

BORNEO BULLETIN

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Darit - Ngabang - West Borneo - Indonesia

PRAYER LETTER No. 7

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Dear Friends:

The following diary account is a picture of recent happenings here in Borneo.

SATURDAY ** Early in the morning, Numpek, our school teacher, and I left for home. We left behind us a field which is wide open to the gospel. In this Kempet area, 15 miles from Darit, about 25 men have taken a stand for the Lord. As we left Kempet, the chief of one of the villages asked us to come back soon. Back in his village another young convert was spending his spare time teaching hymns to the children. On our way home we stopped at a wayside store to talk to another young Dyak about the Lord. At 2 P.M. we arrived at home and were heartily greeted by Ruth and Loren whom I had not seen for six days.

SUNDAY ** The alarm rang at 5 A.M. After morning devotions with the Lima sisters we ate a good breakfast of porridge and toast. Ruth swept the floors and took care of Loren while I prepared for the morning service. The people began to arrive at 8:30 A.M. Some of them waited on the front porch while others went to wait at a Dyak house near by. At 10 A.M. we began the service. Ruth led the singing while I played the organ. Loren slept. I spoke on the subject of Baptism as we hope to have a Baptismal service in the near future. The dogs surely interrupted the service. Some of them howled outside the school-house while others sniffed around inside. After the morning service Ruth taught the Sunday School class. In the afternoon we tried to sleep but finally gave up because of the terrible heat. Loren slept while bathing in perspiration. At the evening service Miss Lima brought an Old Testament message.

MONDAY ** Field Day for the Dyaks. This is the day of the year when the natives cut chicken in their rice field to appease the evil spirits. However, the Christian natives asked me to come and pray in each of their rice fields and thus surrender them to the Lord. It was a privilege to walk from one field to the next and in the presence of the respective owners commit them to the Lord. In the afternoon they celebrated with a feast in the kampong. After I had asked the blessing we all sat on the floor and ate our rice, chicken, eggs, and noodles -- a real feast. Of course, we ate all this with our fingers. The desert was a kind of rice which is put in bamboo sticks and then cooked. It was very good, and I was given some to take home for Ruth.

TUESDAY ** A Call from another kampong. A Christian's child passed away and, according to their old custom, a chicken must be killed and the evil spirits invoked. However, this fine young man (the only Christian in that far village) asked me to come and pray over the grave of this little one. The other natives of the village were afraid as we entered the bush which is their graveyard, but the Christian man was very calm. We sang a few hymns and then I prayed and asked God to bless this couple and make them a blessing. I tried to get out of the bush as soon as possible because the mosquitoes became unbearable. At home, Ruth had prepared a delicious supper. In the evening we taught reading, arithmetic, and the Bible to some of the young men who came in for study. We went to bed tired.

WEDNESDAY ** As usual, we began the day with prayer and Bible study. The native girl who is helping us also goes to school in the morning, and so she must do her work before breakfast. Her task is to cook the rice and wash our clothes. As Miss Lima had gone to the city, Ruth did the School teaching by herself. Ruth likes to teach these precious little kiddies. Some are very ignorant while others are very naughty. School begins at 7:30 and closes at 10:45. During this time Loren plays in the pen on the front porch. In the evening I went to the nearest village to lead the prayer meeting while Ruth met with those who gathered at our home.

THURSDAY ** The morning was taken up with devotions, preparation of meals, caring for Loren, teaching school, and keeping the chickens from spilling the food-stuffs which were out to sun. However, there was the unusual too. A man had sliced his fingers with a bush-knife and asked help from Ruth. Another man had killed four of his neighbor's pigs because he was angry. While Ruth helped him with medicine, I spoke to him about the judgement of the Lord. We trust that in his misery he will accept the Lord. In the afternoon we got word that a huge sack of something had arrived for us. We sent our boy to Darit to get this "something". What a surprise, when we opened the sack, to find some parcels from America. We opened them with the expectation of little children at Christmas time. We went to bed happy.

We trust that this has given you just a glimpse into our daily routine here on the Mission field, and will give you the needed material for prayer.

As you know us,

ELMER, RUTH, and LOREN.