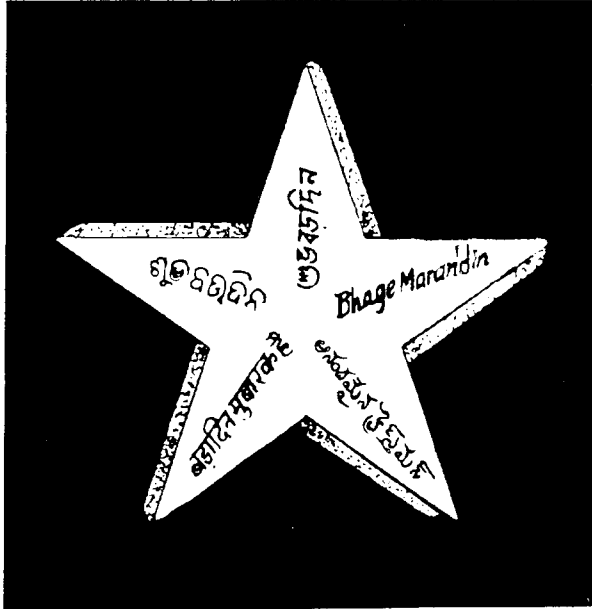


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# TIDINGS



Greetings in Five Indian Languages

**Merry Christmas!**

**FOURTH QUARTER**

**1965**

**AMERICAN BAPTIST BENGAL-ORISSA MISSION**

AMERICAN BAPTIST  
BENGAL-ORISSA MISSION



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## CHRISTMAS SHARING

By SATYABOTI BEHERA

As the joyous Christmas season draws near, the women of our village churches in Orissa are very happy and active in anticipation of this special day when the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ will be observed. They have a special cleaning of their homes and also of the church buildings. I have asked them, "Why are you so busy bringing soil and cow-dung from the fields?" (Earth and cowdung mixed with water is used for spreading over mud floors and walls to clean them and it leaves a glossy finish).

They have answered, "Didi (sister) Christmas is almost here. Soon the ripened paddy (unhusked rice) will be ready in the fields to be brought to our homes. Therefore, at this time we are very busy."

Following Christmas, when I have gone to visit our village churches the women, children, youth groups, and even the old folks have shared with me their experiences of Christmas time. "Didi, this year many Hindu people came to our Christmas church service on Dec. 25th. There was not room enough for all of them in our mud church house, because it is very small. So we arranged for the Christmas service to be held outside in the church compound (yard). We saw to it that our Hindu neighbors had the most comfortable places to sit.

"All of us helped prepare the coconut sweets (candy) and the parched rice. All the Christian families contributed their love gift of money and rice. Even those who are very poor brought their Christmas gift for their Hindu neighbors."

"The youth groups, older folks, as well as the pastors of the churches, took part in the Christmas programs. Some of the leaders explained the meaning of Christmas at the church worship

service. The non-Christian people sat quietly and respectfully. Afterwards, one Hindu man said to another man, "Jesus is the only Way, the Truth, and the Life." All the program's music was furnished, Indian fashion, by the young men playing drums, and singing. Some of the children and young people sang beautifully the Christmas carols. In the evening pictures on the life of Christ were shown by magic lantern.

"At the end of the programs the love gift of coconut sweets and parched rice was given to our non-Christian friends. Though the gifts were not big, still our Hindu friends appreciated them and were very happy. As they went to their homes we could hear them talking and laughing."

! We are glad that our village churches have learned to share their Christmas joy with their Hindu neighbors. Year by year, as they do this, we can see that the seed being sown is ripening in our Field. Though it is very slow, yet, one by one, people take the difficult step of becoming Christians openly. My co-missionary friends, and my co-Indian friends work very hard, and pray for more laborers in the harvest field, and for evidences of God's power in the lives whom they touch. Together our labors are not in vain, though the time is short.

At the Christmas season, as always, we would glorify our Lord and Saviour. A joyous Christmas to all.

## SUNDAY—DAY OF REST

By NORMA LARSEN

“Well, are you making any bets on how many emergency cases we’ll have today, dear?” With these words dawns another Sunday in the Larsen household. They say Sunday should be a day of rest. But for us, first there is always the long tedious job of distilling water and preparing the week’s intravenous solutions and then there is usually some administrative job for which there has been no time during the week. Then squeezed on top of and in between these chores are the inevitable Sunday emergencies.

It seems that every near-term maternity patient picks Sunday for labor rather than rest; every husband picks Sunday for fishing in a swampy pond and getting bit by some scorpion or man-killing insect, and every little boy picks Sunday to climb a tree for ripe mangoes, which are always too far out on flimsy limbs, and ends up breaking one of his own! I can’t think of a Sunday on which we’ve not had at least one such emergency. In spite of this, we had picked this Sunday for an evening staff picnic at the nearby river.

This particular day began a bit earlier than usual. At 5 a.m. I was roused by the slamming of the veranda screen door as Bob tottered sleepily out to the chicken house to free our eight squawking chickens who seem to delight in depriving us of that last blessed hour of sleep. Too late it came to my sleepy head to warn Bob that the night before I had bought a rooster for frying and that he also had been put in the chicken house for the night. Hurriedly throwing on a housecoat, I chased after him, but it was futile to try and run over the freshly plowed and rain-softened rice paddy. Someone by now has had a chicken curry feast “on us”, but they probably needed his protein more than we.

The day was hot and sticky and Bob came home for lunch, after his morning in the steamy sterilizing room, literally drenched in perspiration. New pharmacy shelves had come and he still had the medicines to re-organize, so a nap was out of the question. Besides, a delivery case had come in the morning, brought in a colorful palanquin (a big wooden box with two long poles for the shoulders of the bearers), and would be ready by mid-afternoon. There was also a fracture to reduce. That might take an hour or more of slow steady tugging. While Bob moved medicines, Dr. Garnaik, our young lady doctor, delivered the baby and, at about 2.30, while sipping a cup of coffee which I'd brought them in the pharmacy, Bob said "Do you think we'll be lucky enough to finish the fracture by 3.30 in time to go to church (we have a weekly service held in our compound chapel) and then to the staff picnic?" I'd just replied with my pessimistic "No" when I spotted the rickshaw coming through the gate. "If you'll look out the window you will see that I needn't have replied at all to your very timely question", I added.

The woman was so sick that she should have died before she even arrived. Her 9-month pregnant uterus had ruptured the day before and it was only after the vain attempts of a few local "doctors" that she started on the 45-mile bus and rickshaw journey to the hospital. By the time she reached us she had no blood pressure or pulse. We couldn't operate until she had received some blood, so her family was typed for a safe donor. Then came the usual fun of trying to convince the reluctant donor that we wouldn't bleed him to death, and that the patient would die without his help. Frightened into near hysteria, it took several of us to hold him on the table while our lab technician drew the pint of blood.

While the transfusion proceeded, I donned the long hot sari, so uncomfortable to me in this sticky weather, and took Niki and Kami to church. We settled ourselves on the bamboo mat on the segregated women's side and tried to follow the Bengali



words of the hymn. The tune, so strange to western ears, is usually long and often dirge-like, and it was with real effort that I kept my eyes open and focused on the graceful Bengali script in the hymn book.

Following church and a brief Sunday School with my 10-12 little ones I returned to the hospital to learn that I'd be needed to help in the operating room in an hour or so when the patient's blood volume should be enough for surgery. The first jeep-load of staff picnickers, bound for the river 8 miles away, was ready to go and we hoped we'd be through in time to make the second trip, though I wondered how we'd ever find the energy.

