

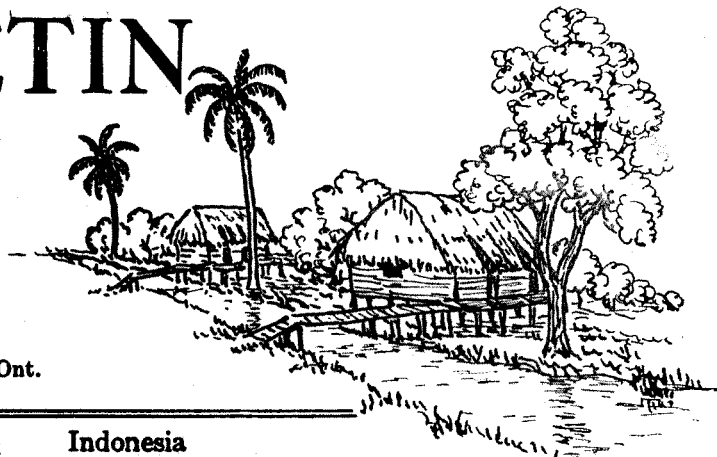
BORNEO BULLETIN

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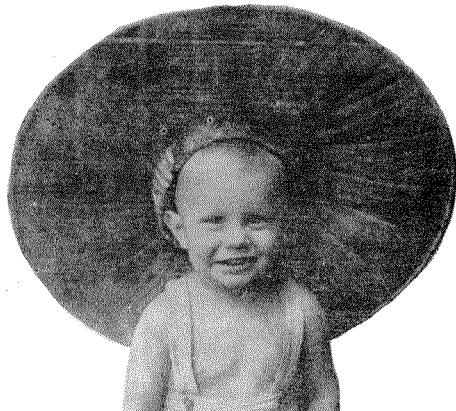
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989 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.



Darit - Ngabang - West Borneo - Indonesia

PRAYER LETTER No. 9

June 5, 1953.



Dear Friend:

In answer to the request in your letter we have enclosed a picture of our boy, Loren. He is just as happy as he looks. Just as he enjoys wearing this trinak (Dyak Hat), so also he enjoys everything in this tropical land. He loves to go with us for our daily bath in the river; he loves to pick up the nuts which fall from the rubber trees near our house; yes, and he loves to imitate all the Dyak and Indonesian words which he hears. The Dyak boys and girls love him as he is the only white boy they have ever seen. The other day we took him with us to a Dyak wedding feast in the kampong. We must say Loren has not learned Dyak manners for he walked right over their table. Their table is on the floor, of course.

Even though Loren loves these natives, he never did seem to pay much attention to the Dyak babies. They were just more people to him. When, however, he awoke one morning to see a little white baby lying in the bed next to his and saw the big smile on his daddy's face, he was puzzled. For quite some time he stood silently before the screened bed and observed the new arrival. Finally his thoughts found words and he shouted, "Baby". Loren loves JANET ANN, and ever since that day -- April 2 -- he has become a changed boy. He is no longer the only white child in this area.

Now these are not the only children we have. God has given us many precious black ones. They have such names as cow, write, read (though they can't read), bicycle, car, confess, sift, compare, storm (because born during the war), and many other interesting ones. Of course, they have only one name and no family name.

These, our sons and daughters in the faith, look to us as their guides and, of course, bring to us all their problems. Sometimes the pigs of one will go into the rice field of another and a quarrel will begin. Another one does not want to live with his newly-wedded wife because he did not see her before they were married. Others do not want to work and thus have not enough rice to live on. Many want to come and work for us because they receive persecution in the village as soon as they accept the Lord. Just the other night I sat up for a long time talking to one dear 'son' who came to me for advice after an angry unbeliever in his village had cut down all his fruit trees. They come to us with every little problem and ailment and expect us to help them.

However, children are always a great blessing, and so are these. What a joy it is to see them obediently following the Lord. They willingly leave all their old habits, sit cross-legged on the floor around a little smoky lamp, and sing God's praises till they re-echo into the darkness of heathendom. What greater joy could there be on this earth?

Let us tell you of one incident which brought great joy to our hearts. Last Sunday afternoon, after we had taken the morning service at the Kampet outpost, we went to a heathen longhouse for a meeting. We were surprised upon our entrance to this longhouse to hear a man say immediately that he was going to accept the Lord that night. Even the usually shy women sat with us on the floor and listened as we sought to bring the word of life to them in their Dyak tongue. Before we even had an opportunity to ask if anyone wanted to accept Christ we heard them all say to each other that they wanted to "enter" and trust the blood of Christ. Thus, one by one they confessed their sins to God and asked for forgiveness. More than thirty sons and daughters were born into the family of God that night. Praise the Lord.

These are your children too. Are you doing your share in bringing them up? Are you praying for them? Please pray, especially for the weak ones.

As the Dyaks know us,

BAPA LOREN and MAMA JANET