BECAUSE YOU CARED

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
INDIA

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HOME AGAIN AT MUKTI

By Janet Callan

'I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron: And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel' (Isa. 45:2, 3).

Home again at Mukti! It hardly seemed possible, and yet it was true. The Lord had made real the first part of this precious promise. The hindrances which seemed to block the way of my return had been removed. The Lord had made all fit according to the pattern. Like a great Mosaic, it was complete. 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together'.

Many of you stood by me in prayer and helped over the difficult places. The Lord, who seeth in secret, shall reward you openly. Please accept my humble thanks for your prayer support, for messages of loving thoughtfulness, and for the many gifts which so lovingly came to meet every need.

There was fellowship round the Word with other missionaries on the voyage and opportunities of service for the Master in Sunday School and in talks with fellow passengers and members of the crew. The rising sun tinted the sky and made the entrance into Bombay very beautiful. It is a most impressive sight, and several of us were up on deck early to enjoy it. The last part of the journey from Poona was made by car, and as we came down the road towards Mukti, we could see the lights flickering in welcome.

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THE SONG OF A LEPER

BY LILLIAN DOERKSEN

A figure with a white garment wrapped around him had been squatting unnoticed some distance from the place where for many Sundays we had been telling the children and people of that village of the living, loving Saviour.

One day, while telling the story of Jesus and how He healed the ten lepers who came to Him, this figure moved closer to the mud platform where the group was listening intently. Then we saw—he, too, was a poor, helpless leper. He had no fingers, and he shuffled forward on toeless stumps. He listened with all his heart as we told the story of the Saviour who could cleanse from a disease more terrible than the one which was eating away his own body—the leprosy of sin.

Weeks went by. Each Sunday he moved as close as his condition would allow him, so he would not miss a word. His lips and hands moved in rhythm as he sang with the children. His head would bow reverently as he joined in the closing prayer, singing 'Into My Heart'. Each time we went, we greeted him in the name of our living Saviour, and one day, with a radiant face, he told us that this living Saviour was his Saviour, too.

The days began getting cooler, and several weeks ago he was not there waiting at the mud platform, but nearby in a spot of sunshine between the long shadows, squatted our dear leper. His grayish garment was pulled tightly around his bare shoulders to try to keep out the cold. His feet looked sore, and he was unable to walk to the place where the group was gathered together. The disease was eating away his eyes, and it seemed hard for him to see much through his watery, angry looking pupils.

The spot of sunshine where we met seemed suddenly to be transformed into a little bit of heaven. He listened transfixed and with a radiant face as the story of the Saviour's love and power was told to him once again. When asked who the Saviour was, his watery eyes turned heavenward and he answered with reverence and assurance, 'The Lord Jesus Christ up there'. When told that perhaps soon he would see Him face to face if he had put all his trust in Him, his face filled with yearning. An expression of glad and glorious expectation came over him as I sang to him of the Father's house, where there is no sin nor pain, but only joy and light.

Only when I saw his bare arms shivering with cold, did I remember the pair of old tennis shoes I had brought for his sore feet. He could not wear the Indian strapped slippers

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BECAUSE

BY Carol

The teacher was telling the class their homework for the next day, ‘Write a composition on your life’s ambition’. Some of the pupils in the class knew immediately what they would write about, while others had never given a serious thought to what they wanted to do in life. When the class was dismissed, one said, ‘I’m going to be a teacher’, while another replied, ‘I’m going to be a nurse’, but one girl never said anything, and no one thought to ask her what she would like to be, for it never occurred to them that a crippled girl could hope to fulfil, or even have, a life’s ambition. The girls talked much among themselves about what they were writing, but crippled Shanti never said a word.

The next day the compositions were turned in, and one that was superior told of the many people in India who could not read because they had never had an opportunity to go to school. The composition went on to reveal a sympathy for these people and a life’s ambition to teach them how to read, in order that they might be able to read God’s Word. At the top of the composition was the name of crippled Shanti.

Bollman Auntie was in charge of the compound in which Shanti lived, and she encouraged her in this worth-while desire, and the two talked together about how it might be fulfilled. The problems were as mountains that could not be crossed. Shanti could not walk, and her ‘walker’, given many years ago by a coloured Sunday School in America, was now too small for her. She was too big for people to carry, and she could not crawl long distances on her hands and knees.

A wheel-chair which Shanti could propel herself seemed to be the answer to the problem, and the two of them covenanted together to pray for that chair. On the joyful day of Shanti’s baptism, that prayer was shared with others on the Mukti staff. This prayer request was mentioned briefly when an article was written on the baptism of several girls that day, and the Holy Spirit took Shanti’s need and laid it on the hearts of God’s people in many countries the world around. Letters and sums of money began to arrive from America, a group of students at Oxford University in England wrote of their desire to save enough to purchase the chair, from Scotland came letters of inquiry, gifts came from New Zealand, while a cable arrived from Australia. There were letters indicating willingness to sacrifice greatly, there were letters promising prayer. Crippled Shanti knew nothing
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Terry

about all this, and she continued to pray on in faith that somehow she might have the needed chair.

Christmas day Shanti was invited to come to the missionary's room. She did not know whether it was for a blessing or a scolding, because a call to a missionary's room could mean either. She crawled in on her hands and knees and sat there quietly, not knowing what to expect. And then there it came, wheeled through the door by Miss Callan, who had brought it from England, the prayed-for, longed-for, dreamed-of wheelchair, all new and beautiful.

