RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
INDIA

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SHANTI WALKS

By Elsie Rohrer

From the time sleepy eyes were opened on August 21, excitement ran high in the House of Joy. There was great cause for rejoicing this day, for Shanti was coming home after fourteen months' stay in a Bombay hospital. During these long months, prayer went up daily that the Lord would do something great for Shanti. As reports of her progress came from time to time, the girls were encouraged to ask largely of the Lord. It was thrilling to hear their prayers of faith on her behalf. When they were told of her coming, their first exclamation was 'Praise the Lord for answering our prayers'.

While waiting on the platform for the train to come, many were the thoughts going through the girls' minds: 'How will she look?' 'Has she grown tall?' 'Will she really be able to walk herself?' These questions were answered as the train pulled into the station, for Shanti was standing in the doorway. All was quiet as she stepped down from the train, and the girls watched in amazement as she walked with the aid of braces and crutches. After putting a garland of flowers around her neck, all the girls started talking at once.

Over the archway of the compound was hanging a welcome sign which the girls had made. After coming inside the compound, we paused at the suggestion of one of the girls, and she offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the Lord's goodness in bringing Shanti back to us again.

We all join in thanking you who have made it possible
for Shanti to walk by your prayers and your gifts. So many responded generously with their gifts to buy a wheel-chair for Shanti, that there was enough money over and above the cost of the chair to pay all expenses for Shanti’s operation and hospitalization. The wheel-chair will still be most useful when we go for long walks or when she goes to the villages in the future, and we are most thankful for it. You would feel well repaid could you see her happy smile as she walks about the compound with the other girls. Continue to pray that her arms and legs may be strengthened, so that she may soon be able to go up steps on her own.

Shanti desires to do something for the Lord here among her own people in return for all that the Lord has done for her. She feels He would have her minister in adult literacy work, where there is much scope for giving out the gospel. The following is Shanti’s testimony in her own words:

‘All my life I had never walked, but now I have started walking.’ At first I did not believe that I would ever walk. There were some people who said, ‘Will this girl ever walk? Many medicines have been tried ever since she was small and much money spent. How will she ever walk!’ I was very discouraged and very sad. I felt I should tell the missionary about this, but I was ashamed to mention my depression, so I told the Lord Jesus about it.

‘I was taken to a big hospital, and there they operated on my legs. I felt I could not bear the terrible pain. I started reading my Bible and praying for faith to believe that some day I would be able to walk. All the missionaries and the Mukti children were praying for me and believed. The only thing left for me to do was to believe, but at first I could not. It was then the Lord gave me faith to believe, as I read His Word, and within a year I started to walk. I want to praise the Lord for His wonderful work. It is because people prayed for me. Even when I did not believe, people believed for me. Thank you, everyone who prayed.’

—Shanti Desai

OUR NEW PASTOR

I know you will rejoice with us concerning the fact that after nearly three years of being pastorless, the Lord has sent to us Mr N. A. Hiwale, B.A., with secondary teaching credentials and Bible-seminary trained, to be our pastor and to shepherd the flock. His wife, Mrs M. Hiwale, is a teacher and is also seminary trained. Their pictures are on the cover.

—Gladys Fletcher
HOME AT LAST

By Virginia Nicholson

Though we have not been through the sufferings, testings, and trials of Paul, with him we can say 'in journeyings often'. Once again the voyage through the Mediterranean has brought to mind Paul's many missionary journeys over the same waters. Many of you have been praying daily with us that we might pass safely through the Suez Canal. Now we can praise the Lord together for answered prayer.

What a thrill it was to reach Bombay. We began to feel we were really getting home. But first came all the details of customs and immigration—boxes, trunks, drums, suit-cases, customs' officials, coolies, passengers, agents, papers, forms, passports, documents. Then, out of all the disorder and confusion, the following day we found ourselves on the train bound for Mukti. The way to Kedgaon was more beautiful that day than I have ever seen it, for there had been an abundance of rain this year. As we passed through the hills, we saw waterfalls everywhere. With mounting excitement, we arrived at the Kedgaon station. What joy it was to greet the girls, women, missionaries—all our dear friends and sisters in the Lord. It was home at last.
There are changes, it is true, yet it is home. The place of God's choice is always the best place to be. That night, when all was quiet and I lay in my own bed again, I heard the frogs and crickets in the fields and the drip of water from my clay drinking-water jar. It seemed as though I had never been away. Yet I do look back with thanksgiving to the time spent in Japan and the United States. The fellowship with friends and dear ones was precious. We have been reassured that your prayers will sustain us in the days ahead.

**WHAT SHALL I GIVE THE MASTER?**

By Ruth Bollman

Down the street to a neighbourhood store skipped two happy three-year olds. Judy's eyes shone brightest because for her it was the first time to explore the possibilities that lay in a penny. Of course, that penny was soon dropped into the merchant's hand, and a sugary, sticky piece of candy slipped into the little hand. With that adventure still fresh upon her, Judy heard of the hundreds of little girls in Mukti who have no mother to plan such things for them. The next evening in the offering for Mukti, there appeared fifteen pennies all wrapped so neatly in a scrap of paper. Only the pastor and the giver knew that a little girl's bank now was empty. You see, Judy was his own little girl. Those pennies were too precious to mingle with others. They were redeemed and kept as a memorial to one who gave all for her Saviour.

On a street in another town stood a house, quiet and sad. There in a little room lay a young widow who had plunged the depths of sickness, loneliness, and despair. As her thoughts turned toward Mukti, she remembered her love for children and for her own son and daughter downstairs. Out of her extremity, there came a gift for Mukti. It was held with the offerings of widows until it had grown into enough for a bundle of soft baby things for our weakest ones. Such gifts can never bear the touch of any but a tender hand.

