The water in the felleg, or aqueduct, comes from springs sometimes fifty feet below the surface of the oasis in Interior Arabia.
The Arabian Mission
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(Continued on page 30)
From the limited vantage point of having lived for the past six and a half months in Bahrain, and with trunks packed and ready to move on to my new assignment in Amarah, Iraq, I think of all that has transpired since that hot and humid night last September. From our plane window we first sighted the bright and shining silhouettes of the burning oil flares against the blackness of the night, and within minutes we found ourselves landed on Bahrain. These have been happy days and as expected they have been filled with interesting experiences, not lacking the unusual and different. There have been some of the disillusionments peculiar to new situations, and there have been wonderful experiences of fellowship with missionaries and Arab and Indian Christians as well. How good it is that we can thank God for everything which comes our way and commit all to Him!

Learning a language is a very humbling endeavor at times, and if you feel this is not true, try getting along without using words to communicate your thoughts, and then try limiting yourself to a child's vocabulary for a while. Exasperating? Yes! However, thanks to a revised language program and some very rewarding lessons in colloquial Arabic, I have been able to give most of my time to the spoken language and less to book work, at least for the present. I recall a conversation which took place a few days after our arrival in which we were discussing the difficulties of Arabic study. An Arab high school student commented, "I looked through a book in the bazaar entitled, How to Teach Yourself Arabic and I thought it was simple." I did not tell him that I considered an English first reader equally simple. But actually the people here have been most understanding and helpful even though their beloved language gets bruised and battered by an inexperienced tongue.

It is not strange that in this short time feelings of attachment have developed to people and situations here which I am sure will cause my thoughts and prayers to revert to Bahrain many times in the days ahead.

The children at the House of Happiness can always be counted upon to keep things lively with their boundless energy. How does a child ask for love? By being good and trying to please? Not always, but we know that these children need love and understanding and help. Often
one can feel them reaching out for friendship and security. They live, 
play and work together; they grow together and despite occasional 
disruptions, such as occur in any home situation, their feelings of re­
sponsibility for each other are often apparent. What will become of 
them? “What do you want to be when you grow up?” One of the boys 
looks into his future and sees himself as a doctor; another is more 
interested in mechanics. As ever, the thoughts of youth are long, long 
thoughts. Whatever path they are led to follow, our highest wish for 
them is that their love for the Lord and their desire to live for Him may 
steadily increase even as their bodies and minds grow and develop.

Three boys from the House of Happiness in Bahrain on their way to 
a Scout meeting

One afternoon at a hospital sale of used clothing I wished to purchase 
a few things for the small son of our cook, and borrowed two rupees 
(about 40¢) from an Arab girl saying that I would repay her the 
following day. “You must not say that,” she said, “you are my friend 
and my money is your money.” I thanked her and assured her that 
the reverse was equally true. When later I tried to return the money 
she refused to accept it and said quietly, “Two rupees I do not need, but 
your friendship I need very much.” By this and other little things we 
find ourselves being drawn closer together into a fuller realization of the 
bonds of Christian love and in a deeper resolve to give of ourselves in 
friendship and understanding.

The women and children come to the clinic and the picture is not 
always pleasant. One sees signs of superstition and ignorance in amu­
lets around their necks or attached to their clothing, each containing 
a verse of the Koran; in charcoal markings on their bodies; in the 
horrible scars left by the branding irons which have previously been 
resorted to as a cure for their ailments. A sick little boy with a pinkish 
crust on his forehead is seen. “What is this?” I ask his mother and 
she replies, “We put that on to help the pain in his head.” Did it
help? Perhaps psychologically it did, but when erroneous thinking such as this is extended throughout all the components of life, it is not difficult to imagine the total result.

One does not have to go far from the center of town to find himself in the midst of an earlier culture where life retains much of a primitive quality, despite the often ironic presence of some of this modern world's goods. In many homes, rich and poor, even the lovely and picturesque brass coffee pots, peculiar to the Arabs, are being replaced by thermos containers!

After going along on an evangelistic visit to some of these village homes, I come away wondering about these women with their undeveloped minds. Their lives are often an endless succession of marriage, birth, death and quite likely divorce as well. Their horizons are so limited. How can they comprehend a Father who loves them, a Saviour who died for them? As the Gospel story is told their faces are often masks of indifference, but now and again the light of appreciation and understanding brings a disarming charm and appeal.

Interrmarriage is common and relationships become confused, as mothers and wives and sons' wives and widowed or divorced daughters are often relegated to the same few rooms set aside as women's quarters. Think of a Christian girl married into a Muslim family such as this, or of any woman in such a home who becomes a Christian. Imagine the resultant jeopardy to her spiritual life! Where will be her Christian fellowship? When her time for Bible study and prayers? What will she do when the Muslim prayer call rings out? Will taunts and jibes and beatings cause her to weaken and take part in these observances, or will the prayer of her heart continue to be, "O God, help me not to be ashamed of Jesus Christ in front of the Muslims"? The situation is not without its counterparts. What would we do? Surely one of the prime responsibilities is that we bear each other's burdens and help to undergird each other in times of temptation and difficulty.

These people are not unlike ourselves—they experience life in all of its actualities and perplexities relative to their own situations. They rejoice and they mourn and they are swayed by all of the other emotions common to man. Some are serene and lovely of disposition and others are not quite so attractive. Oswald Chambers says in My Utmost for His Highest, "Don't testify how much you love Me; don't profess about the marvelous revelation you have had, but—'Feed My Sheep.' And Jesus had some extraordinarily funny sheep, some bedraggled, dirty sheep, some awkward, butting sheep, some sheep that have gone astray! It is impossible to weary God's love . . ." Nor would it be impossible to weary ours if it were always His love being diffused through us instead of our own feelings and affinities.

The young experience natural longings for home and family, and for Christian youth in a Muslim land there are many hindrances to the fulfillment of these desires and the establishment of strong Christian homes. The old are often forced to withdraw from long-held duties and positions; feelings of insecurity and of being unwanted easily develop. We need to pray for the Christian families living in this land, that Christ may rule in their midst and be honored in their lives together;
that their liberty in Christ might be revered and not abused; that their dependence upon Him might never weaken.

A land of displaced persons and scattered families; the Arab gardener who proudly dresses in his best garment and comes to ask, "Please take my picture so I can send it to my wife and son in Muscat"; the many Indians who have come to avail themselves of the opportunities created by the phenomenon of oil, leaving their families in their home countries; the Arab women who live with their families while their husbands go off to work in the oil fields of Saudi Arabia; the Palestinians, many of whom have suffered much for their faith, both in the loss of houses and material possessions, and in those deeper wounds that only the truly displaced can comprehend.

