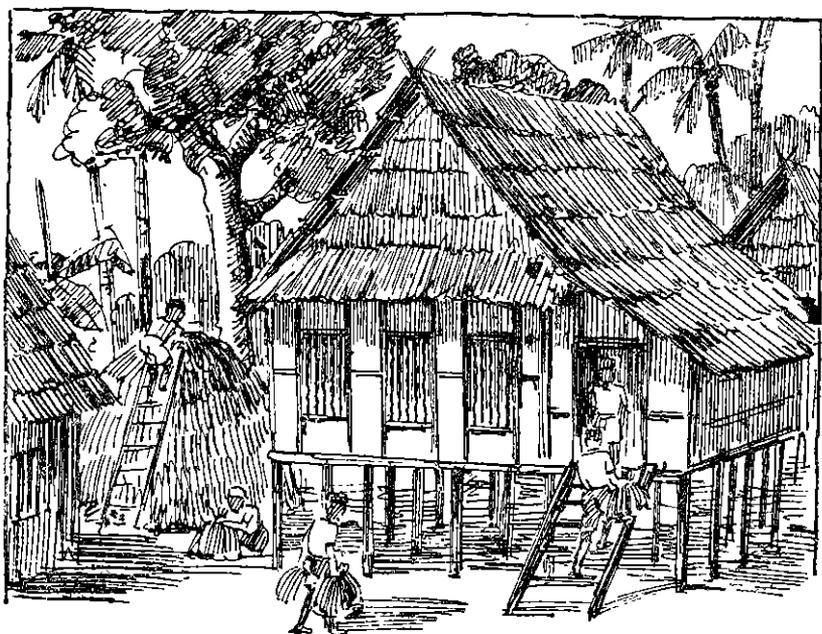


The PIONEER

MAY 1956



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"Do you know what happened on that day
When burdened for souls, you tried to pray?
Did you think you'd failed to touch God's Throne
When your lips were dumb, your prayer a groan?"

O'er the sea in a hot, dry land
A sower sowed with a faltering hand,
But lo, in that hour, refreshing came,
God's servant spoke with a tongue of flame.

And souls long steeped in a land of night,
Turned from their gloom to His marvelous Light.
Away from their idols, they turned to God,
Finding their peace in Jesus' Blood.

For your faith had touched God's mighty Hand
And rain came down in a desert land."

— Selected

The Pioneer is the news magazine of
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of the
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Editors : Rev. and Mrs. V. L. Neigenfind

»Firstfruits in Another Dyak Tribe«

— Mrs. Mae Conley, East Kalimantan

We never intended to start a polyclinic in Melak. When we moved to this small riverside village seven years ago, we did start helping with first-aid those who came to us in need. The number of patients has continued to increase, therefore when my husband is away on some of his long trips I help the best I can those sick and ailing Dyaks and Moslems who come for aid, some of them often in pitiable condition. I have drawn the line, however, at pulling teeth.

In recent weeks we have been surprised to have several groups of Dyaks from the Ohong tribe coming to us. They travel three to five days or longer, paddling their peraus, on the way passing at least one government polyclinic. They say that the medicine given them by those often poorly-trained attendants there did not help them and that they have heard that our drugs from America are wonderful. Of course we are careful to point out how that often even the best medicine cannot help, but we are able to introduce the Great Physician who can cure the sin-sick.

Surely the coming to us of these Ohong Dyaks is answer to prayer, because we have been praying for several years for opportunity to visit this tribe. So far, no missionary or national worker has gone to carry the Gospel to them. They live near a huge lake lying to the southeast of Melak, away from the Mahakam River and foot trails, making these particular Dyaks somewhat isolated. Recently several large peraus carrying five or six adults in each have come to us. They came for medical attention but listened to our explanation of the Gospel story, and those who could read took tracts. One of the men, after reading a tract, said, "This is good news", and asked for more tracts. He was sure that others in his village would want to read the story, too.

One day when my husband was away on a short trip just a few weeks ago, an Ohong Dyak named Ding and his wife came. No, they were not looking for medicine, strange enough. Ding proceeded to tell me how a Christian young man met him in Muara Muntai, on the Mahakam River, where Ding had gone to buy supplies. This young man, I discovered, was Mathias Dodo who was just returning from Bible School in Long Bia. Dodo's wife had broken out with leprosy and had just been placed in a sanatorium downstream. Dodo was coming upstream by riverboat, returning to his village among the Tundjung tribe, when he met this Ohong Dyak and began

to witness to him. The short stop of the riverboat did not give enough time for Ding to hear all he wished, and Dodo told him he could meet Pendeta (Reverend) Conley, the American missionary living in Melak, and get further teaching about God's plan of salvation.

So here was Ding to meet my husband and hear more of the story that thrilled and gripped his heart. He could not forget the things Mathias Dodo had told him and kept remembering. "Jesus died for our sins", but he did not understand how he himself could be saved. He asked me if I would tell him what he had to do. I don't know if he was disappointed to find only a lady at home, but at least he listened, and God helped me to explain the blessed story of Jesus and His love.

