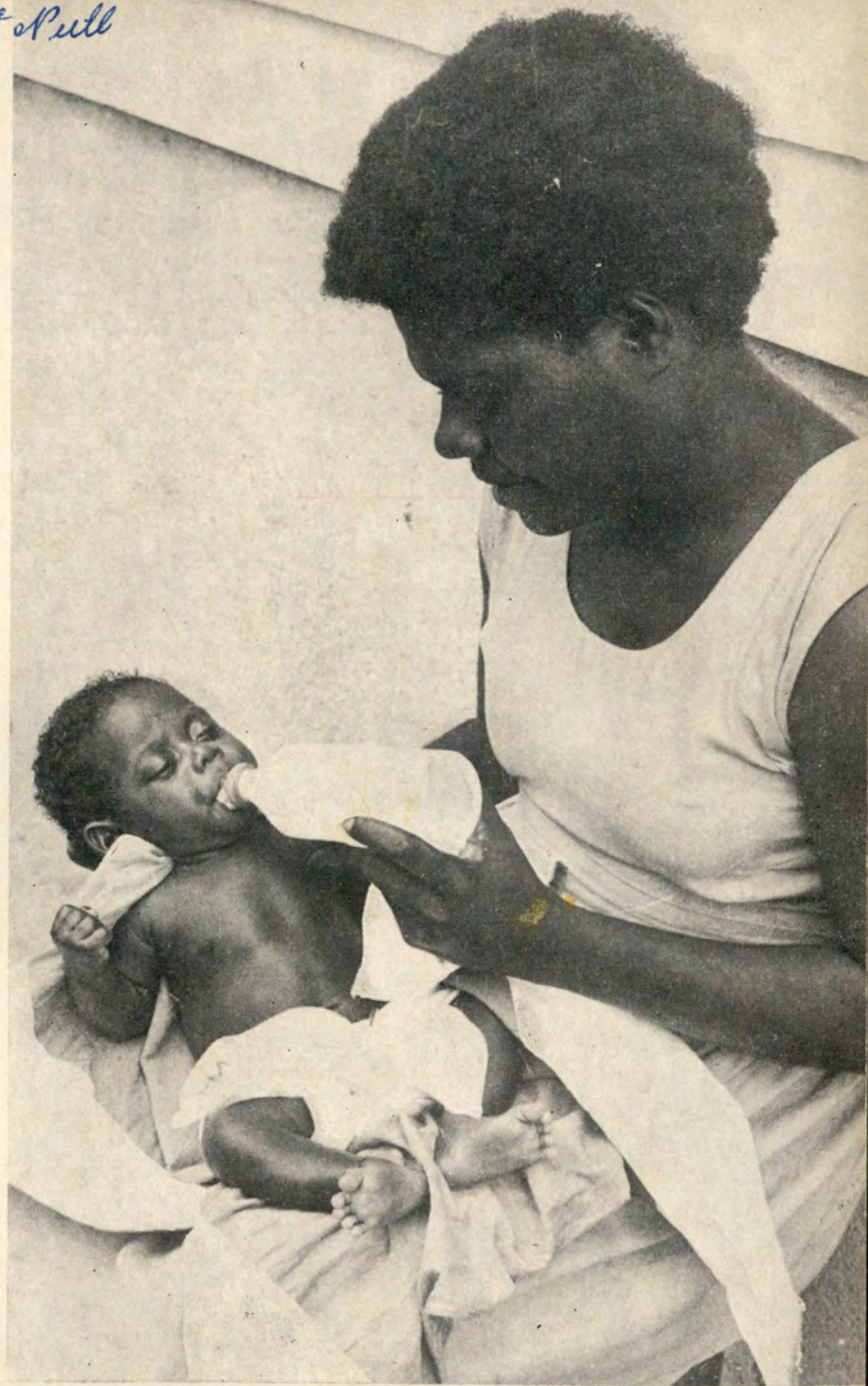


M<sup>rs</sup>. McNeill  
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# OPEN DOOR

FEBRUARY, 1968

# THE OPEN DOOR

VOL. 47, No. 4

The Missionary Organ of the  
Methodist Church of  
New Zealand

"A wide door for effective work has opened."  
1 Cor. 16.9 (R.S.V.).

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### OUR COVER:

One of the Solomon Islands nurse trainees with an orphan baby at Tonu.

# Challenge to Unity

In our "mission field", out on the frontier, among people we like to separate from ourselves by the designation "native"; God has done a great thing, an act of obedience to Him has taken place which is a challenge to us all. Three Churches, embracing several races and scores of languages

and social groupings; three churches out of different backgrounds and with different histories have obeyed the call of God to be one church before the eyes of men, as well as in His sight.

When four Methodist Districts came together no one was surprised.



*Representatives of the Uniting Churches after exchanging ceremonial gifts. Rev. Saimon Gaius of the Methodist Church, Reatau Mea of the Papua Ekelasia and Mr. K. McCollim of the United Church of Port Moresby.*



*Those who signed the Act of Union, clearly showed that in the sight of God there is neither Black, Brown, or White; Melanesian or European; male or female — All can be ONE through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

When the London Missionary Society announced that its work in Papua would henceforth be autonomous and the church would be known as the Papua Ekelasia, public reaction was slight. The extension of the United Church of Northern Australia to work among the European population of Port Moresby passed almost unremarked. But when these three groups unite, the Church and the world are both challenged. The world may brush the challenge aside, but we of the church dare not — for this is God's doing, not men's.

