

Sunday (Mailed Nov. 15, 1949)

Ramabia [*sic*], Mukti Mission
Kedgoan, Poona Dist. India.

My dear Bro. Orr, and Radio Friends:

Last week I sent a few lines from Champa where four of our Biola missionaries, Mr & Mrs. Aron Jansen, Mr. & Mrs. Kurt Claasson, and Mr. & Mrs. Duekson [*sic*] are doing a magnificent piece of work for God. Mr. & Mrs Jansen are in Champa proper and the other [*sic*] are laboring about 25 miles in different directions from the city. The Jansens have a lepersorium, and the sights we saw there I shall never forget. Every morning there are so many of these poor afflicted people waiting for God's servant to come and ask of them admission. Some had terrible sores beyond all description that were eating away their toes, legs, hands, and even eyes. The lepers literally prostrated themselves on the ground as they implored [*sic*] the missionary to take them in. As I stood with an aching heart wondering what Mr. Jansen would say, for I knew that the hospital was already overflowing with some 500 patients, he came over and said to me, "Bro. Talbot, here is our heartache, this morning and every morning we have to shake our heads and say, "I'm so sorry, but there is no room." I then asked, "But can't something be done to relieve these poor people of some of the pain and misery". He replied, "Oh yes, we will treat them all but after that we must then send them away. There is no room in the hospital for we are already over crowded, and the great need of the people is daily care, food, and shelter if the disease is to be arrested." Oh, radio friends, please pray for these missionaries that they may have the strength to continue in a service such as this. If the sight of the lepers tugged at my heart-strings until [*sic*] I felt as though I could not take any more of it, what do you think would be

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the strain on the missionary who has had to look upon these sights every day and feel this tug at his heart for 17 years. All these lepers have the Gospel preached to them, and some are very bright Christians. A number of them came to us and asked if we would like to hear them sing? They then put the stumps of their hands together – hands without fingers, and a number had the hands completely eaten away – and they sang, "Thank you Lord for Saving My Soul." We took pictures of this exhibition of the sustaining grace of God manifested in the lives of these poor lepers, so you might see them for Christ said, "Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields." Before leaving Champas we visited Mr.& Mrs. Claasen and Mr. & Mrs. Duerksen and had the privilege of addressing their church congregation and Bible Institute student body. Quite a number of the missionaries have a Bible Institute connected with their work where future native leaders are being trained. We then took a pullman train for Poona. By "pullman" we mean a train that has a rack on either side of the car where one may be able to get some sleep if he has had years of experience to get his body adapted to such sleeping quarters. The missionaries provided us with a few blankets so the journey was a little more restful than our first experience as the "sleeper" which we boarded without any pillow or covering at all. We arrived yesterday afternoon at Poona, after spending two nights and a full day on the train. Needless to say we felt worn out, until we reached our destination and saw Don Hillis on the station ready to roll out the proverbial

“red carpet” of welcome to us. We soon forgot our weariness as we shook hands, embraced to express our gladness of heart that in the providence of God we had been privileged to meet again. It was a good thing that we could forget our weariness for one of the first things Don said was, “Fellows I trust you have a

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little strength left because we have planned for tonight a great Youth for Christ meeting in the heart of this city. I said, “Show me a bathtub first, so I can get the first layer or two of real estate from my body and then we will talk about it. This we did although it took a great deal of soap and energy to *[sic]* accomplish it. The dust and grime was beginning to become a part of our frame. We were taken to the home of Mr. Sing, a converted Hindu and a wonderful servant of God! The Youth meeting was attended by about 600 young people – many Hindus among the number, and I had the privilege of giving a gospel message after Dr. Bauman had given his testimony. At the close some 25 young people made a stand for the Lord. The Youth meetings here in India appeal to me greatly because there is a dignity and reverence associated with the happy informality of the meeting. At the close of the service I left for the Ramabai Mukti Mission located some 30 miles beyond *[sic]* Poona’s city limits, while Dr. Bauman remained in the city for services on the Lord’s day. We have had to double up in this way because we have but two days to give to this section. I arrived at the Mission at about midnight, having been driven there by a number of the missionaries who had come to the city for the Youth Rally. This Ramabai-Mukti Mission with which Carol Terry and three others of our graduates are laboring, is much larger than I had anticipated. It covers an area of 150 acres of land. It was founded by the famous Hindu Christian, Pundita Ramabai, some 60 years ago. It has a special ministry to child widows, illegitimate children, children that parents have cast out, and the blind. This family numbers at 700, ~~beside~~ beside a staff of 16 women, including three Biola graduates, Carol Terry, Virginia Nicholson, and Elizabeth Stone. A fourth Biola graduate, Lillian Doersken, is under appointment and *[sic]* will be coming (D.V.) next year. Carol Terry is supported by the