A land of displaced faith—so blindly placed not only in religious error, but in the lures of the market place as well. To many the cords of Islam are as strong and binding as ever, but many others have found the quest for a higher material status much more compelling. In some instances all but a superficial conformity to their former religion has been allowed to slip off as a garment no longer adequate or desired. Those who long to see the people redeemed and reconciled to God find little cause for elation in the material progress, for it would not seem to have brought them closer to the only one who can really satisfy. The arm of the Lord is not shortened, however, and we know that His cause cannot be vanquished. His work requires our intercession and service—

"That they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou has sent."

John 17:3

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Newcomers in the Gold and of the Black Gold

JAMES W. DUNHAM

As we sit huddled around the radio here in Kuwait in the house of Rev. Donald MacNeill, trying desperately to hear the final game of the 1955 World Series between the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Yankees, I am envious of those of you back in New Jersey, Iowa and California who sit comfortably with your families and friends in front of your TV sets. Padre MacNeill and Dr. Storm are virtually crawling into the radio set as they strain to hear even the slightest bit of information about the progress of the game. So far, however, MacNeill’s wireless set, as our British acquaintances refer to a radio, has given forth nothing but static, and that in almost endless quantity. The static subsided briefly, Dodgers lead 2-0.

Such is the setting here in Kuwait tonight as I write about my first impressions of the Arabian Mission field.
It is almost two years since Joyce and I left New York City by TWA Constellation and were set down about twenty-eight hours later in the teeming city of Cairo. After a stay of some eight months in Egypt, we moved north to Beirut, Lebanon; from Beirut we were able to visit Damascus and Jerusalem. Altogether we spent nearly a year between Egypt and Lebanon in pursuit of the Arabic language. This made it necessary to live out of a suitcase most of the time as we moved from hotel to boarding house, to YMCA hostel. At the same time, it did enable us to see, and to some extent to understand, the Arab World before we actually came into direct contact with the Mission and its work. While it is certainly true that Bahrain Island has little in common with the main thoroughfares of Cairo, Beirut or Damascus in appearance, it is becoming increasingly apparent that the thinking of the

Kuwait boatmen

youth of Bahrain is being shaped more and more by the political life of Egypt, Lebanon and Syria. Today the Arab wants political leadership, and it is this political aspiration that creates and sustains what unity there is in the Arab World today.

The passionate longing for political recognition in the midst of newfound wealth, in almost unbelievable quantities, of the black gold (oil) of the desert wastes, and all the material and cultural benefits this great wealth temptingly dangles before these camel drivers and nomads who survived for centuries on dates and camel's milk, is creating a mentality that is far more Marxian than it is Christ-like. All of this has created a startling dilemma for the Christian missionary serving in the Arab lands. Shall he look for an ally in the beleaguered forces of Islam, or would it be wiser for him to align himself with the growing and apparently invincible political-economic power that seeks to extinguish not only the light of Islam, but to make the Word that became flesh a refugee from His world? Is there perhaps a third course open to the Church of Christ here in the Middle East today? The very attempt
to open up a Christian way through the jungle we so easily refer to as modern life, will force the Church to Gethsemane time and time again. Christ’s admonition to His followers, “Be ye wise as serpents and gentle as doves,” has never been more applicable than it is today to the Church of Christ in the Arab lands.

On the eve of my assignment to a position of some responsibility in the Arabian Mission, the task of the Mission, the evangelization of Arabia, takes on a terrifying aspect that makes me a kinsman of those early disciples. They watched Jesus striding ahead of them toward Jerusalem, “And they were on the road, going up to Jerusalem, and Jesus was walking ahead of them; and they were amazed, and those who followed were afraid.” (Mark 10:32)

What is this madness that possesses men making them believe that love, mercy, gentleness and peace cannot only conquer, but actually destroy hatred, vengeance, bitterness and man’s lust for personal gain?

CHRIST IS RISEN!

Ye Shall Come Rejoicing

ROSE NYKERRK

How often we have sung that song! How joyfully we have sung it! “We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.” As we sing it a certain picture always comes to mind—harvest fields, bright sunshine, golden grain, strong workers, singing as they stride along carrying the sheaves on their shoulders.

As new missionaries we came to Arabia for the first time in 1941 with that kind of a vision in our minds and hearts. In fact, most young missionaries come to the field with visions of an abundant harvest. We remember one new recruit saying to us with great disappointment in his voice, “Some of these boys have worked in this hospital for twenty years and yet they are not Christians.” We could only reply, “That’s true; even after twenty years in this Christian hospital, they still are not confessing Christians.” We sing, “We shall come rejoicing,” but, shall we? Does reality live up to the vision? Is it possible to know the joy in spite of the difficulties of the work in Arabia?

Assignment, 1955—Amarah, Iraq! In many ways this meant beginning again, a new station in which to work, a new country even, new associations, different people with whom to work. But it was 1955 now and not 1941. That means we have fourteen years of experience to add to the original vision. We have a sure knowledge of the prayers of God’s people at home; we know of their willingness to support the laborers in the field—surely, bearing the precious seed we shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Paul writes to the Galatians, “My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you.” With travail of soul
shall they be brought into the Kingdom. Paul does not say that it will be through laughter and singing always that the harvest will be gathered. But he does rejoice! Paul in prison, Paul being flogged and stoned, Paul in chains, Paul unhappy because some convert has forsaken the faith, yet we hear him saying, “I rejoice, I am content.” In this part of the harvest field, where is the abundant harvest? Where are the golden sheaves which the happy laborers carry home in the evening? We read again, “They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.” He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing. We realize that there shall be tears as well as joy, but the joy is promised. “Therefore, with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.”

Can we hold the vision in the face of reality? One of our young hospital boys is taking lessons so that he may be baptized and confess his faith in Christ as Saviour. He reads the Scripture and offers prayer
in chapel to show his zeal and earnest intent to those around him. His face showed real joy the morning that he led the chapel service for the first time. In his prayer he publicly confessed his sinfulness and his need of Christ as Saviour. But then one evening on the ninth day of Muharrum, this same boy went out into the streets in the dark of night, when he was supposed to be on duty at the hospital, and took part in the chest beating and emotional frenzy of the Muslims as they remembered the death of Ali and Hussain, descendants of the prophet Mohammed. The next day he denied all this when told that he had been seen by one of our Christian converts. There was no rejoicing that night among those who were sowing the seed—only sorrow and tears of disappointment.

The next morning he came and admitted his guilt and sin and asked us to forgive him and pray for the strengthening of his faith. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "There is joy . . . over one sinner that repenteth." Yes, we shall come rejoicing because one by one there are prodigals coming to their heavenly Father and saying, "We have sinned and are not worthy to be called thy sons." We shall rejoice because the Father is willing to forgive and to save to the uttermost.

