TIDINGS

Off to School

SECOND QUARTER 1964

AMERICAN BAPTIST BENGAL-ORISSA MISSION

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Local subscriptions from Mrs C. C. Roadarmel, Midnapore, W. Bengal.
FROM DUSTY DEPTHS TO SNOWY SUMMITS

By Norma Larsen

We'd been enjoying lovely Colorado spring-like weather during our first five months in India in the bustling town of Kharagpur, a railway center in the low-lands or "plains" of West Bengal. But when we piled ourselves, our three small children, and the inevitable paraphernalia of childhood onto the train March 12th, the thermometer was already soaring to mid-90°s. This first lap of our journey took us the 72 miles to Calcutta. We usually look forward to Calcutta trips because, although they are tiring with long shopping lists and innumerable errands, there is usually some entertainment to enjoy or a long-anticipated "dinner out" to compensate for the extra work. But this overnight Calcutta stay was pretty heavy on the work side, with children to chase and try to keep clean in the city's grime, the usual business errands, the registration of our newest daughter's birth for American citizenship, and obtaining permits to enter Darjeeling. The latter is necessary these days for we are aliens, and Darjeeling is a restricted area, in close proximity to Red China and the "trouble" zone.

The following morning should have been any date but Friday the 13th, for within three hours we encountered enough setbacks to make us almost believe in the old superstition. After our taxi was side-swipped en route to the airport, the car was unable to go through the gates to the hangar area (the driver had failed to get a pass) and therefore dumped us and our pile about ½ mile from the hangar. A kind lorry (truck) driver saved us at this point, but then followed a lengthy argument with airline officials to get our allotted 100 lb. on board (bare essentials like diapers, bedding etc!). Being primarily a cargo, rather than
passenger plane, it was already heavily loaded with other cargo. The officials lost the argument and the remainder of the day was relatively uneventful. The two-hour flight was really quite pleasant. Even our infant's yelling was completely inaudible over the DC 3's engine roar.

Landing in what looked to us like a mid-western cow pasture, we were quickly loaded into a small Indian-made car, for the final 50-mile stretch of our 400 mile journey, nearly due north from Kharagpur. This was a good four-hour drive, however, straight up, and with more curves than the joints of any jigsaw puzzle. Many of them could never have been maneuvered by any General Motors car without some stopping and backing. The temperature dropped steadily as we climbed and must have been about 40° when we finally reached Darjeeling town. Here we were transferred to another Jeep taxi for the three-mile jaunt, downhill this time, to Mt. Hermon Estate, the site of our destination—Darjeeling Bengali Language School. But not quite—there was still a quarter mile hike, more steep than the road, down to our assigned cabin. But the site that greeted us as we reached the path's end was worth every ounce of our Friday the 13th troubles. Across a broad, deep valley rose the magnificent Mt. Kanchenjunga, 25,000 ft., just a hair under Mt. Everest, awe-inspiring beyond description, even for us Coloradoans, who are so proud of the beautiful Rockies. It really almost makes Pike's Peak look more like the Oakland California hills, or the sand hills of Nebraska!

Though at 6,500 ft. the temperature still drops to near freezing some nights outside our unheated wood cottage, and we are missing a few of the “comforts of home”, we are finding our days in language study most rewarding. We really appreciate this opportunity to “dig in” to Bengali, along with 20 British missionaries from various parts of West Bengal, and to try to sharpen our conversational and reading skill to the point where our work with hospital patients can be really effective and satisfying. The
new script is quite a challenge, but the language is a very neat, and relatively simple one. In some instances four or five words can say what in English would require 15 words. Language study can be fun, and especially with a bit of competition and the understanding fellowship of fellow strugglers. While we attend classes Miki Jo, our three-year-old, is attending nursery class at Mt. Hermon School, of the American Methodist Mission here on the Estate, just a brisk walk up the hill. Everything here is either uphill or down, but we’re finding this new form of exercise most refreshing.

Even though the mountains seem absolutely untouchable, physically as well as aesthetically, we are reminded daily that the tiny countries of Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan, of which these peaks are a major part, are, in spite of the terrain, in real peril of invasion by their northern neighbour, Red China, and we are doubly inspired to say with the Psalmist, “I will lift my eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help”, to pray not only for help for ourselves, as we seek to prepare for more effective service, but also for God’s guidance and protection for these wonderful people who are now our neighbors and brothers.

IN TWO WORLDS
By C. Louis Kau

The rapidity of travel from one side of the earth to another heightens the contrast of the two worlds in which we live. One day we were in India, set to the speed of the creaking bullock cart, and a few days later we were in the swirl of New York traffic.

India today is in the process of tremendous change. Industrially she is taking giant strides and great leaps forward, while much of the rural population is still trying to crawl. These are challenging new days for India. This all-engulfing change is
causing old values to tumble. A new society is emerging with new concepts of life. Today the church is confronted with the complications of this changing society in which there are vast opportunities for a Christian witness. In these days of shaking foundations, some in India are learning that there is one Foundation that cannot be shaken and will not change and that Foundation is Jesus Christ.

Although at the time of writing, we are in the U.S.A., I have been asked to recall some of the work carried on in 1963, as I did not report for the First Issue of Tidings, 1963, as did the missionaries on the field. We were involved in building operations and in laying foundations both in a material and spiritual sense. In the first half of 1963 we tried to have the buildings completed that are related to our new hospital project. At the time we left India in June, there was still work remaining to be done on the buildings, and the huge task of gathering equipment, and arranging it in the rooms. This construction work took a great deal of time, as well as property work at Jhargram, where a small house was being remodelled for the use of Maureen Brians. Government permits for cement and building materials are often difficult to obtain.

During a two week trip in the Santal field in Bihar State in April, we were able to visit all of the churches of the area. We also took time to put an aluminium sheet roof on the church building at Leda. The Christian people had built the walls of their church the previous year and had put on a light thatch roof so they could use it during the rainy season. While the permanent roof was being constructed, we delivered other aluminium sheets and wood for the truss for the Bhomradi church building. But the roofing job itself had to wait for another day.

This tour of the churches in the western part of our field was the first opportunity for our Executive Secretary, Rev. Sushil Bepari, to meet the Christians of this area and to become acquainted with their problems. In the Dompara field we visited
the eight Santal churches and found an encouraging response among them. These churches hitherto had not co-operated fully in the program of support for the pastoral ministry. It has taken several years and many visits, and much patient instruction and prayer to bring them to a wholehearted willingness to give regularly and to support their pastors. Several men, who had been very opposed to giving, broke down and confessed their hardness and bitterness and together agreed to change their ways. As pastors become available, we have assurance that these churches will be prepared to receive them. There were other spiritual problems which were faced and cleared up during this week of meetings. Some people, who had wronged others, put things right. Wonderful changes of heart and mind cause us to realize that God is at work among these people.

