzania, East Africa, adapted from information provided by Claud Guild, director of development.

Three American missionaries were travelling in the country of Tanzania in east Africa. Their destination was Dar es Salaam, the capital, where they were hoping to talk to officials of the government. They wanted to find out the best way to be permitted to enter the country to do missionary work.

On their way to the capital, near the tiny native village of Chimala, the three men became ill with intestinal infection. There was no doctor, no hospital, no pharmacy—not for many, many miles. It was several days before they were well enough to proceed with their journey, but they finally made it.

In answer to the question, “How can we get permission for missionaries to come into the country?” they were told, “Do something for our people. Open a school or a clinic or some such thing, and you will be welcomed.”

During the return journey to Chimala, the three men discussed the problem. At the village, they talked to some of the

people and discovered that there were many terrible diseases going untreated for lack of doctors and medicine. They looked at each other and remembered what it had been like a short time ago when they needed a doctor and didn't have one. Then they were told that out of every 20 babies born in that area, there were probably 17 who died in early infancy. That would average out that if a family were to have one living child, it would have lost four.

"This is it!" they said. "We will build a dispensary and find a doctor who will come to work here."

Money was scarce, but a small pre-fab was constructed for a clinic. Dr. May from Texas went to be the first doctor at Chimala. It was a beginning, but much too small. So many sick and so little to be done for them with one doctor and a tiny clinic!

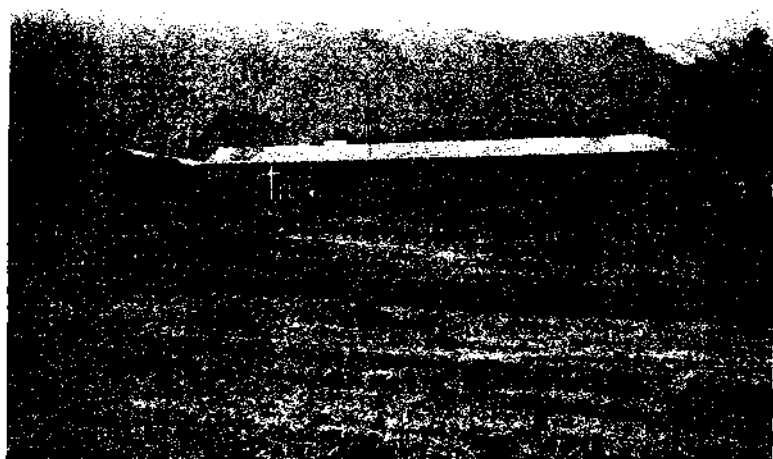
Tremendous efforts were made to raise funds in America. It did not come all at once, but missionaries don't usually give up easily, so they kept on doing their best. A long story could be told of all the difficulties that were encountered, but we will make the story short.

Today, there is an area of 350 acres (nearly a square mile) with 29 buildings: homes for the missionaries and local workers, a Bible school, and some other structures. What about the clinic? It has long since been outgrown, and now there is a 68-bed hospital and an out-patient clinic. Approximately 170 out-patients are treated daily.

The best indication of the effectiveness of the medical work is that instead of losing 17 out of 20 babies, they are saving

17 out of 20.

All of these facts are exciting, but, reports Bro. Guild, "The greatest thing about the hospital is, it is an arm of evangelism". In one year, 516 people were baptized, and during the first half of the following year, there were 970 baptisms. Adambikie, the "bishop" of the church that had some false teachings, was taught the whole truth of the Lord's church, and he and 700 of his members were scripturally baptized. Adambikie himself is now attending the school of preaching.



The dream come true—the hospital at Chimala, Tanzania!

Near the hospital, in the village of Chimala, is a public school. The people of the village has been so impressed by the hospital's effectiveness that they asked for a Christian man to be headmaster of the school. Roy Palmer was the first of our missionaries to fill that position, and his wife, Jaxie,

taught Bible in the school every day. Annette Lumbleau is the assistant teacher.

Carter Geer, a man of long experience, heads the preachers' school. Beth Ewing, retired widow, sold all she had in America and supports herself from her Social Security income and is secretary for the hospital. Dr. Jim Wilson is chief surgeon, assisted by his wife who has had clinic experience. Dr. Wilson also preaches at every opportunity.



"The greatest thing about the hospital is that it is an arm of evangelism," Brother Guild says. This photo shows one of the 516 people baptized in one year.

Chimala sounds like an exciting place to be a missionary, with places for doctors, nurses, assistants, administrators, teachers, preachers, maintenance experts to keep vehicles and

other equipment operating, and probably other positions. Which would you rather be?

There is a place at Chimala and at other mission points for many types of talents. The pay will not make you rich on earth, but the rewards in heaven are great for faithful servants of the Lord.



Phil Terry, missionary to Manila, Philippines, writes, "Mission work is fun. Certainly there are aspects that are not enjoyable...however, by and large, it is a pleasant labor.... The pleasure of mission work is not limited to sharing the gospel but, make no mistake, that is the **BIG** one."



From One to 150,000

In the early 1950's, the church of Christ had not yet gone into the country of Nigeria, West Africa. God had other ideas, and sometimes He works in unusual ways. A Nigerian black man named C.A.O. Essien was taking some correspondence courses in various subjects. When he asked for a course on the Bible, he was given the address of a church of Christ in Nashville, Tennessee.

Mr. Essien quickly finished the Bible course and became so interested and excited that he taught his friends and anyone else who would listen. A friend who finished the course and Mr. Essien baptized each other. Soon they baptized dozens of others, and the dozens grew to hundreds.

The church of Christ grew quickly. Americans arrived to help. A Bible school and preacher training school were started, and then a hospital was constructed. Today there are more than 150,000 Christians in Nigeria and 1500 congregations. But the work is not done. *There are millions more to go—120,000,000 in fact.*

Life in Nigeria is varied according to the areas. There are primitive villages and many poor people. There are cities, the largest of which is Lagos. Some of the people are more prosperous, and live in better houses, drive cars, and have

good education. In the city and in some towns there is even TV, and while Americans watched the Olympics in Seoul in September, 1988, so did the people of Lagos.

There are many different languages spoken by the tribes of Nigeria, the most common of which are Igbo, Yoruba, and Hausa. Many children of Nigeria are born into Moslem homes. (See chapter on "No Other Name".) City schools require the children to wear distinguishing caps. The children are lively—they love to attend all sorts of ceremonies, gatherings, singing sessions, orchestra programs, and sports events.



These people are going through a traditional ceremony for naming a child, in a village in Nigeria, West Africa.

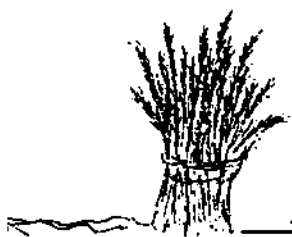
Sometimes, in the city, there will be a case of thievery, and the children without number congregate, shouting and hooting at the thief. In Lagos, which is on the Gulf of Guinea, families often spend their days off at the beach. You can see, then, that there is a mixture of life styles. There is much carry-over from tribal customs and ways, taken into city life, so a life in Lagos would not be the same as life in Texas or Kansas or some other place in the U.S.A.



Is It Fair?

If you are twelve years old and attend Sunday school and Wednesday night Bible study you have, since your fourth birthday, gone to 832 Bible classes. If you have daily Bible reading in your home, you have done so 2,920 times.

In China alone, there are at least 750,000,000 people who have never even heard the name of Jesus. *Is that fair?*



A Case for Double Celebration

A true story, adapted from two letters from Abraham Monney, a native of Ghana, now preaching in Lagos, Nigeria.

In the town of Umchima Ihiagwa, Owerri, Imo State in Nigeria lived a happy Christian family of four: father, mother, and two young children. A third child was expected in less than three months, and everyone was well and contented.

One day the mother was riding with a brother-in-law when suddenly the car left the road and overturned three times into a valley. The car was badly damaged, but the people were unhurt. It was nearly a miracle, and when the time came, a healthy baby boy was born.

In the same week as the birth, the father became the victim of unscrupulous commercial airlines people. He and a business associate were conveying a load of valuable goods from Lagos to Port Harcourt. Other business people had bribed the pilot to allow them to be taken care of first. Our brother was forced to leave the plane and wait for the next flight.

Two hours later, on another plane, the scene was about to be repeated. An argument followed. All the people on the plane protested and insisted that our friend was in the right.

The pilot ordered some of his friends to throw our man off the plane, and *throw* was what they did—literally. Our Christian brother suffered a broken leg, and he lay on the runway for forty-five minutes after the plane took off.

Brother Monney wrote in one of his letters, “He recovered speedily, by the mighty hand of God.” As a result of the two occurrences in their family, they organized a “survival party” to express their thanks to God, together with the naming celebration for their child.

In brother Monney’s own words, “This family invited various sections of people and they invited the church too. We honored the invitation.” (There was a masked person and a cultural troupe performing a traditional sort of dance. One British lady who was not a Christian was taken up in the emotion of the situation and joined in a few dancing moves opposite the masked person.) Brother Monney says, “I do not see anything wrong with this particular issue. Jesus honored several suppers (parties) and there preached. Even though we did not get the opportunity to preach, we were asked to offer the opening prayer, and we also presented a Holy Bible to the couple and the Bible stories (a book) to the child.”

This is a good example of the sort of situation an American missionary can encounter in a foreign field—a vast difference in cultural backgrounds. You might ask, “How far should I go in joining the people in their traditional celebrations and other activities?”

Brother Monney answers the question this way: “A Christian could honor such ceremonies when invited but he must comport himself properly and manifest moderation and ma-

turity. Let me also say that it is not all sorts of ceremonies that Christians are to attend, but some. Our main aim in honoring such ones should be to come closer to people, whether they be Zacchaeuses, Nebuchadnezzars, or even Corinthians, so that the same people may give attention to our 'word of reconciliation' (our teaching)."



