

Borneo Bulletin

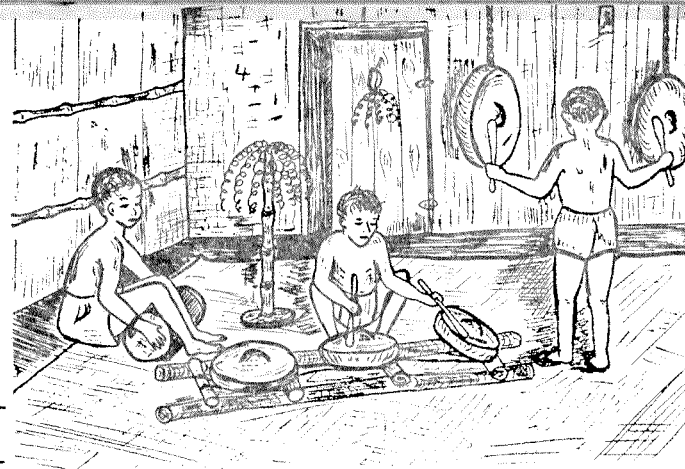
Elmer and Ruth Warkentin, Missionaries

— REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION —

8035 Burholme Avenue
Philadelphia 11, Pa., U.S.A.

989 Bay Street
Toronto, Canada

Darit - Ngabang - Kalimantan Barat - Indonesia



Dear Friends:

October, 1956

The little black dots of mildew on our nylon clothes, the white mould covering our leather goods, and the general musty smell on everything reminds us forcibly that we are back in the jungle.

The wee hours of the morning bring to our ears the songs of the rubber cutter off in the jungle. Soon the longhouses are astir. The naked children crawl about the longhouse while the mothers give personal attention to the pigs and chickens. The men sit silently smoking before the little fire. There is no hurry for them. Breakfast consists of rice placed on a banana leaf, and perhaps a bit of salt fish. Then in the misty dampness of the early dawn, they file down the overgrown pathways that lead to their ladangs, or rice fields. All day long they slosh about in the mud, transplanting their 'paddy'. Darkness is already fallen when they wend their way home, stopping long enough for a last dip in a cool stream. When the evening rice is eaten by the light of tiny lamps, these simple jungle dwellers creep under the mosquito nets and once more the jungle sleeps. Not so, for the myriads of strange sounds would keep sleep far from the unaccustomed ear. How simply these Dayaks spend their days.

We are indeed happy to be back in this country for our second term. These people, like the many strong vines in the jungle, have twined themselves into our lives. It is good to be with them again. Their loving welcome made us realize afresh what a privilege is ours. And now they expect us to be their spiritual parents, to lead them into that deeper knowledge of the truth.

However, we have not forgotten you dear ones, nor the good times we had with you all when we were home on furlough. The time at home seemed so short, but we did enjoy it very much. Thanks again to all of you who helped us in one way or another with our support, outfit, and passage, and to the many who prayed for us and are still faithful at the task.

Our safe arrival here was an answer to prayer. God protected us as we flew across the wide expanse of water that separates us. He provided wonderfully in making available passage from Singapore to Pontianak, even though we had to sleep on the deck of a freighter, and, together with our luggage, get all soaked during a tropical night storm. Again God marvellously intervened when it seemed that customs would charge us much duty, for we did not have to pay anything. Yes, the Lord brought us through safely right to our little home in the jungle. When Clara Lima, travelling with us, lost her passport and was not allowed to go beyond Honolulu, God again undertook and another passport was quickly issued so that she could enter Borneo with us.

Since our arrival, the kiddies have kept well, spending much time with their American toys; while the home-grown variety -- rubber nuts -- are still a favorite. Their parents have spent a few weeks in disrepair, but in answer to your many prayers, we are 'on the mend' again. Elmer has made several treks already, including some trips to our outposts at Moro and Tajan.

God is still working amongst the Dayak tribes. Don't forget to pray for us and for our Christians. One of our elders prayed thus for his missionary leaders; "Oh that we might find Life in their guidance". We need strength for the work, wisdom for instruction, and love for administration. **WE NEED YOUR PRAYERS.**

For Christ and the Dayaks,
The WARKENTINS.