After we left India, one of our younger Santal pastors, Gogendranath Soren, passed away at Bhomradi. He had been in failing health for some time, suffering from leukemia. Bhomradi is in a remote area, and rather inaccessible for half of the year. Over the years this church has continued to grow and has not been troubled by dissension. It will be difficult to find another pastor, of such dedication as Gogen, to minister in this church.

The last days in the Kora field, before I left, were marked by some encouraging responses in the Ulda church area. People living in the villages scattered around this area are showing a growing response to the Gospel. The largest group that has ever been baptized in any one church of the Kora field in one year were the 36 who were baptized in May of 1963 in the Ulda Church. We believe there is promise of increasing responsiveness among the tribal people of this area. Along with others from his village, Rupai and his entire family were among those baptized. The witness of these Christians, young in the faith, will lead others to this same step.

Part of this encouraging outlook comes from the number of young men who are preparing for the ministry from the village
churches. Roben Hansda is in his second year of study at Union Biblical Seminary, Yeotmal. He is the first Kora boy from these churches to attend this seminary. From the Bansiar Church, another Kora young man, Joseph Singh, son of the pastor, is in his 3rd year at Serampore College and plans to go on to Yeotmal Seminary. Sambhunath Singh is at Bible School in Cuttack in his first year. He and Joseph lived in the Christian Hostel at Nekursini while they were attending Government high school. Two other young men are committed to the ministry, but are not yet ready for training. These are our bright hope for future pastoral leadership in the rural churches, yet we need many more in order to reach the borders of the area, for which we as Baptists are responsible, with the Gospel. Thousands untouched call for many more to dedicate themselves to the ministry of Jesus Christ.

Because we were to leave India for a year, we had to reduce some of the program we had laid out. Adult literacy work was limited to two schools and the number of students in the Nekursini Hostel was reduced to the number that could be accommodated on the budget available for this work. When there is more money for this work we plan to increase the number of scholarships, in order to provide better leadership in our Kora and Santal communities.

In June of '63 we left India with much uncertainty as to our return. After a short trip across Europe we arrived in the U.S.A. and managed to get settled in time for the children to go to school in Quincy, Illinois. As soon as these details were in order, we began to accept speaking engagements in Quincy and across the country. Wilma has taken 41 engagements and I have spoken 137 times in eight States in the past six months. A two week trip to Arizona is scheduled in April which will perhaps be the last of our deputation ministry. We believe the Lord has directed us in the decision to return to India, and trust Him for the working out of whatever problems lie ahead.
HOW AND WHY I BECAME A CHRISTIAN

By Jhinny Bilimoria

“Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.” II Cor. 5:15

I was born into a Parsee home at Nagpur, Central India, and was educated in a Catholic Convent at Ootacamund in S. India. Our family business was in Kharagpur, Bengal, but our family finally settled in Bombay.

Religion and God had very little time in my life, although there were times when my thoughts turned to God. But those were times when I wanted things, or was afraid of certain circumstances, or people. Always I believed there was a God, for I had been taught this from my early childhood. Prayers were continuously said in our family. I remember especially that my father would pray for at least an hour every morning without fail, and every night he would offer a short prayer, but these were prayers in the Avesta language which neither he, nor any of us could understand.

At the age of nine I had my thread ceremony which initiated me into the Parsee faith. Before that event took place I had been taught during a period of about two years, during my Christmas holidays from School, the preliminary Parsee prayers by a priest. I remember those times so vividly, and not without shame that I disliked learning the prayers, as I just could not understand them. I had to memorize them parrot-fashion and this disturbed me. I used this as an excuse to justify my escaping my lessons with the priest whenever I could.

In those days there seemed to be no one who could give an answer to our childish enquiries about God. All we were taught was that God is good, and perfect; that we were to have good thoughts, and do good deeds. There was no thought
of sin or wrong-doing. We were made to believe that we always had to be good, and were considered so! We were brought up most conservatively by our parents, and were surrounded by much love and all that they could offer by way of material comfort. We did not consider ourselves rich, but just the average comfortably-settled middle class.

Comfortable existence was ours until one of my brothers died at the age of eighteen. This was a shock to all of us, as he had been ill only a few days. This first experience of sorrow and loss was a great shock to me personally, although I was no longer a child. I had finished my schooling a couple of years before this. Our eldest sister was married by then. But the second sorrow followed within six months in the death of my father. At that time death was a frightening event for me. Also it seemed to me that no one could be unhappier than I. This gave me periods of depression over a period of at least ten years. Then some years later I went for a study-cum-holiday abroad and was out of India for about three years.

When I returned, it was in a happier frame of mind. Perhaps it was because I had seen more of life and had come across people who had experienced the horror of war. I felt I was the happiest soul alive. I was glad I had not experienced the hardships that many people had faced, and for the first time I thanked God that I was not so badly off as others. I was now idle and carefree and frequently visited with friends. Always there was a chance to glance at some of their books while they were busy about other things in their homes. It was at times like these that my eyes always fell on books that had a Christian theme. I found myself borrowing these books and soon became absorbed in reading them.

Even though I was in such a happy frame of mind, a thought persisted that there was something missing in my life. I could not put this down to any one thing. During this period I was reminded by my family that I should go to the Fire-temple and
give thanks to God for keeping me safe throughout my journey. I kept putting off doing this. I was learning to drive a car, and whenever I set out I would intend to go to the Fire-temple. There were times when I drove right up to the gate, and then turned back. I just couldn’t make myself enter the Fire-temple. In the back of my mind there was fear. I cannot say exactly when the thought came into my mind, “I wish we could have a God like Jesus Christ.” My thoughts turned to Him and my mind dwelt on all the stories I had heard about Him when I was in Nazareth Convent. I remembered especially His trial before Pilate; the suffering He went through before His crucifixion, and His dying on the Cross. Then my thoughts turned to people I had known whose lives seemed to have a purpose. They seemed cheerful and always ready to help, forgetful of themselves, and happy and content even though they, too, had experienced many a sorrow. I thought of other people who so often complained, often morose, and who seemed insecure even though some of them were living in luxury. I wondered what it was that made the difference. Finally it occurred to me that those who were living close to God were the ones who seemed to have a purpose for living, whether they were rich or poor, in good or ill health, in happy or difficult circumstances, whilst those who never seemed satisfied were the ones who had no time for God, even though some of them had all the material blessings that life could offer them.

