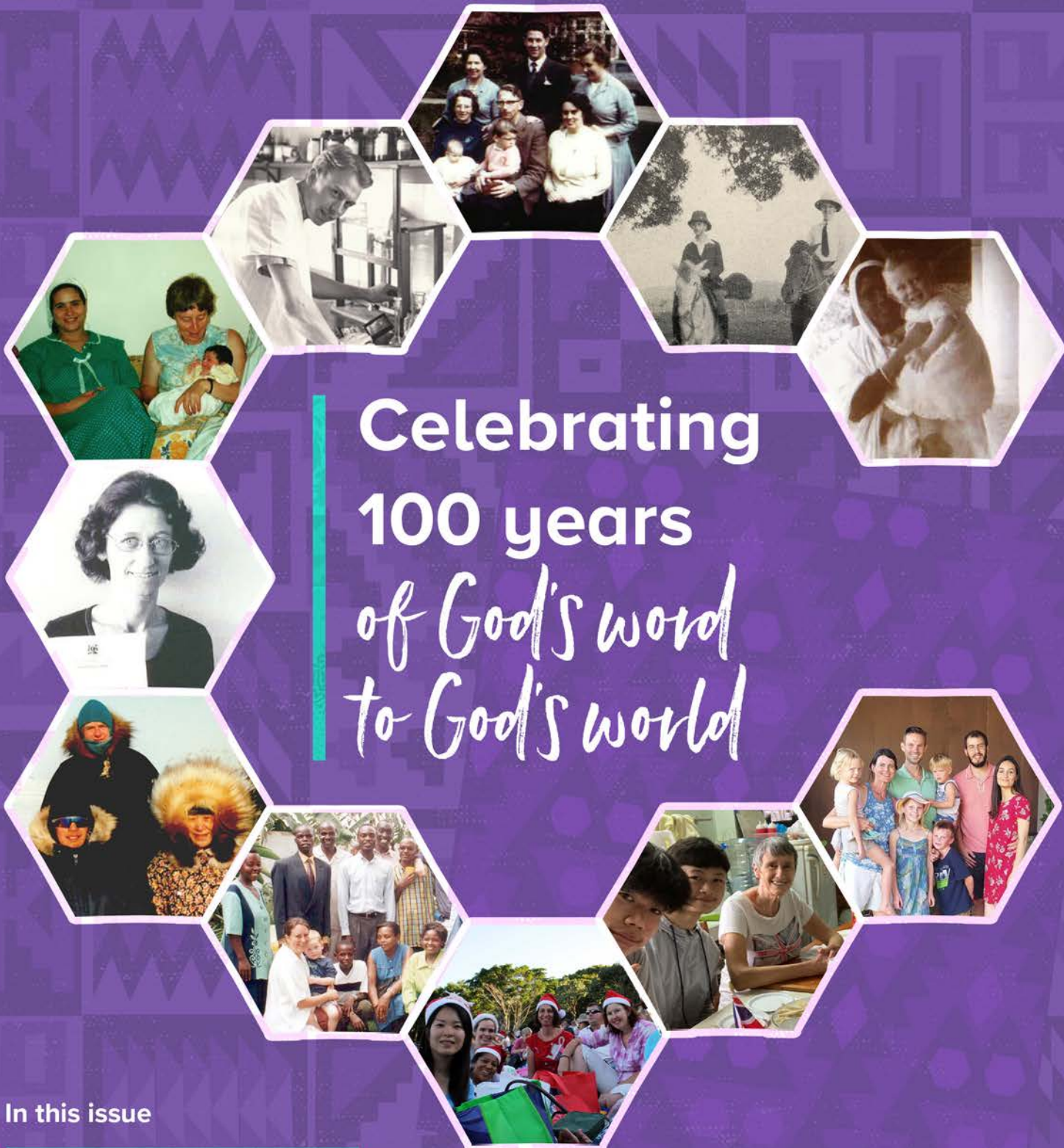


# Crosslinks Magazine



Celebrating  
100 years  
*of God's word  
to God's world*

## In this issue

Invitation to join us for our centenary celebrations in London and Belfast

Mission partners from each of the last 10 decades share their stories and experiences

# Crosslinks

*God's word to God's world*

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**Crosslinks enables people to take part in God's mission to bring salvation to the ends of the earth.**

We do this by encouraging every Christian to get involved. Whoever you are and wherever you're from, Crosslinks can help you play your part in God's plan for the world.

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# Stepping out in faith

This year is our 100th anniversary!

The story of BCMS Crosslinks begins a century ago. The church and its missionary society were in a state of flux, with the Bible's authority being openly questioned. A good many faithful men and women prayed, agonised and contended for the truth to be maintained. Sadly, it became clear to our predecessors that there was no other option but to step out in faith as a separate organisation.

And so the Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society was born.

The General Secretary of BCMS, Rev Daniel H.C. Bartlett, wrote in January 1924:

*As BCMS steps into its second year, it does so with an assurance born of its experience. Its members are no longer a few dispirited men, taking an unpopular step out of sheer duty. On the contrary, BCMS is to-day composed of thousands of godly men and women well organised and fully conscious that they are all serving under none other than the captain of the host of the Lord, who has already gone out before them.*

*It is due to his leadership that opposition has collapsed and that wide open doors confront the new society in China and India, North-West Canada and South America. Obeying him, five missionary bishops have welcomed BCMS, and a sixth has promised his help. Obeying him, some 300 churches have linked up with the only church foreign missionary society which requires its agents to proclaim a wholly trustworthy Bible, and a saviour ever true, to the pagan world. Obeying him, thousands of Bible lovers have spontaneously rallied to the support of this witness to truth; so that BCMS has received the largest income ever given to a missionary society in its first year. Obeying him, young men and maidens in ever-increasing numbers are offering their lives for service in the mission field.*



Daniel and



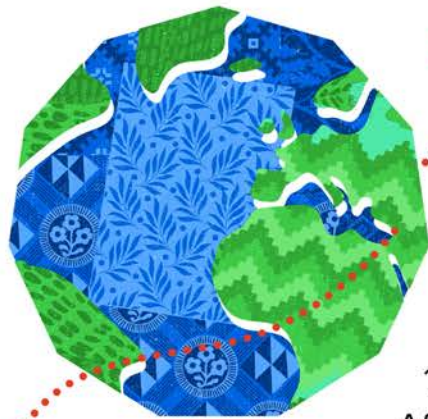
Edith Bartlett

100 years on, in our internet age, the world appears a smaller place. With a few clicks, we can video call someone halfway around the globe. We can catch up with

The ferry at Mogaung, Myanmar (c. 1925)

the latest news from whatever country catches our interest. And we aren't limited to reading a country's history – we can drive around it virtually using Google Maps.

Yet with little more than written accounts and the occasional black and white photo, past mission partners answered the call to serve in countries they knew little about, certain that they would face disaster, disease and opposition and uncertain that they would return alive.



Rev F.H. Gibbs and Rev G.H. Jenkins were en-route to the Arctic when they were shipwrecked. They spent a bitterly cold night on an ice floe before being rescued.

Rev A.T. Houghton's ship was bombed and set on fire by enemy aircraft as it chugged its way to Myanmar in March 1941.

Ruth Deeth was arrested and deported from Uganda in 1975 under Idi Amin's regime. She returned to East Africa, this time to Tanzania, the following year.

Our centenary anniversary is not predominantly a time to celebrate the necessary formation of BCMS, painful as it was. Rather, we rejoice at the Lord's goodness to those generations of ordinary yet extraordinary mission partners who served him. We rejoice at the salvation of the men, women, boys and girls through the gospel ministry of BCMS Crosslinks across a hundred years. And we give thanks for those men and women who called Jesus Christ their Lord and stepped out in faith for missionary service across the world. They walked by faith and not by sight.

Yours sincerely,

*John McLemon*

Replacing a broken axle in Iran (c. 1925)

# 1920s: How Crosslinks began

Crosslinks began on 27 October, 1922.

36 men gathered in a room in Bedford Street, just off the Strand in London. These 'founding fathers' were there to decide on the name of their new Society. They named it The Bible Churchman's Missionary Society (or BCMS). It became Crosslinks in 1992.



BCMS Crosslinks grew out of a desire to equip men and women to take God's word to God's world. The word 'Bible' was essential. At a time when many Christians were questioning the authority of God's word, the founding members of BCMS saw the good news of Jesus in God's word as everyone's greatest need – whether rich or poor, sick or healthy, educated or uneducated.

100 years on, the mission of Crosslinks has not changed. The Bible is paramount to what our people, partners and projects work towards: God's word to God's world.

The last century has seen Crosslinks grow by God's grace, power and faithfulness from its small beginnings in a room in London. We've moved a bit further down the road to Lewisham, but we still have a London team, and we've been joined by an Ireland team too. We've sent out 1,420 men and women to over 50 countries in the Lord's global harvest field. We currently have 91 mission partners serving in 26 countries. We started out with three men who went to the indigenous communities of northern Canada. Now, in 2022, we've just sent out six new mission partners to Belgium, Cyprus and Spain.

And we've expanded our networks, partnering with local Christians in pioneering projects, helping to train hundreds of gospel workers through our bursary scheme and run Bible training conferences across the globe. We are so thankful to those 36 men who gathered 100 years ago to found BCMS Crosslinks, who courageously held to their gospel convictions and who worked hard to bring the Bible to those who had not heard of Jesus.

And we are very thankful to the Lord, for his sustaining power, for sending us to his world and for his life-giving word in the Bible.

