The children's choir singing:

"O come little children, O come one and all,
To Bethlehem haste, to the manger so small,
God's Son for a gift, has been sent you this night,
To be your redeemer, your joy and delight."

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

October – November – December

1960

Yale Divinity Library
New Haven, Conn.
"SUPPOSE"

Suppose that Christ had not been born
That far away Judean morn.
Suppose that God, Whose mighty hand
Created worlds, had never planned
A way for man to be redeemed.
Suppose the wise men only dreamed
That guiding star whose light still glows
Down through the centuries. Suppose
Christ never walked here in men's sight,
Our blessed Way, and Truth, and Light.
Suppose He counted all the cost,
And never cared that we were lost,
And never died for you and me,
Nor shed His blood on Calvary
Upon the shameful cross. Suppose
That having died, He never rose,
And there was none with power to save
Our souls from death beyond the grave!
O far away Judean morn,
Suppose that Christ had not been born!

We hope this reaches you in time to wish you a happy, blessed Christmas.
The year will soon be gone but our hearts sing for it means a year nearer the coming again of our King.
How wondrously He has led us on and manifested to the full His love during the past year. We thank you for your interest and prayers, and pray God's best blessing may be yours in the coming year.

Gladys Fletcher
and all the Mukti family.
IF CHRIST HAD NOT COME

Jayabai Bihari, a Mukti teacher writes......

Time of slavery is gone — The dawn of freedom has come

December the 25th speaks of the dawn of freedom. If Jesus, our Morning Star would not have come into the world, we would not have been saved from the slavery of sin. There was no peace and would never have been any peace in the world. No one would have loved each other if God's Son of Love had not appeared. For every trifle matter there would have been fighting and revenge. It seems to me it would have been very much like hell. In this difficult situation the Light of the world would never have been known to us. Where would one have received forgiveness for one's sins or where would there have been such a message to give to others?

But the love of God was shown to us by Jesus Christ. God is holy, righteous and yet merciful. His love was shown by His gift of Jesus, His Son in Bethlehem and His sacrifice on the cross of Calvary.

If Christ had not come, then missionaries would not have gone to all the world to open hospitals and schools, to help the poor and needy orphans and backward people. Gospels, tracts and the Bible would not have been printed to bring to those in darkness the message of the gospel. The way of heaven would have been unknown to us. There would have been no Intercessor for us before the throne of Grace.

Praise God for the dawn of freedom from the slavery of our sin through the Lord Jesus Christ who came.

Leelabai Singh, one of Mukti's nurses writes.....

"Thou hast made us for Thyself and our hearts are restless till we find our rest in Thee."

How beautiful St. Augustine has expressed the condition of the human heart and his hunger for fellowship with God. We see in the Garden of Eden how this fellowship was broken and how before the foundation of the world God had knowledge of it and had a plan to send His only begotten Son to restore this fellowship.

Let us see what would have happened if He had not come.

1. Our hearts would have remained restless and unsatisfied without a Saviour to reconcile us to the Father, if He had not come.

2. We would have tried in vain to lead a holy life, had He not come. Where would there have been a sense of morality and Godly fear without His pure and holy life?

3. There would have been no healing ministry if Jesus had not come to earth and touched the sick ones, healing them completely. Where would we as nurses then have been?

4. If He had not come, we would have no hope of resurrection and of eternal life.

5. If He had not come we would never have known freedom from the fear of death and its power.

6. The teaching ministry would not have started if He had not come. The schools, Bible schools, colleges and seminaries have started only because Jesus, the divine Teacher set the standard for all teaching.

...3...
7. Where would we have gone for strength in our temptations, difficulties, and trials, or when faced with big questions in our minds? What would I have done if I could not carry everything in prayer to Him who came and so knows all about pain and sorrows?

All these things would have been my lot and the questions would have remained unanswered. But praise the Lord, in the fulness of time God sent His Son and restored the fellowship broken so long ago in the Garden of Eden. Now because of this, He has poured these many blessings upon us."

Sonubai Anda, in charge of the Housekeeping in Mukti says...

God's greatest purpose in sending His Son was to seek and to save that which was lost. If Jesus had not come, then Pandita Ramabai would not have known Him as her personal Saviour. She could not have been led in love to obey Him and to feed this flock of unwanted children, deserted women and widows. Then we, who have found a home here in Mukti, which means "salvation" would not be here today.

