

EVENING LIGHT
CHURCH OF GOD

Mission Work

IN

South India



Church of God Mission Work In India



**Written and Compiled
by
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Preface

I want to take this opportunity to publicly thank all of the dear saints at home in America and in India for their prayers for me on my trip to India the last of December, 1979, and for my safe return in the month of March, 1980.

Many thanks, Brother John and Sister Sara Varghese, for the kind hospitality extended to me in the use of your home while I was in India. I shall never forget the constant effort made for my comfort, welfare, and protection. And thank you, dear saints in India, for making my stay in India with you so enjoyable.

I want to thank God for raising up one such as John Varghese, and a corps of faithful ministers and workers, who are courageously throwing out the lifeline to precious, never-dying souls in India. And then I want to thank God in particular for opening the door wide that I might labor with them in the work for a few short weeks. My soul has been enlarged from the experience, and my eyes are filled with tears for the gospel work that is going on in India amid so great needs.

There is a vast difference between the Eastern world where I was, and the Western world where you and I live. They have traditions and customs that are foreign to us, just as foreign as our customs and traditions are to them. Maybe time can erase some of them as the West mingles with the East.

I did not go to India to break down ancient ways of life, but rather to labor with them in the Gospel. As you read these pages, keep this in mind. Peter had, as did all the Jews, prejudices against the Gentiles. But God enlightened his heart by the Holy Ghost, and he could say, “. . . of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.” Acts 10:34, 35.

Yours in His service, —Sister Dorothy Keiser
Shawnee, Okla., March, 1980

Introduction

I was raised in California, a melting pot of all nationalities, so even before I was saved there were no racial prejudices toward other people to overcome. I had never had much contact with other nations in their homeland, but tolerance was in my heart because of environment.

I can go back to age thirty-five, when my heart was first touched, especially by black people. I was missionary study chairwoman for two consecutive years when I attended the Church of the Nazarene, and it was not hard to bring tears to the eyes of sister members, as I brought studies each month from different parts of the world, particularly from “dark Africa.”

Africa was real to me. I could visualize the natives, the things they did, and the clothes they wore; could see the thatch-roofed houses, the jungle background, and a love for the people was in my heart. So it was no wonder that when I came among the saints, and Bro. Ostis and Sis. Opal Wilson were preparing to go to Nigeria, West Africa, that my heart went along with them. It was my desire for a number of years to labor there, and it may well have come to pass, had not our beloved Sister Opal given her life there.

It hurt deeply when the door to Nigeria was closed to me almost two years ago. I went as far as I could go, and it would have been dangerous for me to proceed further at the time. God was faithful to my soul. Perhaps, it was not the time to go. My faith was greatly

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tested. Different ones have come to me and said they felt I had been tried as Abraham had been tried concerning the sacrifice of his son Isaac on Mt. Moriah. Just how far would Dorothy go? I know that God knows I would have given my life and everything He has loaned me to use for the souls in Africa. God hath given great grace, and Africa has been thoroughly committed into His hands. I do have this comforting thought, that God accepted my willingness to go for the deed.

Before I knew that I was not going to Nigeria, I thought in my heart, “Why cannot I come as close to India and her needs, as I have come to Africa and her needs?” I did care for India, and I was giving to India, but there was a greater care for Nigeria. I desired that my care for India would increase; and God did put a softness and tenderness, and a yearning in my heart for souls in India. I found myself saying, “Lord, if for some reason I should not go to Nigeria, I would like to send money to India to build a place of worship.” It seemed to me as a promise made to God. As many of the saints know, I didn’t go to Nigeria. With the refund on my ticket to Nigeria I was able to send money to Bro. John Varghese for the land and a chapel in India.

In the correspondence between Bro. John and myself in regard to the building of the chapel, he wrote once, “I wish som... [he crossed out the word partly started, as I would have taken for someone]. Why don’t you come to India? We will pray for you, if it is the will of the Lord for you to come.” Now this was a thought I had never considered. Even when Bro. John was here in the States the last time, and was visiting in the Golden Rule Home, he said, “Before you come home from your trip to Nigeria, why don’t you come on to India?” I couldn’t see that at all. So I had never given India a serious thought, as far as making a trip over there.

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My first reaction to Bro. John's question in the letter was of great overflowing joy. I talked to two of the sisters where I live about going, and my heart was overflowing with happiness.

Soon the impact and the reality of such a trip overwhelmed me. Why, India is halfway around the world from Oklahoma; some twelve or thirteen thousand miles away; you are getting too old to take such a trip; you would be going all alone; you know you don't always feel well, and you could die over there; and look at the expense involved. All of these were sobering thoughts.

Then the thought came, "You could try for a visa: if the visa doesn't come through, you can't go anyway." I didn't feel that I could count altogether on a visa either as a sign of a go-ahead, for that was the test I had put on the Nigerian trip; which all turned out for the right, but was not what I expected it to be.

I put myself on a very strict financial budget, and I was surprised at how much I could do without, and still have what I needed. I prayed much, but still I would wake up in the night with sobering thoughts. I came to the place under the pressure of planning the trip, that I called my travel agent, and told her to cancel all plans for the trip to India. Somehow I wasn't as happy as I thought I should be in making this decision. Then I called the Faith Publishing House on their day of prayer and fasting, and asked Sis. Marie Miles to request prayer for me concerning whether I should go ahead with plans to make the trip or not. I know that prayer was heard and answered. I laid the trip down. It didn't make any difference to me whether I went to India or not. I had perfect rest in my soul concerning the matter.

A few days later I was shopping with some of the Sisters who live in the apartments at the Golden Rule Home, and my feet were actually propelled up to the travel agent's office. Her words, "So

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you have given up Bombay,” was the challenge that brought me to a definite decision. “No, I am going ahead with plans to make the trip; go ahead with the visa. I have been thinking negative thoughts, and I do believe the Lord would be pleased for me to make the trip. One thing I do know, if I don’t get the visa I won’t be going.” I felt very comfortable in my heart with my decision.

Everything fell into place beautifully. The visa came through in plenty of time; cholera inoculations gave me no trouble; Sis. Lucy McIntyre said she would care for my house plants; Sis. Katie Priem took my little parakeet, Peter, to care for; Bro. and Sis. Domhofer said they would pay my monthly bills with pre-signed checks; the thermostats were set at safe temperatures for cold weather; plenty of anti-freeze in the car for winter storage; and I built up enough money for my ticket to India and some to spare. I was ready to leave Oklahoma on Dec. 7, 1979.

I have written these words that others might know how I happened to make the trip to Kerala State in South India. The saints at home were praying, the saints in India were praying, and God opened a wide door, which I boldly stepped through. This was His doing, and it is marvelous in my sight. I have a personal insight into the work of the Church of God in South India that I could have never even imagined, had I not made the trip in person.

My great desire is that every person who reads the pages of this little book will be inspired to give, and give, and GIVE some more to the Church of God work in India. My heart has been moved as never before, and what we do must be done quickly, as Communism is knocking loudly at the door to India.