# 1930s: Morris and Rosa Jones, India

Morris and Rosa Jones spent their honeymoon on a hot, slow steamer boat chugging its way to India. The Reverend Elias Morris Jones – known as Morris – had met his future wife, Miss Rosa Geraldine Lowdell at their church, St Paul's Kirkdale in Liverpool, where he was the curate and she was the women's worker.

When they met, Morris was due to sail alone to India in October 1924, as one of BCMS's first mission partners. Plans changed when he wrote a letter of proposal to Rosa in July 1924! Rosa was surprised – she was nine years older than Morris and reluctant to leave the women she pastored. But after praying, she accepted Morris' proposal and embarked on the weeks-long voyage to India with her

new husband, just nine days after their wedding.

## POPULAR CURATE'S WEDDING.

### LOWDELL-JONES.

St. Paul's Church was crowded on Saturday last when Miss Rosa Geraldine Lowdell, second daughter of the late Rev. S. Lowdell, vicar of Cootamundra, New South Wales, was married to the Rev. E. Morris Jones, curate of St. Paul's, and son of Mr. Evan Jones.

The ceremony was jointly performed by the Rev. W. J. Wilkinson, Vicar of St. Paul's, and the Rector of Bispham, the Rev. Henry Ward.

The bride's dress was of pretty white crepe de chine, trimmed with pearls, and a lace veil. The chief bridesmaids, Misses E. Lowdell and K. Jones, sisters of bride and bridegroom respectively, wore dresses of white crepe de chine with shell pink trimmings, and black picture hats. There were also two nieces of the bride, Misses Beryl and Audrey Joyce, attired in dresses of shell pink.

The bride's bouquet was of orange blossom and pink roses, and the bridesmaids' white and pink chrysanthemums. The children carried baskets of roses.

The bride was given away by her uncle, and the best man was the Rev. J. Howard Prieston, assisted by Mr. S. Burgoyne as groomsman.

The Vicar gave a short address. He said he was giving away a secret when he told them that, engraved on the inside of the wedding ring were the words—"Each for other, both for God."

The 58th Liverpool Troop of Scouts (St. Paul's) formed a guard of honour for the bride and bridegroom. A reception was held at the vicarage, after which friends and relatives gave a hearty send-off to the bride and bridegroom who left for a short stay at Bispham, near Blackpool.

The presents included bridegroom to bride, wrap coat; bride to bridegroom, gold watch and chain; Miss E. H. Lowdell, cabin trunk; Mr and Mrs W. T. Lowdell, travelling trunk; Miss Lowdell, medicine case; Mrs B. Kelsy, gold wristlet watch; Rev. T. K. Lowdell, travelling cushion; Miss Doris Lowdell, bath towels; Rev. & Mrs. H. C. Puckard, linen bedspread; Miss Packard, travelling rug; Mrs. H. Knight, travelling rug; Mrs and the Misses Seaman, writing case; Mr Llewellyn Jones, pyjama, cases; Mr T. and Misses Nuttall, dressing case; Mrs. L. J. Jones, afternoon tea cloth, Miss B. Stevens, afternoon tea cloth; Mr and Mrs Evan Jones, trunk; Mr and Mrs H. Wright, tea tray; Mrs Owen bath towels and cushion; Rev. and Mrs. Maycock, thermos flask; Dr and Mrs Robb, harmonium and cheque; Miss M. E. Hewitt, tray cloth; Miss M. L. Arbustler, tropical sunshade; Miss Kipling Cox, cabin trunk; Miss M. Wood, handkerchiefs; Mrs Francis, fountain pen; Mrs Holland, brushes; Mr and Mrs Jones and Miss Olwen Jones, gift in money; Mrs. E. C. Pozzi, tea cosy, and Miss Rhind, tray cloth.

One of the Mothers' gold sovereign; Mr and Mrs Farrington, case of tea spoons; Mrs. and S. Burgoyne, collar box; Mr. W. Hulme, travelling slippers; Mr. F. Clarke, dressing case; Misses Paul, Phillips, and Edmondson, lunch and tea basket; St. Paul's Parish, cheque; 58th (St. Paul's) Scouts, wallet; Girls' Club, ebony set of brushes; Young Women's Bible Class, fountain pen; Rev. J. Howard Preston, table knives and forks; The Misses King, deck chairs; The Vicarage Party, eiderdown; Mrs. Hodgson, fruit dish and butter dish; Mr and Mrs. Roberts Williams, handkerchiefs; Mr and J. Hughes, blankets; Mr Tenner and Family, book; Miss Phillips, travelling cushion; Wilfred, Victor, and Paul, photo in frame; Mr and Mrs Edward Hall, cheque; Miss Wharam, afternoon tea cloth; Rev. and Mrs. H. Ward, bible and teaspoons; Jack Hughes, silver matchbox; Miss Pugh, tea cosy cover; Miss Owen, face towels; Mrs. Morris Hughes, afternoon tea cloth; Miss E. Martin, gift of money; Mr. and Mrs. Joyce and Family, large hold-all.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones sail for India on the City of Paris on October 15th. Out in India they will work under the auspices of the Bible Churchmen's Missionary Society in an evangelised district consisting of 800 villages around Saugor in the Central provinces.

On Wednesday evening a presentation was made to the Rev. and Mrs. Jones, at St. Paul's Hall, Celia-street. This took the form of a cheque, and was presented by Mr. Morgan on behalf of the congregation.

Several farewell speeches were given, and Mr and Mrs Jones replied.

*The Bootle Times,*  
10 October 1924





**Sagar, Madhya Pradesh**

Morris and Rosa were based near Saugor (Sagar), in Madhya Pradesh, central India. Their district included 800 unevangelised villages, which Morris travelled between, sharing the gospel with whoever would listen.

It was dusty work in the baking heat. The horizon was a constant shimmer, travellers kicked up clouds of dust and frenzied chants to Hindu gods echoed at roadside shrines.

Morris was a passionate evangelist, travelling in the hottest part of the day when other mission partners sheltered from the heat. He persevered with his Hindi language studies, learnt to ignore his aching joints from travelling

and to eat the spicy dishes of the locals.



**John Morris Jones,  
the first BCMS baby!**

The family served for six years in India (in Saugor and later in Mirzapur) before Morris' health broke down. They returned to England in 1930. Recognising he could not bear the Indian heat, Morris turned to parish work in England. But their ministry back home continued to bear fruit in India throughout the 1930s. Morris' influence saw many young men become Christians, study for church ministry – and go to India.

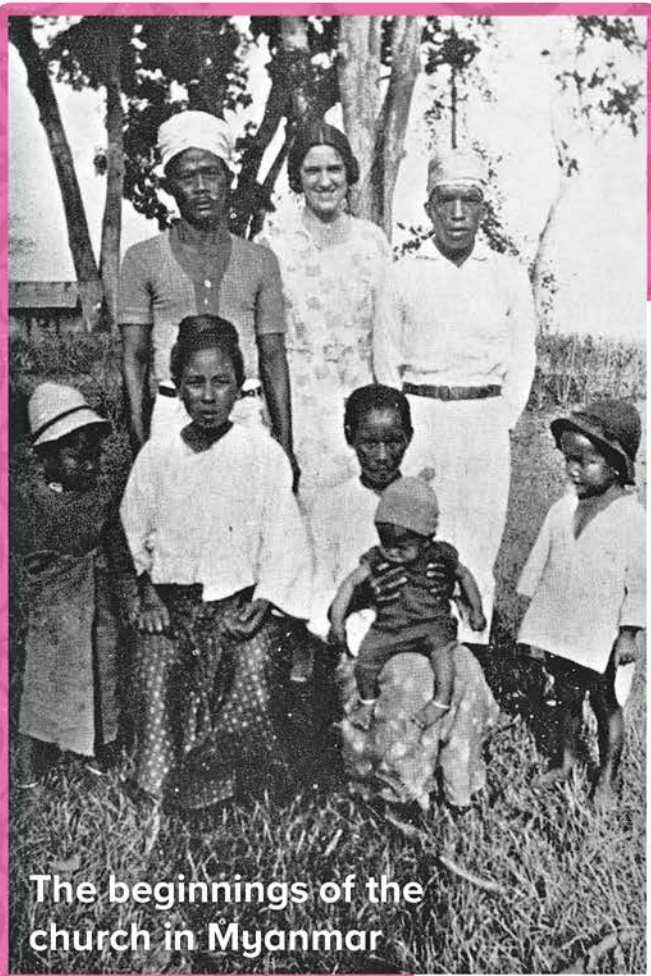
These included Alan Neech (who served in India 1937–1964 and later became the Secretary of BCMS) and Samuel Burgoyne (Morris' best man, who served in India 1927–1953).



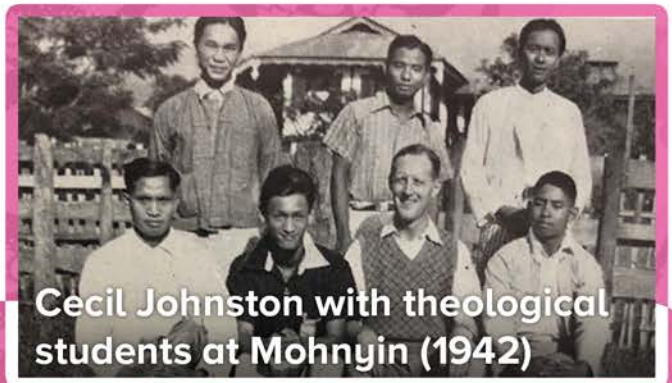
# 1940s: The Mohnyin Bible School, Myanmar

Kachin State is home to the sheer mountain ranges of the Hukawng Valley. It's home to tigers, dwarf deer and amber mines. It's home to the glassy Indawgyi Lake. And it was also home to the Bible School in Mohnyin. BCMS mission partners first came to Myanmar in 1924. By the 1940s, the gospel was flourishing. 50 mission partners were based across 17 stations working with growing, self-supporting indigenous churches.

