

Rev. Greening

THE OPEN DOOR

*Missionary Organ
of the Methodist Church
of New Zealand*

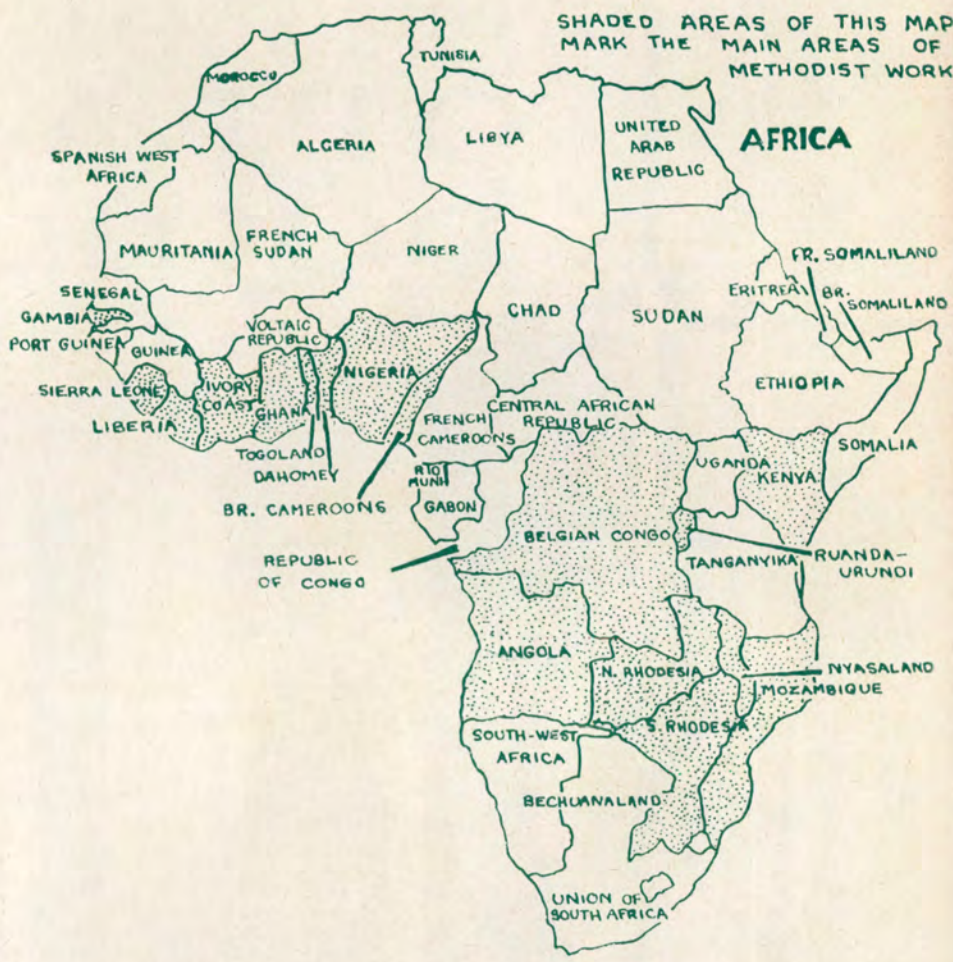


"A Great Door and effectual is opened." 1 Cor. 16:9

September, 1960

Burton

SHADED AREAS OF THIS MAP MARK THE MAIN AREAS OF METHODIST WORK.



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OUR CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE

The articles by Florence Hooper and Esma Rideout Booth are re-published by courtesy of WORLD OUTLOOK the missionary magazine of American Methodism.

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Our Devotional Page is transferred to the inside back cover.

LET MY PEOPLE GO

In "The Man Farthest Down," Booker T. Washington wrote "To my childish mind, the most fascinating portion of the first book I knew, the Bible, was the story of how Moses led the children of Israel out of the house of bondage into the Promised Land. I first heard this story from the lips of my mother when we were slaves on a plantation in Virginia. I am certain that hardly a day goes by that I do not hear among my people some reference to this Bible story."

It was 1500 years before Christ that the people of Israel came out of bondage . . . in Africa. Ill-fitted to independence, stiff-necked and backward looking, they were yet called of God, His Chosen People. Should we not think of the Exodus as, at this time, so many in Africa thrill to the sounds of words like "freedom" and "independence"?



Ghana Chiefs.

1960 will be known throughout Africa as "Freedom Year." Cameroons, Congo, Madagascar, Nigeria, Somalia, Togoland, Mali Federation, British Somaliland: these are the newly independent states of 1960. Add to them Ghana and Guinea who pioneered the way. Add eight other states whose self-government is within the "French community." Add Tanganyika, where some powers are being reserved to the British Government. All this in a continent, where ten years ago, apart from the Union of South Africa, only Egypt, Liberia and Ethiopia were recognised as independent.



African Children

—by courtesy "Kingdom Overseas."

"Colonialism" and "imperialism"; these are the labels for the condition of tutelage and political control from which freedom is now to come. Very often these were the results of the scramble for Africa on the part of the European powers, that followed the exploration of such as Livingstone and Stanley almost 100 years ago.

But there are other factors also from which the African is only now becoming free. One is the bondage to primitive fear, magic and superstition. Another is the bondage of disease. In those circuits where the film "Nigerian Pattern" has been shown there will be

greater appreciation of the African health problem. Then, with the coming of industry, there has come also the break-up of tribal society, the growth of the city African, and a tendency to a materialism, like to our own bondage to the things that we make and sell, or buy or merely covet.

Futile to say that the people are not ready for freedom. What people ever is? It is only by achieving his independence that the adolescent is likely to learn that all men are dependent on each other, and possibly realise that all alike are dependent on God.

"Let My people go, that they may serve Me," was the charge from God to Pharaoh. In the age of new independence and striving after it, whether in Africa, Asia or the Pacific, the aim of the Christian mission must remain, that these new nations learn to serve God, and to receive His Son as Saviour and acknowledge Him as Lord.

RELIGIOUS FORCES IN AFRICA

BY FLORENCE HOOPER

In the early hours of the morning, the big plane came to a landing on the airfield at Accra, on the western coast of Africa, facing south toward the Gulf of Guinea. The sleepy passengers filed out for the inevitable snack, while the airline was being refueled and readied for its flight toward the Belgian Congo.

