

# African Missionary Pilot

By

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*Dedicated to*  
**The AFRICAN MISSIONARY**  
*and*  
**Those Who Would Be Such**

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## A STATEMENT FROM THE PUBLISHER

Working in the Caribbean for several years, Roger Dickson and his family moved to Capetown, South Africa to continue their mission efforts and their work through *The International School of Biblical Studies*. *African Missionary Pilot* is the portion of autobiography dealing with those experiences.

As in the Caribbean, Roger took a plane to Africa to enable him to quickly and inexpensively travel throughout much of the continent to conduct seminars and meetings, to lecture in schools, and to introduce *The International School of Biblical Studies* to a larger number of potential students. In October of 1994 he visited India for meetings and also to acquaint the local people with his school. While there he visited with brethren in Bombay, New Delhi, and Kakinada.

If you have read his book, *Caribbean Missionary Pilot*, you will surely want to read *African Missionary Pilot*. If you have not read the earlier book, I wholeheartedly recommend it to you.

Being the person he is, we can expect much more from Roger Dickson in the future. He is truly dedicated to spreading the cause of Christ throughout the world, and it is our hope that many will follow his example.

J. C. Choate  
Winona, MS  
January 23, 1995

## INTRODUCTION

Africa is an exciting continent. It is a continent of diversity in culture, language and geography. Those who come to this continent express their feelings about the "African mystic." It is hard to explain this unusual emotional aroma one finds in this place. I have lived on three continents and the West Indies. Only in Africa have I experienced this gravitational pull on the human spirit. Maybe there is something about the innocence of the culture. It might be the diversity or an ever changing political environment that always leaves one to guess as to what is next. I have traveled from one end of this continent to the other. I have been over the Sahara, through jungles and salt pans alike. I have tramped through bush and boulevards. Only on rare occasions have I encountered a traveler who did not express his feeling that there is an emotional draw to this continent which is quite different than any other place in the world.

The following are some of my experiences on this great continent as a missionary sent out by the Eastwood church of Christ in Hutchinson, Kansas. 1994 marked twenty years that Martha and I have been involved in missions. We first went to Brazil in 1974. At that time, foreign missions was to be only a five year commitment. That five years has turned into twenty and I do not see any end in sight. God has blessed us wonderfully with a sponsoring congregation that has persevered with our goals of training national church leaders to evangelize the world. Together we have worked in the best way we can to carry out God's plan to accomplish what Paul instructed Timothy in 2 Timothy 2:2: *"And the things that you have heard from me among many witnesses, commit these to faithful men who will be able to teach others also."*

We must thank the thousands of individual Christians who have contributed to the accomplishment of the above goal. The *International School of Biblical Studies* was only a dream in 1979

when we started putting things together in West Monroe, Louisiana for the West Indies. From those small dreams God has laid the world before us with a work that is bigger than any one individual. To Him must go all glory for working in our lives exceedingly abundantly above all we ever dreamed and planned.

The following chapters are a few chronicles of events that have taken place in our lives since coming to Africa. We wanted to share them with you in order to encourage both your participation in this work, as well as, to give you some idea of what a missionary pilot does. Africa is a place where a book could be written on the life of many individuals. In this book it is my prayer that you will capture some idea of how God can work in the life of any individual. It is also my prayer that these words will encourage you to join us in this most wonderful work of God to get the gospel to every soul on earth.

There may be another pioneer missionary as a Dow Merritt or W. N. Short who reads this book, than thus, is motivated to touch thousands of lives. It is my prayer that I can encourage you to be one of God's servants in this most challenging area of His vineyard. Many trails have been opened. Thousands are yet to be. Possibly you will be the spark that will lead thousands to salvation in years to come. There may be a mother or father who reads this book who will rear a son or daughter in whom they implant a spark of encouragement to win thousands to Jesus in Africa.

As the tremendous growth of the church occurs on the African continent, I would challenge the church to arise to the occasion of African evangelism. By the first of the next century there will be far more churches in Africa than in America. In view of what is happening, it is most critical that we lay a solid foundation upon which future generations of the church can build. We are here to build this foundation. We ask for your prayers that God use us and a host of other missionaries on this continent to accomplish this most needed task.

I have also tried to express in this book some of the major

problems of the African situation for which future missionaries must prepare in order to do an even better job of African evangelism. Do not believe that I am being critical in those areas where my desire is to enlighten. Unless we face real mission challenges, we will never seek to equip ourselves to meet the needs of both the lost and the saved.

And by all means, please do not consider my conclusions as any final authority. I am only one individual with a limited amount of experience and contact. There are many other great books out on African evangelism. I would be the first to encourage African mission students to research those books. One must always assimilate as much information as possible in order to gain a broad view of the culture and work into which he is going.

I am a hopeless optimistic. The best years are yet to come in African evangelism. Upon the foundation of great works in the past, the African church is forging forth to a great future of evangelism. We praise God for His work in our lives to give us victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Roger E. Dickson, D.Min.  
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Cape Town, South Africa  
1995

**FLIGHT PLANS**

Flight Plan 1:	<i>Carving Out a Landing Strip</i>
Flight Plan 2:	<i>Into the Wind and Work</i>
Flight Plan 3:	<i>The Great Flight</i>
Flight Plan 4:	<i>Seminar Safaris</i>
Flight Plan 5:	<i>The African Village</i>
Flight Plan 6:	<i>The African Thank You</i>
Flight Plan 7:	<i>Inaugural Flight</i>
Flight Plan 8:	<i>Journeys</i>
Flight Plan 9:	<i>The High Price of Faith</i>
Flight Plan 10:	<i>Hungering and Thirsting</i>
Flight Plan 11:	<i>Transitions in Church Growth</i>
Flight Plan 12:	<i>Waves of Change</i>
Flight Plan 13:	<i>Rediscovering Our First Love</i>
Flight Plan 14:	<i>The Plight of the Refugee</i>
Flight Plan 15:	<i>Seminar Safari Through Africa, I</i>
Flight Plan 16:	<i>Seminar Safari Through Africa, II</i>
Flight Plan 17:	<i>Seminar Safari Through Africa, III</i>
Flight Plan 18:	<i>Back to Kenya</i>
Flight Plan 19:	<i>Air Miles to Malawi</i>

Epilogue  
Map

## Flight Plan 1

**CARVING OUT A LANDING STRIP**

On one bright sunny day in December 1989, Martha and I, with our two daughters, Cindy and Lisa, settled into the smoggy elements of Johannesburg, South Africa on a South African Airways 747. It was December 17th, Martha's birthday. It was a birthday present she would never forget.

We had ventured across the Atlantic and to the bottom of the "dark continent" in order to establish the international base of the *International School of Biblical Studies* (ISOBS) on the African continent. That day began a romance with the African people which is known only by those who have been touched by the intriguing mystic of the African culture. We were now where only storybook adventurers had gone. We had set our feet on the soil of Livingstone, Kruger, Stanley and a host of other historical characters of African tales of yesteryear. We had actually come into the realm of pioneer missionaries who had blazed the trails of evangelism decades before our arrival. We were now in Africa and it was great to have arrived.

I had previously ventured to this land mass several times before. I had made trips to Ghana in teaching seminars at the Ghana Bible College in Kumasi, Ghana. A year or so before our arrival, I had made a preaching trip to Cape Town. I was not really looking for a place in Cape Town to set down the landing gear of the *International School of Biblical Studies*. However, while on a "chance" visit to the Bellville church of Christ in Cape Town, at the invitation of the impetuous and lovable Dr. Des Stumpf, an agreement was made between them and us concerning our



common goal of world evangelism.

The church had the facilities where we could initiate the base of the School, though plans had been made to eventually find a permanent building. Because of the invitation of the Bellville church we were on our way to establishing on the continent a continuation of what had been started ten years before on the island of Antigua in the West Indies.

I had at the time traveled to over forty countries on four continents. When we landed in Cape Town, I had to confess that the beautiful Cape was the fairest of them all. To seafarers of the past, this city which was nestled at the foot of Table Mountain, surely brought to them the same scenic relief that it brought to my family when we arrived there on December 19, 1989. The Mountain was a beacon that signaled encouragement to us as we docked in for the continuation of the work of the School.

South Africa is a land which is vastly different from its neighbors to the north. It is a unique environment of divergent cultures, vast economics and different languages. It is truly the motto of its advertisements, "A world in one country." Greatly misunderstood by the outside world, South Africa survived the onslaught of world sanctions and isolation. Though rejected and snubbed as a misfit child by most countries of the world, the survival instinct of this country caused it to emerge as the breadbasket and economic stronghold of all southern Africa.

Because of its influence on the southern countries of Africa, we chose it as the base of the School. From here the vital functions of printing and postal service could be carried out to reach the world through the extension of the School.

Many things have transpired since our arrival. Since the establishment of the base of the School in Cape Town in 1989, sanctions against South Africa have fallen and our courses by 1991 were being mailed to over thirty countries. We had dreamed right by planting the School in South Africa. The work was of God. And we must follow God's open doors. In 1989 the door was

opened for the establishment of the School in South Africa.

Therefore, we feel strongly that God led the School to Cape Town. Past accomplishments can only be answered in understanding the work of God in our lives. He certainly performed exceedingly abundantly above all that we dreamed.

### **A LITTLE SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY**

From about 8,000 B.C. to the time of Jesus, scattered groups of hunters and herders of the Khoesan Stone Age peoples roamed the regions of southern Africa. By about A.D. 300 African tribal groups had migrated down the East Coast of Africa. Early communities of black Africa had established small settlements in the Transvaal and Natal regions of South Africa. By the 1400s various Khoesan and black tribal groups had settled in many parts of the country.

In 1488 a Portuguese sailor by the name of Bartolomeu Dias sailed around the beautiful Cape of Good Hope, which today we call Cape Town. Dias actually began the European interest in the southern part of Africa. However, it was not until 1580 that the Dutchman, Cornelis de Houtman, carried out trading with the inhabitants of the region. He landed at Mossel Bay and did some trading with the Khoekhoen peoples.

In 1652 Jan van Riebeeck landed at Table Bay of the Cape. He established the first European settlement. From 1688 to 1700 about 225 French Huguenots brought their culture to the Cape when they fled religious persecution in France. The first British residents moved to the Cape in 1795. A second British exodus arrived at the Cape in 1806. And by 1814 the Dutch permanently ceded the Cape to the British at the London Convention.

In 1815 Shaka became the chief of the Zulus. By rigorous discipline he created a war machine, and thus, became one of the first known "Hitlers" of Africa. During the 1820s and 1830s black peoples throughout southern Africa were forced to migrate because of the rise of the Zulu Empire. Shaka adopted the

"scorched earth policy" and thus devastated vast areas of land. He organized a reign of terror throughout all tribal groups in southern Africa.

In 1824 the first white settlers migrated into the territory of Shaka's kingdom. They settled in the area around Port Natal. In 1828 Shaka died and his halfbrother, Dingane, became king of the Zulu kingdom. From this time until 1838 skirmishes continually occurred between the Zulus and settlers.

The Voortrekkers (pioneers) continued to move inland from the Cape and settle in areas of the Zulu kingdom. Conflict between the two groups continued to generate until a major battle with the Zulus occurred on December 9, 1838. With 464 men, the settlers held off an estimated Zulu army of over 12,000 warriors. No settler was killed in the battle, though over 3,000 Zulus died. This victory for the settlers essentially crushed Zulu sovereignty in the region and "white" South African sovereignty began to rise over all of South Africa.

Between 1867 and 1870 diamonds were discovered at Hopetown in the Orange Free State Republic and at Du Toits Pan near the present day city of Kimberley. In 1877 the British annexed the South African Republic and tension began to mount between Britain and the white South Africans. Subsequently, war broke out between the "boers" (Afrikaans for "farmer") and the British. This first Anglo-Boer War occurred in 1880 and 1881. As a result of this war, the Transvaal regained its independence when the British signed the Pretoria Convention.

In 1886 rich gold deposits were discovered in the Witwatersrand of central-eastern South Africa. The city of Johannesburg was subsequently founded which has become the major financial capital of the southern part of the continent.

In 1899 the country was again in an Anglo-Boer War. Transvaal and the Orange Free State went to war from 1899 to 1902. The signing of the Peace Treaty of Vereeniging ended this war with Britain.

In 1912 the South African Native National Congress was founded. In 1923 the name of this political group was changed to the African National Congress (ANC). Throughout the twentieth century the black South African struggled for recognition and political rights. After almost three centuries of oppression, their dream was realized on April 27, 1994 with the first all South African democratic elections held in the country. The first non-white president, Nelson Mandela, was elected president.

South Africa has now come into a new era. It is an era where a "New South Africa" is being constructed. Cultural barriers are being changed or torn down. A sense of freedom permeates the air as the citizens of this country struggle to forget the past and forge toward the future. It is a country being born again. It is a time of change; a time for opportunity and hope.

I pray,

*Father, before us You have laid a continent. You have now challenged us beyond all my talents. I can see victory only by faith in Your work in my life. You have given us the victory. Please give us the persistence to stay in the battle. Thank You for bringing us to the hearts of so many who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Now bless our family with wisdom to feed and be fed. All glory be Yours and in the Name of Jesus. AMEN.*



Cape Town is a modern city of businesses, banking and buying. Over three million people live in the area of this piece of translocated Europe.



This small village in northern Mozambique illustrates the contrasts of Africa. Our work ranges from the cosmopolitan circles of Cape Town to the huts of the bush.



Right to left: Lisa, Cindy, Martha and Roger on their arrival in Cape Town in 1989. It was a time of beginnings, a time of challenges. Our move to Africa was the unveiling of the providence of God in our lives.

## Flight Plan 2

**INTO THE WIND AND WORK**

Before we moved to Cape Town we owned a 1967 Piper Twin Comanche which we were going to use in returning the base of the School to the West Indies. However, when the open door was entered to move to Africa we sold the airplane and made our move. I knew that we would not need an airplane in Africa for at least the first year and a half of the work. After that first year and a half requests for seminars and meetings would begin. In order to traverse the vast distances of the southern part of the continent, I knew that an airplane would be a necessary tool to accomplish our proposed plans.

By the end of 1990 I knew that the time had now come to get back into the air. Because of the courses we were distributing and of the impact of the *International New Testament Study Commentary* which I had published and distributed in 1987, some very unique opportunities were opening up. I had made contact with key preacher and leadership training schools in the southern part of the continent. Through their invitations I was able to teach special Bible seminars throughout South Africa, Malawi, Botswana, Kenya, Zambia, Zimbabwe, and Swaziland. The problem in teaching such seminars was distance. Cape Town was always two-day's journey from where one starts to go on a journey. For example, I remember one of those journeys Martha and I made up to Venda in the far northeast part of South Africa and through Swaziland in April 1991. It was one of those first long trips both Martha and I would experience in conducting seminars for church leaders.

**TO VENDA**

One clear Wednesday evening after the regular Bible classes here in Cape Town, Martha and I huddled away into our Toyota Hiace van and began our voyage to the country of Venda. As the sun went down we made our way through the Hottentot's Holland Mountains and in darkness slithered through the Karoo Desert. It was 3:00am in the morning when we finally gave it up at an isolated place called Three Sisters. Both of us cuddled away in the back of the van on foam mattresses and after three hours of restless sleep, we washed our tired faces, fueled up and continued our drive on to Johannesburg, ten hours to the north-east. John was working at the time with World Bible School follow-up.

After getting lost in the five o'clock traffic amongst the six million or so in Johannesburg, we finally searched our way to the house of missionaries John and Beth Reese and collapsed. That evening we endured a Kansas thunderstorm which are so typical of the highveld (highland) areas of eastern South Africa. Nevertheless, we were thankful for a real bed and the great hospitality of John and Beth.

The next morning it was back in our traveling cocoon and on to the small nation of Venda with John and Beth to conduct a seminar for the preachers and leaders. After a short six-hour venture we arrived at a local camping ground where we pitched our tents and settled in for the night. We were there for a special workshop that was hosted by the Thsidimbini church of Venda.

Both John and I began the workshop that night with lectures on the gospel and Bible correspondence course outreach. On Saturday the main thrust of the workshop geared up at 9:00am. Speakers Nigel Hausberger, Patrick Kenee, and Steve Gilliam arrived from Johannesburg and together we had a good day of teaching.

Over two hundred local church leaders attended. They represented over twenty churches of the Venda area. Some of the



key subjects which we covered were: "How much should we give to support evangelism," "Should a Christian become a member of a political organization," "How to teach a children's Bible class," "Preparing for elders," "Starting a new congregation," and "How Christians should pray." All subjects were suggested by the local Venda church leaders and reflected what they thought were some of their needs at the time.

Martha, Beth Reese, Kelly Dyess, and Cheryl Kenee taught the ladies. On Sunday they taught over two hundred children which were divided into three classes. Consider that for cramped classroom space.

The Tshidimbini church killed the fatted calf and fed for two days the over two hundred visitors who were present for the workshop. This was commendable for a church in the bush. This was also the only church at the time in Venda which had elders. Such was a testimony to their maturity and growth in the past thirty years.

This particular workshop was a first for the Tshidimbini area. It was conducted by a local Venda church. They supported it entirely, even to the selection of subjects. All we had to do was show up and give the lessons. In the years that have followed I have conducted several seminars in this area which have been hosted by this great church. They are a church which has proven that African churches can take the lead in area evangelism and church edification.

### **ON TO SWAZILAND**

After a few mosquito bitten nights in Venda, Martha and I packed up the van and headed for Swaziland where we would conduct another seminar for the Manzini Bible School. On our trip to Swaziland, we made a relaxing adventure through the Kruger Game Reserve. Here is where in 1889 the British government began the protection of a large segment of the Empire in order to preserve a portion of African wildlife.

We camped in Kruger under the stars and listened to the wild calls of the African night. There is nothing like it in all the world.

After an early awakening and the usual hot chocolate, we were off. Creeping down the road at 35mph gives one the opportunity to see Africa for what it must have been in years past before hunters almost brought to extinction precious species of God's creation. On the road we approached two gigantic elephants who reminded us that we were in their homeland and that they were there first. We also came over one hill and there were eight lions taking their morning nap in the middle of the road. I pulled the van up into the middle of them and shut off the engine. We just sat there. I rolled down my widow and they were right there looking me in the eye. Martha was no little excited at about this time. Nevertheless, after they decided that we were only passing through, they all wandered off to the side and let us pass.

After three nights camping through Kruger we finally made our way to the border of Swaziland and then on to the Manzini Bible School. We stayed with Coleman and Jane Richardson who were there for six months dedicating part of their retirement to the Lord in this part of God's vineyard. Dick van Dyke was also working with the Bible School and was the evangelist for the Manzini church. Through the years we have had several opportunities to work with the van Dykes and Mickey Figueiredos in trips to Swaziland.

The Manzini Bible School was started in the 1960s. Under the direction of Samson Shandu, they had twelve students at the time we visited. The school was located in a valley setting which is surrounded by mountains. This was our first time to Swaziland. It is a small country with less than one million people. At the time, it was ruled by a new king who was only twenty-five years of age.

It was good to be in real beds and in the protection of walls which guarded one from mosquitos and such like creatures which

always torment one while camping in the bush.

During our time at the school, I taught on evangelism, church planting and leadership. Food in Swaziland was about half the price it was in South Africa, so we had our fill and the delicacies of a good filet mignon steak. Swaziland is a beautiful country, with mountains of rolling green and valleys of fruit trees and orchards. Economically, Swaziland is one of the stronger countries of Africa, though this would be a comparison with Third World countries, not the developed world.

By this time in our journey, both Martha and I were ready for home. Therefore, after completing the final lectures at high noon on Monday, we were off in our "traveling tent" for the beautiful Cape. Again, we traveled on into the night. We encountered the fringes of a hurricane which was off the eastern coast of Africa in the Indian ocean. It was spewing moisture into the eastern part of southern Africa and drenching the highlands with rain. We stopped in blinding rain and ate at one of those restaurants in the middle of nowhere. After the rain had subsided, we were off and finally landed around 10:30pm at a gas station outside the city of Bloemfontein, South Africa. We again nested in the back of the van and made our way off into dreamland.