The operation went smoothly and quickly, and, by 8.30 p.m., exhausted as we were, we were off on a picnic! We were simply awed by the beauty of the spot. The river was down to a pre-monsoon trickle and the resulting desert of sand was both eerie and lovely, bathed in the light of a full moon. Our arrival was greeted with shouts of joy by the others, waiting and hungry. The mats were laid out where the sand was most firm and the leaf plates placed before us. After the heavy rice and curry meal the Games Committee could coax none of us into action.

Unable to hold off sleep any longer, the weary Larsens stretched out on the soft sand and had to be awakened when the clean-up crew had finished and the car was loaded. We started back at 11.30, too weary even to wonder at how the twenty-one of us managed to squeeze into the seven-man jeep and 2-wheel trailer, and then to find breathing room enough to sing all the way home.

June 1965

## INDIAN DAWN CHORUS

By MRS EVELYN MEDLEY

A cock crows,  
another answers.  
Dogs bark, birds chirrup.  
A clock strikes, there is  
the rattle of a bucket at the well.

More birds sing, and crows  
caw insistently.  
The passing train gives a hoot.  
Cows moo, goats bleat, hens cluck,  
pigeons coo, human voices join  
the chorus.

A family sings prayers in concert.  
The murmur of voices rising to a  
chant tells that the Hostel girls  
are early at their studies,  
reciting their lessons above the  
rising volume of sound.

Pigs grunt, frogs croak,  
Cocks, dogs, birds, clocks,  
buckets, cows, trains, folk,  
goats, pigs and buzzing insects,  
expand the chorus as dawn,  
by way of daybreak, gives place  
to sunrise and a new day is born  
vibrant with promise.

## NEW GATEWAY FOR INDIA

By C. LOUIS KAU

Just before entering the Bay of Bengal the muddy Haldia River joins the Hoogly. Both rivers at this point are so wide one can barely discern the outline of the opposite shore. As we stood on the bank surveying this vast expanse of water, a cool salty breeze floated inland from the bay. Behind us stretched the vast alluvial plain of rich rice lands. Little islands of palm and thatch marked the villages scattered in their usual regular irregularity.

The tide was coming in. Along the many channels and canals it rushed, raising the country boats from the muddy bottoms where they lay stranded like huge black whales. Some of the craft had been beached in these inlets for repairs. Other boats were loaded with a mountain of straw, grain or reed mattings, produce of farm and waterways. Across the fields little cowherds followed their cattle gleaning the dry stubble left from the harvest. In this idyllic setting of a quiet easy-going life we began to wonder what this area would be like in a few years. The ground on which we stood would become a giant basin for ocean-going freighters. The vast patches of paddy land would become a thriving metropolis of 70,000 people in five years. This Haldia port will be the gateway for India's growing industrial empire. Coal, iron and petroleum products will flow through this port. New industries: fertilizer factory, synthetic textiles, food processing and automobile and chemical plants are scheduled for development as rapidly as possible. Now that the project is passed for a World Bank loan the development is guaranteed. Just time and effort are needed to make these plans a reality.

Already a new rail line and road are nearing completion. Thousands of workers are toiling at the vast earth-moving job

for the canals and basins. Other thousands of skilled and unskilled workers will pour into the area. Among them will be many Christians. This development confronts the Church with a tremendous challenge to meet the needs of Christians coming to the city as well as to minister to the host of other peoples both in the city and the surrounding towns and villages.

In May one of the Santal pastors and I toured the area to locate any Christians who might be living in this vicinity. In what will become the port area there were no Christians. In the city of Tamluk about 40 miles away live two families. One is a retired Methodist minister. At Geokhali, about 25 miles from the new port and located at the juncture of the Rupnarayan and Hoogly rivers, are about forty Christian families related to the Roman Catholic and Anglican communions. These families are the result of Christian work of over 100 years ago when the Portuguese colonized the area. The two groups worship separately although, being rather isolated, an ecumenical spirit prevails to such an extent that one elderly man is the local pastor of the Roman Catholics and his son is the pastor for the Anglican Church.

After a trip around the proposed port we returned to an area where we had heard that there was a country fair in progress. We planned to sell gospels and hoped to gather some information, or find someone interested in the Christian faith. When we reached the road to turn off to the fair it was about noon. We didn't know where we would be able to stay or arrange to cook and eat. As we made the turn a young man stepped out from a shop beside the road and asked us for a ride. We were quite crowded and I almost refused to take him when I sensed that perhaps he was where he was at this particular time for a purpose. As we drove on down the road we soon learned that this stranger was a teacher from across the river returning to his uncle's home and that his uncle was one of the committee managing the fair. He was also sure that a place could be arranged for us to spend

the night. At his village a thatched hut was made available for us. A place to cook was provided and water was brought so we could arrange immediately for our meal. Although we were strangers we were accorded a very cordial reception. At the fair we were taken immediately to the manager who ordered tea and tried to be sociable, although his voice had almost left him. Before he would let us go he presented us with a large watermelon.

The fair is a place where all the village people come to buy and sell and trade their goods. Sometimes special performances are given by a hired company of players. Practically all fairs have a special religious significance. This one was dedicated to Lord Shiva. A large temple was the central attraction on a raised place in the center of the fair ground. A continuous flow of worshippers moved toward the temple bringing certain auspicious gifts of bananas, coconut, sweet-meats, mango fruit and leaves, all accompanied by drums and musical instruments. Lord Shiva is the supreme deity for many Hindus. He is the god of destruction and of regeneration. In the shadow of this shrine gospels sold briskly. This new literate generation has a thirst for knowledge and they are eager to know about, but rarely prepared to follow, the Christ.

Our Bengal-Orissa-Bihar Baptist Convention is confronted with a rather difficult task of launching a new church in what will soon be one of the largest cities of Bengal. There are no Christians in the area, no pastor to begin the work, and no budget with which to secure land or buildings. Yet unless we act now to locate a place for worship none will be available to us later, after the Government secures the land for its own development. The conditions which the Government has put on land settlement in other developing industrial centers makes ownership by a church almost impossible.

The Bengal Christian Council is interested in developing this work, but since we are the nearest church to the area we are expected to take the initiative. Over the past three decades or

more we have had no witness in the far eastern side of the district. The people in this area are strict orthodox Hindu Bengalis. Few pastors are prepared to undertake such an awesome responsibility. This project of necessity will have to be a joint undertaking by several church groups in order to supply the personnel and finance to develop a going church or churches.

No one church in Bengal could provide the quality of leadership and finance required for this new city. Both men and money will be needed from abroad to open this ministry. Such opportunities in Asia continue to challenge the church to be a living demonstration of the Gospel. Do we still have the men and the means to match the challenge in this land?

## “THAT THEY MAY HAVE LIFE”

By MISS SUDDHA MOOKERJI

About 35 miles from Midnapore at Digri there is a Government T.B. Sanatorium. The first Superintendent, Major Ganguli, was a good friend of Miss Ruth Daniels and of the Rev. H. C. Long, who were missionaries then in Midnapore. One day Major Ganguli asked me, “Can you tell me what are the greatest gifts of Christianity to the East?” Major Ganguli was a voracious reader with an excellent memory of what he had read. He used to correspond with Dr Schweitzer, and he had a great respect for Christianity. Before I had time to think to give an answer to his question, he banged his fist on the table and practically bellowed: “I will tell *you*. It is monogamy and neighborliness.”

It is almost ten years since that day. Rev. and Mrs. Long and Miss Daniels are retired. Major Ganguli has also retired and I don't know where he is now. But today I think of what he said, and that has prompted me to think of my own forefathers, who were very high caste Brahmins.