Vision, and reality! I think of another family in this part of the harvest field. The father has a severe case of tuberculosis and needs radical surgery. He has been treated as an outpatient in our hospital but needs to enter the government tuberculosis sanatorium in order to be sent to Baghdad for the removal of one lung. The father cannot work and there are three small children. To avoid making a direct charity case of this family, the mother has been allowed to come and wash clothes by hand at our hospital so that she can earn four dinars a month ($15.20) to feed herself, her husband and her three small children. Each Sunday morning after church for many weeks she went to the government hospital hoping that that week they would find room for her husband in the sanatorium. But each week she returns saying only. "They took four new patients today, but not my husband. No room for him yet they say." This Sunday morning I saw her enter our church for morning service. Her face was drawn and sad as she came in carrying the youngest child and then bowed her head in silent prayer. So intent was the look on her face, I could almost hear her words, "Lord, let there be room for him today, before he gets worse and dies." I thought of the crowds around the pool of Bethesda, waiting for the troubling of the waters and the cripple who could never get into the pool on time—until Jesus came to help him.

After Sunday school I said to her, "Are you going again to the government hospital?" And she said, "Yes, I must go. They take a few each Sunday noon. But they seem to choose those that are there and my husband cannot walk across the town in the heat and wait there several hours while they decide." I said to her, "Here is one hundred fils (28¢). Get an arabana (a horse-drawn carriage) and take him with you this week. Perhaps when they see how ill he is, they will have pity and find a place for him." But the next morning she said, "No, there was no room this week. Another time." The wife herself is now becoming ill, the oldest boy has had to come in for treatment of
early TB. They live in a little hut made of date palms and carry their water on their heads in buckets from the nearby river. The children run around while she washes clothes and they all live on a minimum diet of wheat bread and dates. Are these some of the golden sheaves of grain we are to carry on our backs as we come home in the evening with a song on our lips? We shall carry them, yes, but not just as we had pictured in the vision. We shall do all we can to get the husband into the government hospital and to Baghdad for surgery. We shall treat free both the mother and the son for early tuberculosis. We shall supply clothes for their backs and multi-purpose food for their stomachs. We shall give her a little work to do so that she has at least a steady income, small though it is. We shall bow our heads in prayer with her that Christ will come into their lives, as He came to the man at the pool of Bethesda, and give them not only healing of the body, but salvation for their souls.

This is reality! A cripple asking aid for all things material, an importunate widow who moans and sighs for support for herself and her children. There is the convert with leprosy who comes from her little village far from the city to find food for both soul and body. There is the young Christian wife, married to a Muslim, forbidden to fellowship with other Christians or to attend our services. What of the vision? And what of our song, "We shall come rejoicing." Shall we? "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines, yet will I rejoice in the Lord." New impressions for our second coming to Arabia! No new impressions. Just a renewed vision of joy ahead, with increased insight into the problems to be faced, with a knowledge that there is no more satisfying task in the world than that of being a laborer for Christ in the harvest fields of the world. We do rejoice! The vision is not faded or dimmed because of the travail with which the sinner is born anew into the Kingdom of God. The Lord gave us a vision as we went out into the harvest fields in 1941. He has given us the same vision in 1955 and has told us "to go and sow and come rejoicing." Like Paul we can say, "I believe God that it shall be even as He told me."

On The Air.....in Arabic

Edwin M. Luidens

If the Arabian Mission does not succeed in its gigantic task of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to millions of Arabs because it has failed to use every means available to it, the Mission will stand condemned before the Church and before its Lord. Therefore every new means of presenting the Gospel must be examined carefully in the light of its adaptability to the Mission's program.

Radio broadcasting as we now know it began to develop in the United States about 1920, thirty years after the Arabian Mission had begun its
work and developed an approach which is still the basis of its program. Recently, however, the Mission has come to realize the great potential influence of radio evangelism. The radio's religious impact is so well known to all Americans that it needs no defending. Radio’s impact in the Arab East has become of increasing importance during and since World War II. The national governments of the Arab world are now placing more and more importance on radio’s effect on the thinking of great numbers of people. With these facts in mind, the Arabian Mission is greatly concerned that the Gospel of Jesus Christ should be “On the Air” in Arabic as soon as possible.

A group such as this will be listening to the Arabic Gospel broadcast

It is quite evident that God has ordained that people come to the knowledge of Him and to the new, abundant life in Him and to the assurance of the forgiveness of their sins through the preaching of the Gospel. The Gospel is made known both by the exposition of the Holy Scriptures and by personal witnessing to its influence in the lives of believers. The radio is an ideal instrument for both of these functions — teaching the Bible and telling about Christ’s present influence in men’s lives. Furthermore, it is clear that Christians themselves constantly need nurture in the Scriptures; this too is a function of the Church’s program in which the radio can assist.

Preaching has been one of the important features of the Arabian Mission’s work, despite the difficulties involved in this method of evangelism. Congregations have been very limited in size; they have tended to be unchanging groups; they have brought few new listeners into the place of preaching; with a few notable exceptions, they have tended not to be preachers themselves, as witnessing Christians. The evangelists have to admit that the results of preaching to this limited group have not been that for which they have been preparing and praying. At the same time there have arisen in the Arab East a few unusually forceful Arab Christian preachers and writers and witnessing laymen.
The radio can enable these consecrated Christians to do what the foreign missionary can never do: to witness to the Gospel as one Arab to another. The radio can enable them to do what the missionaries have not yet been able to do: to witness to hundreds and thousands of Arabs at a time!

Can you imagine the effect of having the Gospel "On the Air" in Arabic? Think of the hundreds of villages with radios in coffee shops and in the mejlis halls of the community leaders about which the men gather every evening—villages which no missionary has ever visited. Think of the villages and cities where foreigners have actually been talking about the Gospel of Jesus Christ with people who have, therefore, assumed it was the foreigner's special faith; when they hear their own fellow Arabs interpreting the Gospel in their own language on the air, the missionary's words will be endorsed and will become much more personal and meaningful for them. Think of the fanatical Muslim who, though curious or concerned about the Gospel, does not dare risk his reputation in the community by coming, even occasionally, to a Christian's home or to a church; the radio will give him a way of hearing the Gospel in a socially acceptable way and with the least chance of having his emotional defences aroused against the message. Think of the young educated men who have found that their education has made them unsatisfied with their own religion and who have, quite naturally, assumed that all religions were likewise unacceptable intellectually; the radio will offer them the affirmations of a faith that not only satisfies the mind, but challenges it! Think of the countless Muslims (and Christians for that matter, in smaller numbers) who have inherited the religious customs of their parents without any sense of the personal spiritual and ethical experiences of life made possible through the knowledge of God in Jesus Christ. Think of the hundreds and thousands of Arabs in all the Christian institutions throughout the Arab East such as hospitals, schools, hostels, orphanages, young people's groups and church men's groups, who can make regular Christian broadcasts the center of their worship and discussion sessions wherever they meet—in wards, in classrooms, at the fireplace or in the study.