If God has brought them together because He needs their witness as one church, dare we stand aloof?

Does not our continuing division weaken His witness here also? Are we not called to strengthen their hands by ourselves being obedient to the heavenly vision, shown to us in them?

Let us give thanks to our Father God for the obedience of our brethren of the United Church of Papua, New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. Let us confess our own slowness of heart, and let us place ourselves, both as individuals and as churches in God's hands.

"We are no longer our own but yours, O God . . . We freely and heartily yield all things to your disposal." AMEN. (Covenant service).

## God's Calling

As the weekend following the Inauguration of the United Church of Papua, New Guinea and the Solomon Islands progressed, there was a growing awareness of the Divine Imperative. The Act of Union had taken place in response to God's calling and as the signing of the document proceeded, in many a heart a silent *nunc dimittis* was sung. But in God's purpose Friday, 19th January, 1968, was a beginning, not an end.

As visitors joined members of the United Church in acts of thanksgiving on Sunday morning, through the rejoicing in "what God has wrought", there was a note of challenge. Therefore when we met in the Lutheran Church of the Good Shepherd at 8.15 p.m. on that same Sunday evening for the Covenant Service, it was with a deep sense of expectation. Nor were we disappointed. As the Rev. Saimon Gaius led us through the acts of Adoration, Thanksgiving and Confession that came originally from John Wesley's pen, the awareness of God's presence grew. The Rev. D. E. Duncan of the New Zealand Presbyterian Overseas Missions Committee began his address with a

simple parable about three villages which united. This made the point that a village is only as good as the people in it no matter how large it may be. He went on then to say that while we did not know fully God's purpose in calling the United Church into being, we could be sure of His goodwill toward each of us and His desire to bless; of His concern that His power should break forth for good in the community; and of His intention to work out His purpose in the new nation in which the United Church would be set. But if God is to achieve His purpose we must "forget ourselves and carry our cross and follow him" (Matt. 16:24); we must be at His disposal so that His power can reach others through us and we must live according to His purposes — "offer ourselves as a living sacrifice to God, dedicated to his service and pleasing to him. This is the true worship you should offer" (Romans 12:1).

God has called His people. They have taken another step in obedience. By His grace they will go on to the glory of His name and the proclamation of the gospel.



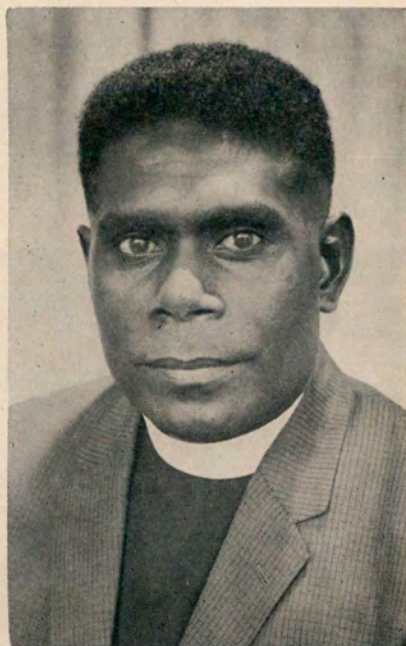
*Different Languages and Customs BUT One Church, One Faith, One Lord.  
The Open Door*

# Melanesian Leadership

THESE TWO MEN ARE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE QUALITY OF LEADERSHIP WITHIN THE UNITED CHURCH



*The Rev. Saimon Gaius of New Britain who led his people through the horrors of war and kept the Church strong and together, became the first Melanesian Chairman of the United Synod of the Methodist Church. He has the respect of his fellow workers of all colours and places and is the one to whom the people of New Guinea look for Leadership in this new United Church.*



*The Rev. Leslie Boseto of the Solomon Islands, who since his recent visit to New Zealand has represented the Church of the Solomons as a signatory to the Act of Union. Since then he has travelled to Bangkok to attend the East Asian Christian Council Meeting as the representative of the Council of Pacific Churches. All these visits will enable him to be a more efficient leader to his own people and a more effective leader in The United Church.*

# What Do Missionaries Do?

— by Sister Gladys Larkin

*Around the hospital on the  
main station*



The day is far spent and the station has settled down to sleep. Only the sounds of nature's nocturnal creatures disturb the air, until the harsh sound of the telephone rings in the sister's house. A faint voice with an intriguing accent floats along the line to say, "Night dresser here; We have a woman in labour." How cruel to have to wake the senior students on call as they were up all night last night, and have not long come off afternoon duty today. Oh, well, they can sleep tomorrow morning I suppose.

There is no beginning to the day, neither is there any end, for the time is governed by shift changes rather than daylight and darkness. That vicious, nasty little instrument, the telephone goes to bed with Doctor at night and often sees the sunrise alone, for Doctor also goes walk-about in the night, and so it is a common sight to see the lanterns bobbing about from building to building.

