Not hungry anymore

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
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FRANZIPANNI—THE FAMILY OF THE MONTH

By Margaret Williams

‘Jesus saves me now’, sang Sulabah in her babyish way, and our hearts rejoiced at the way the Lord had manifested His hand in the life of this little one since she came to us a year ago. And now we have another little girl named Sheela. She is tall and quite thin, but we know that the added love and special attention the family system affords will work wonders in her little heart and body, even as it has in Sulabah’s. Sulabah is so happy to have a little playmate.

The fact that the Saviour is working now in our family has brought such joy in recent days. There is a greater spirit of working together and sharing of responsibility and we see real signs of growth in Christ in the lives of the older girls. There are some, too, who have not yet learned the joy of attempting the difficult things. Mandakini, at sixteen years of age, needs prayer in this regard. How we long to see her make an earnest effort to absorb the teaching she receives in the Bible school class each afternoon. We believe the Lord is watching over and caring for this young girl, who needs to be established in Him, and we value your prayers.

Monica, at sixteen, and a newcomer in our family, is learning ‘line upon line’ what it really means to be a member of the family and to share a part in the ‘working together’, so that there may be happiness and unity.

Suman and Pushpa had quite a victory at school. Their marks improved remarkably, so they were taken to the village to visit the
OH, SO HUNGRY—BUT NOT ANYMORE

BY LILLIAN DOERKSEN

It was the same noisy street in the same little village where she had lived for seven happy years. Children chatted noisily on their way to school, the same as always, and the clang, clang, clang of the brass and other wares rang through the morning air as merchants opened their shops as usual. But for the little figure, huddled up on the side of the street, everything was so unbelievably different and the noises sounded far away. In fact, the pain in her stomach and the throb in her head were so bad that she did not care and she was hardly conscious of the street—the street where once she had played so happily.

Try as she might, her little seven-year-old mind could not understand it at all. Oh, where was her mother and why could she not give her any food? She had cried until she could cry no longer, but no one seemed to hear or care. There was no morsel of food to ease the gnawing pain in her stomach.

She did not even hear the excited chatter or the kind words of the missionary who came towards her. She was too weak to be frightened or to resist when the stranger talked to her kindly and picked her up. The missionary could hardly believe her eyes. This little girl’s eyes were starey and lifeless; the arms and legs were like sticks with skin stretched over them. This and the swollen stomach told its own awful story of starvation.

The only information that the missionary could glean about her was that she had been left all alone in the world. Her parents and the rest of the family had become ill one by one and died. It seemed the cause could only be traced to malnutrition. The jewelry shop of theirs where they lived, was now empty and closed. There was no one left to care for this girl who was left on the street to beg for her food. Day by day she was wasting away.

The missionary took her to the hospital in a nearby city. The doctors wondered at first whether they could save her, but she responded more quickly to their loving care and prayers than they had dared to hope. She won their hearts, too, as her eyes took on the laughter that was soon reflected in all of her pleasant personality. She gave herself to all in loving, affectionate trust and devotion.

When the doctor realised that she would be well again, and that she had no one of her own in the world, she sent the little girl to us here in Mukti. She became one of us immediately. If her little heart had grieved for her mother and loved ones, she has forgotten it all now. No one is loved more sincerely than this little one with the laughing eyes, and she loves them all in return. If she had been, oh, so hungry, that even a banana peel was gobbled up greedily, she
has forgotten that, too, for now she has all she can eat and no matter how many bananas she's had, when she sees another and wants it, she can have it, too.

She has been with us for nearly two months now, and how different she looks from the day she came. The little arms and legs have lost their spindly look, even the hair on her head is growing in dark and thick again and the faded eye-brows are turning black and silky.

In a dedication service in our Mukti church last Sunday she was also given a new name. Suhasani, or 'sweet laughter' we called her as we offered a prayer of thanksgiving and dedication, asking that she, though only seven, might claim the Saviour, Who had brought her to us, as her very own, and that she might grow up to always serve Him. She likes her new name and so do all the others for no name could suit her more perfectly. She is a happy child and sings of the Saviour's love and salvation in little choruses she has learned so quickly. The One Who saw her when she was so hungry and sent someone to rescue her and others to feed and love her, will surely make her all His own for time and for eternity.

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bangle-man. What joy and excitement there was as they were fitted with the bangles. 'Not these, but those over there, the bright red ones, please Auntie!' 'O-oh, look at these!' These were some of the exclamations of delight. It rejoiced our hearts to be able to reward them for their faithful efforts. Now there is another bangle trip pending for Shakuntila who soared from the bottom of her class to a place near the top. 'I've never done this before', she said. We, too, marvelled and thanked our loving Saviour for this.

Wanita, the little girl who came to us from one of the villages only last year, has taken to home and school life in a way that has caused us to praise the Lord. She, too, is looking forward to a trip to the bangle-man.

Big sister Sindhu is my right-hand helper in the club programmes, always ready to assist and pray. The Lord has truly done much in her heart in the past two years.

There are many prayer needs but we cannot but raise our hearts in thankfulness to a gracious, loving Father Who hears the prayers of our faithful friends in the homelands and of Dwarkabai and myself, as we uphold our family before the Throne of Grace continually. May He be able to do all that is in His heart in every life of the Franzipanni family, is our prayer.
KNOWN OF HIM . . . AND CHOSEN

BY LEELA SINGH

'Before I formed thee . . . I knew thee, and before thou camest forth . . . I sanctified thee' (Jer. 1:5).