I asked Bro. John Varghese, whom God has put over the Church of God work there in India, to give us a brief outline of the work

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*Bro. John and Sis. Sara Varghese. Taken June, 1980,
in the United States*

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of the Church of God in South India, from the beginning with Bro. A. D. Khan, through his own calling and ministry there among his people.

Following is Bro. Varghese' writing:

An Outline of the Church of God Work In South India

By John Varghese

The light of the Church of God Reformation started to spread out in India through a convert from Mohammedanism, A. D. Khan, a pioneer soldier of the cross who lived in Calcutta, India. I quote the following words of his testimony from the book *From Darkness to Light*, pages 19 and 20:

“The next question was about the Church. However, I decided to search the Word of God again on this important matter and stop reading anything until I had read the Old Book through. I began to study the New Testament on my knees, and in the course of six months I finished the whole New Testament, and came to the following conclusions on the matter:

“1. God has but one Church.

“2. God's Church is named by God.

“3. Christ is the head of the Church.

“4. The Holy Ghost is the administrator of the Church.

“5. He organizes the Church and appoints His ministers.

“6. There must be unity in the Church in all matters of doctrine and practice pertaining unto life and godliness.

“7. There are no sinners in the Church of God.

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“8. A hireling ministry and programmed worship are foreign to the Church of God.

“9. The love of God is the only tie that binds believers together.

“10. The Word of God is the only guide in all matters, doctrinal, and spiritual.

“When I came to these conclusions from the Word of God, I found myself in an isolated place. I could not join any of the denominations then. I became peculiar to every way. I used to spend the greater portion of my time in reading the Word of God with other students in the college, and some of them became favorably impressed with these views.”

God revealed these truths to him in the year of 1895, while he was studying in the college in Calcutta. In 1898, he left college and devoted his whole time for the Lord. In spite of all of the reproaches and persecutions of Moslems and other so-called Christian denominations, he and his friends began to preach these truths in Calcutta and other parts of India, including Kerala.

Somehow the Gospel Trumpet movement in America came in contact with him, and missionaries came to India from the Church of God in America, and established the work of the Anderson Church of God in India. Thousands of people left sects and embraced the true Church, the Church of God. Bro. A. D. Khan finished his course on October 8, 1922.

My father, C. M. Varghese, was a minister of the Episcopal church, called the Marthomite church, until the age of fifty. When God revealed the Bible truths to him, he said goodbye to the Episcopal church, and joined the Anderson Church of God in Kerala until 1964. But he was not satisfied in that church as there was much worldliness and man-rule, and no freedom to preach the truths. The

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Church must go into the world, but not the world into the Church. No place was given to the Holy Spirit in that church, making it no different than other so-called churches of God. As a result, he resigned his ministry in the Anderson church, and assembled in his home as an independent group.

By this time he found a copy of the Faith and Victory paper somehow. The truths and ideas in that paper agreed with the truths which God had revealed to his heart. Thus, he came in contact with Brother Pruitt and the saints in America. I praise God for His wonderful works and dealings with His children.

In 1965, Brother C. C. Carver from America visited India for one month, staying in my father's home, and contacted many souls along with my father. As far as I know, Bro. Carver was the first missionary to India from the saints in America since the days of A. D. Khan. Thus began the established work of the Evening Light Church of God in India.

In the same year of 1965, a chapel was built at Karikkom, and the work began to expand into different parts of Kerala State. The sudden departure of my father, C. M. Varghese, in 1968, was a serious loss to the Church in India.

At that time I had just completed my college education, and was teaching in a tutorial college. One night God talked to me and called me to fill the gap and continue the work of my father, and thus to serve the Lord. I decided to obey the divine call and left my job, and have continued the work of the Lord here, using my little abilities and humbling myself under the mighty hand of the Holy Spirit.

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A. D. Khan

*Bro. A.D. Khan, first native Church of God missionary to India,
taken in 1903. He was converted in 1893.*

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God gave me two opportunities to visit the saints in America, in 1974 and in 1978. The visits of Bro. George Hammond in 1974, and Bro. Richard Madden in 1978, and Sis. Dorothy Keiser in 1980, were real blessings to us, and resulted in remarkable progress and growth of the Church in South India.

Now we have about fourteen congregations and six preaching points in South India. Nine chapels are completed, and two chapels are under construction. We need to buy land and build chapels in other places. We are getting calls from other states where, Lord willing, we desire to expand our work in 1980, to win as many souls as possible while it is day. I request the special prayers, attention, and cooperation of the saints in America toward our many urgent needs in South India.

Your Brother in the Lord's service,

—John Varghese

Long Trip to South India

I left Shawnee, Okla., on Dec. 7, 1979, by bus on the first leg of my trip to India, which was to take me halfway around the world. I arrived in California the next afternoon where I visited friends and stayed with my family until Dec. 29, which was my flying day. I spent Dec. 22 and 23 at the Assembly Meeting in Pacoima, attending a few services. I had a nice and quiet day with my daughter Barbara and some of the family on Christmas. But the day after Christmas I took down with the flu and I was very sick. I coughed until my throat was sore, and my chest rattled. I would have liked to have postponed my trip a few days until I felt better, but that would have been hard to do on such a long-range flight, so by Saturday morning I was up and packed. Barbara took me to the airport in Englewood.

Shortly after noon we took off on a 747 S.P. plane, set for a distance of 5,615 miles non-stop to Tokyo, with a flying time of ten hours and thirty-five minutes. We rode with the sun all day; it never did set as long as we went west. We arrived in Tokyo, Japan, about 5:30 p.m. on Dec. 30th (their time). I changed planes in Tokyo which was easy; same flight, just another plane. Then four hours and twenty-six minutes to Hong Kong, China; two hours and twenty minutes to Bangkok, Thailand; three hours and thirty-two minutes to Bombay, India. There was about an hour and fifteen minutes between stops. I arrived in Bombay at 4:10 a.m., Dec. 31st (their

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time). I have never been able to figure out the time changes. We actually flew about twenty-one hours, and there was about four hours in stops to add to that. Also, there was an international dateline involved which took a day, but I have not been able to make the times come out right.

The Customs checking and inspection in Bombay were easy. I only had to open my smaller plane bag to show my tape recorder. I was tired and sick when I stepped off the Pan American plane, and the door was closed to home. I was in a strange land. I had an eight-hour wait before the plane was ready to take off for Trivandrum, and then a short two hours before our arrival there. The time passed rather quickly as I tried to sleep sitting straight up. I was so relieved when I stepped off the plane in Trivandrum, and I saw Bro. John and Sis. Sara Varghese and their two children, Biju and Ruby, waiting for me. I am sure had they not been there to meet me I would have had a good cry. His brother Matthew and the driver, Joy, were at the car waiting for us. It didn't take long to get my bags and we were soon on the way to Karikkom in their little Fiat car. It was hardly big enough for all of me and mine, but we all squeezed in and were on our way with some fifty miles to go.

The trip from Trivandrum to Karikkom was unforgettable. I was not disappointed nor surprised in anything about the appearance of things in India. Everything was as I had imagined it to be, even the hot, heavy air. People in India drive on the left-hand side of the road, and they do a lot of the driving with the horn of their cars. I am sure that is the first part of a car that wears out because they use it so much. I was sure we would hit everything we met, but we escaped with no accidents.

