THE OPENING OF OUR NEW HOSPITAL AT SUPA

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

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GREAT THINGS HE HATH DONE

BY ÉLDA AMSTUTZ

"Now, Auntie, we should offer a prayer first," were the words of our workmen as they stood, tools in hand, ready to start the work of building the new little hospital at our out-station in Supa. We were reminded of the verse, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." After a time of prayer and a hymn, the building work was committed into the hands of our Lord who had so wonderfully provided for this new project, and then the work began of which we had dreamed and for which we had prayed many years.

The men had a mind to work, and people marvelled at the rate the building progressed. One day while the richest man in the village was observing the building take shape, as brick after brick was laid, he said, "It will be a real asset to the town."

Where there is building work, there is always rubbish, and the time soon came when the lovely little hospital was finished and the clearing away of the rubbish was the work to hand. This went a little slower, as the workmen had enjoyed the whole project so much they were reluctant to have it finished.

Then came the day of the opening. Invitations were sent to friends and to the heads of twelve surrounding villages, urging them to inform the villagers. In the picture on the cover can be seen the head man of the village of Supa cutting the ribbon across the doorway. Much prayer had been offered regarding the opening, and our Lord brought to us a servant of God who was on his way from Bombay to Pakistan, and his testimony rang out clear and true for Christ to the two hundred people who gathered at the hospital for the big event. The dedicatory prayer was very precious, and our hearts were singing "To God be the glory, great things He hath done." The benediction of that dedication continues to this day, as we are conscious of His touch upon us. Almost immediately the patients began to come and soon the little hospital was filled to capacity. Everyone is pleased with the facilities available and with the pleasant situation among the trees on our Supa compound. This is so much better than our former location in the town right next door to the police station.

The building is almost paid for, and when that need is fully supplied, we are looking unto Him for the erection of a little chapel, a house of prayer, nearby.

There She Knelt to Pray

BY DR. SHEELA GUPTA

It was in the early hours of that Wednesday morning when a little figure clad in white stepped out in the garden to commune with the Lover of her soul. There was a strange, holy hush that surrounded her that morning. She had seen the fulfilment of several years of fervent prayer offered on behalf of Supa, our out-station twelve miles from Mukti. When the fulness of time came, the Lord heard and granted the request of His children. The need of a small hospital within the premises of the Mission bungalow was no longer a dream, but a reality.

The doctor in white stepped into the car which was to take her to Supa. As the car drove through the gates of the Mission bungalow there and halted near the small, new hospital, her whole being was overwhelmed by awe and wonder. She went into the office in the hospital,
and there knelt and prayed, "O Lord, I do not know what awaits me in the days to come. I am only conscious of my own limitations, and now that Thou hast bestowed upon Thine handmaiden this another token of Thy love, I rededicate my life on the altar of Thy love. Bestow Thy love upon all Thy children far and near whom Thou hast used as Thy channels to give us this token of Thy care."

Just then the doctor was reminded of the day when the foundation of the new hospital was laid. The plan had been committed into the hands of the Father, and He gave the pattern to His servant, Mr. McMillen, who, with his coworkers, carried out the work day by day under divine guidance. Then came the day of dedication, when we saw the man of God's choosing give His message to a large gathering of men, women, and children. There was such a hush of His holy presence that even the children hardly moved. With power and authority these words resounded: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever" (Heb. 13:8). Everyone knew that God had spoken through His servant. There was a witness in the hearts of many of His children that a silent work of the Holy Spirit had begun in the hearts of several there, and a note of thanksgiving and praise ascended to Him.

A gentle drizzle from a cloud-covered sky began to fall, and it seemed God's seal upon His work. This was further confirmed when the first patient soon arrived and was admitted as an in-patient. This was followed by another and yet another. Further evidence of His seal upon this work came through additional gifts received just after the dedication which were especially marked for Supa.

While meditating upon all this, verses from God's Word flooded the mind of the doctor, "Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it; because it shall be revealed by fire and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is. If any man's work abide which he hath built thereupon, he shall receive a reward" (1 Cor. 3:13, 14). The little figure clad in white knelt and whispered, "O Father, grant that this hospital will become a monument of Thy love, Thy grace, and Thy faithfulness," and as she knelt praying, a strange silence filled her soul, and she became lost in awe, wonder and praise.
Sunset Before The Darkness

BY GLADYS FLETCHER

The time has come to go forth into the villages and hamlets that are too distant to be visited in daytime trips from the Mission. A camp-site twenty-two miles away has been chosen. It is beside a little stream, and five big mango trees offer good shade.