In a Bible class, you may wish to discuss this situation. There were times when Jesus associated with sinners and even ate with them. What was his reason for doing so?

If you become a missionary on a foreign field, you will need to study and observe the activities and motives of their celebrations and other ceremonies before joining them. A good example—Black people in southern Africa sometimes honor and worship their ancestors by sacrificing an animal. Seeing white people having a barbecue, they sometimes think that ancestors are being worshipped. If you were a missionary there, and if you knew the effect your actions had upon the minds of people you were trying to convert, what should you do?



A Visit to Mooka's Village

A true incident from the experiences of Bessie Chenault

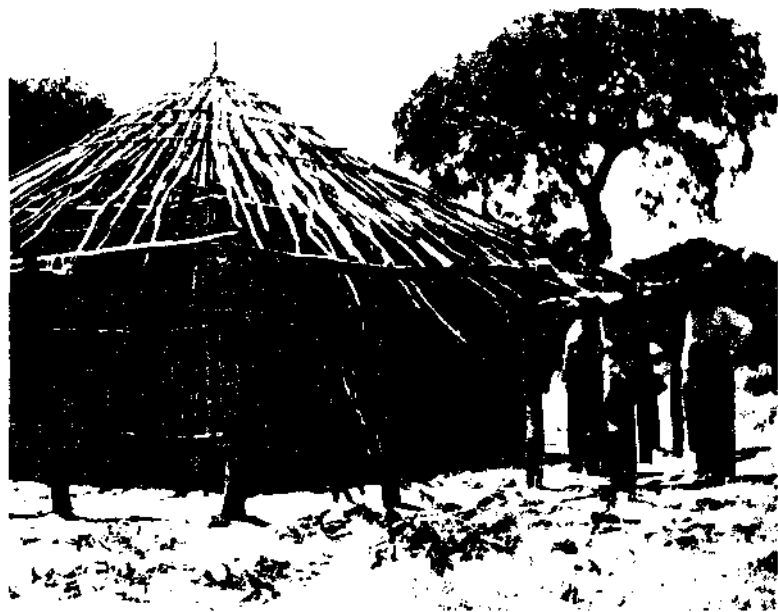
There was no road leading to Mooka's village—only foot paths. But Orville Brittell didn't need a road. Orville and his truck were well known to all the missionaries and the black Christians in a large area of southern Zambia. In the dry season, the roar of the motor could be heard from far off as it made its way across fields and grasslands, rolling right across shrubs and undergrowth. Everyone knew then who was coming.

On that dry, cool day in May, (the dry winter season in the southern hemisphere is May through September) we had driven our passenger car as far as Kabanga Mission where Dow and Helen Pearl Merritt lived and worked. Kabanga was 50 miles from the nearest town, and the road ended at the mission. Orville and Augusta Brittell and little daughter Lolita, and my first husband, John Hardin, and I had decided to pay a visit to old Brother Mooka and his family. I was about to experience Orville's ability to make his own road as he went.

We probably travelled no more than eight miles, but progress was so slow and bumpy that it seemed like fifty. More than once I just knew that we would never make it. Once we

nearly stalled while fording a small creek, for the bank was so steep that the motor labored, even in lowest gear. Finally we made it, and after bumping across some more dry cornfields, we saw the cluster of huts that was Mooka's village.

We had heard that Mooka had been cured of leprosy by Dow Merritt, but I was not quite prepared for the sight of the old man stumping down the path, barefoot and toeless. His handshake was friendly, but I was shocked to realize that some of his fingers were missing. Although the leprosy had been stopped, toes and fingers do not grow back, yet Mooka had not lost either his happy smile or his Christian faith. We



This hut is like those in Mooka's village. When it is finished, the walls will be plastered with mud and the roof will be thatched.

were soon surrounded by all of Mooka's family, including a number of grandchildren. Orville had told us the story of how Mooka had been driven out of other villages because he refused to take part in the ancestor worship ceremonies indulged in by the others. Once he had had his hut burned down. Finally he had been given permission by the government to build his own village, and that is where we found him.

Alifha, Mooka's daughter, I remember well. She was the most beautiful African lady I had ever seen. Alifha brought us gifts of eggs and a chicken, and it was she who organized all the women to make us a windbreak of reeds for our camp. It was a royal welcome.

Alifha had attended the girls' school at Namwianga Mission and had learned English well. She had taken courses in hygiene and home care as well as many Bible classes and singing classes, and all of this was shown in her actions and in her life.

The night was chilly, so two fires were built at the edge of the village: one for the men and one for the women. Songs and prayers were led by the African men and Orville taught from the Bible. He could speak the native language very well.

Later that evening, John and Orville laid out their bedrolls on the soft, sandy ground. Augusta, Lolita, and I had camp cots set up on the truck bed. There were no street lights, no cars, no radios—only silence and darkness. There we were, under the stars which could be clearly seen without the interference of city lights. We soon drifted off to sleep, only to be awakened by little Lolita. "Mommie, Mommie," she said excitedly. "The hippos have come up out of the river!"

We listened. There could be no hippos since there was no river for many miles. It was John snoring. In the morning we all had a good laugh about that.

On the trip back to Kabanga, we had a problem. Crossing what Orville thought was a completely dried marshy area, the right rear wheel of the truck sank into a remaining mudhole, up to the axle. Every effort to drive out only made matters worse.

An African farmer came to help us with three yoke of oxen which were hitched up to the truck. The first two and last two oxen pulled straight ahead, but the middle team wanted to go to the side. For at least an hour, the struggle went on. Finally the two uncooperative oxen were removed and the four good ones hitched together. Almost immediately the truck was freed and we were able to continue with no more trouble.



Many years have passed, but I have never forgotten Mooka's wonderful Christian family and the adventurous trip across the fields. I thought there was a lesson to be learned from the oxen. Can you think what it is?



A Long Way to Go

From information from Guy Caskey who helped to start the preacher training school in Tanzania.

Africa is an enormous continent, about 5000 miles in length and almost as wide at its widest part. Many of its countries are still primitive and have no connecting highways, so travel may be possible in some places only on dirt roads that are little more than tracks.

At the time of our story, the 1950's, a poor black man by the name of Stephen was converted in Johannesburg, South Africa. As He grew spiritually, Stephen was certain that he wanted to preach to his people, but he realized that he needed much study and training. Upon enquiring about his chances to attend a school of some sort, Stephen learned that there was no such place in South Africa. He could find a school in America, but that was out of the question; Stephen had no money, and a wife and children to support on his small wage as a working man.

There was one possibility—the new preacher training school in Tanzania, East Africa, about 2500 miles away. If you look on your atlas or world map, the distance between South Africa and Tanzania may not appear to be great—but it is!

After much prayer and planning, Stephen's story unfolds.

An American Christian gave Stephen and his wife 100 British pounds (\$280). The couple left their children with relatives, obtained a passport, and bought a bus ticket for as far as the money would take them. Then Stephen sold a jacket and trousers for enough money to take them a bit farther, and a fellow traveller lent them three pounds. Still, they had not reached their destination, so they walked the last weary miles to the Bible school, their pockets empty, but hearts full of hope and faith.

In many countries where mission work has been going on for a long time, we now have preacher training schools for the native people. On the continent of Africa, since the date of our story, there are four such schools in the Republic of



African school girls play a game at break time.

South Africa, one in Zimbabwe, one in Ghana, one in Nigeria, and the one in Tanzania.

What if there had been no Bible school for Stephen to attend in the 50's? He may never have become a preacher. Perhaps he could have tried to preach without training—many have done so—but the training is so much better.



If an American wishes to become a preacher, he can choose between numerous Christian colleges and universities or preacher training schools. In your class, you may wish to discuss the value of such schools to the progress of the church. If you were a missionary in a foreign land, you might be in a position to establish such a school.

The goal of every missionary is to work himself out of a job. In other words, the churches need to be operated by the native people as soon as they are qualified to do so. Then the missionary can move on to another place where there is no church and so further expand the work of the Lord. How does a preacher training school make this possible?

Time out!



You are just about half-way through this book. What are you thinking about by now? Maybe you have thought of the stories as interesting things that happen to *other* people. Perhaps you have thought that it just could possibly be a worthwhile thing for you to do—to be a missionary.

Before you go any further, take “time out” to ask yourself what it would require and consider the following:

Faith—that Jesus is the Son of God.

Belief in the “great commission”. What did Jesus say? (Mark 16:15,16; Matthew 28:19,20) Those not baptized are *condemned*. Tough words!

Conviction—a strong persuasion or belief.

Total commitment —irresistibly impelled to do what you *must* do.

One final question — *Who* is going to “preach the gospel to every nation?” How about *you*?

There is an old familiar chorus that goes—

“I’ll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea:
I’ll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I’ll be what you want me to be. ”

*Asia
and
the Pacific*



From Slave to Free

Adapted from a true story, "Protective Custody" written by Bill McDonough in "The Keynote" bulletin of the 6th and Izard Street Church of Christ, Little Rock, Arkansas, 1988.

Muira tried to stretch her cramped body and legs but could not do so. There was no way in which she could be comfortable. She was sitting on the floor of a "lock box" that was four feet square. Rashish had beaten her and threatened to kill her, and officers had placed her in this tiny cell. "It's for your own protection," they said. She did wish for a larger space so she could lie down straight, but at least she was safe for the time being.

As Muira sat in her tiny cell, she had nothing to do except to think and remember. Over and over she thought of the events that had led her here. Innocent of any wrong except wanting to be a Christian, she was the victim of a Hindu society that did not know of Christ and His ways.