The only radio evangelism at present in the whole Arab East, which contains almost fifty million Arabic-speaking people, is that which several Arab pastors are doing three or four Sunday afternoons a month. According to the time allotted them by Radio Beirut, they have a short message along with some Christian vocal music. Since this station is not powerful enough to be heard throughout the whole region, such programs would have to be broadcast over several other stations as well in order to begin to cover the area adequately. Of course, one sermon a week, however well done, can hardly be considered an adequate evangelistic approach in so large an area! Because of the difficulty of obtaining an increased amount of time over radio stations which are not sympathetic with the evangelistic purpose, every effort is being made now by the churches and missions cooperating in the Near East Christian Council and by RAVEMCO (the easy way of saying Radio, Visual Education and Mass Communication Committee, Division of Foreign Missions, National Council of Churches of Christ in U. S. A.) to obtain a franchise for a Christian radio station. There is a possibility...
that such a franchise might be given in Lebanon to one of the Christian colleges there with the idea that the station would offer a program that was both educational and evangelistic. Such an enterprise would be quite in keeping with the tradition of the Arabian Mission to offer to those whom it wishes to evangelize with the Gospel a service which proves the authenticity of the message. It is clearly understood that neither the Near East Christian Council nor RAVEMCCO would cooperate if the evangelistic purpose was not clearly stated and approved in the granting of this franchise. Whether a Christian station is established or whether time is used on existing radio stations, it should be a matter of prayer among Christians everywhere that the Gospel of Jesus Christ get "On the Air" in Arabic very soon.

Those who are already known throughout the Arab East as exceptionally qualified preachers are expected to be "On the Air" in Arabic at first. Dr. Fareed Audeh of the National Evangelical Church in Beirut has already recorded several messages which are stocked for use as soon as it is possible to begin broadcasting. But after the program is under way, it is hoped that more and more of the Arab pastors of the whole area will have their most provocative messages recorded and broadcast. Students at the seminaries in Lebanon and Egypt will be encouraged to learn the special techniques of radio evangelism and to prepare material for broadcasting. Not only the pastors, but talented laymen with a vital Christian experience and with ability to express themselves, especially in poetry and drama, are to be drawn together in radio clubs in the various countries in the area. The opportunity of expressing themselves creatively, so long suppressed by circumstances in a non-Christian society, should be in itself a great stimulant to their spiritual lives.

Since one of the basic features of radio evangelism in Arabia is that Arab Christians will thereby have the opportunity of witnessing to their fellow Arabs, what is to be expected from the missionaries in the area? First, they are the ones who, having known the impact of radio in their own cultures, are expected to have a clearer vision during the first few years, at least, of the potentialities of radio evangelism in Arabic. Secondly, they are to be available for technical assistance until there are enough Arab Christians for work in front of the mike and behind it. Thirdly, they are to help in making the importance of radio evangelism in the Arab East perfectly clear to their supporting churches so that the original high costs of establishing a radio station, or the annual costs of programming on commercial stations, will be met by these churches. It is to be noted, of course, that some plan for the progressive underwriting of the whole radio program by the Arab national churches must be developed. Any initial costs, however, and a good share of the maintenance for a number of years will have to be borne by non-Arab churches who understand the importance of this effort to the Arab East. Fourthly, missionaries will be needed for a while in developing the editorial policies of the radio work. This phase of the program, too, should be assumed by Arab Christian leaders as soon as they have the experience and training necessary, and somewhat in proportion to the way in which the Arab churches share in the financial responsibility of the work. Fifthly, the missionaries will be
needed to direct the training of Christian individuals and groups in the various techniques needed for carrying on a Christian broadcasting program.

The radio is only a tool—but it is a marvelous one! It cannot convince, but it can multiply by thousands the convincing witness of a consecrated Christian. It cannot convict, but it can multiply by thousands those who have heard the convicting truth that is in the Holy Bible. It cannot convert, but it can be the means by which the Holy Spirit stirs men to consider the Gospel and enter into the knowledge of the Abundant Life in Jesus Christ. Pray that the Gospel of Jesus Christ may go "on the Air" in Arabic as consecrated Arab Christians moved by the Spirit rise to witness before their fellow Arabs to the Power and Love of Jesus Christ.

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Arab Customs

DOROTHY F. VAN ESS

On entering the Arab world one is confronted by a wholly new set of customs and behavior patterns. Some have a religious origin, others are motivated by centuries of tribal and family habits and the social pressure of long usage. They have an importance in everyday living which is immense. It takes a long time for people from free-and-easy America to realize the necessity of our conforming in some measure to this pattern in our relationship with the Arabs. We have come to live among them, to present our Gospel and the Christian way of life, and it is of prime importance that we make ourselves socially acceptable.

When I first came to Arabia as a new young missionary, one of the first admonitions I received from my elders was on the handling of the Bible. Muslims observe great reverence in their treatment of the Koran, their holy book. It is never carried unwrapped, never handled carelessly, and never put in a place which would seem to dishonor it. Sometimes a beautiful silk square is used to wrap it in, sometimes a large white kerchief. Oldfashioned houses were built with a special little room called a Kefshkhan above the level of the living rooms, where the Koran reader might sit while the rest of the house was being swept. Mosques and Koran

An Arab father takes pride in his child who is having a bad time. (Note the charm on the child's cap)
schools have book rests for the holy book so that it is never below the waist line of the reader.

We should be equally careful in our treatment of every copy of the Arabic Bible, since failure to do so implies, to a Muslim, disrespect, and he infers that we do not esteem our Scriptures as highly as he does. A Bible should never be put on the floor, nor left about carelessly. Torn or mutilated copies should be destroyed privately.

When speaking in Arabic we refer to the New Testament as The Honorable Gospel, and it is courteous to refer to the Koran, if we have occasion to mention it, as The Honored Koran or Your Honored Book.

When we refer to Jesus in formal addresses or in conversation with Arab Christians, we say Our Lord Jesus Christ, but in informal conversation with Muslims, especially women, we often use the Koranic, The Prophet Isa (Jesus) or Jesus the Living. We always add To Him be the Glory, and after any mention of the Prophet Mohammed we add Upon him be peace.

The Arabs are deeply religious, always conscious of the omnipotence of God, and his name is always on their lips. Much of what sounds like swearing to us is not really blasphemy, but comes from their constant awareness of the presence and power of God. This makes it natural to use his name freely and frequently.