The mission hospital in Mohnyin drew a stream of needy people who came to be physically treated and then heard of Jesus. Before long, a Bible School was established and local young men came to study God's word and take it back to their towns and villages in the hills. Consequently, influential police officers and Buddhist priests journeyed for days to investigate reports of Jesus and had their lives transformed by the gospel.



The beginnings of the church in Myanmar



Cecil Johnston with theological students at Mohnyin (1942)





Colonel Middleton-West was a greatly beloved figure in Mohnyin. He lived in a bamboo shack in the Hukawng Valley, where he made contact with the indigenous people and later built a hospital. He worked in Myanmar as a medical missionary before and after the Second World War, until he was 80 years old.

Maggie the elephant was another treasured character, who kept open lines of communication in the monsoon season, wearily crossing miles of impassable mud and flooded marsh. Her finest hour was in 1942. As Japanese invaders laid Myanmar to waste and expelled Westerners, Maggie helped BCMS missionaries escape Mohnyin through the treacherous Naga Hills to safety in India.

Having experienced such gospel growth, the years following 1942 were devastating. Houses, hospitals, churches, schools and mission stations were destroyed, deserted or burnt down. Yet indigenous clergy, ministers and teachers continue to serve dispersed Christians at huge risk to their lives and livelihoods.

The church in Myanmar suffered, endured and then re-emerged. Slowly, BCMS missionaries returned after the



war. The Bible School in Mohnyin reopened at the end of the 1940s and its legacy has lived on through decades of persecution.

The last Western missionaries were expelled from Myanmar in 1966. Between 1962 and 2011, Christians in Myanmar were systemically persecuted by the staunchly Buddhist military. Since the military coup in 2021, the situation has worsened. Christians are being attacked and killed, with their villages and churches destroyed.

Yet God continues to grow his church there despite all the opposition.

Amid the seemingly hopeless situation, the Bible School continues (as Emmanuel Divinity School) to train men from many ethnicities in the evangelical faith for service in the national church.

# 1950s: Bob and Eileen Beak, Kenya

Bob and Eileen Beak arrived in Samburu, Kenya in 1956. The red earth, dotted with scrub trees, stretched out flat for miles until Mount Kulal broke up the horizon and hippos and crocodiles wallowed on the flat muddy banks of Lake Turkana.

The Samburu people lived in mud huts in hamlets called manyattas. After just a few weeks of language study, Bob started travelling out with Paulo Lekaran, a Samburu Christian, to stay with different clans.

On one visit, Paulo and Bob met Ramri, a Samburu warrior chief. He had dyed red ochre hair in long braids and wore coloured beads round his



Turkana, Kenya

arms and ankles. They gave Ramri a Samburu translation of 'The Way of Salvation' booklet. Ramri couldn't read so summoned a fellow warrior to read to him.

A month later, they met again and Bob handed over a gospel in Samburu to an eager Ramri. But Bob's next contact with him was to hear that he was in hospital, gravely ill. 'It's all right,' Ramri told Bob from his hospital bed. 'I know I am going to die, but I know that God has made a way for me to have life with him forever in heaven, through what Jesus did for me when he was put to death. I am forgiven.' Ramri died the next day.

*'I learnt that Lord does not often go in for quick fixes. Miracles do happen but progress which lasts he brings about through prayer and patience ... Our God is a God who answers prayer.'*  
~ Bob Beak



The Samburu people

Ramri would never know the impact his short life of faith had. At his funeral, Bob preached the gospel of Jesus so powerfully that the different clan leaders present asked the mission partners to send people to give them 'Ramri's message' and the Suguta Lolmarmar church was planted.



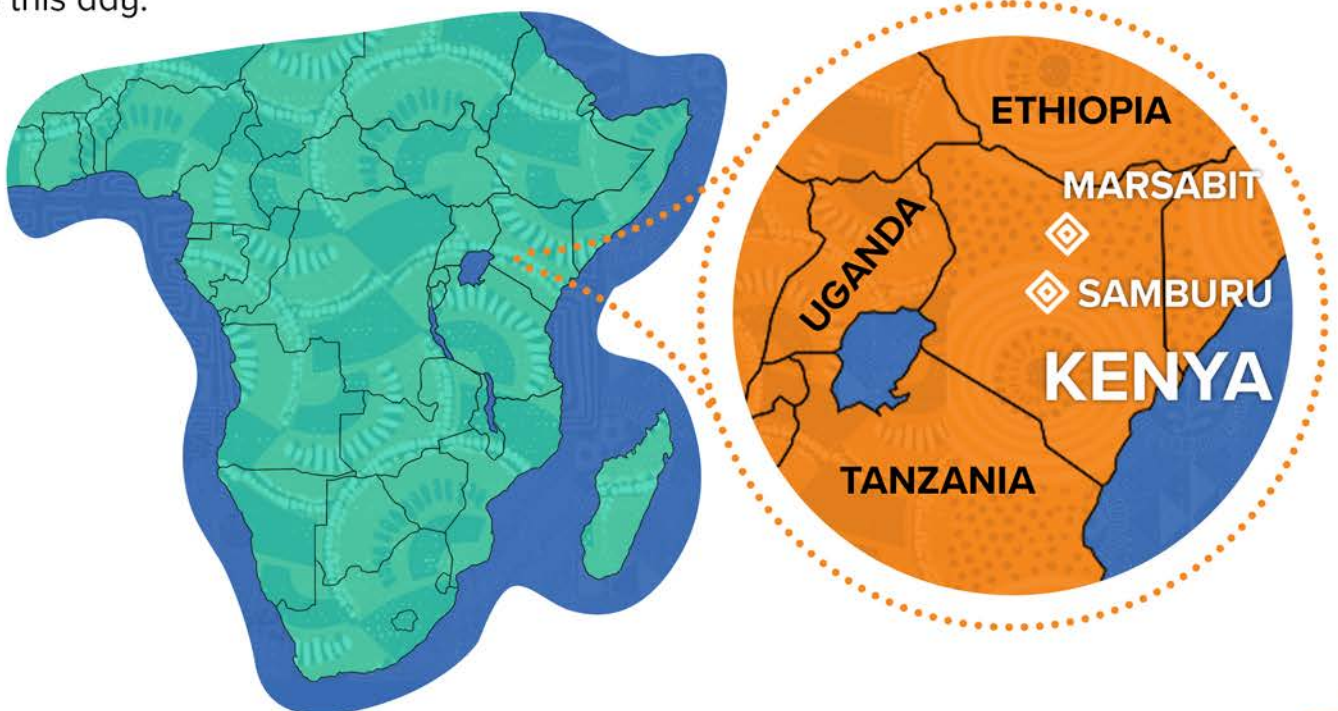
**The Beaks in the UK with other mission partners (1961)**

Bob also helped plant a church in Merille, on the Marsabit road, just north of Samburu. While that church didn't last long due to raids by Somali bandits, the strong Crosslinks connections with north Kenya continue to this day.

**A Kenyan national preaching to the Samburu people**



Today, Marsabit Diocese is the size of England. 60% of the population are Muslim, 35% follow traditional African religions and just 5% are Christian. There are only 18 trained clergy for the whole diocese. Crosslinks supports Jomo Nderitu, the diocese youth and children's worker, who is responsible for the 53 churches spread across the huge region.



# 1960s: Trevor and Robyn Lucas, Tanzania

Baobab trees dot the plains, casting squat shadows. The quiet, cool wind tempers the arid heat and gives the area its name. Mvumi, where Trevor and Robyn Lucas were based, means 'place of the winds'.

Trevor was recruited by BCMS early on in his medical training. Once qualified, he went out to Mvumi Hospital, where he met Robyn.