As we entered the waiting room, I caught my first glimpse of a black African Muslim. The day before I had seen the gleaming white mosques of Dakar, and I had often read of the spread of Islam in various parts of the continent, both north and south of the Sahara. But this tall man, with his curios spread to tempt us, was an actual embodiment of one of the great religious forces of Africa today. He was, moreover, a "hadji," as the badge on the shoulder of his long white gown proclaimed — one who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, hundreds of miles away, and, beyond, to Saudi Arabia.

ISLAM

His presence reminded me that, in greater or lesser strength, Islam has been in Africa, both north and central, since the eighth century. Carried by lay Arab traders, by Muslim warriors, it has gone with them into many tribes and forms of civilisation.

In Kenya and Uganda, I later saw mosques; in Kampala a mosque was set on one of the prominent hills; read signs directing one toward the Aga Khan's system of Ismaili Muslim schools. I glimpsed other Muslims back in the recesses of the "douks" and bazaars, and on the streets of

Nairobi and Kampala, and in the villages clustering about.

I had heard of Islam in Africa. Now I actually saw it, settled and in full operation. Not that it was everywhere; but it was increasingly impressed upon me as I journeyed, that it is a major, established force, with its roots deep in the life of much of African society.

I have been interested in reading the following paragraph from a recent thoughtful appraisal of today's religious forces in Africa:

"Islam is by no means new to Africa. This point should be borne in mind in evaluating the threat of a possible conquest of Africa by Islam. It is reasonable to suppose that what has not been achieved with any greater success than at present after twelve centuries can hardly be expected to be achieved precipitately in this century."

MOHAMMEDANISM GROWING

Doubtless, that is true, but nonetheless, Islam is still strong and growing, for it has an appeal to certain elements in African thought. It presents to the primitive animist a religion vastly above what the African has known in his tribal past. It is easier to follow and, in many ways, is far less demanding than is Christianity.

Furthermore, Islam in general really practises a form of brotherhood across the barriers of race and colour, while many dominant Christian white groups seem to have forgotten "what manner of spirit they are of" and to reach out to the

African a gospel subtly denatured — by the colour bar — of what makes it truly the Good News to all men as equals before God — brothers, not as master and servant, ruler and ruled.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD

This refusal of Christians to follow Christ's way fully, I saw so many times in Africa that it has become a sort of underlying accompaniment to all my memories. Probably it is

the most advanced relationship between natives and colonials obtains I had to stand, in a local store open to whites and blacks alike, on the white side of a barrier, frail, to be sure, but nonetheless real and infinitely galling to proud human beings. "Hitherto and no further" seems to be the white man's reply, more or less emphatic all over the colonial areas, to the ambitions of the African to exercise his basic rights, **except** within the narrow limits which the dominant society sets. This cannot



Independence Day in Ghana; the Methodist Chairman greets the Duchess of Kent. A Ghana Methodist Conference has now been set up with an African President.

at its most evident worst in South Africa, where, by some inexplicable mental twist, the blessing of even the **Africans Churches** has been placed upon it. There are many dark-skinned Christians in South Africa, able, educated, ready for leadership, but, bit by bit, "the mighty hopes that make them men" are being denied them on account of their colour, despite their being "brothers in the Lord."

Even in Elisabethville in the Belgian Congo where what is probably

fail to be a count against what, wrongly to be sure, is still considered "the white man's religion."

And yet, with all this, so everlastingly vital is the impact of truly Christian preaching and teaching that the way of life which our Lord exemplified is a mighty and growing force.

The presidents of the newly independent Ghana, and of long-autonomous Liberia, are practising Christians. Large numbers of their citizens are likewise faithful and in-

telligent members of strong Christian churches in their countries. Ethiopia is, from ancient times, largely Christian, as is also its ruler, Haile Selassie. It is true that in Kampala I saw a Muslim mosque on a hilltop, but it is also true that I saw, in the same town, a Catholic cathedral on another eminence and an Anglican cathedral on a third (Kampala is a city of hills).

By much more than these outward material evidences, was I assured of the strength of African witness for Christ when I visited the Methodist missions in Rhodesia, Angola, parts of the Belgian Congo, and in Mozambique. An extension in Mozambique is the ministry of Methodism in Johannesburg to the Mozambique men who had gone on contract to the South African gold mines.

IN JOHANNESBURG

I found Christianity a living force in mind and heart. I found it in a Bible class, held one Saturday afternoon in a crude little "church" built by mine owners for the workers in a suburban compound. I could not understand the language in which, one after another, the young Methodist miners, in their patched and often ragged shirts and shorts, were practice-teaching the Sunday school lesson which they would give next day to little groups of men from Mozambique who were their fellows. But I could catch their spirit, even to the ripples of humour which, every now and then, both amused and instructed the others.

One man kept looking toward me as he spoke, and I asked my missionary friend why. "You see," she answered, "this week's lesson is on Christian friendship. This young man is saying that your coming here

from far across the seas just to learn how we are getting on is a true evidence of world-wide Christian fellowship." That keen insight told me much, in a nutshell, about the quality of the thinking of some, at least, of the African Christians. These men to whom I listened that day were literate because Christians from overseas, whom we call missionaries, had seen to it that they could become so. One of the great contributions of the Christian mission to Africa, as to all the world, is its unceasing effort to open men's minds and to stimulate their thinking through literacy teaching and through schools.

One of the serious aspects of the present crisis in South Africa is the attempt to exclude Africans completely from the universities where, for decades, they have worked and studied with white people. Churches and missions vigorously protest against this.

The African, with his warm emotional nature and his deep need of assurance responds readily both to evangelistic preaching and to the less spectacular services of hospitals and schools. These are part and parcel of progress in Africa today.

RELIGION OLD AND NEW

I have implied that Africans are naturally religious. Their original primitive animism is still strong in the background of their thought, be they Christian or Muslim or still Animist. Seldom in the long run to be forgotten, is their age-old heritage of belief in spirits, good and evil; in the "ghostly" powers, more often malevolent than friendly, which governed the ways of their parents and, in many cases, their own earlier days. Like an obligato, memories of a pagan religious past sound through

modern African history, and form the third strand in the religious complex which is resulting from the impinging, on the souls of Africans, of Christianity, Islam, and Animism.

