



ANSWERED PRAYER IN RHODESIA!

by Dr. S. W. Emmett

I would like to share with you this month what we feel has been a very definite answer to prayer in respect to our Rhodesian medical work. As you may be aware, we have been operating our hospital this year on a government grant for only 12 approved beds. This has been far inadequate to even begin to meet the expenses this year. With the vastly increased number of patients, we have needed more drugs, more bandages, more clothing, more food and blankets, and an increased staff to take care of them. In addition to these current running expenses, we have found ourselves almost forced this year to build a 20 bed ward addition to the hospital not only to alleviate the severe problem of accommodation but also to gain for another year an increased grant for more approved beds and for additional qualified staff.

What has all this meant? As we looked ahead into the year, we could see no way of meeting this financial crisis. We thought of sending an urgent SOS to the Mission Board but we were reluctant to even consider this realizing the heavy obligations which are constantly facing our Mission Board.

For several weeks, we made this problem a matter of prayer on the mission. Then a few weeks ago we approached the government Road Construction Camp located 12 miles below the hospital with a proposal of (1) erecting a Clinic building at the camp and (2) the charging of fees for patients treated. This large Road Camp of over 300 African employees and their families had been sending us a number of patients during the year. Within a week a spacious two-room Clinic building was completed sufficiently for occupancy and our suggested schedule of fees accepted by the office of disbursement.

During the three weeks since the Clinic's opening, a large number of patients have been treated and we expect this additional income to enable us to meet much of our added expenses this year. We are rejoicing again in another demonstration that "our God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory". Also as the Clinic meets two mornings during the week, it is preceded by a short devotional service. We urge you to join with us in praying that those attending the Clinic by means of this contact will give their hearts to the Lord and that a church will be started at this Road Camp so in need of the Gospel.

WHO WOULDN'T BE A MISSIONARY?

by Kerry Lovering

Missionaries are often considered to be rather peculiar people.

Generally speaking they seem quite unruffled by such things as finding flies in their coffee or having no plumbing in the kitchen. They come home from remote African villages and talk casually of snakes in the bedroom or hyenas on the back porch. They tell of weird customs among primitive people, and speak lightly of difficulties that almost make your hair curl.

But they all have the same comment—"We want to go back!"

Yes, they are peculiar people. So much so that young

married couples take their tiny children and go off to live among the thatched roofs of African villages. Young folks leave the comforts of their home country to scorch in the oppressive heat of desert wastelands as they plod from place to place, preaching to people who do not particularly want them.

Teachers exchange the fine schools of home for barren spots of African scrubland there to struggle with pupils who live in mud huts and come to class with lice in their hair.

Nurses leave imposing hospitals in favor of humble bush clinics where they treat the diseases of neglected people and the sores of outcast lepers.

Doctors give up flourishing practices to go to labor in mud hospitals and clinics among people whose health practices are appalling.

Parents entrust their teen-age children to the care of others, and with the heartache of separation tugging constantly at them, return to bush stations to spend their days at humble tasks among illiterate people.

Refined young men and women leave lovely homes to take up residence on lonely mission stations, and spend their years among backward, neglected people.

Often they must accustom themselves to conditions that are most unpleasant. They see scenes that are repulsive. They struggle with difficult languages. They get malaria in their blood streams and nostalgia in their hearts. They know what it is to lie on beds of sickness and think longingly of home.

Sometimes they are overwhelmed with work. Sometimes they are discouraged and oppressed. Sometimes they watch loved ones succumb to serious sickness. Sometimes they dig a grave.

Some missionaries have it easier: they work in more progressive parts of other lands where conditions are better. But whatever other conditions prevail, they all leave friends and families and live among strange people and different languages. They have to become accustomed to foreign foods and a different climate and strange customs. They must get along with rather meager funds while they serve in tasks that are much nicer to do at home.

What makes these people that way? Why does a man who has spent fifty years in the African bush, who has lost his wife and buried his child there, look back on his life and say, "If I had another fifty years, I'd do it again"?

Well, the missionaries themselves are quite satisfied that they have good reasons for their behavior. In fact, when they explain their reasons they give the impression that something wonderful and very much worthwhile is being missed by people who are not missionaries. They explain it this way:

Who wouldn't want the reward of having someone take your hand and say, "If you had not come to live here. I would not have heard of Christ. Thank you for bringing the Gospel"?

Who wouldn't want the delight of hearing an African mother say, "This missionary helped my sick baby, and I gave my heart to Christ"?

Who wouldn't want the joy of seeing a leper smile, despite his deformities, and say, "This missionary cared for my body, and also told me of Christ. Now I am a child of God"?

Who wouldn't want the solemn triumph of watching hands that once performed the vile rites of paganism reverently holding the emblems of the Saviour's broken body and shed blood?

Who wouldn't want to see the shining eyes of young people who have been saved from lives of degradation and been won to Christ?

And above all other reasons towers this one: Who