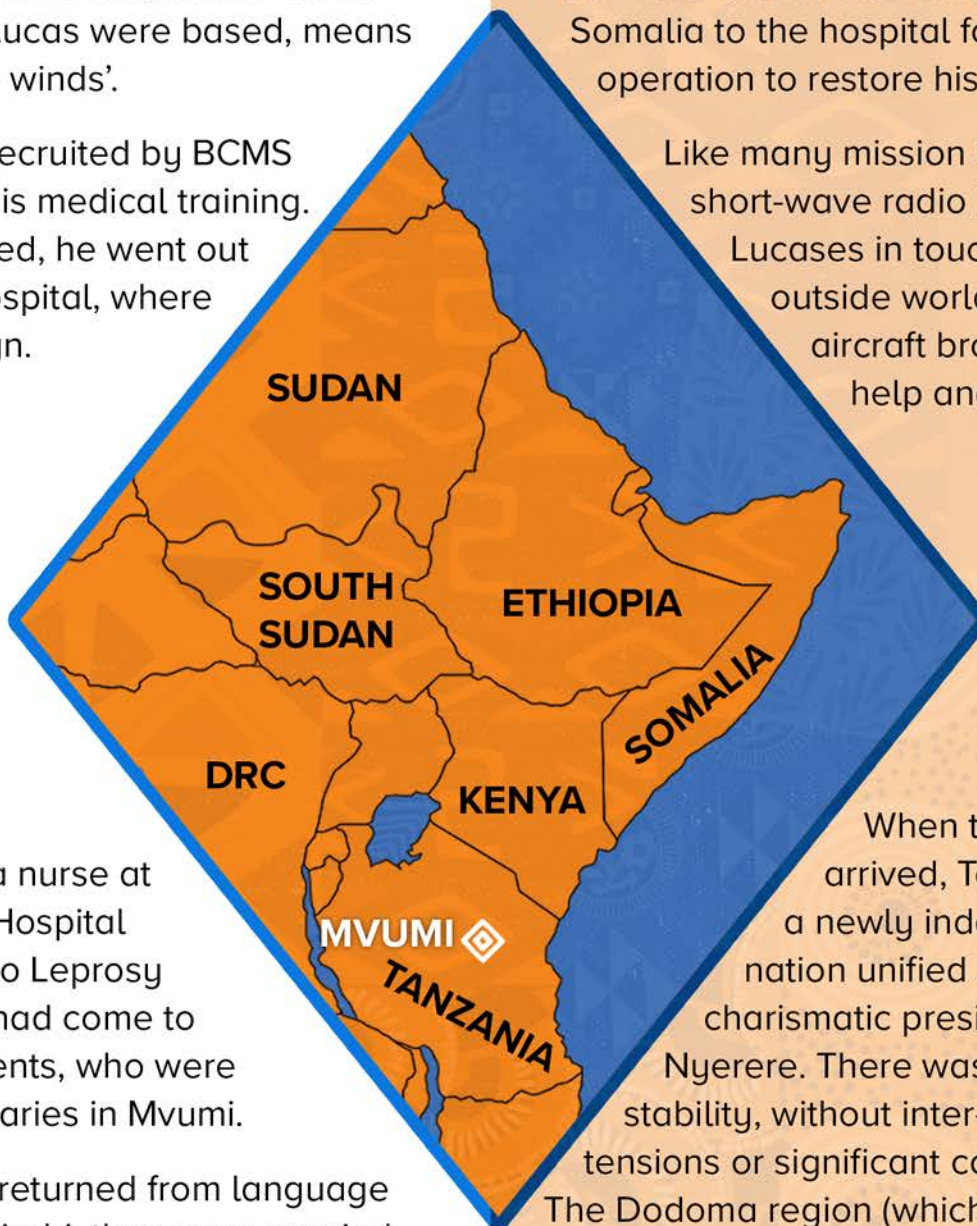
Robyn was a nurse at Kilimatinde Hospital and Hombolo Leprosy Centre and had come to visit her parents, who were also missionaries in Mvumi.

After Trevor returned from language school in Nairobi, they were married and both worked in Mvumi Hospital, caring for the stream of sick people who flooded through the doors. Patients came from all over Tanzania and from far beyond its borders.

Seven-year-old Yusuf, for example, was carried 1,200 miles (imagine walking from John O'Groats to Land's End – and then to Norwich!) from Somalia to the hospital for an operation to restore his sight.

Like many mission hospitals, short-wave radio kept the Lucases in touch with the outside world while light aircraft brought expert help and resources.

When the Lucases arrived, Tanzania was a newly independent nation unified by its charismatic president, Julius Nyerere. There was political stability, without inter-tribal tensions or significant corruption. The Dodoma region (which includes Mvumi) had a nominal Christian ethos. Yet tribal animism and traditional African religions still had a significant role in the culture and Islam had a strong hold in the west of the country.



Mvumi complex



Flying doctors



Trevor's lab trainees



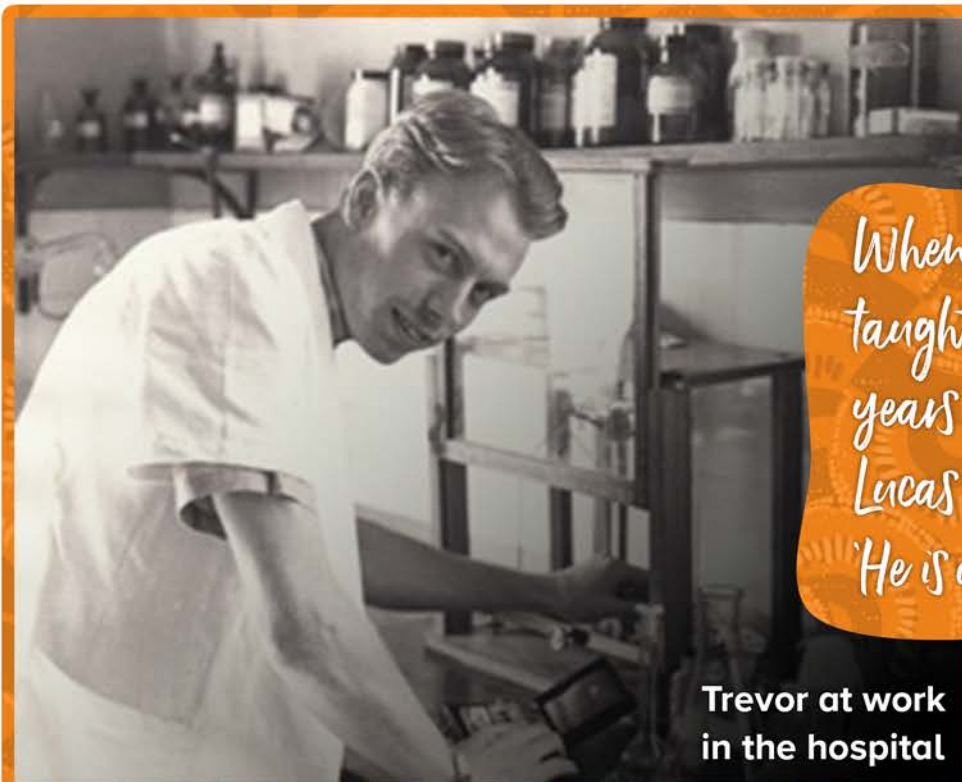
Trevor's day-to-day life in hospital involved teaching a training course for hospital laboratory technicians, who then went on to work in other hospitals in Tanzania. This course was recognised and accredited by the Tanzanian government under the Laboratory Auxiliary qualification. Trevor's skill and teaching was invaluable at equipping local technicians to diagnose diseases correctly and to treat patients.

Trevor also worked with other missionaries, non-missionary expatriates and local medics in the

small pathology unit, diagnosing diseases and running tests. Robyn worked as a nurse on the wards, washing and caring for patients and administering medicines.

As Trevor's Swahili improved, he was asked to serve as a lay reader in the church. Alongside his medical duties, Trevor would travel with the local pastor to remote churches in the Mvumi parish to preach or assist in services.

When asked what the Lord taught him during his years in Tanzania, Trevor had one answer: 'He is able!'



Trevor at work in the hospital

*When asked what the Lord taught him during his years in Tanzania, Trevor Lucas had one answer: 'He is able!'*

# 1970s: Joyce Pitcher, Morocco

Joyce became a BCMS Crosslinks mission partner when she was just 25 years old. She would remain one for the next 26 years.

## *A missionary timeline*

1965 *Studies French in Paris*

1966 *Studies Arabic and medicine in Tangier*

1967 *Placement begins in Demnate*

Joyce's work with BCMS started with a year of French studies in Paris and a year of Arabic studies and medical training in Tangier. After completing her training, Joyce was placed in Demnate, Morocco in 1967. A trained nurse and midwife, she shared the gospel wherever she went and soon caught the attention of the local authorities. Just a year into her placement, she received an official notice to cease proselytising. As the Moroccan government attempted to expel foreigners and prohibit their activities, Joyce's request to transfer her midwifery license to another area was denied.

Although at a loss of what to do next, Joyce trusted the Lord. She moved north to Rabat, believing that another door of opportunity would open – and for the next 22 years, it did. Alongside her dear friend and fellow BCMS mission partner Ann Fleming, Joyce worked as a midwife and church planter in both the expatriate and Moroccan communities in Rabat.

1968 *Receives notice to stop proselytising*

1969 *Moves to Rabat  
Her mother dies*

1991 *Returns to the UK  
to care for her father*

One particular encouragement came from two little American girls whom Ann and Joyce taught in the Sunday school: 'They were so keen to learn about the Lord, they frequently had to wake up and plead with their parents to drive them ... To be there on time often meant leaving without breakfast.' 30 years later, Ann and Joyce had the joy of seeing them again, grown up and still loving and serving the Lord.