The result is sometimes a weird and occasionally dangerous melange.

The old is still strong, at times frightfully so, as was instanced in many features of the Mau Mau movement in Kenya a few years ago. Terrible oaths, aimed against the white man and all his works, yet drew, often grotesquely, upon the forms and phrases of the two higher religions.

The threefold Christian approach — through education, medical care,

and evangelism — is to be found in full force and effect in Africa today. Whether it be by the hospital at Lambarene, known world-wide because of its famous founder, Albert Schweitzer; or by a humble dispensary far back in the bush or in the jungle, in charge of a native helper; or by a leper hospital which re-enacts in contemporary life one of our Lord's most appealing ministries, expressing toward desolate pariahs His compassionate love — in thousands of ways, the Christian mission is winning the loyal affection of the sick and needy, and, through them, of widespread circles in African society.

—“World Outlook.”

NAIROBI

Part of a report by the

REV. R. ELLIOTT KENDALL, Chairman of the Kenya Methodist District

Work has begun on building a Methodist church in Nairobi. This city has now 250,000 people and is expected to double in size in the next ten to twenty years. Methodism is going to take a bigger share in the Christian witness and activity in this rapidly expanding “city of the sun.” The new church is being built in the western suburbs, four miles from the nearest Protestant church, and therefore it will not compete with the established churches. It will be called “Lavington Church,” after the estate and shopping centre of which it will be a part.

It is a co-operative venture. The Anglican and Presbyterian churches made available the sites, which have been taken up by a Methodist trust. Each church has promised £500 towards the initial cost. One representative from each will sit on the

Leaders' Meeting. Every month an Anglican and Presbyterian minister will be invited to take a morning or evening service. Services of worship or Holy Communion may be conducted in the particular tradition of the minister. A legal form of agreement has been prepared, to clarify and perpetuate the co-operative basis. The church will be under the District Synod of the Methodist Church and will be the first Methodist church in Nairobi. At the same time, it will be the first place of worship for the several denominations in the area, and membership of the Lavington Church will not call for any alteration in a person's membership of a particular denomination. It is hoped that the District will be able to appoint a minister to this church in 1960.

—“Kingdom Overseas.”

Recent weeks have brought critical news from the Congo. This story appeared somewhat earlier in the missionary journal of our American Church.

STEPHEN'S DAY

BY ESMA RIDEOUT BOOTH

The day began early for Stephen Kanono. He woke up when the whistle sounded at the copper smelting plant and lay watching the slivers of light around the window. January 13. Weeks ago the Belgian government had promised that on this day an announcement would be made about the future of the Congo? What would it be? Independence? Stephen shivered a little and drew the thin blanket over his shoulder.

He heard his wife whisper to little Pierre who was using all his small vocabulary to attract his parents' attention. He would not stop, and Marua got out of bed and took him to the kitchen. Stephen felt a little guilty. The new baby would be born soon, maybe today, but Marua would say that she couldn't rest anyway, and that he might as well have some more sleep before his day of teaching. But Marua was lonely. It was hard for a girl without her mother. Perhaps he should have given in when she had begged to go home. If anything should go wrong how could he face Marua's family, especially her Uncle Samba who lived here in town? But more babies, and mothers too, died in the villages. The big hospital here was safer, he reassured himself, for the hundredth time.

Stephen turned over, but he did not go to sleep. He thought of the group that was meeting tonight. Should he go? He didn't like most of the men, but it was fun to argue and discuss, and Stephen knew that

he, who had more education than most of them and read the French papers, could become their leader without half trying. Of course old William, with his hot-headed cries of "Independence now" could get them all in trouble. He had no more idea of what independence meant than little Pierre.

Little Pierre. Stephen smiled to himself. He had great plans for his son.



Young Africa Reads.

Marua came in. "Seven o'clock," she said.

"How do you feel?"

"Fine. I wish I didn't," she answered, and he laughed at her disgusted tone.

In the kitchen the door was open and the morning sunshine lay across the clean little table. Stephen sat

down and Marua brought him warm food. She glanced out at Pierre who was watching the bicycles go by, before she sat down beside Stephen. A good wife, he thought. She could read and write and sew and cook, but what did she know about independence and such things? She would eat beside him which was more than many wives would do. How shocked his father would be — his son eating with a woman!

"I hope this baby is a girl," he said suddenly.

"Why?" Then before he answered she said, "By the time this baby grows up you can't get a bride price for her to give for a wife for Pierre."

Her voice had changed from a surprised question to a bitter statement and Stephen answered the last part with quick anger.

"I don't expect to take money for my daughter and you know it."

"Then why should a man want a girl instead of a boy?" she asked.

Stephen's anger left him. How could you explain to your wife that you wanted a daughter who would be a comrade, one with none of the old village ideas?

He said half laughing, "I want my daughter to be the first girl to go to the new university."

"She won't be the first," said Marua. "Anna goes to high school next year and there will be many more before this baby is old enough."

"Anyway, she can go if she wants to," Stephen said. He looked at the clock and stood up.

"And Pierre," said Marua. "Our children will go even if it did come too late for you — and me."

The last words were so low that Stephen wheeling his bicycle from the

front room was not sure that he heard them right. Did Marua want to know these new things too? After the baby was born he must try to explain about independence and everything. He pushed aside an uncomfortable feeling that he would have to decide some matters for himself before he could explain them to his wife.

Kachanga, next door, was coming out of his house followed by his wife, and daughter, Anna. Stephen had great respect for the older man, but sometimes he avoided him. Tall and strong and a keen thinker, Kachanga held an important job at the copper smelting plant, but his great interest and all his spare time went to the church where he was a steward.

Stephen and Marua were members of that same church and Stephen was a teacher in the school connected with it, but his churchgoing was more because he was expected to go and because it was a pleasant enough habit than from any deep convictions.

Kachanga had many deep convictions and was more than willing to share them with his young neighbour. Stephen glanced back. Kachanga's wife, Nalumna, had joined Marua, and Lucy from the other side was crossing the yard, little Sara close behind. The three women were good friends although they were of three different tribes and languages. Pierre would be happy and well taken care of while Marua was at the hospital, thought Stephen thankfully.

Bicycles! Bicycles! Bicycles! At every street more flowed into the stream. Shouted greetings to friends rang out in many languages with a steady undertone of Swahili, the common language.