There was a certain king in Bengal (now East Pakistan and W. Bengal) named Ballal Sen. He brought five Brahmins from Kananj in north-western India, and along with them he introduced Kulinism into Bengal. In Kulinism a Kulin can marry only a Kulin, and Kulin Brahmins were the descendants of these five Brahmins imported by King Ballal Sen. If a Kulin married a non-Kulin his caste would be broken and he would be despised, and become an outcaste. But its worst effect was on the poor women of Bengal. In these days every girl was expected to get married. A Kulin had to find Kulin sons-in-law and they were very, very few in number. The solution was for one Kulin to marry many women so as to propagate the caste. One Kulin man sometimes had more than a hundred wives. It became a business for a Kulin man. Instead of working he would take large dowries from a girl's parents, and then would be a husband to her for one night only, deserting her for another girl and taking another dowry. But caste had to be observed! There was no concern for the poor wife or what might happen to her in the future. Some Kulins had 365 wives and would spend one night of the year in each wife's house. Among the wives, of course, there were always one or two favorites who had the good fortune to see more of their husbands than any of the others, and sometimes even shared the house with their husbands.

The Brahmins were the rulers of society at that time. They could do as they pleased and there was no one who dared oppose them. If anyone had the courage to do so, he was promptly excommunicated. So the poor Kulin brides cried in secret and their tears dried up in secret, too. Their sighs died without anyone hearing them.

My mother's grandfather was a rich landlord and a Kulin. He was a very hard-hearted man. His wife died when she was very young. Her elder sister had been very fond of her. This sister was married to a Kulin and save for the wedding night,

she never saw her husband again. All her affection fell on my grandmother.

In the course of time, when Kulinism was on the decline, my grandmother was married to a poor Kulin young man named Sasi Bhusan Banerji. But my grandfather was different from other Kulin husbands in that he had heard the missionaries of Dayabari Mission which is at Ranaghat, Bengal. "Dayabari" means house of mercy. Because he was poor he lived at his father-in-law's house. When his son was very young, and his daughter (my mother) was a baby in arms, my grandfather ran away and sought shelter at the Dayabari Mission. There he became a Christian. Sometimes he would send messages to my grandmother secretly, because his father-in-law was enraged at him and would have punished him severely if he could have gotten hold of him.

My grandfather wanted to take away his wife to Dayabari, but he was afraid and my grandmother was even more frightened at the thought of this. When my mother was six years old, her father concocted a plan whereby his wife and his children could join him. But his wife (my grandmother) was scared to death. She just could not do this, and so she spent long hours crying. But her affectionate elder sister understood and offered to help her. She said, "Leela, I am married, but I do not know what the love of a husband means. You have a good husband and I do not want you to be deprived of his love. I will help you." She heavily bribed some employees of her father and one night my grandmother with her children left her father's house forever to go and join her husband. I often wonder what happened to her elder sister when her father discovered that she had helped my grandmother to flee. She died a long time ago, but I still feel sad as I think of the sufferings of this unhappy woman.

After some years my grandmother became a Christian. Another son was born. This family was friendly with a young Englishman a Mr. Cooper, who was not exactly a missionary, but



helped in the business side of the Mission. My mother was very fond of him. Once I was taken to Ranaghat and met this Mr. Cooper. By then he was old, but he seemed glad to see me, Sarala's daughter. Mr. Cooper never returned to England. He loved this country. Recently he died, but he was never idle during all of his life here. I don't know how many mourned for the loss of him in England, but many wept at his passing at the Dayabari Mission. I know thousands of refugees from East Pakistan living at Cooper's Camp, Nadia, mourned the death of their precious "Cooper sahib." The refugee colony is named Cooper's Camp after him.

My mother's older brother studied medicine and served as a doctor for many years in the Mission Hospital at Benagaria. My mother's younger brother disappeared one day with a Bible and a blanket. For years we heard nothing of him. Then one day he came back as an old man to visit, but he did not live with us. He felt he was called to the life of a preacher.

Now in 1965, when Kulinism is dead in Bengal, I think of those thousands of wretched Kulin brides who were married, but did not know what it was to have a husband. They were not allowed to go out of their houses; they were not educated; they were under strict discipline. What a miserable life they lived compared to the girls of the present day, who have the courage to marry a young man after their own heart's desire, and are free to have a civil marriage!

Why did polygamy die among the Hindus of India? Because a certain Man came into this world who raised the standard for women and who opposed polygamy. He came to save the girls of India, as well as of all countries, from lives of degradation. That man was Jesus Christ who brought life, happiness, and freedom for the women of Bengal and all of India. It is through the influence of Christianity that monogamy is now established in India, and this has ended the sorrow of thousands of women. Independent India has made it a law that a man should not have

more than one wife. This was unthinkable at the time of King Ballal Sen. But it has come true, except that by Muslim law a Muslim man may still have up to four wives. However, the economic difficulties of supporting more than one wife, results in most Muslims not having a plurality of wives.

Today, when I compare the condition of the women of India with that of a hundred years ago, I hear Major Ganguli speaking: "Christianity has given India monogamy. . . ."

## OPPORTUNITIES UNLIMITED

*(Excerpts from a letter to friends in the U.S.A.)*

By BURTON E. WEIDMAN

A woman who was so poor that she had not a cent to her name came on Saturday to bring her gift. I had taken her little daughter to the hospital. She had fallen from a tree and broken her arm in two places. We put on a splint and then I drove over the long 20 miles of dirt road with all its detours and bumps. I felt every bump for her, and I was soaking wet with perspiration when we got to our destination. It was five hours before we could get an X-ray and get relief for her. All of us took on some of the suffering of this mother and father and of their little girl! This is our joy to do.

The mother came with tears of gratitude and gave me something which is very valuable in a poor Santal home—a chicken. They always save the biggest chicken for the very best friend, or for the time of the greatest feast on a special occasion. I felt like a heel taking this food right out of her mouth, but it would have been the worst of insults if I had refused. It was mighty hard for us to keep dry eyed as she gave this treasure to us, but this is not our chicken, it is the Lord's and we shall see that it is

given to the church after we feed it a bit and put a little fat on it, so it will bring more when auctioned off after the church service.

How is it possible to measure the rewards of serving here? It is hot and dusty; we get dog-tired at times, and sometimes the weakness of Christian brothers and sisters in our little church brings us all to our knees in shame and confession of our powerlessness. But then a person comes to show gratitude and then the dust is not seen; the heat is not noticed and there is a glow in one's heart that the world can never take away. Still the opportunities keep coming to tell of God's love.

The way is opening up for more and more to witness to their faith. We hear from the village areas beyond us that folks are really eager to buy Christian literature and to hear the message of salvation. You would have to be here and see what some people are willing to do to work out their own salvation before you would know how precious the Gospel is. It is fantastic what some people will do to try to find peace with God, rather than just taking His great gift in Christ, believe, trust, surrender, and yield to Him to be changed.

A Hindu boy from our School Hostel came to me recently. I have counselled and worked with him very closely for about three years, as has the Hostel Superintendent, and our Pastor. He said, when he was praying the previous night, the Lord told him he must take the step of baptism. He has been debating this for months, and he knows what he will face from his family if he thus openly declares himself a Christian. They have told him that if he is baptized before he has his college degree he will be treated as an outcaste, and will no longer be welcome even to visit them. Yet he is determined that at Easter he will be baptized as a believer in Jesus Christ.

We know that in many villages people are eager to hear about Christ, so much so that we do not have staff enough to get the job done. We have formed a committee finally in our Bhipore Church (we have been praying for this for five years) on

evangelism and Christian education. We hope to be able to do more in terms of helping these Christian young people to witness through Gospel teams, drama, and, of course, personally.

As I write these lines the clouds have gathered again; the sky is black, and the wind is blowing the dust every which way. The rain will follow in a fierce attack, but the world will be washed clean. God grant that in the days ahead of us more of the people in this great land will be willing to submit to God's cleansing power and be made clean.