The fatalism and superstition which are so deeply entrenched in the minds and hearts of the masses in spite of their implicit belief in God’s omnipotence, are factors which we find most difficult to combat. The blue beads sewed to a baby’s cap or jacket and attached to the religious charms and talismans which are hung on his cradle are to avert the Evil Eye.

We have learned never to praise a baby or a little child, no matter how charming, lest it attract the Evil Eye. We must content ourselves with Ma Sha Allah, meaning May God keep him.

We should not pay a call of condolence and of congratulation on the same day; never wear perfume when visiting a new baby; never go to call on a new baby at all if we are in mourning.

One becomes used to names like Dogs, Garbage, Angry or She-doesn’t-belong-to-us and many others equally as graphic. Tribal or village Arabs often name their children something to indicate that they are not worth the attention of a malign fate.

The sand diviner is a common sight outside the door of the bank in Basrah, ready to tell your fortune. Taking the omens by counting beads on a Muslim rosary is a very common way of finding out how to come to a decision. Mullahs are always consulted before a marriage date is selected, in order to have an auspicious day.

Social intercourse follows a formal and precise pattern. How you are greeted, where you sit, how you are seen off—all this has a tremendous importance and significance. A friend of mine in a mission school in a neighboring Muslim country told me that she acquired the lasting enmity of a certain Minister of Education because he was not properly received when he went to pay her a business call at her school. She was not at home, nor any of her teachers, and an inexperienced servant
was ignorant of the procedure which should have followed. My friend's school suffered for years because an important official had been offended by lack of what he considered necessary courtesies.

I have been reading with great enjoyment Lady Burton's *Inner Life of Syria*, published in 1875, and her amusing accounts of her receptions in Damascus while her famous husband was there as British Consul. She says, "There are many grades and ranks to be considered, and much etiquette to be observed; the more you observe them the greater respect they have for you. The dragoman in attendance upon me will whisper to me until I know it—'One step,' 'two steps,' 'half across the room,' 'the door.' I thus know exactly the visitor's rank and by what term to address him."

We have no dragomans to help us, and society is not quite as rigid as it was eighty years ago, but the basic principle is still in force. In general visiting the host or hostess assigns the place to sit, but even then the visitor, unless he is undoubtedly of higher social rank, does well to sit a little lower than indicated.

When paying a call, the visitor gives the preliminary salutation at the door, "Peace upon you," to which the host replies, "And upon you be peace." After this, when all are seated, good morning or good evening and other greetings are exchanged. At departure the guest says, "I ask permission to go," to which the answer may be, by a play on words, "You are costly," or merely, "You have honored us." After this there is an exchange of farewells ending with, "In the safe keeping of God."

A man should never ask after the health of the host's family, if they are Muslims (this implies interest in the women, which is unseemly), but a woman visitor may ask an Arab man, "How is the family?"

A Sheikh is addressed in the plural.

The visitor may refer to the host's small child as "the served one" or "the protected one."

If it is necessary to give the information that someone has died, the bald statement, "He is dead," should not be made. One uses a phrase like, "May you live," or "Your head is safe," or some other expression which instantly conveys the fact. A person who is dead is always referred to, immediately after the mention of his name, as "Upon whom God has had mercy."

For many years the most common word used for a man's wife was "Aquila," or "the tethered one"—the word used for a shackled camel—but recently "Qarina" is coming into use, which means "being joined together" and at least implies a little reciprocity.

Women who have children are invariably known as "Mother of So-and-so," either her first child, or her first son, and her personal name is never used.

When you have occasion to refer to anything regarded as unclean by a Muslim, such as shoe or dog or Jew, or to mention anything not elegant, as donkey or garbage, the subject is prefaced by a word or phrase conveying the idea of apology. Muslim men would regard the common word for woman in such a category!
The right hand should always be used in passing anything to another person; and under no circumstances should the sole of the foot point to an Arab. Occasionally when we are paying informal visits, the hostess will grant us permission to stretch out our feet. But if I had my life to live over again, I would learn while young and supple to sit cross-legged, or with my feet crossed under me, as Arabs can do by the hour.

The usages connected with food and drink have an almost ritual significance, far exceeding a Westerner's idea of mere good manners and politeness. This is especially true of the intricate ceremony of serving coffee which has a whole set of traditions.

Coffee should not be received with the left hand, nor should more than three Arab cups be taken. The cup is slightly shaken upon being returned if no more is desired. An empty cup should never be put on the floor. Coffee served in Turkish style, in a small cup with a saucer, is offered only once.

A formal call is always concluded by the serving of coffee and it would be a serious breach of good manners to leave before it is passed. I was once kept waiting for it over two hours in an important household, where the lady whom I went to see was not at home. Her partner wife, a very dominant and sharp-tongued dowager, received me and assured me that my friend would soon return. I was given sherbet and various members of the family came in and out of the room and passed the time of day with me. In vain did I say that I would come again tomorrow; by the simple expedient of not serving me coffee, the lady kept me there till long after dark. I did not know them well enough to run the risk of offending her by disregarding the conventions.
Coffee has also a deep religious significance in relation to an Arab's honor. Long ago I heard the story of a young tribesman, whose sister had erred and brought disgrace on the family name. The young man avoided the Sheikhs' tents in his district, knowing that he would not be offered coffee while there was a stain on the family honor. He pursued the evil-doers, eventually killing both his sister and the man who had led her astray. He then rode his horse to the mejlis, or reception tent, of his sheikh, entered and took his place among the guests, and was served coffee. He had wiped out the stain and vindicated the good name of his family and could once more be accepted in honorable society.

Bread is deeply respected by the Arabs and has a symbolic significance as Rizk Allah, the provision of God. I have seen a small ragged boy take a piece which has accidently fallen on the ground, kiss it reverently and murmur, "Rizk Allah!"

All food is eaten with the right hand only. It is quite an art to make a manageable ball of rice, dip it in gravy, and get it to the mouth without disaster, all with one hand.

It is courteous on rising after a meal, for the guest to say, "May your table always be spread." In my particular corner of the Arab world, we likewise have a customary phrase—"With pleasure"—when we hand back our coffee cup or tea glass.

There is an intricate pattern of customs governing mourning, marriage, births and pilgrimages. The two great holidays of the Muslim year—the fast breaking at the end of the fasting month of Ramadhan and the Feast of the Sacrifice, coinciding with the climax of the pilgrimage to Mecca—have their ceremonial usages. For the Shia Muslims, the mourning month of Moharram (the first month in the Muslim calendar) has very special observances, particularly the first ten days, and all devout Shiahs wear black, not only all that month but also through the next one, to mourn the martyred grandson of the prophet, Hussein.

