BEEKUBAI CHANGED TO ANANDIBAI (Meaning Joy)

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION

April – May – June 1961

Yale Divinity Library
New Haven, Conn.
By Elsie Rohrer

Furlough time is a good time to look back and take stock of things. As I look back on the past five and a half years, I can only thank the Lord for His great faithfulness, patience, and love shown to me. Without the comfort, help, and wisdom which He gave, I could never have gone through this term.

As I look back at the past, I am reminded of the verse which the Lord gave me before I came to India the first term, “For the Lord God will help me; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed.” (Isa. 50:7). He has kept His Word according to His precious promise. There were many times when I had to set my face like a flint and press forward, on being given assignments that I knew I was incapable of doing. At such times He taught me valuable lessons of utter dependence on Him. How I proved Him in those days! Had it not been for His help, I surely would have been confounded and ashamed!

Now as I look forward again to meeting my loved ones and many of you dear friends of Mukti, I trust Him to go before and to use me for His glory in telling of His wonder workings here in Mukti. I thank the Lord for His provision for the Lily Family in giving us Mrs. McMillen to help care for them in my absence. It will be a new experience for her to look after fourteen girls rather than three, so do uphold her by your prayers. Pray also for Miss Mocatta as she works with the Bible women, telling forth the precious Word in the many surrounding villages. Miss Terry will need your prayer support, too, as she carries the burdens of housekeeping for our staff. May His grace be sufficient for His children as they take on these added duties, is my prayer.

As I look back to the past term and then ahead to furlough days, I would say with David, “The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage.”
"If You Take Me, I Will Be Happy"

By Elizabeth Morris

When an elderly Hindu widow with a ragged sari, looking very sad, blind in one eye and with only a little sight left in the other, came to our gate, she was shown into the reception room. There we listened to her sad story.

She had been very young when she was married, and had been a widow for forty-five years. She had no children of her own to look after her, so no one cared for her. Being a widow, she was despised, for a widow's lot is a shameful one.

She said, "I have only a brother and he has turned me out. He told me to go to Pandharpur, a pilgrimage place, and die. I walked, part of the way, then went the rest of the way by train, and stayed there for a while, but did not die." She had been very depressed and did not know where to go, when she remembered that as a little girl she had seen Ramabai when she came with some of the Bible women to her village. She recalled how she had stood at the edge of the crowd and watched them, wondering at the love and joy that shone on their faces. She remembered hearing, too, that they took in such as her at the Ramabai Mukti Mission.

"I will go and see them there and ask if they will take me," she thought to herself. She was able to slip into the crowded train of pilgrims without a ticket and so she came.

"If you take me in," she said, "I will be happy, but if you say 'no' then I will go and beg until I die."

Tears came to our eyes as we listened to her story. How could we turn a deaf ear to this poor sad soul? We felt sure that Jesus would have bid her to come to Him. She was told, "You will learn about Jesus if you come to live with us, and if you let Jesus come into your heart He will make you happy." It was not easy for her to take His name for she had never repeated it in her life.

So this elderly lady, Beekubai, was taken into the Home of Love. After a few days she showed a hunger and longing to know more about Jesus the Saviour, and I expected her to open her heart soon.

Her first Sunday in the Home of Love, she attended our Sunday noon prayer-meeting along with the others. At the close of the meeting she was asked if she would like to know Jesus as her own personal Saviour. She said she would.

"Would you like to know Him as your Saviour now?" we asked, and she replied that she would.

Verses from the Word of God were read to her. "Will you confess you are a sinner and ask the Lord Jesus to wash away your sins in His blood?" she was asked.

"I do not know how to pray," she said, "my tongue won't go round the words."

"Will you pray after me?" she was asked. She was happy to do that and prayed in simple faith for Jesus to come in and cleanse her with His blood. Her face lighted up with joy as she got up off her knees. She was asked if she knew that Jesus had saved her and she replied, jumping for joy, "Yes, I know."

Will you pray for Beekubai as she will have to depend on others to teach her about Jesus? She now says that she would like to be baptized. "There is rejoicing in heaven over one sinner that repenteth" and we know there is rejoicing because of Beekubai.
When We Face

By CAR

THE street looked like a dirty back alley. I had to step around a man sleeping on the ground in the narrow passage between the old buildings that looked as though they should be condemned and torn down. Carefully I stepped aside in one place to avoid trash and in another to avoid fly-covered rubbish. "Could this be the way?" I wondered, for I was going to the largest Marathi press in India. Had it been at night, I would have been afraid to be there, and even though it was noonday, I was hesitant about going down that winding alley.

Near a bend in the passage, I came to an unpainted doorway leading to some wooden stairs that were rickety and crooked. There was no sign, but, according to directions, this was the place. Up one flight of creaking stairs, two flights, three flights I went, and then came to a sign indicating a printing office. Entering hesitantly, I saw a desk piled high with papers surrounded by stacks of newly printed books, and I knew I had arrived at the place where we were to commit into Hindu hands the sacred work of printing our Holy Bible. Could the beautiful work we wanted for God's Word be produced in such a place? I went forward hesitantly, and the manager rose to his feet as I approached his desk.

