

# MISSIONS

*Quarterly*

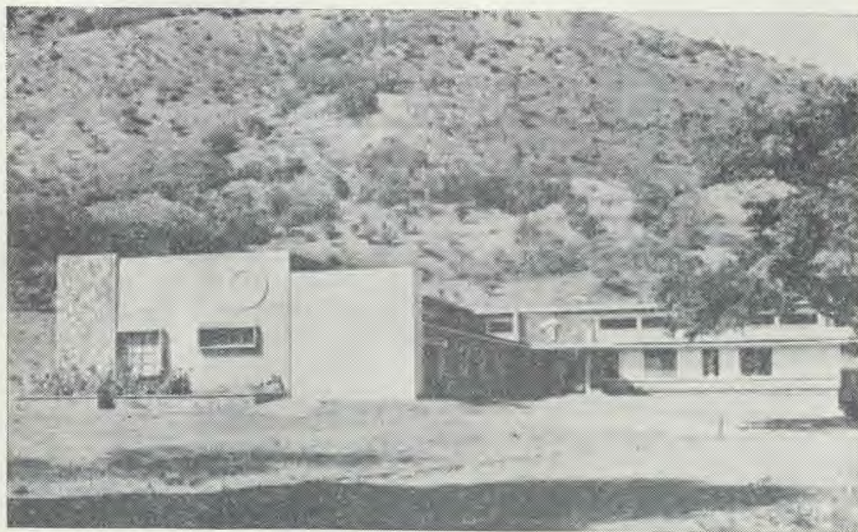
Vol. 49

Fourth Quarter, 1960

No. 4

**THE INTER-AMERICAN DIVISION WILL RECEIVE THE THIRTEENTH SABBATH OFFERING OVERFLOW, WHICH WILL BE USED FOR THE FOLLOWING PROJECTS:**

1. A nurses' home for the hospital in Nicaragua.
2. A hospital building for the growing medical work in British Guiana.
3. A boys' dormitory for the new boarding academy in Puerto Rico.



Adventist mission hospital, La Trinidad, Nicaragua, for which a nurses' dormitory will be furnished from the offering overflow.

[NOTE.—The material given on this page can be presented to the Sabbath School together with the reading as given under date of October 1, the first Sabbath of the quarter.]

## INTER-AMERICA

Inter-America includes 30 countries and major island groups immediately south of the North American mainland. Its people speak either Spanish, French, English, Dutch or any one of a number of dialects.

Although nature has provided much in Inter-America that is pleasing and beautiful, the effects of sin are clearly visible. This presents a supreme challenge, for Inter-America is people. It has over 80,000,000 inhabitants—every one of them a soul for whom Christ died! Each one must know of His love and be enlightened by His plan. While many share the basic desire of an eternal reward and a better hereafter, the vast majority have dropped eternity out of their reckoning. Religious backgrounds, together with a fascinating history and colorful cultures of the past, provide traditions and prejudices that persist, often making it extremely difficult for the gospel worker.

Medical and educational institutions have been established which have proven to be tremendously important in influencing for Christ. The radio program with its accompanying Bible correspondence school has enlightened thousands. Colporteurs have penetrated into the remote areas. Our lay members—both young and old—have been enthusiastic evangelists, conducting efforts, organizing Branch Sabbath Schools, carrying on the Welfare work, and have also given their personal witness. These activities, together with the evangelistic efforts of the salaried workers, under God's blessings have grown until today we can say that we have established work in every country and major island group of Inter-America. We greatly need and appreciate the prayers in our behalf and the gifts that have come to us.

During this quarter three projects are to benefit by the offering overflow. They are:

1. A nurses' home for the hospital in Nicaragua.
2. A hospital building for the growing medical work in British Guiana.
3. A boys' dormitory for the new boarding academy in Puerto Rico.

These facilities will strengthen the work and hasten the return of Jesus. Inter-American Adventism is dedicated to finishing the work, and looks to you expectantly for generous support.

L. L. REILE, *Sabbath School Secretary,*  
*Inter-American Division*



## SABBATH, OCTOBER 1

[This reading should be given after the introduction on Inter-America written by Elder L. L. Reile, which appears on the preceding page.]

### "I Have Faith in Your Clinic"

FRED MOOR, JR., M.D.

[Director, Adventist Clinic and Hospital,  
Nicaragua]

In a beautiful little Nicaraguan valley, in the heart of Central America, is situated a small new Adventist hospital. It is already realizing the hope that the right arm of the message might be more in evidence to bring healing and salvation to the dark and prejudiced area of Central America. Previously we were able to get only a foothold on the isolated east coast of Nicaragua. But from this foothold eventually was realized the development of a beautiful hospital situated on the very side of the main artery of communication, the Pan-American Highway. Over this highway, soon to be paved, travel tourists, merchants, truck transports and local people as well. They cannot miss the sign of our hospital.

At the time of writing, the hospital has not yet been completed, but for the past year the clinic has been open and the patient load is already too heavy for one doctor. Major surgeries are still done in a cramped emergency room; hospital patients have to bring their own chairs, and the windows are shaded by blankets or sheets hung on nails. There are no sinks installed, not even in the utility room. The nurses have to use the sink in the clinic. The carpenters pound all day long, and boards and wood shavings are seen in the halls. When it rains, mud is tracked into the building because the entrance is not finished.

However, in spite of these difficulties, people come from all parts of the

republic and occasionally from other countries. Many patients come three or four days' journey, first by mule or horse, then by truck, and finally by bus. Often when they arrive at the clinic they must wait eight or ten hours before they can be attended.

We ask them, "Why did you come so far?"

They answer: "It was recommended that I come here because of the good care received here." "In this clinic consideration is given the poor." The rich say, "Prices are reasonable." "You try to cure us here. If we cannot get help here, there is no help."

One man came with a stiff, straight elbow. Months before he had suffered an accident and had dislocated his elbow. He had gone to a bone setter who manipulated and massaged the joint, but it did no good. After the joint was healed in the permanent extended position, the man came to our clinic asking for surgical repair. He had had some contact with the Voice of Prophecy and knew our work to some extent and came with much hope.

After the examination he was told that his was an extremely difficult case and that it would be much better for him to go to the capital and look up the services of a bone specialist. He insisted that he had faith in our clinic and that he preferred to have surgery done here. He was much more sure of the outcome than I was. We then explained more emphatically that we did not feel qualified to do this type of surgery, which I had never even seen performed.

We finally agreed to take care of him on the condition that he wait for us to send his X ray to the United States for

consultation. The report came back from Dr. T. G. Reynolds of the White Memorial, and he emphatically stated that the man should be warned seriously that he might be worse after the surgery than before by having a stiff elbow and possibly a paralysis.

Upon receiving the report of the consultation, the man said, without hesitation, that he had had other serious troubles which had come out well and that he had faith that at this clinic he would receive the help he needed. Surgery was performed, but with much difficulty. After surgery the patient developed complications, which it was feared would cripple the hand for life, but by the use of hydrotherapy and later exercises the patient had a good result.