The books which made the deepest impression on me were: “A Man Called Peter”, by Catherine Marshall, “Why I Know there is a God” by Fulton Oursler, “My Life and My Thought” by Albert Schweitzer, “The Greatest Thing in the World” by Henry Drummond, and “Prescription for Anxiety” by Leslie Weatherhead. Finally I realized that what was lacking in my life was God. It was then that I made up my mind to become a Christian, because it seemed to me that Jesus Christ had revealed God to men, and that He must be God to have lived and spoken
as He did. Up to that time I had not read the Bible. I knew many Parsees possessed statues of various saints, especially of the Virgin Mary. I knew that they had a deep respect for the Christian religion, and perhaps, like them, I could have prayed to Jesus Christ and remained a Parsee. Somehow to me it seemed a deceitful and cowardly position against God, living a double-faced life. How could one deceive God, yet come to love and worship Him? No, I wanted to become a Christian.

I was not acquainted with any Indian Christians at that time, nor did I know any missionaries. I had made up my mind furthermore that I did not want to be influenced by anyone but God Himself, so I did not mention my thoughts to any of my friends. I knew that only God must help me to make up my mind. During this baffling period, having decided I must be a Christian, I prayed on my knees in my own words to Jesus Christ. I found myself praying more and more to Him, and He seemed to understand. I did not like the idea of talking to a Christian minister whom I did not know, but I thought I could talk to a minister’s wife. I had met a minister’s wife in England, but at that time this did not mean anything to me. Now she came to my mind and I looked for someone like her with whom I could talk.

From what I had read, I decided that a minister would live next door to a church. I saw many churches when I was driving my car, but always the doors were closed and there was no one around to give me any information. One day I was shopping at the Causeway in the Colaba area of Bombay. I was walking, and as I stopped to wait for the traffic to change, I looked across the road and there I saw a church. In the same building on the top-most veranda, I saw baby’s clothes drying. I knew I had come to the right place. I crossed the road and found the downstairs door open. I started up the staircase. By this time I was trembling and I didn’t know why. But I went on and then rang the doorbell. My ring was not answered, or perhaps I was too nervous to give anyone time to open the door, and I fled.
from the place. Strange as it may seem when I reached home I felt I must go again, and so I went back. This time a servant opened the door. I asked if Mrs. Thorne was in and was told that she was out. He showed me the correct entrance to the church, and also told me to come any day at 11 o’clock. I found myself trembling, perhaps with relief, but so did the urge keep coming, or Someone telling me to go again. Another day I went, and this time a gentleman opened the door. After greeting him at the entrance, I told him that I wanted to see Mrs. Thorne. He said he was Mr. Thorne, but that his wife was not in Bombay, she had gone to England. I was so dismayed, and asked when she would be returning. He said she would not be coming back to India, as they were retiring. My face fell and I turned to go away, when Mr. Thorne asked if there was anything he could do. I replied in the negative, saying I only wanted to see Mrs. Thorne. He must have asked me if there was any message he could give her by letter, although I do not remember this clearly. But it was then that I said, “I want to be a Christian.” Mr. Thorne must have wondered who I was, but he was very polite and kind and asked me to come in. I explained my whole situation to him. He in turn asked me if I had read the Bible. When I replied that I had not, he gave me a New Testament to read and told me to come again after a few days. He also had asked me if I was serious in my decision, and whether or not I realized how my family would take it. All this I was to think over. That night as I knelt I tried to read the New Testament, but I didn’t know what to read, or where to begin. I turned over the pages and my eyes fell on chapter 14 of the Gospel of John. True, I had studied the Gospel of Mark when I was in school, and had heard stories of Jesus life, but this chapter and the ones that followed, as well as the ones that preceded it, were quite unfamiliar to me.

To one who had feared God all her life the words, “Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.
In my Father's house there are many mansions...’ came with great comfort; I need not be afraid. That God was called Father was a new conception to me. Why I had never realized this when I was in school I cannot say. This relationship was a new aspect of God’s nature. As I pondered and meditated that God had come to earth, lived with man, and yet was a universal Father to all, He became real to me through Jesus Christ. And this was no sentimental conception of a father, as all know who have good fathers; they exercise discipline, together with love.

This love of God, as revealed through Jesus Christ, was something I had never known: a “love that passeth understanding”. I was quite sure that I could never think of God in any other way and so, after a few days, I went to see Rev. Thorne again. I began attending the Women’s Fellowship where they had a Bible period. I cannot say that I knew my Bible well, but as I look back now, I realize, what I did not know at that time, that the Holy Spirit was working in me, and perhaps God gave me these passages to read, knowing I was perplexed. God’s promise in John 14:26 is ever being fulfilled. I must confess that I could not fully understand all that I read at the time, but I can give thanks to God that He helped me in this way, for as the years pass, these passages have given me a deeper spiritual revelation of God through His Son Jesus Christ. It did not take me long to come to the decision that I should openly become a Christian. So, I was baptized on September 12, 1956. The baptismal service was held in the Wesley Methodist Church, Bombay. September 12th fell on a Wednesday that year and it was the day of the Women’s Fellowship. What a happy day it was for me! I really did feel like a new creature.

We cannot always stay on the mountain-top, but during these past years, each minute, each hour, each day and the last thing at night I can draw near to Him and look up with awe and love and say, “My Lord and My God, I thank You.”
WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION—VILLAGE STYLE

By CLARA DORN

Many of you are probably familiar with the type of association meetings that the women belonging to Baptist churches in the U.S.A. conduct. In our Bengal-Orissa area when the women from 9 churches met together for three days (Feb. 27th to Mar. 1st) of business, inspiration, fellowship and fun, this is what it was like.

The evening our Conference was to begin I went to the river beyond our Christian training center at Jaleswar, Orissa to greet the ladies arriving from the village of Hatigarh. They had walked nine miles to the river, using a bullock cart to carry their bedding, clothes, food, etc. After crossing the river by boat, they had only a short walk to our conference grounds. We loaded all the luggage into the jeep station wagon. In this country that includes mattresses, sheets, mosquito nets, kerosene lanterns, buckets for carrying water, pans, dishes, rice, leaf plates, puffed rice, and so forth. Altogether the women brought almost 200 pounds of rice; more than enough for our small group. Each church made a contribution, which meant we didn’t need to give very much in cash for our board. This system seems to work out well, particularly among our village Christians.

Our theme verse was Paul’s statement in I Cor. 9:16: “Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel.” We considered what the Gospel is, why we preach the Gospel, and fruitful ways of preaching the Gospel. Each evening besides a message by our special speaker, a pastor’s wife from the British Baptist Mission in Cuttack, we had an interesting filmstrip relating to the Christian family. The program also included daily morning devotions
with separate Santali, Bengali, and Oriya language groups, business sessions, singing, a play on the life of Raymond Lall, and group participation in Santal folk dances. The play was quite ingenious. Sarees were used for the props and backgrounds, as well as for all the costumes. I finally figured out that the waving blue saree with people inside was an ocean liner!