But we praise and thank God for His gift of our dear Saviour to the world, to her and to us. She wholly followed Him. She personally went to seek the lost souls and brought them out of darkness into the Kingdom of God. She always gave us her own living testimony of how our living Saviour came to save sinners.

We are very thankful to you all who are carrying on God's purposes because of Christ our Saviour.

May God bless you all and help you to occupy until He comes again.

WHAT THIS CHRISTMAS MEANS TO ME

By: Betty Gray

Christmas! Why that means a year in India! Last Christmas I was an excited onlooker with the privileged title of "our new Moushie." Now I am in the process of absorption into Mukti life—a process which is encouraged when understanding a little of the Marathi heard, or expressing a few words and thoughts I long to share (whether praising or reprimanding)—a process which is the beginning of a share in the ministry here.

Today in my Bible reading I again came to the verse in Exodus 2:9 "Take this child, nurse it for me, and I shall give thee thy wages." This brought to my mind much in regard to Mukti, and my appointment to help in the Rescue Home. Let me share it with you:

A Privilege

"Nurse...for me." These words took on a new meaning when commencing nurses' training, and now it was as if the Lord said, "Not only for the sake of the child, the mission, or the nation, but do the mundane tasks for me." (and surely nursing a normal child involves mostly the common tasks).

The Promise

The promise of wages was made on the assumption that mother-love would be given to another's child. Isn't it also a New Testament principle...
that we are responsible for the child deprived of a parent? All prayer partners and helpers are links in the chain of bringing the mother-love of God to "Mukti" children. God will reward.

The Purposes of God

The purposes of God are above our minor understanding. The baby Moses, chosen to be a special leader, was permitted just the early years with his nurse-mother, so she had to make the best of her opportunities and then accept the heart-rending separation. It encourages us to think that God has His purposes for the Rescue Home children too.

Remember the twelve little boys who have recently been sent away to school. Remember the girls who have been transferred into Mukti families. There are constant changes in this section of the work. Our service is often of limited duration but the Divine purposes of God follow through.

This also encourages me in other restrictions—the most obvious of which is still language study. In step with Him my limitations will not hinder His purposes.

What then will this Christmas mean to me? Here in Mukti, away from the commercialized shop propaganda, the challenge of celebrating the anniversary of the Lord Jesus Christ’s birth is so simple. What would please Jesus on His birthday? What would mean the most to Him this year, over and above that which is my duty? Mostly we give shyly, but enjoy showing others what we receive. This Christmas, may my love gift satisfy Him, and may I faithfully evidence His gifts to me.

PRAISE FOR THE PAST—THE FUTURE IS HIS

By: Margaret Williams

“ Auntie, you are going to leave us soon, aren’t you? We’ll pray for you. When you come back to Mukti you will still be our Auntie won’t you?” Chandri said the last sentence rather wistfully.

These words are indicative of the family bond that exists between my children and me as together we face the days ahead—days when the Lord calls me to another part of His vineyard.

These have been precious years—these of my first term of service in India, so packed full of lessons that my loving Father has sought to teach me.

February 4, 1955, the day of my arrival in Mukti records—“Wonderful welcome.” It was just that and it came from the heart of the Lord.
through the lips and actions of the Mukti family. Mukti has been to me a home of love and fellowship with my fellow workers, my family and with my Saviour Himself. Working together with the children and young people and with fellow missionaries has been a source of much blessing. It has taught me, too, that the secret of love and unity is to look for Christ in one another. I have learned so much from each one of my co-workers here.

"It certainly is a battle to push through this terrific barrier of new words, and one has to learn to do it all in the name of Jesus. Thanks be to God for lessons learned through this." This I wrote in my diary during the days prior to the second language examination when the Pandit was giving me about 50 new words a day. "If you want to pass, you have to learn them," he said. So I tried. It was indeed a big hurdle and a challenge, but the Lord has answered with a liberty beyond my expectations or faith.

What a wonderful day it was when Mukti changed over to the family system. I remember the fears and forebodings of the children on that eventful day. But to see them now evidencing some of the effects of a life offering more security rejoices one's heart.

The Centenniel was a never-to-be-forgotten experience of seeing the Spirit of God at work. Oh, the burden of prayer that ascended in those days as hearts were melted before the Lord! It seemed that Mukti was washed through and through from sin and uncleanness.

