

MISSIONARY PAGE

Travels In Haiti

Thelma Rose

Since leaving La Victoire I've visited several mission stations and attended two conferences. It had been three months since I'd been outside that native community, and you can imagine how much I enjoyed a few days fellowship at Vaudreil, (the East and West Indies Bible Mission). One truly gets hungry for good music too, and it was a treat to enjoy those radio programs (many in English) broadcasted from their radio station 4VEH, (The Evangelistic Voice of the West Indies) which is said to be reaching 33 nations. They expect to double the schedule which is now 45 hours per week. By transcription I heard familiar voices giving the Gospel in sermon and song. It is encouraging to see the different phases of God's work carried on by the different missions in Haiti.

From there I visited the Wesleyan Methodist Compound in Northern Haiti. God has blessed this mission with a beautiful site nestled between the picturesque mountains, with suitable buildings and fine missionary personnel. Previously I had profited by a visit when there was opportunity to observe the technique of their established clinic. At that time their doctor kindly offered to supply me with medicines at much better rates than I could purchase elsewhere in Haiti. This time I got a new supply.

On Sunday I accompanied some of the Wesleyan missionaries to an out-station, travelling about 25 miles by truck. After the Sunday School we joined the Haitians on a visiting campaign. They said that they wouldn't be going far. We should have known better for their judgment of distance differs from ours. We kept going and going, and in all walked about four miles in the heat of the day. How I wished for my camera when Bro. Barnett with his baby on his shoulder, was carried across the river on the back of a native man. The baby enjoyed it immensely.

Such typical needs we saw that day . . . empty huts with hardly a chair, hungry people with no sign of food, but worst of all, empty souls! We had little time to spend in each of the huts we visited, but prayed that the Light of Christ would penetrate the darkened minds and hearts.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we returned to the mission station where we enjoyed a dinner, the first food since an early breakfast.

After enjoying several days of profitable fellowship and rest there at Fauche, it was time to proceed to Port-Au-Prince. The trip from Fauche to Cape Haitien was unique. I had stationed myself with luggage near the road so as not to miss a possible passenger truck. I just had time to hail the first that came along, when I immediately observed that it was a privately owned Catholic pick-up truck. In the front were three white people, the driver with a nun and a priest. It was too late to retreat so I asked if they had room for a passenger to the Cape. They seemed willing, so I "mounted" and sat in the open back between two Haitians, one a robed priest and the other a woman. The priest could talk English quite well, and had visited Canada, so we had that in common. We hadn't gone far

over the rough road when it poured rain and the truck got stuck. How long would it be? Perhaps all night?

The rain poured in the open sides and down our backs, though I had placed my raincoat over the heads of the woman and myself. The priest anticipated getting out to work on the car, and politely asked me if he might remove his outer robe, then laid his medals on his suitcase. The rain help up for awhile, and we successfully passed the slough of mud and reached the Cape before dark. The driver refused pay for my passage and the Haitien priest humourously remarked that rather they should pay me for taking such an awful ride.

After my arrival at the humble home of my Haitien Christian friend, she hung up my clothes to dry. I discovered that one shoe was missing from my luggage. (Some days later it was returned to me by a missionary who said that the people with whom I travelled had found it in the pick-up after I left, and kindly left it at Fauche for me.) Next day I arose at 3:30 so as to have time to pack my clothes, and fold my cot. I boarded another pick-up at 4:00. However it did not leave Cape Haitien until 6:45 and after a cramped ride of about 100 miles, we arrived in Gonaives about 11:30 a.m. There I had a time of prayer with the native pastor who gave an encouraging report of his work in that vicinity. Rising at 4:30 next morning at the mission home, it was a convenience to board a nice new bus that leaves next door. I enjoyed the three-hour trip to Port-au-Prince on the comparatively good roads, mostly through plains and between mountains.

A few days after my arrival there, we H.I.M. missionaries left P.A.P. together in the jeep and spent three days at the Semi-annual Conference of the Holiness Association of Haiti. This time it met at the Southern compound of the Wesleyan Methodists which is beautified by palm trees and the sea view. At Pitit Goave it was a wonderful privilege to meet with the missionaries of the various Holiness Missions of Haiti who share a fellowship program of prayer, message and song. Best of all the Holy Spirit was in our midst and in one service manifested His Presence in a special way. There are certain projects of H.A.H. which could not be carried on by any single mission. One is the production of S.S. Quarterlies in the Creole language which are proving such a blessing in the stations of these various missions. Other plans are underway to get out more spiritual literature in the language of the people.

We H.I.M. missionaries drove directly from there to Gonaives where was held our Sept. Conference which was a time of prayer, planning, counselling and fellowship. The Haitien workers attended the last few days.

Plans of H.I.M. are underway to prepare for printing Christian literature in Creole, including a course in Bible study, the Gospel of John, and a supply of New Testaments of which there is a great need at present. Please pray that God will give all our missionaries needed strength to work with limited equipment in the crowded quarters of the little mission home rented at Port-Au-Prince. It is such situations that make us feel the need of a larger, privately-owned mission home for which we are praying. This would solve so

Paul Sanders Writes—

We had a very worth while conference in Vryheid. All felt the benefit of the time together; the spiritual uplift as we listened to the earnest messages and testimonies of fellow missionaries. I can assure you, you have a company of fine whole hearted workers here in the field.

Mary and I felt to recommend very strongly that a deputation be sent up to the Bulawayo district and further north, to investigate the apparent openings we found on our honeymoon trip, in Southern Rhodesia.

We also pressed for this to be undertaken before the rainy season started. I felt led too, to offer to assist with costs. Mary agreed, so we made it an amount equal to what the petrol had cost for our whole trip.

I am sure the discussion that followed was a blessing—yes, and a real challenge to all your missionaries. It was a heart searching time when Eugene asked if any felt called or would be willing to go and work in this new field, if the Lord so led.

I think all were willing, in the final analysis, to go. Mary and I had made it a matter of prayer before going to conference. We did not feel we were called to go but we do want to be in the center of His will for us! (I do not doubt we would do well if He so led).

Well, it was decided that Harold and Shirley would be the ones to go, should the way open up. We did admire their response, especially as they have only just settled into their new home in Paulpietersburg.

The decision was unanimous to send three to "spy out the land"—Harold Kierstead, Eric Haywood and myself.

We are three days out from home, have come up through the vast territory of Bechuanaland and are camped tonight in the Mission G. M. C. at Plumtree, a pretty well laid out town in S. Rhodesia, 65 miles N. W. of Bulawayo.

Here we find many of the natives understand Zulu, as is the case in two of the areas we have suggested.

Mary and I spoke to many officials and visited a good number of mission stations on our trip. The fellowship we had with missionaries of different societies was really uplifting. One felt the Spirit of God was present and blessing. Such fine devoted people we found them to be.

As a whole the country has been taken up by different societies, yet there are areas where a real need exists.

From Plumtree we went on to Bulawayo, that very large, well laid out, broad streeted town, a very progressive near city — sky scrapers, air port and all.

We saw the chief school (native) inspector, who reported what he had told Mary and me about two areas which were needy. There was a feeling that perhaps we had found out all there was to know. However, after prayer and consultation we decided to go on up through the Wankie district, across the Zambesi to Livingstone, near which is a district the government is now moving a large number of natives into.

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many problems and enable us to accomplish more with less strain.

God will bless you as you share the prayer burdens with us.