As the sun rises over the sparkling waters of the lagoon, the eye catches flashes of blue and white along the road by the beach. These are the nurses making their way



*Some of the Nurse Trainees.*

from Zazala house to Helena Goldie hospital to start the morning shift at seven a.m. Theatre nurse finds two operations scheduled for the morning. Maternity nurse finds that the lady in labour who came in during the night has now "gone off the boil" and will probably be the cause of another night call tonight. Her ward is full and the overflow of babies are all snugly bedded down in milk powder cartons. Mens ward nurse finds that the ward is so full she has no room to shift beds for sweeping, and as it rained all day yesterday there are no clean, dry sheets to change the beds. Womens ward nurse is getting the "run-around" from Sister as she has not yet got the premedication ready for the theatre case.

### **Training, and how!**

Over in the lecture room there is another sister, with a class of innocent young ladies who have great aspirations, and a wonderful but fragile dream of developing the healing touch. They have been in class a week and as yet have not quite lost the knack of getting that cap on crooked to such a degree that it looks like an old fashioned maid's dust cap, or butterfly wings with one broken wing sticking straight up in the air. Sister sweats and labours over the words "technique" and "dissolve," and later there will be telephone lessons, and lessons on how to clean a bottle using a brush before we can get onto the real academic stuff like anatomy and nutrition. Yesterday's test paper came up with the usual schoolroom howlers like boiling the mattresses to kill germs, and that the meaning of the word nutrition is a pain in the neck. (None of the students have a hope of ap-





*Sister Gladys Larkin with nurse trainees outside the tutorial block at Helena Goldie Hospital. The building is a recent gift of the Lepers Trust Board.*

preciating that one as they have never heard of a pain in the neck as we understand it).

There is no Solomon Island Assistant Medical Officer today as he has gone down the lagoon to investigate a story of some sickness that is laying people low in great numbers in a village. (Probably over-eating at a feast). Who is going to give an anaesthetic which is likely to last three to four hours? Never fear, ward sister is still here and so she comes to check over the anaesthetic equipment while a Solomon Island staff nurse takes over charge of the wards.

### **Sorting things out**

In our outpatient department the crowds are streaming in continuously until midday, and the questions and answers are bandied about like this. "What is your trouble?" "I am sick." "In what way are you sick?" "I am truly sick." Are you vomiting?" "Yes." "Have you a pain?" "In my belly." "What part of your belly?" "Just in my belly." "Have you got diarrhoea?" "Yes." And so after all

this time we find out what is wrong. Sometimes after a long interrogation, and after medicines have been given, the person makes some tremendous statement which completely alters the diagnosis and we start all over again. All this goes on in the language of the patient and often an interpreter is called in and the story may go through three languages before the trouble is sorted out.

The two pharmacy assistants are busy today. One is packing huge cases of medicines for other stations, and the other is busy making winchesters of cough mixture, indigestion mixtures etc., occasionally pausing to attend someone at the door with a prescription for medicine to take home. It is the end of the week and he must also balance up his small cash book before shutting shop. A canoe load of vegetables has just come in and must be bought for the kitchen. The tractor has just called with calico and sacks of milk powder which must all be put away. The days of the one-missionary hospital are over. Why not send a skilled

person who is not necessarily a missionary to do all this? What would then happen to morning and evening devotions in the wards and the Sunday morning service for those who cannot walk up to the church? Would there be the same concern over moral issues? Would the highly skilled non-Christian person care enough to spend 16-20 hours on duty in a busy time? Warm-hearted ignorance would probably be just as

bad, and so it is necessary to have technically qualified workers whose motive for coming is the Christian one of desiring to give their all to the Saviour who gave so much for them. Some day the technical skills can be handed over and shared out among a larger number of local people and free the missionary to spend more of his time on the work of spreading the Gospel among all people.



*Sister and her helpers  
unpack medicines and  
stores.*

## *Out and about with the local people*

There is a togetherness about things shared, whether they be amusements, work, problems or meals. No missionary can get to know his people unless he can share in their daily doings, their food and their conversations. A long trek through the bush or hours spent paddling a canoe can be far more rewarding than hours with a language dictionary, for here one associates things seen with the words he hears, and somehow people draw closer together away from the formal surroundings of a foreign house or a schoolroom.

### **FISHING**

Kuarao fishing is a fascinating way of catching fish, and calls for much patience and long standing in the water. The day starts at sunrise, as the canoes leave for the fishing grounds, all loaded up with arara vines, which have been gathered from the bush the day before. On arrival at the fishing ground the vines are spread out in a huge circle with people holding on to them and standing chest deep in water. The sun beats down mercilessly as the circle is slowly made smaller by cut-

(Continued on page 15)

# The Ministry of Healing

New Zealand Supported Workers

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## OUR MEDICAL MISSIONARIES

From the beginning, missionaries have usually given medical treatment before they gave any other help to the people to whom they went. So it is that both in the Solomons and in the Highlands, a strong medical work has been developed over the years. Today our medical missionaries with the United Church of Papua, New Guinea and the Solomon Islands (who are pictured here) work together with a considerable number of local medical workers, some of whom are experienced and highly trained.