I talked with Ding one night, then again the next morning. He read some Scripture portions. The second night I played all our Indonesian records for him, and he was thrilled to hear the hymns. The singing of hymns was all very strange and new to Ding, but he had heard our house-boy singing even before I played the phonograph. Ding wanted to learn to sing a hymn. I sang over and over for him "Berilah Hormat NamaNja" (Glory to His Name), and after several times repeating the first verse and chorus, he tried to follow along.

Finally he said he was convinced that he could be saved too, and he wanted to "enter". With joy and thanks to God for His faithfulness I saw this Ohong Dyak man receive Christ as his Saviour. Before Ding left that Tuesday morning we sang together "Berilah Hormat NamaNja". As far as I know, he is the firstfruit among the Ohongs. At least Ding is the only one from his village to become a Christian as yet, and he knew of no one else who was a believer in his whole tribe.

As Ding and his wife were leaving, they promised to come back and take my husband with them to visit their people. Ding evidenced such a joy and gladness that I was convinced in my own heart of the reality of his conversion. His whole appearance was transformed.

The very next day a large perau came paddling slowly up to our house. More Ohongs. Yes, they had come for medicine. Yes, they had passed Ding going downstream. A young man about twenty-five years seemed very ill. His father and mother and two sisters had to help carry him to our house where he was put into a room ready for such transients who were really ill. "For twenty-seven days", he said, "I have been so sick I could not walk without help".

I treated him the best I could, and the Lord must have worked in his body, because in four days he was fairly strong and well again. While he was here I witnessed to him, as did our two houseboys, one of whom could speak the man's Ohong tongue. The sick man, Djapar, read the New

Testament by the hour as he lay on his bunk. His parents and sisters showed little interest, but clearly Djapar had a hungry heart. On the fourth day he yielded his heart and life to Christ and said he would live as a Christian for the rest of his days if the Lord would help him. He had heard enough of the way of salvation to understand and seemed quick to grasp spiritual truth. He assured me that whether sick or healthy, he was going to be "tetap" (steadfast) in Christ. His conversion, so soon after that of Ding, was blessing to fill my own heart to overflowing.

We are praying that God will give Ding and Djapar a rich ministry as they witness among their tribe. It is interesting to note that both of these men had been "tukang belians", or witch doctors, for many years. No wonder we feel that as missionaries in East Kalimantan (Borneo) ours is such a blessed opportunity and a ministry so rich and satisfying that we count it a joy and a privilege to be here.

Prayer Requests

Pray for the service conducted in English each Sunday afternoon in Makassar. Pray for an increase of attendance and that those who come will grasp the spiritual truths presented.

Pray for Pati Djambi, a Dyak chief in West Kalimantan who has strongly opposed the Gospel for many years but has recently become a Christian.

Pray for the pastors and churches where the congregations find it hard to support their minister. In many areas there is a shortage of rice, and prices have gone very high.

Pray regarding the opening of a Bible school with higher scholastic requirements. This school would be primarily for our experienced workers and for young people who have had high school training.

All in a Day's Work

— Helen Hall, West Kalimantan

As the native canoe paddled closer to our houseboat I went out, assuming the occupants were looking for the nurse. Once outside it became certain that help was needed. A man who looked weary and frightened called out to me in a voice that verified the expression on his countenance. He was badly burned and it seemed to me I should recognize this pathetic-looking human, but only the voice sounded familiar. Then I remembered: "Why, this is Adam, one of our ordained national pastors!" I had met him on several occasions when he had been at national conference sessions or was at the Bible school on other business. He had often called at our place for medicine to take back to the village to his family or "flock". Now he was much in pain, and very much afraid. His entire face, right hand and arm, chest and upper abdomen were raw, painful flesh from burns received in a gun powder explosion nine days previously. He had been patiently and painfully waiting for an opportunity to come for help.

As he got out of the canoe I began to get dressings ready and requested the man who had come with him to assist him in taking off his shirt. To my amazement he had clean white bandages covering the burned areas under his shirt. Upon questioning him I learned that his beautiful wife, Sinera, had applied the bandages following a type of oil. Because of this the wounds were clean and easy to dress. In fact, they had already begun to heal in places. Other places, however, had become infected and needed attention. He remained at the school until his burns were well on the way to being healed, and it was a great joy to know I could help, and a thrill to watch the healing take place.

Those nice clean bandages were one thing that inspired me to tell you about Adam. Some faithful ladies' group had sent them, and how much easier it was to dress the wounds because they had been available and had been used. Such a change from the wounds covered with dirty cloth, paper or leaves and dirt! Of course, the people must be taught how to use the bandages and the advantages of them, but such teaching would be of little value without the equipment and the kind help of those at home who send it.