Similar experiences are common. Time and again in medical mission service the missionary doctor is called upon to do things that he is not qualified to do, but time upon time the Lord blesses the efforts to the glory of His name.

As you think of missions this quarter, would you remember that this new little hospital, with its multiple needs, desires your support and prayers that it may continue to grow and complete the purpose for which it was established—to bring light and healing to those in darkness.

The Maps and the Data in Your  
Missions Quarterlies Can Be  
Well Used in General  
Missions Promotion.  
Save Them for  
Future Use.

## SABBATH, OCTOBER 8

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

### Our New Hospital in Nicaragua

FERNON RETZER

[President, Nicaragua Mission]

“Doctor Moor, Doctor Moor, we are ready now!”

It was a nurse calling Doctor Moor at five o'clock in the morning. Surgery was scheduled early to make it possible for the doctor to see more clinic patients. I was sleeping in an adjoining room in Doctor Moor's home. In a few minutes the doctor and his assistants were moving skillful fingers in a major operation.

The day before I had flown from San José, Costa Rica, to Managua, Nicaragua. I was coming to visit our new hospital during its construction days. The hospital in La Trinidad, Nicaragua, is situated up in the hills on the Pan-American Highway, eighty miles north of the capital city, Managua.

While at the station waiting to board a bus to the hospital, I received a telephone call from one of the prominent businessmen in Managua. Just a few moments before, the colporteur leader of the mission had been visiting him, and in the course of the conversation this businessman had mentioned that he was going to the hospital. Arrangements were soon completed, and they called me to accompany them. It was a pleasure to accept.

After we had driven for about an hour and I felt I was well enough acquainted with my new-found friends, I asked some pertinent questions. To the man sitting next to me, I said, “Why is it that you are willing to travel nearly a hundred miles to go to an Adventist hos-



pital, when here in Managua you can get good medical care? The hospitals here are nicely finished and have up-to-date equipment. Our hospital is still far from being completed."

With a surprised look, he began to answer my question in a very simple way. "You see, it's this way," he began. "For a number of years my sister has been suffering severe pain. She went from one doctor to another, and everyone told her she needed an operation. She was afraid to submit to an operation. Finally, after another severe attack, she decided to make an effort to go to the new hospital in La Trinidad, Nicaragua, to see what the doctor there would tell her. After the examination, his diagnosis was the same as that of the previous doctors consulted. An operation was necessary. But as Doctor Moor spoke to her she seemed to have utmost confidence in his decision. Immediately she decided to make arrangements to enter the hospital. All fear was gone. She then called us to tell us about the operation. We were surprised, but decided that the decision was for the best, since a number of doctors had advised her of the need for surgery.

"Immediately," he said, "we went up to see what this hospital was like. We were so well impressed that we urged our sister to have the operation there. The building is not finished, but the people are very accommodating. The nurses take very good care of their patients. They even invited us to eat there, and the food was wonderful. We were convinced that this hospital was the place for the operation. There was something different about the atmosphere of the hospital!"

This personal testimony filled my heart with joy. Here was a man, not of

our faith, singing the praises of our institution, which was still far from being finished. But God was using it to bring the message of salvation to those of the higher class of society.

It was this man's sister who was in the operating room when the nurse called the doctor that early morning hour, while I slept in the doctor's home. After the operation, I talked with the family. How happy they were that all had gone along so nicely. We are grateful to God for Doctor Moor and his medical staff. Their wonderful cooperation and untiring effort have carved a hospital out of the hills, where some months ago we had nothing but a piece of land. Today we have a growing institution.

The building is nearly finished, except for the painting. The 25-bed hospital has the walls, roof, and floor, but it still lacks the ceiling, the electrical and plumbing fixtures, and other equipment. Up to the present time they have been using the emergency surgery room until the surgery section in the new building is completed.

There is still much building that needs to be done. Our nurses especially are looking forward to the new dormitory. They have been courageous and long-suffering, living in cramped temporary quarters, always confident that some day they will have the promised home of their own.

Already the hospital personnel is working overtime. Our staff is much too small, but they are going forward in spite of adversities. Soon we hope to have another doctor. There is little doubt that he is needed, especially in view of existing conditions as related by letter from Doctor Moor, which reads as follows:

"This place has become a beehive of activity, with pressure almost unbearable. I am even having difficulty in doing some of the construction details in my own spare time, which many days is practically non-existent. Today, for instance, we had sixty-five patients in the clinic, one minor surgery and one major surgery. I am doing just about all I can. It is not uncommon for patients to have to wait six hours to see me. Many come from long distances. Some travel two days to get here. They are now coming from all over the Republic."

Dear Sabbath School members, as you plan your Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, won't you breathe a prayer for the hospital? These consecrated workers are doing all they can. Are you?

### SABBATH, OCTOBER 15

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

#### Greetings From Puerto Rico

A. H. RIFFEL

[President, Puerto Rico Conference]

Puerto Rico is one of the smaller islands of the Antilles. It is approximately 100 miles long and about 40 miles wide. One and a half million inhabitants with receptive hearts and open minds live on this island awaiting the message of salvation. Among them are 5,000 of your brethren who extend their arms in a salute of gratitude and thankfulness, praising God for the Advent message that has come to their hearts.

Basically the people of Puerto Rico are deeply religious, which fact has contributed to the numerous churches that have been established. Even in very small localities there may be 10 to 15

churches. When the Advent message came to these friendly shores more than 50 years ago, our missionaries had to face difficulties, but recently we have seen a very rapid growth and the field has been ripe for a harvest of souls. Our ministers, ably assisted by our faithful lay members, are adding about 500 souls each year to the membership ranks. Puerto Rico is the cradle of Branch Sabbath Schools, and today our conference has over 300 of them functioning regularly.

Our brethren are faithful in their tithing, as well as in giving offerings for missions, and also in supporting local projects to establish our work more solidly. This conference occupies first place in the Inter-American Division in this matter. We would like to mention a few examples of abnegated sacrifice.

Telesforo [tél lēs fō'rō] and Flora Calderon [cāl dā rōn'] had worked diligently all of their lives to acquire a little concrete house and a few dollars for their old age. Telesforo was already advanced in age and sickly when I learned to know him. Flora, his kind wife, for some 20 years had already been confined to her bed, helpless. God impressed their hearts to do something for the little town of Coamo where Telesforo had been born and where the message had not yet penetrated. One day he came to our office and gave me \$3,000 to start the work.

A little later, when he was very ill, Telesforo called me to transfer the title of their house to the General Conference, so that any proceeds from it could be used to open and carry on the work in Coamo. One day while I was visiting Sister Flora, she gave me a yellowing envelope. I questioned, "What is this, Sister Flora?" With a smile on her face



she replied, "This is an insurance policy that we took out many years ago. I have kept it so that I might have a nice funeral. But, Pastor Riffel, God has impressed me that my funeral should be something very simple and that the money be invested in taking the gospel to Coamo." As I write these lines, Brother Telesforo is resting, awaiting the glorious resurrection morning. Flora is still sick but praying for the work, and already we rejoice to say that in Coamo we have a neat little chapel with a growing group of believers.