Five-thirty came early the next morning. After a face washing in the local bathroom, we were revived and on our way to another 10-hour journey back to Cape Town. Why is it that the last leg of any journey is the longest? Nevertheless, persistence paid off and we finally pulled into our home driveway. The welcoming hugs of Cindy and Lisa gave us a sense of relief and the realization of how much we had missed them. Our mission was accomplished. We settled back to consider the next trip for workshops and seminars.

I was now seriously contemplating the purchase of an airplane. There had to be a better way of travel than spending mega-hours behind a steering wheel and road-gazing down an endless trail. So by May 1991 I was planning for wings.

**AN OPEN AND EFFECTUAL DOOR**

In 1990 we experimented with a small advertisement in a Durban newspaper the first of 1991. Missionaries Clay Hart and Ron Potberg placed the ad to attract preachers and teachers of the denominational world to the courses of the School.

From the ad we enrolled approximately twenty denominational preachers. Because of this response we knew we had an opportunity through the School to reach the religious leaders of the African continent. It was an open door that we knew we had to enter, though at the time we did not have the financial resources to meet the need. Nevertheless, we knew what the potential was and how to get to those religious leaders out there who were hungering and thirsting after the word of God.

The following letters from one of our students in Ghana illustrated the tremendous open doors that are coming open for us through the outreach of the School. In June 1991, one preacher wrote,

*Dear Mr. Dickson,*

*"Greetings to you in the name of our dear Lord and Savior. I trust you are in good condition of health. I am very glad to receive your good letter on February 8th. I have just finished three days lectureship with the Apostolic Church of Christ at Oje in Ibadan City [in Nigeria]. I'm trying to change the African Apostolic Church of Christ to the church of Christ in order to restore the New Testament church. Their pastor here agrees with me over this issue, but I would like for you to write a letter to him personally in order for him to accept Bible doctrine and practice, not man-made doctrine and African practice. I'm serving as a part-time preacher at the African Apostolic Church of Christ and New Life Gospel Church, all in Ibadan City. But I hope to be a fulltime preacher at the African Apostolic Church of Christ when they promise to accept the doctrine of Christ and change to the church of Christ in name, doctrine, and practice. Please remember me in your daily prayer in order to achieve*

*my aim in the field. In fact, my greatest determination is to continue spreading the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ as pure as it came out of His lips."*

About two months later this same preacher wrote the following:

*"Dear Mr. Dickson,*

*Greetings to you in Jesus' name. Hope you are in good condition of health. Happy to receive from you the courses.*

*Sir, it is a great blessing that the Unity Africa Apostolic Church of Christ at Oje has been converted to the church of Christ recently, though we lost some of the old members of that denominational church. However, the church at present is about forty members. Please always remember us in your daily prayers."*

The above illustrated the inroads we had and still have into the denominational world in Africa. The preachers of such churches have the same problem as our men. They are isolated. They are searching for study materials. They are looking for something to preach and teach every Sunday morning.

Multiply the above a hundred times over and you will get some idea of our excitement in working with the potential of the *International School of Biblical Studies*. Because you are not here it will be hard for you to understand what is happening. God is working to lead spiritually minded men closer to the truth. Our task is to make contact with them.

When Africa went through the years of independence in the 1960s and 1970s, thousands of African independent churches emerged throughout the continent. Many of these churches were seeking religious separation from colonial influence. During these years of emergence, African traditional spiritism and Animism were often mingled with biblical truths. As a result, an "African Christianity" arose through these churches. Herein lies a great

opportunity. It is an opportunity we have yet to seize. We must discover an approach to lead these churches on to the truth. This is one of those challenges that will stay with us in Africa for many years to come.

### BACK TO AMERICA FOR WINGS

After the School was in operation for a little over a year in Cape Town, I decided to go back to the States in May of 1991 and purchase a Mooney aircraft for the work. Therefore, on May 4, 1991 I was in God's hands on a British Airways flight out of Cape Town destined for America. With great anxiety I began this trip. There was so much I had to do in the States. Missionaries should go back to the States with only one thing to accomplish. I had about ten projects to accomplish on this trip. I think I was a nervous wreck before I left Africa. Brethren in the States will never understand the tremendous pressures which are upon the missionary's shoulders.

I pray,

*Father, You continually set before me the challenge of my destiny. I need Your strength, Your guiding hand, Your wisdom to accept the challenge of faith. Bless my feeble efforts, my presumptuous plans to accomplish the work which You have given to me. Please be patient with my frailties. On You I depend. On You only I trust. Please, therefore, forgive my self-sufficiency. I want to trust in the cross of the One in whom I believe and by whose authority I lay my partition before You. AMEN.*



When the Venda brethren gather for meetings, the pots steam and the fatted calf is killed. Here sisters prepare meals for a lectureship which was attended by over 1,200 Christians.



On occasions I have conducted week-long special studies for the Manzini Bible School. Students come to this school from several countries up Africa. Samson Shandu (left) is the director.

## Flight Plan 3

**THE GREAT FLIGHT**

On May 4, 1991 a British Airways 747 lifted its commanding feet from D.F. Malan International Airport in Cape Town. In an economy class seat I sat wondering how God would again work in my life concerning the purchase of an airplane for the School. A thousand plans clogged my mind. Where would we get the airplane? How long would it take to find one? How long would it take to stuff it full of auxiliary fuel tanks and navigational equipment in order to fly it across the Atlantic? (Was I really planning this trip?) And then there was the flight across the Atlantic and down through Africa. That flight laid on my mind heavily. I had a lot of over-water flying in my logbook because of my flying in the West Indies. However, the great flight I was considering had given me some anxiety simply because I had never done such before. This had to be another flight of faith.

Before I left Cape Town, I had laid a lot of ground work for the purchase of the airplane. Our needs for travel called for long distance hops of two teachers and literature. We needed an economical airplane that would be able to fly out from our base about 600-800 miles and then get back without refueling. Since all our flying would be over land, I decided to forego the operating expenses of a twin-engined airplane. I considered a Mooney 201, a Piper Arrow, a Cessna 182RG, and a Comanche 260B. We had previously owned a Comanche 260B in the early days of the School in the West Indies. All these airplanes would be good choices for our work. All have their advantages and disadvantages. Nevertheless, after considering the pros and cons of these four, I



decided on the Mooney 201.

I decided to purchase a 1978,79 Mooney 201 primarily because of speed, economy and the fact that it could be modified with auxiliary fuel tanks that would give it over ten hours of flying time. At 185 mph, it would thus cover a lot of bushes and go much further than my bladder in ten plus hours.

### **THE RIGHT PLANE**

Before I left Cape Town, I wondered how God would put everything together for the two-month stay in the States. I had to raise funds for the School because the 1989 two-year commitment of supporters was coming to an end. I had to buy an airplane. I had to have an annual inspection of the airplane and have the instruments IFR (Instrument Flights Rules) certified. I had to modify it with long range tanks and install a ferry tank for the flight across the Big Pond - the Atlantic. I had to install a High Frequency Radio (HF) and purchase a Global Positioning System (GPS) for navigation. I needed a plane with a newly overhauled engine and one in excellent mechanical condition. I also wanted one with good paint. Was I asking too much of God?

On top of the above, I also needed to get my Airman's Medical Certificate brought up to date. I also needed to do my Biannual Flight Review and then get an IFR check ride in the plane which I purchased. And then there was the wrangle of paper work and documentation necessary for taking the plane to a foreign country. You would not believe the Canadian list of survival requirements for crossing the Atlantic. My mind was boggling. All of this was in conjunction with finding sponsors for about 165 students and visiting twenty churches. I also had to get our house in West Monroe repaired and put on the market for sale. There were a host of other trivialities that had to be done in the eight short weeks I was to be in the States.

The problem I often encounter with my faith is that I sometimes allow it to subside in the present. Anxiety thus arises.

However, when I look back, the foolishness of my present anxiety is always manifested as I see how God has so wonderfully worked in my life in the past. I suppose we never really learn. I have always struggled with my own self-sufficiency. This cultural curse never ceases at times to displace faith and total dependence on God. I have always struggled with the "be-not-anxious-for-the-morrow" nature of faith that would settle the butterflies and calm the nerves. My remedy for my insufficiency in faith, however, has always been to press on regardless of apprehension. If this is being a "fool for Christ," then such a fool I am. Nevertheless, God continues to embarrass me with my foolish faithlessness. He continues to dig out my self-sufficiency. On my tombstone let them write, **"Here lies a man whose struggle it was to displace self-sufficiency with saving faith."**

### GOD ANSWERS PRAYER

During the first two weeks in the States, God worked wonders in my life. While in Africa I had discussed with Martha the type of airplane we needed for the work. Because of price we had narrowed it down to a 1978,79 Mooney. It had to have the basic aircraft instrumentation. I wanted to get a airplane with a recent major overhaul on the engine and a recent annual inspection. I also wanted to try and find one that had been kept in a hanger all its life. It would be good to have one, I thought, that had been owned by only one man all its life. And I had to be cautious that I was not getting one with problems that someone was trying to sell off. I also wanted one with good paint and interior. I suppose I was asking a lot of God.

I arrived in Dallas, Texas Sunday afternoon, May 5, 1991. Believe it or not, after a series of phone calls that Sunday afternoon and Monday morning, I had by Monday afternoon put down a deposit on a 1978 Mooney. It had a newly overhauled engine. It had been hangared all its life, had the basic radios, and had been a one-owner airplane. A new annual came with the deal.

It had excellent paint and a great interior. What more could I have asked for. I had the instruments IFR certified within a week. I had taken my flight medical, did my Biannual Flight Review, instrument competency and checked out in the Mooney by an instructor. In the same amount of time I also visited two churches, bought an HF radio for the airplane, lined up the modifications schedule for the long range tanks and made an appointment to install the ferry tank in Lakeland, Florida. When God works, He works heartily. I will never forget this little experience the rest of my life. Every puzzle fit together so neatly and on schedule. Oh, what a foolish doubter I was.

It was also at this time that I began to realize how much in some ways I had become attached to South Africa. I flew over to West Monroe, Louisiana to visit with my two oldest children, Angella and Matthew. I began to realize how much I had changed. Though I had moved to north Louisiana on three different occasions in the past to teach at the White's Ferry Road School of Biblical Studies, it was on this brief visit that I realized that this southern culture was certainly different from what I had become. Things operated so much slower than Cape Town.

I suppose I was already getting homesick for the sweet breezes of the beautiful Cape. I felt millions of miles away from home. It was then that I realized that Africa had a relentless hold on me. I could not escape its mystic. I longed for the accomplishment of my Stateside business in order to once again touch my feet on the dark continent. I missed the Bellville church. I missed my family. I missed the scenic sunrises over the Hottentot's Holland Mountains of Cape Town. I thus busied myself with the countless things I had to do in order to fly N201YC (Yankee Charlie), our newly purchased airplane, to its destiny in Africa. After two weeks in the States I was ready to go home.

### **THE FLIGHT OF FAITH**

My odyssey of flight was initially planned with the following

route. From Hutchinson, Kansas I planned a non-stop flight to Bangor, Maine. From there I would go on to Moncton, Canada and then to the end of the world, St. Johns, Newfoundland. From St. Johns I would cross the Big Pond to the Azores Islands. From Santa Maria island in the Azores I would progress on to either Grand Canary Island or straight to Dakar, Senegal, wherever the weather dictated. I had the alternate plan to fly at night direct across the Sahara to Abidjon, Ivory Coast. From the Ivory Coast, whether I went to Dakar or across the Sahara, I would go across the Gulf of Guinea to Libreville, Gabon. From Libreville I would go out over water and around Angola, down the west of Africa to Windhoek, Namibia. From Windhoek it would be a direct flight to Upington, South Africa or direct to Fisantekraal Airport in Cape Town. That was the plan, but plans seem to never work the way they are planned. (See the final route on page 41.)

The reaction of most people when I told them of the trip was somewhere between "You're crazy" and "Here's the phone number of a Doctor who greatly helped my insane brother." Sandy Brock wrote in the Stafford, Kansas church bulletin,

*"We are indeed proud of Roger and the work he and Martha are doing. We missed seeing Martha as she stayed in South Africa to help keep the school running while Roger is away several months. Roger will solo a plane back in a few weeks. Oh, My!!"*

After having secured all necessary equipment and mental stamina, I proceeded on June 26th to make an odyssey that some considered a foolish exercise of misguided faith. I also had my apprehensions. I suffered from anxiety about doing something I had never done before. I was venturing into a twilight zone of the unexpected. However, I knew that the airplane would greatly aid our work in southern Africa. Some times you have to just do that which must be done in order to get the job done.

**BANGOR, MAINE**

My flight commenced at 4:00am June 26th, 1991 when Angella, my daughter, and I awoke and made our way to the Hutchinson, Kansas airport. In the darkness that morning Yankee Charlie lifted her feet from the Hutch airport on the longest journey she had ever made. I'm sure she groaned, "Are you really making me do this," as her wheels tucked neatly under the wings on a climb to 9,000 feet.

It was a long leg to Maine. After nine and a half hours of non-stop flight I pressed the "gear-down" switch to land in clear weather in Bangor, Maine. It had been a good trip in good weather. However, one of the dials on the number two VHF radio went bad. That gave me only one VHF radio and the HF radio by which to maintain communications with civilization.

Bangor is one of those out-of-the-way places where only people intentionally go. However, I was treated with great hospitality by the airport people. I bought there the required "immersion suit" which one must have for flying over the Atlantic. This mummy looking thing makes you float just in case you have to take an unexpected swim out there in the middle of the big deep blue. The water is so cold in the North Atlantic that without an immersion suit, you can last only about ten minutes in the water.

**ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND**

After a night in Bangor it was on to Moncton, Canada where I had to clear with the Canadian Safety Board for the great flight across the Atlantic. Two months of preparation helped me breeze through the inspection.

The Canadians required that single-engined aircraft carry a number of safety items. Among the items was an inflatable life raft. I had such a raft left over from my flying days in the Caribbean. Pilots were also to include in their survival kits life vests, mirror, flashlight, fishing string, hooks, etc. All such things

were to prepare one for an unexpected North Atlantic cruise in a life raft.

After Moncton, I flew to what seemed like the end of the world, St. Johns, Newfoundland. I guess if you wanted to get away from civilization, this would be the place to go.

On my way over to St. Johns I flew around advancing thunderstorms which were moving in with a front from the northwest. The engine was running cold and rough on this trip and upon landing I decided to have it checked. I called a radio man who pronounced my second radio handicapped, for one of the frequency dials had broken. However, he manually tuned it to the emergency frequency (121.5), to which it stayed for the remainder of the trip. We cleaned the injectors of the engine and discovered that my auxiliary fuel pump could be working better.

Twenty-five minutes after I landed in St. Johns, the fog rolled in and the visibility went to almost zero. I didn't need this. I met a ferry pilot who was stranded there and asked him how long he had been in St. Johns. He said four days. This was not encouraging. I was not a happy camper.

There is a meteorological weather station in St. Johns for pilot briefings. This is where I spent my time until going to the hotel about 10:00pm that night. I scheduled a weather briefing for 7:00am the next morning and hoped for the best, though I had resigned myself to stay in St. Johns until better weather. However, the forecast at the time was for a double front to move in. This was the one I had outrun in coming to St. Johns. If I was delayed the next morning, there was a good chance that I would be in St. Johns for a week.

The next morning I awoke and made my way immediately to the hotel window. I threw back the curtains. It was so foggy you could not see across the hotel backyard. My heart sank. It was the pits because I knew it would probably get worse as thunderstorms were moving in from the northwest.

I headed for the airport and straight for the weather office.

I met two other pilots who were flying a twin-engined Piper Seneca. They were going my direction to Santa Maria. (This was God's working as I will explain later.)

The fog did lift some. You could see about a quarter of a mile. Therefore, the Seneca pilots and I filed IFR flight plans and hoped the fog would continue to lift. They fired up and left twenty minutes before me. I had almost 160 gallons of fuel on board (about seventeen hours of flying), plus a life raft, survival gear, etc., etc. I was about 300 pounds over gross weight limit for the airplane. Therefore, in hope of Africa I lined up on Runway 16 and was able to see about halfway down the runway. I was a flying bomb headed for Africa. I poured the coals to the Lycoming IO-360 engine and was off. Africa, here I come.

After liftoff I was immediately in clouds and stayed there for about the next six hours. When I went to use my HF radio for communication over the seas, I discovered to my dismay that I could receive but not transmit. Nevertheless, the Seneca pilot kindly relayed my positions to the Air Traffic Control while we crossing the Atlantic. We had various conversations with one another which took away some of the feeling that you were out there over the Atlantic all alone. God does provide.

### **SANTA MARIA, AZORES**

I had been told that the Santa Maria Air Traffic Control was super strict with the operation of one's HF radio. In other words, they would not let you go without it in operation. I worried about this all the way there. The pilots in the Seneca suggested that we talk them into allowing me to accompany them on to Lisbon, Portugal. From there I could proceed down through Africa. This became the alternate plan, though Lisbon was way out of the way. But what else could I do.

After almost ten hours of flight and as the sun slowly slithered over the western edge of the earth, I landed in Santa Maria thirty minutes ahead of the Seneca. The Seneca had taken

off from St. Johns about twenty minutes before me and I had passed her up on the way to Santa Maria. Mooneys are fast airplanes.

I was tired when I landed at Santa Maria. I had been in the air for almost ten hours. And I worried about that HF radio. What would I do? Anyway, it was easy to go through immigration and customs. A guard at the airport, with whom I recalled my Portuguese, kindly took me to a nearby hotel. I checked in. I uncovered a beckoning bed; thanked God for a safe trip; and finished my flight planning for the next day. I tweaked off the light and felt a long way from home. I worried, "When are they going to get me for that inoperative HF."

The next day I was up early. I ate seeds for breakfast. I had brought all these seeds and granola bars for the trip just in case I could not find time and places to eat. Since I had left Hutchinson, I had no time to eat anything but these seeds and granola bars. I was about to sprout.

I wondered how I was going to get to the airport. But transportation was "provided" for me by some Argentine pilots who had flown in on a military flight from Argentina the previous night. They invited me in their van and away to the airport we went.

I had expectations of flying on to Grand Canary Island which was about five and a half hours southeast. The HF problem, however, still lingered. I had put on my captain's shirt and decided to use the confident approach, that is, act like nothing was wrong. No need to bother. We fly.

After doing the immigration stuff and filing a flight plan, I refueled the plane. Yankee Charlie fired up and grumbled after the previous day's labor. With a little coaxing, the engine smoothed out and was convinced that she was going to do another day's hard work. The tower gave me clearance to depart and I was on my way. I thought of all that useless worry about the HF radio. No one had said a word and I was not the one to bring up the subject.



**THE CANARY ISLANDS**

Grand Canary is a tourist island for Europeans. I paid about \$4.00 a gallon for aviation fuel on this island, so it was not the place you would want to stop for a regular vacation. I enjoyed the hotel by the sea and decided to spend a night and a day in this ever so dry island. From Grand Canary I planned what would be the toughest leg of my journey, an all-night trip across the great Sahara Desert. I had been told to do this flight at night because of the dangers of being shot down by missiles in the troubled areas around Morocco. A ferry flight was shot down in 1985 and another in 1988. So experienced ferry pilots in the States said to fly at night with lights off and radio silence. That was what I planned to do.

That evening after a day of rest I went to the airport to check out the weather and then depart at about 9:00pm for Abidjon, Ivory Coast. However, after checking the weather, I discovered that at 6:00am the next morning in Abidjon they were predicting 400 foot ceilings and rain, not real good weather to fly into after a long night's flight. Therefore, I decided to fly on to Dakar, Senegal, directly south of Grand Canary. So it was back to the hotel for another night. The next morning I was up and to the airport. The weather looked great in Dakar, so off I went.