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Church of the Open Door. Each one of these little girls in the mission has a tragic history, but the complete story of what God has accomplished in their lives through the Gospel will not be fully known until we reach the Glory. The missionaries introduced me to them as they gathered in groups of 20 and 30, on *[sic]* the grass of the compound, listening *[sic]* to a teacher expound God’s Word. My attention was called to a girl about 15 years of age. She had ran away from her husband because he had beaten her unmercifully and had burned her many times *[sic]* until she could stand it no longer. She showed the missionaries the many scars and her lacerated back - in fact her whole body to the story. Her story was this, “I have run away many times before because of his cruel treatment, but usually I ran away to my parent’s home and they would beat me and send me back, telling me that I must suffer the beatings as they did not want to feed and keep me. Please take me into your home and I will work and do whatever you want me to do. Please don’t send me away to my husband or to my parents.” The girl was asked how long she had been married and she replied “I was so very small I don’t remember.” The girl has just been admitted and all here are now praying that while staying here she may soon come to know the light of the

glorious Gospel in her heart, and that her husband may also come to the knowledge of salvation. This man has another wife, and this little girl dreads the thought of ever having to return to the life she had to live. I was shown over the compound this morning and it was touching to see the many groups of little girls not more than three or four years of age that had been brought here because parents had cast them out, or left in some small nearby village to make out as best they could.

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I was shown one girl who was found in a horrible thorn bush— thorns more than an inch long. They are very plentiful here in India. Some of the Mission children were walking along the railroad track and heard a voice, they thought it was a kitten because it cried like one. They searched the big thorn bush and there in the center was this little baby. It had evidently been thrown from a train. Its little body was pierced from head to foot with thorns. The little children ran to the Mission and reported what they found. The baby was taken to the Mission and I had the privilege of seeing her. She is [sic] developed into a fine little girl with a deep love for her Lord. All these children were sitting in groups of twenty or thirty, on the compound grass, with a leader at the head, teaching the lesson – the fifty-third of Isaiah. Then I was shown the blind and this was even more touching, and yet each had a smile which made each countenance radiant. When I approached each of these groups I was given in unison the Eastern salutation – “Salaam” which is by way of interpretation, “peace be unto you.” This is the word used in Palestine and has been for centuries. I asked a missionary the question, “Do you think that was the word the Lord uttered when He appeared to His Disciples after His resurrection?” He replied, “undoubtedly”. The English translation is “peace be unto you” but the Lord’s word was “Salaam.”. Since receiving this information the word has a deeper meaning. I had the privilege of giving the message this morning at the morning service. I shall never forget it. The great auditorium seating about 1500 was well filled with people of all ages. About 700 were from the Mission and others came in from the village. The auditorium is not elaborate, but very spacious – built under the personal direction of Pundita Ramabai, and is ideal for evangelistic

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work. It is in the form of a cross. You should have heard the singing! The hearty voices and the glad faces reminded me of what I saw and heard in Borneo, when the converted head-hunters came together to worship. It was a wonderful sight. Of course I could not understand any of the words but I recognized the tune and joined with them in – “Praise Him, praise Him Jesus our wonderful Redeemer” During the prayer you could have heard a pin drop. Every person in that great audience – even the little tots – was bowed, with clasped hands, and when the pastor – the native pastor – concluded, all joined with such a hearty “Amen”. Well, at the close of the day I was pretty tired because I had not only preached four times, but was shown all over the Mission compound which was almost equal to making a survey of a small city. Pundita Ramabai must have been a wonderful woman. Born and reared in Hinduism, she earned the title “Pundita” which means “Teach of the sacred religion.” Then as a young widow she came in contact with a missionary who gave her a Bible. It was through this missionary’s godly life together with the reading of the Bible that she came to know the Lord. This completely revolutionized her life, and

being a young widow she dedicated her life to the winning of the widows of India to Christ. I have written this at different parts of the day and now it is bed time. A big day is before us tomorrow. Dr. Bauman and Don Willis will arrive early and at 4:00 there is to be a great baptism service which we will film. Will write the account of it in my next letter. Tomorrow evening at 7:00 we leave for Bangalore [*sic*] and Madras where we will meet Mr. & Mrs. Fricke and Miss Reimer. From there we go to Khandest [*sic*] to meet Dr. Klokke, Miss Noreen, Tom Major and others. All these are Biola students. Please pray for us. Pray for India.

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Please also stand by the radio with your prayers and gifts and I shall be eternally grateful to you. With much Christian love,

Louis T. Talbot

[*Written in top left corner of the letter*]

Copy Mrs LTT “ “ Dr. Bauman