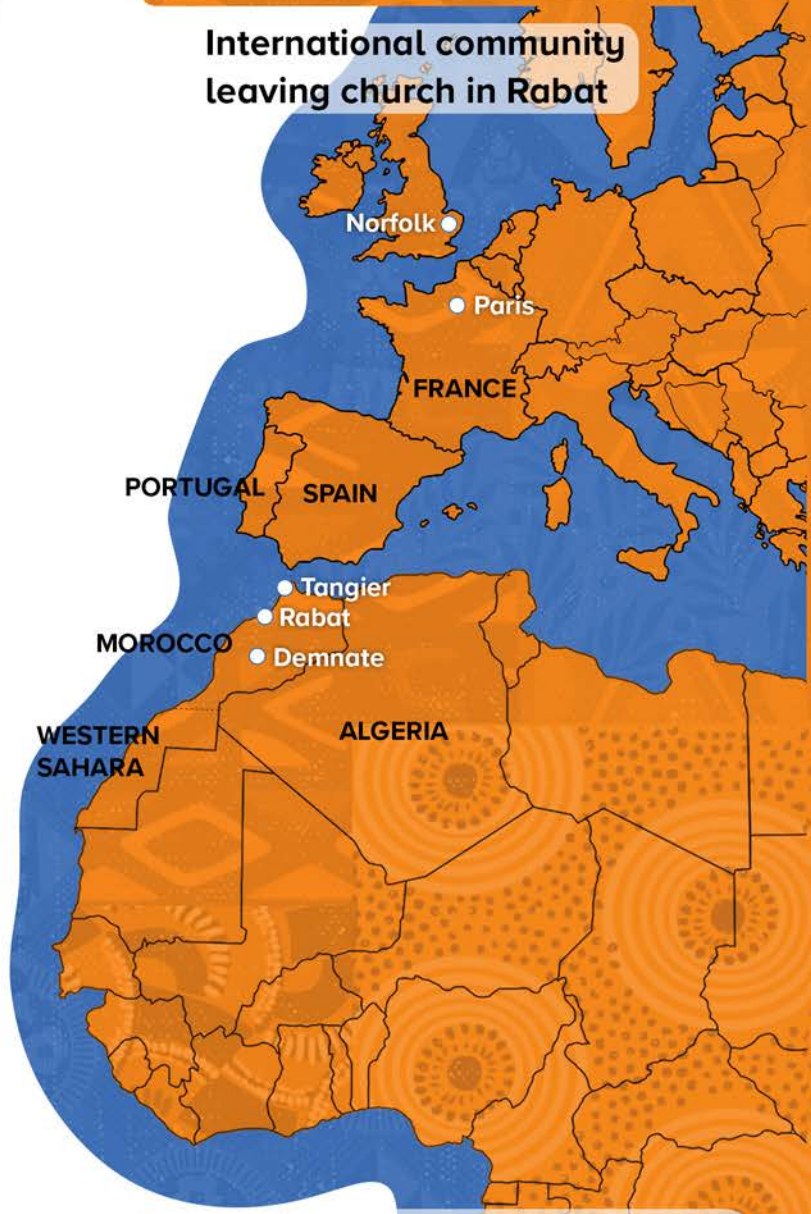
**Joyce and Ann meeting their friends' newborn**

Joyce's time in Morocco was not without suffering and heartbreak. In 1969, at just 27 years old, Joyce received word from the UK that her mother had died. There was also considerable opposition to the gospel. One Moroccan friend endured two years of interrogation and harassment for admitting her faith. Despite this – and following three weeks' imprisonment – Joyce's friend declared, 'You can force me to say what you want me to say, but you cannot change what I believe in my heart.'

Joyce's time in Morocco came to an end in 1991. Leaving her beloved Rabat, she returned to the UK to care for her elderly father in Norfolk and take part in the ministry at her home church.



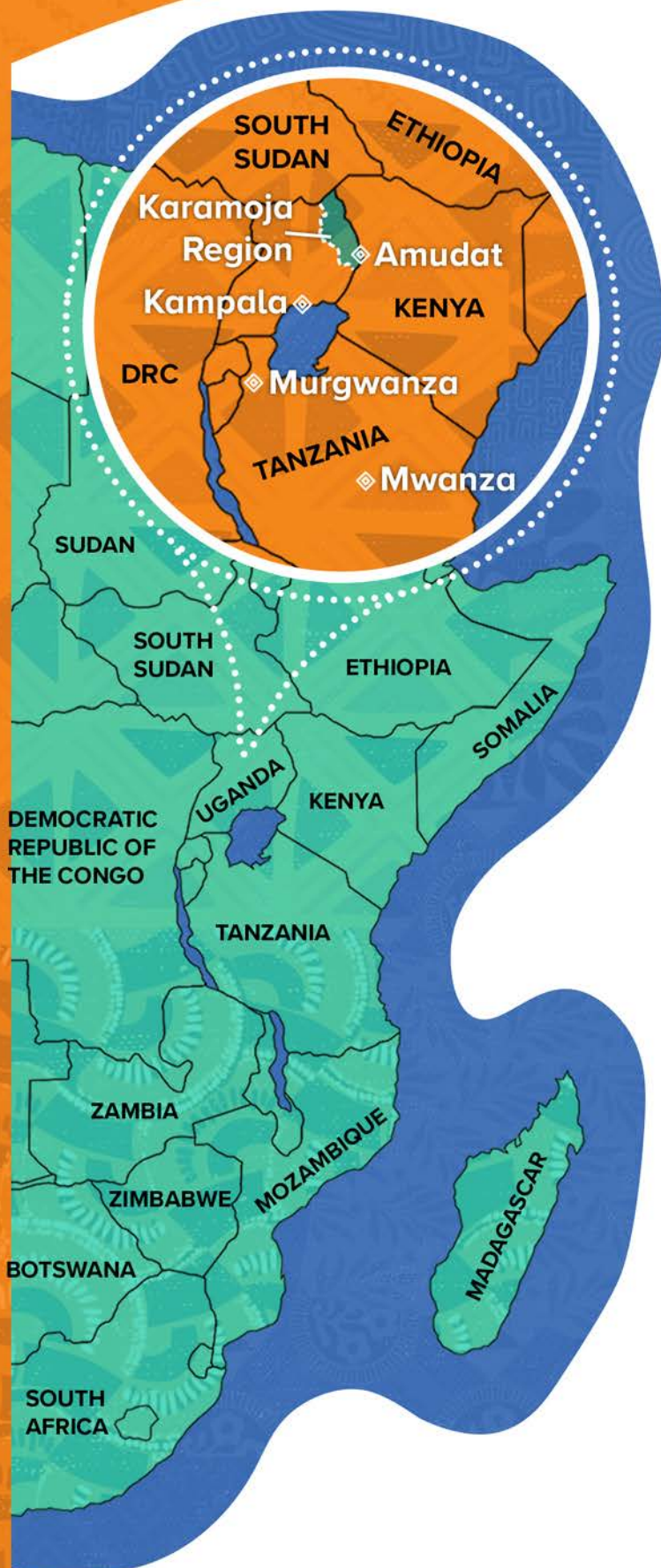
**International community leaving church in Rabat**



*The Lord taught me that he is always faithful to his promises – faithful in his constant love, in his grace and mercy, in his continual presence, in being patient with me when I failed, in forgiving me my sins, in listening to my prayers, in providing for all my needs, in giving joy in serving.*

*~ Joyce Pitcher*

# 1980s: Ruth Deeth, Uganda and Tanzania



Ruth Deeth was nine years old when she decided to become a missionary. She left school with a 'not outstanding' report and went off to complete her nursing training, before flying to Nairobi. 'No miracle took place mid-air to change me into the super-spiritual being that missionaries are often made out to be... What I did know was that God, who had called me, was in control, and I could trust Him with my life.'<sup>1</sup>

Ruth worked in Karamoja, Uganda for ten years with the nomadic Pokot tribe (who had drifted over the hills and plains from west Kenya) as well as with the local Karamojong tribes. Ruth worked as a nurse in the hospital and served alongside Timothy and Mary Slessor Oluoch, missionaries from the Luo tribe in Kenya, at the small church they had planted in Amudat.

Mary was a great influence on Ruth: 'She helped me to be humble and learn lessons ... of a daily walk with God, of confessing sins immediately, of being open before my local Christian brothers and sisters in Christ. It helped me understand them better.' Having had this example set by Mary, Ruth found slotting into the Christian fellowship with local brothers and sisters much easier.





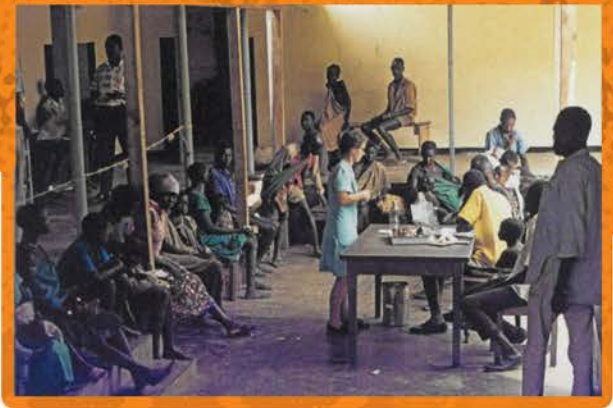
**Ruth on arrival at BCMS HQ after being deported**

Then, in early May 1975, Idi Amin's regime sent armed guards to arrest Ruth. They drove her 350 miles to Kampala's central police station and locked her in a dark, stale cell. Ruth was terrified, but the Lord encouraged her with Peter's imprisonment in Acts 12: 'The way God spoke to me through his word was miraculous.' She was deported to England a few weeks later, but then returned to Africa in 1976 – this time to Tanzania.

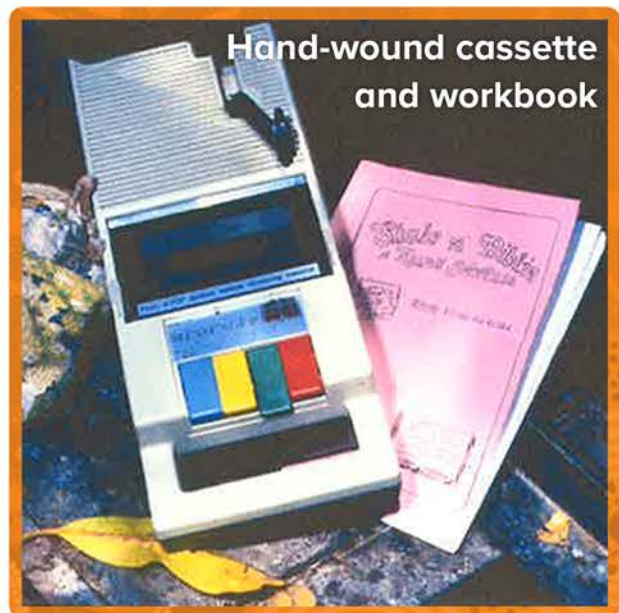
Ruth headed to Murgwanza Hospital in Tanzania, and then on to Mwanza (near Dodoma) where she helped pioneer a cassette ministry. Ruth would write the material and then record it by hand on cassettes. Bishop Mathayo Kasagara recalls Ruth 'arriving at the Bible school five kilometres from Mwanza on her "pikipiki" – as motorbikes were called in Tanzania – a small blue Honda 90.'<sup>2</sup> Over twenty years after Trevor and Robyn Lucas came to Tanzania, BCMS maintained a strong mission presence, building on the work of past generations of mission partners.

