



ABOVE: Mr. Apartian preaching in French.  
CENTER: The children attending the new church  
in Martinique. BELOW: Mr. Jubert, his wife and  
their two children.

*Ambassador College Photos*



# GOD'S CHURCH IN MARTINIQUE

*Many baptisms, a church established, a local man ordained—  
read this interesting account of the recent Caribbean tour.*

by Dibar K. Apartian

THE MERE mention of the *Islands* of the "Caribbean" gives one a nostalgic desire to travel. It probably brings to your own mind the dramatic pictures you might have seen of these *exotic* islands that seem to have been planted haphazardly between the U.S.A. and South America. These are islands with green, abundant vegetation, tropical rains, romantic moonlight, and year-round sunshine.

But behind this natural beauty there lies a gloomy morbidity! *Sickness, misery and poverty* lift up their ugly heads as uncontested witnesses of man's 6,000 years of *degeneration*. Everywhere on these islands you can sense and feel nature's urgent cry for the *restitution* of all things...

The baptizing tour Mr. Kelly and I took through the Caribbean Islands didn't allow us much time to do any sight-seeing. What it did give us was the opportunity to mingle with the natives, talk with them for long hours, get acquainted with their way of life, their problems, difficulties and hopes.

Seen from this point of view, what we found was most *disheartening*.

## The Standard of Living

The average British West Indian family is composed of *eight children!* They sleep together on the floor, side by side, in a room which is hardly big enough to contain a sofa and a couple of normal-size chairs. In fact, the dimensions of an average "home"—if that word can be used to describe dilapidated shacks or mud huts—are *25' by 25'!* This box is divided—without partitions—into sections that are supposed to represent a bedroom, a living room and a kitchen. The great

outdoors, of course, provides the convenience of the bathroom!

These battered straw- or bamboo-covered huts have no windows, no doors. Most of them are without gas or electricity. In fact, it wouldn't be exaggerated to claim that many *stables* in the U.S.A. offer more comfort.

The average West Indian wage earner does plantation work, mostly in *sugarcane* and *banana* fields. He takes home approximately two dollars a day with which he has to support his large family. Naturally, his meager income does not allow him to add variety to his diet which consists, primarily, of tropical fruits, rice, bread and some vegetables.

The *PACE* is *slow*—desperately slow—on these islands! You get the impression that the people *don't know* where they are going and don't want to get there! Years of such lazy and indolent living have caused the natives not only to lose the desire to work, but also the habit of *thinking* or coordinating their thoughts. For instance, we soon discovered that it was useless to ask a waiter to bring us all at once a cup of coffee *with* sugar and cream; he would make three trips and slowly bring one item at a time.

On most islands, the few existing roads are completely out-of-date. Built for mules and horse-carriages, they have to accommodate today the ever-increasing number of cars, which are mostly composed of fast-driven and overpriced taxis.

"*Why* haven't the British built better roads and more of them on these islands?" asked an American tourist we met at Antigua. He himself was in the road construction business in Miami,

and assured us that he "sure would like to move out here and *straighten* up a few things."

This man didn't know, however, that "straightening up a few things" couldn't possibly solve the problem. Like everywhere else in the world, not only a *few* things, but practically EVERYTHING man has done ever since creation needs to be straightened up.

## Memorable Highlights

For weeks, prior to our departure, Mr. Kelly had been *diligently* making the necessary *plans* and *reservations* for our sixteen-day trip. But Mr. Kelly didn't know that even airplanes, on these calypso-swayed islands, follow the *slow pace* of the people who dwell there. Indeed, many a time, we contemplated a change of itinerary because of unexpected change in airplane schedules. However, *God saw to it* that we always met our appointments—even if it meant spending sleepless nights!

One evening, at Nassau, we were scheduled to get on the 7:30 p.m. BOAC jet to Jamaica. But the last minute we were told at the airport that the plane would have a "slight" delay. By 10:00 p.m. the "slight" delay was extended two more hours, and the restaurant manager—where BOAC graciously offered us a *free meal*—requested that everyone vacate the premises because it was closing time.

Mr. Kelly and I walked out in the dark, tired and wondering how we could spend those two additional hours of waiting. It was hot, sweltering hot! Flies and mosquitoes seemed to be enjoying our company. After a full day's counseling and talking with peo-

ple, we were too tired to do anything creative, and the city was at quite a distance from the airport.

But the worst was not over! At midnight, we were told that our plane would have a *new* two-hour "slight delay" . . .

When we arrived at Jamaica, it was 6:00 a.m., and we hardly had time to freshen up before meeting the ten persons who showed up at the lobby of the hotel.