Knowledge of these backgrounds greatly enriches our understanding of the Arab way of life, and familiarity with the customs which mean so much to them, helps to establish a bond of friendship and sympathy between us and the people we have come out here to serve.

From Hope to High Hope

Donald A. Manam

"Yeah, it's easy enough for you to talk. You know what you're going to do. Look at me and the rest of the guys—no immediate future except for Uncle Sam. You! Why, you know what you're going to do the rest of your life?" And I made no argument; I agreed and sympathized with my buddies. I was one of those at Hope who knew what he was going to do.
First there would be graduation, then the usual three years in seminary, and finally a church. It was easy as that. My life was all planned out and nearly taken for granted.

The plans changed, however. A few days before graduation I went home to play softball with our church group. The next morning, when I was preparing to go back to Holland, Mom matter-of-factly asked me if I had seen a small ad in the Church Herald. I had not, so she ripped it out and I took it with me. While riding back with one of my frat brothers who had come home with me, I remembered the small slip of paper. I took it out and read, "A CALL TO SERVICE—From two of the foreign fields of the R.C.A. have come urgent calls for young men who will go to them as short term missionaries, teaching English and working with students of high school age in recreation and club work. Here is an opportunity for red-blooded young men who wish to share their Christian faith and experience with young folks overseas . . ."

I began to think and then talked with Dave about it. Here was a chance—a chance to get out and feel as though I were really doing something for God. Dave was a young frosh with adventurous blood who nearly had me talked into it before I realized what I was doing. Here was a chance to see some of the world, a chance to live in a different culture and religion, and also, the inviting opportunity to be in charge of a sport program. It seemed too good to be true.

As I weighed the possibilities, I saw being away from home for three years. I saw delay in schooling, and breaks with the closest friends I had known. But it was no use. I applied that same day. That was in June and by the middle of July I had passed. As a man whom I had met in Milan put it, "I never knew they would be so choosy." I had not fully realized the full value of the screening system until I reached the field and met the people with whom I was to work. Then I saw that they were indeed very choosy.

After the acceptance it was all hurry, hurry, hurry. At last, with the aid of my parents and brother, everything was finished and all that remained were the waiting and the good-byes. Finally September the seventh came and I bade farewell to the States for three years.

The trip was wonderful. I had always loved traveling, and Europe! Well, that was something my teachers had said that even I might get
to see some day. And there I was. Experiences on the *Queen Mary* were happy ones, especially since they were shared with two others going over to the mission field for the first time, Marilyn Tanis and Allene Schmalzriedt. In London the days passed rapidly. Then it was time to leave.

I was to see Europe by train and the girls were to leave for Bahrain by plane. The days following were lonely ones, but certainly interesting. What an education it is to see other peoples. As the time drew nearer to leave Europe, I grew anxious to see Basrah and to know whether or not I would like it there and would be able to do a good job. I flew from Rome and at noon on September 22, 1955, the plane landed.

As I stepped out of the door, all the plans, dreams and thoughts came to the fore. Then I was conscious of Basrah at noon: even in September it is hot, especially so when one steps onto the black-tarred surface of the airstrip. My first thought was, "Oh, no! What have I let myself in for?"

That thought was a fleeting one and never again has it entered my mind. At the palm-covered entrance to the airport stood a group of perspiring people and from their midst came a voice, "Don Maxam?"

Here I was—home. Introductions were dispensed with and I was on my way. As we rode the six miles from the new airport to our mission compound, I was given the pertinent facts about Basrah by Mr. Gosselink and Mr. Holler. As we drove into the compound, a group of boys followed the car eagerly, laughing and calling to others. Soon the car was surrounded. For each smiling, shy face, there was a strange-sounding name which I could not remember. However, they were quickly learned and connected with personalities. These same boys were to be my students and my friends for the next three years. It was not long before my three living rooms in the boys' primary school were crowded with boys in the afternoons and evenings. They led me about Basrah as they would a child. If I met a boy on the street, he immediately attached himself to me and tagged along wherever I wished to go. I soon learned that privacy was a thing quite uncommon in Basrah, but I had nothing to hide. Rather I was happy that I did not have to go out searching for people to influence.

Then school sort of happened. I cannot really say it opened because there was nothing so formal. Over a period of several days the boys began to come and soon the small school was full. Here it was—the School of High Hope. I cannot say it is impressive; it is too plain and open to impress. Rather, I found it convenient. It was handy for me being as it was right outside my window. The rooms were small, but all the boys managed to fit in. For the first week the classes were taught without a book. This was hard for me who had never had an education course and had no way of knowing how much they were capable of learning. The boys were helpful to the point of being nuisances. "Mr. Bob always did it this way," was a common enough phrase in the early days. Soon I was in the swing of things and I no longer had to lean on the boys for information or question George and Jake (as Mr. Gosselink and Mr. Holler soon came to be known). The transition had been made. Here I was continuing my education by going to high school after finishing college—quite a switch!
My predecessor, Bob Block, had told me many things and perhaps the biggest piece of advice was to use good old, plain common sense. I had my trials. Where before I had been one of those being disciplined, now I was to set an example for the boys and use discipline if the need arose. I am happy to say that our boys are a normal group of young men, and although correction was sometimes needed, the boys came to realize that I was to be respected as a teacher in class. Of course, out on the basketball court, it was another thing. There I tried to be one of the gang, except when I tried to teach them some new trick or go over the fundamentals.

Even in this short time, I can see the work that is being done and that which has been done. The boys, although not of the higher class, are good kids and the constant teaching of the Gospel and the examples set by the mission personnel have made a definite effect on their lives. Even in school the boy who has been many years in the school can quickly be separated from the newer transfers from the government schools. I like the boys, my boys, as I like to call them. They have faults and weaknesses, but they can be overlooked. It is difficult to measure the contributions of the Mission if it is to be done in the number of converts, but if the lives of these young men mean anything, then it is well worth the time, effort and expense. As they go out into their city, to their country, to their culture, they take much of the Christian spirit with them. Perhaps some day this background will prove the opening of the way to Christ. Then, as now, I shall be proud to say that I am a teacher in the School of High Hope. May our hopes ever be high.

Upholding the Great Physician

Marilyn J. Tanis

Amidst the noises of bumping trucks, barking dogs, braying donkeys, honking horns, crowing roosters, I first entered Mason Memorial Hospital one September day in 1955. After a very quick transplantation we were finally at our destination. What a strange place this seemed to be. Yet as I entered the hospital for the first time I noticed the following verses from Psalm 103 at the entrance: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: Who healeth all thy diseases." A wonderful sense of happiness and warmth came over me.