**DAKAR, SENEGAL**

Dakar, Senegal is one of those discouraging areas of the African Sahal, belt of arid land along the southern part of the Sahara. It is dry. It is dusty. It was the first patch of Africa I had seen in two months. It looked good in its bad for this is Africa and the people were very friendly. Everyone from the customs officials down to the local guards wanted to go to the United States. The thing I remember the most about the place was that I felt a long way away from home. I was ready to get to Cape Town. I felt lonely and anxious. I prayed on the rocks of the beach that night that God give me patience and calm my anxiety

for home.

I was apprehensive about the next day's flight across territory that was always in some trouble in Africa. It was a direct shot from Dakar to Abidjan. There had been some unrest in the area, especially during the Liberian civil war. However, Liberia would be off to my right. I would get up the next morning, file a direct flight plan, and make a straight flight for Abidjan, Ivory Coast.

While in Dakar I wanted to contact the missionary there, but I did not know if he was still in the city. I also did not know how to contact him or the church. And on top of this, I did not have time. I was in late, did flight planning for the next day, and then to bed.

The next morning I was up early and to the airport. Yankee Charlie fired up calmly this morning, convinced that I was going to push her on to another long day.

### **ABIDJAN, IVORY COAST**

The flight from Dakar to Abidjan was great. It was my first leg over land since I left St. Johns. It was good to see trees and villages instead of clouds and waves.

There was an inter-tropical front in the area. After about three hours of flight I was into the weather. I was in and out of weather all the way to Abidjan. I made an instrument approach into Abidjan and had a relaxing reception at the local Aero Club. Again, it was to the hotel, flight planning for the next day and crash in bed. Up the next morning, to the airport, weather, etc. and etc.

### **LIBREVILLE, GABON**

This day's flight was to be relaxing out across the Gulf of Guinea to Libreville, Gabon. As I took off from Abidjan, things were going great. When I lifted off from the airport, I heard the tower trying to contact me. I responded. They tried again. I

responded again. I could hear them. They could not hear me. This cannot be happening. I thought, "Is my last radio on the blink." I started pushing a knob here, pulling something there. "This is not my day." Finally, I wiggled the jack of the mike and Abidjan responded to my calls. I was on my way.

The intertropical front was still in the area. After about thirty minutes of comfortable flight I was into the clouds. Then I was into the thunderstorms, rain and whatnot. For the next four hours I was in and out, tossed around here and there. I flew the storms for a while and then they flew me. It is incredible how much water an aircraft engine can inhale and still keep on purring away.

I was tormented by mother nature. I needed relief. Finally, as I passed through the center of this tropical demon things loosened up. In another thirty minutes I was heading toward the clear. After wrestling with the storm for four hours or so, I flew into the clear and relaxed. I was tired.

I was out there over the Gulf and about 150 miles from Libreville. I could finally settle back for an enjoyable ride on to Gabon. The weather was now great.

Splat! Something hit on the windshield of the airplane. It made a small dark speck. "What was that bug doing up here at 7,000 feet? These are certainly high flying African bugs. They must have turbo-chargers." Splat! There's another. My mind began to query, "Is this a colony of high flying African super insects?" I checked the leading edges of the winds. Nothing there. Splat! Splat! "Oh no. It's oil. What is going wrong here. The prop has broken a seal. But it's a newly overhauled prop." Splat! Splat! "No, it must be the front seal of the engine. What is the problem?" Splat! Splat! Splat! "If it's the prop I will take it off and fly back to Abidjan and then on to Cape Town. I want to go home." Splat! Splat! Splat! "This cannot be happening. Are there any mechanics in Libreville? It must be something in the engine. If it is something serious with the engine, I will declare bankruptcy.

Who wanted to buy this airplane in the first place?" Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat! I was playing serious mental games with the circumstances as the time passed. I felt submitted to the elements of man's machines.

I eventually squeaked Yankee Charlie into Libreville and expected the worst. Fortunately, Libreville had major repair facilities. Great! I felt reassured. I trekked my way to the nearest mechanic. Through a French interpreter I unveiled my leaky oil problem. We took off the engine cowling, and sure enough, my engine looked like a soaked dog dripping with water. The mechanic didn't help any when he said, "Oh my." My heart sank beyond the bottom of the pits. I grumbled, "God, I know there is a reason for this." Again, I was definitely not a happy camper.

First thing was to clean the engine. Next, with two mechanics looking on, I ran up the engine. They looked and twisted their heads. I registered every expression from inside the cockpit. Suddenly, one of the mechanics motioned to stop the engine. He had found something. I leaped out of the cockpit to his side in anxious expectation of a glimmer of hope.

"It looks like the gasket between the engine casing is leaking." "Oh no," I thought, "this means an engine tear-down just to replace a gasket. I'll be stranded here forever. We're talking about major time and major money. Can this be happening. Stranded in Gabon." I felt as E.T., "H-o-m-e!"

"Wait," the mechanic said, "Let's tighten the bolts around the crankcase, reclean it, and run the engine up again." After all the cleaing, I cranked Yankee Charlie up but had lost all hope. After about five minutes of running the engine at high rpm, the mechanic motioned to shut it down.

**No oil leak! "Hallelujah! Thank you, Lord!"** The tightening of the crankcase bolts resealed the gasket which had compressed since the major overhaul about one hundred hours previously. How do you spell relief? "N-o o-i-l l-e-a-k-s."

I made my way to a nearby hotel and unravelled. That

evening I walked the beach of Gabon. I prayed, asking God to forgive me of my anxiety. I knew that Martha must be worrying about where in the world I was. I had been flying for seven days. I felt I was on a unending odyssey which would go on forever. However, I needed to learn to cast all my cares upon my Father's shoulders. I needed to learn to do what Peter commanded, "*Cast all your anxiety upon Him for He cares for you*" (1 Pt 5:5,6).

I prayed that God use me to teach the world through the School. I was ready to get back into the work. I thanked God for my safety and for breaking the mold when He made me. I knew my brethren could not worry over too many more like me.

I, as any missionary, could write a long chronicle of both fortunate and unfortunate experiences as a foreign evangelist. However, such foolish remembrances would tire you and tempt me from giving all glory to God, both for my life and my protection. On my flight out of Libreville, I wrote in my journal, "I am 8,000 feet out over the Atlantic Ocean, proceeding toward the country of Namibia. God is my co-pilot, so I will reach my destination for I feel destiny in my life. There is much to be done. A world to evangelize. A hope for the hopeless."

### WALVIS BAY, NAMIBIA

From Libreville to Walvis Bay, Namibia was ten and a half hours of flying time. This was the longest leg of the entire journey. I was sitting with the engine fired up and waiting to taxi on the runway at Libreville when the day was dawning. The airport authorities drove the fire truck up and down the runway to chase off chickens and whatnot. The tower signaled that the airport was officially opened. I was off and into the air headed for Walvis Bay.

What concerned me the most on this ten and a half hour leg was the oil consumption of the engine. On the average the engine was burning about one quart every four hours. On this leg it would be down to about three or four quarts by the end of the journey. That was fine, but I had wished that it was doing better

than that.

My original plan was to go into Windhoek, Namibia. I did not know where Eros Airport was outside Windhoek. I had mistakenly set in the quadrants of the Rooikop Air Force Base, thinking that it was Eros. I thus was heading to Walvis Bay but talking to the Air Traffic Control over in Windhoek, about one hundred miles away. You might think that this is crazy. It is. Nevertheless, I landed in Walvis Bay and began to think that something was wrong. To my dismay I learned that I had been communicating with the wrong airport. I thus got on the phone and called Air Traffic Control in Windhoek and told them where I was. They relaxed and said that they had been wondering where I went. I asked them to find some forgiveness for me. No problem. They appreciated the call.

#### **ALEXANDER BAY, SOUTH AFRICA**

It was cold in Walvis Bay. Freezing! It was in the middle of the winter in the southern hemisphere in July. Walvis Bay was still South African territory at the time and I remember that it felt great being back in South Africa. After a night in a warm hotel in relaxation, I was taken back to the airport by the military personnel in the area. I was off to Alexander Bay, South Africa that Saturday.

I changed my earlier plans to go to Upington. Instead, I decided to go on to Alexander Bay, South Africa because I was unable to refuel in Walvis Bay. When I landed in Alexander Bay, no one was around the airport except the guard. I wondered what was going on. The guard called all the necessary personnel, customs and immigration, and I discovered that this airport is closed down on Saturdays. One is supposed to give prior notice before coming in. Again, I found forgiveness from the great South African hospitality. They did not have fuel. However, it was only about two hours flight on to Cape Town. I had burned off thirteen hours, and estimated that I had about four left.

**HOME AT LAST!**

The last few miles into Cape Town began with ice on the wings at 8,000 feet. I asked Air Traffic Control out of D. F. Malan International in Cape Town to give me a lower altitude. They could not unless I was in the clear, for I was over mountains. They did not want to fly me through a mountain and I didn't cherish the idea myself.

I was not in the clear, but as soon as I came out of the clouds, I went down to 3,000 feet and worked my way through clouds and rain. Visibility was terrible. Through the rain I could see about one mile. This was not a good feeling as I wiggled my way through the mountains. About ten miles out of Cape Town I broke through the rain and caught my first visions of the beautiful Cape. It really looked good. I rejoiced. I told Malan Control that I had been gone forever and wanted to fly around and see the area. That I did. I want to tell you that I felt great relief, accomplishment, satisfaction and a sense of "job well done." When Yankee Charley touched down at Fisantekraal Airport, I cannot explain in words what I felt. Let me assure you that it felt good.

It was on Saturday when I landed. Now my problem was in how to let Martha know that I had landed. I had called Martha from Walvis Bay and said that I would be in. Ironically, however, I did not know how to contact her from Fisantekraal Airport, for the airport is a small one outside Durbanville. I did find a telephone. But I had no change. I went to someone there who was working on an airplane and he did not have change. I went to another. He did not have change. I couldn't believe that I had flown almost half way around the world and could not make it the last ten miles home because I didn't have twenty cents. I eventually found a gentleman who was working on a helicopter at the airport that day who had a telephone in his hangar. I called Martha. I was home.

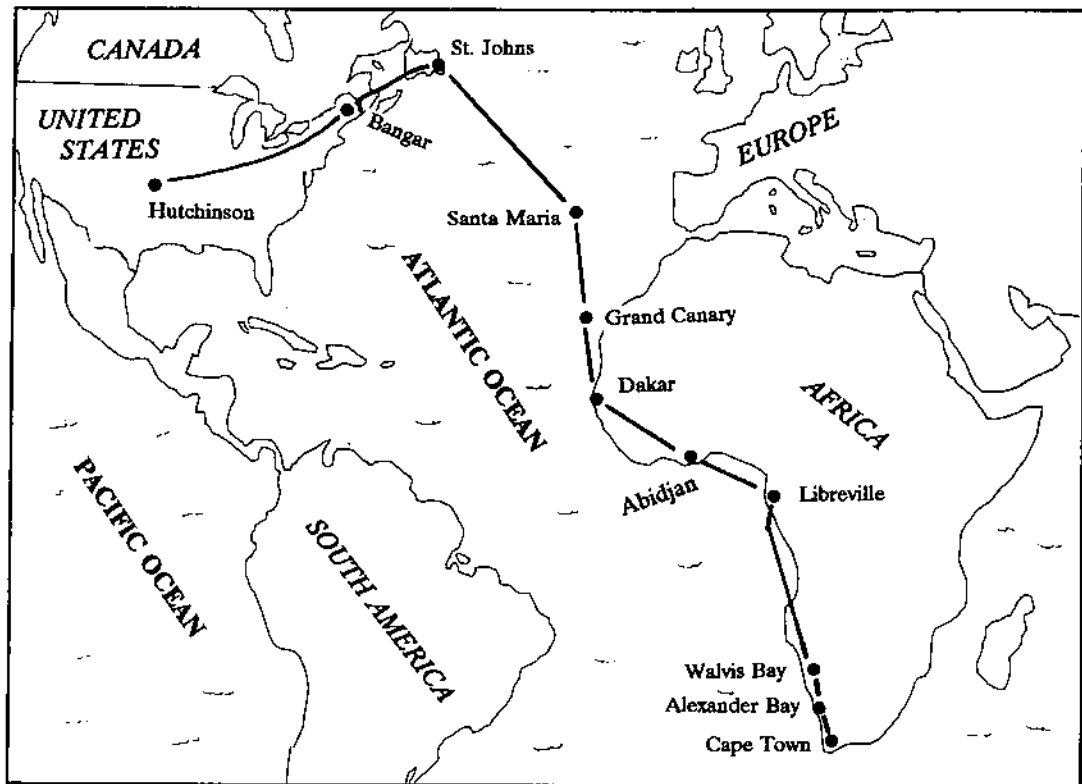
It had been nine days since I had left Hutchinson, Kansas. I had flown 64.5 hours and covered about 11,000 miles. At the

time, I thought, "Don't ask me to do it again." But now I threaten Martha, "What about going the rest of the way around the world through India, China and Russia?" Until now, there has been complete radio silence from her. I suppose the last radio has gone dead.

I pray,

*Through lonely journeys, Father, You are always present. Though the absence of friends and the closeness of that which is familiar is not present, Your presence seems near. Thank You for being the God that is near. Thank You for producing a safe trip out of dangerous excursions into the unknown. I live in hope of making that last journey, to fly away to that final destination which was made reality through the cross of Your Son. Through Him I trust, AMEN.*







On approach into Santa Maria, one flies along the coast of many of the islands of the Azores. After nine and a half hours over water from St. Johns, Newfoundland, it is good to see something other than water.



Africa is a place of animals. It is a continent filled with a diverse number of wildlife which roams throughout mountains and deserts alike. Elephants are always a welcome scene on any return to this continent.

## Flight Plan 4

**SEMINAR SAFARIS**

One late August Tuesday evening in 1991, after a special prayer, our Bible study group in Cape Town laid hands on Cindy, our daughter, Adrian and Heather Blow and yours truly, for a mission trip up and through Zimbabwe, Zambia and Namibia. Adrian was preaching for the Bellville church in Cape Town. He was one that related well with the preachers up Africa. Both of us also enjoyed one another's company in the bush. We have spent many hours in Bible discussions and just discussions around an African camp fire. Some of the greatest times of my life have been so spent and in his company.

This was another l-o-n-g seminar trip through south-central Africa to conduct Bible training sessions for preachers and teachers in Zambia. I had made a trip as this before and remembered how tough it was. Nevertheless, we were again off and on our way to conduct seminars for preachers and church leaders in this far away place.

It was a sixteen-hour all-night drive to the smog infest city of Johannesburg where Adrian and Heather, as South Africans, had to secure visas at the Zimbabwe Trade Mission for their entrance into Zimbabwe. We shuffled our way through the six-million populated area of this smelting pot of humanity and parked in a loading zone. We waited impatiently for Adrian to run for the visas. After some time he did not return. I went searching for him only to find him waiting outside the Trade Mission building.

"What's wrong," I questioned.

"There's a bomb scare inside the building," he nervously

replied.

After a brief discussion he forged his way back into the building. We needed those visas. However, the panic subsided and he was allowed to venture in to acquire the necessary stamp in their passports. We were on our way. I must say that he was the only one at the time they allowed in to get his business done. I am sure God was working in this matter. Or maybe, it was just two persistent evangelists who were really being fools for Christ.

After another six hours on the road we finally pulled into a camp site in the dark at the border town of Messina in the northern most part of South Africa. Exhausted after twenty-one hours of straight-through driving from Cape Town, we collapsed in our tents and expectantly awaited the dawn of another weary day's driving.

The next morning we were through the normal struggles of a laborious border crossing and on our way up through the western side of Zimbabwe. That day ended as we pulled into the Hwange Game Reserve late that afternoon. It was a peaceful rest in our tents that night, though a Cheetah had been spotted in the campsite just before we arrived. We had missed the great event.

Our body alarms went off at 5:30am the next morning. As we were leaving the reserve area we spotted two male lions and a female lingering by the road, somewhat curious as to why we had disturbed their morning sleep-in. It was always best to rise early in the morning if you wanted to see game.

When one is in the reserve areas, you have to camp in a protected area. There is usually a high fence around the camping area, though this is not always true when traveling in the game reserves outside South Africa. A camping site is often marked by a stake in the ground which says "camping." You throw out your tent amongst whatever is around and camp. That's the way I like it.

If you are in a protected area, you have to be in the area by a certain time in the evening. They will let you out only at the

appointed time in the morning. On this particular morning at Hwange we were up and waiting at the gate in order to journey through the reserve and on to Livingstone, Zambia.

We stopped by a water hole for rest and saw what was one of the most amazing natural sites I had ever seen. As we sat gazing into the late morning forest we saw dust rising in a far distance out of the trees. Eventually, at the edge of the forest appeared a buffalo, then another, and another. Soon a black cloud of beast was endlessly flowing from the forest to the water hole before us. Hundreds of buffalo filtered out of the trees with thirsty appetites for water. It was an incredible sight of nature to see them swarm and encompass the water hole for drink. It was a sight I will never forget.

After another annoying border crossing at Victoria Falls we finally arrived in Livingstone, Zambia. This city had been named after the famous European explorer and missionary, David Livingstone. This day ended in the home of Jacob Sianungu and at his dinner table of great dishes. It felt good to down a cool coke after a hard day's journey. Such luxuries are often enjoyed most in the middle of Africa.

### LIVINGSTONE AND KALOMO

Jacob had arranged for Adrian to teach a week-long seminar in Livingstone. This was a Sunday to Sunday meeting, with classes in the evenings. Cindy and I thus left Adrian and Heather to continue our journey on to the Namwianga Christian School which is outside Kalomo, Zambia. This was about two hours on from Livingstone.

Namwianga actually originated out of early mission works in the area which started back in the 1930s. The entire school system at this time had about three thousand students, though there were about 275 at the Namwianga location. There were five or six schools throughout the southwestern part of Zambia which were part of the system.

At Namiwanga Cindy and I enjoyed the fine hospitality of the Don Boyds and Fred Woods, two missionary families working with the school. These two families were doing a great work. At the time of our visit, Roy Merritt, the director of the school, was traveling. Roy was the son of Dow Merritt who had worked with the origin of Christian schools in the area in the 1930s. Roy was doing a great work in carrying on the heritage of his father.

My schedule for the week was to deliver a short lesson to all the students and faculty in the mornings. After this, I would deliver leadership and Bible training lessons to area preachers who had come together from the immediate area for the meeting. My schedule went from 6:30am to about 9:30pm. Though tiring, the great food which was prepared for us by the faculty and missionaries really made the work pleasurable. (If anyone wants a fine recipe for bread, they must contact Rita Boyd. She has the best.)

The Namwianga meeting was quite successful according to the estimation of those present. Those directing the meeting wanted to do it again the following year and invite more preachers of southwestern Zambia together for the meeting.

Cindy and I returned to Livingstone in order to conclude the seminar and meeting that was in progress there. The week's work in Livingstone resulted in seven conversions and twenty-five restorations.

When we returned we discovered that Adrian and Heather had had some miserable nights of sleep. The bedroom where they were sleeping was located next door to this swinging disco joint which swung right up to the early hours of the morning. They looked a little starry-eyed when we saw them. They were ready to go to the quietness of the bush for a good night's sleep.

Saturday was a day off. We went early to visit missionaries Lloyd and Pearl Henson on their farm work outside Livingstone. These two faithful laborers were doing a fine work in bringing Zambians in to train them in a vocational environment. I was impressed with what they were doing. Five to ten students would

work on their farm as they studied the Bible. It was a good arrangement. In this way brother Henson had maintained the school with the farm for several years.