One could go on to recall the blessings that God has given, but lastly I would mention the new club programme amongst the children. "Volunteers" is still in its babyhood, having only recently celebrated its first birthday. Already, however, one can see some of the children showing forth the benefit of learning how to serve the Lord Jesus faithfully and well in the practical things of life.

May I commend to your prayers three young women who will be sharing some of the responsibilities that have been mine during this past term. Rohinibai is seeking to become proficient in stenography in order to lift the burden of the office work and to assist Miss Fletcher. Leelabai has already taken over the leadership of the club programme. This is a big task with its approximately 150 children and young people for whom to provide, and with club leaders also to teach. She is already a busy person in her hospital duties. I would commend to your prayers Madhukantabi who is on our school teaching staff and who has joyfully consented to care for my family. Pray for her that wisdom, love and grace may be given to guide each one of the children aright. Pray for Kamaltai who is the family "mother". She faces the responsibility ahead with a confidence that the One who has led thus far will be her sufficiency. I would commend her to your special prayers. There are teenagers with the usual problems to be guided aright. There are two little children three years of age who need particular care and attention and there are all the others in between to be led.

The days ahead bring a challenge to my heart. It will indeed be a joy to see many dear loved ones and friends again, and to make new friends as I share the work of Mukti with many of God's children. I value your prayers for this ministry which is before me, that the Holy Spirit might glorify the Lord Jesus and do an eternal work during furlough days.
The Night before Christmas

BY: LILLIAN DOERKSEN

All over the world in many homes Christmas lights blazed in splendor as on any other Christmas eve. Strains of “Joy to the world, the Lord is come,” and other carols filled the air. But this night a humble little shack in the heart of India was steeped in darkness. All except for the small light burning in the earthen lamp—its little flickers reaching out as though longingly straining to give a little more needed light.

In the corner a loving father bent over a tiny form, and the mother at its side. He could not hide his pride and joy as he looked at his firstborn whom they had waited for so long. The little legs would reach out as though in exploration and then fold back again into the accustomed folded pattern of a newborn babe. The little pink wrinkled face seemed to show already the signs of a strong, determined nature.

“She'll be like her mother,” he thought.

But the groan at the baby’s side brought his heart back quickly to the desperate situation on hand. Something was terribly wrong. What could have happened? His wife had been quite well and strong. She had looked forward to this day. But that look on her face now—it frightened him. What could it mean? He stared as he saw that there seemed to be no pulse. Desperately he called for more help. His sister was there but she could do nothing. Huddling in the darkness of the little crowded room, discussing the situation loudly, were others, fear and helpless resignation written on their dark and troubled faces. This night of December 24th must have been an un­auspicious night for which no omen had been given. Who would have thought that such evil fortune was written on the woman’s forehead?

But it was plain to see as she lay weak and unconscious that the new mother was slipping into the darkness. At midnight the wails of broken-hearted relatives pierced the sky, and winter winds picked up the woeful strains as they whistled through the trees. The mother was dead and the little baby on the bundle of rags in the corner was forgotten as all gave way to grief.

When the broken-hearted father could remem­ber anything beyond his great sorrow, he turned to the baby and tried to think of what could be done with her. He was to sink into even deeper despair when he realized that no one seemed able to help him care for the little one. What could be done for her? He sought to find a home for her but none was to be found. He was in utter desperation when someone suggested a place for little children, called Mukti. Balu, a nephew, suggested this. He had gone to the Mukti school when he had lived near Kedgaon as a boy.
"The children are very happy there. Most of the children in my class were girls who had grown up there," he told them.

For some days the father would not hear of it, but because there was no other way and he was utterly exhausted with grief and anxiety, he finally consented, put the little one in a small grain basket, and covered her with a bit of his clothing. He put a little piece of sack in the bottom to make it a bit more comfortable.

"If only I had a little bonnet and something to put on her thin body," he said, "this is the cold season and she is so tiny and weak."

So friends and relatives looked through their cupboards to find a cap small enough for the tiny head and a little shirt to put on the bony body. When these were brought, they dressed her, and the father picked up the baby in the basket and put it on his head. His sister, feeling so sorry for him, came too. The nephew who had gone to the Mukti school came along to show them the way. Perhaps they would remember him there when he told them he had been in their school. He was sure if they did, that they would take the baby and do all they could for her.