## HOLIDAY AT AN ASHRAM

By SUSANNE I. POWERS

After leaving train and bus, we were on the last lap of our journey as Tarulata Garnaik, Headmistress of our Balasore Girls' School, and I trudged over the hills and down the valleys. Weary after five miles, our hearts lightened as we read the sign over a stone gate, "Ashram." After four days of travelling and sight-seeing, at last we had arrived at our destination, Sat Tal, where the Christian Ashram begun by Dr. E. Stanley Jones is located. He has been the founder of many ashrams in America, Japan, Finland, Spain and other countries, but this one in northern India was the first of such experiments. Walking along the path on the mountain ridge and coming to the main lodge, we were greeted enthusiastically by a stately, grey-haired, smiling man who made us feel right at home. This was active, 81 year "young" Dr. Jones, who is an inspiration to many around the world.

As we sat by the lakeside that evening, Dr. Jones read the passage from Luke 8:1-3. His message on "Mastery"—over our area of work, our life, our background, evil spirits, infirmities, finances, etc., was a challenge to all.

From May 20th to June 9th Dr. Jones led our "family" of some forty to fifty learners at the Ashram. The morning started at

6.40 with devotions together. We read a portion of Scripture: 1 Peter, 1 John, portions of the Gospel of John, and after meditation on the Scripture passage for 20 minutes, we shared our thoughts during the last 20 minutes.

At meal time we sat on the floor with little, low tables in front of us. Everyone—even Dr. Jones—served at least once during the season. At the Ashram all are on the same level. So each morning from 8.15 to 9.15 each one was assigned to a job. Pastors, professors, students, teachers, engineers, housewives, nurses, and an army lieutenant had work to do. The men cleaned the compound (yard), the volley ball court, and badminton court, gathered wood and chopped it, or did repair jobs needed on buildings or furniture. The women cleaned the chapel, did some sewing, cleaned rice in preparation for cooking, or prepared the vegetables. Equality was also shown by calling everyone “brother” or “sister”.

From 9.30 to 10.30 a.m., Brother Stanley led our thinking on “Self and the Christian”, which will be the subject of his new book. The next hour was a Bible study and discussion led by a Russian Orthodox priest part of the time, and by a professor of a Methodist Theological Seminary at another time.

During the afternoon rest time we were free to swim, boat, play games, hike or just relax. I enjoyed relaxing in the water; the first swimming I’ve done since 1960.

Evening vespers from 5.30 to 6.30 by the lake, which is nestled among the wooded mountains was a very inspiring time. The large white wooden cross on the other side of the lake was reflected in the clear water and gave a double impression of God’s great sacrifice for us.

Each evening after supper different members of the Ashram family shared some of their experiences. Mr. Mustafa, an Indian from the Fiji Islands, and Paul, a Fiji student, told us of their Island and its people. An English professor told us of his ten days in Japan at a Student Christian Movement Convention.

An engineer from the Calcutta ports, a former Sikh priest, and a retired member of the National Railway Financial Board each told of his conversion from Hinduism at successive meetings. Sister Lela, a sister of the Greek Orthodox Church, was formerly a prosperous masseur in Greece. She transferred her skill to India where she ministers to lepers and to those who have come to die along the holy Ganges River. One evening she gave a demonstration of the right way to massage a person.

Each Wednesday there was a picnic by the lakeside followed by baseball, swimming, etc. Thursday was the "Day of Silence" when no talking was allowed throughout the day on the premises of the Ashram until the time of evening vespers when the silence was broken. Since there were no classes on that day some of us took this opportunity for sight-seeing or hiking. Once we went to Naini Tal, a summer resort city in the hills, some 13 miles distant. We enjoyed shopping and mingling with the crowds there. A hike along a cool mountain ridge to Bhim Tal on the second Thursday was enjoyed by five of us. There we had a breakfast of delicious fish, and later, sitting on the little island in the lake we wrote letters.

The third Thursday two of us hiked to another part of the estate to visit a School sponsored by the National Christian Council where 14 Tibetan boys are learning English, book-keeping and typing. We enjoyed becoming acquainted with these fine, intelligent refugees from Tibet. They had trekked out of Tibet, known as "The Top of the World" in 1959, the year that the Dalai Lama also came into India. Some of the boys have heard nothing of their parents and do not know whether they are alive or not. One afternoon these boys were invited to the Ashram for tea and so we became better acquainted with them.

One week at the Ashram was set apart as a week of prayer. Beginning on a Sunday morning at 8 o'clock until the following Sunday morning there was a chain of prayer with one person

praying each hour during that time. Our prayer requests were written in a notebook and after a few days there were many requests shared. Taru, our Headmistress, thinks that we might have a day of prayer once a month in which the Christian girls in our Hostel would participate.

Daily on the way from chapel to breakfast, we sang a marching song, "I will not be afraid". Then Brother Stanely would call out, "Christ is risen", and we would answer, "He is risen indeed." Then holding up three fingers of our right hands, we repeated after him, "Jesus is Lord."

Along the walls of the chapel and in other places there are placards with Scripture verses, and other sayings, such as, "Jesus is the Guru (teacher) of this Ashram", and "If you are happy, let your face know it."

On June 9th Dr. Jones was off for a breakfast meeting in Delhi and then was to go on to ashrams in Spain, Finland, and the United States. From then to the end of the ashram period, Brother Venu Gopal, a retired member of the Railway Finance Board, led the Ashram family. Many years ago, as a Hindu college student, Brother Venu had heard Stanley Jones speak in Madras. On the tram that night Venu Gopal knew that "They (he and Christ) belonged to each other." Brother Venu Gopal's deep love for Christ is known by all with whom he worked and with whom he comes in contact. Some years ago when he was being transferred from Shillong, Assam, high testimonials concerning him were given by his fellow railway officers at the farewell meeting. Brother Venu replied to them, "I'm only as a jackass. When Christ rode into Jerusalem on an ass people laid lovely clothes for the jackass to walk on. They shouted praises to Jesus. The jackass walked on the clothes, but they were really meant for Christ. So, also, I deserve no praise. All praise should be given to my Jesus."

We continually affirmed at the Ashram and we continue to affirm, "Jesus is Lord."

## RAIN ON THE PLAIN

By NORMA LARSEN

Yesterday, I spotted a plow  
    belabor the parched chocolate earth.  
Today, through the gaps twixt bamboo bough,  
    I see that a lake has found there a berth.

Yesterday, my trusty little lickers  
    sealed my envelope with pluck.  
Today the stamps and stickers  
    by themselves have all gone stuck.

Yesterday, the weeds for once extracted,  
    my flower beds looked trim.  
Today, a fresh forest is raised in their stead.  
    To assault there again I shall have to swim.

Yesterday, where the comb decreed them,  
    my stubborn locks did somewhat stay.  
Today, they'll respond to no strategem  
    and I succumb to a coif that is always astray.

Yesternight, I say it's a fact,  
    not a single little "skeeter" in my ear did buzz.  
Tonight the crickets and the June bugs in a mass have attacked.  
    The jungle hides an orchestra—it does, it does.

If this is a puzzlement where the climate is sane  
    Let me to the foreigner then hasten to explain,  
From India's mountain's high (not those of Fair Lady's Spain)  
    At last on trails of dust, "THE RAINS" have hit the plain!

June 1965



## A MEMORABLE VISIT TO THE U.S.A.

By DULAL CHUNDR A MURMU, BHIMPORE

I remember that long, long ago when I was a mere boy I was struck with wonder upon seeing an American missionary who had come to visit my home village. This was the first time I had ever seen a white man. A Santal man came forward and said to the children who had crowded around, "Do you know where he comes from? None replied. He continued, saying, "He comes from the horizon of the setting sun. Can you go there? If any one of you goes, then you will be burned to death. Only a pious one can stay near the red setting sun." This was said by an illiterate non-Christian Santal. But the idea of going to that missionary's country was born in my heart, and lingered on all through the years. Then to my great joy in 1964 I was chosen, along with 14 other grantees from India under the United States Educational Foundation in India, to go for 6 months to the U.S.A. for study.