This Conference is always entirely self-supporting and is carried out with a minimum of missionary assistance on the program. The majority of our village women have few opportunities for Christian fellowship, spiritual inspiration, recreation and relaxation. These conferences are long remembered as the highlight of their year.

**BENGAL REVISITED**

**By L. Clayton Kitchen**

On November 2nd, after nearly 11 years since our brief visit during the Christmas season of 1952, and nearly 29 years since we left the field as missionaries, we arrived in Midnapore as the guests of Ethel and “Roady” Roadarmel. My first effort at the public use of Bengali was an address at the Youth Conference in Midnapore on November 4th. More than a hundred young people, older ‘teenagers’ and college students, were holding their Annual Conference. It was an inspiration to see this new development in co-educational Christian training and fellowship. At Christmas time in Bhimpore as guests of the Weidmans, and in Midnapore on New Year’s Day, we were thrilled to see young people professing their faith in Christ, either asking for, or receiving baptism in their respective churches. There seemed to be considerable vitality of Christian faith and conviction among these young people.
Later in November, after the Annual Meeting of the Conven­tion in Khargpur (and another Bengali sermon), we became settled in the Jamda bungalow at Jhargram in time to prepare for a session with the pastors and Bible-women on the 22nd. Returning to Jhargram, I found myself besieged by nostalgic memories. Back in 1933, I had been relieved of responsibility for the Bhimpore High School to work out a program of Christian Education for the 85 or more village schools of the Santal Education Board under our supervision. Miss Naomi Knapp, Mr. D. K. Biswas and I each month met groups of teachers at Bhimpore, Jhargram and Dompara with lessons and materials of a course based on the Explorers’ theme—“This is my Father’s World”.

In those days, the Jhargram bungalow was a rest-house of the type of Travellers’ (Dak-) bungalow, comprising one large living-dining room, an office and bathroom, and one veranda for a sleeping porch. This is now the east side of an adequate home for a missionary with a small family. Now equipped with electric fans and “bar lights” (fluorescent fixtures), it is the best-lighted bungalow in the Mission. One can read with comfort in any room or on the front veranda. The facilities at Jamda as a training center are so ample that, with our group of 10 pastors and 4 Bible-women, we didn’t even open the larger building. For the November meeting, we met in the daytime in the Chapel, open on three sides, but for the December sessions the cold-season breezes, to us delightful, were too chilly for the men and women, so we moved into the men’s “dorm”, but the mosquitoes drove me out and we finally settled down in the east bedroom of the bungalow, the very room in which we held our monthly meetings in 1933-35. On the Chapel rug spread on the floor, we really “got down” to business, Indian style.

My course of teaching dealt with the aim or objective of Christian teaching in obedience to our Lord’s command, Matt. 28:20, “teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have
commanded”. For me, the objective is “The New Person in Christ”—spelled out in terms of Christian convictions, Biblically based, following through into Christian living, guided by the dynamic power of the Holy Spirit. If I can judge from the response of the pastors and Bible-women, we were dealing with something vital to the needs of village Christians, as we “teach them to observe”, i.e., to carry out all that He has commanded. In my judgment, this is the most important, as it is the most neglected, aspect of our Christian endeavours anywhere. It was to me, personally, stimulating to work out this pattern in Bengali at the “grass roots” level, and then go to Serampore College to discuss it with the men of the B.D. course there.

At Jamda, church services are conducted regularly in the Chapel, and on several occasions I helped the young pastor by preaching the sermon. Belle and I visited three of the homes, holding prayer meetings, at which I tried to share with them some of my teachings concerning The New Person in Christ in his family relationships. This fellowship seemed to mean a great deal to these Christian families living in the midst of a Hindu environment that crowds in on them. We saw how children spilled in on us and could appreciate the opportunities for Sunday School development that some are making.

Time after time, former students of the Bhimpore School dropped in on us. Indeed, it was from one of them in the bazaar that we learned on Saturday, November 23rd, of the assassination of President Kennedy, barely twelve hours after it had occurred. The whole bazaar, even the ricksha men, appeared stunned with shock, as indeed, all India was.

My most remarkable experience was the coming of two elementary school teachers from a village located on the bank of the Kasai River, south of Lalgarh, and about halfway between the Jamda bungalow and Bhimpore. They came as “inquirers” and the young pastor, Sri Satish Tudu, brought them to talk to me. Since they were Santals, I asked when they had gone to the
Bhimpore School. The older one replied that he went there first in 1939, four years after we had left the field; the younger man a little later. But they had often heard about me. Indeed, the older teacher remembered seeing me on one occasion. “One day”, he said, “you came to our village in your car and left it under a tree to go down the river to hunt ducks, and you came back carrying a big wild duck”. It was an authentic memory for I recall shooting that duck with a Rotax bullet, when I couldn’t get close enough to use bird shot because of a stretch of open sand. After thirty years, one of those village urchins, now a mature school teacher, comes to the Jamda bungalow with his colleague, to talk with us about becoming a follower of Jesus Christ. And only a short time before, one of my former students, a rather disgruntled Christian, soured by family quarrels and lawsuits, had told me that we had missed the day of our visitation as far as the Santals are concerned! But as we talked with those two teachers, respected leaders in their village, I found corroborating evidence of the vitality of the very things that I had been teaching the pastors about *The New Person in Christ*, and his convictions about God and Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Then I had to leave the nurture of these inquirers to our young pastor who needs a lot of help, and our prayers.

On another occasion just before Christmas, at the local Post Office, I got into conversation with a college student who was curious about me. He asked all kinds of personal questions, about my age, my salary as a professor, and what I taught. The most relevant answer to that was my course in Comparative Religions and I spoke of teaching about “the Gita” and the “Upanishads”. When I commended the teaching of the “Gita” about action devoid of self-interest, he said, “You have gotten to the heart of the matter”, and asked if he might come and talk with me about religion. I had to reply that we were leaving the next day, but would return after New Year’s Day and would be glad to have him come to talk and have tea, but he didn’t
come. At least we had some of the satisfactions of being missionaries again and found ample opportunity awaiting any younger family prepared to settle in at Jhargram and encourage the small Christian community there to become a vital fellowship of faith and witness, and to stimulate the Santal Christians in the Jhargram-Dompara area to a more vigorous Christian testimony. For the efforts that went to make us comfortable in Jhargram for the period of our stay, we are grateful beyond words.