The old grandmother touched the father's feet with tear-stained eyes, and eager to give him the only comfort she knew, asked them to ring the bell and wake the village idol in the shrine nearby and leave an offering, hoping they might evoke its blessing. Quietly they prostrated themselves, left their offering of coconut and flowers, smeared the white ashes on their foreheads carefully, and started sadly on their way.

It was just after New Year's when they arrived in Mukti. They called the missionary in charge, who was in the church, for it was the Mukti day of prayer. She went out when she received the message, and looked down at the sad father with the weak little mite in the basket.

"The mother is dead," she told another missionary who came. "We'll have to take her, but I wonder if she will live. She is so tiny and so weak, has only sucked a little milk from a rag each day since she was born on Christmas Eve. You talk to them while I get the papers for them to sign."

The nephew remembered what he had learned about the Lord Jesus Christ while he was in our school. He was quite proud of it, but there seemed to be no hunger in his heart for the precious Words of Life. The father, in his sorrow, listened eagerly to the message of hope, salvation and of life after death in Christ, the Saviour. He seemed to reach out longingly to know more about this One who offered such a loving invitation, and he took the gospel offered him.

Tears slipped down his cheek as he lifted the baby out of the basket and placed her into the loving arms of the nurse who carried her away to the Buds Nursery in the hospital. Those arms were to enfold her with a mantle of love that helped her through those first difficult days and later when illness came which made such a strong bid upon her life that the doctor and the nurses gave up all hope. Only the determined hope and faithfulness of this lover of little ones brought her through, to become the bright ray of joy that was to bring a glow of happiness to all who came to know her charming baby ways and clever inventions of fun.

.8..
Nine months passed and, though the tiny tot still wore dresses sent for dolls, four teeth had pushed their way through the little gums to enhance her fetching smile and the little legs so wiry and strong were daring to hold her up alone—no small accomplishment for an orphan baby here who sometimes is two years old before she walks.

During this time when she was bringing so much delight to those who loved and cared for her, a threatening cloud appeared on the horizon of happiness. The broken-hearted father, too, had passed away, we heard, leaving little Memory (as she had been named) the sole heir to his land and possessions. Greedy relatives appeared to claim the baby in order to acquire the property. Anxious moments followed. Prayers flew to heaven and there was humble thanks when they were answered. We had the father’s signature where he had signed the little one over and we were able to convince them that we would not let her go. Rather, it was a higher Hand that convinced them, for not long after, another relative showed up. He let us know that under no circumstance should we turn the baby over to the ones who had tried to claim her and informed us what undesirable characters they were.

A few more months passed, and amidst all the happy Christmas festivities came Memory’s first birthday. How different from all the sadness and despair of Christmas eve a year ago. The children’s choir was singing gleefully “O come little children, O come one and all.”

The air was filled with singing. Happy, excited chatter could be heard everywhere. There was the sound of bullock bells as a group of young girls blended these with happy voices in a bold attempt at harmony singing “Joy to the world.”

Memory, caught up in the joyful mood around her, swayed rhythmically to the music, laughed and packed all the enthusiasm of a one-year-old’s delight into her squeals of happiness. She was too little to know what the girls meant when they sang “Joy to the world, the Lord is come,” but we knew that it meant everything in her life. If the Lord had not come, what would have happened to her when there was no one to care? To whom would those who loved her now, have turned in prayer when her life hung like a bare worn thread in the balance of life and death? To whom could they have turned for help when evil men had sought to snatch her from their arms again for their own wicked gain? But He DID COME, bringing joy to the world and to little ones like Memory. He came to give to you and to us the joyful privilege of bringing them into His Kingdom.
"Ayo-o-o! What fun, what fun! Christmas is coming," cried Dawn, being caught up in all the excitement of Christmas preparations. Then turning her pretty face towards the big sister who looks after them, she asked seriously, "Akka, what's Christmas?" The big sister laughingly answered, "You were chattering so excitedly that I thought you must know all about it. Didn't the girls tell you?"

"They say we'll get presents. Will I get a doll? Oh, I would love a doll!"

"Didn't the girls tell you why we get presents? Don't you remember from the story we have had in prayers whose birthday it is?" questioned the big sister, thinking of the eagerness with which Dawn had been absorbing the story of the Saviour in the few months since she had come.