When she was only twelve, Muira's mother had sold her to Rashish, a young man from a wealthy Hindu family. "It is good for you," assured her mother. "Just do what he asks. You are lucky that he has chosen you."

Rashish and Muira were “married” by a Hindu priest, but it was four years before Muira learned that the government of that country did not recognize Hindu marriages. Her life became one of slavery, and she was beaten when she did not please the man who had bought her.

The Hindu religion made no sense to Muira. Although she did not know about the God of the Bible, she prayed often for help, and hoped that God would hear her. When she learned that she and Rashish were not really married, she ran away, but he found her and beat her mercilessly.

A friend named Deborah showed Muira a Bible course she was studying. Muira began to study the lessons every minute that Rashish was not watching her. “I must have gone over the lessons twenty times. I wanted to be sure this was the God I had prayed to,” she said.

Each week when Rashish gave her money for the marketing, Muira kept out five cents, until she could save enough to buy a stamp and mail the correspondence lesson to World Bible School. More lessons arrived then, and she spent hours in study.

One day a letter came saying that World Bible School teachers were coming to a nearby city. “How can I get away from Rashish to go and meet them?” she wondered. She arranged to carry a basket of fruit to an aunt in a hospital close by where the teachers would be.

“That day in the city changed my life,” says Muira. “They told me that the Christian life would not be easy, but it would be worth more than all the world.”

Muira was 16 when she was baptized by the World Bible School teachers but could not tell Rashish until she was 18, the legal age. Now she has left his house *forever*. Christians had hidden her when Rashish threatened that "blood would flow in the church." But he had found her and beaten her once more, and officers had taken her into "protective custody." "I know God will take care of me," Muira said. "Whether in the lock box or in heaven.... Don't give up.... Remember how the Apostle Paul sang when he was in jail."



This story is true. Names have been changed to protect the innocent. It was told by Muira to Bill McKonough and confirmed by brethren where this unusual Christian young woman worships. She is no longer in custody but not out of danger from the man who kept her a slave. She is being helped by fellow Christians and by her Lord in whom she has complete faith.

There are possibly many girls like Muira who need to learn about the true God and be released from their enslavement to falsehood. The fields are white unto harvest. Do you have any valid excuse not to go and be a missionary to such as Muira?



The Thai of a Million Rice fields

Adapted from an article in "Contact" magazine and letters from Dorsey and Ola Traw, missionaries to Thailand.

Thai" means "free", so Thailand means "the land of the free". Sometimes, though, we can rightfully ask, "What's in a name?" The people of Thailand have long been enslaved by numerous and varying religions.



Unconverted "animists" in Thailand believe in spirits separate from bodies. They are afraid of these spirits.

Buddhism is the state religion of Thailand. Its ancient scripture proclaims, "The personality of the godhead is situated as the super soul within the cores of the hearts of all living...including men, birds, trees...."

In a country where 88% of the people are idol worshippers, there are other religions: Islam brought by Arab traders, Chinese gods, Roman Catholicism, and Protestant groups.

Communists, *proclaiming* "liberation" (freedom?) have closed the borders around Thailand: Burma, Laos, Cambodia, and China. To the south is the Moslem nation of Malaysia, and beyond it, Moslem Indonesia. By the gulf, at the South China Sea, sea gypsies still worship their fish nets and fishermen paint huge eyes on the bows of their boats.

In spite of all this competition, we have some missionaries in Thailand. What an interesting place to be!



Young Thai Christians contact the animist believers, trying to convert them to Christ.

Let us imagine going to visit Dorsey and Ola Traw who have been there for more than a quarter of a century. We could board a Thai International 747 at Dallas and fly 21 hours, via Seattle and Japan, to Bangkok, the huge capital city of Thailand. A second inland flight would carry us 500 miles northward to where the Traws live, in the "Thai of a Million Rice Fields", now known simply as Chiangmai Province.



Young Thai Christians in the tropical sun, giving out invitations to study the Bible.

The Traws do not work only in the city of Chiangmai. They tell of Brother Sawat in the village of Wiang Pa Pao, in a land of animist and demon worshippers who also worship Buddha. Through the years, Dorsey and Ola had passed the Sawat house many times while on their village visits, never guessing what would happen some day.



Eight youth respond to the gospel at Chiangmai, Thailand.

Back in the city of Chiangmai, Mr. Sawat's niece had been searching for a place to worship—she and her husband were not satisfied with their past experiences with religions. Seeing the name “Church of Christ” on a building, she stopped and asked, “What time are your services on Sunday?”

From that simple question, the story unfolds to tell that the whole Sawat family eventually became Christians: husband, wife, three daughters, two sons-in-law, and the old father. The church in Wiang Pa Pao soon grew beyond all expectations. At first the congregation met in the Sawats' dining room, then in the garage, and finally in a church building which the congregation itself erected and paid for. To the Buddhist community, the most unusual thing was the baptistry. On the



Young graduates from the Chlangmai Bible School, Thailand.

opening day of the new building, ten souls were added to the body of Christ and immersed in that baptistry.

As we said, "Thai" means "free", and there, in the midst of many false religions, the Sawat family and the congregation in Wing Pa Pao are free in Christ. However, the story of the Sawat family is unusual. Most older Thai people are hard to reach with the gospel because they have followed false religions for so many years.

It is true everywhere that the church of the future depends upon the youth of today. In Thailand, this is true to an

exceptional degree. Bro. and Sis. Traw have emphasized this in their articles and letters. They are working with the youth of Chiangmai where they have a Bible school, for the old Asian ways are about to disappear forever.

The young people respond to the gospel, and they help enthusiastically in all areas of church work, including handing out tracts and talking to many people, sharing their knowledge and their zeal.



Chiangmai is the second largest city of Thailand. It has more than twelve college-level institutions of learning. The church has a building near a 4-lane highway that leads to the king's palace, and they have a full-time Thai preacher.

Why is this an ideal situation for doing missionary work here and in surrounding areas?

What adjustments would you have to make in your life style to work in a country like Thailand?



Two Girls of Thailand

Adapted from articles in World Radio News and letters from Kim Voraritskul and Rebecca Voraritskul, missionaries in Khon Naen, Thailand.

Thailand, in Southeast Asia, has 52 million people living in an area about as large as Texas. The climate is tropical, and parts of the country are beautiful. Bangkok, the capital, is picturesque with its canals, boat people, and myriads of flowers for sale. Inland, there is farm land (80% of the people are farmers) and mountain areas.



A Thai child "reading" one of a large shipment of Bibles.

The population is 95% Buddhist and 4% Muslim, with 1% claiming some form of Christian faith. This is a real challenge to Christian missionaries.

In 1974, Verasak Kim and Rebecca Voraritskul went to the university city of Khon Kaen, in the northeastern part of Thailand—one of the poorer sections of the country. They have seen many become Christians since that time.

There are many poor people in Khon Kaen who live in crowded conditions in that city of 250,000 population. Several families within one relationship may live in the same amount of space occupied by a single family in America. Many have large families. Young children seem to come out of every nook and cranny.



The Story of Geeng

Geeng is a Chinese girl who became a Christian at age 21. Her father is not rich, but he owns a small grocery store. When Geeng became a Christian, everyone in her family was very upset. How could she forsake the traditions in which she had been brought up? She would be an embarrassment to her father who is a respected member of the



A Christian girl named Geeng.

community.

Geeng's father offered her \$4,000 if she would forsake her new-found faith. When she refused, her father ordered her out of the house.

Geeng was troubled and sad. "I am my father's daughter. How can I leave my father?" she reasoned. She was ordered to obey her father and quit being a Christian.

Geeng continues to live at home, but the verbal struggle continues. She tried to win her father's favor without compromising her faith. What a challenge!

There could be many others like Geeng who need Christians to teach and encourage them. Khon Kaen, Thailand is just one of the many places that needs more missionaries.



The Story of Patchara

"Thai" means "free", and in many ways this is a description of Thai people. But young Patchara, a girl of twelve years of age, learned that "free" no longer applied to her after she became a Christian.

To keep Patchara from attending worship on Sunday, her mother would chain her to a pole or lock her in the bathroom. Still, Patchara's faith did not waver.

Persecution only made Patchara stronger, so the devil changed tactics and ignored her. When she no longer had to struggle to remain faithful, she became lukewarm and eventually quit the faith. When faithful Christians tried to help her

at that time, Patchara always said that she needed to stay close to her younger sisters to protect them.



Patchara and her sisters.

The story has a happy ending. When Patchara was twenty, she was restored to the faith and soon converted her sisters. She is studying at the Khon Kaen Bible Institute and hoping to convert her mother. Then the whole family will be *truly* free.



“Have I Become Your Enemy?”

Adapted from a letter written by Luao of Pago Pago, American Samoa, and several items in “World Radio News”.

The phone was ringing again. Bro. Luao Soli laid down his pen. He had been working on his next World Radio sermon, and the ringing of the telephone interrupted his train of thought. When he lifted the receiver, he couldn't believe his ears. The flood of swearing and evil words could have turned the air blue, and the tirade ended with the threat, “I'm going to come and cut your head off!”

It had been only a few days earlier when a threat had come over the phone that Bro. Soli would be shot. Now he sat very still for a long time. Only his mind was active.

“Why? Why is my life threatened when all I have done is preach the truth? Surely this has never happened before,” he thought. But then he remembered a scripture he had read. The apostle Paul was writing to people who had obeyed the truth but some were turning back, and also turning against Paul. He asked them, “Have I now become your enemy by telling you the truth?” (Galatians 4:16) Bro. Soli realized then that his experience was not the only one of its kind.