Shanti never said a word, but her eyes stared and a smile came over her face that was still there when she drifted off to sleep that night. She did not reach out to touch the chair at first, but just happily looked at it while the missionary explained how people the world around had been praying and giving that she might have it to fulfil her life's ambition of serving the Lord. Then she heard that not only was the chair provided, but there was enough money sent in to make it possible for her to go to a special hospital where crippled children were enabled to use their legs for short distances by means of braces. That would mean she would no longer have to crawl on the ground. Shanti bowed her head in sacred awe, and her lips spoke the prayer of her heart as she thanked a loving heavenly Father for hearing her prayers and for the goodness of His people everywhere.

Shanti needed no second invitation to try the chair. As soon as the missionary gave permission, she was in it like a flash, wheeling it down the verandah, turning it around according to her will, with the smile and light of new life in her eyes. Those who saw felt they were standing on holy ground.

As a staff, we send our deepest appreciation to everyone who prayed and who gave, but we know your real reward will be in the joy and service made possible for Shanti.

Christmas Sunday she went outside in her chair for the first time, accompanied by her teen-age friends. The girls vied with each other in showing and explaining things. A new world had opened for Shanti, a new life, the door of service, the door to life abundant. May each one who helped to make this possible by prayers and gifts look at her picture on the cover, as she sits in her new wheelchair, and hear the heart's prayer of this crippled girl over in India as she bows before a merciful, loving God and prays, 'Father, please bless them each one, because they care'.
In spite of the lateness of the hour, there was the music of the children singing songs of welcome, as one after another came forward to greet me. There were flowers, and each girl held a small earthen saucer of oil with a lighted wick, each so small and insignificant, and yet all helping to make a bright light of welcome. They were a reminder of how our united testimony can shine in this needy land. The lights lined the way to my room, and each showed up a smiling, welcoming face. Surely it was good of the Lord to bring me back here among them.

The next morning was Christmas day, and I was awakened by the singing of carols by the children gathered at my door. All wanted to know if I remembered them. Some of them were my babies of last term, and seemed to have grown out of all recognition. There were squeals of delight when I could name a girl, and if I made a mistake, they were quick to correct me, making it all a great joke.

In church it seemed as though I had never been away, for I had remained with them in spirit.

Truly this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. It is good to be back, good to be in His will, and, as He has fulfilled the first part of His promise, so surely will He fulfil the rest. In this faith and with the assurance of your prayer support, I go forward to do His will and claim the treasures of darkness in His dear Name. May the Lord richly bless you as co-labourers with us in the gospel.

any more because he had no toes to hold them on. I was ashamed, when I saw how grateful he was, because the shoes were old and would not last long. I told him this, but still he seemed overcome with gratitude. Upon insisting that I had really done nothing for him, but that God loved him and had sent these things for him, he answered with appreciation that came from the deepest depths of his heart, 'But you brought us the Lord Jesus, my Saviour, didn't you?'

Did I say it was like a little bit of heaven?

The leper started to sing and beat his stubs of hands together, and his 'hallelujahs' rang like the music of heaven. How could an ignorant, simple, village leper understand and sing 'hallelujah' like that except the Spirit of God had put this song into his heart?

May this song echo and re-echo in this lonely leper's heart until he joins the happy choir above. Won't you pray that his song may witness to others in that village, in order that they may know the Saviour as he does?
STARS OF CHRISTMAS

BY CAROL TERRY

In the clear, cold sky above, myriads of stars shed their radiance over Mukti, and every star seemed to send down on its beam of light the message of the Star of Bethlehem—the Saviour is born. In the daytime stars of tinsel here and there reflected the light of that message, while Christmas day stars were seen in the eyes of the children as they received their gifts, their cards and their bright ribbons. To all who helped create these stars of joy in the children’s eyes, we send a loving word of deep appreciation.

In all of the hurry and bustle, the work and the joy of preparing Christmas for about a thousand people, the missionaries turned aside for a few moments of quiet worship and sought again the Star of the wise men as expressed in the lovely poem of Helen Frazee-Bower:

And wise are we, if from the Christmas mirth
   We turn aside to seek again the star.
Though we should follow all the paths of earth
   Footsore and weary, wise indeed we are
If haply we may find that humble place
   That cradles still the glory of His grace.

To the front of the church on Christmas Sunday morning came every boy and girl, every man and woman with a sacrificial gift of thanksgiving for the manger-born Saviour. There was the small village boy who carried a rooster larger than the small arms that held it; there was the young teen-ager, a Mukti working girl, who out of her year’s wages gave all the money she had received for her work for four whole months; and there was the woman who came forward and made a pretense of giving, but there was nothing in her hand nor in her heart. As everyone left their gift at the altar and returned to their place in the church, eyes were shining with stars not reflecting tinsel glory, nor stars caused by the momentary happiness of receiving man-made gifts, but with the real stars of Christmas—stars in the heart shining with eternal glory. There was only one who left the church with no star shining in her heart—the woman who gave nothing.

May God, who in giving us His Son gave everything, cause everyone to experience the true stars of Christmas—stars of eternal glory in the heart.
The Ramabai Mukti Mission is an international, undenominational Mission of evangelical faith, with representatives in the home countries as follows:

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