There were herds of cattle, and ox-carts loaded with wares, beautiful brown-skinned and black-skinned women dressed in the

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Indian sari or long skirts and blouses, men attired in shirts and lunkis, most of the people barefoot, but some in sandals; men and women carrying huge loads of wares on their heads; chickens, hogs, oxen, and cows running loose; fully loaded buses, and screeching horns on brightly-flowered and colorful trucks are all fully persuaded that they had better move over and give way to the driver honking the horn. Many heads turned to see the white Madama, some stared, but as I smiled at them, they smiled back.

We passed red brick homes, plastered homes, mud homes; tiled roofs, thatch roofs, very little and worn out roofs. Some were just semblances of homes with no windows or doors. Fresh-washed clothing, beaten on a rock for cleaning, were strung on bushes or on the ground for drying.

We passed banana groves, coconut groves, pineapple groves, rubber tree groves, fields of tapioca, cashew nut trees, jack fruit trees, and miles and miles of rice paddies with the little low wall as a divider.

Most every dwelling place, no matter how humble, has a wall on the street side. It may be made of mud, some plastered with cow dung as a finish, tile, cement, stone, or some of palm leaves. Politicians write over them. You can tell their mark by the drawing of a man's hand. The Communists paint their emblem, the sickle and the hammer on them; and show houses advertise by plastering their pictures on them. It looks really bad, just like some of our billboards in America. Almost every dwelling place has a very nice looking, and quite often a very fancy and colorful, wrought iron gate. All this and more passed before my eyes as we journeyed toward Karikkom.

The State roads that go through Kerala State are black-top roads, and they accommodate two-way traffic; but most of the roads are very rough and winding, which takes longer to get where you

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want to go. In a little less than two hours we arrived at the John Varghese home, built within the Varghese compound. The rest of the household, and those living within the compound, and neighbors were all gathered to greet me, to see the white Madama. There was much looking, as many had never seen a white woman; and hand-shaking, as that was the only language that we could all speak one with the other.

I was soon settled in Bro. John's study, which was my bedroom and the room that was to be my private retreat during my stay in India. I hadn't been there very long, and I was thirsty, so I went out into the hall to see if I could get a glass of water. The hall was full of children, and one little bright-eyed fellow darted out of the crowd, grabbed my glass, and took off. Neither the kitchen or the well was very far away. But we waited and waited, and the little boy never came back with the water. Sister Sara got me some and everything was all right. The little one finally realized what he was really doing, getting water for Madama, and it was too much for him, so he left. Beryamin is one of my many little friends now.

I slept on a twin-sized India bed, with two lightweight cotton mattresses under me, (no box spring or inner spring mattresses) covered with a bedspread. All the time I was there I never had a sheet or blanket over me. My old raincoat was at the head of the bed, and if it got cool toward morning, I would pull that down over me.

I had a nice desk at which to work and a good chair. I had it better than Elisha, as I had an electric light to see by, and I had one thing more than he had—I had a fan which I really did appreciate. I tried not to use it too much, as I realized it was an added expense.

For almost three days I was a very miserable person. I was sick, weak, and trembly. I was so far away from home, the food was very different, and I was a little fearful to eat it. I really felt I could not

stay another day in India. I just had to get a plane and come home. I talked to Bro. John about it, and he assured me this was a natural reaction to the trip, and that within a few days I would be better. On Jan. 3rd, the day the General Convention started, Bro. John and two of the brother ministers prayed for me, and I prayed for myself. From that time I was healed, and I started to prosper in my body, and I have prospered ever since.

The Varghese Compound

The compound is the property that belongs to the Varghese family. It is surrounded by a mud wall, and contains five acres of land planted mainly in coconut, banana, jack fruit trees, papaya, mango, tapioca, and rice. The property belonged to Bro. John's parents, and when the father died several years ago in 1968, it was left to his wife, Chinnamma, who in turn equally divided it among their eight children. There are five boys: Matthew, Jacob, Samuel, John, and Phillip; and three girls: Mary Kutty, Annamma, and Molly. The brothers bought the sisters' share of the estate, so each brother owns one acre of land. Only three brothers are living within the compound at the present time: Brother Matthew and his wife Leelamma, and their two girls, Sunu and Annu. He is the principal of the Bethel Parallel College there in Karikkom. Brother Samuel and his wife, Ponnamma, and their two children, Regi and Beena. He is a farmer. And John and his wife Sara and their two children, Biju and Ruby. Bro. John is over the Church of God work there in South India. The brother Jacob lives in Karuvatta and is a bank manager. The youngest brother Phillip is working in Arabia at the present time as a welder. Being the youngest in the family he inherited the home of his parents. While he is away working, a young government school teacher, Nithyanandan and his wife Kuttiyamma, and their baby boy, Manu are living in his home. I

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understand Phillip is coming home soon, and they will be moving to other quarters.

I stayed within the compound and never went out except when someone was watching me or escorting me. The children all played within the compound, and you can know there were few dull moments.

Just next door west of Brother John's home is a government school, and it is very noisy during school hours. If the school children would see me in the yard, up the hill they would come, and they wouldn't leave until I went inside and closed the door. I took a sketching pad with me, and if I would step outside to sketch something, I had an audience. When we stayed at home evenings, I often sang choruses in English with the children, and they learned quickly.

The Varghese Household

The Varghese household is composed of Bro. John and his wife Sara, and their two children: Biju, a son who is eight years old, and Ruby, a little girl who is four years old. Bro. John's two nieces, Shinny and Shirley, live there and go to school, but they go back to their mother, Mary Kutty, before the monsoon rains come. Bro. John's mother, Chinnamma, lives there in the home while her son Phillip is away. When he and his wife return from Arabia, she will make her home with them in the old home place. Chellappan (Thomas) and Sarada are both young servants who live in the Varghese home.

These nine are regular sleepers and workers there in the home, but there are many who visit there, coming and going. Except for the times Bro. John is in meetings, he is faithfully there with his flock. Early and late the doorbell rings, and he is about his Father's

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business. If I needed him for anything, he was easy to find, and he was right there at my door. He is not only reaching out into new fields, but he is faithful to the flock God has already given him. I could never have made it there if it hadn't been for him. Except for two or three messages, he interpreted all others, which totaled thirty-two messages. He brought home cookies, corn flakes, Indian ice cream, cashew nuts, and many things just because he knew that I liked them. I appreciate this good brother and every effort he made to make my stay in India pleasant.

Sis. Sara is a quiet person. She seems tireless, getting up sometimes as early as 5:30 in the morning seeing to her household. Surely she is given the patience which is of great spiritual worth. The only problem we ever had was over food. She wanted me to eat too much. I had to turn some things back or I would have overeaten. In time I found out she could understand some English. She was just shy in expressing herself. We could make each other understand pretty much what we were saying. She was always concerned to make me new dishes and things to eat.

The children, Biju, Ruby, Shinny, and Shirley, go to a school where English is taught. All children in the school wear uniforms. Blue pants and white shirts for the boys, and blue skirts and white blouses for the girls. Biju also has a private teacher who comes to the home to teach him English.