Adam is one of the many nationals who come with their varied types of illness, accident and disease. To cite a few examples of the "patients" cared for, the following came in the space of two days one busy week-end. A young woman with a fractured hip who was later taken to the hospital by one of the missionaries because we could not help her properly here. Without hospital care she may have been a cripple or never walked again. Another young woman came a short time later with a high fever, extremely weak, and had a headache and soreness in the area of her hips. The diagnosis? In medical circles perhaps it would be "F.U.O." (fever of unknown origin). If one could get a "history" of the illness perhaps it would not be so uncertain but wherever it hurts most is often the only symptom the people will give. All that could be learned about this lady was what has been already mentioned. The soreness could have been caused by a boil present in the area. However, we treated her as best we could, praying that God would give wisdom and help. Now we are glad to report she has improved greatly and gone home. The illness still remains a mystery! A man who often comes for treatment of minor ailments came, but this time he was not his usual jolly self. He said: "Oh, Miss, I am sick." He was..... a bad case of bacillary dysentery. Two children were brought by anxious parents. One had a severe case of worms, the other a stomach disorder from teething. Another man came who had cut a slice from his great toe with a long knife! All these along with the many who come for worm medicine, malaria pills and treatment of minor ailments and accidents. So the days go by.

Some days are very busy and others only one or two come, but the average is fairly high and we trust those who have come have for the most part received help. We seek to witness to those who are as yet outside of Christ and pray they might develop a hunger to hear more. Scripture verses have been typed on Christmas cards sent by friends from home, and these are given out to the people who come. They like the colourful cards and are pleased to take them home. If they are unable to read we suggest they have someone in the village read them to them. Most places there is at least one who can read. Envelopes from letters received are used to give out pills and powders.

We are thankful for your share in this work and would greatly appreciate your prayers that it might be a fruitful ministry as well as a physical help. I am sure I can speak for all of us who do medical work that we can work much more effectively as you pray that God will give wisdom and guidance in diagnosing and treating, that He will give opportunity to witness to His saving and HEALING power, and that He will meet the needs in connection with this part of His work.

Bible School Work Among Children in the Kayan

— Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Allen, West Kalimantan

It was our privilege during four weeks in July to work with the children of the three believing villages here in the Kayan, teaching them in two ten-day short term Bible schools.

The whole idea of consecutive Bible study was entirely new to them. None of the children had ever been to day school as there are no schools within range of our believers here. It was therefore necessary to make the course as simple as possible. Although the average age of the children was ten or eleven years we had to follow, with some adjustments, a course for seven-year-olds in the United States.

The object, of course, was first of all to present God's plan of salvation and to stress the necessity of a personal acceptance of the Lord. Then we endeavored to teach as much Scripture memory work as possible; also hymns and choruses were learned. Everyone had to learn one verse each day in addition to various passages such as The Lord's Prayer, The Beatitudes, Psalm 23, and The Ten Commandments. The hymn that was learned by all was "Amazing Grace".

It took two or three days for the children to get the idea of the classes. From then on progress was rapid, and at the end of the ten-day period the adults were surprised at the amount of material that their children had grasped. On the night of the closing exercises in the nearest village, one of the young boys gave a complete Bible lesson in his own words to the whole church and did very well indeed.

Some of the older students voiced a desire to enter the Bible School at Balai Sepuak in 1956 to begin preparing for full-time ministry among their own people. When one realizes that these young people in a few short years will be the church, and some of them will be pastors and evangelists in the district, we can rejoice that it was our privilege to work with them.

Only eternity will reveal what was really accomplished in those few short weeks, but we are sure it will be increased many fold if you who read this item will spend some time in prayer, praying that the Lord will bless these young people and use them for His glory.

Altering the Unalterable

— J. Wesley Brill, Java

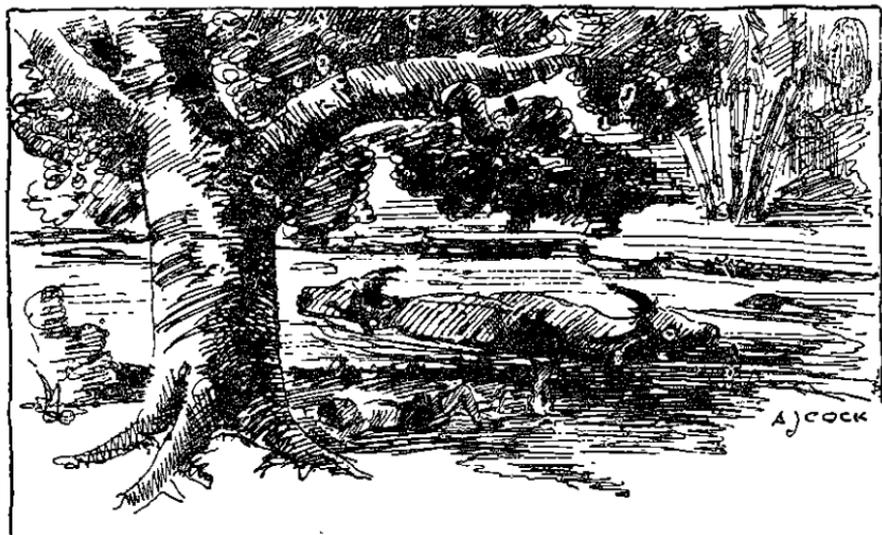
In obtaining a house for the Missionaries' Children's School in Bandung, we have seen God alter the unalterable. For months we had been scouting around for a house for the school, and it began to look as though we would have to buy or build — an extremely expensive business these days. Then we found a house on the perimeter of the city, up in the foothills, that was to be vacant in December 1955.