While in Livingstone we also had the opportunity of holding our faces to the cool mist of Victoria Falls. Since it had not rained in Zambia for almost seven months, the spray from the falls was a most refreshing sight. The Falls are one of those exciting places to experience God's creation. When the Zambezi River drops into this natural cataract of over a mile wide, a roar occurs which thrills the heart of the most experienced adventurer. A fine mist is churned into the air which at times can be seen from over fifty miles away. At night during a full moon, one can experience a lunar rainbow. It is a spectacle of nature which shows off God's greatness in creating a world that should be enjoyed by all.

Zambia was a country that had suffered for twenty-five years from Marxist political philosophy. When we were there the economy was in shambles. One veteran missionary who had lived there thirty years ago said that the situation was worse today than it was then. A sense of desperation had set in. People were hungry. Drought was encompassing the land. Elections would come up again in October of the year and opposition forces were saying that the hour had come to change the thirty-year-old rule of Kenneth Kaunda. If it had not been for the importation of "sanctioned" goods into this country from South Africa, this would truly have been a desperate country. We can thank Carl Marx for this type of situation and those power hungry leaders who have adopted his oppressing political philosophy.

### RETURNING HOME

We were not quite ready for the three and a half day journey back to Cape Town as we said good-bye to Jacob and the church in Livingstone. Nevertheless, we made our way westward over roads which did not deserve the name "roads." After torturing our bodies and vehicle for several hours we arrived at the

out-of-the-way Zambia border town of Sesheke. There was no bridge across the Zambezi at this point, only a ferry. I pulled our Toyota Hiace aboard this rickety vessel in hopes of fording this great marvel of nature. It was refreshing to be amongst waters in such a dry region. The sober waters of this dynamic river splashed with history as we docked at the other side.

There is something exotic about this part of Africa. There's a sense of being far away, away in some hidden place of existence where one can escape his or her real life. God created us in a most wonderful way. He mentally made us so as to be able to thoroughly escape and appreciate those far off places of wonder. He created us in a way that we need "mountain top" experiences. And when we get to the mountain tops, we can thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

After crossing the Zambezi we fueled up in the early afternoon and entered what seemed to be a deserted no-man's land. Civilization seemed a long way away. We began our journey down the long-necked part of Namibia called the Caprivi Strip. This was not a bad dirt road like some of those I had been reared up on in central Kansas. Nevertheless, it had a fine layer of powdery white dust on top which crept into every pin-sized crack of our van.

We choked for about two hours down the Strip until we stopped for these two elephants who were crossing the road. When we came to a standstill in the middle of the road we looked out in the trees surrounding us and realized that we were in the midst of over one hundred elephants on both sides of the road. A few of these mammoth creatures irritably snorted and flapped their gigantic ears at us. It was an incredible sight. However, one wished that Tarzan was around just in case. It was not a time for delay. Heather and Cindy were squawking in the back something like , "G - O - O! G - O - O!" We scurried on . . . hurriedly. Adrian and I laughed for the next twenty kilometers.



### CAMPING ON THE CAPRIVI

As the sun began to slip over the western horizon we were out there in the middle of nowhere, clogged up with powdered dust and yearning for some place to rest our weary heads. We passed a brush fire and were about to pull off the road five or six miles down from the fire. Cindy immediately explained that we were too close to the fire. She did not want to awake in the morning to discover that she had been barbecued. Therefore, at a small clearing about fifteen miles from the fire we pulled off the road where Cindy spotted some type of wild cat that quickly disappeared into the bush.

We threw out our tents, creating a heap of dust and resigned ourselves to endure. Adrian went to work doing what he did best at a campsite, destroying half a forest for a fine fire. He chopped down a host of trees and stoked the fire all night to keep away any unwanted guests. Cindy and Heather would not sleep in the tent, and thus, securely made their beds in the van. We had one of those tents you could zip up all around in order to keep out all those little creatures that sought the warmth of body heat during the cool of African nights. I made sure Adrian had it zipped up. I was not going to wake up with any slithering creatures in my sleeping bag.

It was a quiet night there under the African stars as we listened to the illustrious sounds of an African night. Memories are made on occasions as this. The roots of my true nature were allowed to retrench again for a few hours of tranquil solitude in African life. What a Kansas farm boy was doing here in the bush of central Africa could somewhat be puzzling. God can do exceedingly abundantly above all we ask or think if we only submit to His will. However, we submit at our own risk. That submission will land us in some interesting places. We glorify His name for using us as world evangelists.

Adrian and I awoke at 4:30am and had our usual camp fire hot chocolate. We rustled the girls awake and were on our way

down the Caprivi again to the Etosha Game Reserve.

On the way, we wanted stopped by and visit the mission team which was working in the area of Shekawe, Botswana. We thus left the main road of the Caprivi Strip, went across the border, and down the Okavango River to the village of Shekawe. After getting stuck and digging ourselves out three times, we finally discovered where the mission camp was located. Only Doug and Gloria Loveless of the four missionary families were around. We had our usual English tea. Cindy and Heather were offered and gladly accept a nice warm shower. Adrian and I stayed African.

We could not stay at Shekawe because we had to hurry on to the Etosha camp grounds before it closed that night. Therefore, we scurried on. The road became more than rough. It was so rocky we could hardly hear ourselves talk to one another as we pounded along. We thus did the only reasonable thing one would do in such situations. We drove in and out of the ditch. Believe me, roads are bad when the ditch is better.

After three hours of dust-choking roads - and ditches - we eventually hit pavement. Again, the sun quickly disappeared over the horizon as we neared Etosha. When we arrived, it was closed. Now what to do? We headed for the bush in order to construct a favorable camp site. Adrain grabbed the ax and went to work. I threw out the tent. Heather and Cindy said they would again sleep inside the van. We camped nearby the main gate of the reserve and again experienced another cool African night. As we dozed off we could hear the awkward laughter of a lonely hyena and the pleasant chuckles of birds of the night. There were no fences around to give one that sense of security from the Africa that still needs some taming.

### ETOSHA

Etosha is a dry lake area which has been designated a reserve in very arid territory. During the rainy season, hundreds of square miles of territory fill up with water. Animal life

flourishes. However, we were there during the dry season when one could look across the dry pan over the horizon and into mirages.

In traveling through this region on another one of those dusty roads, we stopped and saw our first leopard of Africa. These illusive and most aggressive of all African cats live mostly in mountainous or forest areas. However, as we drove down a road through the reserve, one of these stout looking and majestic cats crossed the road in front of us. I pulled to a stop and shut off the engine. The leopard authoritatively strolled by the van about ten feet away. It stopped, looked at us with a penetrating glare and then sombered off. I find it quite impossible to express my feelings about such experiences. While sitting safely in the security of a van one often forgets that such cats can make you history by just one slash at the throat with its razor fanged paw. These are not kitty-cats for evening cuddling about the fireplace.

Leopards have been the most feared cats of Africa. They are the third largest cats of the world, the lion and tiger are larger. They are alert and cunning and large enough to be respectfully feared. The male can be as large as nine feet from tail to mouth and weigh up to 160 pounds. Leopards seldom attack humans. However, after they have tasted human flesh they become more dangerous than lions or tigers. They are also unbelievably strong. Carcasses of their pray of up to 150 pounds have been carried up trees fifteen to twenty feet. They are definitely an animal to be respected.

After Etosha we were on our way south. However, we were still twenty hours away from home. We were tired, travel weary and ready to conclude this odyssey. We again camped. This time we made our beds at the Hardap Dam outside Mariental, Namibia. It was quite cold that night by the dam waters. One thing we enjoyed about this particular campsite was the grass. After being in grassless territories for two weeks it was good to see the green stuff again.

The next morning we grudgingly pulled our shivering bodies out of our not-so-warm sleeping bags and poured hot chocolate into our empty tummies. It gets cold in Africa. Don't let anyone tell you different.

It was a long twelve and a half hour journey that day to Cape Town. It was especially long because it was our last day of travel. Nevertheless, after sheer boredom travel through the wilderness of southern Namibia we neared the Cape after sunset and made our way through a dense fog to Durbanville. Cindy and I dropped off Adrian and Heather at their house. We scurried on to ours. The greetings, welcomings and hugs of Martha and Lisa felt good. I told Cindy to just leave everything in the van for the next day. I had packed and unpacked camping equipment enough. We ended our chit-chat and melted into our waterbeds. I tweaked off the light and said good night to another mission trip through south-central Africa. We had traveled about four thousand miles (8,000 "African body miles"). We felt fulfilled by answering another Macedonian call. However, next time I would fly.

I pray,

*Father we glorify Your Name among the nations. Through the safety You provide we thrust forth to accomplish the mission of proclaiming the Name of the Son to every ear on earth. Give us another breath in order that heaven's salvation come to the ears of those hungering and thirsting after hope. Use us to give meaning to the life of the desperate. Constrain us by Your love. Give us understanding of the length of eternity, the beauty of heaven, the horribleness of hell and the preciousness of just one soul. Through the privilege of His Name, AMEN.*



Victoria Falls is over one mile wide (5525 feet). It is 325 feet high. The Falls are over one and a half times larger than Niagara Falls.



Martha stands before a monument to David Livingstone at Victoria Falls. One of the first missionaries of the church in Africa, John Sheriff, a stone-cutter, made the rock foundation for this monument.



Camping in the bush is a part of African life for some traveling evangelists. At least, it has been a part of the life of this evangelist. On this particular trip we camped in the bush of Botswana.

## Flight Plan 5

**THE AFRICAN VILLAGE**  
**(The Way We Were)**

One grudgingly bumps along a never-repaired trail somewhere in the bush of central Africa. The pothole-ridden road tortures an unfortunate vehicle which was probably never meant to endure such maltreatment. The so-called road meanders through trees and shrubs, rivers and valleys. You idle through a host of unnamed villages. Friendly glances and spontaneous waves arise from village children until you come to your destined hamlet in the bush. Instant grins depict an untarnished naïve friendliness which is often forgotten by the desensitized personality of the industrial culture. But this is Africa and you feel welcomed. This is the untouched bush village; the dwelling of innocence bypassed by a frantic world deceived into thinking that development means happiness; prosperity and ownership mean high personal character. But forget all that. Welcome to yesteryear. You are in the African village.

A calmness sweeps through your soul as you park your modern vehicle of transport. Immediately one begins to experience the refreshing air of something for which he has always yearned. One's mind and emotions are swept clean of his first world environment of activity, and schedules, of appointments and meetings. You catch your breath and relax a million tensions. You have entered a twilight zone, a time that stops, a world forgotten by the passing world of misguided civilization. The rustle and noise of metal and machine have now given way to the giggles and curious chatter of a cluster of half-clothed young fans who

have gathered around to welcome you as a long lost family member back into their time. Yes, you have stepped out of a time machine and entered a small portion of existence that time has passed by.

Somehow the chaotic world of one's padded cultural cell of the industrial world seems a million eons away now. A quietness is here. A calm after the storm. A sense of welcome from a culture that is delightfully excited that you have come. The warm greetings by children and chiefs alike carry with them a sincerity you have always wanted to have existed but really did not know where to find it. You have just made a fantastic discovery.

The hours unconsciously pass by as communication ventures into the spiritual matters of life. An evening fire is stoked as an African-illuminated red sun slithers over the western horizon. Casual discourse is not the rapid fire statement-response frenzy of the activity-orient world from which you have just escaped. A statement here. A silence. A response. Time is a forgotten entity which has never haunted this conclave of timelessness. There is a casual easiness with an alert layback atmosphere that eagerly compels you to throw it in neutral and coast. You wonder if it is ok to be slow, to not feel guilty about having to accomplish so much. Could God actually be pleased with this pre-industrial slow motion of the human spirit which existed for millennium before the invention of the wheel? Could this be the way it should be?

Religion seems so natural here. Bred out of centuries of superstition a religious inclination has been born which provides fertile soil for the true message. You sit among inquisitive souls which ingest every drop of spiritual milk. They listen. They ponder. They inquire. As in all places there is a spiritual desert here which must be sprinkled with the life-giving water of Life. And as the splash of new born babes sounds forth from a nearby convenient river you realize that Paul must have passed by a similar neighboring village only yesterday. You sense a first century culture in a twentieth century time zone. You understand



why there is such splendid receptivity here. God does not have to compete with a host of temporal things and machines and activities. Inhabitants here have time for God, for prayer, for meditation. There are no ball games, no television sets, no cheerleading practices, no spiritual competition. The local inhabitants reason that if they have to pass up their God on the way to the top, then they would just as well stay close to God at the bottom.

One dips his hand into a communal bowl of whatever, asks no questions, and eats with pleasant thanksgiving amongst those who are now more than friends. There are no extraordinary spices in this dish, no sauces, no supermarket cuisine which tarnishes the naturalness of the prepared meal. The everyday eating of a corn meal pie is accepted with as much gratefulness as a grilled fillet. The residents here would never know, however, having never touched their lips to delicacies of refined foods. But the naturalness, the commonality of the meal reflects the unassuming culture. Life is not cluttered with demanding schedules and appointments, deadlines and dues. You have entered a time absent from calendars and watches.

The cool evening night is now upon you. You do not miss the sirens and chaotic traffic noises and irritations of a world you now faintly remember. Creatures of the night here make the mellowing chirps and cheeps which remind you that there was once a garden on earth similar to this. You are overcome by the pleasantness of the summer evening as you evidence more stars sparkle across the canopy of heaven than you have ever seen before in your life. You reason that if the bottom of heaven looks like this, how beautiful the top must be.

A grass mat has been lovingly provided and graciously accepted. Under the canopy of a smoke-stained thatched roof one rests his cleared head back in quiet meditation, wondering if heaven might be just over the next mountain. A curious sensation passes through you. Where has gone the tension? Where is the

headache? The nervous stomach? No, no aspirins tonight, no antacids, no nothing, not even a glass of milk. Sleep is natural now.

It is easy to pray. One feels close to the creation and the Creator. The myriad of thought waves are gone that too often clutter one's mind and compete for God's time. Communication with the Father flows unencumbered from a cleared mind which is deeply grateful for this brief moment of the way it should be.

You snuff out a candle. As you roll over and cuddle for a few hours of tranquillity, a brief thought quickly flutters through your mind and you vaguely remember a place from which you may have come. You dismiss the thought and somber off into dream land, or maybe you are already there.

I pray,

*My God of peace, deliver me from my artificial environment of schedules, things and activities. Renew within me people as top priority. Forgive me of treasuring those things that will not permeate the end of time. Keep me from the temptation of allowing my frenzied environment to come between You and me. I pray that I might rest in the solitude of Your tranquility and in the quietness of Your peace. LET IT BE SO!*



There are thousands of small churches throughout Africa which meet in small villages as this one in northern Lesotho. Life is slow, rural and unencumbered by the stresses of urban life.



Not all African villages are pretty environments for people. Poverty is a way of life in this village of middle Ghana, and hundreds like it throughout Africa. As in all places where men live, there is sin which must be cleansed by the blood of Jesus.

## Flight Plan 6

**THE AFRICAN THANK YOU**

The weekly expressions of thanks we receive from God's servants around the world keep our minds focused on fulfilling their needs. It is a priority in our lives to hold up their hands. Everyone who has been working with efforts as the ISOBS should be encouraged by the work that has been accomplished by sending Bible courses and materials to great men who are doing great works in the kingdom throughout the world.

In teaching the Holy Writ to grateful servants of God there is a tremendous serendipity of gratitude expressed by sincere Bible servants. In working the School we have received a host of "thank you's" from grateful students around the world. I must share some of the words of these men with you. They have kept me focused on both the need and goal of the School work.

One preacher in Nigeria expressed his thanks to you in the following manner,

*"Words are inadequate for me to tell how grateful I am to God and also to you for the great privilege offered me to study with your ISOBS. Only God can bear me witness for the way I felt the day I received your parcel. May the Lord God bless you spiritually, morally and with the physical needs that will lead you to achieve the aims and goals of establishing this School. I also want to thank whoever may be responsible for my sponsorship in this program. May the Lord our heavenly Father continue to reward that person ...."*

A Lesotho preacher expressed similar thoughts in the following words,

*"It is a joy to study under people who believe the word of God and who teach it as it is. My personal ministry has increased, as well as, the depth of my understanding. The courses are truly the best I have received and I pray that the International School of Biblical Studies will become the greatest in the world. It has the potential for this at the present time."*

Many long hours have been put into the writing and production of courses. I have written almost all the course material. We have also used good books as textbooks that have been written by brethren in America. It is most encouraging to receive letters as the above. Martha has spent far more time in processing courses than we have in writing courses. She has labored endlessly in checking final tests, recording grades, packing courses and licking stamps. I would not want her job and she does not want mine. I suppose we work together well in an effort as this.

The impact of the printed message must never be underestimated. We deposit course books in a cold metal box at the post office. However, such courses have a tremendous warm reception by a mass of people who are beyond our personal contact but not beyond our vision. The impact of the courses was expressed by one of the preachers in the country of Zimbabwe.

*"I want to thank you for having planned these courses. I have found them to be to the point and spiritually educative. They have answered most, if not all the problems I have had. I have step brothers and sisters and cousins who worshiped in different denominations. When I gave them these course books to read they could not believe it. They realized that they were lost. I baptized them all except one."*

Not only is the individual student uplifted, but also those to whom he ministers the word. Thousands beyond the hundreds

of enrollees we presently have are being edified by the faithful teaching and preaching of dedicated students. A preacher from Ghana wrote,

*"I wish to show my appreciation for the courses I have been receiving from you. They have been good materials for me in my teaching of others, both non-Christians and Christians."*

The joy of extension training is in knowing that what you send out is continually being taught to others.

There is also that contact with those you can never personally reach. Someone once asked me several years ago why I wrote so much. Maybe one of our former students from China can answer this one. I believe his letter is self-explanatory. It is certainly most touching.

*"I am very sorry that I have been out of contact with you for nearly two years. I will tell you why. I arrived here in Australia just two months ago and it's only after my arrival here dare I write to you. You know that in the one-party autocratic China there is no genuine freedom of speech and belief. Three years ago, the first time when I wrote you, there was a relatively heavy atmosphere of both economical and political reforms there and also since that time your School was in the United States, from which a lot of letters came into China. The security institutions did not notice me and there was no trouble with me. However, after the Tianamen massacre happened on June 4, 1989, the communist party hardliners prevailed in the power struggle and they forced people to believe in communism more cruelly, rather than to believe in the Almighty God. Quite a few Christian leaders in China were persecuted for no reason and some fled abroad to get rid of the persecution. I was summoned to be questioned because of receiving courses from the School. And as a result of threatening I had to give up contacting you. However, I was determined to believe in Christ for ever, though I could not speak it*

*out. Now I am finally free and it's not necessary for me to be afraid of the communist government persecution anymore. Now I want to resume my study in the school. I'm looking forward to hearing from you very soon."*

Such faithful dedication makes you glad you are doing what you are doing. We hope your reaction is the same as ours. One of the preachers of Malawi wrote,

*"Thank you very much for the great knowledge that I have had through your courses. Through me, many people are knowing true worship and being added to the church. I include you in prayers that God may give you more strength and increase your staff for the growth of the gospel. Thank you for the material treasure which will always be my reference for studies."*

After a week-long seminar which I conducted at the Lubagha Mission outside Rumphu, Malawi, the preachers of the seminar wrote the following note of appreciation,

*"We thank God the Almighty for giving you the power and encouragement of coming here to Malawi to teach and exhort us in His word. We once again thank you for the effort you have shown in teaching us the will of God for the entire time we have been with you. Your coming from a far country shows love amongst us Christians which Jesus wants."*

Harry Engelbrecht of South Africa was a faithful student throughout the ten-course program. We always appreciated his letters that he wrote. When he concluded the ten-course program he wrote,

*"Finally this wonderful course has been completed. I have learned many things these past months and have given many lessons*

*and have preached many sermons using these courses as a basis. I shall continue to use the material I now have at my disposal in serving Jesus. I had to rethink and restudy some issues, but I congratulate you fine Christians on a great job, well done. May the Lord continue to bless you in your labors in His kingdom. We always mention you in our prayers and I thank you again for the privilege of having been a student of the School and look forward to having a part in the new courses as they are developed."*

When the School was originally established, we set up a ten-course program from which students had to first graduate. They were then immediately enrolled in a twenty-five course program. Upon graduation from the ten-course program, many of the men wrote some very warming thank-you letters to us. From Ghana one preacher wrote,

*"I want to commend you for the time taken to prepare this ten-course program. The courses have really challenged me and are still challenging my personal Bible study. I believe no one can take these courses and still remain where he or she is so far as serious Bible studies are concerned.*

*"So Far, the International School of Biblical Studies has encouraged me to be extra active in the field of preaching. Since I started the ten-course program, I have been able to add to my writings. As of now, I have been able to produce fourteen tracts and articles. I am highly indebted to the School.*

*"I do not want to hesitate to state that I have enjoyed being with the School. As I wait patiently on my diploma from the School, I pledge to continue my studies with the School whenever new courses are introduced.*

*"May the Good Lord richly bless this effort of yours and increase the blessings of the sponsors and guide us all till heaven is won."*



*"PS: We have started a school of biblical studies here in Takoradi. We have eleven students now. Amazingly, all the instructors are engaged in the ten-course program offered by the International School of Biblical Studies. We are really part of you. I am the acting director."*

We pray that those who have supported us and the School can understand our gratitude to you on behalf of those who are receiving the courses. Truly, words do fail when we try to say "thank you" to all of those who have been so faithful in making the *International School of Biblical Studies* a global reality. The students of the School often live in hostile environments. Most live in Africa, and just saying Africa means struggle.