I thank God for the great opportunity of visiting such a wonderful and rich country. Under the auspices of the International Teacher Development Program, I went to study School Administration, to gain information about different school systems, and to learn many other things relating to high school education in particular. We sailed from Bombay August 1st, 1964. Dr. Olive I. Reddick, the Director of U.S.E.F.I., sent us a letter of good will and wished us a safe journey, and Dr. S. Poovaiah, the Regional Director, came to see us off. The Italian Liner sailed at 4 p.m. Our gladness knew no bounds. We were on our way to the U.S.A.!

We had a very rough time in the Arabian sea. The ship was tossed up and down by monstrous, raging waves and all of our

Indian group, excepting myself, retired to the cabins for three or four days. However, as soon as we neared Aden the weather cleared. We stopped at Port Suez and the following day went through the Suez Canal. We stopped for a few hours at Port Syad, Malta and Messina. On Aug. 14th we landed at Naples. This gave us an opportunity to visit the ruined city of Pompei, in addition to sightseeing in Naples and making trips to such beautiful places as Amalfi, Sorrento, and Capri. The incomparable beauty of Rome filled us with wonder and awe, for we went there before again sailing from Naples for N.Y. on the *S.S. Constitution*, a most luxurious ship of the American Export Lines. We stopped at only three ports before arriving at New York.

Arrangements had been made for us to stay at the Times Square Motor Hotel in the heart of N.Y. City. Such tall buildings and large mansions were beyond my imagination; the Empire State building, with its 102 stories, being the tallest building in the world. The Statue of Liberty, Rockefeller Center, the subways, the big department stores and a visit to the World's Fair, with many other things and places of interest really thrilled me.

An orientation period was held in Washington, D.C. During this time we became somewhat adjusted to the life of this country and were thoroughly acquainted with the details of our program. We were given an official welcome to the United States and the Office of Education. I had a special interview with Mr. Benjamin T. Morris, the program specialist for Administration and Supervision. His well chalked out and detailed program kept everything clear before our eyes. We had a number of meetings on various aspects of American life, culture, and education. An international exhibit and talent show was also held during this time. We were taken on a number of sight-seeing tours and saw the Capitol, the Library of Congress, the White House, the Voice of America, the National Art Gallery, the Jefferson

and Lincoln Memorials, Mount Vernon and the house of George Washington, President Kennedy's grave and many other places of interest.

With 21 other educators, I was placed at Evanston, Illinois for the study of School Administration at Northwestern University. In this course we had lectures by the most distinguished professors in this field. We also had a number of seminars and visits to schools. Our program during the University phase was a very tight one, but all of us found great benefit from what we learned and our varied experiences.

During our travel session we were given the opportunity of seeing the western part of the United States. From Chicago we travelled to Denver, a beautiful city with many places of interest. Then we went on over the snow-covered mountain tops by a very nicely arranged see-level-vista-dome train. It proceeded in a zig-zag way through many tunnels and canyons, by the snow covered peaks. Muffat is the longest tunnel in the western hemisphere. We had stops at Grand Junction, Salt Lake City and Portola. From Portola we went to visit Reno, Nevada, one of the largest gambling centers. We arrived in Sacramento, California at night and then by Grayhound bus reached San Francisco at 2 a.m. I thought this the most beautiful city I had yet seen in the U.S.A. The panoramic view from the highest point in the city, and the beauty of the Golden Gate Bridge can hardly be described. Chinatown was another attraction for us.

Our travel to southern California by the coastal line of the Pacific ocean was most enjoyable. Los Angeles was another beautiful city. Forest Lawn Park where we saw the famous painting of the "Crucifixion", Hollywood, and Disney Land were all beautiful beyond my power to describe. But I shall never forget the splendor of Las Vegas, Nevada in the desert. Like tourists from all over the world we had to see the Grand Canyon, which is one of the seven wonders of the world. Unless

one sees for himself how can anyone believe there is such sublime beauty and grandeur in God's creation? With awe and wonder I looked and bowed down my head before the Creator thanking Him for all His marvellous creations. The spacious roads in the U.S.A. with their never-ending line of cars can never be forgotten. Houses and parks, bridges, and everything that caught my eye seemed beautiful to me.

I wish to express my deep gratitude and thanks to my host families in Evanston and Heller town and to all the friends, among them retired missionaries from India, whom I visited, for their cordiality and helpfulness and for making me feel at home. As a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. White in Evanston I was accepted as one of the family and their home was my sweet home during my stay there. I was a visiting member of the First Baptist Church, Evanston where Dr. R. N. Zearfoss is pastor. Without the warm overcoat which he so kindly gave me, I would have frozen to death.

Among the missionaries whom I had known in our Bengal-Orissa Mission and whom I am thankful I had an opportunity to meet are: Rev. and Mrs Lynn Hunwick, Rev. and Mrs Glenn R. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Gilson, Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Long, Miss Ada Stearns, Miss Hazel Smith, and Mrs. A. A. Berg. It was a great joy to me to meet Mrs. Berg with her son Mr. Gordon Berg, for the Bergs had served among the Santal people during their time in India, and it was Rev. Berg who baptized me when I was a boy of 9 years of age. He has since gone to be with His Lord. It also meant much to me to visit our American Baptist headquarters at Valley Forge, and to be so warmly welcomed by Rev. A. F. Merrill, Regional Secretary for Bengal-Orissa, as well as Burma and Assam, in his home where I also met Dr. Marlin Farnum, Secretary of the Overseas Division of the A.B.F.M.S. and his wife.

My contacts and sharing in the life of American Christian homes and churches was a valuable part of my experience and

made me realize more than ever before that we are all one in Christ. In Him there is no east or west. I pray that the opportunities that have been mine will make me increasingly useful in service in my own country, and especially as Headmaster of the Bhimpore Santal High School. My life has been enriched in every way beyond anything I could have imagined.

## NEW LEAVES

By MRS. EVELYN MEDLEY

Thunder rolls overhead, but the shower is easing leaving droplets on the branches of bougainvillia outside the screened veranda. Tiktikki (house lizards) dart about after insects, and chicks run back and forth as one finds a treasure and is chased for a share by another. The new calf lies tethered in the shade of the mango tree. There is a murmur of voices and the occasional sound of a car passing on the road. A cycle rickshaw, with its occupants in colorful sarees, makes scarcely any sound. In spite of the thunder, all is peaceful.

Almost four weeks have passed since this place became my home. Days have been spent in unpacking and housing the contents of my cases, in meeting my co-workers, in travelling by train to meet the Missionary Fellowship and the Christian Service Society, of starting work, and then the anti-climax of being laid aside sick for a few days, alternating between the relative comforts of lying prone or supine.

In a large pot on the veranda is a beautiful plant. What was a tall spike in the centre some days ago has unfolded and today is in the full beauty of a new leaf.

Still feeling very strange in this vast land, I remember with gratitude how my first days were cushioned by the help I received from Mr. and Mrs. Holderreed of the Inter-Mission Business

Office and the American Express agents as I faced the intricacies of Customs' regulations when I disembarked at Bombay. Downtown Bombay was not as formidable as I had expected, and for two days I went about equally at ease in the pouring rain, or the burning sunshine.