Chinnamma took very ill while I was there. She had chills, and was sick in her stomach, accompanied by leg cramps and a high fever. In response to prayer and faith in God, the chills left her, and her stomach settled down. The leg cramps and the fever left last. She is well today, up and going. She is about a year older than I am. She is a blessing in the home, the widow of a valiant soldier of the cross.

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They will miss her when she goes to live with Phillip, but I feel the pathway between the homes will be worn a little thinner.

Chellappan (Thomas) was eight years old when he came under the shelter of the Varghese family. When Bro. George Hammond visited there in 1974, he gave the name of Thomas to Chellappan, and he answers to both names. He is 18 years old now and very handy with all outside work. He cares for the three cows, and ducks, chickens, and rabbits. He helped deliver the bull calf that was born in January. He knew just what to do to bring the mother and little one through. He plays with the calf as if he were a child, and the affection they have for one another is beautiful to behold. He works in the fields and carries great loads on his head. He can climb the highest coconut tree and bring the coconuts down. He is truly a remarkable and trustworthy young man. He sees his parents often, as they work in the fields there, and he is one of seven living children. We desire that he give his heart to the Lord.

Sarada has not been in the Varghese home long. She is 18 years old also. She helps Sis. Sara in the home, particularly in the kitchen. She brings in the stove wood on her head, does the more menial work in the kitchen, does the washing of clothes, soaping them good, then beating them over a rock until they are clean. She is very shy, but when I have been able to draw her up close to me, she clings to me like she doesn't want to turn me loose. We desire to see her saved, too.

Then there are two other young men who don't live in the household, but they play a very important part in the household, particularly for Bro. John.

Bro. John Samuel is 23 years old. He lives with his parents and three sisters here in Karikkom. He is a teacher of science at the Bethel Parallel College. He is a talented singer, and has for some

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time now been working along with Bro. John Varghese in the handling of the Word. He is a beautiful young brother, and is definitely good preacher material. He drops around often in the evenings to visit with Bro. John, and I have very much appreciated his visits, too. The two Johns work well together. His father C. M. Samuel, is pastor of the new work at Nadukkunnu, about three miles from Karikkom.

This household is affected much by one other young man, Joy. He is the young man who fights the traffic for Bro. John at the wheel of the car. He was driving when they picked me up at Trivandrum. He is the one who drove us all around, north and south, to the different conventions. He takes the children to school every day and then they walk home. He is always on call. He was always sure that I was locked in the car safely. He was the one who used Bro. John's car to take an expectant mother to the hospital in the middle of the night while I was there. He is clean and nice to be around, but he needs to be saved. I am sure he will be, as he has been exposed to much of the Gospel.

An Indian Kitchen

One big mistake I made when I started on this trip was not to take enough flash bulbs for indoor picture-taking. And I couldn't buy them in India. But I did sketch Sis. Sara's domain, her kitchen. The floor is unpainted cement. All of the better homes have cement floors. Many just have dirt floors, and some have the dirt floors painted with cow dung for a hard surface. Her stove is built in, and is of cement also. There is no running water in the house. Every bit of water for the kitchen, for bathing, and for the animals is drawn from their well. And it is really good water. I took tablets with me to purify the water in other places we were to go, but I never used

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one of them. The water was good every place we went. The only outlet for draining is at the outside edge of the counters, where perhaps 1 1/2-inch circles are cut out of the cement walls to drain the water off. The cooking utensils are huge, medium, and small roundshaped pots. They use large amounts of rice, particularly in harvest and when large groups of people are around; so they need the huge pots. They use cleavers for paring knives, and for breaking up coconuts and hard-shelled foods.

It was not an uncommon thing for me to walk into the kitchen and see Chinnamma, and Sarada, and maybe Sis. Sara herself, sitting on the floor, breaking up a jack fruit. Always they got to their feet quickly when they saw me, but as soon as my back was turned, they went back to their work.

The jack fruit tree grows tall, and is a good shade tree. The fruit is yellowish and bumpy-looking on the outside, and when the outside coat is dry, it can be burned. The fruit is full of white bean-like seeds about two inches long. The seeds are encased in a deep cream-colored flesh, which the natives cook and eat. It tastes very much like our potato. The natives get tired of it, for it is such a common food. We passed a tree close to the road one day, and there was a huge jack fruit hanging right there very much exposed to the public. I commented that it was odd that no one had stolen it. Bro. John said that they were so common and plentiful that no one would bother to steal one of them. Some natives use the beans in cooking. The other fibrous pulp inside of the fruit is good cow food. So the whole fruit is usable in one way or another.

Again I might hear a pounding sound coming from the kitchen, and I would go to see what it was, and I would find Sarada digging the coconut out of a shell with a little sharp flat tool attached to a board that she was sitting on. When she gets all of the coconut

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chipped out, the coconut chips go onto a flat stone where it is rolled and rolled with a rolling pinlike stone until it is very fine like paste. This coconut is used in most all of the foods they eat.

All vegetables, string beans, cabbage, carrots, beets, and cucumbers are cut very finely. The coconut is added, also some red or green hot peppers if desired. All are put into a pan with a little coconut oil, and cooked, not too much, similar to frying. The vegetables are very good fixed this way.

Eggs, coconut, chopped onions, chopped red and green peppers scrambled together make a delicious dish for any meal. Bread and cake are also made out of coconut. They can't go to the supermarket and buy all the different kinds of shortening and oils that we can, so their one cooking shortening is coconut oil, which is pressed out of coconut. It is really good tasting.

If I heard a thump, thump, thump sound coming from the kitchen, it could be Challappan's mother, sitting on the floor, winnowing the rice. They use a flat grass tray about 15" square by 2". They put a little rice in the tray, and shake it with a certain motion up and down. Someone that knows what he is doing will leave a little pile of chaff on the floor outside of the basket; and I believe it was Challappan's mother who shook out three sizes of rice.

Rice is the main food of the people there. Bro. John raises his own, and I was privileged to follow the harvest of the rice all the way through. The grass and the rice come from the field together, carried on the heads of the workers. After it dries for a few days, it is either beaten out by hand or walked out. The grass, when dried, is stacked high for cow food. The rice is then dried until the rice and the chaff are ready to separate one from the other. Then the chaff is shaken off, and the rice is ready to use or to store.

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The laborers that work in the rice fields are paid with rice. They receive one part of rice for every seven parts harvested. The common laborer works for one dollar a day and a meal, or for \$1.50 a day and no meal.

Following are a few of the ways that their greatest commodity, which is rice, can be made up into delicious foods:

Rice flour, coconut, juice, and salt mixed together to the consistency of pancake batter, and fried in coconut oil, are delicious served with honey or jam; or the pancake can be folded up like a taco, with sweetened coconut put inside.

Put is made of rice flour, coconut, salt and water mixed together, not too thin, put into a press-type aluminum double boiler, and steamed until done. Personally, I like a little sugar in them. Serve plain, or good served with pineapple.

They make a jelly roll type of cake out of rice flour, coconut, salt, and water. A shallow flat pan is lined with banana leaves, and the batter is poured into it. Steam baked on top of the stove until done. Roll up with sweetened coconut inside. (There are no ovens there.)