I don't think I'll ever forget the comments one of the British passengers made as we boarded, at dawn, the plane at Nassau: "I say, we had a fabulous trip," he interjected. "Traffic jam—you know! We spent more time circling over New York awaiting instructions to land, than we did traveling from London to New York. Any wonder we were late in getting here, old chap? Nevertheless, it was a fabulous trip. . . ."

So it was—for us, too—because we baptized three persons in Jamaica!

At another occasion, we landed three hours late on a small island called GRENADA. We feared that we had missed all of our appointments at the hotel, for no one would wait that long. Yet, to our delight and amazement, instead of finding the four persons who were scheduled to meet us, we found a *group of twelve* people—kindly and patiently waiting for us. It sometimes *helps* to be accustomed to living at a slow pace!

During our tightly scheduled tour, missing a plane meant bypassing a certain island—thus canceling our appointments there—because oftentimes there was but one daily flight to our destination. However, despite all our handicaps — including last-minute *changes* in plane schedules, *misinformation* given to us by airport employees, and even *flat tires* while rushing to the airport in a taxi—God saw to it that we never once missed an appointment.

But the most *unforgettable* incident is perhaps the BAPTIZING we did in Jamaica. When we told our taxi driver what we had in mind, he informed us that he knew of an "ideal" place, *nice and quiet*, where we could go and baptize people. It was dusk as he drove

us to a "river"—which would be more aptly described as a swamp—where we baptized our *three natives* who had surrendered their wills to God.

Never before have I seen filthier and more infected waters. Never have I seen—or been *bitten* by—so many mosquitoes! Even while we were laying on our hands, Mr. Kelly and I had to keep moving constantly to chase away the voracious intruders.

That night, upon our return to the hotel, Mr. Kelly had to anoint me for what he called "the worst case of mosquito bites" he had ever seen.

But today, as we look back at these memories, and remember the grateful eyes of those we met during this baptizing tour, the help *God allowed us* to give them, the *JOY* they expressed at meeting us—our nightmarish experiences vanish into oblivion!

We had projected to meet only 53 persons. However, 96 showed up, and we baptized 22.

#### God's People in Martinique

Martinique is a colorful French island where the natives enjoy a *relatively higher* standard of living. Moreover, those whom God has called seem to be in every respect much better off than the average islander, and certainly enjoy the peace of mind true Christians know.

Our Church members in Martinique are far from being rich or wealthy, but they do *live comfortably* and are BLESSED with good *health* and lovely children. Unlike some of the islands that form the British West Indies—where illiteracy sometimes reaches over 50 percent of the population—nearly everyone in Martinique can *read and write*.

It was most inspiring to us to spend a Sabbath with *God's people* in Martinique and to expound the Bible to them. On this special occasion—a "feast day" as some called it—we had morning and afternoon services. As it was, I had to do nearly all the preaching because no one could understand Mr. Kelly's French. . . .

But he—just like Mr. McCullough a year ago—felt perfectly *at home* among these French-speaking natives whom God has called.

It is hard to describe just what you feel when you spend a Sabbath, *thousands of miles away from home*, among people of different race and language, but who worship the GOD of the Bible!

It is hard, yet easy, because you feel at home among them. Somehow you feel *closer* to them than you do to your own relatives who are *not* converted.

Think of it! There's a group on the island of Martinique who assemble together, every Sabbath, to faithfully *worship* God. They, too, begin their services with two or three songs and an opening prayer. They, too, have a short sermonette, a few announcements, followed by another hymn—then the main sermon. They, too, close their services asking God to *bless* and *protect* those He has called all over the world.

Yes, just like Mr. Kelly and me, you would have been thoroughly moved by seeing these people, assembled with their *Bibles open* on their knees, and holding a *pencil* and a *notebook* in their hands.

Even though we held morning and afternoon services, in addition to the Friday night preaching, our people still wanted to hear *more* of God's Word expounded to them. Therefore, I had no choice but to start, right after the afternoon services, a BIBLE STUDY which lasted past 7 p.m.—thus extending well into "the first day of the week." It somehow reminded me of the apostle Paul's long preaching, except that, in this instance, no one fell from the third-floor window. But then, in the assembly hall in Martinique, there is no third floor—and there are no windows!

#### Mr. Louis Jubert Ordained

Two or three times in the past, I have already written in *The GOOD NEWS* about the leader of our group in Martinique—Mr. Louis Jubert. He is a *graying* gentleman in his sixties, the father of four children, two of whom are married and live in the U.S.A.

