

# **SKY PILOT NEWS** April, 1966

Published monthly by the Sky Pilot Fellowship Ltd., Marella Mission Farm.

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Subscription 2/6 or 25 cents per annum.

Registered at G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical

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## **SKY PILOT FELLOWSHIP**

# **RALLY and SALE OF WORK**

to be held (D.V.) in the grounds of

# **MARELLA MISSION FARM**

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**ACRES ROAD, KELLYVILLE, N.S.W.**

# **Saturday, 7th May, 1966**

**10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.**

**PUBLIC MEETING, 2.30 p.m. – FREE PARKING**

**ALL THE USUAL STALLS: REFRESHMENTS AND HOT PIES  
AVAILABLE ALL DAY**

Proceeds in aid of our work for needy aboriginal children

Do your Mother's Day shopping while you enjoy a day's outing in the country; at the same time you will be helping this work for the dark children of our own land.

Make up a car party, including your friends. For children there will be swings, slippery dips, pony rides, and motor boat rides on the Mission Lake.

If you are unable to come by car, there are buses from Parramatta to Kellyville Post Office. The Mission Farm is about one mile from the Post Office, but transport between the Mission Farm and Post Office bus stop will be arranged for the following buses:—

Depart Parramatta Station: 8.49 a.m., 11.05 a.m., 12.29 p.m., 1.15 p.m.

Depart Kellyville P.O.: 11.47 a.m., 1.33 p.m., 2.00 p.m., 5.07 p.m.

If coming by car, turn off Windsor Road at President Road, follow to end, then turn left into Greens Road and first turn left is Acres Road. The Mission Farm is the third home on the left in Acres Road.

Gifts for the stalls will be greatly appreciated. They should be railed to the "Sky Pilot", Parramatta Railway Station, or brought direct to the Mission Farm before or on the day of the Rally.

For further particulars, please 'phone Marella Mission Farm, 634-2427.

Please pray for a fine day



## ENERGETIC MAN 2: SKY PILOT'S LOG 2CH BROADCAST

Recently we told the story of Arthur, the energetic man who worked from daylight till dark and yet made time to help prepare a landing strip for the aeroplane. I don't think I have ever seen a man work harder or more constantly than did Arthur. Not that he rushed things. He worked steadily and constantly and saved all unnecessary labour. He was building he said, for twenty years ahead and not for the present only. He hated temporary work. He would sooner take a little longer to make his work substantial enough to last for many years to come.

Everyone liked Arthur and admired the way he worked. I was anxious to see him get on, as he deserved to. It was a bit of a shock when George came to me one day with news that Arthur was ill.

"Yes," he said, "it's true enough; poor old Arthur is real crook, if you ask me. He says it is nothin' and he'll be all right again in a few days. I reckon he must have strained hisself liftin' them thunderin' big rocks. He was spittin' blood when I was there yesterday."

"What? Spitting blood? But that must come from his lungs!"

"I don't know about that, but it come from somewhere inside him. Quite a bit of blood too. I tell you it frightened me. I told him I'd come right away and get you."

"What did he say about that?" I asked.

"He made some joke about the landin' ground bein' used for him after all. But I think he must of strained hisself. He's as strong as a horse; it can't be his lungs that's crook."

"Is he alone now, George?" I asked.

"I left old Lefthand with him. That native is as gentle as a woman in sickness in spite of his six foot of height. But old Dr. Broomfield is at Mataranka; couldn't you pick him up and bring him down? I reckon Arthur won't want to leave his farm and believe me, he's a case for a doctor all right."

"That's a good idea. The old doctor is a bit old fashioned in his methods, but he seems to know his work all right and I know he'll be willing enough to come. I'll tell you what: I'll go to Mataranka, pick up the doctor and bring him down. The trip won't take more than four or five hours—that is, of course, if I can find the doctor."

"Good," said George with satisfaction. "Well I'll nick back to Arthur right away. Can you give me some slushy food for him? He lives pretty hard at his hut—mostly salt junk and damper and that ain't much of a tucker for an invalid. I'll tell him you'll be back by dark tomorrow."

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The return trip to Mataranka was uneventful. I had to fly high as the weather was bad and I

didn't want the old doctor to be air-sick before we reached the patient. George and I waited outside while the doctor made his examination. We waited a long time and George began to fidget.

"I wonder what's holdin' up the old doctor?" he asked. "He's had time to go over a dozen men by now."

"He's very careful," I replied. "When he makes his report it'll be pretty accurate. If he doesn't know what the trouble is he won't beat about the bush, he'll tell us straight out."