The phone threats happened in American Samoa, an

American territory, and the offending people were members of denominations claiming to be Christians. Bro. Soli, they said, was preaching false doctrine such as immersion of adults for baptism.

Of course the threats turned out to be just threats—it’s easy to curse and swear and threaten over the phone when you aren’t face to face with the other person.



Nestled among banana plants and palm trees is a shady, cool meeting place for a congregation in Western Samoa.

Bro. Soli wasn’t to be scared off, and he had faith in God. “These people are lost,” he said. “I trust in God that he will give me the strength so that I can still preach the word without fear—I never realized the Christian life is that hard until I obeyed the gospel and practiced it.”

Samoa, Bro. Soli's home country, is a group of some 14 islands in the romantic-sounding South Pacific. Most of the islands are colorful, with rich forests on mountain slopes that dip into fertile valleys. Coconuts, cacao, bananas and other tropical fruits as well as all kinds of vegetables grow in abundance. The climate is warm, for Samoa is near the equator, but not hot like a Texas summer. The people are tall, brown, and well-built, generous and usually friendly. In American Samoa, many live in American style houses while in Western Samoa, houses are simpler and usually have thatched roofs. The people speak Samoan and English.

"The Samoa tradition is very strong," wrote Bro. Soli in his letter. "We have high chiefs and orators and talking chiefs—they are the ones who control every village and control the families. The high chief has the power to stop any of his family that come to the church. We have so many members that quit coming to worship because of that reason."

The letter continues, "Many seem to be religious but are not. They are just like the Pharisees; they do things to be praised by men. They do things for their own glorification. They (denominations) also keep Sunday as the Christian sabbath. They make laws to force the people to wear only white clothes to church. They look at a preacher as a very high man. In some villages they treat preachers like kings. The preacher is the only one who can make decisions for everything. If there is a funeral or a marriage or a new chief title ceremony, the denominational preacher will receive many foods and much money."

When Bro. Soli was converted by Donald Thornton, an

American missionary, there were only six members of the church of Christ in the country and four in Western Samoa. Bro. Soli studied a great deal with missionaries since that time. Eventually he left his secular job and began to preach full time. Eight years of preaching on World Radio have brought him far better results than the telephone threats on his life.

Bro. Soli also travels to islands other than Pago Pago. In a gospel meeting on Apia, many visitors were present. Six converts were baptized in a pool near the road. Curious on-lookers asked questions, giving the Christians a chance to explain their faith and practice.



Christians gather for worship on the Lord's Day in Western Samoa. Traditionally, most people wear white to worship.

During another gospel meeting, a high chief (as described earlier) named Tulau Fagaowanu and his wife were taught

and baptized. This was important because a high chief's influence would be helpful in converting others.

Travel between islands is by plane and ferry, so World Radio plays an important part in the preaching. One listener was about to become a Catholic priest but changed his mind, was immersed into the Lord's church and studied further with Bro. Soli.

Best of all, perhaps, some who became angry with Bro. Soli's teaching have changed their minds, realizing that the Bible is always true.



In a Bible class, you may want to discuss what makes some people angry when they hear the truth of the Bible being taught. In Matthew 5:11, Jesus said, "Blessed are you when people insult you, and falsely say all kinds of evil against you because of me. Rejoice and be glad, because great is your reward in heaven, for in the same way they persecuted the prophets who were before you."

How did Ahab treat Elijah? (I Kings 21, especially v. 20) Ahab calls Elijah his enemy.

What have these thoughts to do with your considering to become a missionary?



Udah of the Philippines

Adapted from an article in "World Radio News" and a letter from Phil Terry, a missionary in Manila.

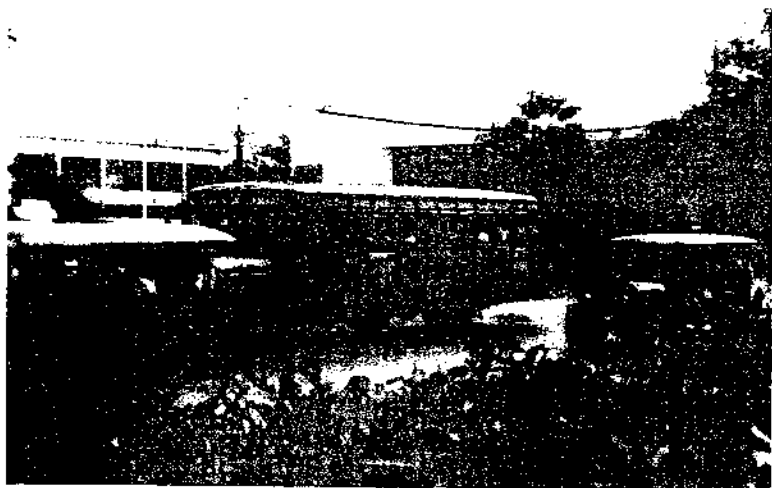
An old legend has it that a huge giant once threw a massive rock into the sea. The rock broke into some 7000 pieces, some large, some very small, and these formed the Philippine Islands.

Only 1/10 of the islands are inhabited. The rest are small bits of marshland or jagged rocks sticking out of the sea. The largest island is Luzon, about the area of the state of Kentucky. It is a good land, and its large city, Manila, is by the excellent harbor of Manila Bay.

The people of the Philippines came from many places; the original small Negritos, the Indonesians from Malaya, other Malay people known as Filipinos, and smaller numbers from China, Japan, and Europe.

Spain claimed the Philippine Islands for about 300 years, then the United States for about 50 years, and now it is an independent nation. There are more than 80 languages and dialects. The official language is Tagalog, but English is the language of commerce and is understood by many.

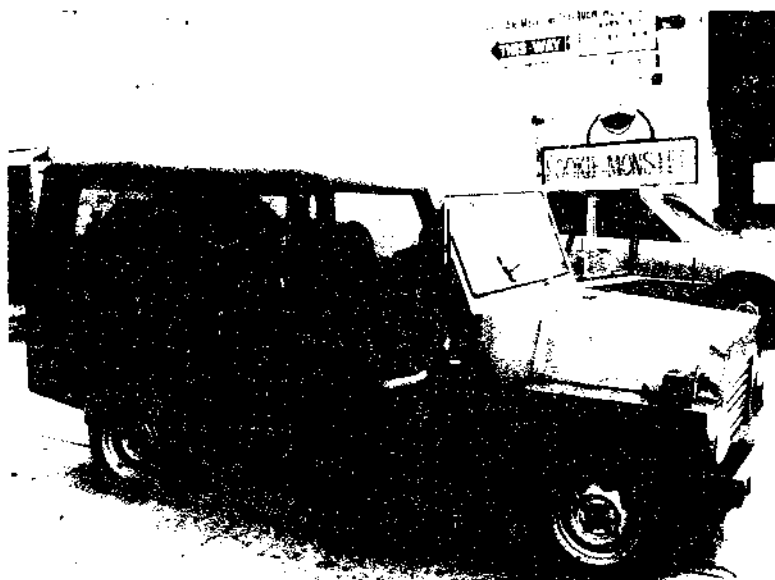
Life in the city of Manila, population 11 million, is rough and dirty, but exciting. Crowded into facilities and space suited for two million, the eleven million find themselves always caught in the mad rush of traffic. Every imaginable kind of vehicle is used. Most are fueled with diesel, so there is diesel dust everywhere and a brownish smog hangs low over the city. Some commuters spend five to six hours every day just getting to and from work.



"Jeepneys" and buses are typical types of transportation on the streets of Manila in the Philippines.

In spite of the discomforts of the city life, the Filipino people are "the most delightful race on earth," according to Bro. Terry. "Their nature is pleasant, not 'pushy'."

There is a variety of religions in the Philippines: Islam, Buddhist cults, denominations, Catholicism, and now, some



People in the Philippines are friendly and they smile a lot, as the man seen here.

churches of Christ. Although the Catholics teach many things that are not according to the Bible, they have taught the people a deep love for Jesus.

For a long time, the Filipino people were uneducated. Now they are eager to become educated. Many already have this love for Jesus, so it is the right time to teach them more about the Bible.

Bible Study Centers have been opened where Filipinos can study about Christ. Also, beginning in early January, 1988, World Bible School has been advertised in Manila newspapers, and by June there were 1300 Bible correspondence

students, with 86 people in Hixson, Tennessee, teaching them via air mail lessons. This is perhaps just the beginning of greater things.

And now for Uдах's story...

Lisa Dorn is a single American missionary working at the Caloocan Bible Study Center. One day, she phoned Bro. Terry at the Makati Bible Study Center. "I have a student who wants to be baptized. Can I bring her to you?" she asked.

Bro. Terry wrote in his letter: "A few hours later, Lisa appeared with her student, Uдах. Oh my! Uдах is a remarkable human being. At well under five feet tall, Uдах would be hard pressed to slam-dunk a tennis ball into the top drawer of a four-drawer filing cabinet. However, her personality is gigantic. She could fill a stadium with her radiance, dynamic happiness, and good intention." As Bro. Terry stood in the baptistery, preparing to baptize Uдах, he spoke at some length about the act she was about to undergo. Suddenly Uдах looked up and whispered urgently, "Hurry up and baptize me now!"

Who is Uдах? Where did she come from? How had she heard the gospel? It so happened that, at the time of our story, she was back in Manila, on vacation from Singapore where she worked as a servant. She visited her sister who was a Bible correspondence course student. The sister told Uдах about the Bible Study Center, so Uдах went there, met Lisa, learned the gospel—and you know the rest of the story. We only hope that Uдах's sister has by now also obeyed the gospel.



In the Bible, the apostle Paul wrote in I Corinthians 3:6 that he had planted, Apollos had watered, and God had given the increase. Think about this. How does one "plant" the gospel? How is it watered? Is one more important than the other?