This feeling of warmth was for more than one reason. September was a very hot month, as I remember now, and the humidity was very high. The conditions were such that if one moved a little swifter than a slow amble, perspiration collected quickly.

During the first few weeks time was spent on colloquial lessons. They were loads of fun and it was even more fun to try and make oneself understood a trifle.
We spent time when we were not studying looking around on the island. I remember the day I tramped all over a Portuguese fort. It was an extremely hot day and a chocolate soda would have been delicious. Since the soda was impossible, and since we were in quite a jovial mood, we horrified Mr. Begg, the mission treasurer, the kind, patient tour master for the day, by singing, "Cool, Clear Water."

Speaking of singing, I have been living with Allene Schmalzriedt for half a year. She has now left for Amarah to continue her language study. We have had a wonderful Christian fellowship together and a grand time singing.

Being a nurse I was very eager to have an opportunity to begin work in the hospital. Soon after I was here some Arab men came to the hospital. Helpers of the Sheikh, they all wanted their surgery done on the same day. Surgery is usually in the afternoon since the clinic is conducted in the morning. I was new and an extra person at the time. Since it meant that with the load of surgery anticipated the work would continue into the late afternoon, I was thrilled that I could help out in a small way by scrubbing in for a couple of surgeries. It was amusing later on to see in an article that someone had misunderstood the situation. It came out in print that I had scrubbed for some great number of surgery cases.

One of the things in the hospital that impressed me the most at first was the way the patients' beds were all lined up on the veranda, instead of being inside in the hospital wards. The patients prefer being there to inside because it is cooler in the summer time. I presume that they will be wanting to line up their beds on the veranda quite soon again.

Food is interesting, especially in the hospital. During meal time all sorts of savory smells (and those not so savory) can be recognized. Most of the patients come equipped with their own little kerosene stoves and their cooking utensils. Since they eat simple meals, their one burner
is quite sufficient. When the meal has been prepared they crouch around, on the floor by choice, to eat their rice and *murrag*, usually from a common bowl. The method of eating with fingers made me take notice. They can maneuver their food into their mouths so easily with the use of only one hand. Very recently I had the courage to practice eating with one hand. Now it is somewhat easier to get all of the food to my mouth which is destined to get there. It took some time to catch on to the fact that the thumb is a most important object in this maneuver.

After the mealtime in the hospital, and often while the patients are eating, one sees many cats. I have never before seen such horribly homely cats. Instead of calling them alley cats, we have nicknamed them all *the horribles*. They are really pesty in the hospital. They get into the storerooms and knock bottles over while scampering around trying to catch a little prey. However, that is another story.

A very unique part of our life here has been the privilege of attending bilingual church services. It is rather difficult to explain one's feelings after attending a service which is for the most part in Arabic. The hymn tunes are usually familiar, so it has been wonderful to sing along in English. Then during the meditation in Arabic, I can read in my Bible, and have my own meditation—likewise during the reading of the Scripture.

During the time spent in church one can notice some very unfamiliar sounds. Life on Sunday goes on here as on any other work day; one can hear trucks, motors and the like. During the evening service, which is in English, it is very common to hear the noises of the sheep and cattle as they are being driven to the slaughter yard. We often hear the prayer call, too, resounding from the minaret while we are in church.

It is a privilege to attend a communion service here. Even though the main part of the service is in Arabic it still seems as if all who partake of the communion are like one family. We read in 1 Corinthians, “For by one spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free; and have been all made to drink unto one spirit. For the body is not one member, but many.”

Easter was a very impressive day this year. Living in an area where the people dress somewhat similarly to those in Jesus' time added a little more to making Easter more meaningful.

Many of the young people gathered in front of the hospital on Easter Sunday morning to make the sixteen-mile drive to Awali where we had an inspiring sunrise service, held on a field where we had a tremendous view of the sun rising over the desert.

One of the discouraging things which is noticed is the deep-seated superstition and the ignorance of the people around us. One would naturally think that boys who work in the hospital would consult one of our doctors when they become ill. Not too long ago one of the boys who has worked at the hospital for some time was ill and one of our doctors treated him. For a few days afterward he did not come to work. We heard then that he had had some branding done. Sure enough, he came to work a week later and told us that he was feeling
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better because he had been branded. One begins to wonder what one has to do besides talk and pray to press an issue like this. This is only one such instance. Of course, the boys hear about the Great Physician every morning before they begin their work. What do they think it is all about? A myth? Nonsense? Something to take up time? If only they could understand!

One of the great joys here has been the reorganization of a choir. We have members who are Arab, Indian, British and American. Each Tuesday evening a rehearsal is held; each Sunday evening the choir sings. We feel that the time spent together has been very beneficial.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands; sing forth the honor of his name; make his praise glorious." Our prayer is that God may be pleased with our efforts to make his praise glorious.

It is difficult in a few paragraphs to summarize one's ideas of how one first sees others. One word, however, could be used for the Arab people around us as a whole—simplicity. When one visits the homes of the hospital helpers, one cannot help but notice this simplicity. Then one can understand why they have to come to us halfway through the month to ask for part of their pay for that month. They truly live from hand to mouth. Sometimes one becomes a little impatient with their lethargy and is overcome with a desire to shake them out of it. Their minds seem to be as lethargic as their bodies. If only they would ask questions and learn about the abundant life.

As I continue to work in Mason Memorial Hospital, and as I continue to pass the door with the verses from Psalm 103, it will remind me that it is certainly vital that in all our work and activities here the name of the Lord is blessed.

Mylrea Memorial Hospital
Dedicated In Kuwait

Gerald H. Nykern

To the glory of God and for the good of the people of Kuwait

For many years the thoughts, efforts, hopes and prayers of numbers of people have gone into the planning of a new hospital in Kuwait, and in 1955 the hope became a reality. A beautiful new hospital stands now on the shore of the Persian Gulf. This hospital contains modern operating rooms and sterilizing equipment, has air-conditioned rooms in which to hold the clinic and some air-conditioned rooms for inpatients. There are other advantages such as a new X-ray machine, an efficient laboratory and even a laundry. A special feature is the room equipped with the latest visual aid material, located right in the center
of the hospital where the evangelist can have sessions with one or two
or with a large group. It is an institution of which the Mission can be
proud.

On the 8th of October, 1955, during the time of the full annual
meeting of the Arabian Mission, the formal opening ceremonies took
place. The whole mission compound was gaily decorated with flags and
bunting. Chairs were placed in front of the new building and a large
crowd gathered to await the arrival of the Ruler of Kuwait, His High-
ness, Sheikh Sir Abdulla Al-Salem Al-Subah, who assisted in the
impressive ceremony. It was a colorful spectacle as many of the
ruling family attended in their flowing Arab garb and many Arab
notables and friends were present. A large delegation attended from
the oil companies, members of the staff of the American Consulate
and from the British Political Agency.

