



ARE MISSIONARIES UNBALANCED?

Are missionaries unbalanced? Of course they are. I'm one. I ought to know.

A missionary probably began as an ordinary person. He dressed like other people, he liked to play tennis and listen to music.

But even before leaving for the field he became "different." Admired by some, pitied by others, he was known as one who was leaving parents, prospects and home for—a vision. So he seemed to be a visionary.

Now that he's come home again he's even more different. To him some things—big things—just don't seem important. Even the World Series or the Davis Cup matches don't interest him especially. And apparently he doesn't see things as other people see them. The chance of a lifetime—to meet Toscanini personally—seems to leave him cold. It makes you want to ask where he's been.

Well, where has he been?

Where the conflict with evil is open and intense, a fight not a fashion—where clothes don't matter, because there's little time to take care of them—where people are dying for help he might give, most of them not even knowing he has the help—where the sun means 120 in the shade, and he can't spend his time in the shade.

But not only space; time too seems to have passed him by. When you talk about beatniks he looks puzzled. When you mention Harry Belafonte he asks who he is. You wonder how long he's been away.

All right, how long has he been away? Long enough for thirty million people to go into eternity without Christ, with no chance to hear the Gospel — and some of them went right before his eyes: when that flimsy riverboat overturned; when that cholera epidemic struck; when that Hindu-Moslem riot broke out.

How long has he been gone? Long enough to have had two sieges of amoebic dysentery, to nurse his wife through repeated attacks of malaria, to get the news of his mother's death before he knew she was sick.

How long? Long enough to see a few outcaste men and women turn to Christ, to see them drink in the Bible teaching he gave them, to struggle and suffer with them through the persecution that developed from non-Christian relatives, to see them grow into a steady band of believers conducting their own worship, to see this group develop an indigenous church that is reaching out to the community.

Yes, he's been away a long time.

So he's different. But unnecessarily so. At least, since he's in this country, he could pay more attention to his clothes, to what's going on around the country, to recreation, to social life.

Of course he could.

But he can't forget — at least most of the time—that the price of a new suit would buy 3,200 Gospels; that while an American spends one day in business, 5,000 Indians or Chinese go into eternity without Christ.

So when a missionary comes to your church or your Christian group, remember that he will probably be different. If he stumbles for a word now and then, he may have been speaking a foreign tongue almost exclusively for seven years, and possibly is fluent in it. If he isn't in the orator class, he may not have had a chance to speak English from a pulpit for awhile. He may be eloquent on the street of an Indian bazaar.

If he doesn't seem to warm up as quickly as you want, if he seems less approachable than a youth evangelist or

college professor, remember he's been under a radically different social system since before you started high school, and maybe is unfamiliar with casual conversation.

Sure the missionary is unbalanced.

But by whose scales? Yours or God's?—An article by T. Norton Sterrett, reprinted by permission from His student magazine of Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

—In Christianity Today

NATIVE SERVICES FOR MRS. GLADYS KIERSTEAD

A brief, but moving, Service was held at Altona Mission, on March 13 at 10 A.M. for the benefit of the Native Christians, with Rev. Charles Sanders in charge.

The large Church was filled with people from different parts of our own Mission Work, visiting Ministers from other Missions, and in particular with the local congregation among whom Sister Kierstead had lived and worked. The Service was as follows: (entirely in the Zulu language)

Opening Congregational Hymn

Scripture Reading — Rev. Charles Sanders

Prayer — Rev. Amos Mbokazi

Special Song — Bible School Choir

Remarks — Rev. Johanisi Nkosi, Elder in charge at Altona when the Kiersteads lived there.

Message — Rev. Charles Sanders, based on Rev. 22

Special Song — Bible School Choir

Remarks—Rev. Absalom Sibiya, present Elder at Altona.

Special Song — Bible School Choir

Benediction — Rev. Shebangu, of the Scandinavian Independent Baptist Mission.

Following the Benediction, the entire congregation filed past the remains, and outside the Church. Assisting the 3 sons as Pallbearers for this Service were Rev. J. Nkosi, Rev. A. Sibiya, and Rev. A. Mbokazi.

The Native Christians greatly appreciated the opportunity of sharing in a Service and having a last glimpse of their much loved "Inkosikazi".

Rev. Karl Gorman

REPORT ON EUROPEAN VRYHEID CHURCH

a. Interest is growing. (Some are waiting to see if this project is permanent).

b. We need an organ, and a place to put it, permanently.

c. We have definitely decided to organize, though the date is not set, nor the number of charter members determined as yet. I am writing to some of the older missionaries who are "permanent" South Africans, and inquiring concerning the transfer of their membership.

d. Bro. Kierstead is going to negotiate for a nice lot we chose for our future building site. It is conveniently located, large enough for a church and parsonage, and supposed to be comparatively cheap, as the owner is anxious for some cash.

e. If possible, I would like a few of the small Covenants, or even an extra Manual or two, for any local people who decide to join. (There are quite a few interested, but they seem to be drifters, and hitherto not inclined to be tied down to denominational responsibilities. I feel that if they get sanctified, and satisfied with the message we teach, then their wandering will end.)

f. Prayer is still our greatest need, as God alone can meet the needs and demands of the present work, and care for the future growth.

Rev. Karl Gorman

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The gospel breathes the spirit of love. Love is the fulfilling of its precepts, the pledge of its joy, and the evidence of its power.—Gardiner Spring.