Tents have been checked along with all camp paraphernalia; Gospels, New Testaments and tracts have been purchased; medical supplies have been made ready, rations collected from the store house, list of Bible women, nurses and missionaries prepared; and all stands ready for the six-week period of intensive evangelism in a needy area. Every fortnight there is a change in our team personnel, when a tired group comes in and a fresh group goes out.

A motor truck had been ordered for 6:00 P. M. on Friday, January 6, and it arrived at 6:00 o'clock the next morning. However, it was quickly loaded, and a way it went with four workmen sitting on the top, who would help to set up the camp.

About 9:00 A. M. the jeep followed, with Mr. McMillen driving, five Bible women, and myself. Just seven miles from Mukti we had to cross the wide, unbridged Bhima River, which at this season of the year is only twenty-five feet wide at the crossing. By seeking out the shallow spots and using the four-wheel drive, we were soon over and away.

Work went steadily on, and by noon three of the four tents were up, but there was no sign of the second load of Bible women and Misses Rohrer and Nicholson, who were to come in the old station wagon. Were they stuck in the river fifteen miles back, or had another wheel fallen off? Mr. McMillen, taking the jeep, another man, and a rope, set off to look for them. At 2:00 P. M. both cars arrived. Yes, they had been stuck in the river for two hours. Four bullocks had pulled the station wagon out, but not before a good sum of money had changed hands.

Gradually a group of men and boys from the mile-distant village and nearby farms arrived and seated themselves at all the vantage points, some even in a tree, to watch proceedings and comment among themselves. One amusing remark was, "My, but all these people are educated; there is not one fool amongst them. They know how to do things."

At last the camp looked as though folks were planning to stay awhile, so Mr. McMillen, the four Hindu workmen, and I set out for home, this time in the station wagon. We arrived back at the river, and the men started to walk across, trying to find a better crossing. However, halfway across, down we bogged. The old station wagon had no powerful four-wheel drive to pull itself out, as did the jeep. Mr. McMillen opened the door to get out and in poured the swiftly flowing river. Water had splashed onto the engine and it needed drying out. While this was being
done with the help of my tea-towel, a distributor part caught the corner of the towel and disappeared into the river. A wonderful thing happened—an old spare part was found in the glove compartment to replace the one lost in the river. Who would not be thankful? One of the men was sent off to hire a cycle from the nearest village and to ride the seven miles to the Mission to get our tractor to come and tow us home.

While these operations were going on, I sat and prayed and enjoyed a most gorgeous sunset. A tall tower in the nearby village stood out black against the scarlets, reds, orange and gold of the evening sky. The effect was breathtaking, painted by the Master's hand. Beauty in unexpected places, even while stuck in a river.

As the shadows became longer and longer, two pairs of bullocks were finally hired to pull us onto the dry sand. Water ran out everywhere from the car, and it took a half-hour to coax the station wagon into life. Thankfully, we all got in, and out onto the road we went. Our joy was short-lived, for she soon stopped again. More tinkering under the bonnet followed with the help of a torch (flashlight). The car was stubborn; but then she is an old lady and had had two duckings that day and was no doubt feeling very wet and ruffled.

An hour later in a very half-hearted way, she once more started. Home we chugged, sounding very much like the tractor that met us halfway. Four hours it took us to do the twenty-two miles. So often the Master's business is held up because of the tools we have to work with, strength expended and time wasted when it is needed for more vital tasks.

As darkness settled upon us while we were stuck in that river, the scene of huts made of mud and palm branches faded into the blackness of night. The beautiful sunset had touched them with gold before the darkness fell. I thought of the souls all around us facing the darkness of eternity. The sunlight of His love can change that darkness into the golden glow of His eternal light. But time goes on and we wonder if the sunset of time is soon coming and their opportunities to hear the good news of salvation will be no more. Now is the time while the Lord gives to us sunset before the darkness.

Misses Nicholson and Rohrer with our Evangelistic Band at the camp.
With memories of a previous ministry amongst us, it was a joy to welcome again Rev. John G. Ridley of Australia, accompanied by his daughter, Ruth. He brought special greetings to us from the Annual Meeting of the Ramabai Mukti Mission held in Melbourne, which he had addressed prior to departure for India.