Rice flour, coconut meat, sugar, and salt combined, and rolled into round balls, then rolled in sugar make a delicious uncooked cookie.

Achappam is a delicate cookie. Rice or corn flour may be used. Eggs, sugar, and coconut milk (not juice). Coconut milk is pressed out of the coconut meat. The juice is the water inside of the coconut. There are forms to cut these out with. Sis. Sara made some of these cookies to take home with me, and I saw how she made them. Use milk if coconut milk is not available.

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Pancakes can be made of corn flour, too, and served the same ways that the rice flour pancakes are served. Also, the corn pancake can be fried in coconut oil until it puffs up, and resembles the texture of the potato chip we have in the U. S.

A pudding is made out of koova root powder, and water. Two or three tablespoons of the powder in a cup of water, with sugar and a little salt, cooked until thickened is very good.

These recipes have all been made very economically with water, but in our land of plenty, by changing the recipes around a little, they could be made to fit the American appetite.

Bro. and Sis. Varghese are planning to be in the campmeetings in the U. S. this year, and she can personally tell you more about these recipes if you are interested in working with them.

Chicken, duck, rabbit, and fish are the meats eaten here. No beef, and mostly fish is served. Red and black pepper, salt, chopped up onions are put with the fish and are then fried in coconut oil.

Since they use an enormous amount of rice, they need something to put over it to give it flavor. A fish gravy is made to accompany the rice.

Coconut, coriander seed, red and green peppers (hot), and salt are put on the flat rock and rolled until they become a paste. This is added to fish, cut in small pieces, water, and tomatoes cut up. This is cooked down and served over the rice. Other gravies may be used.

Before I leave the kitchen and move to the dining room, I should like to relate one more thing. Several of us were in the kitchen one morning, and I noticed a hen anxiously look through the open kitchen door. She did this several times, and I said to her, "Come on in, we are all in here." I learned that the hen likes to lay her daily

egg under the kitchen stove. This morning Sis. Sara had to catch her and put her under the stove with a basket over her, but usually she comes in by herself, lays her egg, and leaves the kitchen singing.

Indian Dining

They serve plain, cooked rice individually in large bowls or large round pans. They are stainless like our round cake pans. They must be big enough to hold at least a quart of cooked rice. The fish gravy is spread over it. Then whatever other vegetable or food is served is dipped from pans or bowls.

If they are serving just a few, they sit at the table, but if they are serving many, they cut up banana leaves into large squares, and serve the people on the floor. They serve the rice in the center of the leaf, and other things are placed on the banana leaf along the top edge.

They all eat with the fingers of one hand, mixing the rice with the other foods served. I have never tried to eat with my fingers as they do, but I surprised myself when I thought of the numerous foods we Americans do eat with our fingers, and think nothing about it. I plan to try to eat this way once before I return home, and I am sure I will have a laughing audience, and pictures will be taken.

Sis. Sara always takes a fork, knife, and spoon with us wherever we go so that I will have something to eat with. I was always served first, and usually at a separate table. Finally, after so long a time the curiosity created over the different modes of eating subsided, and everyone was more at ease with their eating.

What do the finger-eaters do with greasy fingers? They all go out to the well and wash their hands from a bucket of clean water, not in it.

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When the brothers prayed for me and the Lord touched my body, I started to prosper in every way. I had had a sore spot in my throat for some time and God took it away. The fear of food that would make me sick left me, and I started to eat everything, even fresh pineapple, coconut, and all of their vegetables. Their vegetables are bought in town.

I took new courage in my soul. God prepared my body and soul for the work ahead. The general convention and the local conventions were upon us.

General Convention Report

Jan. 2 to 6. 1980, at Karikkom

The day before the convention started, the ministers and others started to gather in; at different times I could hear the loudspeaker announcing the coming meeting from the general convention grounds, located about two long blocks from Bro. John's home. When the time came, we all walked to the convention.

I soon found myself making my way to the front, and finally seated behind a table with Bro. John to my left. We were in line with a whole row of chairs that the ministers filled. They were all dressed in white, long-sleeved shirts, no ties, and in mundus—the long white wrap-around skirt that the ministers wear here. Bro. John was dressed in pants, a long-sleeved white shirt, no tie, with sandals on his feet.

People had already gathered, and were singing and clapping their hands, accompanied by a drum and a tambourine, and in singing in the Malayalam language. I have some of their songs on tape. They are pleasant and easy to listen to, and I enjoyed them although I couldn't understand a word. I have never been so led of the Holy Spirit before in services, as I have been here. He is the only One I have to count on, not knowing the people and the language. The young people sang special songs during the services.

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It was an outside meeting. The men sat on the right side of the pulpit, and the women sat on the left side. Everyone was barefoot. If the ministers came with sandals on, they were removed and put under their chairs until after the meeting. Mothers don't diaper their babies, and as they are breast-fed, it is a common thing to see nursing mothers and naked babies. The mothers were very modest in this, keeping themselves well covered. Everyone was seated on palm leaves. We had electric lights.

Bro. John opened the convention with general greetings, and welcomed me to India. "Madama" had already been seen, and I received many broad smiles as I smiled back at them. There were several prayers in Malayalam, some special singing, and an offering was taken in the middle of the service between messages. A young man converted from the Moslem faith gave his testimony first, then a young brother brought a message, "Let us go over to the Other Side." I couldn't understand a word that was spoken, but by the Spirit and the demonstrations going on around me, I knew it was all right.

There was no plea made to sinners the first night. We were out by 10:00 p.m., and after a light supper I went to bed. But for a long time the home was teeming with happy people getting their supper of rice before settling down for the night.

The general pattern of the procedures of the first night was followed throughout the five-day convention. Two or three ministers preached every evening. Bro. Mathunni from Trichur in North Kerala preached several times. The converted Communist, Kirshhnankutty, preached once. I met him at Bro. John's home before the service. A brother P.K. Sam drove about forty miles to be with us for one service. After his message, about fifteen hands were raised for prayer and four came forward for prayer. Some of this

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brother's message is on tape. He had another brother preach with him. It was as a preacher with an echo. The people enjoyed it. One brother, Dr. Pushparaf, drove three hundred miles to be in the convention. He preached the last three messages. He taught the people a new chorus about Zacchaeus, which caught on quickly. The people really enjoyed his ministry and many raised their hands for prayer after his messages. The last night everyone was touched and stood for prayer. Several of the ministers prayed. Some were prayed for for healing during this service. With Bro. Mathunni interpreting, I was able to bring one evening message, and a morning message. I had two morning Bible study services and one afternoon sisters' meeting with Bro. John interpreting. It was a very busy five days and everyone was ready to rest for a few days before the local conventions started.