For nearly twenty-seven years, Mr. Jubert had been an elder in the Adventist Church when, one morning he heard our broadcast *Le MONDE A* (Continued on page 10)

the ministers, at least five new churches could be established immediately with an undetermined number of bimonthly Bible studies in various areas.

As the result of this fantastic growth, the scriptures in Matthew 9:36-38 take on a much more deep and significant meaning to those of us in the Canadian work. God's people in Canada truly are fainting and are scattered abroad, as sheep without a shepherd. The need for shepherds is crying out in Canada as it never has before. The harvest is truly plenteous, in fact it is running over. God is blessing the Canadian work with unprecedented growth in every field and area and God lays a responsibility upon you as God's people to, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."

## MARTINIQUE

(Continued from page 6)

VENIR, as I was speaking about the *Millennium*.

The Truth hit Mr. Jubert right between the eyes. After carefully checking in the Bible what he had just heard—and studying the booklets we sent him—Mr. Jubert resigned from his church and turned to God's Church. "I surrender *unconditionally* to God," he wrote me, over four years ago. "I have been so very wrong and so very deceived. May God forgive me for having misled others into darkness."

That was the beginning of a *true and sincere* REPENTANCE which led him to his ordination on August 7, 1965. At the time, Mr. Jubert's sudden resignation from his former post caused a split in the Adventist Church in Martinique. A group of some thirty to thirty-five adults followed him and have been keeping faithfully, ever since, GOD'S COMMANDMENTS.

For over four years now, Mr. Jubert has been receiving instructions from Headquarters and faithfully following them.

The Church in Martinique now assembles in a hall which, until last year, was Mr. Jubert's own workshop. But today it is completely transformed and converted into a very *attractive hall*. Mr. Jubert, who is a carpenter by pro-

fession, has worked hard, together with some others in the group, to transform his old workshop into such a nice assembly hall, now holding between 60 to 70 persons.

On this Sabbath day, having previously obtained Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong's approval for ordaining Mr. Jubert, Mr. Kelly and I watched him carefully, surveying nearly every move he made. We noticed that he holds the deep *respect* of every member of the Church. We saw him clean and dust the hall between morning and afternoon services. We heard his sermonette about the *purpose of life*. We observed the way he *rules* his family.

We had *no doubts* that Mr. Jubert was called by GOD *to be ordained*.

How can we ever forget the awe-inspiring silence that followed the ordination announcement I made before the whole congregation? How can we

forget the surprised but joyful expression on all their faces? How can we ever forget Mr. Jubert's almost unbelieving look?

"Who, me—ordained?" he whispered to me in a broken voice. "That is the *last thing* I would have expected in my life."

It probably was. In fact, that is one more reason why Jesus Christ has called him to *serve* in His ministry.

And now, brethren, whenever you pray for GOD'S CHURCHES *around the world*, remember the small group in Martinique who now have an *ordained* LOCAL ELDER whose name is Louis Jubert!

Remember MARTINIQUE, a small island in the Caribbean Sea, where a handful of "chosen" people assemble every Sabbath to worship the *true* God, to pray for His Work, *for you and for me*—and for God's KINGDOM to come!

## The Bible Answers Your Questions

Please address any questions YOU would like answered in this column to the Editor.

**I have a problem—I can't memorize scriptures. It's laborious for me to sit down and try to learn all those figures. Can you help me?**

Learning and memorizing certain basic scriptures *has* been a problem to some in God's Church—but *needlessly so!* There are *definite steps* we can take in order to make the study and memorization of God's Word easier.

Anyone who has a problem memorizing scriptures which he ought to know should first of all *examine his attitude* to see if he really, joyfully WANTS to learn from God's Word enough to memorize it. Then he can work from there.

We CAN memorize those basic scriptures we ought to know. God says so! In Phil. 4:13 He inspired Paul to write, "I can do *all things* through Christ which strengtheneth me." It is possible through God's help to do those things required of us, to learn

His Word—yes, even to memorize exactly where the *basic* scriptures are found. We must come to deeply know and believe *it CAN be done!*

But *after* obtaining the right attitude and approach to God's Word, what then? How should you actually go about memorizing?

Too many have made the mistake of trying to memorize *too many* scriptures all at once. You should start *little*—start with only a few basic scriptures and learn those. Set a *small goal* for yourself (say, five scriptures) and memorize them.

Write them down. Read the context around the scripture—know first of all the *BOOK* where it's found, *then* the chapter, *then* the verse. Start general—*then* get specific.

Remember the *point* of the scripture—not necessarily all the quaint phraseology of the King James language—don't be a modern Pharisee.

Next REVIEW—USE those scriptures  
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