Support for these workers shown on these pages comes from New Zealand; from the Lepers Trust Board, from the Connexional Budget and from endowments given to the Board over the years by far-sighted people, deeply concerned that the ministry of healing should never cease.



P. J. TWOMEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

# SOLOMONS



DOCTOR RON PATTINSON with his wife Gladys, comes from Australia. He graduated M.B., B.S. (Melbourne 1961) and was appointed to the Solomons in 1964. During 1967 he travelled to Liverpool and studied for his D.T.M. & H. As Medical Superintendent, Dr. Ron lives at Munda and has charge of the Helena Goldie Hospital and the oversight of outstation hospitals at Sasamunga, Bilua, Sege, as well as medical work in Bougainville. A qualified lay preacher, Doctor exercises an acceptable ministry in the things of the Spirit as well as of the body. Mrs. Pattinson, a trained nurse, fully supports her husband and makes her own special contribution also. They have two children, Neville and Leanne.

SISTER BERYL GRAY comes from Carterton and left for the Solomons early in 1967. There she works with Dr. Pattinson at Helena Goldie Hospital not only as Sister-in-Charge but also as Tutor Sister and the hundred and one other tasks that come her way. She rejoices in being able to use her nursing training to serve her Lord in this place or wherever He sends her.



SISTER ILISEVA LEVULA comes to our staff from Fiji where she resigned from a secure position in the Government Medical Services to serve in the Solomons. She is the first single Fijian woman to be accepted for missionary service in the Solomon Islands Church and now besides general nursing she is in charge of the welfare of the nurse trainees at Helena Goldie Hospital.

SISTER MURIEL McCORMACK comes from Masterton and is now in her second term of missionary service. After a short course at All Saints College at the beginning of 1963, Sister went to Choiseul but after two years she was asked to fill the position of matron at the Kihili Girls' School. As well as caring for the health of the girls she has been able to visit mothers and children of nearby villages and carry on a large out-patients service. Later this year Sister Muriel will return to Choiseul to take charge of the P. J. Twomey Memorial Hospital at Sasamunga.



# BOUGAINVILLE



SISTER BEVERLEY WITHERS who has been in New Zealand on her first furlough, left from her home in Timaru in 1964 and spent her first months as a missionary assisting at Helena Goldie Hospital. There as well as assisting in the training of nurses she gained the experience in tropical nursing which became of great value when she was asked to spend the rest of her term relieving at the various Bougainville stations. Sister Beverley returns to take charge of the medical work at Tonu, in the Buin Circuit.

SISTER ESTHER WATSON comes from Hokitika and after training was accepted for missionary service. In the latter part of 1963 she went to All Saints College, Sydney, for missionary training and thence to the Don Alley Memorial Hospital at Kekesu, Teop Circuit. On her first furlough (1967) Esther did her plunket course at Karitane to fit her more fully for her work amongst women and children. She is now back at Kekesu sharing in the Missionary task which so often extends well beyond her nursing training.



SISTER GLADYS LARKIN comes from Christchurch. Appointed to the Solomons in 1960 she brought to the task not only high qualifications but infectious enthusiasm and tremendous drive. During her first two terms she was tutor sister at Helena Goldie Hospital and it is in no small measure due to her that our training programme gained Government recognition. This term she is at Skotolan, Buka, in charge of the Elizabeth Common Hospital.



# HIGHLANDS



SISTER AILSA THORBURN from Papatoetoe was still awaiting the results of her midwifery exam when she left home for training at All Saints Missionary College. It was as fully qualified in all aspects of nursing as well as gifted in many other ways that she set forth in November 1963 to her position on the nursing staff at Tari in the Highlands. Sister finds that her work often takes her away from the hospital to minister to people in remote villages where as yet there is no regular medical care.

SISTER MURIEL DAVEY is our other N.Z. nurse in the Highlands of New Guinea. Her home was Tokoroa but now after a course at All Saints College which ended in November 1967, she is at Tari preparing herself to go out to one of the more remote valleys of the Highlands to give the healing and care that is so much needed.



## **FISHING** from p.10

ting pieces of the vine away. The tide gets lower until those taking part in the fishing are kneeling in the water. When the circle is reduced to about 200 yards across, some of the men begin to build a rock pen with only one entrance. They swim around underwater to see that there are no holes in the walls of the pen, and when all are satisfied, the circle of vines is brought alongside and a small gap is made where the entrance to the rock trap is. Ever so slowly, the circle becomes smaller and smaller until one can see hundreds of brightly coloured fish, and finally they are driven into the rock trap and the entrance closed up. The water appears to be boiling as the seething mass of fish search for a way of escape. The fishers who previously seemed so placid and patient now recapture some of the old primitive appearances as they stand poised with spears raised and their black bodies glistening with water, and every muscle tensed. A powdered leaf known as buna is now thrown on to the water and this intoxicates the fish. There is swirling and lashing of tails as the stupefied fish are speared by the hundreds and tossed into canoes which someone has brought up close, all unnoticed by those whose attention has been riveted to the scene before their eyes. Fish sometimes leap over the rock wall and anyone putting his hand out to catch them or standing in the way can receive a huge gash from the spiny fins. The canoes fill with the most vividly coloured fish, including the lovely blue parrot fish, some orange ones, box fish, big puffy fish, long ones, short ones, flat ones, round ones and every imaginable colour. Soon the scene will be deserted and the rocks will lie about

in the disorderly fashion of a lost and forgotten ancient city. The water will clear and the coral creatures will return to sniff around where the remains of discarded fish are lying about.