My journey across country in an air-conditioned section of the Bombay-Calcutta Mail train passed pleasantly, as I had plenty of room and a comfortable berth for my two nights and a day aboard. The "European" meals did not suit my western palate too well, but I was fortified with crispbread and peanut butter, part of the remains of my larder. The green was striking as the monsoon rains had refreshed the grass which, nevertheless, seemed sparse. The many trees and flowering shrubs were a joy to see in their number and beauty. The trailing roots of banyans were something I had not seen before. The hills and mountains seemed completely covered with jungle.

One of the most interesting of the many stops made by the Mail train was at Nagpur, about half-way between Bombay and my destination. My compartment stopped at a point which gave me an excellent view of the activity at the station fountain. An endless stream of passers-by paused to take refreshment. Some drank from cups, some from bottles, and some from their cupped hands. One young woman bathed her little child; one washed her saree. An older woman brought a collection of brass containers of various shapes and sizes and washed them all. I saw one woman using soap as she washed. Many men laved and drank; some re-filled water bottles for the journey. Most of them left the precious liquid overflowing the bowl. But some turned off the flow when they had finished with their refreshment or ablutions. As the train steamed out from the station, there was no abatement in the seemingly endless stream of users of the fountain.

Sleep was elusive the first night on the train. The wheels beneath my carriage seemed cracked or knobbly and it was

difficult to match their rhythm. It was like being on a trotting horse. However, when the engine gained speed it became possible to "ride," but the speed never stayed even because the Mail train stopped for long waits at all the important stations, so the pattern became a series of crescendos and diminuendos—starting, gaining speed, slowing down, and stopping. Fatigue assured a good night's sleep for the second night. Soon after breakfast the next day I arrived at Kharagpur, my rail destination, to a wonderful welcome from those with whom I would live and work. Fragrant garlands of jasmine and roses were hung about my neck. When coolies had gathered my trunks and cases from the luggage van, the party made its way to waiting jeeps for the last few miles of the long journey to this my new home at Midnapore, W. Bengal.

## WHO AM I AND WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

By A. MAUREEN BRIANS

"Go down, Moses, way down to Egypt's land; Tell old Pharaoh, let my people go!" so the Negro spiritual keeps running through my head. The resemblance between Egypt and the Jamda Mission Compound seems striking!! First there was the plague of robbers. After moving here in January I began to feel like the most popular girl in town, but these fellows carry knives not flowers, so I found their attention a little disconcerting. Of course I wasn't terribly afraid. I always wanted a seven-foot high wall around my house, and iron bars and expanded metal on windows and verandas help one 'empathize' with jail prisoners, and maybe you think I don't like this big Alsatian dog roaming around my tiny house, reaching nearly from wall to wall when he stretches out to sleep. And he's only showing affection when he gnaws on my hands during his waking hours.

And how good it is not to have to listen to an alarm any more—the dog is nearly always awake by 5 a.m., just to name one advantage.

Then we had mosquitoes by the thousands. The doors, not being exactly what you'd call close-fitting, kept out only those as large as model airplanes, but, with insect repellent in one hand and spray gun in the other, we lived through that. Next came the ants by the millions and although they are fewer in number now, they are still with us. Then the swarms of crickets in their season, jumping here and there all over the house. They were followed by the appearance of flying ants for several consecutive nights. They came just as I was eating my supper, so I had to turn off the lights and eat in darkness to keep them out of my plate. Of course I could have eaten my supper in the afternoon then I could have seen what I was eating. And now we have tik-tikkis (lizards) crawling on the walls and a few tiny frogs hopping gaily around on the floors in the evenings. One little frog was in the shower a few nights ago. Summoning all of my courage and clutching a paper in one hand, I managed to grab the little fellow after several turns around the shower. I was afraid I'd squashed him, so I gingerly opened my grasp ever so slightly—and out he popped again! The next time I have to answer the question on the annual medical form about how I get my exercise, I will tell them the truth!

Well, I am not sure what all of these plagues mean—the question is, am I Moses or Pharaoh? And how can I find out? If I ask our Mission Secretary which I am, he might not understand. If I am Moses, whom shall I lead where? And if I am Pharaoh, I don't know whom to let go. I can't do without my cook or the young man who pumps the water, does the shopping and all manner of odd jobs. The only others here are the workmen building a cook room for the afore-mentioned young man, and I am as reluctant to let these workmen go as Pharaoh was to let the children of Israel go. Who am I? That is the question.



Amidst the construction and repair work here, and in spite of the plagues, life has gone on and I have learned many things since moving to Jhargram. In fact I have been considering writing a dictionary in my spare time, i.e., midnight to 6 a.m., when there is absolutely nothing to do. Here are a few vital definitions gleaned from my experience:

roof repair: leaks moved to new positions.

running water: water which runs from pipe connections rather than from buckets carried into the house.

kerosene refrig- a perverse, almost human contrivance which  
erator: delights in forcing the owner to his knees to clean and adjust it in exchange for a bit of cold water and a few pieces of ice. It invariably smokes or defrosts itself either in the night or whenever the owner seems near complete exhaustion. (Warning: Always appear fresh and rested when in the vicinity of the refrigerator!)

ration shop: a place where you can get a fine grade of sand for plastering. It may be mixed with a little whole wheat flour. Also available there is kerosene which is safe even for children to use. Contents will be good for your garden on a hot, dry day too. Flowers will in no way be injured.

electricity: source of energy for light which is frequently not available, unless time is spent first in darkness hunting candles, matches, and hurricane lanterns.

Moving and getting the house in some sort of livable condition has taken much more time than I wanted to spend at it, but it has had to be done. But village work must go on too. We're

in the rainy season now, so trips to villages are limited, but I did get out this past week to a village in Bihar on the other side of a big river (could it have been the Nile?). I had promised on an earlier visit to return before going on furlough and this seemed to be the only chance. We had been informed that we could drive right up to the river bank, get a ferry boat (glorified row boat) across and after an easy walk of two miles reach the village. Our previous visit was during the cold, dry season so we could drive through the then shallow river bed. Well, upon reaching the environs of the river we found the road had collapsed under heavy rains about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the river. It was late in the afternoon and one look at the churning waters tumbling over rocks, racing down the river course made me wonder why I thought it was always necessary to keep my word! Two of the men with me said, "Well, will you cross over?" My driver said, "You'll never catch me crossing a river like that!" That did something for my morale I'll tell you! Promised coolies, to carry the gear, were nowhere in sight so I suggested that we walk down nearer to the river and the boat, it might look a little different where we were to cross. So to the river we went and sure enough, the river was better there. There were no looming rocks and the boat and boatmen seemed sturdy enough so we agreed on a crossing the next day and we returned to the car by a short cut of not less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. In several places we had to jump across yawning gaps in banks of rice fields. The wide breaks with slippery, muddy banks presented more of a problem since I was in sari and wearing rubber sandals, which are not exactly ground grippers. It was against all social custom but I said to my driver, "Catch my hand when I jump across." I decided his embarrassment at so doing would be less than mine if I fell into the muddy field.

Back we came the next morning after spending the night in nearby Dhalbhumgarh with "Aunt Jean", beloved Scots quarry owner whose home and heart are always open to us. Again the

brisk walk of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the river, then in eight minutes we crossed the "Nile" in the boat and were on our way to the village of Machbandar, two miles distant. Two of the Bible women came to meet me at the other side of the river and the men were glad to turn over to them the job of rescuing me at frequent intervals. That evening we walked another mile to hold a prayer meeting in another area, then we returned to sit in on the finish of the prayer meeting in Machbandar. Our hostess invited us to eat with the family that night and since dinner wasn't until 10 p.m. I managed to sleep an hour before we ate. I lay down on a rope bed, which like 99 per cent of rope beds, was too short for me, but I was so tired I do not know whether it was my head or my feet that hung over. Dinner over, mosquito nets were hung, and soon we were on our beds sound asleep despite the rhythmic munching of grass by our roommates, the bullocks. We had one end of the stable and they the other end.