There are also other members who have given of their property. We cannot mention the work in Puerto Rico without thinking of Dr. W. C. Dunscombe, who dedicated 39 years (half of his life) to sacrificial labor on this beautiful island. Along with other doctors they opened the medical work, and today we have the modern Bella Vista [bĕl yā vĕs tā] Hospital in Mayaguez [mā'yā gwās'], Puerto Rico, with 82 beds, and in the city we have a busy clinic. Besides this we also operate a charity clinic, where last year 2,712 needy people were helped. Dr. Dunscombe, before his death, gave the major portion of his earthly possessions to the hospital and to the little academy that is now under construction.

We are faced with two great needs—first of all, church buildings for our growing congregations; secondly, an academy. About 30 years ago our boarding academy was destroyed by a hurricane. Recently a farm consisting of 286 acres was purchased to establish a boarding academy. As a result of sacrifice and much labor, the school is operating, though in a very handicapped manner. We have 120 students, and we urgently need living space for the teach-

ers, as well as a dormitory for the boys. Today more than 50 boys are living in one large room. We have 5,000 young people from whom we must secure ministers, doctors, teachers, church leaders, and members who will help finish God's work in the earth.

Puerto Rico, "the land of sun and sea," requests an interest in your prayers, and we express appreciation to every member of the Sabbath School for his sacrifice toward the coming Thirteenth Sabbath Offering.

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## SABBATH, OCTOBER 22

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

### British Guiana Looks to You!

FLOYD E. BATES, M.D.

[Staff Physician, Davis Memorial Clinic and Hospital, Georgetown, British Guiana]

Our mission in British Guiana, although not well known, is yet one of the oldest established missions in South America. It was begun before the turn of the century, and in those early days spread rapidly, setting the pattern for its later development. Before 1900, Georgetown and New Amsterdam, on the coast at the mouth of two of the largest rivers, and a few interior points were entered and work begun. These small beginnings have now extended in all directions, until our mission station map in the mission headquarters' office in Georgetown shows churches in almost a solid line along the coast and many points interior.

British Guiana [gĕ ā'nā] is well supplied with water highways, which quite completely take the place of land highways. Many towns and villages dot the

rivers in all directions. Mount Rorima [rōō rí' má], near which is the well-known mission to the "Davis Indians," lies on our west central borderline with Venezuela.

In all, there are now forty-two organized churches of faithful believers in British Guiana, and many more small companies, which make up a total membership of over forty-six hundred members.

One is surprised on first meeting with these people to see how well versed they are in the doctrines of the Advent message as learned both from the Bible and the Spirit of prophecy. It is inspiring to hear their hearty "Amen," whenever the speaker or the one leading in prayer makes a special point that appeals to their hearts. The local leaders in each church are men of strength and knowledge commensurate with their duties and responsibilities, and it is a pleasure and a real stimulus to be associated with them.

The medical work in British Guiana was established only about five years ago. The small seventeen-bed hospital is crowded beyond its limit. Rarely is there a vacant bed which remains unoccupied for more than a few hours. The clinic operated in connection with the hospital also is crowded beyond its limit. Patients are turned away almost daily because it is impossible to see them all. Daily the doctors must stretch every facility to its utmost, every moment must be filled to its limit and every helper must work to the extent of his strength, and even yet the urgent calls cannot be answered.

The Georgetown Seventh-day Adventist Clinic and Hospital enjoys a wonderful reputation for Christian service. It is patronized not only by the more needy

classes, but also by many of the leading businessmen. The unsolicited expression of appreciation of one of the leading missionaries of another denomination gives the key to the success of our medical work. After his wife had spent a short time in the hospital, he expressed his thanks in these words: "I deeply appreciate the wonderful care my wife and baby have received in your hospital; but above all the very Christlike spirit shown everywhere." You will be interested to know that this man is now earnestly studying the truths of this message. He announced to us a few days ago that next Sunday he planned to address his congregation on the subject, "The Second Coming of Jesus," a subject heretofore unheard of in his church.

I am sure you can readily sense the urgent need of our hospital here for better and larger facilities than that afforded by the present cramped, crowded, rented quarters now occupied. Land for a new hospital building is available. Earnest, efficient Seventh-day Adventist helpers are waiting. All that is needed is the help which you can give to establish our work in better buildings, with better equipment to meet our urgent needs and answer the calls we receive. Remember us in your daily prayers, and help us with your offering next thirteenth Sabbath.

### **Tape Recordings Available**

Interviews, stories, native singing, first-hand mission reports prepared in the field that is to receive the special offering. Price \$2.00 per tape of two 7-minute programs, or \$7.50 per year. Order from your Book and Bible House.



## SABBATH, OCTOBER 29

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

### Will You Join Us?

LUIS FLOREZ

[Sabbath School Secretary, Colombia-Venezuela Union]

"Doctor, let us take my wife to the hospital for the birth of our child."

"I believe," replied the doctor, "that it would be better if I took care of this case in your own home. As you well know, in the hospital they have very little sympathy for you Adventists, and I fear that they will endeavor to put pressure upon your wife to confess to the priest and partake of the communion before she will be admitted to the hospital."

This dialogue took place a few days ago between one of our younger ministers and a doctor who was sympathetic toward our message in one of the Colombian cities in which there was no other hospital facility but that of the official one. Unfortunately, it often happens that mothers must be taken to the hospital, as was the case on this occasion, because the case demanded surgery. God directed in such a way that one of the nurses who took care of this new mother happened to be the daughter of an Adventist lady. She counseled our minister that he would have to be very careful in what he said and what his wife said, because the local priest had stated expressly that it was not good for children of Protestants to live.

Cases such as these are common in many of our cities and towns. Many of our faithful brethren and sisters have died for want of medical attention, or perhaps because of some deliberate neg-

lect of attention of the hospital personnel as soon as they learned that the patients were Protestants.

Many of our fields are earnestly praying that medical work can be established in their territories, because it is one of the most urgent needs. At present this type of social work is in the hands of the religious leaders of the popular church who have no sympathy with Protestant organizations.

In the days of difficulty and violence in Colombia, when I was in charge of one of the churches, groups of brethren arrived daily at my house who were fleeing persecution. Many of them came with serious illnesses caused by the days and nights that they had spent in the mountains, or up in the high passes where they had to flee to seek refuge. Let me mention the case of one family. We will call them the Joneses. Brother Jones had arrived at my home, accompanied by his wife and four children. He and one of his sons were very ill, so we took them over to the hospital. Within three days our brother died. This brought much sadness to our hearts, for we were deeply pained to lose our brother. To add to the sorrow, in the midst of this agony we were notified that we must take the child out of the hospital in spite of his serious illness. We pled with the authorities to leave the child in the hospital, but all was in vain. We were obliged to remove the child because the supervisor of nurses in the children's section had discovered that the parents were Adventists. Very fortunately, the next day we happened to discover a sympathetic physician who treated us kindly in our home and ordered the child returned to the hospital with instructions that he be given the best attention possible.