Here in Bandung, when one finds a house to rent, he goes stealthily about getting permission from the Housing Bureau to occupy it before someone else beats him to it. So we did! But there was an unscrupulous individual after that house also, and he was determined to beat us to the much coveted prize — the Housing Bureau's green permission slip. He thought his influence and perhaps his bribes would easily bring the desired result, but he failed to reckon with the fact that God answers the prayers of his children.

Finally the word came that the Housing Bureau had rejected our request. Nevertheless we had walked through and around the house claiming it for the school according to Joshua 1:3, so a call to prayer was sent out and many were praying.

During the month of November I was reading from the book of Daniel for early morning prayer. As I read of Daniel's great deliverance in the sixth chapter and how God altered the laws of the Medes and Persians "which altereth not", I was encouraged to pray that God would alter the decision of the Housing Bureau. It seemed as though all heaven's blessing was poured upon my soul that morning. Admittedly there were many praying in faith for that house, yet as far as I was concerned, the answer was granted in heaven that day. It was! Nevertheless it was a terrific battle down to the very end as, in Jesus' Name, signature after signature was prayed onto the necessary papers, and finally I walked out of the office with the prize. All glory to Jesus, who alters the unalterable — even "the laws of the Medes and Persians which altereth not.

Today eleven children are happy in their new home and school.



Jusak (Joshua), a Dyak Boy

— Lela Pierce

Jusak is the oldest of the four children of a student at the West Kalimantan Bible School. Would you like to hear how this bright-eyed "brown boy" lives? His days are very different from those of boys in America.

When the Bible School gong rings in the morning, (actually the gong is a hollow log which a student beats with a stick), Jusak crawls out from his mosquito net, rolls up his tikar (bamboo mat), and is ready for the day's activities. His first job is to take care of the baby, one and a half-year-old Elizabeth, while his mother washes at the river for one of the missionary families. The washing done, he is free for a half-hour or so of play before going to his own work at eight o'clock. What about breakfast? Jusak probably will not eat until after the morning of classes is over and his mother has opportunity to take her turn cooking the family pot of rice in the students' kitchen.

Jusak used to spend his mornings at the Ebenezer church school, leaving home at seven o'clock for a forty-minute walk through the jungle from the Bible School to the grade school. He had reached the fifth grade, and being

a very bright boy, was just about the smallest one in the class of thirty some boys. But since last May the upper grades of the school have been without a teacher. Now even the lower grades are closed for want of a teacher, so neither he nor his friends are in school now.

Jusak whistles at his work, and the two lady missionaries who employ him are happy to have his bright eyes and pleasant smile around their houseboat home. One of the ladies, "Nona" (Miss) Hall, is a nurse, and he often helps her count pills and wash bottles after he has filled the water drum in the bathroom, filled the kerosine stove, refrigerator and lamps, swept the floor, and boiled the drinking water. In spite of his fourteen years, he is such a little boy that he can not reach the clothesline, so after straining the water he jumps up on the railing to hang up the straining cloth. The girl who cooks for the ladies calls him "Zaccheus" because he is so small.

Jusak will try anything. He is too small to carry the five gallon can of kerosine when it has to be refilled, but he can always find someone to help him put it into a sampan in which he takes it to the houseboat where one of the ladies will help him unload it. When they have a new task for him, they will ask if he thinks he can do it. His answer is accompanied with a smile: "Tidak tahu. Bisa tjoba." ("I don't know. I can try.") And somehow he has always managed to do whatever they have asked him to do. When "Nona" Pierce wanted to put a new covering on their big back shelf, she asked him to help her hold it, but very soon she was standing back in amazement while he did the job. He didn't do it too neatly, but rather than dampen his enthusiasm she let him go ahead.

Jusak spends many hours a day fishing and is perhaps the most successful fisherman around the Bible School. When his trophies are more than his family can use they share them with other families, for any kind of food is welcome. A little bit of fish will help a lot in getting the dry rice down, and often there is no vegetable to moisten it. When he kills a chicken for the missionary ladies he goes home happily carrying the head and entrails to help with the family dinner.

Sunday morning Jusak goes to church at Ebenezer where he squats on a bamboo mat with his friends through the two-hour service. In the afternoon there is Sunday School at the Bible School his father attends, and in the evening he takes care of the other children so his parents can attend the students' prayer meeting. All the boys and girls attend the children's meetings on Friday afternoon although little Ruth usually goes to sleep and baby Elizabeth often has to be taken home. At both Sunday School and children's meeting he receives a used Christmas card which some kind friend in America has sent to help in the missionaries' work. The bright

colors and pretty pictures on the cards add a lot of cheer to the darkness of his small, bark-walled, one-room home in the longhouse.