From the outset of his two weeks' visit, Mr. Ridley shared in our Christmas celebrations and conversed with us informally whenever there was an opportunity. A genuine interest in our well-being prompted inquiries which opened the way for a personal ministry which knit our hearts in Christian fellowship. Thus being one with us, it was of little wonder that with the Word of God open in our hands and with our hearts and minds focussed in expectancy upon our Lord, we were brought to stand in awe of our God.

In five Bible studies with the staff, we were reminded that God can do that which is impossible by the laws of nature, that He has prepared gloriously for our eternity, that by our walk and talk with Him we may be ripened for glory, and that as the bride of Christ we may request blessing.

In the Mukti Church, the New Year's Eve Watch-night Service was based on Matthew 25:6, “And at midnight there was a cry made Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.” We were reminded that the Lord knows if we only have the lamp of profession and not the oil of possession, oil in Scripture being symbolical of the Holy Spirit. Four further special services contained teaching and exhortation concerning the Lord's return. There were a number who indicated their desire for prayer because of the need they recognized in their hearts, and a few accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour.

Will you pray with us that as a family in India, we may live daily to satisfy the desires of our Lord, till He come?

O come, O come, Lord Jesus!
For Thee, for Thee, we sigh;
The sorrows of a dying age
Give whispers Thou art nigh;
For long Thy Church has waited,
O heed her pleading cry!
O come, O come, Lord Jesus,
To lead us home on high!

—John G. Ridley
In this family of Coral Flowers, Rohinee is at the right, while Fragrance is in the centre,

"How would you like to start a new family, Rohinee?" was the question asked me by the Superintendent. There were four girls from a Brahman family whose mother had suddenly died, and they would be the start of the new group in Mukti. Although it was our Annual Meeting Day, my thoughts were all on this question of whether or not I should start a new family. I decided in my mind that I would not, because, although there is much joy connected with it, there are also heartaches, disappointments, and additional responsibilities.

Then Miss Fletcher asked me to come and see the children. After watching them for a time, I thought of my own story. I, too, was brought to the gate of Mukti years ago in the same condition. I was deeply moved, but I simply did not want so much responsibility. I could not sleep for many nights, so I prayed and asked the Lord to lead me. He spoke to me through this verse, "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren:..." (Matt. 25:40). As I continued to pray, these words came to me, "My will is not my own till Thou hast made it Thine." Finally I yielded to the Lord and said "Thy will be done."

The oldest of the four sisters is eight years old, and I have named her "Inspiration," because I was inspired to start the family. She and the one next to her in age, Love, give much help in the family. I had clothes made for all the girls, the room was prepared, but the biggest question was — "Who will love them and care for them like their own mother?"

But God who provided a sacrifice for Abraham, the same Jehovah-jireh, provided a matron-mother from the Hibiscus Family. When Fragrance was asked, she was more than willing to care for the little ones. She had served faithfully and well as "big sister" in the Hibiscus Family for years, and they were gracious to let us have her.

It was on Inspiration's birthday that Star, a three-year-old, came to live with us. She is bright and as full of fun as any happy child, coming
up daily with funny ideas that keep us laughing all day long. She wants
to become a doctor, and daily she pretends to be one, giving injections
with a little straw. One morning when I went to see how things were,
Dawn was playing with her dollie, giving her milk and treating her just as
a mother would her own baby. Star came running and said, "I have
punished my balloon. There it is in the corner, because it always runs fast
ahead of me." Usha goes to kindergarten and tells us everything that
she learns in school. One of the four sisters is only one-and-a-half years
old so she is still in the hospital nursery, as are two others soon to join
our family, whose names are Smile and Luminous.

In India the Coral Flower has a lovely fragrance and is known for its
delicacy. The flower is composed of our three national colours, namely,
white, green and saffron. Just as the white speaks for purity and truth,
it is our prayer that the lives that are given into our care will be pure,
truthful lives for the Master who made this flower. The green leaf speaks
of faith and fertility; so may our little ones grow in faith towards our
Saviour. As saffron speaks to us of courage and sacrifice, so may our
little ones grow up to be courageous and willing to sacrifice all to Him.

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