On a nearby island the fish are being counted, fires are being kindled and soon the air is pungent with the smoke of the fires and later there will be fish for all, baked whole in the embers. There will be fresh fish for the hunters to take home, and in this climate nothing keeps for long so families will gorge themselves on fish and commonly have to go to hospital for relief of the resultant gastric disturbances. But it was fun, and what does it matter if we are sunburned, and smell of fish, for there is always a bath when we get home, and even more dear to our hearts is the fact that here we have shared in the life of the land in which we live, rather than stand by on the outside as foreigners.



*A good day's catch!*

## WALKS

Sometimes an outing can be arranged to caves or a waterfall, and here we all share the lovely sensation of walking through ferny bush with only the smell of rotting leaves in the air. Then there is the fun of chasing bats in a dark cave by torchlight, sitting in the rain trying to eat a tin of cold baked beans while the rain drips off one's nose into the can. The wet clothes dry out as we hike further into the bush to a waterfall where we can sit in the lovely clear water or swim in the pool at the bottom. There is always the clown who cries "wolf" by suddenly shouting "Basioto" which means "crocodile." Everyone co-operates by squealing and rushing out of the water and then all collapse in a heap as they laugh at their own joke. The trek home gets quieter and quieter as the party gets more tired until finally they are spread out over two miles, all dragging their feet and longing to see home around the next clump of bush. It was all fun and that foreign sister whom they all thought would be dead-beat arrived home first.

## IN THE VILLAGE

You can always call on the parents of one of your students for a little social call. You will be invited in and a nice new mat will be indicated for you to sit on. There is lots of small talk and ideas are swapped, and some advice given about baby sister's cough. The dog comes to have a sniff at the visitor, and the little kids who ran away and hid are now peeping shyly around the door. We might as well pop along and see old Grandad Jonathan in the next house while we are here and will probably find him camped in the cookhouse because it is nice and



*A village house where the people gladly welcome a visit from sister.*

warm there for his rheumatically knees. The hens walk in and out to see if there is any rice on the floor for them, and once again the tales of the latest happenings in the district are told. Rumours are corrected too, for tales grow longer and longer here as in any community where there is time for gossip.

## AND THE GARDENS

It might be a good idea to slip up to the gardens one day to see how the young working girls who board on the station are getting on with their food growing. After a walk of about 15 minutes through the bush and up a hillside there is a clearing. The young ladies are cutting down huge trees with a bush-knife, but this herculean display is a real fraud because these huge trees have soft, pulpy wood which a child could cut through. There are no orderly rows and we would hardly recognise this as a garden as we know gardens. Sweet potato tops are just popped



into the top of a mound of earth and another heap is made about two feet away and some more tops popped in. It will take about three months for this plant to be ready for eating. You sow a few beans here and there and they will be up in 48 hours and fruiting in about eight weeks. A little bit of taro might be seen peeping out from under something else, and the odd little clumps of corn can be seen among the sweet potato. There are bomb holes from the war which fill up with water when it rains and little piles of unexploded shells about one and a half feet long, with occasionally a big one several feet long. No-one lights a fire up here and stays beside it for fear of being blown to bits. All fires are lit before departure for home and occasionally a tremen-

dous explosion shakes the countryside at dusk, and we know that someone's garden has gone sky-high. When a crop has been harvested, you must move on to another bit of bush.

Those student nurses can tell us all the wonderful foods which should be grown in the gardens and eaten every day, but a visit to their garden shows that they do not practice what they preach and one can only see sweet potato and what do they eat for the rest of their meals? Plain white rice! Perhaps an agricultural show would encourage greater ambitions in the district but no missionary would ever have the time to organise one and there is no-one else except the Government agricultural officer and he is too busy also.

## *Around the district by small ship*

The little lights on the small ships are twinkling across the water. Ozama Twomey is against the wharf with all lights blazing for she is off to Choiseul in a couple of hours, and people are getting their luggage aboard and making up their beds on the deck. She is so full that we shall be packed in like sardines, and will probably wake in the night with our toes tangled in someone's hair and find someone else sharing our pillow or resting a head on our legs, but nobody minds for this is the usual mode of travel in the Solomons. There are three missionaries on board tonight. One is a teacher from Banga going to keep the V.S.O. at Sasamuqa company while the other two sisters go around to quarterly meeting at Paqoe. One is the carpenter going to inspect buildings at

Sasamuqa and the other is a nursing sister from Munda who is going to do a medical trip around the Choiseul coast. At eleven p.m. the boat slips quietly out into the darkness, over the reef and turns her nose towards Choiseul, passing Vella Lavella in the night.