We had corresponded previously, and four years ago he had sent his estimate, but now that we were ready to print, he had sent another estimate almost twice as high. No other Marathi press available to us was large enough to accept the big job of printing the Bible, but this press, in spite of its location and appearance, did the best work. One has to live in and understand the east to know that an unpainted, insignificant, poor-looking doorway may have behind it a tremendous business.

"What are your points?" The manager asked, with pen and a note-book at hand. I quoted his estimate of four years ago, and he replied briefly, "Costs have doubled since then." As I tried to reason with him for a fairer price, he simply replied, "That is impossible." With the quiet calm of the east so frustrating to those used to the ways of western business, he said, "We are not pressing you to take our work."

I realized it was useless to pursue the matter, so changed to another point. "How much time will it take to print our Bible?"

"We will do one hundred pages a month, thus requiring seventeen months to complete the work." When I asked if it could be finished sooner, the reply of the east came again, "That is not possible. We have other work to do as well."

In order to make provision for editions in the years to come, we want to make proofs from which photo-offset printing may be done in the future. Their prices for suitable proofs seemed beyond reason. His reply to my mentioning this was again eastern, "You may go to another press." He knew there was no other press to cope with our work.

Picking up one of their newly printed books, I pointed out the binding. "This binding will not stand up under use in the Indian villages. Can you do a better binding job?"

He looked out of the window as though bored and replied, "You may have it bound somewhere else."

As I walked down the three flights of crooked stairs, tears dimmed my eyes, and I had to stop for a few moments for fear that blurred eyes
would cause a fall. For over ten years the reprinting of Ramabai's Bible had been a goal of our hearts. During that time Mr. Schelander and others had spent years of endless hours carefully studying every verse, that it might be in the best possible Marathi for the villagers of today's India. We wanted it printed and bound in a way worthy of God's Word, but now that we were ready at last to print, frustration seemed to block our pathway at every turn.

Slowly my feet wandered Bombay's back alleys until I arrived at a binding company that handles medical and law books. I had been there once before, and the manager had promised to send an estimate for the consideration of our committee, along with a sample binding, but nothing had arrived. I asked him about this, and he replied casually, "We have more work than we can take care of now. Your job is too big. It is not possible for us to handle it." To him this settled the matter, and he gave his attention to other work on this desk.

I sat there refusing to be daunted. "Do you know any other binding company that can suitably bind large books?"

He looked up long enough to say, "There is no other." I showed him some samples of Bibles and asked if he could obtain similar materials for covers. His reply was in the negative, "It is not possible to obtain such materials in India."

My heart burned within me, and with determination I pressed further, "This Book had been a blessing and help to millions of people all over the world, and we are not printing it to make money, but to help your people. There are hearts that are sad and desperate in your country that need the message of this Book. I have come to you because you are the only ones able to bind it in the way that will stand years of use. This is more than a work you can do, it is a service to India."

The manager stared at me steadily for a few moments, quietly surprised at this unexpected appeal, and then he called his works-manager. They discussed the matter between themselves, and then he turned and said, "We will send you an estimate, but it will be costly."

It was with a discouraged heart that I traced my way back through the alleys of Bombay and went to the office of a small Christian printing service. "Perhaps we should have had it printed in America or England by photo-offset," I said to the missionary there, "only having the type set here. The printing costs in those lands are so very high, we felt it was out of the question. When I brought the paper with me from America, I thought the biggest problem was settled, because suitable paper is not available here, but I find now there are many other problems."

I reviewed the morning's interview with him, and then asked if he knew of any dependable Marathi proofreader, and he said he knew of only one who could do the high standard of proofreading required by the Bible, and he was already overworked. Again another impossibility seemed to face me, and my head went down as I fought back discouragement.

Then the missionary told of a new government restriction on the import of books, and that it was best to have the Bible printed in India in spite of the difficulties. He offered his help in clearing some of the snags. I thanked him sincerely, but as I left his office, I knew it was
more than his help I needed, it was the provision and working of our mighty God.

And now I turn to our friends who read this article and ask you from the depths of my heart to pray. Pray regarding the printing, the ink to be used, the material for the covers, the need for dependable proof-readers, the provision of finances to cover increased prices, and accuracy in a land where standards for work are low. We want a product worthy of His holy Word in spite of the difficulties that seem like mountains in the way. We have a great God. Let us ask Him to do mighty things for His own Word.

"Got any rivers you think are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
God specializes in things thought impossible;
He can do that which no other one can do."

The God Of Darkness

BY LEELA SINGH

THE early dawn was throwing its first smiling glances across the eastern sky of the new day, when we, ten children of the living God, started out towards Jejuri, a place where thousands of Hindu people go for their festival. It was the birthday of Hanuman, the monkey god. Jejuri is a famous temple village nearly twenty-five miles from our place.