"I bought that radio after all," said Kachanga. "I don't know as I should have, but these exciting days it seems worth it. Come on over to-night and listen."

"Maybe I will," said Stephen.

Bicycles came between them and Stephen turned on to the street that led to his school. Boys and girls were arriving from all directions, little boys and little girls in equal number, but many more big boys than big girls.

laughed at his anxiety. On the way back to school he passed a policeman and then another. On the corner he saw two soldiers. Black soldiers they were, from a farther-away tribe, not like the local policeman. He made a quick decision and did not turn at his corner but kept on going to the part of the city where the white folks lived. Yes, there were more of the same soldiers. Were the white people worried too about what the day would bring?

**An
African
Christian
Family.**

—Photo by
courtesy of
KINGDOM
OVERSEAS.



In his classroom Stephen looked at the row and a half of girls. There were ten of them and 22 boys. Three of the girls were missing today although only one seat was empty on the boys' side. Some day he would try to tell Marua how he felt about these girls in his school room. Nina was often absent. Probably she would not come next year. She was too young to be married, but what could he do?

At noon Stephen made a quick trip home. Marua was fine and

As Stephen turned back toward the school he saw Marua's Uncle Samba come out of the store where he had worked for years. Hoping not to be seen Stephen peddled harder, but it was no use. He stopped reluctantly at the insistent yell.

"Baby come yet?" demanded the older man.

"Of course not. I would have sent you word," said Stephen.

He did not blame Samba for grunting, for he knew himself that it was a lie.

"Bring Pierre to us. Don't you dare leave him with that woman who isn't of our tribe." Samba's voice was insistent.

"I must go back to school," said Stephen impatiently. He rode away, leaving Samba muttering about the inferiority of all tribes to their own.

This tribal feeling is growing thought Stephen. Or was it only more open now as people thought about



Nativity Scene in Africa.

choosing their own leaders? It was hard to know, but anyway little Pierre was better off with Lucy than with Samba and his wife in their dirty house.

The afternoon seemed longer than usual, and Stephen was glad when at last it was time to dismiss the children.

As he turned into his yard Pierre and Sara came running to meet him and he picked up first one and then

the other. During supper Marua talked soberly of the policeman who had walked up and down the street all afternoon.

Stephen stood by the door. The light was almost gone, only a red sunset made more intense by the smoke from the copper plant flared behind the eucalyptus trees. Loud music was coming from the bar in the next street. Already men were leaving their houses, ready for whatever the evening might bring.

At Old William's there would be a newspaper and exciting talk. He ought not to leave Marua tonight. But Marua did not protest when he told her he was going out a little while.

"Be careful," was all she said.

No one was outside at the next door house, but Stephen went in the opposite direction. There were more people in the street than usual. A little group was gathered around the loud speaker. He stopped, but the language was that of another tribe and he went on.

The room at William's was full. One man was talking loudly when he came in.

"Here, read this," he cried. Stephen took the paper, and a place was made for him under the electric light bulb. He looked at one language and read aloud in another, but there was no real news yet. Tonight word would come over the radio. Tense and excited, the men talked. All over the city it was like this, thought Stephen, black men in their part of the city, white men in their part, waiting for the word that would come from overseas. Then what would happen? Demonstrations of protest could so easily flare into anger. The talk grew noisy. Stephen

slipped out of the room, glad to be in the fresh air again. Policemen were all around. Trouble could start easily tonight, the kind of trouble that could lead only to more trouble.

His house was quiet, there was no one in the bedroom, and Stephen hurried next door. Had Marua gone to the hospital? He hadn't been away from the house more than an hour. His guilty feelings made him angry when he saw Marua and Lucy laughing. The children were asleep on the floor beside them.

A little knot of men was by the radio. Kachanga held up his hand and the women stopped talking. Words came pouring into the room, words spoken that afternoon across the water. Stephen sat quiet listening, missing a little, but understanding. Independence — not right now, but eventually, gradually. Would the white men be happy? Not all of them. Would the black men be satisfied? Not all of them. Would it work?

"We must make it work," the urgent voice over the radio said as though in answer to his thoughts.

Stephen looked at Marua. She was staring at the radio a puzzled frown on her face. There were circles under her eyes. As Stephen looked she put her hands on the floor and eased her body into another position. He went to her. "Come," he said softly. "Come home and I will explain it all for you. You must rest for. . . ."

"For tomorrow," she whispered.

Kachanga snapped off the radio. There was a shout outside and another. People were passing, calling to one another.

Kachanga began to sing, and even Marua, leaning heavily against Stephen, joined him. "God bless Africa —

And her sons and daughters."

—"World Outlook."

METHODIST PENFRIEND SERVICE



The Methodist Penfriend Service aims to open up new horizons of Christian fellowship and understanding by linking up New Zealand Methodists and Methodist groups with Christian friends overseas. The service also seeks to cater for New Zealand Methodists in remote places, and those who are "shut-ins," who would like to correspond with fellow Methodists in New Zealand. All inquiries should be addressed to the appropriate organiser:

Youth Section (14-25 years of age):

MISS C. F. A. HIGHT,
33 Main South Road, Tinwald,
Ashburton.

Adult Section (over 25 years of age):

MRS. L. RAMSDEN,
Vance Street, Shannon.

Requests are forwarded by airmail and contacts found wherever possible. Outreach is the keynote of our missionary responsibility — why not join in this "Venture in Joyous Fellowship" by writing NOW?

Please keep this service in your thoughts and prayers.

THE TRADITIONAL CHURCH IN NIGERIA

One Sunday morning, more than a year ago, I was taken, yes literally put in a car and taken, to preach at an Anglican church in one of the smaller towns of Western Nigeria. I was to preach in English, and an interpreter would put what I said into the Yoruba language, which the people could understand. I knew I should not be able to understand a word of their service, but I looked forward to hearing the Yoruba language set to worship and to hearing good Nigerian singing. I was sadly disappointed. The service was dull and joyless. The priest and his choirboys came in, dressed as in any English church, but in the Nigerian climate they looked hot and uncomfortable and black — "Bible black" as Dylan Thomas would have said. The Nigerian love of colour was stifled. Their worship was in musical Yoruba, but it was forced into the English cadences of Cranmer and the Prayer Book, beautiful in English but strained and unpleasant in Yoruba. The hymns were from Ancient and Modern and scarcely translated. The Nigerians, always an unrestrained and happy people, looked and sounded miserable. I added my misery to the service. Afterwards I talked with the priest and some of his friends. I soon discovered that they too were dissatisfied. I was relieved, because I certainly had not found the Church there.