But this report would be incomplete without reference to our week at Bhimpore with the Weidmans at Christmas. Their gracious hospitality and the acceptance of us by the children as substitute grand-parents made us feel at home. And of course, two sermons in the Church, on Christmas Day and the Sunday following, revived memories of my first sermon preached in fear and trembling from that pulpit. We were welcomed in the homes of the village as we wandered about, noting a few changes, some deterioration and much improvement, in village homes. The time was too short for all the hospitality we could have enjoyed, but we shall not forget the delicious meals and the warmth of friendship expressed by the invitations that we were able to accept.

Our one regret concerns our inability to follow up our contacts with more lasting influence. As this is being written, we are anticipating another week or so after returning from Assam, for a brief session with Dr. Osgood at the training center at Jaleswar, and the Missionary Fellowship in Midnapore, before we say goodbye to Bengal-Orissa and our colleagues and friends of over thirty years, and the new ones of these weeks together.
A 'CHEQUERED PATTERN

By Ruth Filmer

I’ve heard it said that resolutions are made only to be broken. I don’t know whether that is true, or if broken resolutions are an evidence of a weak will and character. In July 1963 I made what, I then thought, was a lasting resolution when I said, “I’ll give medical help only to lepers. Other people are not outcasts as they are, and they can manage somehow.” Well . . . that resolution was quickly shattered by the great and pitiful need of the constant stream of people who came to my door seeking medical help. So, on August 31st I opened a dispensary in an old shed on the Mission compound here in Hatigarh. “This will be for three hours, three mornings a week only”, I said firmly. And that resolution? Broken—shattered by the many captivating, pathetic, grimy little imps who arrive at all hours with red, swollen, discharging eyes, or those who, with pathetic face, whisper, “Fever”, or the frantic mother who shouts at my door, usually about 2 a.m. Since beginning this dispensary I have treated some 1000 patients, excluding lepers, and the aforesaid out of hours children.

It is so easy to become absorbed in the very real physical need, and the most discouraging factor is that the majority care only for the medical and material help which they can obtain. So few show any interest in the message which can save them from the greatest disease of all—sin. But those who sow beside all waters are blessed, and the sorrow one feels about the many indifferent ones is outweighed by the joy when some are ready and eager to listen. Patches of sunshine alongside the shadows.

And what of the leper work? Here the pattern is very chequered indeed. There is a widespread belief that, because lepers
are so outcaste from society, they are deeply grateful for any attention. I have not found this to be so. Cut off from friends and family as they are, one admires them for their efforts to shape a new life, but they are fiercely jealous of their independence and many think it is their just right to receive help. I am often reminded of a story told me a short while ago of the man who moved by the pitiful condition of a beggar gave him some bread, only to be greeted disdainfully with, “What! no jam?” I am sure we can never fully understand the mental and physical suffering of the people afflicted with this disease. In such a limited and frustrating situation quarrels easily arise and rebellion against any kind of discipline seems to be an outlet for their pent-up feelings.

A really deep shadow fell on the Leper Colony in Hatigarh a short while ago when a young woman, mother of three small girls, was stricken with tetanus. Though a professing Christian, she had been a leader in a recent rebellion, making and drinking rice beer, which is strictly forbidden, and encouraging others to do likewise. When she fell ill, instead of seeking medical help, she and her husband resorted to witch-craft for healing. When they called me late one night, it was too late for treatment to be effective. As I sat beside her, trying to control the almost continuous fits, and to quench her thirst with a cotton swab dipped in water, I wondered how much she could understand of what was said. Towards evening I asked, “Do you know me?” “Yes”, she replied, ”you’re our Missie Ma.” Again the fits came on. Then as she quietened she said, “Oh, Lord, I have sinned; forgive me.” How my heart lifted in joy and praise to a loving Father as I reminded her that if we confess our sin, He is faithful and just to forgive and cleanse. A dark, dark patch, but her repentance was, to me, a ray of pure golden sunlight. She passed away soon after, asking again for forgiveness.

I returned home and, as I stood for a few moments outside as the sun was setting, I heard the steady clack-clack of the weaver’s
shuttle nearby and I recalled the scene as I passed his house a few days before. The loom set up, and at one end just a mass of threads, and at the other end, taking shape under skilful hands, a beautiful, royal blue, gold-bordered sari. With this memory there came to mind the words I had read sometime before:

"Not until each loom is silent,
And the shuttles cease to fly,
Will God unroll the pattern
And explain the reason why
The dark threads are as needful
In the Weaver's skilful hand,
As the threads of gold and silver
For the pattern which He planned."

ANNUAL MISSIONARY FELLOWSHIP

By Ethel N. Roadarmel

Sixteen of us sat around the table at the Roadarmel's home for the joint dinner, planned by Ethel Roadarmel and Clara Dorn, which began the social evening of our Annual Missionary Fellowship meetings. Between the two mission residences, just across the road from each other, 13 adults and 4 pre-school age children were accommodated from March 5th through March 8th. Camp cots on veranda and in office made this possible. Folks began arriving the morning of the 5th and some, for one reason or another, stayed over until the 9th or 10th.

We were happy to have Dr and Mrs L. Clayton Kitchen of Canada, former missionaries in our field, as guests and to have him as special speaker. Our own Bengal-Orissa missionaries numbered four couples, but Jane Osgood was not yet back from the U.S.A.?, and three single girls. That there were 13 present
for most sessions did not disturb us. On the second day Ruth Filmer, Australian Baptist nurse, serving under the Christian Service Society, joined us. On Sunday Bill and Sheila Green, who are doing so much on our hospital project, and Suddha Mookerji, Headmistress and Secretary of our Mission Girls' School, Midnapore, shared in the meetings.

Business matters were carried out on the first day by the whole Fellowship and by the Reference Committee in between sessions. The remaining time was given over to fun, fellowship and inspiration. How we need and enjoy all three!

We discovered some of the talents of our new couple, Dr. Bob and Norma Larsen, when the first evening they put on a comic operetta. Both have fine voices, and the songs, often parodies on opera music, depicting the work and life of their colleagues in a humorous fashion brought forth peals of laughter and appreciation.

Following the joint dinner on the 7th evening there were group games, after which we enjoyed looking at projected Kodachrome slides taken by Roadarmels and Bill Osgood at the Judson celebrations in Burma, and during the "Consultation on World Mission" in Hong Kong. For the benefit of missionaries who have not been to Landour, pictures of Woodstock School, and scenes in the mountains at Landour were shown.

