



# BORNEO

Regions Beyond Missionary Union,  
1935 E. Willard St.,  
Philadelphia, Penn.

# BULLETIN

Elmer and Ruth Warkentin, Missionaries

Darit

- Ngabang

- West Borneo

- Indonesia

## BULLETIN No. 2

Dear Friends:

October 1st, 1951

"Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this."  
Esther 4:14

God's missionary program today calls for men. This is imperative. God must have men and women. If we fail, and I quote again the words of Mordecai to Esther, "God shall raise up deliverance for these heathen from another place, but we shall be destroyed."

We have been praying much of late that the Lord would send out more workers to this needy field of Borneo. Thus it has been rather interesting to see how the Lord has begun to answer our prayers. Within the last three months three new recruits have been added to our forces here. They are: Miss Clara Lima of Wisconsin; Rodney James Giblett, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Giblett already on the field; and Loren Elmer, son of Elmer and Ruth Warkentin. Yes, little Loren arrived here on July 23, and we believe that the Lord has brought him to the kingdom for such a time as this. Praise the Lord for the good health of both Ruth and Loren.

Little Loren would like to talk to some of the friends in America whom he has never seen. He wants to tell you all of his environment here. The following words are as from him: "I surely do like this country of Borneo. During the day I do not have to worry about being awakened by the noise of passing autos. However, the chickens under the house make too much noise for me. I am never too cold, but sometimes I get quite hot and all my clothes get wet with perspiration. When mother gives me a bath on the table I can see many brown faces looking at me, and sometimes they are amazed that I get a bath every day. After I have had my bath, mother puts me to bed in the nice little bamboo basket which the people here made for me. When I sleep mother always has a white mosquito net over me to keep out everything that might bite. When I awake at night to get my feeding, mother is very busy trying to keep the mosquitos from giving us their malaria. When we want to go for a walk to a village to give out some medicine mother puts me in a cloth that hangs from her shoulders. This is fun. Mommy and daddy tell me that I have many friends in America. Would you please pray for me? Pray for mommy and daddy too."

Yes, folks, I wish that you could see our little darling baby boy. He is the source of much joy to us and also the source of much interest and curiosity to the natives. I wish that you all could be with us on a Saturday afternoon when we have our meeting for the children. You would see them all sitting on the floor -- boys and girls separate -- while we tell them the stories of the Bible. How they do love to sing the gospel songs which have been memorized by them. I wish you could come with me when I go to visit the villages. No doubt you would not feel at home on the bamboo floor, surrounded by dogs, chickens, and dirt. Soon, however, your heart would be gladdened by the voice of some youngster singing the songs of Zion. Even greater would be your thrill to see some child thanking the Lord for the rice before him while the rest of the family mock. Then to see them all crowding around us while we tell them about the Lord Jesus, crowns even the previous joy. How glad we would be to have  
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you with us on Sunday morning when the natives come from far and near to gather in our front room for a meeting. No doubt you would also enjoy to be with us in the evening of every day when we read and pray together with the man and woman who are working for us. Just to hear this native man pray for all his people here, and for the folk in America would stir you to go home determined to do more for those who are lost. Our wishes can be realized as you join us here daily in prayer. Your interests will be here as you pray for us. Thank you.

To all who have written to us I would like to express a hearty thanks. To those who have not written as yet I would say, 'Please do.' Thanks are due also to Mr. DeLong of Chilliwack who is printing these letters for us, and to Miss Bertha Lowen who is mailing them to you. But the greatest thanks go to God who enables us one and all to labour for Him. We are happier than ever.

In His service,

ELMER, RUTH and LOREN WARKENTIN.