Then I found it — in the priest's little room, with half a dozen of his young men. We took off our coats, and they dressed themselves in their own cool local dress. "I should like to celebrate in this," he said. I asked him why he didn't and he ex-

plained all the dullness of their worship by saying that the older people wanted to keep everything as it used to be. He didn't blame them, because that was how they had been brought up. When they had become Christians conversion had meant putting away drums and dances and all the tribal ways of expressing joy. They couldn't go back to that without feeling that they were going back to paganism. But the young Christians, like the young priest were impatient. They wanted drums and dancing in their worship and most of all they wanted their own glad music. There are now many Yoruba hymns based on the Psalms or on Christian themes — not translations but their own, with their own music. I had heard none of these during the service, but the young men who saw my interest were already running off to bring little tattered, much-used hymnbooks. They told me that these hymns were used in their villages and at special services. Of course I wanted to hear them sing. They chose well known Psalms or carefully explained the theme of each hymn before they started to sing. Then I saw the Church there.

Their faces and their movement kept time with the mood of the music. All their radiant happiness went into the opening of the 23rd Psalm and you could hear and see them trusting in their shepherd God. They sang their way through the valley of the shadow of death with haunting tones and timid steps. They came out at the end of it almost laughing. There was laughter in their song. They sang of one Christian theme after another — repent-

(Continued at foot of page 13)

METHODIST MARTYRS IN KENYA

It is cracked and disused now, but the bell still hangs outside the church at Golbanti. Hanging from the same tree is an old car wheel which is struck with an iron bar at the hour of prayer and makes an effective sound.

The bell has an inscription:

*Presented to the Galla Mission for
Golbanti by the Sunday School
Durning Road Liverpool, 1891*

Inspired by the distinguished missionary explorer Dr. Ludwig (Wrestler) Krapf, the United Methodist Free Church sent out four ministers with him to East Africa in 1862. Their task was to convert the Galla nation. It was thought that if this great people could be won for Christ the whole of East Africa would speedily follow. But the little party suffered an early setback. Within a few months Dr. Krapf and three of the others were forced back. No contact had been made with the Galla. The Rev. Thomas Wakefield remained alone, determined to achieve his mission, "The Galla for Christ." He was repeatedly in danger and suffered great hardships and much disappointment.

It was not until 23 years later in 1885 that he planted the first little mission station in Galla country. It

was at Golbanti on the still remote Tana River. The great ambition seemed within reach, and the next year John and Alice Houghton settled there in a small mud-built house.

After four short months the mission suffered irreparable loss. A raiding party of the notorious Masai tribe attacked the village at dawn. The Houghtons were brutally speared to death outside their new home.

Their rough graves are enclosed by a low wall and from time to time the encroaching wilderness is pushed back by members of the Church. How little Methodism knows about these missionary martyrs in whose blood the Church is planted.

The church on the Tana River today is not a Galla church, for the true Galla tribe was 1,000 miles to the north in Ethiopia. The small pocket of Galla, some 4,000, on the Tana River are Muslims, except for one who was baptised a Christian last year in his old age. Krapf dreamed more dreams than he was able to fulfil — but his mission led to the Pokomo people of the Tana hearing the Gospel.

—David Livingstone (modern Methodist missionary to Kenya in "Kingdom Overseas.")

The Traditional Church in Nigeria

ance, joy, adoration. It was real worship. Later I heard some of them taking the fearful drums and bending them to the worship of God. These young men, struggling against the prejudices and fears of an older generation, had broken through victoriously to subdue the old music and the old pagan instruments to

Christ. Their drums, their language, their music, their dancing — all belonged to Christ now. The devils were cast out. The Church was there.

—A talk by the Rev. E. H. Robertson, Study Secretary of the United Bible Societies, in the B.B.C. programme, "Lift Up Your Hearts."

THE PEOPLE WHO ARE NEEDED

Today I sighted an information bulletin put out by the Vocational Guidance Section of the Education Department. You may be surprised to know that missionary work is one of the openings thus set before likely young people. Of course, usually some preliminary training is required; these days you must first qualify as minister, teacher, doctor or nurse or in some special trade capacity. But under the heading of almost every society listed, I saw words like these: "People of the highest qualifications are desired."

What then are these qualifications?

First and foremost that a missionary candidate be a sincere Christian, and make his offer for love of our Lord Jesus Christ and in obedience to Him. Normally that love will have been demonstrated already by membership in the Church, and service in some branch of Church work, as a layman or laywoman.

Then, good health is an essential. Most mission fields are in the tropics, where you get all the ills that flesh is heir to in our temperate climates and some other vexing ones as well. But sensible diet, exercise and care can promote robust health even there. Generally anyone subject to chronic sickness in New Zealand will be a misfit on the mission field.

Thirdly, good intentions are not enough. There must be professional competence and adequate training. These days, most accepted missionaries of our Church are sent also to the All Saints' College of Ecumenical Mission at Sydney.

Of course, there is also willingness to meet the financial and other sac-

rifices involved. Few Christians really get anxious over these, but some are concerned about their old age. Those, who qualify for state superannuation fund membership may retain their rights under that scheme.

AND WHAT ARE THE PRESENT VACANCIES?

We should be very interested to hear from suitable men and women teachers equipped to handle Form 2 work or the equivalent. These are to match new opportunities opening in the Islands. Then there are continual needs for secondary teachers in Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, and even Malaya and Hongkong. Our Australian Board has vacancies for teachers and nurses in the New Guinea Highlands.

Enquire of the General Secretary, Methodist Foreign Mission Dept., Box 5023, Auckland, C.1.

ABOUT BOOKS

ISLES OF SOLOMON

A little time ago, supplies were exhausted, and copies could not be secured. Now, the final batch of unbound copies has been bound by the printers, and the book is once more on sale at the Methodist Bookrooms at 12/6. Bulk supplies can be obtained from the Foreign Mission Office. Remember, "Isles of Solomon," by C. T. J. Luxton.