First of all I must thank God for His faithfulness and mercies unto me up to this moment. I know He has chosen me for His own special purpose and I desire to fulfil His will.

When I was a little girl of five years of age, I met an old lady who told me to pray for rain, while I was playing. When it was time to go to sleep, I remembered the old lady and her request. I knelt down and prayed, 'Father, we want rain. Amen'. No sooner had I finished my prayer, when I heard that it was beginning to rain. I realised that very moment that I had a Father in heaven Who answered my prayers. It was my first real answer to prayer. This affected my heart so much that even now I cannot forget it. I knew from this experience that my heavenly Father takes an interest even in my little and simple matters.

Day by day I was growing, but I didn't know anything about salvation by experience until I was thirteen years of age. Then I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. But sometimes I realised that God was not answering my prayers. I knew that He was teaching me the lesson of asking things according to His will.

When I passed my matriculation examination, someone asked me whether I would like to go to a Bible seminary, but that idea seemed very peculiar to me. I thought I was getting good spiritual teaching here in Mukti and there was no need to go to Bible school. Besides, I had a deep desire to become a nurse, so I would not have to be dependent on anyone else but could earn my own money.

For four years I trained in a city hospital. After four years of training, I served on the staff there for one year. Though it was a Christian hospital, instead of coming nearer to God, I was led far away from Him by one of my friends. I forgot all my Father's love for me and led a life which was against His will. But still, in His love, He was watching over me constantly. I was trying to run away from Him but He caught me so I could not get away. He did not punish me, but I spent a restless and sleepless night. I will never forget that night. God showed me His ever-winning love for me though I had sinned against Him. The whole night until five o'clock

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Is it possible that there are still people in our area who have never heard the name of Jesus? This question was prompted by a report by one of our Bible-women that there was an invitation for us to visit a village fifteen miles from Mukti, where the gospel message had never gone.

After much investigation, we found out where the village was located and started off one morning. On arrival, we were surrounded by a large crowd to whom we witnessed for half an hour. Then, breaking up into groups, we went throughout the village telling the gospel story to all whom we met. Everyone listened politely but none seemed to take it to heart. We went away feeling rather discouraged, but believing that God's Word would not return void.

As we walked the mile and a half back to where we had had to leave the jeep, we met two women working in the field. I asked if they had ever heard the name of Jesus. They replied in the negative, so we told them of Jesus' love. They said they had never heard anything like that before and thanked us over and over again for telling them the good news. They told us they were from Rajvardhi, a village twelve miles away, where no one had been to tell of this Name.

We left them to their work and went on our way, rejoicing that we had found such open hearts that had been prepared by the Lord. After going on for a little way, we heard someone call and noticed one of these women running towards us. She called out, 'Wait a minute. We are afraid we will forget this Jesus Who loves us. Write down His name for us.' We gave her a Gospel of John, underlining several verses, and she promised to have it read to her people.

When we arrived home, I tried to locate Rajvardhi on the map, but could not. For days as we prayed these women's faces came before us, until I searched the map again, and this time found it. It was behind a range of rolling hills that we had often seen while travelling to Poona. Was it possible to get in back there? The driver did not think so, but I felt constrained to try.

After spending some time in prayer, asking the Lord to go before, we set out again. After one and half hours, we came to a good-sized village which we thought to be the one we were looking for, but it turned out to be another, with Rajvardhi still some three miles further on.

A large group had gathered around the jeep to see why we had come, so we held an open air meeting. At the close, an old man said, 'That is a wonderful story! You must come every week and teach us.'
Again we divided up into groups and were kept busy for the next three hours, being called from one settlement of houses to another. One of our girls said, 'Auntie, it reminds me of the man of Macedonia'.

In spite of the intense heat and lateness of the hour, no one felt either hungry or thirsty until all had been given the message of Life. We then proceeded on to Rajvardhi, stopping to refresh ourselves beside a lovely stream. Here we also held a prayer and praise meeting.

Finally, on arriving at our destination, we found most of the people had gone out to work on their fields, including the two women whom we had previously met. We found their home and in it was the Gospel of John which we had given them. We did have some opportunity, however, to give the gospel and were even invited into the school. The school master said we could have only five minutes, and after hearing the story, he dismissed the school. But the children stayed around us and we talked for three quarters of an hour more and taught them a song and a verse. Finally, we had to leave for home, but we promised to return again and tell them more of Jesus and His love.

In this last month we have reached three more villages where Christ's Name had never been proclaimed. How many more such villages lie around us waiting to hear of His love? We are counting on your prayers to uphold us that everyone may have a chance to hear about Jesus at least once.

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in the morning I prayed and cried, confessing my sins and shortcomings to Him. During that night He changed my life completely. I realised that I had been chosen by Him and He knew me before I was even formed.

Now again, He gave me the opportunity of studying His Word. I was able to come to the Biblical Seminary in Yeotmal. Here the Lord is speaking to my heart in a special way through His Word, and I have no other desire in my heart except to love the Lord with all my heart, with all my mind and with all my strength and my neighbour as myself.
I would like to share with you the happy news that Rohini Adhav has graduated from college. She passed with second class B.A. honours. We praise the Lord for His faithfulness and thank all those who have had a share in her success through their prayers.

The McMillens sailed from America on October 1st and we are looking forward to their return to us with joy and anticipation. May their return to India be crowned with blessing and the salvation of many for whom the Saviour died in this land.

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