Rev. G. E. De Jong addresses the group assembled for the dedication of
the new hospital in Kuwait

It was an extremely hot and humid afternoon, yet the crowd was
attentive and listened with interest to the brief ceremony and speeches,
all of which were in Arabic. Mr. Yaqoob Shemaas, mission colporteur
in Kuwait for many years, read the Scripture lesson. Rev. George
Gosselink, secretary of the Arabian Mission, offered the prayer. Rev.
Garrett De Jong, long time mission pastor in Kuwait, gave a short
address. Following this, the Sheikh was presented with a gold key by
Dr. Lewis Scudder. The actual opening of the doors by the Ruler,
assisted by the mission doctors who have served in our Kuwait hospital,
was a dramatic moment.

In the men's waiting room into which the main doors open, were
pictures of the present Ruler of Kuwait, the former Ruler, Sheikh Sir
Ahmed Al-Jabir As-Subah and Dr. C. Stanley G. Mylrea. Over the
doorway was a memorial tablet to Dr. Mylrea reading in English:
In Memory of  
Dr. Stanley G. Mylrea, M.D., O.S.E. Kaiser-Hind  
1876-1952  
Beloved pioneer physician of Kuwait  
"The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many."  
Matthew 20:28

Dr. Lewis Scudder conducted the Sheikh and his party on a tour of the hospital, followed by the other invited guests. All seemed impressed with the beautiful structure and the modern equipment. After the inspection the group gathered on the tennis court where a tea was served by the Kuwait Oil Company on attractively laid tables.

We were especially glad that on this very happy occasion our Board of Foreign Missions was personally represented by Rev. Henry G. Bovenkerk, treasurer of the Board. We were also glad that the official opening ceremony could be held during the full annual meeting so that almost every member of the Mission could be present. May God bless our work and witness in Kuwait and may this institution truly show forth the glory of God to the people of Kuwait throughout the years to come.
Personalia

Miss Rachel Jackson and Miss Cornelia Dalenberg arrived in Montreal in July for furlough.

The Rev. and Mrs. Donald R. MacNeill, with their two children, Susan Lee and Lizbeth Jean, arrived in New York July 3. They will reside in Hartford where Mr. MacNeill will study in the Kennedy School of Missions.

Miss Nancy Thoms, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. Wells Thoms, was married on June 12 to Mr. Russell Charles Block at the Campus Chapel Church, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Rev. and Mrs. G. Jacob Holler and their daughters, Patricia Ann and Jenny Lou, arrived in New York on June 13 for regular furlough.

Miss Nancy Nienhuis and Dr. and Mrs. Bernard L. Draper, after attending the Outgoing Missionary Conference in Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., during the month of July, will sail in late September for Basrah where they will engage in language study.

Miss Te Bina Boomgaarden of Kalamazoo, Mich., sailed in mid-August, on a three year assignment, for Kuwait where she will serve as a missionary nurse.

Mrs. John Van Ess, emeritus, has been requested by the Mission and the Board to write the history of the Arabian Mission of the last quarter century.

The Rev. and Mrs. Harvey Staal, sailing in early fall, will be posted in Amarah. The Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Luidens will leave Amarah to take duty in Basrah in the place of the Rev. and Mrs. G. J. Holler.

Dr. and Mrs. W. Wells Thoms left New York July 16 to serve a month in Kuwait before proceeding to Muscat.

Miss Te Bina Boomgaarden, Dr. and Mrs. B. L. Draper and the Rev. and Mrs. Raymond Weiss were among the twelve new missionaries presented at General Synod by the Board of Foreign Missions at the Sunday evening dedication service in the chapel of Hope College on June 10.
Miss Mary V. Hager, appointed to the United Mission in Iraq pending health clearance, was not given medical approval and will therefore not be going to Iraq.

The Rev. G. E. De Jong sent from Bahrain to New York for safe keeping in the library of the New Brunswick Seminary, a large Arabic Bible with S. M. Zwemer, Basrah, 1892 penned on the flyleaf. This is probably the first full Arabic Bible used by the great pioneer who with James Cantine opened the first station of the Mission in Basrah in 1891.

Upon completion of her course in midwifery in New York in early autumn, Miss Christine Voss will take up her duties in Amarah.

★ ★ ★

Miss Mary S. Blauvelt, affectionately known to many people as "Aunt May," died quite suddenly in the early morning of August 31. In July a fall resulted in a broken hip, and after an operation in the hospital she was transferred to a nursing home. Alert and cheerful even to the last day of her life, her heart ceased after serving her for nearly eighty-four years.

Miss Blauvelt was a member of the former Woman's Board of Foreign Missions and at the time of her death an honorary member of the Department of Women's Work. Always interested in the Arabian Mission, she was for some years secretary to Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer on a voluntary basis.
(Continued from page 2)

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur G. Dekker
Rev. and Mrs. Donald R. MacNeill
Dr. and Mrs. Donald T. Bosch
Dr. and Mrs. Bernard J. Voss
Miss Margaret Schuppe, R.N.
Miss Madeline A. Holmes
Rev. and Mrs. James W. Dunham
Miss Lavina C. Hoogeveen
Miss Marilyn Tanis, R.N.
Miss Allene C. Schralzriedt, R. N.
Mr. Donald A. Maxam
Dr. and Mrs. Bernard L. Draper
Miss Nancy A. Nienhuis
Miss Te Bina Boomgaardien, R. N.
*Rev. and Mrs. Raymond E. Weiss

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Muscat, Pers. Gulf
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Fond du Lac, Wis.
P. O. Box 80
Kuwait, Pers. Gulf
P. O. Box 1
Bahrain, Pers. Gulf
P. O. Box 53
Basrah, Iraq
P. O. Box 1
Bahrain, Pers. Gulf
Amarah, Iraq
P. O. Box 53
Basrah, Iraq
P. O. Box 53
Basrah, Iraq
P. O. Box 80
Kuwait, Pers. Gulf
156 Fifth Avenue
New York 10, N. Y.

Medical & Evan. Work
On Furlough
Medical Work
Medical Work
On Furlough
Medical Work
Evangelistic Work
Ed. & Evan. Work
Medical Work
Medical Work
Medical Work
Education Work
Language Study
Language Study
Medical Work
Language Study

Air mail service is available at twenty-five cents for each half ounce. Sea mail functions but is subject to delays; the rates are eight cents for the first ounce and four cents for each additional ounce. A special air mail sheet, stamped, may be obtained from the post office for 10¢, no enclosures.

*Members of the United Mission in Iraq in which we cooperate with the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., the Evangelical and Reformed Church and the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.