From the hearts of joyful children, widows, men, and women have come gifts of prayer, love, and sacrifices of many kinds. One busy pastor set aside the activities of the weekend, in order to feed the missionary on the Word. Those hours together with that white-haired man of God have been treasured against the days ahead.

Of all the gifts, there is one that shines like a star. It
came straight from my heavenly Father. When the desire to be at home in Mukti became unbearable and difficulties about return arose, He gave His own Word from 1 Thess. 5:24: 'Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it'. From that moment every problem became an opportunity to watch Him work and perform His planning.

His love has caused the same response that opened my days in Mukti seven years ago:

Love so amazing, so divine,
*Shall have* my soul, my life, my all.

**THE EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY**

By Juanita Harrell

Only a short year ago I was rejoicing in the fact that I had been accepted by the Field Committee of the Ramabai Mukti Mission. I had heard over and over again that it was impossible for new missionaries from America to get into India. I knew with God this could not be. He has promised that with Him all things are possible. God had begun to open the way for me in 1954, when I first heard of Mukti through Elsie Rohrer while she was doing deputation work in America. Since that time I have daily claimed God's promise in Eph. 3:20 that He 'is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think'. I thank and praise Him for making this true in my life.

I heard Miss Bollman and Miss Nicholson say almost every day since our departure—from New York, August 11, 'How good it will be to get home!' I was anxious to arrive, but it was not home to me yet. It began to be home that first evening. As we drove up to Mukti's gate on September 7 and I heard the children's sweet voices singing 'Happy Welcome' and saw their smiling faces, it became home. Our welcome will always remain precious in my memory. How dear the children's faces were as they greeted us, pinning flowers in our hair, placing a beautiful garland around our necks and bouquets in our hands. From the moment we arrived, I felt the presence of our God lovingly surrounding us.

I know there will be hard times. I will need much prayer as I study, as languages have always been difficult for me. I appreciate the faithfulness of those in America and others elsewhere who are praying for me. I continue to hold fast to His promise in Eph. 3:20, as I settle in this, God's new home for me.
‘Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass’ (Ps. 37:5).

During my school days in the mission school at Ahmednagar, I often heard people speak very highly of Pandita Ramabai and her work among women at Mukti. In 1920 Rev. S. Salvi gave a message on the life of Pandita Ramabai—how she and her family travelled from Cape Kamorin in the south of India to Hindu shrines in the Himalayas at the north of India to find rest for their souls, but all was in vain. One day she accepted the Lord Jesus Christ and found peace in her soul. The story thrilled me, and I often felt that I should like to see Pandita Ramabai and her work at Mukti, but I never had an opportunity.

In 1924 Dr R. A. Hume prayed earnestly that the Lord would choose me for His ministry. I did not pay much attention to his prayer at the time, but that prayer haunted me wherever I went.

In 1952 on the 26th of January, which is the Republic Day of India, all schools were closed for a holiday. At this time I was a teacher in a Hindu high school at Jalgaon. On this very day a Christian youth conference was held at Bhusawal, and my children pressed me to accompany them to this conference. I finally consented and went with them. Rev. F. Schelander was the speaker. He spoke on Ezra 7:6, ‘This Ezra... was a ready scribe in the law of Moses,... and the king granted him all his request, according to the hand of the Lord his God upon him’. This verse touched my heart, and I dedicated myself to the Lord, desiring to study the Word of God and to teach it to others.

Soon after this I sent an application to the General Assembly of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, saying that the Lord had called me to His ministry. They sanctioned my application and sent me to the Biblical Seminary at Yeotmal, India, where my wife and I studied the Bible whole-heartedly.

In March, 1954, at a big gathering of missions, I again met my spiritual father, Rev. F. Schelander. He asked me if I could go to Mukti and help in the revision work of the Ramabai Bible. I at once consented and went for this work to Mukti the following month. During that time, I studied minutely the work started by Pandita Ramabai and the improvements made therein by the present staff. It was then that I started praying much for this work.
In 1956 the Mukti Church invited me to preach on two Sundays in April, which opportunity I gladly accepted. The Mukti people were praying for a pastor, and my wife and I were praying that the Lord would direct our steps to the place of His choice. The Lord guided me that I should take up the work as pastor of Mukti, and my family and I arrived here on August 16. This was a memorable day in our lives, as the Mukti Church gave us a warm welcome. I thank the Lord for the people in Mukti, who are so loving and kind to their new pastor, and pray His deepest blessing on this new ministry.

The Ramabai Mukti Mission is an international, undenominational Mission of evangelical faith, with representatives in the home countries as follows:

Secy.-Treasurer in America:  
Miss M. C. Sayers  
P.O. Box 415  
Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Secy.-Treasurer in Australia:  
Miss M. S. Jones  
90 Eskdale Rd.  
Caulfield S.E. 7  
Victoria

Treasurer in Tasmania:  
Mrs I. McFie  
20 Grosvenor St.  
Sandy Bay  
Hobart

Treasurer in Scotland:  
Miss F. J. Stewart  
8 Dixon Road  
'Glasgow S. 2

Treasurer in England:  
Miss G. Tillett  
134 Old Lane  
Beeston  
Leeds 11, Yorks

Secy.-Treasurer in New Zealand:  
Miss G. Gill  
168 Victoria Avenue  
Remuera, Auckland S.E. 2

Treasurer in West Australia:  
Mrs Mullins  
28 Loch Street  
North Perth  
West Australia

Treasurer in Ireland:  
Miss M. Rea  
'Bethany'  
Ornston Crescent  
Knock, Belfast

Superintendent  
Secretary-Treasurer on the Field:  
Miss G. Fletcher  
Kedgaon, Poona District

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