CLEARING BOX 5023

GREETINGS FROM SENGA:

It was today that we have our leaders' meeting at Paqoe, preparing for the Choiseul Quarterly Meeting, which will be held at Mamarana on the 13th July.

And it was agreeable in our meeting that we are to send our greeting to some of our people who left our shores to the other islands (as District High School, and Banga). And our meeting was agreeable again to send our greetings to you and to the Metcalfes. We send this to you and to the members of the Foreign Mission Department.

We have a good time together discussing the things concerning our church. And we ask His Spirit to guide us into all truth.

This, our letter of greetings, will show you that we are thanking you for your prayers, help and support of our church in many ways. May the Head of His Church reveal Himself more and more to us of what you have been planting and watering.

—From Senga people, in the handwriting of Catechist Leslie Bosefo, known to many New Zealanders.

NEW CHURCH AT KIHILI:

Yesterday was a very happy day for us at Kihili. Two months ago, in consultation with the Chairman, we decided to build a new church for synod, due to start later this week. On the first Sunday of each month, with the people coming in from surrounding areas and with nearly 60 girls in the District Girls' School, our earlier Church, named by Mr. Voyce

"St. Mark's in the Bomb Holes" has not been large enough. Yesterday, August 20th, the weather was perfect for the opening and dedication of the new building. As Sister Ada Lee opened the door, she used these words "In the name of God and in the presence of this congregation, I now declare this church to be open for the worship of God and the service of man. May it be a house of prayer for all people, dedicated to God, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit."

The new Church is largely made of local materials, the main posts being oiled to bring out the natural colour. Sago leaf has been used for the walls and roof. White sand from a nearby island covers the earth floor. The forms, pulpit and lectern were transferred from the old church. The focal point in the church is the communion rail and table, with a large opening immediately above through which the congregation can look towards the mountains, clouds and sky. A sheet of arc welded wire mesh is placed across the opening, with a four foot plastic cross fastened in the centre. We hope by the time that the girls return to their homes, they will carry with them a picture of the cross set against the mountains of their country.

—Davinia and Philip Taylor.

Available from the Foreign Mission Department and Epworth Bookrooms at a cost of 3/- each — "Children of the Mendi Valley," "Children of Papua," "Children of Samoa," and "Children of Timor." Well-written and delightfully illustrated, these books make an ideal gift for a young Methodist.

ABOUT PEOPLE

STEPHEN KONDOVARU, M.B.E.

Recently the members of the Foreign Mission Board expressed their delight that the Queen had honoured Mr. Stephen Kondovaru with the Birthday Award of the M.B.E.

Stephen Kondovaru was born in 1917, the son of Peter Sakokana, one of the early Choiseul converts, and for many years a Mission boat captain. He owes much to Stephen Gandapeta and his wife, who took charge of the family when their mother died. Later, during school days, he worked as cookboy for the Metcalfes. From 1938-40 he attended the District Training Institution at Kokengolo. Leaving there in 1941, he had six months medical training at Bilua under Dr. Rutter before being appointed to Boe, Choiseul, as Pastor-Teacher. He remained at his appointment throughout the war years, accompanying the Boe people into the bush.

In April, 1945, he was transferred to Panarui, a consolidated school including Vanga and Lolongae villages. Here he held the joint position of pastor-teacher and chief clerk of the newly-formed Native Council established by the Government. In 1951 he was released from his mission appointment in order to devote his full time to Council work. He now moved back to Sasamunga where he opened the first native store in this area. He is a sound businessman, and by dint of hard work has gone ahead and is now the owner of the 30-foot cutter "Vatakandu" purchased in 1957. He has installed hot-air driers in his coconut plantations and built for his family a commodious European - style house of permanent materials. The "Vatakandu" has

been of great assistance to the Mission staff at Sasamunga in the carrying of mail and goods.

Since 1953, Stephen Kondovaru has served in the British Solomon Islands Advisory Council as a representative for the Western Solomons. He takes an active part in Advisory Council meetings, being unafraid to take a firm stand. This was particularly seen in his attitude to the introduction of drink permits, making alcoholic liquor available to his people, a proposal which he firmly opposed.

He has remained at all times a staunch member of the Methodist Church, giving first place in his own life and in his business and council activities to the advancement of the Kingdom of God, and the true progress of his people, spiritually as well as materially. He is an able and acceptable Local Preacher.

In 1941 he married Varina, who had been trained by Sister Ethel Mc-Millan and was with Sister Vera Cannon for two or three years, helping in her medical patrol work. She is a fine Christian woman and an active leader in the Lotu. Varina is an excellent helpmeet to her husband. They have eight children, five girls and three boys. —L.H.M.

MOVEMENTS OF WORKERS:

Recent arrivals on furlough have been Sister Norma Graves of Buka Circuit and Sister Nancy Ball of Roviana. Sister Lesley Bowen has finished her Plunket training at Dunedin, and returns to Roviana during September. Dr. Gerald Hault, who earlier traversed South Auckland District on deputation, returned to the Islands last month. Sister Gladys Larkin, newly appointed to the Solo-

mons, arrived at Munda on August 2nd. The Rev. Iliesa Buadromo of Fiji and his wife reached there the previous week.

SISTER GLADYS LARKIN:

The Christchurch Central Mission and Cambridge Terrace Methodist Church was filled on July 10th last with extra seating accommodation in the aisles on the occasion of the dedication of Sister Gladys Larkin.

The Rev. A. Everil Orr, M.B.E., President of Conference, commended Sister Larkin's dedication to the service of the Kingdom and the many qualifications that she brought to the work. She is a psychiatric as well as a general nurse, and also has her maternity and midwifery certificates.

Rev. Trevor Shepherd (District Overseas Missions Secretary), Rev. W. E. Falkingham, and Mrs. A. E. Richards (Dominion President M.W.M.U.) also took part and pledged the prayers and support of the Church.

Christchurch Methodists first met Sister Gladys some three years ago when she was appointed Assistant Matron to Wesley Hospital. Her consecrated personality, her cheery smile and obvious "know how" soon endeared her not only to the patients but to an ever-widening circle of friends. She became a member of the choir and is qualifying as a local preacher.

The prayers, good wishes and tangible support both of the Church and of her many friends will follow Sister Gladys Larkin into her new and arduous life in the Solomon Islands.