Today we are praying for the establishment of medical work in more of our fields. How thrilling it is for us to know that many of our needs, projects, and plans have the sympathetic support of the Adventist family in all corners of the earth. To mention the word "Adventism" is to pronounce the family name of the greatest family on earth of which every member is intensely interested and united in one great purpose—the salvation of souls.

We thank God that through our Sabbath Schools we can present our needs to our brethren in the entire world, and with you we share the hope of finishing God's work soon. We unite with you in this purpose and trust that you will join us now in the project of establishing medical work in our field.

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### SABBATH, NOVEMBER 5

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

#### Our Nurses Serve

MARJORIE WHITNEY

[Director of Nursing Service, Adventist Clinic and Hospital, La Trinidad, Nicaragua]

The hospital of La Trinidad, Nicaragua conducts a nursing school. The students came to La Trinidad in the early part of the construction period of the hospital, long before patients were scheduled to arrive. Living quarters were provided for the 16 would-be students in the end of one wing. A temporary mezzanine floor was constructed to help in accommodating them. They are still crowded into two patient rooms and the mezzanine floor.

Because everything has been centered around the preparation for supplying patients' needs, the students have made

themselves benches to sit on and shelves and wardrobes for their personal belongings. In spite of the many inconveniences, the students have been a happy, enthusiastic group looking forward to the time when the hospital will be completed and happily anticipating a dormitory building that they might call their own. These nurses are glad for the opportunity to obtain a Christian education in preparation for a life of service for the Master. Now classes and worship are held wherever it is possible—sometimes in the hall, sometimes in the reception room, perhaps in the dining room, in an empty patient's room, or any place that is not occupied. The students have entered wholeheartedly into the spirit of pioneering.

The nursing school is recognized and well thought of by the Nicaraguan Government and nursing authorities. The educational requirements are higher than those in the national school. Three months of public health training are required before one can take the government examination. After a great deal of effort, the authorities at the Public Health Department have finally made special concessions for our students by arranging a special program for them so that they do not have any examinations or work on Sabbath. For this we are very thankful. Up to the present time not one student has failed to pass the government examination.

The students are also given an opportunity for health teaching. They have enjoyed the privilege of going into the homes of the people of the surrounding community and assisting them in healthful living. Here is how our plan worked in one instance:

Long before the hospital was ready for patients, in fact, before all the doors,



windows, and ceilings were in, patients began coming for treatment. The first patient to be cared for in the hospital was little Santo. He was thirteen days of age and had not eaten for five days. His mother had lost seven babies already with apparently the same condition, and now it seemed that little Santo also would die. The Lord blessed the efforts put forth and in eleven days Santo was permitted to go home. During the time he was in the hospital the nurses tried to instruct the mother about his care, but soon after going home it was necessary for Santo to return. This time after he went home the nurses made daily visits to help the mother with Santo's care. Gradually it was possible to see the effect of the health teachings in the improvement in Santo's home care. Now little Santo appears to be in good health. The students go out weekly into the homes and help the mothers.

An active part in community health programs is taken by the students in conducting health classes for the adults. They are not permitted to go into the schools, but the mayor offered his home so that the students could teach health classes to the community. Although he does not come in, he is in the next room and sees that order and quiet is maintained. It is hoped by the medical work that prejudice will be broken down.

Along with the many professional activities that enter into the daily program of the students, they do not forget the important branch of the work—the spiritual needs of patients. They take advantage of every opportunity offered to give heavenly food to those coming under their care. Often one hears a word of spiritual encouragement spoken to a patient, or sees a student offering a book

or tract to an individual to read as well as inviting the patients to the religious services. On Sabbath afternoon several groups go out to assist in Branch Sabbath School work. Only in the judgment will the results of such work be manifested.

The hospital's influence is felt in many places. Patients from all areas of Nicaragua come to receive physical help. Such remarks as, "the nurses are so kind and thoughtful," "those nurses are not like the others in our hospitals," and "they are so patient," are frequently heard as one goes about the country.

The students are happy to serve the cause. They do need a place to live. For their own spiritual and mental good, they need more room. With four to five or even more crowded together in a room, there is no place for private devotion. Won't you think of these students and give liberally on this coming Thirteenth Sabbath, so that they may have a dormitory? They are looking to you for help and longing for the day when they will be with you in the kingdom above.

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## SABBATH, NOVEMBER 12

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

### Organizing New Sabbath Schools

SERGIO MOCTEZUMA

[Home Missionary, Radio, Sabbath School, Y.P.M.V., Southeast Mexican Mission.]

Watering the fertile lands of one of the most productive states in the Republic of Mexico is the Coatzacoalcos [kô ät' sä kô äl kôs] River, which winds its way cheerfully for many miles. Some-

times it rushes wildly and is a roaring stream. This mighty river is as old as the very earth that drinks its water and, while digging its river bed deeper, is most helpful to the surrounding area.

All along the borders of this abundant supply of water the gospel has been making rapid advances. Near a large whirlpool, that is said to have swallowed a boat, we have an organized church with 150 Sabbath School members. This is at "*Esperanza*." If we include those who are members of the Branch Sabbath School of this church, the membership increases to almost 300.

During the last three years the lay brethren of *Esperanza* have purposed to take the gospel to all those who live within their section, along the borders of the river. This has been a serious decision, which has required much sacrifice, hard work, persistent effort, and sometimes very earnest struggles; but, it has been worthwhile. Already seven new Sabbath Schools have been organized. We realize the more how much sacrifice and effort went into this project, when we understand that the only method of transportation in this area is the hollowed-out tree trunk which serves as a boat. It is thrilling to stand near this mighty waterway on Friday and see the brethren, each in his *cayuco* (boat) accompanied by another man who is going along to learn how to start a new Branch Sabbath School, leave for his designated "mission" field. Sometimes the boats float in the water because the current will carry them, while others have to struggle upstream. Sometimes the travelers have to stay close to the banks, even where branches with their long sharp thorns hang over into the water, and bumping into some of these not only causes pain but often infection.

Nevertheless, the faces of all these brethren reflect a spirit of joyous service. It becomes contagious even to those who are least interested in missionary activity.