"Middle class housing" in Manila. The first floor is for businesses, the upper floor for an extended family. Many Christians may live in places like this.



Bhoy — the Human Explosion

Adapted from a story written by Phil Terry, missionary in Manila, Philippines. Taken from bulletin, "Manila Extract", for May, 1989.

DYNAMITE! His powerful body exploded across the stage in dynamic dance. Every night—EVERY NIGHT—millions turned on their televisions to watch his detonation. He was the leader of the International Dancers. On stage, he was brilliant. On the streets, he was recognized by all the young crowd, even on the streets of Tokyo, Japan. Front to rear, a slash of dyed orange hair identified Bhoy (the "h" is silent). As Bhoy did, so did the young men of Manila. Orange became popular.

DYNAMITE! The superstar of dance found his queen. She was sweet, intelligent, sensitive, and beautiful—an international model. Together they had it all. Bhoy and his queen represented the young Filipino's ideal: power, personality, parties, pesos. *But no peace.* Can peace exist in the heart of such a dynamic person?

Bhoy's wife began to take an interest in a denominational church, and Bhoy soon followed. But Bhoy was not satisfied that they had the truth. With his dynamic way of doing everything, he was going to search until he had found *all* the

truth. He tried several denominations, but their precepts were soon exploded by Bhoy's standards for truth.

One denomination recognized the dynamic power within Bhoy. His presence riveted your attention. What an evangelist he could be if he spoke in tongues! But he couldn't. "Just fake it then," he was told. That was the end of it for Bhoy. He wanted truth.

DYNAMITE! Bhoy, not to be stopped in his search, saw an ad in the paper for the Bible Study Center (run by Bro. Phil Terry). He called and enquired about available courses and made an appointment. Bro. Terry wrote, "You handle dynamite with care. You don't hammer on it, you don't burn it, and you don't pressure it." Bhoy possessed a world of various doctrines and was confused. Bro Terry decided that the best thing would be for Bhoy to study for himself and let him draw his own conclusions. Bhoy did study the Bible, and he was carefully led out of error and into Christ.

The denomination wanted Bhoy back and offered to pay him a salary to preach for them. Money they could offer, but not truth and peace. Bhoy's growth in the gospel was almost as explosive as he was in everything else he did. His wife felt left behind and even wanted the old Bhoy back—she thought. But she is slowly learning and will some day catch up with her husband in his faith and his demand for the absolute truth.

Where, in all this turmoil, is the peace that Bhoy was seeking? It is found just where it is needed most—between himself and God.



Do you know some dynamic people? (The word “dynamic” and the word “dynamite” both come from the same Greek word.)

How about dynamic preachers? Is it better for a preacher to be “dynamic” or to be calm and “cool” all the time? What are the good and/or bad points about each?



Negritos — the Little People of the Philippines

*From information sent by Tomas Lizardo, a native preacher of
Zambales, Philippine Islands.*

In the story of “Udah of the Philippines”, mention is made of the various racial groups that make up the Philippine population. Udah was in the big city of Manila on the main island of 7000 islands.

This is a story of Tomas Lizardo, a Philippine man who is preaching the gospel in a remote mountainous area. He and his family are “Igorots”, descended from what, long ago, was a tribe of cannibals—head hunters—and legends even say they used to have tails! He describes his



The Tom Lizardo family.

birthplace as being high in the mountains and very cold.

Tomas Lizardo works to a great extent with the Negritos. Driven into more remote areas many years ago by larger and more aggressive brown Malay people, they isolate themselves and regard themselves as being inferior created beings. Negritos are almost like pygmies, growing to only three to four feet in height. They have kinky hair and flat noses.

The Negritos live mostly in wild mountain regions. A few descend at times to the lowlands to sell orchids, blowguns, spears, and arrows. They have little education, marry young, and have large families. They live by hunting, farming, and eating what they find in nature.

Surprisingly, they have high moral standards and there is little crime. "You can leave your things outside for a week or more," says Bro. Lizardo. With their jungle experience, they are being hired by the U.S. government to train U.S. jungle fighters.

Early denominational missionaries "spoiled" the Negrito people by giving



A schoolroom where Tom Lizardo works with the Negritos.

them many gifts—almost like a bribe if they would take on the missionaries' religion. Now Bro. Lizardo finds it very difficult to bring them the gospel—he does not want them to come only to receive any gift except that of salvation. He says, "It takes a lot of courage, strength and patience to teach about Jesus to these people."

In the mountain areas one must walk long distances, climbing difficult paths. Sometimes a motorcycle can be used. The best thing would be a helicopter, but that represents too much money.

The hope of saving the souls of the Negritoes from hell is to live with them, guide them, and train the children to become teachers of the word.



You may want to discuss the best ways for an American missionary to work with people like the Negritoes in the midst of their native surroundings.

What sacrifices would you have to make? Would you teach them English, speak through an interpreter, or learn their language? Which would be most effective?

Would you help to provide schools for the children? If so, what subjects do you think you would make sure are taught?



“Unclean! Unclean!”

If you had lived in the Bible lands in the time of Jesus, you would often have heard people at a distance calling out, “Unclean! Unclean!” You would have known that the cries came from someone with leprosy — a “leper”.

One time there were ten lepers who met Jesus along the way. They knew that He could heal them and they asked Him to take pity on them. Jesus did heal them, but only one of the ten returned to thank him. You might like to read this story again in Luke 17:11-19.

There is much written in the laws of the old Testament about the way to deal with lepers. You may remember the story of Naaman in II Kings 5:1-27, and how he traveled far to see the prophet Elisha. The prophet was able to perform a miraculous cure by having Naaman dip seven times in the River Jordan. Of course, there was nothing special about the water, but when Naaman obeyed God’s command through Elisha, he was cured.

The two cures just mentioned were miraculous, for all through the centuries there was no medicinal cure. Now there is a cure, but it is a long, slow process. Leprosy is contagious, but it is not easily contracted like flu or a cold. One must live

in close contact with a leper for a long time before getting the disease, and even then, may not contract it at all.

There is no way of knowing the exact count of cases of leprosy in the world, but the number is probably more than 18 million, 8 million of them in India alone. Most leprosy exists in the warmest climates such as parts of China, India, Central Africa and Indonesia.

Leprosy affects the skin, the nerve endings, and muscles in the arms and legs. Lumps may appear on various parts of the body. The skin thickens, and the eyes may become inflamed and even unable to close. The person loses the ability to feel in his hands and feet. Bones in the hands and feet lose calcium as the disease progresses, causing fingers and toes to waste away and fall off. Repeated attacks of inflammation of the nerves are very painful. In spite of these and other symptoms of the disease, few ever die of leprosy itself, but they become so weak that they die easily of other causes. In India, even in well-to-do families, one with leprosy would be cast out to fend for himself. Now, with increased knowledge of the disease, and with possibility of complete cure, this attitude is slowly changing.

India is a poor country, and many lepers turn to begging rather than seek a cure. Begging is an easy, lazy way to fill one's stomach and have enough money for tobacco and alcohol, so "why go through the trouble of a lengthy cure?" reasons the poor, uneducated victim of leprosy.

Religious groups are taking the lead in establishing relief centers for lepers where patients may stay as long as five years, depending on the severity of the case. At Rajamundry,

on the eastern side of India, we find a Leprosy Control Center run by Christians and supported by churches in the United States.

A part of the control center is a home for children. A child born of leprous parents does not have the disease at birth. If he can be kept apart from his parents, a child can be as healthy as anyone, so the establishment of a children's home must always be linked up with running a treatment center.



Following is a real life story from Rajamundry.



Lepers of Rajamundry

A true story, based on information from Bro. K.S. Kumar who runs the Leprosy Relief Center, and Mrs. Kumar who oversees the children's home at Rajamundry, Andhra Pradesh, India.

Seenu, a man of India, had just come off of his shift as warden of the State Prison. He was feeling very happy, for he was soon to arrive at his comfortable little home in a middle-class area of the city. His lovely wife Seeta and his son Ramu and daughter Meena would be there, waiting to greet him. There would be the smell of a good meal in the kitchen and some time to play with the children before the food was ready.

As Seenu was washing his hands before the meal, he noticed a coppery-looking patch of skin on one hand. "Hmm," he thought. "It's some kind of a rash, or maybe an insect bite. It's probably nothing." He forgot all about the spot. He had so much to be happy about: a healthy family, a good job, children who did well at school—what more could a man want?

As time passed, Seenu noticed other spots on his skin. "Pesky rash," he thought. But this went on for years. Not wanting to worry Seeta and the children, he said nothing about the shadow of fear that began to creep slowly over him.

The patches began to grow in size then, and eventually the skin became numb. Other symptoms appeared: crookedness of the fingers, irritation of the nose, and steady deforming of the face.

Seenu wanted to ignore the symptoms, but Seeta insisted he should seek help. It took only a quick look by the doctor for him to diagnose leprosy. Seenu must have immediate treatment with the newest medicines if he hoped for a cure.

Seenu believed that his leprosy was the result of a cruel fate, but Seeta insisted that he should seek expert help immediately. She was, in fact, frantic in her search for help. At last, she learned of K.S. Kumar, a Christian who conducted a Leprosy Relief Center. The relief center had a capacity of fifty patients at any one time, and it was full, but Bro. Kumar was kind enough to make an



The hands and the feet of lepers are eaten away by the disease.

exception. Seenu was admitted and medical treatment began without delay.

Seenu had already resigned from his job because the deformity of his face had become obvious. Soon he would have been shunned by all society. For a while, Seeta kept the children at home and she would visit Seenu as she was able.