Dawn sees a few passengers hanging over the rail for it was a little rough at one stage and some were awakened by being thrown into someone else's bed by the lurching of the boat. The people have words describing the two movements of a boat. Apurukuzue and genugenu are these words, and when heard, along with feeling the movements, they are easy to remember. Disembarking at Sasamuqa is quite a gymnastic feat when the sea is rough, because it means stepping from the high boat,

down into a dinghy, which always chooses to swing out from the boat as one steps overboard. The sharks are rather hungry here too. There is time for morning tea, lunch and a bath. This might be the last real bath for a couple of weeks, so it pays to make the best of it.

### The Coastal Run

By evening the boat is on its way again, and all can enjoy the peacefulness of being at sea, and the frequent stops at little villages to pick up more people as they paddle out in canoes. We finally drop anchor in a little bay called Choiseul Bay where all is silent except for the buzzing of mosquitoes. Many of the people go ashore to eat and the rest of us cook our tea on a primus and enjoy the food as we watch the mantle of night creep down over the bush, and the turtles surfacing quite close to the boat. A game of scrabble, and so to bed, but not to sleep. The mosquitoes have not tasted so much sweet blood for ages and so it is party night for them. Even wrapped up in our sheets we have no protection as one just has to stick ones nose out to get air and it gets so many bites it just burns. However,

dawn comes at last and the journey is resumed, and we arrive at Paqoe about mid-morning. Everyone disembarks except the medical team which has days of ship-board life ahead, with occasional nights on shore to sleep.

This day is beautiful and fulfills everybody's dream of Pacific cruises and tropical islands. The routine is much the same in all villages; unload, set up the little primus on a flat surface, and sit a little steriliser on top. Then comes the raucus procedure of checking off people on a vaccination list, above the yelling of the children who are receiving their "mosquito bites" as we sometimes call them. Sometimes there is a walk through the bush to a village, and sometimes there are gifts of pineapples and sweet potatoes to take back to the ship. The days go by and we all set off back to Sasamuqa again to drop the Quarterly Meeting people, have a bath, and set off down the other coast with injections and medicines. The fishing is good and there is the thrill of seeing the big fish hauled in one after another, although the sharks sometimes bite them in half before they are landed. Mishaps are few and only one nurse and one



*The small ships which carry our missionaries from island to island bringing healing for body and spirit.*

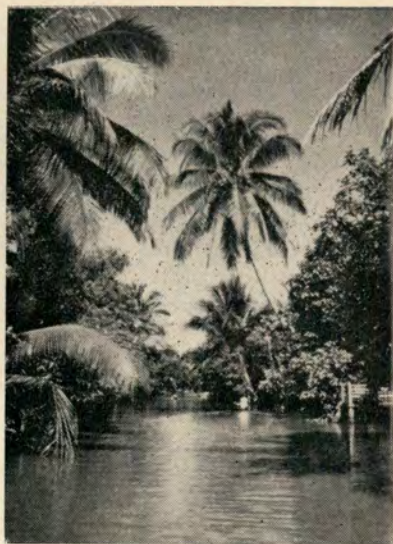
crew-boy fell into the sea, both during landing and departing at villages. What does one eat on such a trip? Tonight's meal cooked in one pot on the deck consisted of rice, garlic, sweet potato and some tinned broad beans; very nice. During the day a lovely, green coconut is the best thirst quencher.

### The very little boats

There are the short one-day trips out in a small vessel called the Munda, and here there is little space to stretch out except along the seat, but the vibrations are so strong that one's nose itches unbearably. When the accountant must make a trip to Gizo to clear cargo, departure time is about two a.m., arriving in Gizo at dawn, and then begins the running about from customs and goods store and post office. The little boat departs again in the evening and arrives back at Munda around midnight. You can get quite comfortable with hips wedged between rice sacks and your head on a bag of flour. The little boats are a boon but what does one do about toilet facilities?

On a beautiful day there is nothing lovelier than the little green islands in the sea, which looks so blue it looks like a travel advert. Lunch may be bread and cheese and a boiled egg or a pawpaw shared with the crew and accompanying student nurses.

Then there are the emergency runs to collect seriously ill persons or a premature baby, sometimes successful and sometimes only to find that the person or baby died while we were on our way. The shifting of students is a gigantic task each year and often involves a missionary going along as chaperone. The ships may be small but they play a big part in



*Narrow passages through which the little boats pass.*

the life and work of the mission, and are part of the life of the missionary who depends on them to bring his supplies, his students, and shift him and his goods at times. How close we can feel to our Lord and Saviour aboard a small ship in a stormy sea, or at other times just looking at the beauty of the sea and Islands, for He too was familiar with moving around in the "small boats," as he went about His father's business, taking healing and the good news of Salvation to all. He knew the moods of the Sea of Galilee, and with His love for people, must surely have listened to tales of other seas. When you pray for those in peril on the sea, remember that at all hours of the day and night there are missionaries on the seas, often in treacherous waters where only a man of that country could guide a ship to safety through the small gaps in the coral reefs. Remember too, that mission boats have been lost in the past.