SOLOMON ISLANDERS IN THE HIGHLANDS:

Not all our people are yet aware of the splendid service given by Solomon Island missionaries, supported by their own church, who serve in

the New Guinea Highlands. In loneliness and occasional danger, cut off for four years from the sea which is their natural element, and from the coconuts which are so much part of their diet and economy back home, these people are valiant servants of Jesus Christ in a new and difficult field. Some of these people are now in their second terms of service. Recent new appointments are those of John Wesley Pinoko of Buin Circuit and his wife Ruth, and John Anggelo of Vella Lavella and his wife Voerini.



**Rev. A. C. and Mrs. Watson,
Vella Lavella.**

A WEST INDIAN GENERAL SECRETARY:

The recent British Methodist Conference made history by designating the Rev. Philip Potter, a West Indian minister, for appointment a year hence as a General Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society. At present a member of the staff of the World Council of Churches, Mr Potter will be a principal speaker at New Year at the Third Ecumenical Youth Conference at Lower Hutt.

Recently the Methodist Missionary Society in Britain asked the Conference to appoint him from 1961 as one of the General Secretaries of the Society. This appointment is one of peculiar significance in the growth of the Methodist Church as a world church.

SPECIAL CONFERENCE OF METHODIST WOMEN

"Arahina", Marton, May, 1960

At the last Annual Conferences of the M.W.M.U. and Guild Fellowship, resolutions were passed calling for a Conference to study the work of women in the Church and then to assess the value of our present organisations. A Steering Committee was established in Auckland with power to arrange the Conference working in consultation with the Dominion Executives.

The Conference was held as above under the chairmanship of Mrs. R. Dudley and 53 delegates attended from all over the Dominion. They represented the M.W.M.U., the Guild Fellowship, Fireside Groups, Maori women, the two women ministers and Mrs. M. A. McDowell as a liaison with the World Federation of Methodist Women.

The addresses were:—

"The Mission of the Church" — Rev. J. A. Penman, B.A.

"Women in the Church" — Miss Lorna Hodder.

"Women's Organisations — An Assessment" — Mrs. R. Dudley.

"A Women's Movement — The Vision" — the Rev. W. F. Ford, B.A.

Speakers painted a broad canvas of the whole mission of the whole Church as the responsibility of every individual to live out the life of love in the community. It was seen that the mission of the people of God is one work and each unit of the local

Church needs to have some real understanding of the total mission. We cannot work in isolation. One group concentrating on one part of mission to the exclusion of all else has little meaning. There is only one field in which to work. "The World is My Parish."

The work of women in the Mission of the Church gave a picture of an unending work of endless variety to be done. A new vision was glimpsed and delegates who had heard of people who confessed there was little to do "now we have Stewardship" saw an absorbing task that was only beginning and would demand the full commitment of every woman in the Church.

The following findings were agreed to in that spirit:

- (1) Gathered here under the leadership of the Holy Spirit, this Conference has caught a vision of the mission of the whole people of God and feels a divine compulsion to affirm that the contribution of our women can be made most effectively through one women's movement.
- (2) It is envisaged that such a movement will preserve, strengthen and develop all that is best in existing women's organisations and offer a much wider vision and opportunity for total involvement in the Church's impact upon society.

(3) We have come to realise afresh that while there are diversities of interest, emphases and action, they are valid only in so far as they contribute to the full task of evangelism which is the primary, central and continuing function of the Church. We aim "To know Christ, and to make Him known."

(4) The Conference is aware that there are many questions relating to finance and procedure at all levels which remain unanswered at this stage. It is, however, confident that under the Holy Spirit, the right decisions will be made.

The Conference was an amazing experience. Every single person present would testify to a vivid sense of being led by the Holy Spirit into a pathway which was right. It was a way that many had previously considered undesirable and yet, when the time came for formulating findings, it was a joyous, unanimous venture into the acceptance of a divine plan.

At no stage was any policy matter debated on the basis of expediency. Always, it was against the background of the Mission of the Church and of what we must do to fulfil it.

The Conference ended on a note of excitement and gratitude to God and of great expectations of a new movement which will be a weapon for righteousness in the Kingdom.

Footnote: The findings of the Conference are now reported to the Annual Conferences of the women's groups, and any resolutions arising therefrom will go to the Annual Church Conference in November.

CALLING THE AUXILIARIES

Greetings All,

Yes, warm greetings, even from Christchurch on this glorious spring-like morning. I hope the approaching SPRINGTIME has the power to put a song of thanksgiving in your heart. His gifts of new life, and the fresh, breath-taking beauty to be seen all around us in this favoured land of changing seasons, soon dispel all winter's gloom. So, any who may be feeling a little discouraged with routine church work where interest seems flagging, take courage and fresh hope. There are many signs of new life awakening in our church, and fresh young lives being dedicated to the service of the Master.

Here is news of one young lady who has just left New Zealand this morning — and is speeding over the ocean at this moment. The four o'clock flight being cancelled it meant early rising for Sister Gladys Larkin and the group of friends who went to the airport at 8 o'clock to bid her farewell. Her minister and church friends, some nursing friends, a teacher friend from childhood days, and M.W.M.U. representatives were glad to have the privilege of being present. Farewells were spoken with a final prayer led by the Rev. W. E. Falkingham. It was a moving moment when Gladys entered the great plane that was to whisk her over the thousands of miles on the first stage of her journey to the Solomons, whisk her away from home and loved friends for three years. She went with a smile and joy in her heart — gladly. We wish her happy landings in that new land where a warm welcome awaits her. Sister Gladys will

serve with laughter and good cheer that will soon win her a place in the hearts of the islands people.

Several farewell functions have been held that will remain happy memories for all who attended. Her Dedication Service at Cambridge Terrace Church has been reported, along with her simple testimony of her "call" to the mission work. Choice gifts from church friends and M.W.M.U. women will serve to remind Gladys that distance cannot break the bond that binds all in a warm Christian fellowship. In the name of our church she has gone to serve and we have pledged our support and continued interest and prayers. God bless you, Gladys.