Up at dawn the next morning we quickly folded our bedding and rolled it up, then went off to the "bathroom" which was a jungle not far from a stream. After returning we had breakfast of tea and chappaties (a kind of unleavened pancake of whole wheat) and then we were off for a 3 mile hike to another village. We forded one large stream and two smaller ones. My rubber sandals were slippery and so were the rocks in the stream beds. I couldn't walk without them lest my feet be cut and I couldn't walk with them because they were so slippery. I also found the slippery narrow banks of the paddy field would have been easier to manage barefoot, but I kept remembering the vivid descriptions of hookworm. Having big feet and being clumsy, I found some of the narrow ridges involved delicate balance, which I lacked. If my mother had been a goat or my father a tight-rope walker, I would have been better prepared for the walk. The day was hot and the hike rather strenuous so I was glad to stretch out on another Lilliputian rope bed when we arrived, and in a short while a cup of tea was produced and that brought me back

to life. The family was working in the rice fields so Parul, the Bible-woman supervisor who was with me, and I went to bathe by the village well. Since everyone was working at some distance, the wide open spaces all around didn't matter. It was nice not having an audience. When we returned we found the family had come back from the fields. Soon we were eating rice and curry together, visiting, and then we had family worship. Again we were off on our way to the river where we were to join others and cross back over.

On the way to the river a group of small Santal boys and girls stood watching us. As we neared them, one girl about four years old screamed in fright when she saw me. I was probably the first white person she had seen. Her sister, about seven years old, picked her up and held her on one hip in the manner of Indian people. I said to the little girl in Santali, "Why are you crying, little sister? Do not be afraid." And the older sister seemed not at all surprised that I spoke in Santali. She turned her face to her little sister and like a little old lady said wisely, "Yes, don't be afraid. She is a Santal!" And the little child immediately stopped crying. We laughed for a long time about that, but I was more than a little pleased with the complete acceptance she gave me.

We delivered the rest of the party to another village and then my driver and I returned to Jhargram (where my house is) that night. True to form, just as I lay down to sleep about 11 p.m., the refrigerator belched forth black smoke like a Pittsburgh steel mill. I had invited a neighbor girl to stay with me, since my cook (Salomi is her name), was away. She got out of her bed too and watched sympathetically, so I tried to appear calm while crawling around on the floor working on the refrigerator. Finally the job was finished and just as I was washing my sooty hands and wondering what would happen next, she reported a small mouse swimming in the toilet. Well, if there is anything I like less than a frog in the shower, it is a mouse in the toilet!

I couldn't ask my guest to plunge her hand into the toilet (usually only sweeper caste people do this anyway—except for missionaries!) so I gulped, hoping not to lose my supper at the thought of touching the mouse. My guest grabbed a piece of paper from a wastebasket and informed me that she would extract the mouse. I made all the proper protestations and then let her do it while I departed for a rest on the living room couch! My big brave Alsatian dog appeared sleepily to see what the fuss was all about just as the mouse was being tossed out the back door. I wondered again what would happen next, but I guess nothing did since when I woke up it was morning. And the opportunities of the new day made me forgive even the refrigerator.

The friendliness of a Government worker in a very responsible position and the way we are being received by his whole family and other new acquaintances in the Hindu community give encouragement to the possibility of the spread of the Gospel right here in Jhargram. Do pray with us that we might be usable among those in the villages and in the cities and towns and rejoice with us for the many open doors.

## **THE 11TH BAPTIST WORLD CONGRESS AND POST CONSULTATION CONFERENCE**

By REV. SUSHIL K. BEPARI

As representative of our Bengal-Orissa-Bihar Baptist Convention, I was privileged to attend the Baptist World Congress at Miami Beach, Florida, from June 25th to June 30th, 1965. The Congress was attended by 17,300 delegates from 121 countries, including Russia. The Convention theme was "What is Man?" and the key verse, taken from John 8:32 was, "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

The Congress was unique in the following respects: the program provided times for worship, revival meetings, and consideration of the past history of the Congress and of the important issues which confront Baptists all over the world. Provision was made for the offering of praise and thanksgiving to God in every tongue represented, and for receiving reports of Baptist work (men, women, and youth) around the world, for clarifying Baptist convictions regarding religious liberty, human rights, baptism, evangelism, the teaching ministry of the Church, and Christian Missions.

The presence of the Holy Spirit was felt when outstanding speakers presented subjects like "The Present Challenge to Witness to Truth and Freedom; The Relevance of Jesus; Our Experience of Faith in Christian Mission, etc." Dr. Billy Graham's revival meetings were attended by about 50,000 people. Many were convicted of their sins and shortcomings, and accepted Jesus Christ as their personal Lord and Saviour. Others made decisions to serve Him more actively and faithfully. The Congress choir, according to Dr. Billy Graham, was one of the best choirs of the world. It contributed much in preparing people to make important decisions for the Lord.

The delegates, answering the roll call by countries, responded with John 3:16 in their respective mothertongues. The 250 voice Congress oratorio chorus with the presentation of "What is Man?", was very thought-provoking and stimulating. About \$20,000 was raised to help people in distress.

Important resolutions were passed on human rights, religious liberty, and peace with freedom and justice. But the climax was reached when the Congress, which was held in Florida, a southern state of the U.S.A., elected as its Chairman Dr. William R. Rolbert, Jr. of Liberia, a negro. In short, the 11th Baptist World Congress bore a tremendous witness to the world, voicing the above resolutions and salvation for a perishing humanity through Jesus Christ, the only true God.

Following the Congress I attended a Post Consultation Conference on the creation of an Advisory Council on World Mission at Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary, Philadelphia, July 2-8, 1965. About 40 delegates and observers from national church organizations, historically related to the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, attended this Conference. In addition to sweet hours of devotion, we had many busy sessions hearing reports about the Post Consultation follow-up work, discussing important issues such as: improvement of national church organizations and Board relationships, objective appraisal of our total program, the challenge of jointly entering new fields, development of missionary outreach, and Joint Action for Mission. There was work on drafting a constitution for the organization of the historic Baptist Council on Co-operation on World Mission. This Council will become effective upon favorable action by at least seven participating organizations.

### MISS DHIRA SINHA

By ETHEL N. ROADARMEL

It was with a profound sense of shock that we learned of the sudden and unexpected death of Miss Dhira Sinha on August 21st, following a major operation at the Jiagunj Christian Hospital, W. Bengal. Dhira had been advised some months before that the pain from which she suffered indicated the necessity of an operation, but she kept hoping that this medical opinion might not be correct, although she talked of the possibility of having operation later in the year. In early August the pain became severe and she was urged by her co-workers at Bhimpore not to delay operation. She chose Jiagunj Hospital because she was known to several of the staff. The operation, performed

by a skilled surgeon, was successful, but it would seem that her strength was not equal to it. She passed away without regaining consciousness. Our sincere sympathy goes out to her two sisters, and her brother, and to all who loved her.

Dhira was a well qualified teacher with her B.A., B.T., and M.A. degrees. She had also had Bible training. She had been on the staff of the United Missionary Training College Calcutta for women teachers. At the time she accepted service under our Christian Service Society, she had resigned from being headmistress, secretary, and hostel superintendent of a Christian Girls' High School under the United Church of North India.