Clara Dorn served as Chairman of Missionary Fellowship and presided at the business meetings. Mr. Roadarmel was in the chair as Secretary. As a result of elections for 1964, Jane Osgood is Chairman of Missionary Fellowship and so also of Reference Committee, which carries on any business relating to the Fellowship through the year. The other members of this Committee are: C. C. Roadarmel (as Field Secretary and Acting Mission Treasurer), Rev. W. C. Osgood, Dr. R. R. Larsen, Rev. B. E. Weidman, Miss Susanne Powers, and Miss A. Maureen Brians. Other necessary committees and representatives to the various regional Christian Councils were also elected.
The theme for our consideration was “With God all things are possible”. Half hour devotional periods centered our thoughts on God’s power and were led by Pat Weidman, Bob Larsen, Ruth Filmer, and Sue Powers, using as a basis in Scripture Mark 9:23, Phil. 4:13, Matt. 19:26, and Heb. 11:6. “God can work miracles in our lives if we do not put up barriers. I am ready to do anything. God honors glorious, consecrated recklessness. God asks us to do what by human standards seems foolish, then He does what by human standards seems impossible.”

A report of the Christian Training Committee and of the work of the Christian Literature Committee was given by Clara Dorn and Bill Osgood respectively. We have 8 students this year at Yeotmal Union Seminary, Bombay State, where the medium of instruction is English and a 3 and 4 year course is offered. We have 7 students at Cuttack Theological College, Orissa. The many conferences and retreats through the year for nationals are planned by the Christian Training Committee. These include ones for pastors’ wives and nurses, young people, Christian workers, for women of the Santal and Kora villages, for lay training, for adult literacy, and for S.S. teachers.

Much has been done through the Literature Committee in translation into the vernaculars of many Christian books both for adults and children. These include “A Christian Approach to Family Planning” and books on health. In Tidings No. 7, 1964 Dr. Osgood has given more information about literature work. The Christian Book Store in Golbazar, Kharagpur stocks a great variety of literature and more people are making purchases, having discovered what can be obtained there.

Bill Osgood reported on the Judson Sesquicentennial in Rangoon, Burma, Dec. 19th to 22nd, to which some 5,000 delegates came from all over Burma and about 46 from other countries. He sought to convey something of the inspiration of these great gatherings, showing what great things God has done through the years since the arrival of Adoniram and Ann Judson 150 years ago.
The baptism of 256 candidates in a lovely lake by 12 pastors was an impressive testimony to the fact that, despite many obstacles, the power of Jesus Christ to change lives is at work today in this land where Buddhism is the majority religion.

C. C. Roadarmel reported on “The Consultation on World Mission” at Hong Kong, Dec. 27 to Jan. 5, where representatives from all of our Baptist mission fields, except Burma, were present. Serious consideration was given to the methods being used for the proclamation of the Gospel today and the changes needed for greater effectiveness in the future. This is the third such consultation between our A.B. Foreign Mission Societies and field representatives and the first to be held outside of the U.S.A. The subjects of papers and issues for discussion were: “The Theological Basis of Mission”, “Analysis of Historic Framework of Mission”, “Forces that Challenge the Authority of the Gospel”, “How Relate our Faith to Actual Needs of People”, “Baptist Doctrine of the Church and Ecumenism”, and “New Patterns of Mission.” A Committee on Recommendations was appointed which presented 17 draft recommendations to the delegates. These were fully discussed in 3 plenary sessions. They are being printed and will be discussed and, we hope, implemented in planning for the future in our overseas work on all Baptist fields.

Ethel Roadarmel led an hour period on “Conversational Prayer”, based on the book, “Prayer—Conversing with God” by Rosalind Rinker (Zondervan Pub. House). The latter half of the time was spent in following this method of prayer: informal, short prayers, praying more than once as led by the Spirit, following one subject until another is introduced, saying “I” when we meant “I” and “we” when we meant “we,” and making faith sized requests. The latter “is a request for a particular situation in which you pray for a special person or thing and ask only for that which you can really believe God will do, in a given time limit.” (Chp. 10: p. 68). The presence of our Living Lord
was very real as we united in thanksgiving, and prayed for our missionaries in the U.S.A., for particular needs in our churches, for our new hospital, and for each other.

On Sunday morning we joined in the Bengali worship service of the Midnapore Baptist Church, and later Mr. Kitchen directed our thoughts. In the afternoon Maureen Brians led us in a period of guided prayer and again we prayed briefly, following the methods of conversational prayer.

Our consecration and communion service was led by Burt Weidman, using Phil. 3:8-10. Eph. 6:16-19 and Col. 3:17 as Scripture reading. Emphasis was placed upon obedience to Jesus Christ. “Only I can limit Christ in what He can do in and through me. We must accept the daily task of forgetting self. We must trust Christ with the consequences of loving and trusting people.”

We appreciated so much the messages brought by Dr. Kitchen on the 6th evening, the 7th afternoon, and the 8th morning. It was interesting to learn that 43 years ago to this very week, he and Belle had unpacked their things in this very house where we were meeting, and so had begun their 16 years of service in India. During these recent months of being in India for voluntary service, following retirement, he discovered many frustrations and could speak out of his own experience. From frustrations which are common to all of us he went on to say, “God’s will can be frustrated. This is difficult for the Moslem to grasp as his religion teaches that Allah’s will can never be frustrated. God’s will can be frustrated by evil men, by our stubbornness and blindness. The world that hated Christ, hates God today.”

He cautioned us that we need to be on our guard: 1. as to too ready acceptance of frustrations as inevitable in our world; 2. against the danger of becoming too boastful; pride in our achievements; 3. against the danger of assuming God is going to work a miracle for our convenience. Yet, we must discipline ourselves
to trust in God’s care and provision. It is not a question of His power, but of our faith. There must be a confident trust in the power and purposes of God. We need to be certain that His purposes are our objectives.”

Using several Scripture passages in his second message he spoke on “The Recovery of the Sense of Mission.” We have: 1. the word of reassurance, John 20:19-22; 2. a challenging commission, Matt. 28:19-20. We have been sent. Are we not wanted? Neither was William Carey, nor was Adoniram Judson and they faced active opposition; 3. the assurance of dynamic power, Acts 1:6-8.

His closing message was based on our Lord’s prayer in John 17. This prayer was for us: “For all who believe through their word.” The new person in Christ is the goal of all Christian education. The whole inhabited world is the area for our concern.”