### HOPE IN THE MIDST OF DESPAIR

We too often take for granted the tame environments in which we live. Africa is a diverse continent. It is a land of struggle, despair, and hardship. Nevertheless, such an environment often lays the foundation for a hope of better things in the life to come. The African is fatalistic about life. Nothing has worked out right for the past ten centuries. He wonders why we should hope for the future. If he had to hope concerning a better place in this physical world, he knows that he will be disappointed. If you lived in his environment, you could understand why he is so fatalistic about life.

A tribal conflict breaks out. Innocent mothers, fathers and children die in the endless conflicts of power struggles of what should be outdated in civilized society. It seems that civilization always hangs by a thread in Africa. Power and money hungry dictators live in an unreal world apart from the desperate from whom they have embezzled millions. Roads go unprepared, agricultural skills go on hidden, and hospitals become halls of despair as pompous aristocrats lie at ease in palaces which have been purchased by "misdirected" foreign aid. This is Africa.

Famine administers its relentless blow as the suffering stumble around in soil of clods which has long ago given up productivity. Farmers hope at the sight of a cloud but sigh as another day goes by without any rain. This is Africa.

However, the relentless sufferings of existence of the inhabitants of the African environment have made them a resilient people. A humble, or maybe "humiliated", culture has been produced which is free of the self-seeking cycle of materialism. A communal life of interdependence has emerged as many rural people seek to depend upon one another for survival. People lose faith in politics and politicians who have increased their subjects' hostile dilemma and have failed to deliver them from their wretched environment. People have learned to trust in one another, or at least, search for security in other places than government. This is rural Africa.

Hope is heightened by the depths of despair. And in Africa hope runs high as residents search for the Hope of all hopes. As we lift the crucified Savior on a cross before the hearts of searching souls, hope is revived. Strength to endure a hostile environment revives the souls of those who thank God for the One who came. Surely, *"How beautiful are the feet of those who preach the gospel of peace, who bring glad tidings of good things."* This is Africa.

These "beautiful feet" remember that *"you sent aid once and again for my necessities"* (Ph 4:16). The hopeless are receiving hope because of those who have sent. Therefore, *"we seek the fruit that abounds to your account"* (Ph 4:17). We missionaries thank you on behalf of the destitute, on behalf of those in hopeless situations who now have hope. Praise God for your concern, for your sacrifices that are *"a sweet-smelling aroma, an acceptable sacrifice, well-pleasing to God"* (Ph 4:18).

One of our students from Livingstone, Zambia wrote,

*"Allow me to comment that I am finding the courses so very*

*interesting and spiritually building. They have personally helped me in my area of teaching materials as a religious educational teacher in secondary school. The courses have given me further training in my profession. I want to sincerely thank you for giving me this opportunity."*

One of the evangelists and World Bible School coordinators in Uganda wrote,

*"I am writing to express my thanks to God and my gratitude to you and the staff of the School for properly handling some of the most controversial subjects of the Bible.*

*I carefully followed your explanations using the Bible to prove every point you explain. It is really very interesting and wonderful for me to learn that the sabbath was not set aside as a day of worship because it was hallowed and that there were many other sabbaths mentioned in the Old Testament which are not observed by sabbatarians today. Course 106 has greatly expanded my understanding of Jesus' present reign. For years I have misunderstood the comprehensive authority of Jesus.*

*The above mentioned courses have definitely challenged some of my old thinking and brought to light a more complete understanding of the above mentioned subjects. I hope and pray that these courses will be beneficial to many other students, especially to those who study them with an open mind and not in a spirit of controversy. I am blessed to be one of the students in the International School of Biblical Studies in order to know such secrets of God which are revealed in the Bible. I am actually getting to know many things from the Bible through your School. Please, pray for us students that we all learn and utilize the courses in our work. You and your staff are always in my prayers. May the Lord our God continue to give you peace and full measure as you continue to serve Him in South Africa and in other parts of the world, including Uganda our country."*

From Egypt, one of our students wrote,

*"I want to inform you that our heavenly Father is doing great things with us here in Cairo, Egypt concerning His wonderful word of life. I came to Cairo last year and started the work of preaching the gospel among Sudanese and Egyptians. I found that they are very responsive. I established a new congregation which has a membership of twenty-five people whom I baptized into Christ's body in this short period of time. Most of the members of this local congregation are university students.*

*I am looking forward to receiving other courses from you. As you know, I am preaching in the Arab's world where most people speak Arabic. Therefore, I would like permission from you to translate all the courses into the Arabic language."*

It is difficult to explain the joy a lonely worker for the kingdom receives when he receives a course of study from the School. We have found that the School offers isolated workers a link to the outside world. It offers them a companion through mail in their struggles in the kingdom. We have been asked questions on about every biblical subject of which you can think. Elders have written for advise concerning problems in churches. Preachers have written when they have felt alone and isolated in their struggles of church planting. Students have apologized for being late on courses because of sickness and death. Their houses have been burned by terrorists. Their children die of malaria and a host of other diseases. These men suffer through thieves and sickness in an environment which reminds them that their home is beyond this world. The *International School of Biblical Studies* is a ministry to God's men who work alone in areas where human existence is difficult.

We are not just sending out courses. We are sending out packages of hope. Every parcel is a packet of peace of mind for one who works alone. We pray for them. They pray for us.

Together we are fellow workers for Christ in an environment where men grasp for hope and peace of mind in a world of struggle. We ask that you not forget them, but that you continue to join with us to crush Satan at the foot of the cross. They stay in the battle because God has given them the victory. They have faith in the mission before them because of their faith in the Master behind them. They seek to bring all the world into Christ because they struggle to take Him into all the world. We must stand behind world evangelists who seek to take the gospel into all the world.

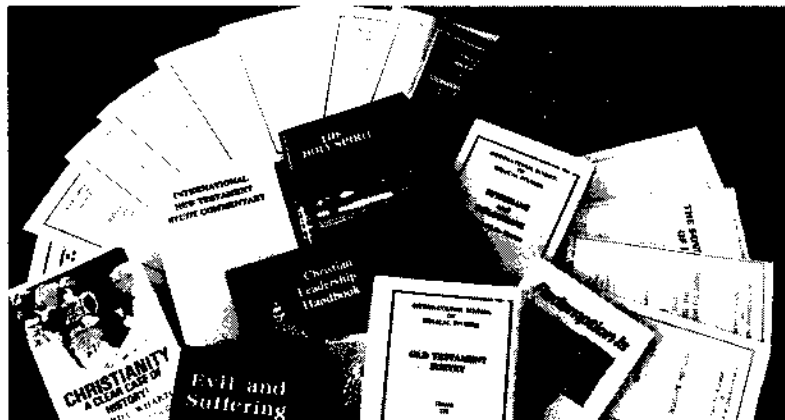
Churches in America need to be commended for their vision to take the gospel to the world. Missionaries have arisen among American churches who have motivated the church to reach out to the world. Our small effort with the School here in Cape Town is only a part of the global efforts of many missionaries throughout the world who seek to train national church leaders to evangelize their own people. We thank the American church for its support. We thank the American church for giving hope to the world through the sending out of missionaries.

I pray,

*Father of this world in which dwells so much struggle, continue to remind me that this is not my home. Continue to stir my heart to be sensitive to the needs of those evangelists in isolated environments. I thank You for the blessed concern of churches who send out missionaries. May the fruit of all missionaries go to the account of Christians who send them forth into a world that often tests one's faith. To You Father be all glory. In the precious Name of my Savior Jesus I praise You. AMEN.*



One of the students of the School, Kalahan Kuc Kob, baptizes believers in Cairo, Egypt. He is one of thousands of local evangelists who are evangelizing throughout the world. Their silent labors often go untold, but not without notice of our God.



Thousands of course books as these are sent out every year to local preachers and teachers. There are almost 5,000 pages of study in the 35-course study program.

**Flight Plan 7*****INAUGURAL FLIGHT***

I returned to Africa with the airplane in July 1991. A busy schedule had kept Martha and me thoroughly occupied until October of that year. It was for November that we had planned our first flight up through Africa for seminars. We were ready to go and the opportunity presented itself when the Mutare Bible School in Mutare, Zimbabwe responded to a letter which I had sent to them a few months earlier about teaching a series of lessons for the school.

Veteran missionaries Loy and Donna Mitchell had been faithfully laboring in Zimbabwe since 1957, first at the Nhowe Mission and then in Mutare since 1965. I had earlier sent an offer to the Mutare Bible School to come and give a week's seminar on any subject they so chose. Loy and those associated with the school accepted the offer and the stage was set for our inaugural trip with the airplane.

Martha and I had never been to Mutare. By vehicle it would have been a gruelling three-day trip. We had earlier traveled to Harare, the capital, and on to Malawi through Zimbabwe. However, we had never been over in the eastern region of the country. We remembered those long hours in years past of driving when we went to Malawi and Zambia. You will never know how grateful we were this time for our metal-feathered wings and the art of flight machines which could lift one from the confines of traveling drudgery on torturing roads to the smoothness of clear skies. (Again, if God had meant for men to go around in cars, He would have put wheels on us.)

**DESTINATION: JOHANNESBURG**

On the day of our departure, Cindy and Lisa were reluctantly shuffled out of bed on a beautiful Friday morning at 5:30am. We loaded ourselves into our Toyota and motored off to the Fisantekraal Airport where Yankee Charlie was pampered out of her nestled hanger. Boxes of books and baggage were neatly stuffed into appropriate places. Hugs were due and Martha and I settled down into the cosy confines of the Mooney pilot's office. After a brief prime of petrol Yankee Charlie briskly awoke and we were on our way to our first stop for overnight in Johannesburg. Cindy and Lisa returned home to await our arrival in a little over a week.

It was a brief four and a half hours to Johannesburg. It would have been sixteen to seventeen hours in our earth-bound vehicle. We arrived in "Joburg" and stayed with the George Thompsons. George, one of my former students at the White's Ferry Road School of Biblical Studies, met us at Lanseria Airport north of Johannesburg.

The next morning we were up at 5:00am. With eggs and cereal in our tummies, we were off to the airport. Our foreign destination was Buffalo Range Airport, Zimbabwe. It would have been a twelve-hour bone rattling trip in a vehicle with customs and immigration at the Beit Bridge border between South Africa and Zimbabwe. Instead, it was a two-hour silk skip through clear skies into the Buffalo Range Airport in the middle of a reserve area in southern Zimbabwe.

Taking off from Buffalo Range was a real African flying experience. We lined up to take off on Runway 24. Fired up the engine for takeoff. Then here comes this eloquent bull Sable strolling across the runway in front of us. A Sable is as large as an elk. He is black with horns about three feet long that gradually bend toward the back. When we saw this Sable we somehow sensed that he was a little irritant that civilization had paved a landing strip in his back yard. This, I suppose, was his way of



protesting the encroachment of civilization.

After everything was clear - all animals off the runway - we were off. From Buffalo Range we shortened a four-hour drive into forty-five fine flight minutes. On descent into Mutare, Martha kept noticing the top of the mountains. They were climbing above us. "Are you watching those mountains?" she questioned. "They are higher than we are!" She never liked flying in mountains. However, this Kansas plains boy did. But again, I had hold of the controls and she didn't. It's like being a passenger driven around mountain roads. The passenger is tense but the driver is calm.

### MUTARE, ZIMBABWE

Mutare is a quaint city of approximately 150,000 inhabitants who are nestled in the scenic mountains up against the Mozambique border. This 100-year old city is the home of the Mutare Bible School. This is a fulltime preacher and leadership training school which has been opened since the late 1950s.

The school was originally started in 1958 at the Nhowe Mission which is a two and a half hour drive northwest of Mutare. However, in 1965 the school was moved to Mutare. When Martha and I made this first visit, the school had an enrollment of over twenty-five. Edmond Gruazaza, a Zambabwian, was the director of the school at the time.

This is one of the oldest resident preacher training schools of the brotherhood in Africa. The Mutare Bible School, with the Nigerian Preacher training school are probably the oldest formal resident schools on the continent that have been opened on a continuing basis for the training of resident preacher students. These schools have turned out many good men.

We had an excellent week with the Mitchells. Donna fattened us up on her famous cinnamon rolls. Loy ushered me around and spoiled us both by serving our every need. We must have gained five pounds each. The church treated us with no little hospitality. This was one of those few times when an African

church graciously helped us on our travel expenses. They contributed US\$100 for our trip. This was a great amount to them. It indicates that our African brethren are certainly growing out of the "receive only" stage of missions. I am sure this is the result of the good teaching of brother Mitchell and others who have for years taught brethren to be indigenous in their thinking. Churches should be taught to be mission churches, not mission points.

While in this part of Zimbabwe, Martha and I were privileged to encounter a part of history. When I was knee-high to a Kansas jack rabbit I had only read of the great works of Roy and Jaxie Palmer at the Nhowe Mission. The mission was started in the early forties. Brother and sister Palmer went to the mission in the middle fifties and worked with the school for about twenty years. At the time we were there, the mission school had a little over one thousand students.

It was our delightful privilege to be with the Palmers during this trip. Brother and sister Palmer had returned to Mutare for a two-year stay and were diligently working with the Mutare Bible School and church in the area of Mutare. They were doing this even at the young age of seventy-three and seventy-four. Most folks use their latter years slumped off in some easy-chair on retirement role within driving distance of grandchildren in America. Not these two. Here was this dedicated missionary couple of eight children, and who knows how many grandchildren, off in Africa. They were putting as many of their last years they physically could into the mission field. Praise God! I am sure that the Lord has a special crown for such special people who are sacrificial saints.

### **THE GREATNESS OF MISSION AVIATION**

So you are still wondering why we fly around in an airplane? I know. You think we are just flying around having a good ole time. You're right. We are having a good time doing

that which we sincerely love doing, teaching and preaching. And we do like a little flying here and there. Admittedly, with most mission works aviation is not practical. But in what God wants us to do in teaching seminars with the *International School of Biblical Studies* it is a most practical and economical tool.

To my knowledge we are the only aviation mission operation of the church of Christ in the world. However, there may be some brother out there who is operating an airplane for the Lord which I do not know. He may not want anyone to know for fear of being accused of "flying for fun." There are those who are so narrow in understanding of the real world in mission areas that they cannot understand the use of computers, boats, planes and cars in missions in order to get God's word everywhere it should go. But trust me, if you were where we are and doing what we are doing, I think you would check into getting a pilot's license.

I once made a special visit to the denominational group called African Inland Mission. Their operation I visited is in Nairobi, Kenya. Was I ever surprised to find a tremendous operation of airplanes. They were operating about fifteen airplanes out of Nairobi alone. They were hauling people and materials everywhere in the central regions of the continent. Other groups of denominational church operations include Mission Aviation Fellowship, Wings of Love and Mercy Flights. I would estimate that the combined fleet of denominational airplanes used in Africa is well over one hundred. We operate one.

Now think for a moment. From Mutare to Cape Town it is a hard three-day journey of about thirty hours of driving. This would include two nights somewhere. When we left Mutare, Martha and I soured off at 7:00am for Buffalo Range for customs and immigrations out of Zimbabwe. We landed at Messina for a few minutes for customs and immigrations into South Africa. We then made a straight shot for Cape Town. Our total flying time was a little over eight hours for the day. At 5:45pm we settled into Fisantekraal where Cindy and Lisa were eagerly awaiting our

arrival.

You can count up the time saved. If you were counting, that would be four working days which we saved. Add the wear and torture of our bodies. Add the nights we would have to stay somewhere between days. Multiply that times dollars and cents and it will give you a good idea why we have the airplane. Multiply that times the amount of time we save over a year in travel and you almost have the salary of another missionary. Brethren often wonder why in the world we should be using an airplane in this type of work. Am I rationalizing here or am I just being practical? I am trying to enlighten. Someday in the future there will be this young man who shows up at your church. He will talk about an airplane in missions. Please listen to what he has to say.

### A DAY AT THE AIRPORT

"I want to fly in that airplane," so complained Lisa. She had not flown with me for over five years and she had grumbled ever since I had brought the Mooney back from the States in July that I had not taken her for a ride. So we set the date and made our way to the airport.

After parking the car, we strolled past one hangar after another. She patiently listened to my unending and enthusiastic jabber about flying. While walking around the south end of the main airport hangar, there was this crash, bang, skid, crunch, crunch, crunch. We suddenly lifted our heads and were startled to see this airplane skidding along the ground in a heap of dust with metal flinging everywhere. The propeller was clanking on the concrete runway and bending in a million directions.

After all dislocated parts of the airplane finally clanked to the ground, and before the dust settled, four traumatized people threw back the canopy of what was once a fine flying machine and bailed out. All safe. A pilot, whose ego had just suffered a greater calamity, began to explain in a high octave voice what he

must have done wrong. It all boiled down to an overloaded plane taking off too quickly on a very hot day. He stalled and slammed the airplane back onto the runway, smashing off all three landing gears (wheels), one wing and totally destroying a prop, which meant a complete overhaul on the engine. This was after the plane had been put back into service only two weeks before. The same pilot had done the same stunt with the same plane two years before. This was his third airplane accident as a result of stalling. Some guys never learn. I had a camera in hand and as any good reporter clicked off a few "after the fact" shots. (I later discovered that I had no film in the camera. Not such a good reporter after all.)

"You still want to fly today," I asked Lisa. "Well, yes," she somewhat replied. So the runway was cleared and we were off. It was a rough day. Because of her tender inner ear, she became miserably sick after about fifteen minutes. I threw her a barf bag just in case and headed for the airport. We parked the plane, planted ourselves in the car and made our way towards home. "Had enough?" "Had too much for one day," she sighed. So went one day at the local airport. I think that was the last flying experience Lisa had with me.

I pray,

*My protecting Father in heaven, give me wisdom to give my time to the service of others. Consume my life for the benefit of those to whom I may be able to impart Your precious Scriptures. Make available at my hands those things which will expedite the propagation of the gospel to the world. I ask on behalf of the One who died for me and in whose Name I labor. AMEN.*



N201YC (Yankee Charlie) sleeps in this hangar. I do spend some time mechanically nursing her in order that she stay in good health. An airplane in the best of shape is the only assurance one has against unnecessary problems in the middle of the air or in the middle of nowhere somewhere over the continent of Africa.