Ruth spent the next 10 years teaching the Bible school students how to

**Ruth supervising the outpatient clinic**



operate and use the cassette ministry in their village churches. Unusable roads and a very limited number of faithful church leaders made Bible teaching hard for remote and illiterate communities to access.



**Hand-wound cassette and workbook**

Ruth returned home to England in 1990 after serving in Uganda and Tanzania for 25 years with the words of 1 Thessalonians 5:24 tried and true: 'the one who calls you is faithful and he will do it.'

Today, Crosslinks continues to support and partner with the North Karamoja and Karamoja Dioceses, building on Ruth's 10 years of service to the Karamojong people.

<sup>2</sup> *Where Love Leads You*, p. 5.

# 1990s: Michael and Christine MacLachlan, The Arctic



Christine playing guitar for the people of Umingmaktok

When Michael and Christine first arrived in Kugluktuk with their two teenage daughters, it was light for 24 hours a day.

Kugluktuk, a small town on the north coast of Canada in the central Arctic, had a population of 1,100 in 1992. The MacLachlans' parish was the size of Great Britain. Their deanery (group of six churches) was the size of Northern Europe, but contained less than 6,000 people.

There was no other community for 400 miles, apart from Umingmaktok – a settlement of 30 people living 220 miles down the coast. There were no roads for 600 miles, so the family travelled by aircraft and snowmobile to support ministers hundreds of miles away. As vicar of Kugluktuk, Michael worked hard to preach, to teach and to mobilise the church's evangelism.

The family faced some unique challenges. The novelty of 24 hours of daylight quickly wore off, as sleep was so difficult. Additionally, alcoholism is a serious problem in the Arctic, along with its associated problems: domestic violence, crime, depression and

suicide. The family witnessed many children drinking from an early age, with all of them knowing where to buy marijuana.

Because she was not an alcoholic, Christine was asked to run the local counselling centre. In the winter, 24 hours of daylight

was reversed and no one wanted to get up in the pitch dark! Christine kept herself awake by crocheting.



Means of travel in the Arctic – snow mobile!



**Training leaders**

Upon arrival, both their daughters were vegetarian, but since all the meat and fish was free and vegetables cost several pounds per item, they quickly reverted to eating meat (although steered clear of hoof soup, a local delicacy!).

The MacLachlans spent their first summer rebuilding the church, which had finally collapsed the year before they arrived. It had been dragged a hundred miles over the ice in the 1920s from its original location. Once the church was rebuilt (with a new kitchen and washing facilities),



**Michael and his churchwarden putting the finishing touches to the church roof!**

Michael ran residential courses for lay readers across the Kitikmeut deanery so they could share ideas, teach and grow together.

Despite the cold, the dark, the hours of travel and huge distances between fellow ministers, the MacLachlans wrote, 'we believed God wanted us there. Not many people want to go to the Arctic, yet it proved to be just the place for us ... There was a need, we were available, and so we went. And we were very happy there.'



*'We went to the Arctic because we felt we had something to give back for all the wonderful things that God had done for us, and yet even then, we ended up by actually 'giving' very little – only receiving. The Inuit are generous to a fault and extremely hospitable ... It was a privilege to share their lives for a little while!'*

# 2000s: Mark and Rachel Meynell, Uganda

Mark and Rachel Meynell moved to Kampala, Uganda in 2001, when their son Joshua was 3 years old and their daughter Suzanna just 2 months.

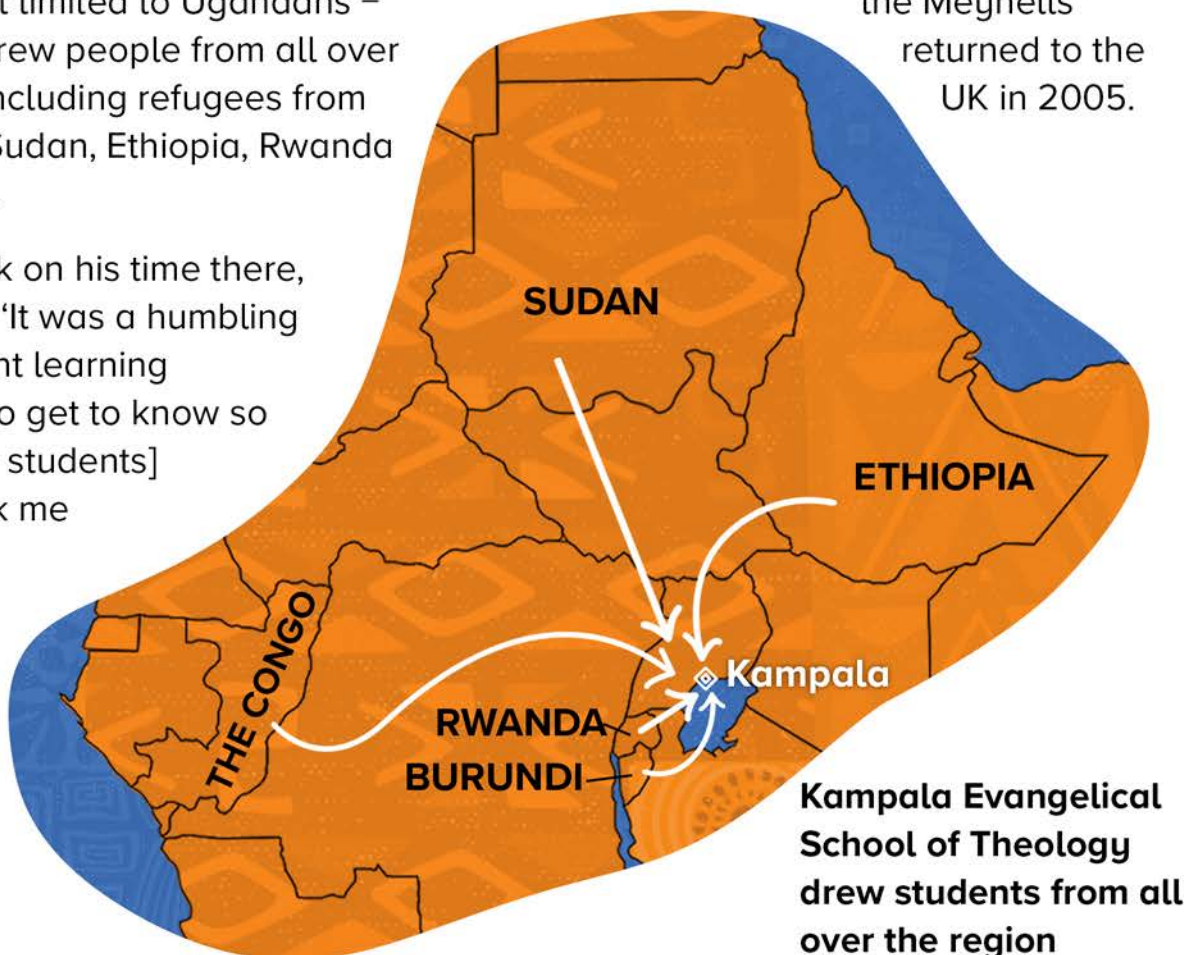
They moved so that Mark could teach Biblical studies and preaching at Kampala Evangelical School of Theology (KEST), the first Ugandan-founded, interdenominational college in the country. 2001 was an exciting time to join, with the launch of full-time training at the school. The student body was initially tiny but, by the time the Meynells returned to the UK in 2005, it had grown to 50. And the intake wasn't limited to Ugandans – the school drew people from all over the region, including refugees from the Congo, Sudan, Ethiopia, Rwanda and Burundi.

Looking back on his time there, Mark writes, 'It was a humbling and important learning experience to get to know so many of [the students] well. It shook me free from so

much of the social culture of my English private school background.'

Although an exciting time to join KEST, the Meynells faced many challenges. 'It was very difficult as the only muzungu (white man) in leadership, and even then I was young and only in an acting capacity. I had to learn to do/say what I thought was right, and then trust God to take care of the rest.' Dr (and subsequently Bishop) Edward Muhima was Mark's mentor who soon became an important close friend. The two men met monthly to pray and both deeply missed these times when

the Meynells returned to the UK in 2005.





**KEST and Langham Partnership preaching conference (2006)**

Trying to encourage different churches to work together was also a challenge, especially between the different denominations. This struggle was compounded by the huge prevalence of prosperity teaching.

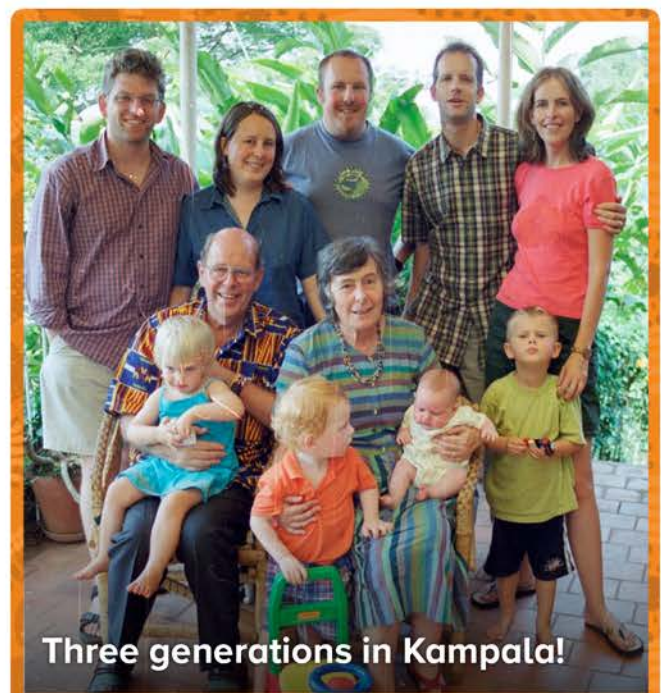
There was also frequent load shedding (the loss of power a couple of evenings a week, usually 7–9pm). The candles came out and dinner had to be eaten either early or very late!