As we gathered for our closing singspiration under the direction of Bob and Norma Larsen, we were conscious of the unity and oneness of purpose we have in Christ, of our weaknesses, but of His power. As Bob closed with prayer giving thanks for each one in the circle by name, and making a definite petition for each, we felt how wonderful is “the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love”, and unites us in mutual concern. So ended our Annual Missionary Fellowship meeting. In this field where missionaries and national Christian workers are so few, we realized anew that there is no limit to what God can do, and “with Him all things are possible.”
A CALL FROM THE INDUSTRIAL AREA CHURCHES

By Miss Satyabati Behera

It has been a joy and an encouragement to me, as a special worker among women and children, to respond to the call from the industrial area churches. Recently I visited in three of these areas where we have Baptist churches affiliated with our Christian Service Society. Grace Union Church is located in the copper mining town of Mosaboni Mines. Bethel Calvary Baptist and Emmanuel Baptist serve in Jamshedpur and its suburbs, a great steel center with many other industries. Rajgangpur has a large cement factory and there is a Baptist group there.

I was able to visit in 191 homes, both Christian and non-Christian. I especially wanted our Christian people to know more about our first Hospital, located at Nekursini, 25 miles south of Kharagpur, and to help them feel that this is their Hospital, so they should contribute something to help in providing the needed equipment. This was the second time I had collected money in the homes and from the churches in these centers. Many were very happy to give an offering for this purpose. Altogether I received Rs 252.00, approximately $55.00. I realize this may not seem like very much, but I was thankful for this and hope it is just the beginning of interest in our medical project. When the hospital is opened and our American missionary doctor is there, people will respond even more generously for they will be receiving medical help.

There is a real hunger and thirst on the part of many for Christian literature. I always take a supply with me, as I believe God
can speak to people through the written word. This is one way of proclaiming the Gospel. Almost every home bought reading material. Sunday School teachers wanted books, or New Testaments, to give as prizes to their pupils. Young people also wanted material that would help them in Bible class, in leading prayer meetings, and for their Christian Endeavour programs. I received almost Rs. 98.00 for what I sold, which would be about $20.00 in value.

In leading the women’s meetings, and as I visited in the homes at Mosaboni Mines and Jamshedpur, I found at least four languages were in common use. These are: Hindi, Telugu, Oriya, and Bengali. My own language is Oriya, as I was brought up in the State of Orissa where this is the state language. Of course, I also know Bengali, which is quite similar, and some Hindi, but I needed to have the local pastor translate for me when Hindi was best understood. In these industrial towns almost everyone understands Hindi. Telugu is the language used in a large area in the south, and Telugu people have come north to work. The women arranged for my meals and would not let me pay anything for them. What wonderful Christian fellowship we had together! Each woman’s society gave me an offering for the Hospital and they also bought literature.

I shall long remember the testimonies of two men at Jamshedpur who had formerly been Hindus. An Oriya man told me that he used to worship before a stone which he considered sacred. Christians came to his home and told him about Jesus Christ. They came more than once, even though he did not receive them cordially and was often annoyed with them. One day when a Christian man came to his home he slipped on the floor in the house and fell, breaking his arm. This meant he had to go to hospital. When he left the hospital he again came to the home of this Oriya man. How surprised this non-Christian man was that this one, who had had the accident in his house, would come to see him again! This made a great impression
on him. He felt there must be something in the Christian religion that made him do this, and so his interest began.

Sometime later he openly professed his new found faith in Jesus Christ by being baptized. After that he had a dream about which he told me. Someone said to him, “Wherever you go, carry your Bible in your pocket.” He took his New Testament out of his pocket to show it to me and said, “I always carry it with me. When I am free for a few minutes in the factory I take it out and read.” This man is helping in conducting Christian services at the Leper Colony in Jamshedpur, along with his pastor and others.

The Telugu man told me that when he first came to work at the Tata Iron and Steel Company, he was not a Christian. But he had Christian friends and he discovered that they had something in their lives that was missing in his. They had found the power of God for daily living and to overcome temptation. So, he too decided to openly become a Christian and was baptized. He is active in church work. It was a great joy to him that recently his mother was baptized.

Shall I tell you some of the ways in which the women and the young people are helping in our industrial area churches? Perhaps you can already tell from what I have written that they support their pastors and help in Sunday School teaching, in Christian Endeavour, and in special Bible study classes. They give of their money for the work of the church. The women lead their own meetings and are faithful in church attendance.

They look forward eagerly to the visits of Christian workers from other places. They need encouragement and help in their work for the Lord. Always when I go to these churches I hear people say, “Why did you come for only a few days?” Each family wants me to visit its house and if I miss any home, someone will say, “Why didn’t you come to my house?” It seems to me there is always the call to me and to anyone who will hear! “Come and help us.”
Our ministry in Kharagpur during 1963 was close to the Apostle Paul’s experience. In Galatians 4:19 he says, “My little children, of whom I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you.” We can infer from this “travail again” that Paul had already done so previously, and in doing so Christ was born in them, as they were born as new creations in Christ (II Cor. 5:17). What perseverance, what a goal, and what persistence Paul must have had! What joy was his as he saw in the converts Christ-likeness, Christ reproduced in them!

We have seen in many lives the Master builder chipping and chipping, and remoulding after His own pattern. The teaching ministry has played a vital part in this. From early January 1963 at our English-speaking D.V.B.S. and in our Teen-ager Camp at Jhargram, the vital truths of the Christian faith were expounded with no apology. Late in January, along with some Calcutta college students, Christian graduate students from the Indian Institute of Technology at Kharagpur joined in a long week-end of devotion and Bible study. We meditated on the theme “Christ in the Old Testament.” These studies were ably delivered by Dr. Norton Sterret, one of the staff of the Evangelical Union of Students in India, which is the counter-part of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

At our Union Church we have concentrated on studying the books of Joshua, Judges and Ruth. On Sundays in our morning adult Bible class we have spent almost six months in the study of I Samuel. Our study has been along the lines of a comparison between David, the spiritual man, and Saul, the carnal or backslidden man. Care has been taken that through such teaching
personal application be made, as otherwise much of the value of this ministry would be lost.

During summer Bible school, held at the Carey Baptist Church, Calcutta, once again I helped in the teaching ministry. We studied the Book of Philippians and related subjects. It seemed to be just God’s way of reiterating His truths to us. The result of all this has been, not merely the accumulation of head knowledge, but a heart transforming experience.

In February this year we saw the fruit springing from a clearer understanding of God’s will and His Word. Five people obeyed the Lord in believer’s baptism. Three were young people from a Roman Catholic background. One was an elderly man who had had a Hindu upbringing. He was a veteran of World War I. Pray for these new believers that Christ Jesus may indeed be formed in their hearts.