On Monday evening Jusak goes to the home of another missionary family, the Van Patters, where he and other boys his age are being taught to speak English. He doesn't have much opportunity to use his acquired knowledge, but he likes to join his friends in singing, "Whosoever Will" and "Into My Heart" as they work and play together. Other evenings are spent in watching the baby while mother studies, or reading whatever is available, but there is not much written in his language for boys his age. But then it has been a busy day, the oil lamp lights the room but dimly, and he is quite content to go to bed early.

Jusak was born into a Christian home in a Christian village. His parents had to register him according to some religion, so from birth he has been classified as a Christian. It was therefore a bit difficult for him to realize that he too was a sinner and must be born again if he wanted to be saved and really be a Christian. For some time he had some doubts about his own experience of salvation, but now he has the witness of the Spirit in his heart that he is a child of God. He doesn't give much thought to the future. There aren't many possibilities for him. If the Lord calls him, he will probably follow in his father's footsteps and become a preacher of the Gospel. Otherwise he will live in a village longhouse with a family of his own, plant a rice field each year and keep a few pigs and chickens. Right now he wishes he could go to school, but because there is no school in his section which goes above third grade, he spends his days at his work, tending the children, fishing and playing ball. We trust that God is molding this young life for years of service ahead.

**Labor on, spend and be spent,
Our joy to do the Father's will.
It is the way the Master went.
Should not the servant tread it still?**

The Pioneer comes to you as a gift from the missionary whose name appears on the wrapper. The cost of publication and mailing is borne by him. If you wish to help share in this expense, send your gift to the missionary of your choice at 260 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York. Mark it: "Special — for the Pioneer."

»Triumph of the Gospel in Alor«

— V. L. Neigenfind, Sulawesi

One of the most significant and remarkable features in the growth and development of this church on the island of Alor is that from the beginning it has been indigenous, self-governing, self-supporting, and self-propagating. It was started by a native son, Moses Laana, without our Mission's knowledge (our policy has always been to go where others have not gone). They have never had a resident missionary and have never received any financial assistance from us, yet they have faithfully adhered to the doctrinal stand and policies of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

Rev. Walter Post was the first missionary to visit this work. He made the trip in December 1953 after being bombarded with strong solicitations from the Alor Church leaders.

In November (1955) Laana arrived in Makassar again to fetch a missionary. When I questioned him as to the date he was planning on returning to his island he answered, "When you go with me." With a heavy schedule of work facing me, I did not see how I could return with him — especially when I recalled that Mr. Post was away from Makassar all of two months when he made the trip.

Feeling it was the Lord's will, on November 25 I started for Alor. After being on the way for eight days, traveling by plane and ship, on a rainy morning we pulled into the picturesque harbor of Kalabahi. In spite of the rain, hundreds of eager Alorese were standing on the shore to welcome Laana and me. Later I learned that for five consecutive days they had walked three miles to the harbor. Word had been received that the ship was due five days previous to the actual time of its arrival.

Following a period of lusty handshaking and a short visit with the cordial raja, we started our hour's trek to the central church in the village of Watatuku. (There is only one automobile on Alor, a jeep, belonging to the only hospital and used on the only road, which is but eight miles long). All our traveling was by foot.

Ten minutes from our destination we were met by other groups of Christians — some beating drums, some blowing flutes and others singing. One young lady walked forward and placed a lei of flowers about my neck. On our arrival at the large central church, a brick building one hundred feet long and thirty-six feet wide, we found the grounds crowded with the older folks and mothers with small babies.

Three years ago when Mr. Post and a national church leader, Rev. S. Udis, ministered on Alor, services were held every morning at 5 o'clock

and every evening at 7 o'clock. I was astonished to learn that during the three intervening years this schedule had been maintained uninterrupted.

Because the people were too widely scattered to attend services in the seventeen established churches, the Christians got busy and built church buildings in their respective villages — some of them far up on the mountain ridges. Then they requested the mother church to send them qualified leaders. To meet this urgent need, classes were held three days a week for young men, most of whom had third grade education and who felt the call of God upon their lives. There was a remarkable response, and today seventy-five villages have their own church building and leader. Each congregation conforms to the daily schedule of services morning and evening.

The blowing of a conch shell calls the Christians each morning at about 4 o'clock from their bamboo, thatch-roofed huts for worship and prayer. There was such eagerness for the early morning service that I was awakened abruptly from my first night's rest on Alor at 3:30 by the peculiar blast of the island's "bugle". By 4 o'clock a large number who had already gathered in the church were singing familiar hymns and choruses. What a thrill it was when I walked into the church and saw it packed! Imagine a thousand people out for early morning devotional and prayer service!

In the evening the sound of the conch shell announces it is time to quit the fields for worship. Many come to the service before eating or returning to their huts.