She began her work as Secretary of the Girls' Junior High School, and general evangelistic worker on January 2nd, 1965, taking up residence in the Mission house for single women missionaries, which was left vacant when Maureen Brians transferred to Jhargram. Her interview with the Executive Secretary of the C.S.S., Rev. Sushil Kepari, Rev. C. C. Roadarmel, and Mrs. B. E. Weidman, was held at our home and so I was present also. I was deeply impressed by her sense of call to this village work, after having always been accustomed to the amenities of city life. When she resigned her position with the U.C.N.I., she had thought she might not take any other work. But she asked God's guidance, saying if He had something He wanted her to do, she would be willing. Very soon came the letter from Mr. Weidman telling of the need at Bhimpore. To her this was an indication that God's place for her was there, and she accepted the appointment without even visiting Bhimpore. She anticipated the opportunity of helping in village Christian work, and in conferences and training institutes. She was the main speaker at the Conference for Pastors' Wives and Nurses held at Jaleswar. Her name is on the program for our Annual Women's Conference to be held in Bhimpore this October.

Whenever she came to Midnapore, as was frequently necessary on School business, or en route to Calcutta, she would always



stop to see us and on a number of occasions stayed overnight in our home. On August 13th, the night before she was to leave for Calcutta, she stayed with us. We talked about her forthcoming operation and I fully believed she would come through it.

It was Sunday, August 22nd, that the sad news of her death was brought to Midnapore by Miss Suddha Mookerji who had heard it in Calcutta. Miss Mookerji had been her friend for many years. The next day she and I both had letters from her, written the day before her operation. Later we learned of many of her friends who also received letters written on the same day. She was not nervous, saying "Underneath are the everlasting arms," but there seemed to be some indication that she thought she might wake up in Heaven. In a letter to a college friend, she said, "If I come through the operation I will see you again, but, if not, then to that land to which I go, you will also go, and I shall see you then. Farewell."

The United Church of North India held a memorial service for Miss Sinha at Duff Church, Calcutta on Sunday morning, August 29th. I was in the city and had learned of this from her sister, so was privileged to attend. Beautiful flowers were at the front of the sanctuary. Every seat was occupied. It seemed that all of Dhira's friends who were within reach, in addition to her relatives, were present. Her funeral had been held the previous Sunday afternoon at Jiagunj. The whole church service was on a triumphant note and one felt sure that she was alive and with her Lord. A Bengali hymn which I had not heard before brought this out in saying, "One who leaves her country to go to another country to serve her Lord is not dead."

We thank God for Dhira's confident faith and her faithfulness, and cherish the happy memories of her days with us. Many lives have been enriched because of her touch upon them. Her picture, along with the members of the Women's Society, Bhimpoore at the time of the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Carrol Morong is on the cover page of *Tidings* No. 3, 1965.

## OUR PRAYER CORNER

“Always maintain the habit of prayer: be both alert and thankful as you pray.” Colossians 4:1 (Phillips’ translation).

**Sunday:** Thanksgiving for answered prayer that our Nekursini Christian Hospital is now on the approved list for receiving supplies through Church World Service.

**Monday:** That favorable consideration may be given by the Government officers concerned to the visa applications for our two newly appointed couples—Rev. and Mrs. Charles Chapman and Rev. and Mrs. Lynn Hunwick. (See: News Items).

**Tuesday:** That Christian churches may unite to meet the opportunities in new industrial development areas. (See: *New Gateway for India* by C. Louis Kau).

**Wednesday:** That Miss Suhar Bansria, Headmistress and Asst. Secretary of the Girls’ Junior High School, Bhimpore, may be given wisdom and strength to meet the added responsibilities following the sudden death of Miss Dhira Sinha.

**Thursday:** Continued prayer that a qualified national may be found to serve as Treasurer of the Christian Service Society, which directs all the work of our field. Rev. Sushil Bepari is the Executive Secretary. Mr Roadarmel is serving as Acting Treasurer.

**Friday:** For wisdom to Indian leaders facing spiralling of prices of all commodities; that a solution may be found to this serious problem, which is causing grave concern to everyone in the country.

**Saturday:** That the serious conflict between India and Pakistan over the Kashmir issue may find a just solution and peace be made possible for both countries.

## NEWS ITEMS

*Miss Maureen Brians*, having completed five years of missionary service, should be in California by the time *Tidings* reaches the U.S.A. She counts on spending some time in study, as well as deputation work before returning to India about February, 1967. She can be reached-through her parents' address: Box 725, Dinuba, California.

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When *Susanne Powers* goes on furlough in May, 1966 there will be no single women missionaries on our Bengal-Orissa-Bihar field. This is an unprecedented situation which will mean increased responsibilities for our national workers under the Christian Service Society, as well as for missionaries.

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On July 16, 1965 *Mrs. C. L. Kau* left by plane for the U.S.A. due to the serious illness of her mother. She arrived shortly after her mother had passed away, but was present for the funeral. We extend to her our sincere sympathy.

*Ina Kau* who graduated from Woodstock High School, Landour, Mussoorie in May is keeping house for her father at Jhargram, W. Bengal and with her is *Larry Kau*. Ina is his teacher, using the Calvert Course. *Richard*, and *David* will finish the school year and come to Jhargram for the cold season holidays at the end of November. Because Mrs. Kau had so little time to make preparations for leaving India she did not get a no objection to return certificate and so it is uncertain how long it will take for her visa application to be processed.

*New appointees.* It is good news that two couples have been appointed to our area and their visa applications are now being processed. *Rev. Charles Chapman, with his wife Grace*, will meet a real need in Orissa. For some two years they have held a pastorate in Dover Plains, N.Y. They have a daughter 2½ years and a son just over a year old. Mrs. Chapman is a trained nurse. Mr. Chapman will be taking specialized studies for service in India at Cornell University this fall, while awaiting a visa.

*Rev. Lynn Hunwick and his wife Marilyn*, who served in Balasore, Orissa for one term, returning to the U.S.A. in 1959, have been reappointed for service in industrial areas of Bihar. For several years Mr. Hunwick has given fine service in work with college students at Stanford University in the program of the American Baptist Campus Ministry. He has also served in the work of the First Baptist Church of Palo Alto.

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*Frances Brush Peterson's* husband passed away August 18, 1965, following a long illness. Frances is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Brush who served for many years at Union Church Kharagpur and in the administrative work of our Mission. Many here remember Warren's (he was "Pete" to us) fine baritone

voice as he sang at church and on other occasions when he was a lieutenant in the A.A.F. during World War II. Gordon Roadarmel attended the funeral at Lemon Grove, California and so, we felt in a sense represented the friends of the Brush family who are in India. Frances' son Gary is 16 and David is 12 years old. Frances holds a teaching position. We extend our deepest sympathy to her in her sad loss.

*Dr. John Brush*, Frances' older brother, a professor at Rutgers University, has received a grant under the American Institute of Asian Studies for research on the rate of population growth in India's villages. He expects to be in India from January to June, 1966.

*Rev. Stanley Brush* has received a scholarship for research study in England and India for his Ph.D. thesis. Stanley and his wife are on leave from the Methodist Mission, W. Pakistan and his family will continue to live in one of the Presbyterian apartments in Berkeley, Calif. while he is away.

## VISITORS

*Miss Violet Rudd*, Executive Director of the National Organization of American Baptist Women, on her trip to visit overseas Mission work, arrives in Calcutta October 27th and the next day will go on to areas in Bengal and Orissa to meet with missionaries, and women leaders in particular, and see something of what is being done. We regret that she has to return to Calcutta on November 1st in order to visit North East India.

*Rev. A. F. Merrill*, Regional Representative of the A.B.F.M. Societies for Burma, North East India, and Bengal-Orissa will have some three weeks in our Mission during November-December.

*Mr. William E. Jarvis*, Secretary of the Division of Business and Finance, and Treasurer of the A.B.F.M. Societies will also be with us in December.

We have also been informed that *Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Dilmore* are planning a visit to Mission fields in January—February, 1966. Mr. Dilmore is the Executive Secretary of the National Organization of American Baptist Men.