"Poor old Arthur," said George, "I hope it ain't serious. He's worked so hard here it would break his heart if he had to go to hospital for a few weeks. I've never knowed a man to have so many schemes on the go at the one time. And he's got method, too. Bit by bit you can see all the plans for his farm fallin' into place like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. I thought at first it was mostly talk, like so many of the men who come to the tropics with big ideas. But he started right at bed rock and bit by bit he's carried out his ideas. He's got the water nearly laid on to his hut now. I reckon a few days more would have finished the job. He's got all the hollow logs laid ready to erect on forked logs."

"Yes," I replied, "he's a worker all right. But here comes the doctor now. You can't tell by his face what he's thinking. That beard of his hides all the expression; all the same, I don't fancy it is too good. Well, doctor, have you made your examination?"

"Yes," he said "I have."

"Well, what is the verdict? Can't you see we're almost out of our minds with anxiety? Can you give the complaint a name?"

"That's easy. Arthur is suffering from Bronchopneumonicphthisis. There's not a shadow of doubt about it."

"Good heavens! Are you sure of it? That's terrible, although it was that I was afraid of."

"Don't mind me, you fellows," complained George. "I'm only an uneducated stockman. You go right ahead and talk in some foreign language. What was it you called it? Bronco somethin' or other. I know a bronco is a horse, but what's that got to do with Arthur? He ain't been kicked by a horse, has he?"

"Sorry, George. I mean Arthur is suffering from galloping consumption."

"Galloping . . . I knew it was somethin' to do with a 'orse. Gallopin' consumption? That's real serious, ain't it?"

"I'm afraid so. Death usually takes place in a few months from the onset." (This was 1930). "I give him about three months. Maybe a little longer if he takes it easy. If he's the man you tell me he is I'd say it's more likely to be two months."



"Two or three months!" I exclaimed, "and Arthur has been building for 20 years ahead. Why, it would take years before all these schemes of his are operating. I can't believe it."

"Have you told him about . . . about how long he has to live?" asked George. "No, I can see you haven't. But someone will have to tell him. You'd better do it, Smithy; somehow I couldn't face the job."

"Why pick on me? I couldn't do it yet anyhow. Let's walk round a bit and think things out."

"You'd better go back and talk to him, Doc," suggested George, "in case he gets to worryin'. Tell him you have to make more tests or anythin' you like to keep him quiet. He'll cut up somethin' terrible when he knows. Come on Smithy, let's get away from the hut for a minute; I'm chokin'."

In silence we walked round the little farm that had been carved out of the bush with such labour. Everywhere was the sign of thoroughness and strength. The fence posts were like young telegraph poles, built to last for twenty years or more. Some of them had been drilled for wire but the wire was not yet available. I guessed Arthur intended buying it from the profits from his first harvest. With a jolt I remembered that now there would never be a harvest—unless someone else did the harvesting.

We saw the great slabs of rock that were laid neatly in position to form the base of the huge dam that Arthur intended to be the foundation of his irrigation scheme. In the thick lancewood scrub a small patch had already been cleared and marked out for the house that would never now be needed.

George cleared his voice and said: "It's terrible tough for any man to be told out of the blue that he . . . that he's only got a few more months to live. But I guess it's worse in Arthur's case. He always looked so far ahead and hated temporary work. It don't get no easier by waitin'. I - I guess you'd better do the dirty work that the Doc. and I ain't game to do. I'll come with you."

Arthur was lying on the bed. There were no sheets, of course, but the bunk was solidly and neatly built and everything in the room spoke of strength and utility. I didn't know how to break the news. Arthur didn't look so very ill and I almost wondered if the doctor had made a mistake. I noticed his bright eyes and the colour in his cheeks; but the doctor caught my eye and shook his head. Still I couldn't speak and Arthur looked from one of us to the other. He wasn't slow on the uptake. When he spoke it was in a quiet, controlled voice.

"I see," he said. "It's worse than I thought. There's no need to beat about the bush. How long have I got?"

"Not very long, I'm afraid."

"Yes, but how long? A couple of weeks?"

"No," I replied, "longer than that. The doctor thinks it might be a matter of months. If you take things easy you might . . ."

"Yes," said Arthur, "but if I keep on working, how long will it be then?"

"Not more than a couple of months. But you'll get weaker and you won't be able to work like you used to."

"I realise that. All the same a couple of months ought to give me time to finish laying on the water and I'd like to get the foundation of the dam finished. I should be able to do it".

"But you won't . . ." I began and stopped.

"I won't need it now? Is that what you were going to say? No, I won't need it myself, but I'd like to get it finished. Someone else could carry on then and make a job of it."

"But you mustn't even consider working any more, Arthur. You'll have to take things easy."