The last Sabbath School that has been organized recently by the brethren is in a place called *Las Galeras* [lās gā lā rās]. Very near to this school are ancient ruins which today testify that in some past time a civilization had its principal city in this area. In *Las Galeras* there were also spiritual ruins. In some time past the Seventh-day Adventists had established work in this place, but it died out. It was not until 1959 that work was started again. A faithful member of the Sabbath School by the name of Augustin decided that he must go forward in the battle for the Lord and carry the standard of truth into this place that was again in darkness. To achieve his purpose he took along his son who was completely blind, but who knew the truth well and who could help in preaching and teaching in spite of his physical handicap. The altar (church) that had been completely forgotten was re-established, and like modern Elijahs the father and son called together those who had left the truth. Some came. The two men also invited those who had never heard the message, and some of them came. Sabbath after Sabbath the message made its impression upon those who heard, and with the help of the Holy Spirit captivated the hearts of many who decided that they would come to Jesus in spite of the problems that would arise. They dedicated their all to the service of the Master. Just a few days ago we were able to organize a new Sabbath School in *Las Galeras*, a product of the blessing of God united with the forces of His dear people.



Along the banks of this great river there are still many people living who do not know what God has done for them. They still live bewitched by influences that are called religious, but in reality these people are deceived by Satan and we must enlighten them.

Let us work sharing the message wherever God has placed us, and let us give generous offerings so that His work may soon be finished.

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## SABBATH, NOVEMBER 19

[For an effective presentation of this missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be read slowly and expressively.]

### The Old Bell Rings Again

ELMER G. ROSS

[President, Nicaraguan Mission]

Softly, slowly, like an old man reminiscing over many a bygone yesteryear, the old bell in liquid tones pours out its memories of the past on the warm evening air. The sun has set over the beautiful lagoons surrounding the sleepy little village of Pearl Lagoon, and the cooling breeze which gently sways the palm fronds carries the message of the bell to the curious, listening villagers.

Listen! What is that new note in the song of the bell? It seems that with each clang of the clapper the old bell is taking on new life and vigor. Could it be that the bell, forgetting old battles both physical and spiritual of the long ago, with their memories of past victories and defeats, is facing up to the bright new future of the work, and of *its* work, in Pearl Lagoon? Perhaps the old bell feels a new surge of spiritual power as the new congregation blends its voice with the voice of the bell in that ma-

jestic old hymn of Martin Luther, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

But wait! We are 52 years ahead of our story! Let us turn back the pages of time to that day it all started in 1908, when Joe Watson set out to look for fame and fortune as captain of a little coastal trading launch. Divine providence led him to disembark on the Island of Providence, one of the Columbian islands, and there he fell into the hands of God. Hearing a church bell at the unusual hour of nine o'clock on Saturday morning, Mr. Watson out of curiosity followed the sound to the church, went in, and stayed to study and to become a converted, baptized member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. He had found in his seafaring, not the riches of this world, but the Pearl of Great Price.

Filled with his new-found love, Brother Watson immediately returned to his native Pearl Lagoon to take the message of salvation to his people. With a converted member of his crew, he was soon on his way home, where the two men worked as Paul and Barnabas of old, and very soon had most of their relatives and many friends attending a well organized Sabbath school. It was not many months before this developed into an organized church with a regular pastor.

All this had occurred within two years of the time when Brother Joe Watson and his friend had landed in Pearl Lagoon, but there was one thing more that he wanted to do for his native town. A bell had been the means used of God to save Joe Watson, and now he wanted to see a bell installed in the Pearl Lagoon church. He himself gave; other church members gave; funds were solicited in the town, and soon the bell, ordered from the United States, became a reality.

With the installation of the Pearl Lagoon church bell in 1916, Missionary Captain Joe Watson's work in his home town was done, and he moved on to beautiful Corn Island and new endeavors. But the work he left behind in Pearl Lagoon continued to grow and prosper. In 1926 the church could count well over a hundred and twenty-five Sabbath school members seated each Sabbath in its rough-hewn pews. But that was the year that a revolution struck the then thriving little town of Pearl Lagoon. The hand of the Lord must have been over His work, for while buildings all around were destroyed, never to be rebuilt, and the bell tolled at odd hours when a stray bullet found its way into the bell tower, the church itself was unharmed. However, the town was almost completely destroyed, and the church members gradually drifted to other places.

In 1934 the Pearl Lagoon Church was officially disbanded, and the two remaining members were transferred to the distant Bluefields church. One of these followed her membership to Bluefields, leaving only old Sister Carolina Garth to carry on in Pearl Lagoon. Can you imagine the faith and hope (some might then have called it a blind faith and hope) which would cause this elderly sister to leave her home every Sabbath morning, go to the deserted church, ring the bell, and then have her Sabbath school lesson all by herself or with the few children who might stop by? And this, for eight long years! But Sister Garth had a firm faith in the future of the church in Pearl Lagoon, so before her death in 1942 she sent the old bell to Bluefields for safekeeping. Our God, who honors even "blind" faith, has a thousand ways His wonders to perform.

Mr. Bruce Simmonett, a native of

Pearl Lagoon working in Puerto Cabezas [pwërto kä vä säs], was sick. So he went to our mission hospital, and there, under the skilled hands and tender care of Doctor Clarence J. McClary, he received not only healing for his body, but balm for his soul. Returning to Pearl Lagoon, he commenced to preach, and one of his first converts was the son of old Sister Garth. The work grew and a worker was sent. After an evangelistic effort twenty-two were baptized, and it was decided to organize anew the church of Pearl Lagoon.

On my way to Pearl Lagoon I stopped in Bluefields to pick up the old bell, and the following Sabbath the church was organized. It was my privilege to conclude the service shortly after sundown with a consecration prayer as thirty charter members stood in the silent memorial service to the faith "unto death" of old Sister Carolina Garth. Then, as we launched into that grand old hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," the old bell, after a silence of seventeen years, began tolling again, the bell-ringer being a man who as a boy had rung this same bell to announce the hour of Sabbath school some thirty years before. With tears in many an eye, the new congregation pledged itself never again to let the old bell fall into disuse.

Brothers and sisters of the world Sabbath School, will you not give more than generously on this coming thirteenth Sabbath, that the Pearl Lagoon bell, yes, and the bells of medical evangelism, educational evangelism, public evangelism, and Sabbath School evangelism may never again be silenced in Inter-America and around the world, until the bells of heaven shall ring in the glorious kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.



## SABBATH, NOVEMBER 26

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

### The Miracle of Jose Calvo

C. L. POWERS

[Secretary-Treasurer, Antillian Union]

The greatest miracle that God performs is the conversion of the human heart, and when that heart is diseased with the leprosy of sin, darkened by years of devil worship, and filled with the evil devisings of witchcraft, as was that of José Calvo [hō sā' cāl vō], the miracle fills one with humility and awe before the great and loving God.

Born in Cuba, a little more than a half century ago, José Calvo led an uneventful life until he reached early manhood. Then one day the invitation of a neighbor to attend a session with the spirits changed his life completely. He found that he could work with these spirits and have a lucrative business for himself. He received power for his healings and evil enchantments every time he entered a store where saints and images were sold, and especially from the "Virgen de las Mercedes," Saint Barbara, and Saint Lazarus. Besides the images he used his cross, his black necklace, candles, red, white, and black cloths called the devil's cloths, and the wand of death. During the 35 years that José Calvo practiced witchcraft, he confesses that he did 20,000 evil things. He says, "And to think I was so blind! I thought I was worshiping God!" However, neither José's communion with the spirits, nor his extremely effective and remunerative magic, nor his participation in every vice, which on many occasions put him in prison, could satisfy the deep longings of his heart for something better.