**Flight Plan 8****JOURNEYS**

Africa is different everywhere. You can never stereotype this continent. Its majestic mixture of peoples and cultures and economies boggles the American mind where everything is relatively the same. There are over 3,000 languages and dialects on the continent of Africa. That should give you some idea of the diversity. I was working in areas at the time in which at least twenty different languages were spoken. Would that God had allowed the gift of tongues to permeate history in the church.

Traveling in Africa, therefore, can be a very exciting cultural adventure. If one wants something new, it is just over the next hill or around the next cloud. If you want first world comfort, then to that you can go in Africa's metropolitan cities as Cairo, Nairobi and Johannesburg. If you want to go to the bush you can chance the bugs and beasts. This is the area where Americans have a hard time surviving. Americans like to live in the rough but they do not like rough in their living. American's travel to the bush is often limited to the terrain where one can drive an RV.

**AFRICAN BUGS AND THINGS**

Sometimes bush travel is the pits. You can be bombarded with these pests that are called bugs. They're everywhere. They buzz. They bit. They tickle and make funny noises.

Eating in the African evening could be most pleasant. But often there are those unpleasant places where uninvited flying ants (actually, termites) wing themselves in as irritant guests. They flutter around your face, flopping in the porridge and stuff.

Harmless. But the next day these flying ants have shed their wings and are just like other ants on the ground. But again, I was once in Mutare, Zimbabwe and the ants were so bad that you could not stand still lest you have them crawling up your pant leg, tickling and itching and irritating. In Rumphu, Malawi I fought ants for two weeks in my living quarters. They ate into my special home-made cookies. That meant war. But you never declare war with ants. You never win.

And snakes? They say you cannot outrun a black or green mamba. That was always encouraging. Just as I jumped off an ant hill, I might step on some mamba. They also say to start counting backward from thirty when you are bitten by a mamba. You'll never make it to one. I don't know if this is true. I haven't talked to anyone who has been bitten by a mamba to verify the fact. Maybe it is one of those things one never lives to tell about. The venom attacks the nervous system, as if I would be all that calm at the moment. Your lungs stop functioning and you simply suffocate.

So you stand still. Mistake. Mosquitos! And not just mosquitos. These blessed pests carry every variation of malaria one would like to not mention. First thing I do when I get to heaven is ask Noah why he did not slap just once. And then, make sure he got the pregnant one. The early white missionaries in the 1800s died by scores from malaria. It is said that so many died that they called Africa the white man's coffin. European missionaries often packed their belongings in their coffins when they moved to Africa.

I was out there in the bush and saw this spider that was as big as my hand. At the time I knew he was big enough to shake hands with. Africa is the land of spiders. Most are harmless. But again, there are those whom God has blessed with great self-preservation.

After I awoke one morning and looked under my bed roll, sure enough, there was a host of creepy crawlers camped under my



bedding enjoying the human warmth in the cool African night. There was a round one, a long one, a flat one where I slept on my elbow. I suppose I will have to learn to live with them all. Should a big man as I flee from such small pest as they? I guess not as long as I can slap, scratch and scat.

### DISCOVERING LESOTHO

Traveling to different places in Africa is not all that bad. It is about as bad as you make it. Lesotho was one of those exciting places in the mountains to which one could find a relaxing reunion with brethren in Christ.

I had never been to Lesotho before February 1992. This small country is engulfed within the confines of South Africa. In years past when South Africans beat the Lesotho people back into the Drakensburg Mountains. They stopped the onslaught of terror against the people only when the king of the Lesotho people made a trip to England and laid his plight before the Queen. She commissioned a nation to this tribe with mountainous territory which is relatively desolate of adequate farmland. Nevertheless, here is a people that has endured the years. They have survived and developed a loving nature about them which is above any that I have experienced in Africa.

My anticipation awoke me at 3:30am on a calm Saturday morning. Through the invitation of the Maseru church, I was on my way to the airport in the dark for my first visit to the illustrious mountain country of Lesotho. After stirring awake Yankee Charley I glassed off Fisantekraal Airport into the dark and over the Hottentot's Holland Mountains. This was my first thrill of flying the African night. Not much different from nights anywhere else. Same moon but different stars. The southern cross is always there to guide one's way. The only difference is that you are out there over Africa. I suppose there is something romantic about it. At least, I confess it is romantic to me.

After three and a half hours I touched down in Bloom-

fontein, South Africa for customs and immigration out of the country. It was only a thirty-five minute hop from there over to Maseru, with its mile-high airport named Moshoeshoe. (No, you do not pronounce it as it looks.)

I grew up in the state of Kansas. At the time I visited Lesotho there were approximately one hundred churches in the state of Kansas. The population of Kansas is about 2.5 million. I remember people saying that the State is relatively unevangelized. It is. The small churches of the state are sparsely sprinkled across the farmlands with great distances in between.

Now here's Lesotho. A country of 2.5 million. Maseru is the largest city with 100,000. The population is basically a rural people with small villages here and there throughout the mountainous countryside. But amongst these 2.5 million there are only a little over one hundred and fifty Christians.

There are about 125 members in the Maseru congregation. Attendance is about 175. This church has most of the membership of the entire nation. To my knowledge there are only four churches in the country. I often wonder how we take for granted the fellowship of our fellow brothers and sisters in areas where the church is strong. And in comparing the size of the church in Kansas with the church in Lesotho, the church is strong in Kansas.

The Maseru church surprised me. It is not typical of Africans to show much affection in public. A simple handshake is usually all you get. But not so with the Lesotho people. You get a hug. After working among so many different cultural groups in the world which did not show such warm affection in public, I was delightfully surprised with the friendliness of these people. They made me feel like a long lost brother. Such made me think of the Brazilians who must be the "huggeness" group of people in the world.

Saturday afternoon was consumed with teaching the church when I arrived. The purpose of my visit was to edify and train the congregation. Saturday's session centered around how to share the

gospel. Sunday's lectures focused on the responsibility of local churches to financially support mission outreach.

Though the time that is spent with a church as this is often brief, we must not underestimate the impact of such workshops. This is especially true in the area of literature. I had taken six cases of books and materials on this particular trip. The church consumed the material as starved saints who had been stranded in a literary desert. Here is where the long-lasting affects of such workshops is counted. During the workshop ideas challenge thinking. Literature continues that challenge and nourishment for weeks to come. Such workshops give a quantum leap of spiritual growth to isolated churches who are out there struggling for survival and growth.

About a year and a half after I conducted this meeting with this church I encountered one of the members in Port Elizabeth. He said that after the workshop on sharing the gospel, the congregation had weekly meetings in order to perfect their presentation. During the next year they had over seventy-five baptisms by using the simple method of sharing the death, burial and resurrection (the gospel) with their friends. It is amazing how the simple gospel, once known and shared from loving hearts, can have such a great impact.

When I was in Maseru I was impressed with the church. It was in the process of building its own building. It was supporting three preachers. The church was composed of a group of energetic young leaders who determined to go beyond holding their own. They were doing well.

I thoroughly enjoyed the blessings of Lesotho hospitality. The Saturday night's barbecue ended at 11:30pm. The comforts of staying with brethren and talking "church" refreshed my confidence in brethren as these to maintain the faith in an often hostile environment of denominational religion.

All good things as this come to a close. As I lift off Moshoeshoe International Airport and headed for home, a warm

feeling came across my soul. All of us had made sweet memories. I knew I had been with brethren with whom I would spend eternity. Because of our brotherhood we had taken knowledge of one another by acquaintance. We cherished the hopes that one day we will be in eternity never to be separated again.

As I made my way across the wilderness of central South Africa to the Cape, the sun lazily sat over the western horizon. There in the twilight of another African night, I enjoyed the satisfaction of having experienced the essence of African Christianity. The love and brotherhood that brings people of different cultures and languages together as one is an experience the divided world must see. At the time I prayed for the dawn of a new South Africa that was beginning to show its light in the east. The time was quickly coming for a vision of oneness on a national scale. However, we the church had to show the world how Christian unity can be applied to the hearts of men. The church must lead the way. Instead of being sidetracked by the mistakes of culture, the church must dare to apply Divine truth to itself. It must be bold to preach that truth to the culture in which it thrives. Too often the church is molded by the culture in which it struggles. However, it must set the standard for brotherhood in humanity. Men must see in the church as a hope for unity amidst so much cultural diversity.

### EAST LONDON

I was off again on one not so clear morning in May of 1992, Yankee Charley again lifted from the Fisantekraal Airport with me aboard. With boxes of literature again stuffed here and there we made our way into the clouds. D.F. Malan Control gave me an altitude of 4,500 feet. I was not comfortable with that altitude, knowing that I was flying toward the Hottentot's Holland Mountains in the clouds where there were mountain peaks that reached above my assigned altitude. When they finally cleared me above 4,500, I broke out on top flying parallel to a mountain peak which

was above my altitude. I promised myself that I would never let them do that to me again. I am glad I am alive to tell about it.

I was off to East London. It was a first trip for me to this country-spirited coastal city of South Africa. Leonard Gray had been working with the church for about two years. Through his efforts a church was saved from a preacher who apostatized to a denominational religion. Leonard was able to salvage this congregation from ruin and bring to it a spirit of growth. Here is one of those situations where God's evangelist performed magnificently in allowing God to use him to lead the flock. Souls will be in heaven as the result of patient works by great servants as Leonard and Marguerite Gray.

The meeting I was to preach in East London was to be directed toward the nature of the church in relation to denominational religion. A plague had infiltrated some churches of South Africa. A "social-club" concept of the church was most prevalent. If some members could not get along with other members, they simply moved over to another religious social club. I had never really experienced this phenomenon in the church as prevalent as in South Africa among some churches. My past experience had been that when one left the church, he or she usually just left religion all together. Such usually happens when one knows the truth, but for some reason loses his or her faith. But here the belief to just "change churches" was in some churches. The elders at East London wanted me to deal with this matter by preaching the nature and uniqueness of the church.

I liked East London. Here was one of those not-too-big cities nestled on the coast of South Africa. It was situated between the homelands of Ciskei and Transkei. The cultural flavor of black Africa seethed throughout the people who were not in that much of a hurry to get from here to there.

The climate restored memories of Caribbean life. Coastal breezes rustle by your ears and stir one's hair. The fragrant aroma of sea water warmed one's nostrils. Restless waves tranquilized

one's nerves as they lapped against the warm sun-baked white sands of beautiful beeches. Every morning was a relaxing experience of God's creation.

I could live in a place like this. The elders twisted my arm to move the School there. I told them I would not shut the door on the invitation. However, without encouraging them, I knew I never could. We had entrenched in Cape Town and the expense of such a move would be prohibitive at the time. However, I never say I won't when God is working. He has worked too many wonders in my life. The exciting thing about being a Christian is the mystery by which God works things together for His purposes. He is able, and does, work exceedingly abundantly above all that we think or envision.

### SWAZILAND AGAIN

I concluded the East London meeting on Tuesday night. I was up Wednesday morning, packed and on my way to the airport to fly to Swaziland to begin a meeting that night for the church in Manzini, with which missionary Dick van Dyke was working.

I first experienced the Drakensburg Mountains on this clear Wednesday. I filed for 11,500 feet and pushed Yankee Charley for twenty minutes to get her to altitude. Once I levelled off, it was a cloudless flight through the majestic Drakensburg Mountains. This historic range of mountains beautified the south central area of southern Africa. Most of the mountains are in the country of Lesotho, where dwell rugged mountain folks who have retained a past-century culture of friendliness and hospitality. I looked down on isolated mountain villages and wondered if the inhabitants had ever seen a stranger. "Who would struggle through such rugged territory to visit them? Would the locals ever leave their castles in the sky and venture down to 'civilization'? Will anyone every go there with the gospel?"

The mountains of the land were awesome and inspiring.

As I flew over, by and around these monuments of geology, I must confess that I had the urge to lace on my hiking shoes and labor through the many trails between the peaks. I am a hiker at heart.

After about three hours, the landing gear eased into position on Yankee Charley, and I approached into Matsapha Airport outside Manzini. I could tell that this country was also suffering from the El Nino generated drought which had plagued southern Africa in 1992. It was dry and the southern part of the continent was entering the dry season when there would definitely be no rain. It was going from dry to dry. Bulawayo, Zimbabwe was down to about two weeks of water. Most of Zimbabwe was suffering severely. The drought extended up through Zambia and Malawi. It was one of those once in a lifetime droughts that bring misery and suffering to millions. People were desperate for food. When there is great population growth on already over-burdened land, drought sends thousands into eternity without having heard the gospel. Would that those blessed of this world could experience the desperation of the poor. Africa is cursed with drought. It seems that drought and famine are going on somewhere on the continent at all times.

I always like going to Swaziland. This small kingdom, with its young king, is a nation of friendly people and opportunity for evangelism. Grass covered mountains compose the western regions. Flatlands are throughout the east.

Mickey Figueiredo and Dick Van Dyke have faithfully labored in this country for years. The Manzini Bible School continues to train men who come from up Africa. In 1992 there were from fifty-five to sixty churches in Swaziland. It was difficult to determine if the church was growing at the time I was there in May of 1992. No one was doing church growth studies.

One of the encouraging aspects of the church was its indigenous nature. In order for the church to grow in any area there must be a spirit of independence among the people. The local churches must feel that the responsibility of evangelism rests

upon their shoulders. There is a definite feeling of independence among the Swaziland church leaders. It is a spirit that will certainly carry them on.

### OFF TO KENYA

At 10:00pm they shuffled the last few passengers on South African Airways Flight 926 out of Cape Town to Johannesburg. I was on this flight destined for a quick trip to and through Kenya for seminars before leaving on a two month series of ten meetings and seminars in five countries.

At 12:00pm midnight in Johannesburg, we weary passengers made land and huddled like claustrophobic cows off our flight. It was comforting to be received by missionary Rex Dutton who hurried me to the nearest bed where we crashed. Next morning it was to the only FAA registered medical examiner I knew existed in South Africa who could sign off my flight medical. I visited South African Bible School, made plans for the future, and then again headed for a 7:30pm flight that evening for Nairobi.

I finally landed in bed that night at 1:30am at the house of missionary Ken Bolden. On Sunday morning Ken and I visited five churches - I think, I forgot after three. Sunday evening it was a 5-hour African road trip to Sotik where we stayed with missionaries David and Brenda Vick.

Monday and Tuesday was a two-day seminar for area churches around Sotik. Though not all were represented, there are about 145 churches in the area. God had blessed the labors of faithful missionaries who planted the church in this area in the early 1970s.

On Tuesday afternoon missionary David High came to fetch me in Sotik in order to haul my tired bones to Kisii. On Wednesday we made for the bush again through and over roads which were really never meant to be called roads in the first place. And then, we left the "roads." I'm sure I am a few inches shorter. My body has been compacted by a four-wheel drive vehicle's battle



with angry Kenya trails. The Kenya bush missionaries must certainly be commended for their endurance. Some of them have been faithfully working for years in such conditions.

I conducted an introductory session for the School and fellowshipped with church leaders in the area of Kisii on Thursday. Friday morning I was shuffled to another area in western Kenya, near the edge of Lake Victoria. Again, I gave an introductory session of the School and delivered leadership lessons for eager church leaders in the area. The sun had lazily set over the western horizon as David and I bounced into Kisii on our return trip. We had a special Asian barbecue meal that night with Kisii businessmen and two visiting doctors from India. My head finally fell dead on a pillow at 12:30am.

On Saturday it was out of the bush and back to Nairobi. We ended the six hour trip at the house of Ken Bolden which would be my dwelling for the next several days.

Sunday morning I had the privilege of preaching for the Rainbow Church which missionary Jim Reppart started in the early 1980s. This was a wonderful church. It was a church which manifested the spirit of the one who started it.

I had a mid-day meeting with the director and staff of the Great Commission School on Monday morning. Plans were made for them to use some of our extension courses as credit in their developing extension program. On Monday afternoon I began a series of lessons on 1,2 Timothy and Titus for the Great Commission School. These lessons were concluded Thursday night. By this time I began feeling the pace of this trip.

Friday morning was a breakfast with missionaries. Plans were made for a return trip in April 1994 for a stay of four to five weeks in order to expand the locations of teaching. Ken hauled by bones back to the airport where I boarded Flight OA105 for Johannesburg, arriving at 5:00pm. Patrick Kenee and WBS representative John Reese met me at the airport. We talked all evening until they took me back to the airport at 12:30am for my

flight back to Cape Town. I arrived at 3:30am.

I slept in to 9:00am. That morning Martha, Lisa and I began putting things together for our two-month Seminar Safari up through the length of South Africa, Zimbabwe, Malawi, Zambia and Botswana. We would leave June 30th and return to Cape Town September 1st. Both Martha and I would teach seminars, meetings and ladies classes. We had an exciting schedule which would open many doors for the School. The following schedule was challenging to keep, but God would give increase to our strength and endurance.

### 1993 SEMINAR SAFARI

#### JULY

- 5 - 8: MUTARE BIBLE SCHOOL SEMINAR  
Mutare, Zimbabwe
- 4 - 8: 7TH & JUBILEE GOSPEL MEETING  
Mutare, Zimbabwe
- 12 - 13: NAMIKANGA MISSION LECTURES  
Thondwe, Malawi
- 15 - 16: MZUZU BIBLE SCHOOL LECTURES  
Mzuzu, Malawi
- 16 - 18: GOSPEL MEETING  
Mzuzu, Malawi
- 19 - 23: LUBAGHA BIBLE SCHOOL SEMINAR  
Lubagha Mission, Rumphi, Malawi
- 29 - 31: LUSAKA LEADERSHIP SEMINAR  
Lusaka, Zambia

#### AUGUST

- 3 - 6: BIBLE TRAINING CENTER SEMINAR  
Livingstone, Zambia
- 9 - 13: NAMWIANGA (Research Week)

- 16 - 19:       **NAMWIANGA PREACHER'S SEMINAR**  
                  Kalomo, Zambia
- 21 - 22:       **AVONDALE LEADERSHIP SEMINAR**  
                  Harare, Zimbabwe

(I will tell you about this Seminar Safari in Flight Plans 15-17.)

I pray,

*God give our bodies strength to endure the struggles of travel.  
Open opportunities that We may teach and preach the gospel to  
thousands. Use us up in your service. Exhaust us in labors for those  
who are hungering and thirsting after your word. In His Name,  
AMEN.*



On a trip to Kenya, South African George Thompson preached for this small church at the foot of Mt. Kenya. To our knowledge he was the first South African evangelist to preach for a Kenya church.



The Lesotho church was one of the most affectionate churches I have experienced in Africa. For the next year after this picture was taken they had over seventy-five conversions.



Africa is full of the unexpected. It is a continent of animal life which is too often endangered by the growing populations of man. Heather Blow experienced one of Africa's pests at the Lubagha Mission in Malawi. Grounds keeper, brother Mofati, killed this venomous puff adder in the area of the mission.

## Flight Plan 9

**THE HIGH PRICE OF FAITH**

As an American missionary and resident of the material culture and affluent society, I often glance into the face of faith and shutter in the tracks of my own self-sufficiency. The challenge I see in the world of have-nots always taxes my dependence on that which is possessed. When I contemplate faith's demand I struggle to sacrifice that which is always first to go when faith comes calling - material security. The empirical walk I so often trust struggles down the hall of faith.

There is always something unnerving about faith's call. It is a call to us in the secure culture to venture into the unknown. However, it is only such because our nerves and emotional constitution usually walk on the crutch of the seen and known.

Nevertheless, we fight to allow ourselves the test of trusting the Almighty Unseen in the altogether unknown. I often wonder that if faith was a fortune at the end of a rainbow of supporting evidence, I might be the poorest of them all.