"Tell me," she coaxed, bargaining for another opportunity to listen to big sister tell the wonderful story.

"It's almost time for evening prayers," she said, "go call the girls and tell them to sit down in their circle on the floor and start to sing. I'll get God's Book and be right there."

They raced into the room where the mats were already laid out on the floor for bed, and scrambled into their cross-legged position on the floor, each one shuffling around trying to save a place for the Big Sister to sit beside them with the Book. When she slipped into the waiting place beside Dawn in the circle, they were already singing lustily, "Come, let us go to Bethlehem to see the Saviour who was born. Oh come."

"What does Christmas mean?" she asked them when the song was finished. Dawn was going to answer, "Presents," but the word was lost in the chorus of other little voices that sang out, "I know! I know! Jesus' birthday."

Reverently Big Sister took them once more to Bethlehem. Christmas meant God's love-gift to them all—big enough to be shared by all and yet to be each one's very own. The little Babe in Bethlehem's manger was His own dear and holy Son, whom He had sent to make our
hearts pure like His own. There are presents, too, for us at Christmas because of the love He taught us to show to one another, but our biggest gift is His great love that we can know because He came to earth to be our Saviour.

NEWS AND REVIEWS

Missionaries returning

Anne Siemens returns to India for another term of service in Mukti on October 28th. Carol Terry returns on November the 4th. We rejoice and praise God for all that He has done through their ministry of deputation work during their furlough. We know that God will strengthen our fellowship and ministry together for His glory here through the many old and new friends whom they were able to contact during their ministry at home. Pray that they may know the fulness of God’s strength and refreshing as they take up the ministry of another term of service. Pray especially that Miss Terry’s eyes may be completely healed.

Leaving for furlough

Margaret Williams is in the throes of packing and preparing for furlough. She leaves on Oct. 29th and will be on her way home by the time this reaches you. It is not easy to leave the family of little ones and young teen-agers, so remember her in prayer that God may be the strength of her heart as she must turn the care of those she loves to another for the time that she must be away. Pray for Madhukantabai, one of our teachers upon whom the responsibility to care for these children will fall. Pray that she may be given God’s abundant grace, strength and wisdom for this ministry. Pray, too for Leelabai Singh who has taken over the club programme which is a big and responsible task. It means a programme must be prepared and supervised for over 150 girls. This task must be fitted into a ministry heavy both in the hospital and in the caring of a good-sized family.

New babies

Five new babies have come to us in the past few months and a family of four lovely motherless girls. Pray for these and for the need of new workers to care for these who come. Pray, too that God will provide for the need of new buildings and facilities to house the new families which must be formed.

Special Meetings

Mr. Silas Fox was the guest speaker for our staff conference this month. His vivid presentation of the truths from God’s precious Word were an inspiration and challenge that shall not soon be forgotten. Our prayer is that we as a staff may go forward in the power of our risen Christ to demonstrate in a practical way the living Word which transforms lives and glorifies Him. Brother Bhakt Singh will be God’s messenger to us at the Mukti special meetings from the 27th to the 30th of this month. Every day from five to six o’clock and again in the evening after dinner we have been meeting for special prayer that God will do a deep and mighty work in our midst through the power of His Word, and quicken us by His Spirit that we might become more effective witnesses for Him in this land in order that many may be led into the Kingdom of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, and be transformed for His glory.
Needy Roofs and Walls

While there was great rejoicing over the showers and heavy rains, there was also real apprehension when we discovered in what great need of repair many of our roofs were. We have prayed earnestly for protection from colds and sickness as a result of exposure to the leaky roofs. If all the roofs in Mukti were put together there would be about 4 acres of them or put end to end about 1\frac{1}{2} miles of them. Then when 50 feet of our high wall surrounding Mukti fell down several nights ago, during a heavy rain there was real concern. Two watchmen were immediately posted in the 50 foot breach and brick masons and coolies have been busy trying to fill in the gap. May we beseech you to hold the need for the repair of our roofs and walls before the Lord. We rejoice in Him because He has given His promise that He shall supply all our needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Most of all, we ask you to continue in fervent prayer that praise to our almighty God and Saviour shall ever pour forth from our gates and that Christ's transforming power shall be ever manifested within these walls of salvation.

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

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