Meanwhile, day by day, for fifteen years he observed and wondered at the consistent Christian character of his wife, who had become a Seventh-day Adventist. Not one cent of his money would she touch without his permission, and yet she tithed everything that was given her. Especially did he wonder when he saw her first take \$16.50 for her Lord and the church after cashing a check for \$165.00. Then, too, there were the Friday evening worships which she invited him to share with her. Somehow even he felt the peace and beauty of those hours.

Then it happened! One day as he was praying, he sensed the wooings of the Holy Spirit, and seemed to be lifted above his usual prayers to the spirits. "Oh, God, take me as I am," he cried from the depths of his heart. Feeling God's presence very near, his eyes were anointed with heavenly eyesalve, and he became conscious of his degradation and sinfulness.

Today José Calvo trembles when he remembers his past and wants nothing more than to put it completely behind. "Pastor, I repeat my story only because I love the church and the Sabbath School and hope my experience will help someone somewhere," he said to me recently. However, the devil is not giving up without a battle. José's own children defeat every attempt of their father to hold a job. They tell him they will do anything for him if he gives up his new religion, but not even a glass of water will they give him if he persists in it. Still José Calvo says, in spite of losing three jobs in nine months, "No one will ever take away what I now have in Jesus. I am so happy."

To know Christ and to worship the true God does make people happy. There

are still so many sad people all about us—those who have not learned about Jesus, who ignorantly serve other gods. They, too, must be enlightened.

As Sabbath School members we have the privilege of sharing the knowledge of the true God. The workers in Inter-America need your fervent prayers to accomplish their work, for the enemy is diligent. Inter-America also appreciates your support and is confidently hoping that you will give generously to advance God's work so that many more miracles can be seen and experienced in these lands where sin and error have long held sway.

### SABBATH, DECEMBER 3

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

#### "Love Your Enemies"

A. Ray Norcliffe

[President, Colombia-Venezuela Union]

Campo Hermoso [cām pō hēr mō'sō] is the name of a beautiful little spot in the mountains of Colombia. A church of 43 members has just been organized there. Less than two years ago the work was started in this area. Our people have had to pass through difficult times, but the Lord has blessed greatly.

Near our meeting place there lived Jose Villamil [ho sā' vēl yā mēl], who did not like Adventists, probably because he knew very little about them. His daughter Martha shared his feelings. On one occasion, while under the influence of alcohol, this man threatened one of our church members with his machete (long knife). He told him that if he didn't get out and leave the area he would kill him. Our brother said nothing, but walked away.

Some weeks later Jose Villamil left his home one morning to work on his small farm. He was cutting down a rather large tree. When the tree fell, it pinned him under it, breaking both of his legs. Upon hearing his cries for help, his daughter ran to him and as best she could got him out from under the tree and up to the house. Martha also called the man for whom her father worked, telling him of the accident. He came to see Jose and recognized that he truly needed medical aid. He promised to return the next day to take him to the nearest town. The following day passed, but the man did not return.

The third day was Sabbath. One of our mission workers, Pedro Garnica [pā drō gār nē kà], was visiting our church and had to pass by the home of Jose Villamil to get to the meeting place. In passing he heard the moans of Jose, who by now desperately needed medical attention. Brother Garnica, forgetting that this man had never been friendly to the church, entered to see what he could do to be of help. When he saw the condition that Jose was in, he immediately offered to take him to the nearest town. Several of the church members strung a hammock from a pole and carried the sick man.

Upon arrival there they were able to get a room for him and an injection for the pain, but the medical facilities were very meager. Those in charge were afraid to give help because of the fact that the man had been brought in by an Adventist.

On Sunday, when Brother Garnica returned to Bogota [bō gō tā'], he took Jose along with him and was able to have him admitted to one of the hospitals in the city. Jose has improved. He is now able to be up and around and



is attending Sabbath School and church in Bogota until the time that he can return home and attend the little church in Campo Hermoso, right next door to his own home.

Martha, in the meantime, was very much surprised that these people who were supposed to be so bad, and with whom she had never wanted to have anything to do, had been so kind to her and to her father. She was so happy that her father was getting better that she resolved to find out for herself just what these Adventists believe. As a result of her attending Sabbath School and church, she has taken her stand for her Master and was baptized.

There is real power in this wonderful message that God has given us to preach. We need your help so that this message of "Love," yes, brotherly love, can be taken to all parts of this great division field. Remember that next thirteenth Sabbath we are looking to you confidently so that more Joses and Marthas can know about Jesus too.

## SABBATH, DECEMBER 10

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

### A Light Set Upon a Hill

DAVID DUFFIE, M.D.

[Physician, Bella Vista Hospital, Mayaguez, Puerto Rico]

It all started at a holiday dance in the forested mountains of western Puerto Rico. The setting was a large plantation devoted to the growing of oranges, bananas and coffee. The plantation workers and their large families had gathered for a Christmas celebration made possible for them by their beloved absentee landlady, Mrs. Hernandez, who

was visiting them from her home in the capital city of San Juan.

Mrs. Hernandez [ār năn' dēs] was a remarkable lady, ninety-three years of age. She had personally supervised the buying of a toy or a doll for each of the many children, being very careful that none should be left out. She had hired an orchestra for the occasion, and now as the festivities progressed she found herself leading the dance! This greatly delighted her workers, and all went well until the merriment was suddenly halted by her falling and breaking her hip. Her bones were not as young as her heart.

Word was sent immediately to the only bone specialist on that end of the island, veteran medical missionary and orthopedist, John W. Taylor of the Bella Vista Hospital. An ambulance, a doctor and a nurse were dispatched immediately. About an hour and some three hundred fifty curves later the vehicle arrived at the plantation with its car-sick occupants, and soon began its slower, serpentine return to the hospital with Mrs. Hernandez. It was midnight by the time the ambulance arrived in Mayaguez [mä yä gwās'], Puerto Rico's third largest city, and began the steep climb up to the hospital itself, a modern three-story structure completed in 1954 as a monument to the pioneer labors and vision of the late Dr. William C. Dunscombe.

Mrs. Hernandez was taken first to the X-ray department and then to surgery where the operating team skillfully nailed the broken bone fragments into place. Next morning she awoke to find herself in an attractive room with a Christian nurse bending over her. She raised her head and looked out of the window and knew in a moment why the

hospital is called *Bella Vista* [bĕl yā vĕs tā], meaning "beautiful view." Spread out below her was a panorama of green cane fields, rolling hills, the port city of Mayaguez, and the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea. Through the open door flowed the cool ocean breezes. In such an atmosphere her ninety-three-year-old bones began to heal rapidly and she was soon her usual cheerful self again.