During my sixteen-day period on Alor I was called upon to speak between two and four times daily. The churches were always overcrowded, and in one place we thought it better to conduct the services outside. At least a thousand were ministered to each day.

In the early morning services time was devoted to deeper life messages and prayer; the evening services were evangelistic. There were many who confessed their need of being cleansed from sin, and others took a stand for Christ for the first time. In one partly-heathen village we visited in the mountains, one night under the open sky over fifty stepped forward in front of their heathen neighbors to accept Christ as their personal Saviour.

One pastor walked forty miles over rough mountain terrain to bring an invitation from his people to visit their church. Because of the shortness of time, it was impossible for me to return with him. A few days later, after the pastor's return, an envelope containing 50 rupiahs (equivalent to \$4.50 U.S.) was received from that congregation to help defray my traveling expenses to Alor. They hoped that next time I would allow enough time to visit them.

Other money gifts toward my traveling expenses were received, too. Never before had I experienced anything like this on the foreign field. The church committee offered to pay all of my expenses.

Every village visited could not do enough for Laana and me. A special bamboo bedroom and a bathroom were prepared in each place, and there was always an abundance of wholesome food and cocoanut milk. Skilled hunters scoured the mountain sides in search of deer and pigs, equipped only with bows and arrows. They do not possess firearms. Five deer and three wild pigs were killed during my stay. The raja and some government officials joined us one day for a feast of venison.

I was very much impressed by the way these people gave without asking for anything in return other than the Word of God. Not one person asked for anything for his physical comfort, not even medicine!

Materially, the Alor Christians fare better than their neighbors. Often when others experience crop failures, they have a bountiful harvest. The raja, Chinese tradesmen, and even their opposers from the State Church often turn to them for rice, corn and chickens. Once there was a dreadful plague of rats. Some fields were eaten clean. Even though the rats did enter the believers' fields, a sufficient harvest was reaped. On many occasions when people come to them for help they are unable to give anything in exchange, promising to pay later. I questioned Laana whether he wasn't afraid some wouldn't pay. He answered, "They are afraid not to; they fear the judgment of God."

What I saw in Alor was as close to the New Testament pattern as any church I have seen. As far as church finances are concerned, there are no wants. The people give their tithes and offerings joyfully and sacrificially. There is no need for special evangelistic drives. The church continues to expand spontaneously. Village after village keeps sending in its request for a worker. They are ready to build him a house as well as to erect a church building. Just before my arrival a delegate was sent from a small volcanic island which lies a few miles off the Kalabahi bay. Strange rumblings have been heard emanating from deep down in the mountain. The inhabitants are afraid because they have not followed the Truth which Laana had brought to their tiny island some months previous. Now they are ready to support a worker who can teach them the way of salvation.

Following my last service held in the central church, folks from "The Little Mountain" and those from "The Big Mountain" who had crowded into the building or pressed close to the doors and windows on the outside asked if we could shake hands once again. Before church leaders intervened, informing all that there was no more time, I had already shaken hands with over nine hundred.

Pray that these 7,000 Christians will increase in the knowledge of Christ and His Word and that God will use this church not only in reaching those still living under the yoke of heathen superstition on Alor, but also those on many neighboring islands.



Sowing the Good Seed

— Vonnie Morscheck, Sulawesi

Ten times each year the KALAM HIDUP, or "Living Word", magazine is published for some 1200 readers in Indonesia. That the ministry of the articles is bringing blessing to subscribers is obvious from the following letters:

From a new subscriber:

"With this letter I convey my thanks to you, for the first copy of the KALAM HIDUP has come to me. With a joyful heart I read its contents, and I felt that I was receiving new light in my life."

And a faithful subscriber writes:

"I have subscribed to the KALAM HIDUP since it was first published in 1930 and have received much spiritual food from it! Hallelujah!"

A diligent subscriber sends this letter:

"First of all, I give thanks to God for leading me to become a member of the KALAM HIDUP family. For two years I have tasted the delight of the spiritual food contained in it. Praise God, for three friends of mine have tasted its blessings and have asked me to help them subscribe for 1956. I always pray for the publishers of the magazine so that the Lord will anoint with His Holy Spirit

that many souls thirsting and hungering for the truth of God may be satisfied by it."

Another encouraging letter included the names of 20 persons to whom a subscriber wished to send the KALAM HIDUP — among these were friends who do not yet know the Lord as their personal Saviour.

We praise God for increased subscriptions and interest in this magazine, but desire your prayers that the KALAM HIDUP may reach into thousands of homes here in Indonesia. Each issue includes a message on salvation, sermons, a commentary by Dr. Jaffray on Revelation and a portion of a chapter from the translation of "Power From On High" by Dr. A. B. Simpson. The section which especially appeals to readers is an article on the power of the Gospel in which some testimony is given revealing God's power to save and deliver.

Many foreign fields have found that correspondence courses have proved very effective in reaching all classes of people with the Gospel. Work has been practically completed on an Indonesian translation of the "Light of Life" correspondence course which has had an effective ministry in India. This is to be printed, and Gospels of John must be prepared for use with the course. Pray with us that this important publication may be prepared speedily for the furtherance of His work here.