The sisters' meeting was well attended. There were even some of the brothers present. Bro. John interpreted. After reading some of the Scriptures concerning women and their duties and behavior, we got into questions and answers. They were curious about the hair net I wore. When I explained that it kept my hair in place, they all agreed that it was all right. They do not wear shoes and stockings here. Even the little children had to do a lot of feeling and pinching when they discovered that I had hose on and my legs were not bare as were their own. We talked about the sari dress that most of the women in India wear. It is a beautiful piece of material six yards long, and wrapped about the body to make a dress. If worn with a long sleeved blouse, and it is long enough through the bodice, a woman is very well covered; but if the blouse is short-sleeved and it's not long enough in the bodice, the stomach, back, and lower arms are exposed. Some of the little girls' dresses were too short, and I suggested that when new ones were made that they be made longer. This little meeting went to several of the local congregations via

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Bro. John. Everyone was amused at Bro. John's going through the motions of inadequate material in their blouses and the short dresses on the little girls. My thoughts were not to be critical, but to instruct in a more modest way to dress.

The last (Sunday) morning of the General Convention, there was a baptismal service. It was at 8:30 that morning. There was no room in the chapel for me for the preaching service, but I was able to take pictures of everyone that was baptized. Fifteen plunged beneath the water in the baptistery in the back yard of Bro. John's home. The baptistery was filled with water from Bro. Matthew's well, which is located at a higher elevation than Bro. John's.

Then about 4:30 in the afternoon we all went to the convention grounds to attend a special Sunday school program. The children sang specials, quoted Scriptures and readings. Then little gifts of drinking glasses and cereal bowls were given out. Not all of the local conventions had the Sunday school programs; and there was just the one baptismal service here at Karikkom.

After services throughout my stay in India, I went out among the people shaking hands with all of them. Believers, Hindus, and Catholics were all eager to meet me. Mothers would put the hands of their sleeping children into mine, so that they could say Madama had shaken hands with them. One young sister almost fainted when she saw me, and said, "Oh, she is so white!" In all of my life I have never received so much friendly attention from a group of people, and I know I shall probably never again. What it has done for me is to break my heart for lost souls in India. They are beautiful, underprivileged, curious, eager souls; all precious in God's sight, and they need to know Him.

There were three local conventions in towns located close enough to Karikkom that we could drive back and forth each night.

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The first one was at Vilayanthur, where Bro. and Sis. Russell pastor. This is the place that Bro. Richard Madden and the saints at Sapulpa, Okla., financed. There is a good church house and living quarters for the pastor and his family. It was an outside meeting, no lights (electric). They had their own electricity by battery for the loud speaker equipment. It was a well-attended meeting, and about fifteen raised their hands for prayer, but there was no altar work.

The second one was at Kalayepuram, pastored by A.M. Varghese, who is not related to Bro. John. This is a small congregation, but lively. We had just one preaching service inside the church house. They had no loud speaker system to announce the meeting, so it was just a meeting of home folks. Thirty-five sat down to a supper of rice after this service.

The third meeting was at Anayam, pastored by C.J. Varghese, who is not related to Bro. John. A loud speaker called the people out, and it was an outside meeting. Many came in response to the gospel singing over the air. Many were prayed for in this meeting.

Between two of these meetings, Bro. John was asked by an unsaved woman to hold a night meeting at her home. Koottarvila is inaccessible by car. It is about four miles from Karikkom, and a very likely place for a work, for the people are there. Bro. John decided to go, and he hired a panel truck and a driver to take some of us in for the meeting. But the truck couldn't make it, and we wound up walking in. It was a rough and rocky incline, but we made it fine. Her yard was spacious. Mats and palm leaves were put down on the ground for the people to sit on. Lamps were put around and it wasn't long before the place was full of people, and the walls were lined with them. This was a very good meeting. Many Hindus and Catholics came to hear the Gospel preached. A number of hands

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were raised for prayer. I was very much impressed with the meeting. A new work will be started here in the near future.

A Brother Johannan and his wife walk that four miles every Sunday to be in services here in Karikkom, and others come on occasion. Since the night meeting, they have found another road that will take a car up to within about one-fourth mile of the place. The Brother and his wife have offered to sell a plot of ground on which to build a church house. The people in the community are asking for a three-day convention yet this year. Bro. John set a date for the end of February, but it conflicted with another church meeting in the community, so it has been put off until around the middle of March. This will be after I leave India.

On February 17 when we returned from a service at Thrikkannamangal, where a young Brother D. Matthew is pastor, we found that Bro. Johannan had escorted a party of fifteen down the mountain for services here. Some were young mothers with little babies in their arms. After he escorted them all up the mountain to their homes, he returned with three brothers for the service here Sunday night. The four brothers walked home after the service, making sixteen miles of up and down walking in one day to hear the Gospel preached. God will surely give him some souls in that place.

On Jan. 30 we left for North Kerala for four one-night meetings. We spent the first night at Niranam, where K.P. Samuel is pastor. Sis. Sara's parents live there. We attended prayer meeting with them and spent the night with them. We left the next morning for Trichur, where we were to spend two nights in the home of Mathunni and Shirley, and their family. We spent the fourth night away from home in a Travelers' Bungalow. It is like a hotel, only they don't serve meals. This was in a small town named Chalakudy, close to where we were to have services the next morning at Kodassery, where Bro.

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Baby John is pastor. We came on home after the service in Kodassery Chapel, stopping only long enough to visit Sis. Sara's aunt who lives in Cochin. We arrived home about 11:00 p.m. This was about a 150 mile trip one way.

The mosquitoes were plenteous in North Kerala, but there are none in Karikkom at this time of the year. We saw a number of elephants in the northern part of the state. The Catholics build beautiful church buildings here; all pure white with beautiful pastel colors in the trim. Then out in front of the structure there will be a separate small building like a show case, very beautifully decorated, with a statue of someone inside—Jesus or Mary with the Child, or one of the early saints—all beautifully painted, and all lit up. It is no wonder that people are drawn to their religion by what they see on the outside.

We had hoped the new church building started at Chayppamkuzhy would be finished in time for the convention there, but only the foundation was up. It is situated on a beautiful site, and made out of their red brick. There are banana trees on the property. It is located near several communities. A tall, black-eyed, smiling-faced, young brother, T.P. Varghese, pastors the work, who is no relation to Bro. John. We had the service in the backyard of their home. There was a goodly number out to listen to the preaching of the Word.

The work at Kodassery is the first work of the Church of God in North Kerala State. It is pastored by Bro. Baby John. It has a large membership and is growing. We had two preaching services there, and we prayed for quite a few people. One young man was sanctified, several were saved, and a number were prayed for for healing.

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The works at Urakam and at Kodali, are new works, and they are the only works that do not have chapels in which to worship. A young brother, P.P. Devassy, pastors the work at Urakam. We preached from the front porch of their rented house. It was on a busy through road with noisy traffic constantly. People gathered around to listen, and they listened well, but there was no altar work. Another young brother, V.J. John, pastors the work at Kodali. We preached in the dark from a long narrow porch. Many were gathered around to listen. It is a Catholic community. The message brought was on salvation, and they stayed with us all the way. Plans are in the making to buy a piece of land and to start a place of worship for this work. Within six months they should be off of the front porch in their own church building. [Since I wrote this the land has been purchased on which to build the chapel.]