Any American missionary who manages to escape the isolated cocoon of American materialism usually crashes with his cultural baggage on his voyage into the Third World. If he or she does not sense in this new and common world the absence of the affluency of his homeland, then the elevator has not yet reached the top floor. This is the real, real world; the world that exists everywhere and on every continent. It usually cannot be seen by the rich for the rich never look down, while the poor are always looking up. The poor see us at the top. But because we do not want to be reminded of them, we more often refuse to look down

to the bottom.

Before one can accomplish acculturation he or she must discover self. One is only truly aware of his surroundings when he is aware of himself. I have always wondered at the lack of self-awareness of us who live in the affluent society. We who are of that exclusive world class find it difficult to condescend to men of lower estate. (I am not in the pulpit here but on the confession bench.) We simply do not understand the poor, their plight and their problems. Third World thinking is such an illusive concept to those of the First World.

Our self-realization of who we are and where we are from, however, often leads to frustration. Being one of the "haves" often separates me so far from the "have-nots" that I lose contact with this Third World mentality which I never had in the first place. We thus accuse them for having no initiative or being lazy, backward, etc., etc., etc. Our frustration is not knowing what to do with ourselves in the midst of poverty.

You say Jesus dealt with it by saying that the poor are always with us. He was not giving us an excuse. Neither was He excusing Himself. He was abased. My comparison of sacrifice with His leaving heaven for earth is no real comparison. His was extreme. Mine is too often only external. Remember, I presently have more now than Jesus owned in His entire lifetime.

So we compare. Was Jesus poor in relation to me. Yea, verily. Thus comes a possible shocking reality I am not willing to live. Must I be as Him to understand and be able to say what He said about the poor without such a statement being either an excuse or justification for my own materialism? As a culturally born and reared materialist I shutter at my conclusion to these dreadful postulations. If I am right then I am wrong.

The face of faith is still there. It glows more now and beckons more fervently than when I first met the poor. But I am afraid. Afraid not of the face of faith. Afraid of myself. Am I not willing? Would I be as Jesus in order to be able to say and do as

Jesus? Must I become all things to them in order to cross the cultural bridge of communication? Must I be abased in order to abound in faith on my behalf and communication of the gospel on their behalf? My conclusion wearies my soul and frightens my affluent cultural roots.

Would I be as Jesus in order to be able to say and do as Jesus? Is the price tag too high for me to condescend so low? How can I identify with the poor to whom Jesus went if I cannot identify with Jesus who was poor? I am irritated at such questions. They make me think. They make me look into my own cultural mirror. I see a man standing there I do not want to see.

I rationalize. It's not wrong to be rich. Then I read, "They sold their possessions and goods." But I appreciate my multitude of clothes. Then I read, "I was naked and you did not clothe me." But I can be rich and spiritual. Then I read, "Few that are in high places are called" and "Those who desire to be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and harmful lusts which drown men in destruction and perdition." But I have a right to my way of life. Then I read, "He emptied Himself and was made as a man." So this struggle of cultures continues within me. "I discipline my body," wrote Paul, "and bring it into subjection, lest, when I have preached to others, I myself should become disqualified."

Then I contemplate my fellow affluent cultural victims. Has my frustration level with my brethren become a measuring rule of their unrealized materialism? I would not so judge lest I fall into the sin of arrogant snobbery. Nevertheless, that frustration is there when I experience those of "home" who quibble over the color of cars and the "inness" of the latest outrageously priced tennis shoes. I suppose that my experience outside that cultural "cell" has awakened my awareness of who I really was, or still am. When one works in the "careless" societies of the affluent world and at the same time among the barefoot poverty-stricken prisoners of the Third World, it is hard to feel sorry for someone with a full



refrigerator. When I return to the world of games and things, it is hard to identify again with a world from which I came and a culture that lingers in my own being.

The problem with too much money is that one starts inventing how to keep the cash flow going in society. That cash flow, mind you, is through my hands and unto my desires. So I take up a sport and discover some new land to which I must travel. I buy another car. Another pair of shoes won't hurt. I stop in at K-Mart for a tube of toothpaste and end up at the counter with a shopping bag of incidentals to stuff away in some cabinet at home. When I have purchased beyond my needs I discover flea-markets. I buy junk to continue this self-centeredness, this cycle of money-out-things-in lifestyle. There's always enough money in hand to let it flow. However, I am unaware of a new psychology that is setting in.

Cash flow through my hands and for myself changes me to a new and different person. As the money goes out, things and activities come in. They all come my way. I have now set up an inward selfishness that makes me an extremely self-centered being. The more money I have the more things and activities that come my way. My psychology changes. I want to maintain this selfish cycle. I fight to keep it happening because it has become culturally me. Those in my world have all adopted the same lifestyle. I exclude and become agitated with anything or anyone who would disrupt this selfish cycle. Presidents are cursed for recession and missionaries are shunned because they keep disrupting my cycle of self. They keep reminding me of who I am and what I must give in order to accomplish the mission of my Christian profession. Whether or not I realize it - usually I do not - I have now become a part of that way of life which dictionaries refer to as materialism.

But we must not be mistaken in our definitions. My Third World brethren define materialism in a much different way. The affluent society glances over the word. Those who are victims of a cultural deformity too often become oblivious to the handicap.

But by Third World comparison, lives exist in an environment which is on the other side of the continuum. To the poor man materialism is living or being any place than where there is continual sickness, poverty, death, starvation and war. In his environment he has never set up the psychology of selfishness, for he has never had a chance to be affluent. Giving to others does not threaten him, for his hostile environment has continually extracted from him since the day of his birth.

I have always wondered why it was easier for the widow to give her mites than the rich man to give his surplus thousands. The poor have never had enough money to start this vicious cycle of materialism. People always want more. I would say that in a sense all people have greed, both rich and poor. However, the poor have never had enough to allow their wants to digress to a psychology of materialism.

It is always easier for the poor man to share what he has than for the rich man to do the same. Your requests for help do not disrupt any selfish cycle of materialism in the society of the poor. You can be assured that the rich man will give. But you can also be assured that he will not so give as to disrupt his cycle of materialism. He will continue to play his games and buy his things. What he gives will often simply be the surplus which is beyond his time to either use or play games. You see, giving to sacrifice is a personal infringement upon his psychology; it is against his materialistic culture. The poor are usually never offended when they are asked to give. That is one reason why there is such great receptivity for the gospel message among the poor.

Are you angry with me because I point these things out in our lives? There are so many poor in the world. Americans live in the top two percent of the wealth of the world. How can we come out of this top two percent and identify with the other ninety-eight percent which is so far away? This is certainly the challenge for the American missionary.

There is a "bright" side of poverty. It does produce

receptivity. Africa is a place of great receptivity. It is so because it is a place of poverty.

Africa will be receptive for many decades to come. Why? It will be receptive simply because it will be poor for a long time to come. It is ironic. The center of Christianity is moving to the poorest continent of the world. Jesus was right. Few that are in high places will hear. His message to comfort John in prison was that the poor have the gospel preached to them. That focus in evangelism still brings comfort. The poor have the gospel preached to them because they are the ones who receive it the most.

I pray,

*God of heaven who was manifested in the body of a carpenter, deliver me from myself. Deliver me from this world which I use for myself to consume upon my own lusts. Distruct my cycle of materialism. Invade my selfishness with the cries of the needy. Lead me to be like Jesus. Through the privilege of His Name, I so request. AMEN.*



Famine is a reality of African life. Famine victims line up for food distribution in Ethiopia. They are among the millions on the continent who live a suffering life in hostile conditions. Many of them are our brethren. It is a humbling experience to stand before a room full of preachers who are dressed in rags, wearing shoes bound together with vines. It is through these humble men that God is evangelizing the world.

**Flight Plan 10*****HUNGERING AND THIRSTING***

Coming forth from the depths of committed love shines forth the signals which manifest the love of truth and righteousness. To be in the midst of those who make such proclamations with life examples is a most humbling experience. I had that experience on a seminar trip to Zambia.

The silhouette of the sun had not yet made its appearance in the eastern horizon when the first cylinders of Yankee Charley sparked to life at the Fisantekraal Airport. It was 400 miles to Upington, South Africa where I cleared immigration out of the country. From Upington I had my first experience with the Kalahari Dessert with its 600 mile stretch of nothing from Upington to Maun, Botswana. Sand, rock and desert bush cluttered the terrain. (I yearned for the waters of the blue Caribbean Sea.)

Maun is nestled in the middle of the most sparsely populated nation of the world, Botswana. It is a settlement of scattered houses, huts and hotels which offer little comfort. As a gateway to the Okavango swamps, those coming here are on their way to somewhere else. Thankfully, so was I.

One night in an overrated hotel was sufficient. The next morning I was up and to the airport. Again, I slithered between boxes of literature in the cockpit of Yankee Charley to make my way up a tributary of the Okavango River. I flew low. About 400 feet. I had great expectations of seeing some great wildlife in this area. However, other than a few rhino, I saw donkey after donkey. Small farmer villages cluttered the banks of this particular tributary, as humanity began to overcrowd the region. All of these

farmers must have been donkey farmers. There were donkeys everywhere.

After about fifteen minutes of donkey viewing, I headed up to 7,500 feet for the 220 mile leg to Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe. Drought had stricken this land. Across the Chobe Reserve I could see absolutely nothing. Water holes were dry. I wondered concerning the miserable state of life below. The relentless drought of this year had unmercifully ravaged the southern part of Africa.

Missionaries Don and Rita Boyd had come across from Kalomo, Zambia to fetch me at the Victoria Falls Airport in Zimbabwe. They had been in Zambia for about two and a half years. They are a great couple, he being a retired flight engineer from the Air Force. They would be returning with me to Cape Town after the seminar, for they were considering a change in work. I was trying to coax them into working with the School in Cape Town. The Boyds are folks we fell in love with from our very first meeting. They have been great workers for the Lord.

From the airport it was about an hour drive to the house of missionaries Lloyd and Pearl Henson. As previously stated, the Hensons were working a farm in Zambia. From this farm they had been training evangelists since 1976 when they established the Zambia Bible Training Center. The Hensons had been in Zambia since 1969. Brother Henson was seventy-two years young at the time of my arrival and in good health. Such faithful laborers in the kingdom will certainly receive their reward.

After a great night in the loving hospitality of the Hensons, we were off on an hour and a half journey to Namwianga outside Kalomo where the School seminar would be conducted

Mission work in the Livingstone-Kalomo area originated in 1912 with the coming of Peter Masiya. Brother Masiya was from Mozambique and came to this area after having been taught by brother John Sherriff in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe (old Rhodesia). In March 1923 brother and sister W. N. Short arrived in this area and

cleared the grass of what would be called Sinda Mission north of Livingstone. Though it started only as a farm in the beginning, this work later developed to include a school to educate local children. Numerous missionaries arrived southwest region of Zambia in the years to follow. In 1927 the George Scotts arrived. They were followed by the Shorts, Lawyers and Merritts. Schools were started at Kalomo and Kabanga. Today, there are about five locations under the name of Namwianga Christian Schools.

My purpose for coming again to this area, and specifically to Namwianga, was to conduct a second preacher and church leader seminar for churches in the southwestern part of Zambia. The Namwianga church sponsored the program, providing food and housing for all who could come. We had conducted a pilot seminar here a year before. This was a follow-up effort because of the desires of the local leaders.

The year before we had about twenty-five preachers in attendance. This year no transportation was provided so the expectations were for an attendance of about thirty-five. Those who could come would have to make it to the seminar on their own.

The dedication of committed men of God is a marvellous thing to experience. On Monday I began lectures at 8:00am. Forty preachers and church leaders were present. This group represented about sixty churches, since many of the men preached for more than one church. We asked who had come from the greatest distance. Three or four of the men had walked from forty to fifty miles to be there. This is a ten to twelve hour walk for an African. Their commitment was most humbling.

Tuesday morning I began the day with a devotional lesson at 7:00am. Except for lunch, supper and breaks, we carried on to 8:30pm. This was the schedule for the rest of the week. Men who are hungering and thirsting after truth and righteousness desire the sincere milk of the word. Such desires can work a speaker hard.

On Tuesday more preachers had arrived. Four men arrived

in the afternoon. We asked these men where they had come from and how far they walked. They had journeyed from beyond the Kabanga Mission. They had walked about 120 kilometers (75 miles). They had been walking for two days. It is a most humbling experience to stand before such dedication. By Wednesday over sixty were in attendance, representing over seventy churches.

The Namwianga church provided the hospitality, though twice as many came than was first expected. Except for my coming, this church made all arrangements and carried all costs.

Somehow, the 1,200 trip the Boyds and I made back to Cape Town seemed insignificant in comparison to the journeys some of these men had to make in going home. To many of them it was another twenty, fifty or seventy-five mile walk. They walked. I flew.

There is a distance between cultures here which I encountered for a few brief days in the middle of Africa. I often wonder at God's working to bring together all things and everyone it takes to make experiences like this happen. His infinite workings and the dedicated submission of preachers in rags humbles us to continue without complaint. As I contemplate standing in judgment beside men as those in Zambia I am ashamed of my foolish complaints. Would that we continually remind ourselves of a Savior who suffered for us by making a similar incredible journey from the comforts of heaven to the cruelty of a cross.

I pray,

*God, forgive me of my complaining. AMEN.*





Brother Lloyd Henson (center) is here pictured with the church that meets at the Zambia Bible Training Center outside Livingstone, Zambia.



Some of these men walked seventy-five miles to attend a seminar at the Namwianga church. Such dedication sparks our desires to feed their hungering for Bible studies and follow their commitment to the Lord.

**Flight Plan 11*****TRANSITIONS IN CHURCH GROWTH***

We have traveled to more countries than we can remember and lived on three continents. Throughout the past twenty-five years I have experienced a number of movements within the social-religious structures of various cultures. I have experienced the church at several different stages of growth in countries throughout the world. I thought that it would be good to share at least one scenario of the growth which seems to be common in many places where the church has been planted. This particular scenario is occurring in some South African churches.

I would like to point out some of the typical stages of development that some churches in South Africa are going through in the process of history as they grow from early establishment to second, third and fourth generation leadership. These same stages can be seen in the movement of the church in many situations throughout the world.

The time span of the following general case history is usually from twenty to forty years in a given culture or nation. The history usually begins by the establishment of the church by missionaries. Throughout the history of growth, the newly established churches usually go through the following scenario of transitions. The intensity of these transitions usually begin to occur when the movement is between twenty and thirty years old. After twenty to thirty years of growth, the first generation leaders, the pioneers of the movement, are usually in their fifties or sixties. Churches are usually functioning upon the foundation of the initial works of the missionaries or early evangelists. However, it is

during these times that some transitions begin to take place in the movement.

### **THE RISE OF NEW LEADERSHIP**

At this time in the movement, a second generation of leadership has now moved into the leadership of the church. These preachers and leaders are in their twenties, and at the most, their early thirties. They have not fought the battles of the first generation leaders, and therefore, have a different view of the nature of their work. They have been the product of the first generation leadership, often having been trained in schools established and run by the early leadership.

The first generation leaders fought battles for survival. They fought the denominations. They fought half-converted brethren who in the early years of the movement brought into the church a host of denominational mentality and doctrine. These early leaders fought for the faith and defended the truth. They usually constructed the church on the strictness of a "proof text" concept of understanding the Scriptures, since their battles centered around first principles. In those struggles, doctrine was the primary motivation for learning the Bible rather than discovering and applying principles of holiness. Doctrine, not behavioral Christianity, became the emphasis of the movement.

However, in the defense against the forces of denominational error, they often developed a reactionary theology, a theology that molds biblical principles in reaction to the specific points of error in confrontation with the denominationalists. When the denominationalists said "faith only," a reactionary theology was developed which said "works." When the denominationalists promoted "grace only," those in the heart of the first battles unconsciously developed theologies of "works only." When denominationalists emphasized the work of the Spirit, we developed a deistic concept of God who is somewhere off in the universe.

Legalism, therefore, often becomes the nature of the first generation leaders because of this confrontational environment out of which the leaders were born and struggle for existence. A balance is lost and a tendency to stand to the far right is developed. A legalistic approach to religion is too often developed. Members are regimented to conform to those traditional shibboleths and interpretations which were constructed through the years of conflict.

### TRANSITIONS IN OPINIONS

In the establishment of movement, some of the first generation leaders often develop a guardian attitude toward the movement. They are/were the pioneers, and thus, there is a self-appointment of themselves to make sure that the movement stays on their concept of a course of "sound doctrine." There is often an unconscious stealing away of the church from Jesus and His word to their own opinions and dictates.

A mold is thus established. Around this mold emerging leadership has a very difficult time to think and act freely for itself without the intimidation of the older leadership. Self initiative in Bible study is stymied. Interpretations must be based upon the Bible **and** in conformity with the unspoken authority of "brotherhood" books which have become standards of biblical interpretation. Basing one's study solely upon the Scriptures becomes difficult because of the intimidation of unwritten interpretive opinions which hold Bible students in check.

In this environment the second generation leadership struggles. These leaders too often overreact. They did not fight the early battles of the movement. They have been the product of the foundation of the early struggles in the movement. As a result, their perspective of Christianity is different. They are of a different nature. They see things differently because they are not the products of a reactionary theology. They often see some things from a different perspective because they approach Bible study not

in an effort to answer denominational error or brotherhood apostasy. They are seeking for an enhanced life of holiness rather than a confrontational engagement with denominational error. They search the Scriptures, not to win battles, but to develop the spiritual growth of the now twenty to thirty year old churches which were built upon the foundation of the early pioneers. Problems arise because they do not understand the nature of the pioneers of the movement and the pioneer leaders do not understand them. There is a generation gap.

### **TRANSITIONAL TENSIONS**

Something almost tragic now happens in the movement. These two generations of church leaders often come into conflict with one another. A contrast of opposites is set up in which Satan often does some of his best work in church division.

The second generation leaders seek for change. This change is often a change from legalism to a more grace oriented church. They also seek for a change in methods, not the message. However, the legalistic nature of the older first generation leaders reacts against the supposedly "liberal" nature of the second generation leaders. They react to change, confusing change with liberalism. They confuse method and message, assuming that any change in method is a change in message. Any change usually threatens the icons of past practices and brings insecurity. Therefore, change must be liberal because that to which change is made is not how it has always been done or believed.

The new generation of leaders want to do things in different ways. However, the established way, or method, of doing things in the local church is now about twenty years old. Any change in the established behavioral manner of doing something obviously brings tension because first generation leaders have by this time confused method and message. Any change of method is viewed as a change in message.

The first generation leadership has often led themselves to

believe that they had a hedge on understanding the Bible because they won so many battles with the denominations. The truth they proclaimed was right and victorious. However, a subtle attitude of arrogance crept in which too often convinced them that there was nothing else to learn. When the second generation leadership entered the scholars' lounge, these leaders are often challenged for their new approach or emphasis. Because of their emphasis on other areas of biblical truth, and because they may express old truths in a different way, they have often been accused of being "liberal." An irritation or tension is thus constructed by men between men. Such is the work of Satan.

In an overreaction to the legal atmosphere of the first generation leadership, some second generation leaders fly right through Jerusalem. These leaders go "grace only" in reaction to legalistic works only. They lose their biblical center of reference. In reaction to hardline legalism and hierarchal control of some first generation leaders of the church, they lose their biblical perspective of the unique nature of the church. They often consign the church to being just another denomination. In fact, they often join what they would consider to be just "another denomination" when some dispute arises in the church. They become truly "liberal" in theology, giving up the fundamental doctrines of the New Testament. They apostatize from the faith.

### OVER-REACTIONS

At about this time some of the first generation leaders also make a fatal mistake. Because they do not understand their own legal approach to Christianity they do not understand why some of these second generation leaders are reacting to legalism. They do not understand why some are leaving the church. In their failure to see their own legalism, they label as "liberal" everything and everyone who does not conform to their "position" on the issues. More tragically, they intensify the situation by establishing a "watchdog" mentality. Some of them make themselves the

saviors of the church, often marching from this city to that church, from lectureship to gospel meeting in an effort to stamp out the rise of liberalism in the church. The emphasis of their preaching gradually turns from saving the lost to saving the saved. The nature of their spirit gradually turns to bitterness and mistrust in the younger generation of church leaders. They wake up one day and find themselves alone in a circle they have drawn so small that they alone are in it.