Another tremendous project before this field is the publication of a song book using music. For many years a small song book with words only has been in print. It contains about 100 songs and has had a large ministry all over the Islands. The eighth edition has just come from the press. More hymns have been translated from "Hymns of the Christian Life", and music has been prepared in numbers for all the songs ready to be included in the new book. This book will without doubt also have a wide sale, and its ministry can bring rich blessing to churches here in Indonesia.

The new song book has been placed on the "approved specials" list for the Indonesian field by approval of the New York Board. We prayerfully commit this project to PIONEER readers and trust that through some of you funds will be made available for its initial printing.



In the Midst of Abundance, Poverty

— Margaret Shaneman

Bandung has been regarded by some as the "Paris of Indonesia". Truly it is a beautiful city covering a large area, and from the natural point of view has everything to make it attractive. The weather is cool. Fruits, vegetables and meats are in abundance. Anything that is available in Indonesia can be purchased there. Missionaries from Kalimantan gaze in amazement at the abundance and variety of fruits and vegetables in the markets.

In Bandung, just as in so many other places which have an abundance of material things, the desire for spiritual things is seriously lacking. House-to-house visitation has revealed that most of the people are satisfied, or have their own religion, which makes them adamant to anything else. West Java is a strong Moslem area, and those of that faith are hard to reach with the Gospel message. The Adventists and Catholics have claimed their adherents also. In more than one home we were met with this remark, "Oh, we have our own religion". And on their part there was no desire for further discussion.

Because of our work in the office we were only able to do visiting in the afternoon. Last year we had an unusually long rainy season, and it was *not until in the month of June* that we were able to go out in the afternoons to do visitation. After finding little response in the area around us, we sought entrance into a *kampung* (native settlement or village). Through those who worked for us in the home we were able to visit in a *kampung* close by. The folks seemed friendly, and so after a few visits we went back with invitations for Sunday School pasted inside used Christmas cards. We were nearly mobbed by the children wanting them. I am sure that some of them had quite a stack of cards by the time we had finished passing them out. Some of the folks invited us in. One lady that had worked temporarily for Mrs. Brill gave us tea and boiled tapioca root.

The children were interested, and the first Sunday there were 28 children at Sunday School. For three Sundays the attendance ranged from 28-30. Then all of a sudden not one of the children came. You can well imagine

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Daring Independence

— H. N. Rankin, West Kalimantan

With the beginning of the year 1955 the Pinoh area of the Melawi District put forth a real endeavor to become self-supporting. Previously the churches of the Belitang area contributed toward the support of the Pinoh area pastors. However, after the December 1954 National Church Conference the representatives and pastors pledged themselves to strive to be self-supporting in the new year.

The year 1955 will be long remembered by the population of West Kalimantan, for it was a year of catastrophe. Sanggau, one of the largest trade centers on the Kapuas River, was burned out by a fire which swept through the market place and reduced the center of the town to ashes. Hundreds were left homeless, and many formerly wealthy merchants were left penniless, their losses soaring into the millions of rupiahs.

Not only was there fire, but also flood. Heavy tropical rains caused the rivers to swell to unequaled heights since a decade. As far interior as Nanga Pinoh, some 350 kilometers inland, the water rose to the eaves of the houses. Only the roofs on single storied dwellings were still out of water in the market place. The water rose to within three feet of the ceilings of the government office buildings. However, the greatest losses from the floods were suffered by the Dyaks whose rice crops were lost because of the high waters.

In order for the Dyaks to have a good harvest, it is necessary for them to burn the fields before planting them so that the earth is fertilized by the ashes. This past year it was also impossible to burn the fields, for there was no dry season. There were some who tried to burn their fields in small portions on a day that happened to be without rain. However, even these harvested only a meager 40% of their usual crop. Of course, those who planted on low lands lost all of their crop. Had the Dyaks of the Pinoh area known what lay before them in 1955 they would no doubt have put off their ideas of independence for a time and continued to rely on subsidies from the Belitang District. But, having committed themselves, they doggedly tried to fulfill their pledge.

The church called "Philadelphia", at Ribang Semalon, has been the church with the greatest struggle, due to the fact that their membership is

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Missionary Directory

Chairman, Rev. J. Wesley Brill

Regional Sub-chairmen : East Kalimantan, Rev. F. R. Whetzel
West Kalimantan, Rev. H. N. Rankin
East Indonesia, Rev. V. L. Neigenfind

HEADQUARTERS

Djalan Dago 110 A
Bandung, Java
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. J. Wesley Brill
Miss Frances Schutt
Miss Olga Donnell

HOME FOR MISSIONARIES' CHILDREN

Djalan Gunung Agung No. 8
Bandung, Java
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Bliss

EAST KALIMANTAN

Samarinda
East Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. William Bouw

Melak via Samarinda
East Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Conley

Long Bia
via Tandjong Selor and Tarakan
East Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. Ivan Lay