The ANNUAL M.W.M.U. CONFERENCE will be held at Banks Street Church, Timaru, from October 11th to 14th. Days of careful planning are being given to the programme. Who are to be the representatives this year? We are having grand guest speakers. All attending will be refreshed and, we hope, really on fire and eager for another year's work in this primary mission of the Church — to tell out the good news. That a missionary church is a live church and fulfilling its true function, is the sure conviction of thinking Christians today. The people it endeavours to help may be next door neighbours or people of another colour over the ocean, it matters not. All are important. Attendance at the Annual Conference this year should be even more rewarding than usual — there are so many fresh ideas to consider. That will be especially true if every member of the Conference comes prepared to make some contribution in fresh commitment.

The Open Door

We delight to hear of progress and changes being made in the Solomons and the New Guinea Highlands. Before many years have passed it will be a place where New Zealand Methodists will want to fly for their holidays to see our workers and meet the people of the Islands Church. In recent years there has been a real drive for public health with campaigns — helped by the Government — against T.B., yaws, polio and malaria. The spraying of mosquitoes also kills many of the beasts and bugs so unpopular with women folk.

The Solomon Islanders themselves are becoming much more highly trained and we can see the time near at hand when they will be making a wonderful contribution to the medical and teaching work among their own people. Youth work is receiving special attention, and Easter Camps seem popular. Brigade groups, too, are on the increase. We give grateful thanks for the year given by Mr. Derek McKay to the organisation of this work. Many young people who link up with these companies will be kept happy and out of mischief as well as learning many useful things.

Sincerely yours,

AMY E. RICHARDS.

TOHOYIKO KAGAWA

An older generation recalls Dr. Kagawa's visit 25 years ago. Christians everywhere learned to honour him as evangelist, writer, social worker and labour leader. Dr. Kagawa died last April. Let this word of Rufus Jones be his epitaph: "He is not a man behind a pulpit: he is a demonstrator in a laboratory."

For your Meditation

- Never previously have there been so many people in the world, or so great a rate of increase.
- Never previously have so many new nations come to birth.
- Never previously has culture so unified the world. In the midst of our cleavages, there is so much in common.
- Never previously have Christians so known each other, understood and helped each other in their world-wide tasks.

"No longer strangers and sojourners, but . . . fellow-citizens with the saints and members of the household of God."
—Ephesians 2:19.



"Miss Vivian Mamupio, training as a maternity nurse at St. Helen's Hospital, Auckland. Supported by Corso.

For your Intercession

- ★ The Christians of Africa, and missionaries and Christian workers in their midst.
- ★ The new nations and their leaders.
- ★ For emergent peoples in the Pacific, for Western Samoa, soon to receive independence.
- ★ For Samoans, Methodists and others, in New Zealand and known to you.
- ★ For Pacific Islands students and Colombo Plan students in this country.
- ★ For Solomon Islands trainees at Wesley College, Rangiata Hostel, Wellington Public Hospital and St. Helen's Hospital, Auckland.
- ★ For our missionaries, following the list overleaf, and for the teachers and others still needed to serve overseas.

MISSIONARIES' ADDRESSES

WORKERS FROM NEW ZEALAND, TONGA AND FIJI

SOLOMON ISLANDS DISTRICT

ROVIANA CIRCUIT: Surface and Airmail—Methodist Mission, P.O. Munda, BRITISH SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Rev. and Mrs G. G. Carter	Sister Myra Fraser
Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Hall	Sister Nancy Ball *
Rev. and Mrs. Iliesa Buadromo	Sister Lesley Bowen
Dr. G. E. Hoult	Sister Gladys Larkin
Mr. and Mrs. R. A. G. Baker	Mr. J. M. Miller
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gatman	Mr. and Mrs. Seth Ligairi
Mr. R. C. Fleury	

Also Rev. and Mrs. Aisake Vula, P.O. Box 36 Honiara, British Solomon Islands

VELLA LAVELLA CIRCUIT: Surface and Airmail: Methodist Mission, P.O. GIZO, BRITISH SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Watson	Sister Audrey Grice
Sister Joy Thompson	

CHOISEUL CIRCUIT: Surface and Airmail—Methodist Mission, P.O. GIZO, BRITISH SOLOMON ISLANDS

Rev. and Mrs. D. I. A. McDonald	Sister Audrey Highnam (leave of absence)
Sister Lucy Money	Sister Audrey Roberts
Sister Phyllis Rudolph	

BUIN CIRCUIT: Surface and Airmail—Methodist Mission, Kihili, Buin, South Bougainville, TERRITORY OF NEW GUINEA

Rev. and Mrs. P. F. Taylor	Sister Mary Addison, Tonu
Sister Ada Lee, Kihili	Miss Beryl Grice, Tonu
Sister Beulah Reeves, Kihili	Mr. and Mrs. Ovinia Baleidaveta, Kihili
Sister Pamela Beaumont, Tonu	

Also Rev. and Mrs John Taufa, Methodist Mission, Roreinang, P.O. Kieta, Territory of New Guinea.

TEOP CIRCUIT: Surface mail—Methodist Mission, Kekesu, Bougainville, TEOPASINA, RABAUL, TERRITORY OF NEW GUINEA.

Airmail—Methodist Mission, Kekesu, Teop, Wakunai, TERRITORY OF NEW GUINEA

Rev. and Mrs. G. D. Brough	Sister Thelma Duthie
Rev. and Mrs. Daniel Palavi	Sister Merle Carter

BUKA: Surface and Airmail—Methodist Mission, Skotalan, Buka, Bougainville, P.O. SOHANO, TERRITORY OF NEW GUINEA

Rev. and Mrs. G. A. R. Cornwell	Sister Norma Graves *
Sister June Hilder	

PAPUA—NEW GUINEA HIGHLANDS DISTRICT

(For reasons of space, New Zealand workers only are listed below)

MENDI CIRCUIT: Surface and Airmail—Methodist Overseas Missions, MENDI, TERRITORY OF NEW GUINEA.

Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Keightley, Nipa, via Mendi.

TARI CIRCUIT: Surface and Airmail—Methodist Overseas Missions, TARI via GOROKA, TERRITORY OF NEW GUINEA.

Sister Edith James	Miss Joyce K. Rosser
Mr. G. T. Dey	*On furlough in New Zealand.

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Editor "The Open Door": Rev. S. G. Andrews.

Editors "The Lotu" (Children's Missionary Paper): Rev. E. C. Leadley and Sister Lina Jones.

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British Solomon Islands: 9d. a half ounce.

Airletter forms: 6d. each in both areas.