The most horrific moment came when one refugee student from the Congo was kidnapped, tortured and threatened with murder if he didn't leave the country. Eventually, he received asylum in Canada but, until then, it was a huge challenge for the KEST community to keep trusting the Lord with their friend's safety.

Yet for all the difficulties, the Meynells' time in Uganda was 'incredibly formative and significant.' One dear friend was Andy Kigozi, who had been an East African Safari rally driver in the 1970s. He was quite a character – he had plenty of stories about meeting Idi Amin (Uganda's 1970s dictatorial president) at the races. Andy 'would only wear shorts, not trousers, despite

their colonial connotations.' Andy joined their enquirers' group and he professed faith. He and Mark met up to read the Bible and pray together regularly before they left – a wonderful encouragement.

The Meynells also had the joy of being joined by Rachel's parents as well as by her sister and her family (Lucy and Jem Hovil, fellow Crosslinks mission partners). The three generations living in Kampala simultaneously made a very positive impression on their African friends, who tended to encounter only nuclear Western families.



**Three generations in Kampala!**

# 2010s: Jaki North, South Africa

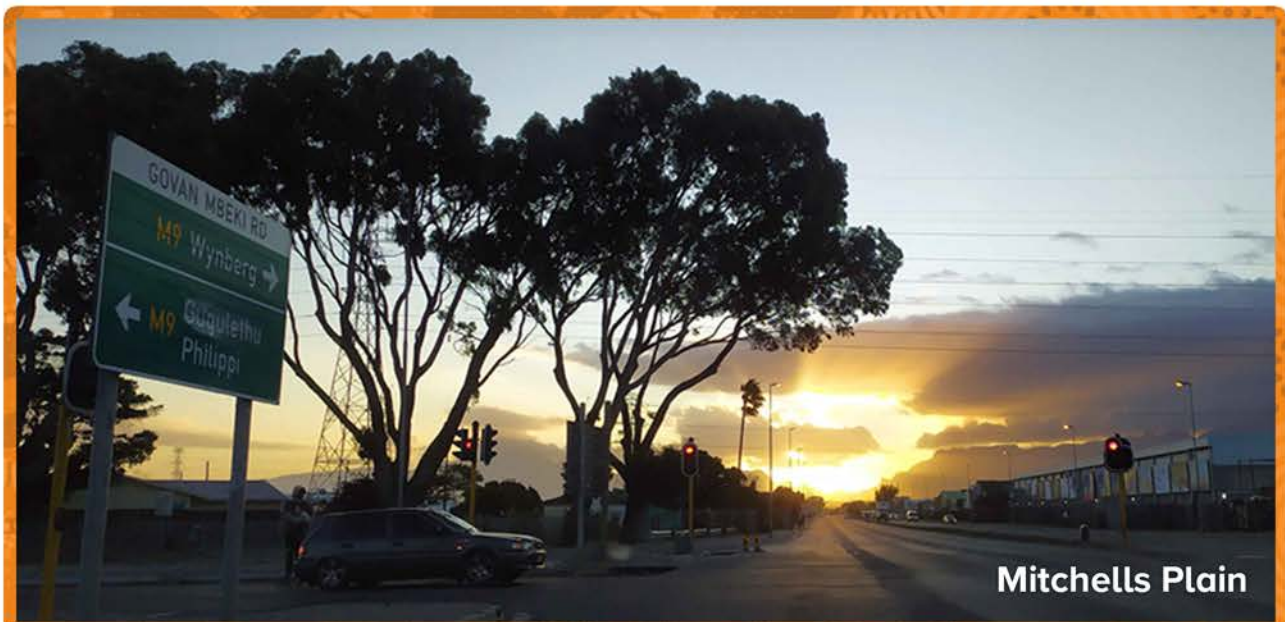
## *Jaki writes...*

*I served in Cape Town for 11 years, from 2009 to 2020, working with the homeless, in the local church and in a township primary school. I've now swapped over, from mission partner on the ground to mission coordinator behind a desk/Zoom screen. I work as part of the Crosslinks London office, organising short-term mission partners and projects. Here's a little snapshot of my life in Cape Town during my time at the primary school.*

My working day began with a Ben-Hur style drive to Mitchells Plain, which is a township on the Cape Flats. Over 300,000 people squeeze into a mix of corrugated iron sheds, terraced houses built in the 1970s and shabby duplex housing. The roads are

incredibly well maintained and pretty wide, but the taxi drivers (12-seater VW mini-buses that over 20 people cram into) seem oblivious to any rules of the road. We would rumble and joust, but I always conceded to them as they blasted through another red traffic light. I drove over to my boss (Yolanda) to pick up her and her daughter, as well as another staff member. Yolanda hated the taxis as much as I did (she valued her life)!

The first job of the day was always coffee and a catch up with the rest of the teaching and operations staff. We would touch base about how we were doing as well as pray together before the day's work kicked off. After that, every day was different!



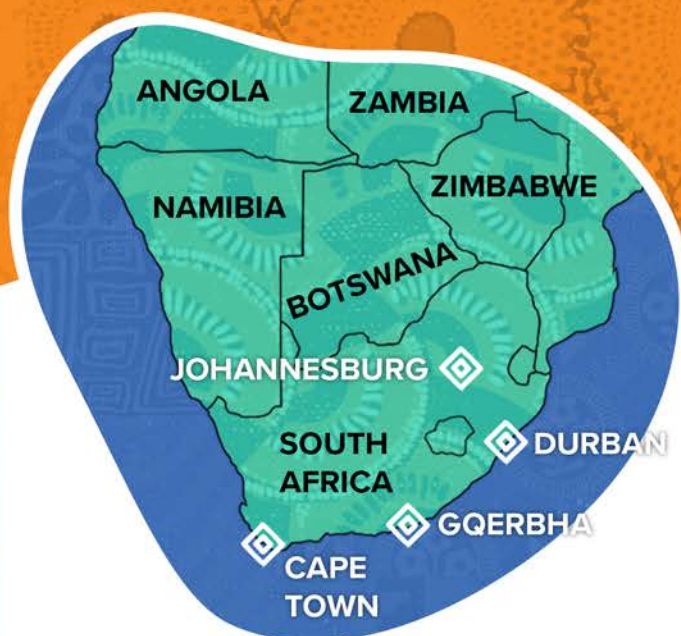


**Jaki and Yolanda**

One morning, Yolanda and I visited Child L's grandparents. They looked after L because his parents were addicted to heroin and unable to care for themselves, let alone look after him. L's Grandma was worried about everybody – especially Granddad, who had major medical problems. We offered advice on fostering Child L in order to get the associated assistance (social care and increased funding) with that changed status. We also offered to visit the Department of Social Development with them in order to push their case forward. Finally, we prayed with them (both were committed Christians) before driving back to school.

After the home visit, Yolanda and I debriefed and also updated the system so that Child L's therapist and the principal were aware of what was going on. But halfway through, we were interrupted – Yolanda was needed to sit with a child who had been removed from class. While Yolanda went to look after Child Z, I spoke to one of the teaching assistants.

She was another grandparent heading up the household. Her granddaughter



also attended the school. She was worried about her grown-up children (again, lots of social problems, including domestic abuse and addiction), but she was also worried about her grandchildren and her own health. We talked through her worries, before she asked how I was and we prayed together.

By then, it was already 2pm. We had a speedy late lunch before we drove to the rehab. A single mother with children at the school had gone into rehab for heroin addiction. This was her second attempt to come clean (multiple attempts are not unusual). We sat with her and talked about her progress and future. After praying with her, we drove back to the school.

Yolanda and I debriefed again. We were tired, but it was soon forgotten as we played with the kids who were waiting to be collected by drivers and parents. Finally, I dropped off Yolanda and anyone else who needed a lift – before taking on the taxi drivers one more time.