A new work has been started at Nadukkunnu, about three miles from Karikkom, pastored by C.M. Samuel. There was a three-day convention held there from Feb. 22 to 24, at which time the new church building was dedicated. The church house is beautiful, made of their red brick. It is built with accommodations for the pastor and his family to live right there. The neighborhood is poor, but many people are there, and it is a wonderful field in which to work.

Sixteen ministers came in for the meeting. They are all able ministers and I moved over and let them preach. I brought one message on Saturday, the day of the dedication of the new building, from Joshua 1:1-9. I gave my own personal testimony of salvation on Sunday morning; and a short message and story to the Sunday school children at four in the afternoon.

Morning services were held in the church house, but at night they were held in the front yard. There was a very good attendance; several were prayed for for salvation and quite a few for healing.

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Meals were served to everyone. About 250 were served at noon on Saturday. Bro. John furnished the rice from his own paddy. I know some of them probably have never had a full stomach before.

This meeting concludes the local conventions, except for the one at Koottarvilla, which will convene in March. There are two other small works: one at Avoor, pastored by P. Matthew; and Sreekaryam, pastored by P.C. Kurian. These were not able to have conventions.

I am happy I could bring this report of the general and local conventions of the Church of God in South India to the saints in America.

Chencody in Kanya Kumari District

Feb. 7 and 8, 1980

We had opportunity to rest for three days before making the trip to Chencody in the state of Tamilnuda. It is south and east of Kerala State. It used to be in Kerala State, so the Malayalam language is much understood, but the State language is Tamil.

We were invited for a two-night meeting by Bro. James Ronald. I gather that it is an independent work with contacts in the United States and in England. He does correspond with Sis. Faith Embly. He has preached here in the general convention in years past.

We were made most welcome and had perfect liberty in the handling of the Word. The meeting was held in the front yard of his very nice, new home. Loud speakers were used to announce the meeting, and many people came to hear the Gospel preached. I preached first on both nights, with Bro. John interpreting; then Bro. John preached in Malayalam and the Brother changed it over into Tamil for the people. After the service was over, his large living room was packed with people seeking the Lord. I never prayed for so many people in a meeting before. And it was real! I felt the meeting was very profitable spiritually, and I was glad for the privilege of bringing two messages to this people, one on salvation and the other on sanctification.

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On the second morning, Bro. Ronald and his family took us down to the coast to Cape Comorin (Kanya Kumari), the place where three bodies of water meet: the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal, and the Arabian Sea. We arrived early so we could see the sun rise at this point. It was surely a beautiful sight as the sun came up over the big rock, lining the clouds with gold.

We saw people in and out of the water praying to the sun; and people going into a Hindu Temple on the beach to show their respect to their god. There were little pockets in the rocks along the beach that water splashed into, and people came to bathe in them believing there was purifying virtue in the water. Cows, oxen, pigs, and chickens ran loose everywhere. We shopped some in their little shops there on the beach. It was a trip I was glad to take and one I shall never forget.

On Saturday morning we started home, a distance of over one hundred miles. We stopped in Trivandrum to check on my flight home, and we visited the zoo there. I took many pictures, and by the time we arrived home we were glad to be there, for we were all tired.

On February 14, Bro. John and I were invited to attend a prayer meeting at a college in Panaveli, which had a very young Hindu principal. The Bethel Parallel College here in Karikkom, with Bro. Matthew as principal, worked along with them in this three hour long service.

Bro. John brought the Bible study with time for questions and answers; and I brought the message from 1 Tim. 4:12-16. The study and the message worked together. I saw much conviction and hunger on the faces of many of the students, and even on the faces of some of the teachers and the young Hindu principal. Possibly there were 150 students gathered to hear the Word that morning. The young principal was heard to say that he was happy to have a white

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Madama speak at his college. Later in the day, he and several of the teachers came to see Bro. John. Our Bro. John is gradually, step by step, breaking down walls of many faiths in the hearts of the people here in India. Refreshments were served to us, and I went away from there happy to have had the chance to speak from the Word to so many young people.

Regular Services at Karikkom, The Home Church

The home church house at Karikkom was built in 1965, soon after Bro. Cecil Carver made his trip to India, and before Bro. John's father passed away in 1968.

Sunday School Services

Sunday school services are from 8:30 to 10:00 in the morning. The boys and girls sit separately in the opening and closing service, but in the classes they study together. To open with, they sing several songs, have prayer and responsive reading, then they go to their classes. There are seven classes and each class has a teacher. Five of the classes meet in the main church room, and two meet in side rooms. They are in their classes for about a half hour, then they assemble for the closing part of the service.

In the one full service I was in, I brought a few thoughts on "Be sure your sins will find you out." Then the song, "Be careful ears, eyes, nose, hands, and feet" was sung. Bro. John usually talks to the children.

Their offerings were little packages of rice done up in newspaper. About a small handful in each package, three cashew nuts, two coins, and a bottle of milk. I cried. Bro. John prayed, and

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the service was dismissed. Adults do not attend Sunday school. It is just for children.

Church Services

Both the church services and the Sunday school services are announced by the beating of the drum. The church service starts at 10:30. All of the people sit on the floor on mats. The men sit on one side and the women on the other. Sandals are left at the door if they are worn, and they are picked up when service is over. Songs are sung accompanied by the drum and a tambourine and the clapping of hands. The service is completely conducted in Malayalam.

After a good season of prayer, by both brothers and sisters, the service is turned over to testimonies until everyone is satisfied. An offering is taken up, then they have a message from the Word.

Brother John wears the native white, long-sleeved shirt and mundu when he is at his home congregation. He wears sandals to the service, but they are removed while in the service. He sits on the floor with his people, but in front of them. Sometimes the services will last until one o'clock or later.

Bible Study

They have a Bible study on Thursday evenings at eight o'clock. They sing and pray and have some of the Word. This service isn't too long. Then Friday is a day of prayer and fasting. There is a service in the chapel which is over by noon.

Ordinance Services

The last Sunday evening before I left for home on Thursday, they had an Ordinance Service, so that I could participate in it with

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them. It was taken very seriously. There were about fifty gathered together, but everyone who was to participate in the service had to first stand and testify that they were ready. Children were not accepted as qualified. This procedure would surely help to eliminate people who would try to participate unworthily. There were twelve sisters and eight brothers who partook of the services.

It was conducted as it is done in the United States. The sisters withdrew themselves to another room. They sang and embraced one another, but there was much more embracing done after the service was all over.

Bro. John conducted the services, and several of their ministers administered the Lord's Supper. It was all conducted in the Malayalam language. They have some special songs that they use during the services.

To give the service a perfect ending, Chellappan, the young man who works for Bro. John, gave his heart to the Lord. This was a special blessing to my soul, for from the time I arrived there this had been my desire that Chellappan would get saved.

The next night (Monday) Sarada, the girl that helps Sis. Sara in the kitchen, gave her heart to the Lord. This was another prayer answered.

Even this morning, as my visit is fast coming to a close, I am asking the Lord that everything be accomplished that should be before I leave here. I may not pass this way again, and I surely want to leave here with the assurance in my heart that I have fulfilled the perfect will of God for me while here.

