



"God called me into literature work in India," says Job Sudarshan Kaki, director of Yesupadam Books in Vijayawada, India.

A Tale of Two Crows

My family name, *Kaki*, means crow, and I met Uncle Bob—George Robert Crow for the record—with devastating effect, when I was flying high (at least for a crow).

My father-in-law owns a printing establishment and the pioneering Christian publishing house in the Telugu language in India. I was doing my Ph.D. and working in a UNESCO project in far away Delhi. Some time in 1983 (I married Jalaja in 1982), I went to my father-in-law's place for a brief visit.

Uncle Bob was staying in the guest house attached to the press, translating the Bible into spoken Telugu and getting it printed. Just to please my father in law, I went to meet this American. We spoke for four hours and Uncle Bob forgot all about his tennis that evening.

I was to leave by the weekend, but Uncle Bob sent for me. He came directly to the point: "Job," he said, "Do you think you can help me with the editing and proof-reading of my Bible?"

"But, that would probably involve my staying here with you for a long time," I blurt-

ed out.

"It would, yes," he said.

"The audacity!" I thought.

"He has the audacity to ask me to leave my research career and come into Bible translations?"

"Sir, you don't know what you are asking," I said. "I have a teaching position at the university waiting for me. I hope to do serious research in Human Genetics. I may even win the Nobel prize sometime in my life."

That is what I *wanted* to say. What I *did* say was a lot shorter and entirely different.

"I'll pray about it," I said.

"You do that."

It is amazing now to recall how composed and sure the man sounded. It was uncanny. He seemed to know what I was and what I would become.

I am not saying that I expected Aristotle, Einstein and Nietzsche to be waiting in line to kiss me on both cheeks and admit me into their club, but I am saying that I was a promising scientist, not a Bible translator—my university gold medal said so.

Leaving science and research and settling into

some God-forsaken place to do God's work had never even crossed my mind.

Then it started looking as if the Master of the Universe were sounding a trumpet. "Cry havoc, and let loose the dogs of war!" —on Job Sudarshan! I faced one disaster after another. It was as if Uncle Bob had cast a spell or worse, pronounced a curse.

Battered and bruised, on April 24, 1984, I sat down with Uncle Bob to spend six

Our little team gave the Telugu people their first study Bible. In fact, it was the first study Bible of its kind in any Indian language. Two others participated on our team, but the two crows did the bulk of the writing and study notes and edited the entire text twice.

Uncle Bob now lives somewhere in Florida in semi-retirement. I do not even have his e-mail. Apart from hearing that he studied at Moody Bible Institute before coming to India in 1953 as a missionary, I seem to know very little about him. But the impact he left on me is lifelong.

"Time will tell" was Uncle Bob's favorite axiom. Once I asked him in a light vein, "Uncle Bob, please let me have a double portion of your spirit."

He replied seriously "you probably already have it."

Now the brown crow, by God's grace, is alone, bravely flying along.❖



Job S. Kaki has worked to provide Christian literature in Telugu for over 15 years.

memorable years working with him. That time forever changed my life.

And that was how Uncle Bob, the white crow, and Sudarshan, the brown crow, started flying together.