# 2020s: Andrew and Bethanie Walker, Argentina

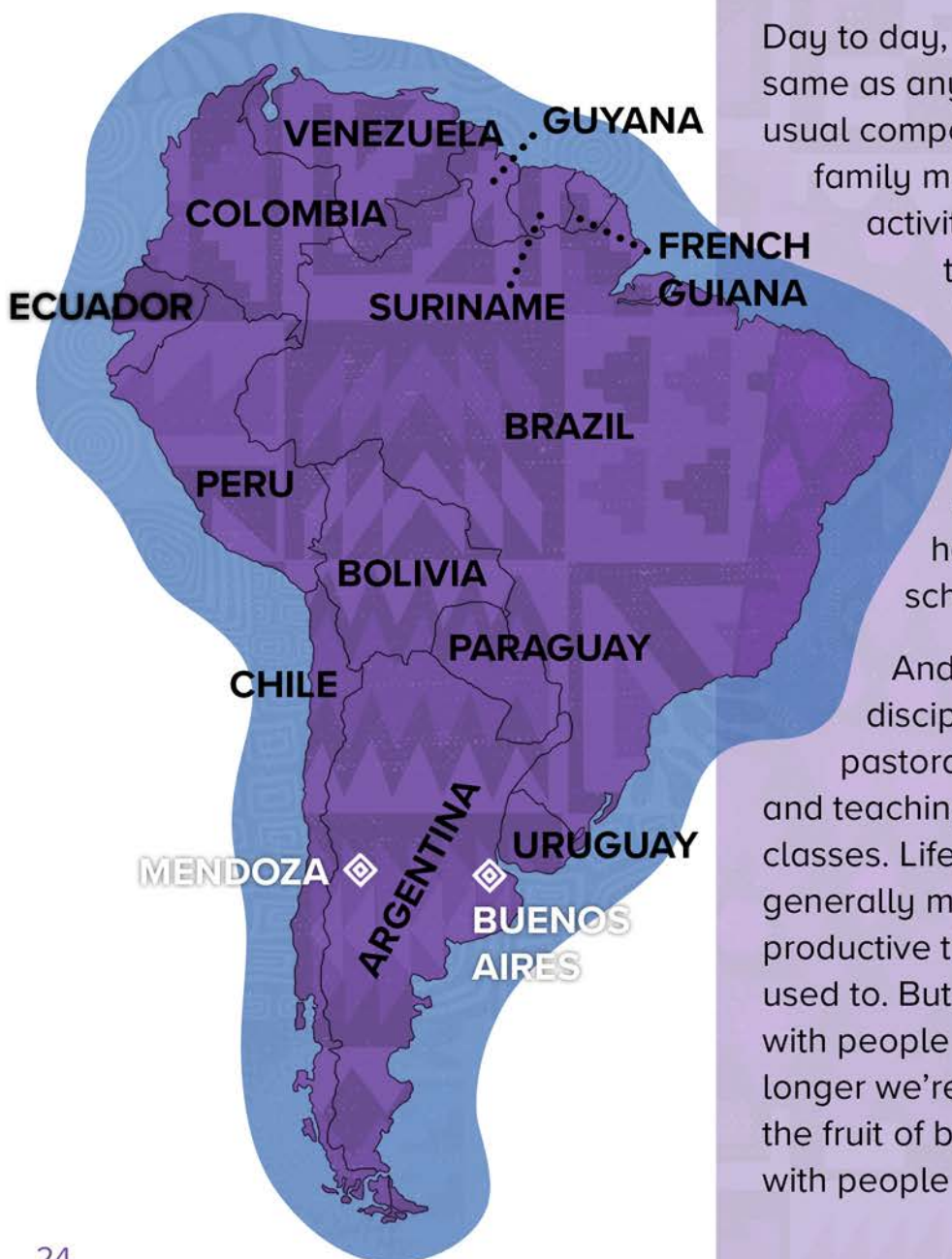
## *Bethanie writes...*

We moved to Mendoza, a city snuggled up next to the Andes, in January 2020 to serve in a small Anglican church. In an auspicious start, Andrew was robbed at gunpoint

outside the church building, just before our welcoming service! Then, in March, the whole country was locked down due to the COVID pandemic. It wasn't quite what we'd expected!

Day to day, our life looks much the same as any family. There are the usual components of school drop offs, family meal times, work and activities. In the morning, we take our kids (Maia aged 10, Emilio aged 8 and Lucy aged 6 – Noah aged 2 is a little young!) to a Spanish-speaking school and bring them home for English home-school in the afternoons.

Andrew spends his time in discipleship meetings, doing pastoral visits, preparing sermons and teaching online Bible college classes. Life in Argentina feels generally more disorganised and less productive than we would like or are used to. But time spent face to face with people is so valuable and the longer we're here, the more we see the fruit of building deep relationships with people and their families.







**Trekking in the Andes with Bible college students**

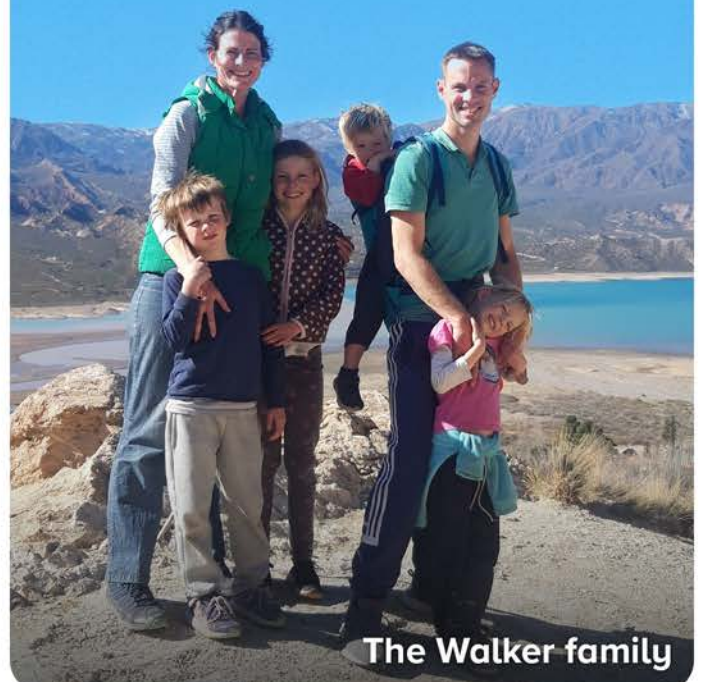
To give you a slice of life today, we have three extra people staying with us. One is an electrician friend from a church in Buenos Aires, who is kindly sorting out the dim lighting in church. The other two are a couple who are considering overseas mission in the future. A tree surgeon team have just arrived to cut down an enormous pine tree in our garden, so there's a fair amount of noise and a sharp, woody smell in the air.

Andrew is about to have a chat with the director of a bilingual school. For lunch, our apprentice Gaston, and his new wife Emi, are coming. We have an hour or so for one-to-one discipleship, and then we will all meet together as a church team to discuss the previous week. At various times, children will be picked up from school and set to do different activities. This evening is a 'down night', when we relax together as a family. The electrician has recommended a Christian film called *Outrageous Love*, which we all have to see. Can't wait!

Our vision before moving to Argentina 11 years ago was to encourage and strengthen the believers here and to

consider how we could serve in leadership training for the future. We've seen the first small steps with Gaston, our first apprentice. In January, he and Emi will head to CEP (Centro de Estudios Pastorales), a Bible college in Chile, to train for two to three years before returning to Mendoza. While Gaston and Emi are away, we hope to receive another couple to serve alongside us before they head to the north of Argentina.

No two days here are the same. But two and a half years after moving to Mendoza, we remain thankful for the Lord's sustaining hand.



**The Walker family**

# 2020s: Janet, Thailand



Janet and one of her students

## Janet writes...

*I first arrived at The Centre in Chiang Mai just after retiring. The plan was to spend two months testing the waters and see if this would be a suitable place where I could serve God for two years. Twelve wonderful years later, I still feel I'm where God wants me and I can't think of anything else I'd rather do!*

My weekdays follow the pattern of a morning activity, such as one of my two Thai lessons a week, or a session at the gym, a weekly Bible study or maybe meeting a friend for coffee. In the afternoon, I walk to The Centre, being careful to avoid the dogs lying in the streets. The heat and humidity sap my strength so I take it easy in the mornings in order to have enough

energy for the afternoons and evenings with the students – the best part of the day! I just love spending time with them.

At the moment, we're in the wet season. It's common to have bright sunshine one minute, followed by a torrential tropical downpour the next, which could last two hours and cause some local flooding.

At The Centre, we teach conversational English to students who come from two nearby universities and need extra language skills to further their career chances. Even so far away from England, it's strange to see the power the English language has to open and close doors. At The Centre, we teach in small groups. This helps us build relationships with our students and share Jesus with them more easily.

Once I arrive at The Centre, I spend time downstairs chatting to our Thai staff and a few of our five teachers, before heading upstairs to the classrooms where I teach. There's a bit of a lull and then the students start arriving on their motorcycles and the places starts to buzz!



Rainy season!



**Janet with students at The Centre**

Board games and lively ping pong matches are usually in session downstairs all afternoon and on into the evening, helping students form new friendships and feel part of The Centre community. At around 7pm, some of us will wander to the local food market for a good, cheap stir-fry or some other delicious Thai dish. Once a week, we hold a social evening where we eat, play a large group game and someone will share their life-story. After this, some students will stay and chill, play more games, sing along with a guitar, or just chat.

Buddhism permeates each layer of society and culture in this beautiful country, yet God is definitely at work. Over the years, many Centre students have grown in their understanding of Jesus and some have decided to follow him and risk separation from their families and communities. In the past year we have noticed a significant increase in the number of students showing a real hunger to know more about God and some have been coming along to my Thai church which The Centre partners with. Of

the two students who were recently baptised, one first came to The Centre eight years ago and the other joined us earlier this year.

What a joy and privilege it is to be God's planters and waterers (1 Corinthians 3:5-6). We feel as if we have front row seats, watching what God is doing in these precious people's lives. How could I possibly think of doing anything else?!





Join us for our

# Centenary Celebration Service

as we look back on 100 years of gospel mission and look forward to many more.

Christopher Ash (Ministry Trainer at St Andrew the Great Church in Cambridge and writer-in-residence at Tyndale House) will be speaking and there will be contributions from gospel partners across the globe, followed by a time of fellowship and delicious refreshments.

Join us at 6pm on 6 October in London at Dundonald Church  
(you can also join us on the livestream)

or at 6.30pm on 15 October in Northern Ireland at St Anne's Dungannon

Sign up by 29 Sept: [crosslinks.org/events](https://crosslinks.org/events)