As the days went by she became more and more impressed with these quiet Christian people who were attending her. Who were they? Seventh-day Adventists. In all her life she had never even heard of them! Her family, too, was much impressed and soon began avidly reading, not only the *Ministry of Healing*, but also *The Great Controversy*. Doctors' rounds and long hours of special nursing were soon taken up, not so much with medical matters, as with answering the many searching religious questions put by Mrs. Hernandez and her truth-seeking family. Who was this Mrs. White? How could she write the way she did? Do Seventh-day Adventists have other hospitals in the world, or is this the only one?

During her long years she had made dozens of long trips abroad and to the United States, yet during all of this time she had never before made any contact with Seventh-day Adventists. Nor had her son ever heard of this people, despite his frequent business trips to Washington. It took this physical jolt of a broken hip in the mountains of Puerto Rico to bring this wealthy family into contact with our saving message. Instead of viewing her fall as a punishment from God for some unknown sin, as she was at first inclined to do, Mrs. Hernandez came to recognize in it the mysterious guiding of God's hand.

Sabbath school members, is it not thrilling to belong to this world-wide organization and to know that, thanks largely to your faithful offerings, Bella Vista Hospital and many like institutions the world over are established so both rich and poor may find the eternal treasure of salvation?

## SABBATH, DECEMBER 17

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

### They Also Give for God

DAVID H. BAASCH

[President, Mexican Union]

#### *Willing Hands Will Build a Chapel*

"A year ago there was not a single Seventh-day Adventist here in Yaxskukul."

Our young district pastor was speaking enthusiastically as we drove down the dark little street of this small country town in Mayaland, on the Yucatan peninsula.

"Today there are . . ."

But he did not have to say a word more for just then we were stopping by a neat, whitewashed, thatch-roofed house. It was completely filled, to standing-room-only, with Seventh-day Adventists. Just a few weeks before over 50 of them had been baptized as a result of an evangelistic campaign. All of them were bubbling over with that wonderful "first-love." And what an inspiring meeting we had!

Just as we were finishing, the owner of the home invited us outside for a minute. Out in the moonlight he stood by his own house and pointed.

"Over there to those bushes and that wall," he said, "and back as far as those



trees I want to give the land to build a church for the Lord. There is a lot of rock lying around here and many willing hands. Soon we shall have our new church building."

I stood in silence for a moment, marvelling at the love and the wonderful spirit of this new member of the Seventh-day Adventist family. Then someone suggested that we pray. So we prayed out there in the moonlight on the future site of the new Seventh-day Adventist church in Yaxskukul, Mayaland. *A Church School Supported by Crops*

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning when we drove out of *Tuxtla Gutierrez* [toox tlā gōō tē air ēs] in Southern Mexico to the little church of *Villa Allende* [vil yā āl yēn dē]. We arrived well before Sabbath School. While we waited, the church elder asked us if we would like to see the school they had for their children. Of course, we would!

We drove to the edge of town to a small but substantial building which stood on several acres of land.

"How many students do you have?" we asked.

"Fifty-six," was the answer.

"Are they all Adventists?"

"All except four."

"Good! But do they all pay tuition?" We were really curious.

"Most can pay hardly anything in cash."

"Then, how do you pay the teacher and run the school?"

"Well, it has been hard until now. But this year we are cultivating two pieces of land loaned by two of our brethren. We have thirty men in the church and all of us are working there in our spare time. . . . Yes, with the Lord's blessing we will easily be able to pay our teacher and cover expenses."

Yaxskukul, and Villa Allende both needed help. They could all use help if it were offered to them. Yet, they do not fold their arms and wait. They work and sacrifice to build up God's church, and God blesses their efforts as they work!

## SABBATH, DECEMBER 24

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

### Courage and Faith Demonstrated

ORLEY FORD

[President, Salvador Mission, El Salvador]

*Clemente Rivera* [klē mēn tē rē vē rä], a humble but nice appearing young man, was chosen as a delegate to the Inter-American Division Youths' Congress. His heart was stirred. He returned home with an intense desire to do his part. His enthusiasm soon inspired a number of his friends, and they asked permission to start a "Voice of Youth" program on the radio. When the plan was presented to the mission leaders, due to lack of funds available and thinking them insufficient to carry out such a program, we reluctantly gave our permission, with no promise of financial help. Undaunted, they quickly raised money to pay for one month's program and began broadcasting each Sunday morning on a local station. Their ardor and enthusiasm gave interest to the program. It was evident that they were doing acceptable work and were appreciated by the listening public. After a full year of broadcasting they have paid all their bills and have many interested people scattered throughout the country. They announce that it is a "Voice of

Youth" program from the Adventist church and invite all to attend our services in the church.

In order to keep the program on the air they began visiting groups of believers in nearby villages. In this way they not only raise money to carry on but visit interested ones and are a great help in the small churches where we have no pastors. While the majority appreciate this radio venture, some have become bitter enemies of these young men, and their lives have been in danger several times. One night while driving out to their meeting in a village a car followed them carrying some young men who were drinking. On a sharp curve they tried to force our youth off the grade, and they were barely able to save themselves as the car brushed by them. Seeing that the plot had been unsuccessful, the opposers called back in obscene language, warning our youth not to return to those parts.

In another village opposition developed to our work. Our brother, Eugenio Espinosa, was warned to stop preaching under threat of death. The enemies secured the help of some men of doubtful reputation, who had the fame of being killers.

One day Brother Espinosa and his eighteen-year-old son went to town to buy a cow. Late in the afternoon they returned home on horseback driving the cow before them. In the gathering darkness, as they rounded a curve in a solitary part of the trail, two men about fifty yards away stepped from behind trees with revolvers and without a word of provocation began shooting at our brethren. Then another man from the opposite side joined the attackers. It appeared as if there were no hope, but father and son prayed silently and

slipped from their horses even while bullets were flying. They finally found refuge in some nearby bushes. The attackers, supposing to have finished their work, ran down the road. Cautiously our brethren came out from the bushes and picked up forty-two empty revolver shells where the men had been shooting, but not a bullet had touched our brethren. Thanking God for saving their lives, they hurried home.

When they reached home, Mrs. Espinosa immediately asked if they had had trouble, as she said she had a premonition of danger and had been praying for them.

Brother Espinosa was not intimidated, but with added fervor he continued to preach the message. Several more believers have been baptized and are planning to build a church. The would-be assassins have fled the country, and most of the neighbors are friendly again.

This has been our best year for baptisms, but the enemy has raised up bitter opposition and strange heresy to bother the work. Only yesterday we had barely finished a beautiful baptism of nine souls, with at least two hundred onlookers, when two drunk men arrived and in a threatening attitude began shooting into the air to frighten the candidates. Since we had finished the service, we quickly dispersed.

The harvest surely is ripe, but the laborers are few. There are many opportunities here. Many faithful laymen like Clemente Rivera and Brother Espinosa are doing their part, but they need the help that all of us can give.