While we were going to that village we met many bullock carts, bicycles, taxis and buses, full of people who had come from far away. They looked tired, and their hearts were ful' of confusion and sorrow. Side by side, we, the children of our heavenly Father, with refreshed bodies and minds were singing hallelujas to our risen Saviour. We reached Jejuri at about 8:30 in the morning.

The people were scattered all around the temple. Some were cooking; some were eating under the shade of their bullock carts; some, having made the climb to the temple, were ready to go their homes with the same heavy hearts with which they had come. We, too, scattered among the people two by two, telling about the only and true way of salvation. On one side we were giving Gospels and glad news to the weary people and on the other side a kirtanwala, with his instrument, was taking money from those poor people for singing to them of their god.

In the afternoon we mingled with the crowd going towards the temple. Some of them were shouting and singing "victory to god Khandoba" and near the main door we were singing softly and sweetly about the blood of Jesus. Many people responded to the inviting message and stopped to listen. They came near us, and heard what we were singing, asked questions, and took Gospels to read.

Jesus said, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness," and here we could see that men were
carrying the little oil lamps to see their god who himself is darkness.

Thousands and thousands were coming and falling down flat on the ground before this god of darkness with empty and sorrowful hearts, trying to get joy, peace and satisfaction. In Revelation 5:11 we read that thousands and thousands were singing with one accord to the God of Light who is the Lamb of God. We longed that some from those multitudes should be in that number.

When the sun sank lower and lower behind those blue mountains, we were still watching the people and contacting all we could. As we were descending down the temple steps, sorrow, darkness and fear were still written on their faces and we could hardly leave the place for we wanted to talk to all we could of our living Saviour. Of course we could not contact each person for there were so many, but we tried our best to give the gospel to every soul we met. Some returned to their homes with gospel portions and tracts in their hands, some rejected the living God and with empty hearts returned to their homes. Finally we also had to turn our feet towards home, praying for those who had heard the gospel, that they also would come to Him who is the Light of the world.

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Crown Him Lord Of All
BY SUSAN WERGHIS

"WHAT is happening now? What is the bell for?" These sound like a newcomer's questions and to one who goes through the first Easter season in Mukti, such questions are inevitable.

Friday morning the bell called our big family together for a time of worship led by Mr. Coutoure, a missionary in Poona. Our hearts were warmed as we listened to the pre-Easter message given in simple, yet beautiful Marathi.

"Oh! Who is playing the organ in church? It sounds like someone is practicing for a musical programme"

"Yes, Miss Doerksen is training the choir for the Sunday morning service," was the answer. Our hearts joined in worship in our rooms as the singing of the choir filled the air every evening.

Saturday the newcomer asked again, "What is happening this afternoon?" when at 3:30 in the afternoon, the bell called us together to witness the baptism of eight people. These eight represented many age levels, thereby reminding us that the saving power of Christ is just as real to a child of thirteen as it is to an old woman of seventy.

What joy there was as we gathered around the tank to witness this blessed occasion. Beekubai, whose name was changed to Anandibai (meaning Joy) was as old woman who recently came to us. She had found the Lord here as her Saviour soon after, and with over-flowing joy we listened to her repeat the verse "God is love," after she stepped out of the water.

A blind young Hindu woman who has been with us for only about a year and who had been saved wonderfully by the grace of God, was radiant with happiness as she followed the Lord's command in joyful obedience, together with the other young girls who had grown up here in Mukti. Then followed another service in the church.

Saturday evening was quiet but the same question resounded, "What happens tomorrow?"

"Oh, sunrise service! We all go to the top of the hill for that," was
Towards Saturday evening, the little voices rang with excitement. "We have to get up early and go to the hillside for the sunrise service. We can hardly wait."

At the close of the evening meal Miss Fletcher announced that the first bell would go at 5:15 A.M. for the sunrise service. When the bell rang, it seemed like the night hours had disappeared quickly. The walk to the hillside was most interesting. At six o'clock our service started. Suddenly a flannelgraph board attracted every one's attention. On it were just a stem and two green leaves. "What could that mean?" the curious voices whispered.

Mr. Coutoure stood up near the flannelgraph board and slowly five petals were placed on it. There were the petals of faith, hope, forgiveness, truth and heaven. As he spoke on I Corinthians 15:11-13, each petal slowly disappeared showing what would have happened if Christ had not risen. Then they were replaced again to form a beautiful flower showing the outcome of the resurrection. The little children and older ones alike listened to the Spirit-filled message.

To add to that, the sun rose on the horizon in all its beauty and glory. We walked back home filled with the wonder of God's resurrection power, to get ready for the ten o'clock service. Once again the church was filled with Easter music till finally, as our hearts were bared in worship, they sang, "Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all."

Christ arose with a mighty triumph over His foes. He arose a victor from the dark domain and lives forever with His saints to reign. Yes, let us crown Him Lord of all.

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