## Around the villages with a bush sister in Bougainville

The morning dawns bright and fair, and even in the oppressive tropical heat there is a typical "dewey morning" smell. It is five thirty, Bougainville time, and already there is a scuffle of bare feet out in the kitchen. Oops! Sister nearly slipped on something on the floor in her sleep-befuddled state. What is it? Oh gosh! that cat has been eating rats outside her bedroom door again and leaving the indigestible bits on the floor. Never mind, we'll mop it up later. It wouldn't do to let the house-girls do it as they would probably take the dish cloth as they did when the cat was sick on the floor yesterday!

There are the picanninies' milk mixtures to make up, because there are a couple of "Mums" with undernourished babies who come and sit under the tree outside to feed their babies. While the milk cools there

will be time for breakfast to the accompaniment of the news in Pidgin English, and then it will be time to slip down the hill to hospital before setting out on the trek, for today is village clinic day and we shall be off to a village called Namatoa. The dresser and nurse who are coming are ready and so away we go with packs on our backs.

### On the track out

There are always the lovely bush smells and sounds as one leaves the station and there is nothing but bush on either side of the track. Little lizards scuttle away, and there are squashed toads by the dozens on the track. The low, scrubby bush soon gives way to majestic trees with vines hanging from them, and here is every one's idea of "jungle." The lovely, brilliant parrots screech and flutter in the treetops and are quite



*Outpatients department at Kkesu.*



*Walking uphill is tiring so Sister and her companions rest on the way.*

hard to see. We cannot spend too long gazing up at the treetops as there is still a long way to go, and as the sun climbs higher, it beats down mercilessly on our heads and the packs are all soaked with perspiration. Dresser Nahiana says "Sister, there is a good short-cut near here. Would you like to go that way?" He doesn't say one needs to be a mountain goat to get up it but this sister is new here and happily agrees to anything the locals say as they probably know best. There is a steady uphill slog from now on and soon there is the joy of entering a village and someone suggests we all sit down and have a rest. Sister brightly says "Have we arrived?" She is soon informed that this is not the end of the journey by a long way. How lovely and cool it is to sit on the verandah of someone's house while mother carries on with her matmaking and the baby, chewing a piece of tobacco gazes at the strange, white person with his big, innocent eyes. Someone brings a coconut to drink and we swallow it down all in one breath. How frustrating to be in a place where everybody speaks a strange language. Luckily the dresser

speaks Roviana and is most useful to the poor, dumb sisters who come from the Roviana speaking area 'way down south.

We soon realise that time is getting on and we cannot stay here all day, and so off we go again. The morning has well gone by the time we arrive at the village where the clinic is to be held, and the usual ritual of setting out the medicines and cards and all the stuff one has to carry is completed. Mothers start to assemble and at a glance at the sister, half the infants begin wailing, and so there is bedlam until all have been seen, weighed, given shots and had their sores and fever attended to. The nurse sorts out all the strange names on the cards and records the weight and what sister does to them. As the crowd thins out, there is a hunger-provoking smell in the air, and when the last child or adult has been seen, the teacher comes in from his school and talks to us for a while. It is not long before a wonderful feast is set before us and we settle down to "chook," sweet potato and a huge bowl of the sweetest mandarins we ever tasted. Full and contented with most of the day's

work done, we could sit there for hours, but there is a long walk back and the afternoon sun is still hot, so we say our farewells and set out over the same track home. Somehow it looks different in the afternoon sunlight, and as our bags are lighter, we seem to get home much quicker.

### **And so, Home**

There is always something to see on the road, and on the return journey we meet several families shelling out cocoa beans, while the children and the dogs play around nearby. Sucking a fresh cocoa bean is like sucking a sweet and is so refreshing on a hot day. There is a sweet, slimy coat around the bean. The pods are so attractive on the trees too. We have only a short rest, sitting in the grass by the roadside on the way home, and arrive quite early in the afternoon. In fact we arrived home in time to assist with schoolgirls sewing class. The young ladies were having terrible trouble trying to put bands on skirts and get the hems even.

### **The same, but different**

Next week there will be a trip up to a village beyond the river and



*The Missionary's task is to ensure that young folk like these may have the "abundant life". Health of body, mind and spirit.*

the Roman Catholic mission. Last time we went up there we nearly got swept off our feet in the river, and then, just to finish off, Sister fell flat on her face in the mud. (She is an awkward, old thing, almost past her youth; that's why). But there is not much shame in arriving in the village with mud all over one's clothes, in fact the teacher's wife must have expected it as there was a huge basin of water ready for a wash on our arrival.

Walkabout in the bush is grand, but it takes a day's march to do about two hours work. After the trek in the bush during the day there may be just time to get cleaned up and have a meal before there is a Bible class group to take, or some other special activity, perhaps a Lotu to take. How different the life of a sister is on a bush station. There is a serenity and homeliness about it which is definitely missing on a big central station. She has more opportunity to join in the things that are definitely Lotu, rather than remaining a specialist in her profession, who only occasionally assists in direct Christian activities. But once again she must be a good walker, fond of outdoor life, and not too disappointed if she cannot use all her professional skills under such conditions. The missionary has many parts to play in the life of a country and its people, and often has to face the thought, "Am I giving my best as either a Christian or professional worker?" Sometimes the desire for the professional side is greater and sometimes the desire for the Spiritual side is the greater, and so this side of our nature is in rebellion that we must remain professional workers instead of evangelists and missionaries as most people understand the word.