Mrs. Ford and I have arrived at retirement age after 42 years of foreign service and have turned over our part of the work to younger workers, yet we have chosen to stay on and do what we



can as long as we are able to be of service, or until Jesus returns to claim his faithful ones from these and all lands of earth, free from the enemy of souls, free from the persecutions and trials of this life to an abode of peace and joy for all time.

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## SABBATH, DECEMBER 31

[For a more effective presentation of the missions reading, read and reread the story until it can be told without the use of the *Quarterly*.]

### God Always Answers!

SAMUEL F. MONNIER

[Sabbath School Secretary, Franco-Haitian Union]

Among the seven unions of the Inter-American Division, the Franco-Haitian Union is the only one speaking the French language. This union includes the Haitian Republic and the three French overseas departments—Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Guiana. Nearly 1,750 miles lie between the far northern part of our union and the southern frontier of French Guiana. This distance gives us travel problems. In a population of 4,500,000 persons, we have 20,000 baptized members. In fact, we have more French speaking Adventist people in this union than in any other part of the world. Perhaps it is not necessary to say that with the French influence the sway of the Roman church has been strongly felt. In Haiti many Protestant movements have been developed, but in the French West Indies, on the other hand, we are practically the only Protestant church. When our pioneers wanted to implant our wonderful message in these countries, they endured trying struggles and tribulations. Today the Adventists are well known, even in remote places, and they are loved and appreciated. This is

because of the fidelity, the missionary zeal and the faithfulness with which our members try to put into practice the gospel as it is taught in the Bible. Let me mention two experiences.

In Guadeloupe there is a sister who is acting as chaplain in the departmental prison of the country. Every Sabbath she holds the Sabbath School and midday service for the prisoners, some of whom have become Adventists and the others are interested in our message. A young murderer incarcerated in this prison was condemned to death. Our sister solicited and obtained permission to visit this young man known as Joe. He was kept behind thick walls and strong bars. He was only 23 years old, and soon appreciated the weekly visits of our sister. He thrilled to hear for only a few minutes week after week the stories of Jesus' life as told by our sister. The work of repentance took place in his heart. One day he told us about his desire to be baptized. We did not know when the moment of his execution would come. All petitions for mercy had been rejected, except one—grace from the president of the Republic of Haiti. We were wondering if we should hurry the day of his baptism or, on the contrary, continue to give him more instruction. Every time we left him he would tell us "good-bye" forever. The weeks passed by and we obtained an exceptional permission to baptize Joe in the prison yard.

One Sunday morning, handcuffed, Joe walked between two guards into the yard inside the jail. The director of the prison and all the guards were present and gathered around the little group consisting of Joe, the ex-assassin, our sister who instructed him and the pastor. Spontaneously they burst out singing hymns of praise to the glory of God.

Soon the singing grew in volume as other prisoners from many parts of the penitentiary joined their voices in homage and gratitude. The solemn moment had arrived. They took off Joe's handcuffs, the pastor asked him some questions, and there before the director of the prison and all the guards Joe gave witness of his new faith—he was baptized in the little reservoir. Only seconds later, again between two guards, he was led back to his solitary cell in death row. Those who would have had sufficient faith could have seen the Saviour beside Joe—the Saviour who had sustained him and brought him to repentance.

Our church members continued beseeching the Lord to intervene, so that Joe might be saved from the guillotine. Their prayers have now been answered. The president of the Republic granted him life. Since then, Joe has left the cell in death row and lives together with the other prisoners. His irreproachable behavior enables us now to hope that some day Joe will regain his liberty to share his faith and tell of his wonderful conversion as he is doing now within the walls of the prison.

A terrible drought has prevailed in Haiti. For several years a series of natural calamities have fallen upon this country with disastrous economical and material effects. So great was the distress in many parts of the land, that the big question was "What shall we eat tomorrow?" There are hundreds, yes, thousands of persons whom our welfare services would like to feed and clothe, but where to get the money was the question. Where could we get the food?

One day representatives of the American foundation, CARE, called at our office. They asked, "Would you like to work in collaboration with us? We have

food stuff to distribute to the population, and we think you have the willingness and especially the honesty to do it seriously." Other religious groups already had been contacted, but certain experiences spelled disaster, so CARE addressed itself to the Adventists, whose reputation of being honest is well established.

The only sure means that this food stuff would actually reach the needy population and feed their hungry bodies was that we prepare the food ourselves, give it to the children and have them eat it right there. The organization of this was laborious, but little by little in many places centers of distribution were opened. Every midday children from one to fifteen years of age receive a good portion of corn, rice, peas, cheese and milk. The Lord allowed us to enlarge the work so that we were able to open more than a score of centers which every day dispense this good food to about 10,000 children. Our gratitude goes to the foundation CARE and to our brethren and sisters who day after day take time to prepare the meals and distribute them to these unfortunate people regardless of what their religion may be. God uses all means, but our welfare work and the *Secours Adventiste* will be an effective means for the penetration of the gospel.

Our union has many youth, more than 5,000 young people. Among these young people there are hundreds who would like to become denominational workers. They would like to be trained for life in an Adventist professional school, but we have nothing to offer them. Should our young people continue to go to France or to the United States or to some other institution where the courses are given in another tongue than their own? We know, brethren and sisters,



that you will understand our cry of distress and will help us by your gifts, so that in the soon-coming day we may have a school where we can train our future pastors, our teachers and office workers.

Let us do all we can on this coming thirteenth Sabbath, which means so much to the Inter-American Division.

## THIRTEENTH SABBATH

**December 31**

### Suggestive Program

9:15- 9:30 Song Service—with some instrumental accompaniment.

9:30- 9:33 Opening Song—begin promptly on time.

9:33- 9:35 Prayer—brief, remembering Inter-America.

9:35- 9:40 Secretary's Report—a summary of the year's accomplishments.

9:40-10:05 Thirteenth Sabbath Special Features:

Introduction—Superintendent

Special Song: "Hear the Islands."

Acrostic: "Inter-America" by 12 children.

(See "Children's Missions Quarterly" for preceding special features.)

Missions Story—"God Always Answers," as given for December 31.

10:05-10:10 Prayer, Offering, Class Record.

10:10-10:40 Lesson Study—a full 30 minutes.

10:40 Close promptly.

## Think of the Price

Some may be shiftless, unkempt, and unclean,

Some may be sinful, degraded and mean, Seemingly worthless, unworthy of aid,

But think what a price for their souls has been paid!

Some from a smile and kind words may take heart,

Long from improvident ways to depart,

Long for their lives clean and pure to be made,

Because of the price for their souls that was paid.

Then clothe that poor body and feed that poor soul,

By pointing to Jesus, who made sinners whole.

Your hands, faithful workers, must never be stayed,

For think what a price for their souls has been paid!

—MARGARET LOCKE

## The Middle East Division

Will Receive the

### THIRTEENTH SABBATH OFFERING OVERFLOW

The First Quarter, 1961

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