Misfortune sometimes comes in bunches—Seeta began to develop signs of the dreaded leprosy. Would Bro. Kumar accept her in the treatment center? He would. Treatments could begin immediately.



These are children of leprous parents who are being treated at Rajamundry. The children do not have leprosy.

The question was, “What would become of the children?” It was not a question for long. Adjacent to the treatment center is a home, directed by Mrs. Kumar, where children can stay while their parents are being treated. They do not live with their parents but are close by and can see them often.

In the children's home are dormitories for boys and girls, most of them between six and twelve years of age. The children are well fed and have comfortable, clean mats for sleeping, clean bathrooms, and good cool water for drinking.

The children's day begins early, with prayers and singing. The climate is hot, so they enjoy cool baths and then have a breakfast of milk, porridge (wheat or rice), and sometimes an egg. During the day there are periods of Bible stories and a great deal of singing, which they love. Early afternoon is for resting, for it is very hot. A sweet treat is served at four, and playtime follows until sunset. Lunch and supper provide a good variety of meat, vegetables, rice, bread, and buttermilk. All food for patients and children alike comes from the same kitchen.



Leprosy patients sitting by their dormitory facility in Rajamundry.

When school vacation time comes, the rules are relaxed a bit. There is much free time, and the children often go on excursions and visits to places of interest.

While Meena and Ramu enjoyed the good things about the children's home, their parents underwent rigorous treatment. Leprosy is curable if detected early enough, and in less than a year, Seeta was cured. Seenu's case was much further advanced and very stubborn.

It was four years before the doctors were satisfied with Seenu's progress. Happily, it was possible for plastic surgeons to operate successfully on his toes and fingers. The results were near-miraculous.

Prior to their time at the Leprosy Treatment Center, Seenu and Seeta had had no time for religion. At the center, after many months of Bible teaching, prayers, singing, and seeing the example of the beautiful life led by Bro. Kumar and his wife, they were ready to accept Christ. They were baptized into the Lord's church then and, in time, Meena and Ramu followed in their footsteps. They became a whole Christian family and were filled with joy.

Most of the patients at the center become Christians. In all of India, only 2% accept any form of Christianity, so this is a wonderful record. Most Indians who follow a religion of any sort are Hindu. (See the chapter headed "No Other Way" to learn a bit more about the Hindu religion.)



Have you ever thought about becoming a "medical missionary" (doctor, nurse, assistant, etc.)? Would you be afraid

to work with lepers now that you know you could be cured if you contracted the disease?

If you are in a Bible class situation, you may want to discuss how Jesus took compassion on the sick and maimed and healed many of them, always instantly. How is Jesus' work different for that of today's medical missionary? What can a medical missionary do for people in addition to curing their diseases?



Life Or Death for Lilani

A story from Sri Lanka by Betty Burton Choate.

Lilani's father laid her gently on the hospital bed. He looked down at the trusting face of his five-year-old. She was so small—too small for the ordeal she was already being prepared to face. He could see the droop of her eyelids that the anesthesia had begun its work.

Suddenly, he felt his own tiredness. They had come such a long road since that day only two months ago when Lilani's breathlessness in playing, and her blue color, had caused them to rush her to a doctor. He had checked her over gravely before saying that Lilani had a serious heart defect. Without surgery, she would live only two or three more months, the doctors had warned.

Reggie remembered the hopelessness he and Mahes, Lilani's mother, had felt. How could they save their little girl? In their island nation of Sri Lanka, six others had had such open-heart surgery, but none of them had lived. They could not let Lilani be number seven. A few days earlier Reggie had read an article about Dr. Denton Cooley of Houston's "Texas Children's Hospital". The report said that Dr. Cooley was the world's best doctor for heart surgery for children.

"I know what I will do," Reggie had thought. "I will send Lilani's medical records to Dr. Cooley and ask him if he will take her case." Along with that packet, he had also written J.C. and Betty Choate and some other American Christians to see if they could help with the red tape and expense of getting Lilani to the United States. Reggie had been baptized only a few months earlier, one of the first Christians in Sri Lanka, but he was confident that his new brothers and sisters in Christ would help him if they could.

When Betty received Reggie's letter, her first response was to put her face in her hands and cry. J.C. was in India. She couldn't go alone to ask churches for money to finance the surgery. Her only recourse was to write letters, and she knew from experience how difficult it was to raise money by mail. Prayer helps, and then she dried her eyes and asked the other ladies in the congregation to help her write to forty people she thought would share her concern.

When there is a life-or-death time limit, things can happen in a hurry. Those people appealed to their congregations, and the need was relayed by telephone, and written up in bulletins and in letters across the country. Waves of response began to come in from an ever-widening circle, reaching finally to churches in New York, Minnesota, and Washington State. One brother contacted his senator and got a waiver on part of the cost of the air ticket for Lilani and her parents. A congregation in Houston offered a house for them to live in, near the hospital. Brethren in New York volunteered to meet the plane and to take them home for a period of rest after their long flight from Sri Lanka. Other Christians in Houston were waiting at the airport to be a constant emotional, as well as



Lilani Gnanasundaram with Denise Hopper, one of the many families to reach out helping hands so Lilani could live.

spiritual and physical support. Yes, the road had been long, but surely this had been a time when the Lord's body had truly functioned as a body, with each one seeing the work that he or she could do and then doing it. Reggie's head was bowed,

not only in tiredness but also in thankfulness, that God had brought them this far and that He would surely carry them through the ordeal of the surgery.



In order to keep Lilani from being afraid, the nurse used a doll to explain about the tubes and bandages she would find when she awoke from the surgery.

Twenty years have passed, and I would tell you, not the end, but the continuation of Lilani's story. She is a grown-up young lady now, but she still carries her "zipper" of the long scar and rows of stitches from the surgery. Dr. Cooley's deft hands repaired the four defects in her heart so that she has had no more problems. She and her husband are faithful Christians, teaching others of the gospel. Her father, Reggie, who had never spoken before a group, had offered his words of gratitude to churches in the States and then had gone home to look for opportunities to share with Sri Lankans the truths that had had such monumental impact in his own life. Twenty

years of individual growth, as well as growth of the church in Sri Lanka, have been the results of his efforts.

Today, Lilani would say, "What seemed a tragedy was used by God to bring so many wonderful things into my life! And now I have so much to live for, and so much work to do for Him!"



Lilani's "zipper".



This is not an ordinary event. However, there are many times when Christians in many places come to the aid of people in emergencies. Can you think of some of these times that you have heard of, or in which you may even have had a part?

What has been the long-lasting benefit of the help given by many to Lilani's family?



Satya Vani — Voice of Truth

From an article in "World Radio News", March-April, 1989, by Joshua Gootam.

Most American homes have a radio of some sort—maybe a big stereo—maybe a tiny pocket-size model. We use the radio to listen to our favorite music which may be playing merely as background to something else we are doing. We take radio for granted and often half-way listen to it. True, there are some gospel preachers who speak over our radios, but this is not one of the major means of outreach for converting people in America.

In, India, where our story takes place, the picture is different. Whereas we rely on TV as our chief means of home entertainment and news broadcasts, the average home in India will use the radio. There may be little else in the way of entertainment in the towns and villages, but radios are cheap and available so most people tune in.

In Sri Lanka, there is a powerful radio transmitter that reaches all of the country of India. There is hardly a home in India that does not switch to Radio Sri Lanka each and every day. **Satya Vani (The Voice of Truth)** is broadcast five times a week in the Telugu Language, and more than a thousand letters a week are received by the preacher and his

staff. Reports of people obeying the Lord are received every day.

Many congregations have been started as a result of the radio broadcasts. Four thrilling stories of Satya Vani are reported by Joshua Gootam, radio preacher in India.



Many Indian people are eager to hear the gospel.

Story I

“We now have a good size congregation in the Savras tribe. When I went to their village and held a meeting there, the entire village of Sandura obeyed the gospel. *First they threw their idols in the village lake and were baptized for the remission of their sins in the same lake.* They have now branched out into several villages with the gospel truth.”

Story II

The villagers in Palagummi heard the radio preaching and contacted a preacher in a neighboring village. Brother Nehemiah went and preached in the village and nearly all the hearers were converted. They too threw their idols into the water. The church in Palagummi is now meeting and worshipping the true God in the one-time Hindu temple *minus the idols!* So much to the power of the gospel when it is presented in its simplicity, even on the radio!

Story III

A preacher in the Guntur District, named Sadhu David, had, for many years been a "healer and a devil driver" (claimed to drive out devils) until he heard the gospel on the radio. Convinced of the truth, he wrote to the radio preacher for gospel literature. Two teachers from the Kakinada School of Preaching were sent to look him up. They held gospel meetings in which 126 were converted—one of them being Sudhu David. He gladly gave up his old heathen way of making a living. Now this former "holy healer and devil driver" has started at least four new congregations of the Lord's church.

Story IV

There is a remarkable lady in the state of Karnataka. Her husband is a priest in the famous Hindu temple there. While her husband tended to the idols and their worshippers, she heard the gospel on the radio. She was eventually converted. Her husband is still a priest to the idol gods while she chose to be a priest unto *the living God*. (Read I Peter 2:9 to see

how all Christians are a priesthood.) No preacher may ever have reached this lady, but the Lord made it so simple to reach her through means of the radio.

Brother Gootam writes, “I must add here that radio evangelism cannot replace eye-ball evangelism. We have a vast network of preachers throughout this land that are forever on the go to reach the one that responds and study with him or her. Usually when only a single individual responds, the preacher on the spot studies with the family and ends up baptizing the entire family.”



Many thousands of study books are printed in India, and radio listeners are invited to write for the free books. Bibles and reading materials are precious in India, because many people do not have these things.