Long Berang
via Malinau and Tarakan
East Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. F. R. Whetzel
Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson
Miss M. P. Roseberry
Miss Lois Boehnke

Long Nawang
via Tandjong Selor and Tarakan
East Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. R. E. Rudes

WEST KALIMANTAN

Balai Sepuak
via Pontianak
West Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. J. Van Patter
Rev. and Mrs. Gordon Chapman
Miss Margaret Kemp
Miss Lillian Marsh
Miss A. E. Le Roy
Miss Helen Hall
Miss Lela Pierce

Nanga Kayan

Mailing address :
Nanga Pinoh
via Pontianak
West Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Allen
Rev. and Mrs. William Kissell

Nanga Pinoh
via Pontianak
West Kalimantan
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. H. N. Rankin

EAST INDONESIA

Djalan Gunung Merapi 81
Makassar, Sulawesi
Indonesia
Klungkung
Bali
Indonesia

Rev. and Mrs. V. L. Neigenfind
Miss Vonnie Morschack
Miss Margaret Shaneman
Rev. and Mrs. Rodger Lewis

At home

Rev. and Mrs. W. Konemann (in Holland)
Rev. and Mrs. Jack Waite
Rev. and Mrs. Harry Post

Abundance and Poverty (continued from page 18)

how our hearts sank that afternoon! We visited the kampung again two weeks in succession. Always the people were polite, but when we reminded them about Sunday School, the parents said they would come if nothing prevented. This, we have learned, is a polite way for an Indonesian to say that he won't be there. After praying about it, we decided it best not to antagonize the people by constantly going to the village but to trust the Lord to open the way for us. We had learned that the parents had been warned by the religious leader of the kampung not to let their children come.

Finally the lady that worked for Mrs. Brill permitted three of her children to attend, and two Chinese children close by began coming. We once again had Sunday School, even though for only five pupils. Our hearts have been burdened for these children when we realize their background and the life that is before them, especially the little girls. At first the Moslem children would not even repeat after us the name of Jesus. Just a few weeks ago two more children came. One little girl had been crying every Sunday when her cousins went off to Sunday School because she wanted to go, too. Finally her parents consented, and she has been happily attending ever since. We believe that there are many more who would like to come, but they have been forbidden. Sometimes we have prayed that some of the children who would like to come would also cry on Sunday afternoon until their parents would permit them to attend, too.



Daring Independence (continued from page 19)

rather small, and their rice crop was very poor. However, praise God, both the pastor and the leaders of the church are of one heart to remain indigenous. At a time when the food supply was very low, one of the elders of the church said: "As long as we and our children have enough food to eat, our pastor and his family will have sufficient, too."

The pastor at that church has a wife and four children, so he has no small family to provide for. However, this worker is willing for sacrifice, too, to remain with his flock, for he said: "Regardless of the shortage of food, as long as the Christians desire us to remain with them, we shall remain."

Praise the Lord for this spirit of love and mutual sacrifice in their striving to maintain independence.

Missionary News

NEW MISSIONARY: *Miss Olga Donnell* arrived on the field in November 1955 to become school teacher to the missionaries' children.

RETURNED FROM FURLOUGH: *Miss Lois Boehnke*, in November 1955. This is Miss Boehnke's second term, and she is now teaching again at the Long Bia Bible School in East Kalimantan and doing clinic work.

Rev. and Mrs. William Bouw, in December 1955. Mr. and Mrs. Bouw and their three daughters are again stationed at Samarinda, East Kalimantan. This is their second term.

ON FURLOUGH: *Rev. and Mrs. Harry W. Post* and small son, *William*, left for the States in December 1955. There Mr. and Mrs. Post have rejoined their other three children who remained at home for schooling during this past term of service.

BIRTHS: *Timothy Charles Chapman*, born to *Rev. and Mrs. Gordon Chapman* of West Kalimantan on November 20, 1955.

Richard Elliot Lewis, born to *Rev. and Mrs. Rodger Lewis* of Bali on February 24, 1956.

RETURNED TO THE STATES: *Rev. Jack Waite*, on February 17, 1956. Mr. Waite has returned to join his wife and son who have been in the States for over a year so that the child might receive treatments for polio. Mr. and Mrs. Waite hope to return to East Kalimantan after a time to resume their work there.

TO THE EAST ASIA CONFERENCE IN BANGKOK: *Rev. J. Wesley Brill*, Chairman of the field, and *Rev. W. W. Conley* of East Kalimantan were privileged to attend the East Asia Conference of the Christian and Missionary Alliance which was held in Bangkok in October 1955.



SCALE 1:6,000,000
(APPROX. 100 MILES-1 INCH)

MISSION CENTER
(Name in bracket)

DISTRICT

- 1 SESAJAP (Long Berang)
- 2 LOWER KAJAN (Long Bia)
3. PUDJUNGAN- no resident missionary
- 4 APO KAJAN (Long Nawang)
5. NORTH MAHAKAM (Samatinda)
6. SOUTH MAHAKAM (Melak)



INDONESIA