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Four Flats Correspondence

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Dear Gentlemen; (to use the term loosely)

Tell everybody I know in Okinawa, Japan, Philippines, Goa, Timbuctoo - hello.

A promotional folder proclaiming the "The Crèant Calls" fell this week into my possession with a carefully explained place to send contributions. The picture looks vaguely familiar but the "B.D.'s, Th.B's, M.Ree's, Associate Preachers, and business managers and college sweethearts and etc's!..." what meat hath Caesar eaten that they have grown so strong?!... Selah. I would have added a C.G. degree (car gypo), C.R. degree, (chicken raiser). But really now boys, I want you to know that there is one humble, faraway voice in the hinterlands of S.A. that arose from his easy chair upon hearing this news and shouted, "Gracias a Dios!".

My joy is tempered with fatherly concern for the "college sweetheart" whom I presume will remain at the hearthside riding herd on the 10 (or so) aggregated children sired by the musical globetrotters. And then, while your out of the house, why under the sun don't you hit S.America too? - Rio, B.A., Santiago, Montevideo, Copajira, Lima, Havana, Mexico Ciudad. Nothing would give me greater joy than to work out a fast schedule at 12,000 ft. high piled, in a jeep, crossing muddy rivers on muleback. And men, at this point I know whereof I speak. I've been home only 3 days since April 1st, and my appreciation of native food, sleeping bags and jeep travel has degenerated alarmingly. These Bolivian roads...I don't know how the Incas ever made it around on them, and since then they've sort of been let run down!

But back to the Orient. Enclosed is a tiny check which happens at the moment to be all the Ford and I have together for even such a noble cause as this. But I suspect you are getting more advice than money from a lot of other people too, so I shall close with just a word of wisdom. My experience as a missionary and with missionaries has revealed there is occasionally a wholesome lack of confidence on the

(over, men)
mission field (anywhere) for certain fly-by-night visitors who take a place by storm, then return home with assurance that they are well-advised on all foreign problems, missionary life, how to save the world. eg. I know you fellows are too wise to fall into this error, but I might suggest that everywhere you visit & project yourselves into just what it would be like to spend the next 25 yrs or so in that spot...mmm with your family, learn to know, love, and live with the people, and learn the language and etc. Having considered this little item a moment, I believe you can be even a greater blessing to the missionaries and workers you visit than just "somebody else to entertain". (It so happens a few Wheaton pros, Asburians and other varieties of "experts" have been entertained at times in our house and some are a real blessing and others.)

My good little wife and I would enjoy nothing better than receiving from time to time progress reports of your travels...this would break the monotony of just eating, sleeping and enjoying S. America.

Tenderly,

Jack L. Willcuts.