"Why? So that I could live another month or two? No, Smithy, I've worked all my life and I'd sooner go out that way. Death comes to everyone sooner or later. I thought I'd have time to finish the dam and get the house built, but . . . well, things didn't work out that way, that's all. I'm not complaining. Life hasn't been too bad—while it lasted. I'm not going to start whining now. It's too late to start anything new, of course, but I'd like to get as much done as I can before I'm through. Thanks for all you fellows have done for me. Sorry I've given you all the bother."

"Don't talk like that, Arthur," I begged. "It's not too late to start something new. All your life you've been building for the future; you can go on doing it."

"I can't get much done in a couple of months," he said, "but I might finish a few jobs I've got in hand."

"I wasn't thinking of this kind of building," I told him, "I mean a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens".

Arthur smiled. "I've left it a bit late, haven't I?" he asked.

"Yes, but not too late. All your life you have missed the most important thing. In building for the future you took death to be the end and you planned only for old age. If you had looked a little bit further you would have commenced building for all eternity."

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Arthur managed to finish getting the water laid on to the hut but he was too weak to finish the foundations of his dam. The bushmen came in at George's call and they built the whole dam in a week or two, with the help of all the mission natives. We carried Arthur out to see it full of water and he smiled happily. He died in his sleep and we buried him beside the completed dam. But he was so happy right to the last that we couldn't think of him as dead. George put it into words:



"I guess he's still workin', wherever he is. So many lazy hypocrites try to crawl into heaven by a back door that I guess God was about fed up and He sent for Arthur to show 'em a real decent workman. Whatever he builds will stand the test of time".

And the final entry in today's log is taken from the 5th chapter of second Corinthians: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

**THE VALUE OF MISSIONS:** William Adam Brown, whose name is almost synonymous with Foreign Missions, used to silence all thinking critics with this striking apologetic:

"1. Every book in the New Testament was written by a Foreign Missionary.

"2. Every letter in the New Testament that was written to an individual was written to a convert of a Foreign Missionary.

"3. Every epistle in the New Testament that was written to a Church was written to a Foreign Missionary Church.

"4. The disciples were called Christians first in a Foreign Missionary Community.

"5. Of the twelve apostles chosen by Jesus, every apostle except one became a missionary. The only one that did not become a traitor.

"6. According to the apostles, missionary service is the highest expression of Christian life."

There are still plenty of vacancies in the mission field; have you thought that one may be waiting for you? Perhaps you will say: "But I have no definite call," and you mention what is known as the "Macedonian Call" (Acts 16:9). This was not a call to missionary service at all: Paul had been a missionary for years; it was an unusual experience by no means typical of a call to missionary service in the first place. Every Christian is called to be a missionary. When you become a Christian and enter the Lord's army it is not for you to dictate to your Master just what you are prepared to do or where you are prepared to go; it is for Him to say where He wants you. A theological or Bible training course cannot make you a missionary; it can only fit

you to be a better one. Going overseas does not make a missionary; unless you are a missionary at home it is no use going overseas. If you are a Christian you should WANT to be a missionary; if you are a missionary you should WANT to go to the foreign field; but you should be a missionary at home if you have been SPECIALLY CALLED to home service. "I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' Then said I, 'Here am I; send me'". (Isaiah 6:8).

**OLD FRIENDS:** Over the years a great many men and women have worked at Marella, either on the farm or in the Home. Quite frequently some of these past workers return with their families to renew old friendships. We were very happy this month to receive a visit from one of our men who first worked for us 26 years ago. Also the daughter of one of our former assistants now comes here as a voluntary worker. But from time to time we receive visits or letters from many others; some in England. Africa and other countries of the world.

#### **BISHOP NEVILLE LANGFORD-SMITH:**

After a very rushed visit to Australia the Bishop of Nakuru and Mrs. N. Langford-Smith have returned to Kenya, East Africa, where the Bishop has spent 34 years as a missionary for C.M.S., first in Tanganyika and later in Kenya. It was a happy re-union and the "Sky-Pilot" and his family spent a few brief hours with his brother and sister-in-law. The Bishop has a big task ahead of him in Africa and he was disappointed in failing to receive from Australia the extra missionaries he so badly needs for his diocese. He has decided to form a "Diocese of Nakuru Fellowship" through his Commissary, Archdeacon Graham Delbridge, of Diocesan Church House, George Street, Sydney. It is interesting to recall that Archdeacon Delbridge was one of the foundation Council Members of the Sky Pilot Fellowship, in 1949. The Bishop would value your prayers for his difficult work in Africa.

**CONCLUSION:** Our financial year closed on 31st March and though the balance sheet is not yet available it is evident that God has greatly blessed this work over the past year. There have been outstanding advances in the material field; but above all there has been a steady spiritual growth amongst the children. In fact the past five or six years in review looks like a fairy tale in the magnificent progress that has been made. To God be all the praise, the honour and the glory; it is all His doing.