



# BORNEO

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# BULLETIN

Elmer and Ruth Warkentin, Missionaries

Darit

- Ngabang

- West Borneo

- Indonesia

BULLETIN No. 5

April 10th, 1952.

Dear Friends:

Exactly one year ago today Ruth and I touched the shores of Borneo. How strange we felt. We could not understand a word. Now we feel at home here, and the language no longer presents a barrier. One year with God on a Mission field! We have seen many souls come to God. We have witnessed many evil things, and we have become adjusted to a new way of life. The Lord has protected us from much sickness and harm. Praise God! All this happened because you were with us here in prayer.

**BUILDING \*\*** Many words were exchanged as I tried to bargain with the Dyak man who brought me the rough, hand-sawn boards for our new porch. Much pounding of the hammers completed the porch as we sought to nail the boards to the crooked, barked poles from the jungle. In our kitchen much tar was spattered about (on us too) as Clara, Ruth and I tarred the new floor which I had laid. Lumber rots so quickly in this country, and so we have to keep on rebuilding continually. We hope our new idea of tar coating will help.

**NATIVES \*\*** You have heard us talk about villages. Now a Dyak village is not a village but one long house surrounded by rice graneries, some cocoanut trees, and a pig sty, the latter often under the house. This kampong, as it is called in Indonesian, is a long house built on stilts about six feet off the ground. Inside, the natives have individual rooms, one to a family; these include a kitchen - a pot over an open fire; a dining room, a bare bamboo floor; a bathroom - the floor; and a bedroom - a mat and a mosquito net in a corner. The whole front of this kampong is one long room where the men smoke, chat, and entertain guests. The single men also sleep here. A high platform in front of the house holds the rice which is sunned every day and pounded for their meals.

**RODENTS \*\*** You can't be squeamish out here. Nightly we have to go to sleep with rats squeaking in the wall at our very head. We set traps and find that by morning the cockroaches have run away with the bait. Our poor cat has aged, and unless we go hunting with her she refuses to tackle the rats. Just the other day we all chased a rat in the kitchen while the cat sat in our midst and howled. Now a little kitten has been promised to us, but until she grows up the rats will reign.

**LOREN \*\*** We marvel at Loren's being able to stand on two hands and one toe (one foot high in the air) after just having recovered from a very serious attack of malaria. We thank the Lord that he is healthy again. He loves to crawl off his mat on to the tarred porch, encouraged by the natives who stand around the rail and watch him. He seems to chatter all day long.

When you pray for us on Sunday night at 10 P.M. it is already Monday afternoon in Borneo. We need your prayers every night at this time as we are about to start our evening classes here. I am sure someone prayed for me on Jan. 12, at 5:30 P.M., Vancouver time, when one of Borneo's deadliest, black, red-headed snakes slithered between my legs without harming me as I walked down a narrow jungle trail. We cannot warn you of these needs ahead of time. Please pray always. God bless you.

As you know us,

ELMER, RUTH, and LOREN.