# NEW ZEALAND WORKERS SERVING WITH THE UNITED CHURCH OF PAPUA NEW GUINEA AND THE BRITISH SOLOMON ISLANDS at 1st February, 1968

N.B. Short term workers are not included

## Ministers

✓ Cropp, J. F.	<i>BILUA</i> Munda, British Solomon Islands
✓ Garside, P. A.	P.O. Box C36, Honiara, British Solomon Islands
✓ Horrill, C. S.	<del>Kekesu, Inus Private Bag, P.O. Rabaul, Papua and New Guinea</del>
✓ Kitchingman, D. L., B.A.	Nipa, via Mendi, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Leadley, E. C.	<del>Munda, British Solomon Islands</del>
✓ Sides, B. W.	Hutjena, Sohano, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Taylor, A. K.	Tonu, Buin, Papua and New Guinea

## Deaconesses

✓ Beaumont, Pamela V.	Buin, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Graves, Norma M.	P.O. Box 90, Rabaul, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Money, Lucy H.	Sasamungga, via Gizo, British Solomon Islands

## Lay Women

✓ Bowen, Lesley H.	Bilua, via Gizo, British Solomon Islands
✓ Davey, Muriel J.	Tari, via Mt. Hagen, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Fraser, Myra C.	Bilua, via Gizo, British Solomon Islands
✓ Gray, Beryl B.	Munda, British Solomon Islands
✓ Grice, Beryl M.	Sasamungga, via Gizo, British Solomon Islands
✓ Jacobson, Patricia M.	Kihili, Buin, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Larkin, Gladys L.	Skotolan, Sohano, Papua and New Guinea
✓ McCormack, Muriel M.	Sasamungga, via Gizo, British Solomon Islands
✓ Milne, Judith A.	<del>Kekesu, Inus Private Bag, P.O. Rabaul, Papua and New Guinea</del>
✓ Sadler, Lynette M.	Munda, British Solomon Islands
✓ Schick, Eileen F.	Munda, British Solomon Islands
✓ Thorburn, Ailsa R.	Tari, via Mt. Hagen, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Watson, Esther A.	Kekesu, <del>Inus Private Bag, P.O. Rabaul, Papua and New Guinea</del>
✓ Withers, Beverley L.	<del>Tonu, Buin, Papua and New Guinea</del> <i>P.O. Sohano Hutjena</i>

## Lay Men

✓ Baxter, A. M.	P.O. Box 90, Rabaul, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Buchan, D. R.	Munda, British Solomon Islands
✓ Clement, N. T.	Mendi, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Dey, G. T.	<i>KIP</i> Nipa, via Mendi, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Dyson, H. D.	Munda, British Solomon Islands
✓ Eason, D. W.	P.O. Box 90, Rabaul, Papua and New Guinea
✓ Flourey, R. C.	<del>Munda, British Solomon Islands</del>
✓ Harney, E.	Munda, British Solomon Islands
✓ McKenzie, D. C.	C/- 5 Rogers Avenue, Haberfield, 2045 N.S.W.
✓ McKerras, B. A.	Munda, British Solomon Islands
✓ Munro, K. J. S.	C/- 5 Rogers Avenue, Haberfield, 2045 N.S.W.
✓ Pattinson, Dr. R. W.	Munda, British Solomon Islands
✓ Pavey, G. L.	<del>Kieta, Bougainville, Papua and New Guinea</del>
✓ Skinner, K. G.	P.O. Box 90, Rabaul, Papua and New Guinea
<i>MUR. D.</i>	

N.B. Before each address put 'United Church'

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**"Everyone who calls  
on the name of the  
Lord will be saved."  
But how are men to  
call upon Him in  
whom they have not  
believed?  
And how can they  
believe in Him of  
whom they have never  
heard?  
And how can they  
hear without a  
preacher?  
And how can men  
preach unless they  
are sent?**

**Will YOU  
pray and give  
and  
plan and work  
that men may be  
sent and  
God's work  
fulfilled?**

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**METHODIST CHURCH OF NEW ZEALAND**

**OVERSEAS MISSIONS DEPARTMENT  
AUCKLAND, 1.**

**HEAD OFFICE:** First Floor, Methodist Central Mission Building, Queen Street

**Postal Address:** BOX 5023, AUCKLAND, 1.

**General Secretary:** REV. G. G. CARTER, M.A., Dip.Ed.

**Treasurer:** MR. G. S. GAPPER, A.R.A.N.Z.

**Manager of Publications:** MRS. A. HANDSIDES

**Editor "Open Door":** REV. G. G. CARTER

**Editor "The Lotu" (Children's Missionary Paper):** MISS A. E. GRICE

**METHODIST WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP**

**Secretary:**

MRS. J. TRATHEN  
12 Collingwood Street  
Nelson

**President:**

MRS. L. G. WHITE  
64 Tasman Street  
Nelson

**Treasurer:**

MISS L. HENDRA  
c/o Methodist Church  
Pah Road, Epsom  
Auckland