Our sister church in Kharagpur, Ward Memorial, has had a series of special evangelistic meetings during Holy Week, which concluded Easter Sunday night this year. The speaker has been Brother Jonathan Maraj from Trinidad, who is now a missionary in India. His expositional messages on “The Cross” have been a challenge to all who have attended. The significance, experience, and appreciation of the Cross have taken on a new meaning. Rededications have been forthcoming and souls have been delivered from the clutches of the enemy.

I wish I had time to tell you of some of the trophies that grace has recovered. One will suffice to fill you with prayer and praise. A young girl had come recently to Kharagpur and was teaching in the Roman Catholic Convent. She stayed with her cousins, but became so dissatisfied with their worldly ways that she left their home and came to stay with an elderly aunt. This relative is a member of our church. Very shortly this girl, for the first time perhaps, entered a Protestant church. That evening brother Jonathan Maraj was our guest speaker. God claimed her attention as she listened to the message. She became hungry
for God’s Word and decided to attend every night the special
meetings at Ward Memorial Church, even though there was the
distraction of having English translated into a vernacular language.
She finally opened her heart to Christ and accepted Him as
her Saviour. That night, as she returned home with my wife and
me, she said, “I have never been so happy in my life as I am
today.” Why not? For when Jesus comes He drives away
fears, and sin, and brings peace within. Will you travail in
prayer until Christ be formed in her?
The four Christian centers, in different areas and serving
different language groups in Kharagpur, continue to attract
the children and also many of our young people. Mr. P. K.
Biswa is the Assistant Director and is in charge of the Hostel
for working young men and the Center in Kharida. During
1963 his two daughters were married and he and his wife became
the proud grandparents of a boy and a girl. The activities of
the centers include children’s programs in Hindi, English and
Bengali, regular showing of filmstrips, slides and flash cards,
as a method of teaching, along with Gospel films. These have
kept the interest of many alive.
We thank you for being faithful in prayer for us. As victories
are won, we give the Lord Jesus all the praise, and would share
our joys and blessings with you.

OUR PRAYER CORNER

“All things whatsoever ye pray and ask for, believe that ye
receive them, and ye shall have them.” Mark 11:24.

Sunday: Thank God for answers to prayer beyond our asking
in the release of all the medical equipment without penalty,
and with reasonable duty and storage charges. Pray now
that the consignment may arrive safely at Nekursini at the
time it is needed.
Continue to pray for guidance in the choice of staff for the Hospital.

**Monday:** Thanksgiving for God’s leading for Louis and Wilma Kau in knowing His will for their return to India. Pray that they may procure just the help needed for Larry to develop to the best of his ability.

**Tuesday:** That Lillian Brueckmann may know that through her prayers and concern she still serves in our field and is very much a part of our Bengal-Orissa Missionary Fellowship. May His grace and strength prove sufficient for her every need.

**Wednesday:** For Jhinny Bilimoria that she may discover God’s will for her in Christian service. Thanksgiving for her radiant Christian life.

**Thursday:** Thanksgiving for the recovery of Miss Toru Garnaik, following major surgery, and her return as headmistress to the Mission Girls’ School, Balasore. Pray that she and all our national Christian workers may keep good health.

**Friday:** For young people recently baptized that they may grow spiritually, remembering especially those who are away from home employed in industrial areas, and one high school student who has been rejected by his non-Christian mother and grandmother.

**Saturday:** For thousands of tribal Christians and non-Christians who have come to India as refugees from E. Pakistan, that these displaced people may be helped in adjusting to a new life, without bitterness.
NEWS ITEMS

There was great rejoicing on the part of both missionaries and nationals when word came from Louis Kau that he and Wilma, with four of their five children would be returning to India soon. How thankful we are that they have made this difficult decision! Louis with Ina, Richard, and David will arrive by plane about mid-June and go directly to Landour, so that the three children may again attend Woodstock School, living in the dorms. The new school year in this School begins the latter part of June. Wilma with Larry will make the trip to India by sea. Upon arrival the Kaus will live at Jhargram and will continue in the village evangelistic work among Koras and Santals.

Clifford Kau, the eldest son, remains in the U.S.A. and in the fall will enter Judson College, Elgin, Illinois.

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Maureen Brians left immediately after Missionary Fellowship in March for the Santal village of Pokhuria in Bihar for concentrated study on the Santali language. She plans to take her second year language examination this September.

* * * *

Word has come that Miss Lillian Brueckmann will not be able to return to India due to health reasons. This is as great a disappointment to her colleagues, both missionaries and nationals, as it is to Lillian. She lives with two of her sisters at 6311 So. Benton St., Kansas City, Kansas. Her influence continues in the lives of many, and a number of children and young people are having the advantages of education through her help.

* * * *

Gifts for Hospital equipment and further building, sent by individuals and churches to the Treasurer, A.B.F.M.S., Valley
Forge, Pa., are being received regularly by C. C. Roadarmel, Mission Treasurer, and for this we are most grateful. The Hospital at Nekursini is a project of our Christian Service Society and funds are turned over to the C.S.S. Treasurer to be spent as needed.

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In March the Customs authorities in Bombay released all of the medical equipment which had come in October on the same ship with Dr. Larsen and family. This had been brought in inadvertently without import license. Having been packed in a sea van for transportation to India, the consignment now has to be sent on in a motor van, attached to a freight train, as it cannot be accommodated in the regular vans.

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To escape the intense heat of the pains during the vacation period Maureen Brians went to Kodaikanal, So. India. Pat and Timmy Weidman left April 20th for Landour where Pat keeps house for her family, Teresa and David then being day scholars at Woodstock School. Their daddy joined them in mid-May.

Clara Dorn chose to spend a month at Ootacamund, a So. India hill station.

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Susanne Powers travelled to Sat Tal, where Dr Stanley Jones has a summer ashram.

The Osgoods were at the Guest House, Mt. Hermon Estate, Darjeeling, not far from where Dr Bob and Norma Larsen were attending Language School. The Roadarmels stayed at the Y.W.C.A., Darjeeling and their son Gordon joined them there.
Dr. Lee Howard, son of our retired missionaries Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Howard, has been appointed Director of World-wide Malaria Eradication by the U.S. Government and is located in Washington, D.C.

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Dr. Milton Berg, son of the late August A. Berg, and Mrs. A. A. Berg retired, who served under the Peace Corps in Thailand, is now taking an advanced course in Public Health at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, leading to an M.A. degree. He is sponsored by the Public Health Department of the U.S. Government. He and his family hope to return for service somewhere in south-east Asia.

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Miss Edna Smith, W.A.B.F.M.S. missionary, from Hong Kong, travelling with her friend, Mrs. May Beth Buerman of Green Bay, Wisconsin, spent several days visiting at Balasore, Jaleswar, Nekursini, and Midnapore in late March. It was a joy to have them with us.