This sort of activity with almost spectacular results makes a person want to "get in on the action". In India, an American citizen cannot obtain permission to remain as a permanent resident, but a Canadian citizen can do so. Perhaps someone in Canada is reading this. Americans can obtain permission to be in India for three months at a time, and we have some Americans who are doing this.

You may want to discuss what part you can play in evangelizing on a three-month-at-a-time basis. Brother J.C. Choate operates in the way described. During the months that he remains in the States, he is very busy doing printing work for India and many other places. You may want to follow in his footsteps and even take his place when he has to retire some day.

*The
Americas
and the
Caribbean*



Words With Wings

Adapted from "Ends of the Earth", a monthly report of printing work, by David Caskey, and reports of work in the Caribbean by David Caskey.

Did you know? Did you know that there are about 35 million people living on the islands of the Caribbean Sea?

Do you know for sure which sea is the Caribbean? Some people don't know, so use your globe or atlas and find the area around the tip of Florida and below. You will easily find Cuba, the largest island. Look for Haiti, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, the Bahamas (including Eleuthera Island and Cat Island). Find Nassau and Grand Bahama Island, and down near South America you will see Trinidad. There are about 700 islands in all—and 35,000,000 people needing the gospel.

How would you go about taking the gospel to so many places? We have only just begun, but here's how—and it's sometimes pretty exciting.

Americans have *started* the work. There are schools of preaching in Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and Trinidad. There are two schools of Biblical studies: one in Nassau and one in Freeport. Another will open soon on the island of Abaco.

Native men are better able to take the gospel to their own people than an outsider, but they need help. David Caskey is helping in a most unusual way—with an airplane of his own. He receives dozens of large boxes of printed materials—tracts and books—which weigh about 44 pounds each and then flies them out to the islands to be distributed. David Caskey writes about his work:

“I have all the printed materials, New Testaments, etc., shipped to Florida. These are picked up at the post office in a station wagon. The boxes must then be sized and weighed for placement in the aircraft. We fly out of Palm Beach International Airport. When we leave the U.S. airspace, we change to a *bush pilot!*”



David Caskey with the plane he uses to carry bundles of literature to the Caribbean Islands.

“All the pilots who fly regularly in the Bahamas know each other and we exchange greetings, weather reports, runway conditions and other information over a selected radio frequency. We carry spray cans of yellow paint for marking large potholes in the runways.

“The supplies of printed materials not for that location are loaded back on the plane. At the next location, I may rent a car, if it is a big island, or get a taxi, to take me to the dock for water-taxi transportation to the next island. I will visit the schools on the island. The headmaster will usually call an assembly so that I can address the student body.

“Afterwards, with help from the teachers, I distribute materials and Testaments for the children to carry home. *Each piece will be read and reread many times, as these people get no newspapers, books, magazines or other reading materials.* I then will go settlement to settlement and house to house and to gathering places under trees. Since I get up between 4:30 and 5:00 a.m., I am usually pleased to go to bed after supper. There is no night visiting, since there is no electricity, only oil lamps.”

The materials that are distributed are simple enough to be easily understood by anyone who can read. David says, “Many people have converted themselves by simply taking the personal Bible studies, looking up the passages, answering the questions and learning what the Lord wants them to do to become pleasing to him.”

Here is the most important point of this story — “Limited as we are in *manpower* today in the church, it seems to me

that we must turn to this alternative if we ever expect to touch any sizable section of the world's population."

When you are considering the many ways of doing mission work, and the many places that need the gospel, you could even think of becoming a "bush pilot" like David Caskey. After all, he cannot reach all 700 islands by himself.



Some Big Little Stories from the Bahamas

Story #1 — Edwina Burrows owns and operates a hotel in Rock Sound, South Eleuthra, Bahamas. She learned the truth and was converted through radio sermons and correspondence lessons. One night while David Caskey was visiting there, Mrs. Burrows invited denominational preachers from the area to supper. She talked to them about unity, using some pretty strong terms. In fact, she thought that all the denominational buildings should be destroyed and use only the New Testament as a guide while meeting around the swimming pool at her hotel. That was rather drastic, but who could argue with her after being stuffed with fried chicken by this 70-year-old lady?

Story #2 — Betty Ann had learned the truth by means of correspondence lessons. She had lost a leg to cancer, but not her faith and optimism. She teaches 22 children every Sunday. In five years or so, she expects to have a congregation from her children's class.

Story #3 — (quoted from David Caskey's report) "A few days ago, Jason (David's son) and I sat on the floor of a mud hut with a thatch roof in Old Bight, Cat Island. Our hostess

was Julina Wells. She is a listener to my broadcast and, as an old matriarch on the island, has great influence. Her hut boasts a framed proclamation signed by the Queen of England, and a picture with Sir Linden Pingle, Prime Minister of the Bahamas. To the question of her age, she replied, 'I don't know, Sir. In those days they did not keep records, but I was born in this house.' She explained that she owned nice modern houses in both Nassau and Freeport, but stayed here because the simple life made her happy. She had learned something that many of us have missed—that is 'life does not consist in the abundance of the things a man possesses'."

Story #4 — In Bannerman Town, southernmost settlement on the long narrow island of Eleuthern, lived an 18-year-old girl, Deborah Williams, the youngest of nineteen children. Deborah took the Bible correspondence course, then asked David Caskey to baptize her. David flew his little plane to the island but still had to drive 45 miles to Bannerman Town, over a bad road which ran out completely before reaching his destination. Deborah was overjoyed to be baptized, but she was worried that there would be no one to teach her further from God's word. Soon after her baptism, she went to nursing school in Nassau and discovered that one of her teachers was a Christian. Now there were two to study and pray together. God was surely in control.

Story #5 — Cuthbert Alberry is a 74-year-old upholsterer on the island of Abaco. He owned a valuable piece of land at the intersection of the two main roads on the island. He could have sold the land for enough money on which to retire in luxury. Instead, he gave the land to the church and continues his daily task at his sewing machine.

Story #6 — On the island of Eleuthera, land for cemeteries is scarce, and cemeteries are owned by denominational churches. When Bertha Edwards, in her late 70's, was baptized into the church of Christ, her former denominational people threatened that they would not bury her when she died. In her peculiar dialect, she replied, "I ain't care. This is a hot place and when I'm gone, you'll bury me all right." That was faith showing itself in yet another way.

Story #7 — Not all of David Caskey's flights are routine or uneventful. One day he went in for a landing at New Bight on Cat Island. Steering carefully around the yellow-painted potholes, he taxied to a stop, expecting simply to visit the Smith's Bay congregation. Suddenly a helicopter landed and police ran toward the plane, armed with M-16 rifles. Cat Island is a "funnel" for the drug trade, and the officers thought they had a suspect in tow. David moved slowly and cautiously to open the doors of the plane. Then one of the officers recognized him, and when he explained that David was the speaker on the "Search for Truth" radio program, all the officers beat a hasty retreat to their helicopter and flew off. Were their faces red!



Not all of these "big little stories" are full of adventure, but they represent some of the rewards of the efforts put forth by those who do mission work, whether by radio, correspondence courses, or personal teacher.

Can you think of any vocation in life that could bring any more satisfaction?



FATHER DRUM, MOTHER DRUM, BABY DRUM

A true story from Haiti, West Indies. Information from Jean-tyard Elmera, a native Christian of Port-Au-Prince, Haiti.

In 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue.” You didn’t expect to read that in a book of missionary stories, did you? The truth is that in 1492, Columbus landed on the Caribbean island that was later named “Hispaniola”. The western third of the island is today known as Haiti, now the most thickly populated country in the Western Hemisphere. In the 1600’s, French pirates settled in Haiti and brought black African slaves to farm the plantations that they built up. Today, most of the people of Haiti are black. They speak a mixture of Indian, French, and Spanish, called “Creole-French”.

Columbus found a new land with pure waters and only a sparse Indian population. What happened in the 500 years since then? Today, for instance, the once-clear waters of Cap Haitien on the north coast are murky. Rotting garbage, polluted water, dead fish, and open sewage make an unbearable stench. The entire country is over-crowded and the people are extremely poor.

Outside of the principal city of Port-Au-Prince, the typical Haitian lives in a thatched house on a small farm. He may

raise coffee, sugar, sisal, or bananas in addition to his main food crop of beans. Nine out of ten Haitians cannot read. Ignorance lends itself well to the religion of Voodoo which, in Haiti, is mixed with Catholicism. Voodoo is the dominant force. Twisted, barren trees, with black marks at their bases, represent Voodoo gods. Witch doctors dance and recite incantations to the beat of three drums: Father drum, Mother drum, and Baby drum. Catholic priests and witch doctors work side by side. One Christian missionary wrote in a report, "Haiti is the only country in the world where Satan is regarded as a national deity."



In the big city of Port-Au-Prince there lives a Christian named Jeantyrard Elmera, whose father is a Voodoo priest. Brother Elmera explains, "My first religion was Catholic and Voodoo."

Some years ago, when some Protestant people held a meeting near his home, Bro. Elmera and other young men threw rocks at the people. "I did it because I believed then that the Catholic church was the true church," he wrote. "It was a pleasure to me to send those rocks into the crowd. I hated people who had the Bible in their hands."

Bro. Elmera, who speaks Creole-French, struggles to write in English, but this is what he wrote—"One day I was in the 9th grade when in my school a minister came distributing some wonderful Bibles to the students. He begs us to avoid taking it if we are not going to read it. As I wanted this beautiful book, I took it. Let me tell you, at that time I started being concerned about the true God. This little Bible started

by opening my eyes about error in Catholic church. I have rejected Catholic church."

Bro. Elmera's father then tried to win him back to Voodooism by saying that a Voodoo "spirit" was calling him. In Voodoo, if a spirit asks for you, they believe that you cannot refuse.