Urgent Needs on the Field

I have given you a true, but only a bird's eye view of the Church of God work in Kerala State, South India, under the leadership of Bro. John Varghese. I can thankfully say that the saints in the United States have rallied to the cause of God in India, but there is a great need for some real sacrificial giving that the work of God may go forward while we have time to give.

It is good to share with others what God has so bountifully supplied us with here at home, but Jesus did not commend the Pharisee for what he gave of his plenty; he commended the little widow who gave all that she had, two mites. Great spiritual joy and contentment come from self-sacrifice, self-denial, and the knowledge that we have done our best.

I read once of a very humble, spiritual brother who liked to treat his wife to an ice cream cone once in a while. When he did so, he thought of the needy world and the privations of many; and for every cent he spent on ice cream he put a like amount away for missions.

I am challenging every one of us to a greater spiritual activity of prayer and giving than we have ever done before. There was a Kerala State Election held one day when I was there and several Communists gained seats in high places of government. The sickle and hammer are evident everywhere in demonstrations, and with paintings on walls and buildings. There could come a time, and very

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soon, when the door to India will be closed from outside help. They need our help now, as they are a poor people. May the Lord help us with a real spiritual vision of the needs in India, and then give us a mind to do something about them.

There are several very urgent needs in the work in India right now.

No. 1—The only car they have in all of this scattered work is the little Fiat car Bro. John owns, a used vehicle purchased by the saints several years ago when Bro. Hammond was over there. They can take nine little people at the most in it. By the time the family and the driver get into it, there isn't much room left for others. And then it isn't comfortable driving. They need a heavy duty bus or van that can carry twenty people over rugged roads to the different preaching places. This has been a need for some time, and is a great need right now!

No. 2—They need funds to finish the building started on their General Convention grounds here in Karikkom. The walls of the building are up, and the kitchen is finished, but the roof is needed on the rest of the building, and the finishing work needs to be done. Cement is highly priced, but it is cheaper than wood, so it is necessary for the roof to be of cement.

At present, the Bethel Parallel College building is on the grounds, but they are needing a Bible Training Center where young people can be taught the true Bible doctrines of the Church of God. If the General Convention building can be completed, it could also be used for the Bible Training Center.

No. 3—There is an urgent need for a church building at Koottarvila. There are many people in the vicinity, and they are giving the Macedonian call, "Come over and help us." A plot of

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ground has been offered for sale to construct the building on, by a brother and sister in the congregation here in Karikkom, but who live at Koottarvila.

No. 4—One of our native evangelists, Iyyakutty, living at Athani in North Kerala, has a nice group of saints gathered together with no place in which to hold worship services. They are needing a place in which to assemble.

The church buildings they build here are of their own red bricks. They measure 20' x 40'. There are four or five windows and one door in the room. The floors are either of cement or cow dung over hard-packed mud. The roof is of red tile.

A parsonage, including four rooms of 12' x 12' each, and the land on which to build it, all costs about two thousand dollars. Both the church building and the parsonage are made of the same red brick and tiled roof, with either cement or cow-dunged floors.

To us Americans who are used to so much, and the best, this is a very small investment for souls on the mission field.

No. 5—There might be some of the saints in America that don't know there is a Faith Publishing House in India, right here in Karikkom. I can hear the press in operation from my room. The equipment is old, but it is putting out a monthly magazine called the Evening Light, in the Malayalam language. Tracts, meeting announcements, and their church song books are all published here. It takes much money to purchase paper, ink, and other supplies to keep this gospel literature going out. It costs about sixty dollars a month to publish the magazine alone. This doesn't take care of the repairs on the machinery, that makes this printing possible. Remember this work in prayer and support. It would be wonderful if they could have a new printing press; and this is not impossible

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with God, as His people have a mind to give. One man, Sivaraman, and two young saint sisters, Podiyamma Samuel, and Annamma Scharia, do all of the work involved in the printing of the Gospel.

No. 6—There is an urgent need for missionary or visiting ministers' quarters in Karikkom, possibly one or two rooms added to Bro. John Varghese's home with suitable furnishings to take care of ministers and gospel workers from the U.S. or other areas who may go to assist in that great mission field.

Besides these urgent needs, there is a constant daily need ever present on the field. The monies that the saints in America contribute to the work in India, if not designated otherwise, are shared with other ministers, as they are giving themselves fully to the ministry, and the people to whom they minister are poor.

Saints in America, let us do our best for the mission work in India, and all around the world. We have so much, and they have so little. Let us go a little farther; let us do a little more.

Yours for India's millions,

—Sister Dorothy Keiser

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Church building at Thrikkannamangal



Church building at Karikkom where Bro. John Varghese is the pastor

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*Bro. Varghese' car at new chapel at Nodukunnu,
about three miles from Karikkom*



Bro. John Varghese is baptizing a young man

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Gandhi Memorial at Cape Comorin, southernmost point in India



College students to whom Sister Keiser spoke

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Ministers at dedication of new chapel at Nodakunni



*Bro. Varghese amid rice paddies, banana palms, coconut palms,
and rubber trees*

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Elephant on the road



Home of Bro. and Sis. Varghese

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*New General Convention building at Karikkom.
It needs a roof and finishing inside*



Bro. Varghese on left, standing with press and printers

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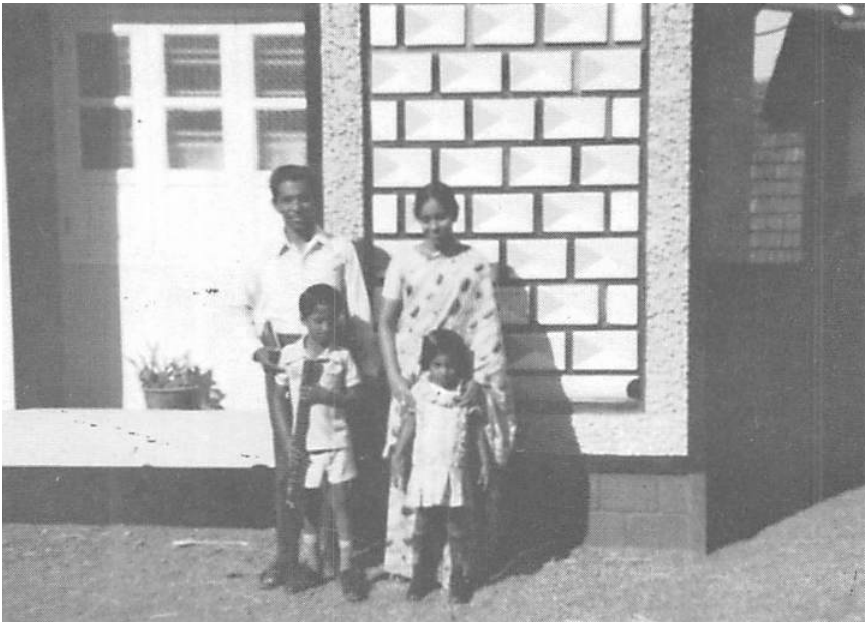


Natives are harvesting rice



Sister Sara Varghese at the water well

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Bro John and Sis. Sara Varghese with their children, Biju and Ruby



Natives bringing in the rice from Bro. Varghese' rice field