Then Bro. Elmera "prayed God with a good vision." He went on to explain, "I asked Him for me not to bear this burden. Today I can tell you that God has heard my voice."



Brother Elmera preaches the gospel in his homeland of Haiti.

He began then to study with Pentecostals, and with Adventists, until one day he met someone from the church of Christ. According to his own story, he wrote, "When I know who I was, what I am today, I conclude that our Lord is merciful. God took me in the valley of ignorance, brought me in His church and gave me a work to do. I am going to do my best to lead souls to

Christ. *There is work to do.*”

Bro. Elmera now preaches on World Radio, the only Christian radio program in western Haiti. He explains, “My father is old now. He still is involved in Voodoo. Sometimes he heard my voice on the radio but he doesn’t want to obey the gospel. It is my prayer that the Lord will touch his heart.”

Bro. Elmera supports himself with a secular job and, in addition to this, he speaks on the radio, distributes correspondence courses, helps publish a Christian magazine, and makes missionary trips to out-lying areas of Haiti.



If you are in a Bible class, you may want to discuss ways in which missionaries could do effective work in Haiti. Remember, the people are poor, over-crowded, uneducated, and have a very terrible religion which cannot save them.



The Peasant of Quebradas

Adapted from an article in World Radio News and other information from Randy Deming, 10 years a missionary in Honduras.

Near the village of Quebradas, in Honduras, Central America, lives a simple peasant, a "Campesino", Victor Ernesto Valle, together with his wife and six children. Victor has only a third-grade education. He is poor and has always had to work very hard just to live and feed his family.

The Valles, all eight of them, live in a house no larger than a double garage. Victor raises chickens on his land and rents other land on which he grows beans and the corn for making tortillas, a main part of their diet. The mountainous land all around is covered with pine forest.

One day, Victor turned on his little radio and heard something he had never heard before. It was a talk coming from the World Radio broadcast in Tegucigalpa, the capital city of Honduras. Victor listened very carefully. How interesting! How different from anything he had ever heard before! When the announcer gave the address of the church in the city, Victor noted it down.

“But how can you do that?” asked his wife. “It is so far, and that bad road crosses those awful mountains.”

“I have a little money from selling chickens. I will go by way of EL AVION.”

“El Avion” (the airplane) is the name given to a bus that is so noisy, it *sounds* like an airplane.

In due time, one Sunday morning, there was Victor Valle at the 9:30 a.m. service. He had left his little home at about 3:30 a.m. and walked for half an hour over rough mountain terrain to “El Avion’s” bus stop. The bus was nowhere in sight, but after a while a distant rumble could be heard. Soon the whole valley began to be filled with thunderous echoes. As the roaring sounds grew louder, Victor knew it had to be “El Avion”, and after some minutes the rambling old vehicle rounded a bend and lurched to a stop in a cloud of dust.

For the next four hours, Victor and the other passengers were subjected to a bone-shaking experience as “El Avion” bumped and rattled over the many miles of unpaved mountain roads. What a relief it was when that journey was over! Once in the city, Victor discovered that he had to ride a city bus for nearly an hour in order to cross the teeming, crowded city to the church’s meeting place.

How long does it take you to get to your church building from your home? Ten minutes? Twenty? In a comfortable car, riding on paved streets? Victor’s trip to the church had taken most of six hours, and it would take another six to get home again.

Victor was weary after his long trip to the church building, but he listened carefully to all that was said at that Sunday morning service. Later he told Bro. Deming, the preacher, that he wanted to study God's word, so he was given a Bible, a correspondence course, and some other Christian literature.

The next week, Victor Valle returned to the church service with his son Geovanny. For two months, father and son made the arduous journey as often as they could, and soon they were immersed for the remission of their sins and became members of the Lord's church.

The following week, Mark Peterson and Bro. Deming visited the Valle family in their village of Quebradas. Victor's wife and older daughter were baptized then, for Victor had been busy teaching them all he knew about the Bible.

Victor was so happy! Now he wanted to share his new-found faith with his friends in the village. "But I'm not educated. I cannot preach. They will not listen to me," he thought. But a plan came to his mind, and he decided to try it. From his hard-earned savings, he bought a radio-cassette player and began to record the World Radio programs and Bible lessons and songs. Then, each week, he went and sat in the village square and played back everything for the people to hear. There was always a small crowd gathered to listen to the tapes. Eventually, there were at least three more people who were baptized as the result of the efforts of a middle-aged, poor, uneducated peasant.

How do you think Bro. Deming and Bro. Peterson felt? Is it worthwhile to be a missionary in a far-off place like Tegucigalpa, Honduras?



If you are in a Bible class, you may want to discuss the following: In all of Honduras, there are only three or four good roads that connect major cities. All other roads are so bad that any trip becomes long and difficult, even hazardous. Why is a Christian radio broadcast important in a country like Honduras?

Thinking of Victor Valle and his accomplishment, what will you do for the Lord?



A Bicycle and a Smile for Luis

Adapted from information by Lynette Boyd, former missionary to Venezuela, South America.

Puerto Ayacucho is a large town of about 10,000, located on the northward-flowing section of the Orinoco River in Venezuela, South America. The town is inhabited mostly by "Mestizos", part Spanish and part South American Indian people.

By North American standards, Puerto Ayacucho would not be considered wealthy, but it is a busy, thriving town. There are schools and the usual Catholic churches. Indians from surrounding tropical villages bring baskets, bows and arrows, and other items that tourists will buy, and sell them to curio dealers from Caracas who will, in turn, sell them at great profit to the many tourists who visit that city.

Caracas, a thousand miles north of Puerto Ayacucho, is a huge, rich city. It is on the Caribbean Sea, and its seaport thrives on the large quantity of petroleum products, coffee, cacao, and other products that are exported.

There is a congregation of the church of Christ in Caracas with over 400 in attendance. In the "interior" (all of Venezuela outside of Caracas) are numerous small congregations.

Most of the members have first been contacted and taught by means of the Bible correspondence course that is conducted by missionaries in Caracas. When a student of the course asks to be visited and taught further, missionaries often travel many difficult miles to do so.

Jorge Bernal was one of these students, living just outside of Puerto Ayacucho. Albert Acosta and another missionary went to study with Jorge and "adopted" the work of the church in the town. They began to make visits there once every two or three months. After Jorge had progressed well in his Bible study, he began to preach to his people in and around the town.

Bro. Acosta helps Jorge with a small salary. Jorge's only other income is from his work as a dentist, for which he has little training. His instruments are primitive and his fees are small. His work probably consists mainly of extracting bad teeth.

As do many of Jorge Bernal's neighbors, he and his family live in a small house with the barest of furniture. The floor is cement and the beds consist of rusty springs and old mattresses.

Mrs. Bernal is a sickly woman. In her childhood, she had an inadequate diet which has not improved much in more recent times. The family eats mainly potatoes, rice, pasta, corn meal fried bread, and yucca root: all starches. There are few vegetables and only a few fruits in season. Young Luis Bernal was about ten years old when missionary Lynette Boyd first saw him. Luis' little sister was a happy child who loved to sing, but Luis was very quiet. He was obedient and

respectful, but rarely spoke and never smiled. Then Lynette learned the reason for Luis' deep silence and withdrawal.

When he was eight, Luis had been kidnapped by Indians and carried off to a jungle village. His parents were distraught. For three weeks they sought for some trace of him. Then someone reported having seen a boy like Luis, and with the help of police, they found him. Their little boy had been made a slave! He was tied to a pole with a leash and made to grind yucca root into meal. He must have had many fears and nightmares during the months following that terrible experience. In December, 1986, when Luis was twelve, he learned



Luis Bernal of the country of Venezuela (center, back) poses for a picture with his family and a friend.

that Bro. Acosta had given his father an airplane ticket to travel to the annual get-together of preachers and other Christians from all over the country. The meeting would be at Maracay, a two-hour drive from Caracas.

Luis wanted very much to go with his father. He had no money and the chances looked bleak. Finally he looked at his most treasured possession—his bicycle. It was what carried him to school and to the market. Should he try to sell it? He would have to do a lot of walking after returning home, but he decided that it would not be so bad. The thrill of attending that meeting of Christians would be worth it. Luis felt happy to be able to sell the bicycle for enough money to buy a ticket on the plane.

The trip itself was exciting for a poor young boy who had never been far away from Puerto Ayacucho. Looking out of the airplane window, Luis was surprised to see how the jungle and the plains looked from the air. Then there was the big city of Caracas, and the bus ride to Maracay. And most of all, Luis was excited about the conference!

Near the close of the conference, when Albert Acosta stood up to lead a prayer, Luis, shy Luis, was put in the spotlight. Albert shared with all the assembled brethren what Luis had done and the great sacrifice he had made to be able to meet with the preachers and other Christians. Albert suggested that all should consider how important this was to Luis and see if they could contribute toward buying him a new bicycle.

The "hat" was passed around. Tears were streaming down many faces as they heard the touching story. When the money was counted, Luis had enough to buy a brand new

bicycle! Along with the announcement about the bicycle came a great big smile on Luis's face—his first real smile in several years.

Sometimes, when we give something to God, or when we give something up for an even greater cause, God blesses us many times more in return.



Read Matthew 19:29. Discuss the many ways in which God rewards Christians for the sacrifices they may make in His service. His rewards may seldom be as immediate as the new bicycle for Luis. Consider the satisfaction that comes into our hearts when we are doing the Lord's will and work. When will the faithful Christian receive his greatest reward?



Our closing thought and final plea to all who have read this book is taken from Romans 10:14,15:

“How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?

“And how shall they preach except they be sent? As it is written, ‘How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!’”