There is then those second generation leaders who have not gone off to the denominations as some of those who have lost their center of reference concerning the true nature of the church. This second generation of leaders also see the apostasy of those who have fallen away to the denominations. However, they see the cause of this apostasy from a different perspective. They see the legalism of some of the first generation leaders who have pronounced themselves as guardians of the church. They understand Christianity from a different perspective. Christianity is seen more from a Christ-gospel perspective rather than a "doctrine-argument" perspective. Because they do not close ranks with the first generation leaders who are in a legalistic manner reacting to an apostasy, they are considered with suspicion in the eyes of the first generation leaders.

The older, first generation leaders again react. They react with a religious nature of legalistic argumentation against those who in the church do not conform to their opinions. The brandishing about of terms as "liberal" or "doctrinally loose" is too often heard. Such slanderous labelling and name calling only intensifies the conflict and causes all involved to lose contact with the real issues. The issues are not over fundamental doctrine, but mentalities and opinions and methods. In the conflicts that ensue, there is a real loss of the fundamental doctrine of unity of the church and salvation of souls. Men too often violate the fundamental doctrine of church unity for the sake of propagating their own opinions. The weightier doctrine of unity is sacrificed for the

traditions of men.

The second generation leaders too often carelessly throw about terms as "conservative" or "hard core" because they do not understand the nature of the older first generation leaders. The conflict between these two generations of church leaders is most unfortunate and too often severe. Fellowship among preachers is often lost. Fellowship among churches is lost. Good men's reputations are slandered by the loose slinging of labels and gossip. Men lose their direction by turning from evangelism to church politics. The inevitable result is the loss of souls, both in the church and outside the church, for evangelism ceases. Struggling Christians become disillusioned with the conflict of senseless battles which should never have been fought. The movement is now in a self-destruct mode. It turns on itself.

Are there those among us who can find and maintain balance? Church unity is a fundamental doctrine. Would we violate a fundamental doctrine over squabbles in differences of opinion? Would we turn from evangelism of the lost by turning on ourselves?

I write these words because of a biblical teaching which is too often neglected in our preaching and teaching. It is the doctrine of the unity of the body. All Christians hold different opinions and interpretations. However, we must maintain unity that is based upon fundamental doctrines. Peter Ford, one of our beloved South African preachers, once said, "We are divided over opinions, but there is absolutely no difference of understanding over fundamental doctrines." Our problem is trying to move our opinions into the realm of fundamental doctrine. And in doing such we divide brethren. Do we know the Bible well enough to know what is not there? Do we have the same fear about binding where God has not bound as we do about loosing where God has not loosed?



**A RENEWED DESIRE FOR UNITY**

In South Africa, as well as in many other places of the world, there is refreshing breeze from Zion for unity and peace among brethren. There is a rise of disgust with foolish strifes of the past and a yearning to be brethren in a church that is more interested in saving a lost world than slandering a good brother. We look forward to a time when members of the church are known for their love of one another and not for being baptized in vinegar in order to wage argument.

The words of Jesus come to mind as we live in a decade of disciples who are striving to live after what He commanded would be the signal of true discipleship.

*"A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another, as I have loved you, that you also love one another. By this all will know that you are My disciples, if you have love for one another"* (Jn 13:34,35).

I pray,

*May You, Father, be the God of peace who reigns in my heart. Stop my mouth from evil statements about my brother. Forgive me of foolish pronouncements that would cause tension and division. Help me to be a peacemaker and one who generates love among brethren. For the sake of Jesus' Name I plead for your forgiveness. AMEN.*



These Malawi preachers of the Lubagha Mission of north Malawi wear out bicycles to preach to the lost. Most of them preach for several churches. I know of several preachers who preach in circuit for more than ten churches. May they never lose their mission to preach the gospel to the world.

**Flight Plan 12*****WAVES OF CHANGE***

One peaceful night I sat alone in the darkness of night by the restless waves of the beaches of Gabon. Waves are the same everywhere. They remind one of the constant changing influences that torment the beaches of societies. Change is a way of nature and life. Those who would not adapt or arise to the occasion and take advantage of change will break with the traditional molds of yesteryear or miss the golden opportunities which are presented for the future.

We live in societies in Africa that are going through the metamorphosis of cultural and political change. As the typical African of this continent writhes to set himself free from past dictators and Marxists regimes which have bankrupt his economies and robbed him of hope, he has proven again the resilience of the African mentality. A peace accord is signed here, a past suppressive government is voted out there, a new civil war. There are those usual agonies which arise from the power struggles and transfers, the unleashing of past resentments and sociological baggage. However, if one can see past the nonsense of politics and palaces, there is an emergence in sub-Saharan Africa that is heading this continent toward a better world. God is working wondrously to open doors.

The African is traditionally religious. There has never been and never will be in Africa a passing receptivity caused by the falling of a wall or the change of a political philosophy. The African has always been religious! He has kept himself isolated from the turmoils of what goes on in the oval offices. He is rural.

He is poor. He is uneducated in what the affluent societies call "education." But he is deeply religious, though this religious nature is fulfilled by a host of distorted world views.

In the past one hundred years several African countries have survived beneath the flow of political changes from Animistic tribalism, colonialism, dictatorial communism, dictatorial capitalism to whatever comes next. However, those changes which have occurred in the palaces seem to have little affect on rural Africa. Nevertheless, those changes in high places often allow freedoms which Africans have not experienced in times of yesteryear. The changes have opened doors to those who can reach out to him with the gospel.

As the African moves into another century, political changes affect him more, this is especially true in the urban areas. What seems to be happening as the death of communism trickles down and throughout this continent is a new sense of hope. Strifes of passed times are being forgotten. Times are changing for the better as oppressive societies of generations past are being set aside.

South Africa is going through tremendous waves of change. Anxiety has gripped the souls of the materialistic have-it-alls. They are afraid, not so much of the change - they know it has to be - but of losing what they have. But such is the normal mentality of the rich and famous. It is that way everywhere in the world. Those on top always slap away and are afraid of the hands reaching up from the pits of poverty.

Every culture has its affluent societies and every person of every society wants more. Nevertheless, the materialism of the affluent South African is quite interesting. This has always been a cultural study hall for me from the very first day I arrived in the country.

The affluent South African has been set in a "segregated" materialism that in times passed convinced him that he had a right to all the wealth. What happened was that everyone at the top

developed a certain pride, a definite arrogance about what they had and who they were. Those on top developed an insular world with all its legal and political fences and safeguards. Their arrogance led them to believe that no one else should tell them how to run their country and life. Their pride made them think that they could go it alone without the rest of the world. But this is all changing.

The affluent South African is often afraid of the New South Africa which will unfold in generations to come. He is most apprehensive. He knows that there must be change. But he is willing for change to come in order to keep the stock market up and the foreign investment coming. His willingness to change is not primarily for the benefit of the poor and oppressed. He is like any other materialist. He will change as long as the cycle of materialism in his life is unchanged.

He is not alone in this feeling. The rest of the materialistic world reacts the same way. So before we blame the South African too much for his materialistic arrogance, we should look to ourselves. We might discover that we are common bedfellows.

Nevertheless, when this particular culture comes out on the other end in about the first part of the next century, it will be different. It will be different for the better. What was in the past was wrong. The South African knows that. The younger generation that is coming up is different in attitude. He is representative of the New South Africa and the new African who wants change.

I was once in Mutare, Zimbabwe preaching and teaching. I met a twenty-year old white South African youth there who had come up to Zimbabwe in order to live and learn from the Zimbabweans. He went to the village in order to live and eat for a week with a rural Zimbabwean brother and sister. He said he wanted to be a missionary and wanted to better understand the poor. To the best of his ability he wanted to experience their world. He wanted to come out of his separation from reality. He was typical of many of the new South African young people who

wanted to communicate and be with those from whom his forefathers had separated him. So there is hope. Youth always seems to lead us out of our past cultural sins.

Old oppressive governments and dictators of Africa have for the past thirty to forty years squeezed the life out of many African economies and countries. But this is changing in some countries. The move from either dictatorial governments or presidents is presently taking place in Ghana, Nigeria, Angola, Mozambique, South Africa, Zambia, Malawi and other countries which are in the early stages of change. Something exciting is happening on this continent. Fifty or a hundred years from now historians will write doctoral theses about what is happening today.

### **OPPORTUNITIES FOR EVANGELISM**

So what should we as the church do? First, we must adapt our this thinking and methods of work and outreach to changing social environments. Old mission methods of years past may not work in a new Africa that has more self-esteem and confidence. Research mission books of past works in Africa may be out of date for the new African missionary.

Secondly, the American church should arise to the occasion. We must never forget that the basic nature of the African is religious. We would urge the American church not to ignore what is happening here. The American church has always been too fickle when it comes to missions. What makes headlines is too often what gets the mission emphasis. At the present percent of church growth in sub-Saharan Africa, the church will be larger in Africa than in any other place in the world in the first decade of the twenty-first century. This is actually happening.

Thirdly, with the fall of old governments and the emergence of new open doors, missionaries need to come. They need to lead the African church into virgin territories. Many African churches are now realizing that African evangelism is not an American problem. However, the African church does want and need

foreign church companionship. Remember, the African church is still poor and it takes money to send evangelists into new nations.

It is a time of tremendous change in Africa. The turmoil and excitement of East Europe has to some extent drowned out the cries of receptive Africa. If East Europe was not happening, I would say that the faint voices of the humble African would now be deafening your years. Just remember that he has always been here and always will be. Ready. Receptive. Wanting to hear from you. Would we give crumbs to the persistent pleas of a woman begging from Jesus? African is pleading!

### GOD IS WORKING

These are challenging times for world evangelism. So many doors are opened that it befuddles our minds as to which one must be entered. However, we do not frustrate ourselves by trying to determine which door we must personally enter. God has made it possible to reach any and all open doors through the extension training of national church leaders and preachers. This is the main reason why we have been so convinced that schools with operations as the *International School of Biblical Studies* must be enhanced to reach the masses of the world.

We must not simply concentrate on bringing preachers together in a classroom in order to give them the word of truth. God has given us a pen, press, stamps, envelopes and a postal service in order to take the "classroom" into all the world.

In Ephesians 4:11, God set different ministries of leadership in the church. One primary purpose of these ministries of leadership was "*for the equipping of the saints for the work of ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ*" (Ep 4:12).

Through extension courses for leadership and biblical training we are equipping the church for the work of ministry. We are edifying the body.

Now try to visualize what is happening with the outreach of schools as the *International School of Biblical Studies*. Through

the extension courses and seminars that are conducted we touch the lives of thousands of preachers, teachers and church leaders. These preachers and teachers are scattered in countries throughout the world. Many are in the receptive fields of Africa. Many of these preachers preach for two, three or more congregations. I personally know men who preach for ten to fifteen churches on a circuit basis.

By the end of 1993 we were sending courses to over 1,000 preachers, teachers and church leaders. We could multiply this number of leaders by the number of Christians and non-Christians that they touched with their teaching and preaching. Such would proclaim that we can reach a tremendous amount of people through such means. God has opened a door of fantastic proportions through this effort. People are being taught. God is working exceedingly abundantly above all we can imagine.

We can never know exactly how many people are being equipped. Our courses are being used by hundreds of preachers and teachers to teach classes and preach sermons throughout the world. Others are using the courses for their own seminars and lectures in training schools.

We use both the present and past tense to describe the outreach of the School. By the time you read this book, even if this School might not be in existence, there are thousands of course books that have been sent out which will continue to be used for preaching and teaching material in years to come. The impact of the printed page ceases only when the books deteriorate away.

Those who use the courses often express the effectiveness the program best. From Ghana one of our preaching students wrote:

*"Permit me to express my sincere gratitude to you for your tremendous work which you and your team are doing for the Lord. I have so dearly loved your courses. They are highly educative for the*



*20th century Bible student. For example, I knew very little about Satan and his hosts when I graduated from Bible College in 1990. But now, your Course 110 has given me more details about the clever tricks of Satan and his hosts. It is my prayer that the Lord will strengthen us so that we all in Africa may follow strictly the way of evangelism which was taught in Course 112."*

Another student wrote the following concerning his use of the courses in his daily ministry:

*"I send you this to thank you so much for the wonderful job you are doing through the ISOBS. Since I started studying these lessons, four people have been led to Christ. One of these was a member of the Seventh Day Adventist church. I studied with Julius (the S.D.A.) for two weeks using Course 105 on the Law and the Sabbath. At the end of our study he just asked to be baptized."*

What we are doing is providing materials through the extension course curriculum for preachers and teachers. They are in a guided school study. However, it is our purpose to equip the saints for the work of ministry through the local preachers and leaders. From Bolgatanga, Ghana a preacher explained this in his letter to us.

*"I have the pleasure to write you and thank you for the good work you are doing for us here to enlighten us more in the word of God. I do appreciate it and pray that God will help your ministry of leadership training to enable brethren to lead local congregations. Course 139, Christian Leadership, has come to me at the right time. This year the theme of our program is church growth and leadership training. This course is helping me and the church for the program of the church."*

From Lisbon, Portugal one of our students translated some

of the courses into Portuguese. He expressed the above purpose of the School in the following letter:

*"Thank you so very much for the excellent course on baptism you have sent to me. It is greatly helping me in my teaching on this most vital and so important step in our conversion to Christ. You have no idea how much your courses are helping me both in my learning and teaching. Thank you so much, dear brother, for your interest in helping people like me to acquire a deeper knowledge of God's word."*

We are fulfilling the dreams of those who are in isolated areas. They want equipping. However, they cannot go to school. They are often poor. They are great distances from other churches and brethren. Nevertheless, we can and do reach these men by leadership training by extension. From Zimbabwe a preacher wrote,

*"I do rejoice, am refreshed and relieved every day when I read the word of God. Your lessons are very good, encouraging, exhorting. They give me good goals for the future. I had never dreamed that one day I would be fortunate to have such biblical lessons which would make me grow spiritually. I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."*

One of our students from Ghana wrote, *"I took over as preacher when brother Seth Normanijo died. I am not a trained preacher from any college. Therefore, I want you to train me through your school to be able to preach for this church."*

These are the needs we must be fulfilling for hundreds of church leaders throughout the world. We must evangelize the world by the training of national church leaders to evangelize their own people. Americans have always been slow to catch on to the concept of extension training. The American culture is a culture

which sends its children to school. It has always been difficult, therefore, for them to understand that in the mission field we must send the school to the students. Unless we can understand this point, we will always allow the opportunity for worldwide evangelism through the training of national church leaders to slip through our fingers.

I pray,

*Father, when I go to the post office today, may there be a letter from a brother I can serve through a Bible study course. Help me to hold up the hands of those in isolated regions who struggle alone to proclaim Your message of salvation. Through Jesus, AMEN.*



Book printing and distribution has been one of the major works of the School. We take several boxes of books to lectureships and church meetings. Left to right in the picture: Martha, Elise DeVries, Cindy and Lisa.



Here are over 150 preachers and teachers who assembled for a seminar at the Namikango Mission in southern Malawi. They represent over 700 churches. When they receive materials from us they teach others also.

## Flight Plan 13

**REDISCOVERING OUR FIRST LOVE**

This is not the most encouraging chapter of our life in leadership training. In fact, it could be quite depressing if we looked at it from a negative viewpoint. The subject which follows is a burden upon the heart of all evangelists who are concerned about the nature of every individual congregation of the Lord's universal church.

Those of us who work among so many churches must constantly prepare lessons and materials in order to challenge stagnate churches. God wants growth because He wants that which causes growth, the salvation of lost souls. When churches lose their mission, souls are not being saved. Churches cease to grow. Therefore, bare with me as I take you through this chapter. World evangelists deal with this situation every week. I want you to understand our challenge, as well as, the challenge of many good evangelists out there who are trying to provoke the brethren on to love and good works.

When one is involved in conducting workshops, lectureships and seminars that are directed toward the edification of the church, there is a common purpose and challenge which must determine the nature of what is presented. Those who teach, must work as Paul said, "*for the equipping of the saints for the work of ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ*" (Ep 4:12). As evangelists, our work is to edify the church so as to cause growth in Christ (Ep 4:16). In order to promote this growth, we must first understand what causes stagnation or the death of churches.

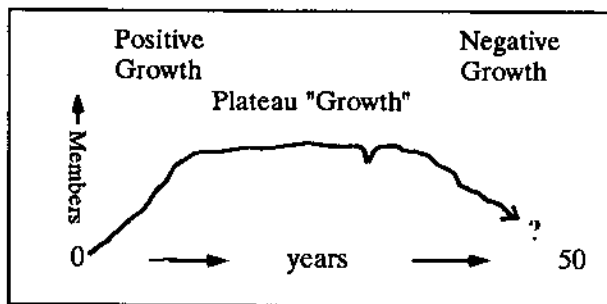
When I approach a church for a seminar, there is a

common problem which plagues many churches that are fifteen to twenty years old. This problem is non-growth. Because of non-growth, leaders become frustrated. Sometimes, the leaders are the problem. Therefore, all who would be involved in teaching seminars to churches must deal with this most common problem among churches throughout the world.

The following is a scenario of "church growth" that seems to be so common among churches. It is a cycle of growth that is happening to many American churches. It is a virus that leads to the destruction of hundreds of churches throughout the world. It was a common problem among churches at the time we arrived in South Africa because it is a common cycle in the historical progress of any given religious body from its beginning to its possible death.

At the time we began the School outreach in South Africa, many of the churches were already in their third decade of existence. Many of these churches had been started by missionaries from America. However, the missionaries had long since left. The older members still remembered the enthusiasm of the beginnings. They knew that they were "on the plateau" of the church growth cycle, that is, they were in a state of non-growth by conversions. Allow me to present a common picture of congregational development which too often is the case of development with hundreds of churches. We will call our example church the "Plateau church."

There is no definite time span for this cycle. The problem is not the time but the fact that a church reaches a stage at which it does not grow. How to get out of the slump is the challenge. However, reaching this plateau of non-growth usually starts a particular church is forty to fifty years old. I call this **"Table Mountain Church Growth"** after the shape of Table Mountain here in Cape Town where I live (see illustration on following page).



*Table Mountain Church Growth*

### CYCLE OF STAGNATION

The following are general trends that are often evidenced in the life of a congregation that is destined for stagnation and death. If our congregation is in a state of stagnation we would do well to recognize where we are in this cycle in order to make some changes in our lives. Stagnation could be the result of our construction of a god after our own image and a religion after our desires. This god and religion may be taking our local congregation on this unfortunate trip.

**Stage 1: *Climbing the mountain:*** The Plateau church begins with a rapid church growth in the first five to ten years of its existence. Enthusiasm is high. Many are being added to the Lord. Members are out every evening beating the doors of the unsaved and the evangelist or missionary is leading the way. The attendance rises dramatically because all have the spirit of reaching the lost. This typical church is on the upward slope of the mountain.

**State 2: *Reaching the plateau:*** At this stage something goes wrong. After initial growth, members of the Plateau church start settling into themselves. They lose their "first love." They define who they are. They nestle themselves into the "temple" they have constructed for themselves, thinking that the building will do the evangelism for them because it is now the advertisement for the

church. The evangelist of the group around whom the work has now centered itself, finds himself fighting the devil more in members than in the lost. His evangelistic outreach deteriorates and his example of non-evangelism begins to have its impact on those who follow him. Therefore, after about seven to fifteen years, the growth of the Plateau church begins to decline as the attendance reaches its plateau of about 75 to 125. There is some concern about the non-growth, though there is no repentance to change the now established pattern of stagnation.

**Stage 3: *Walking on the plateau:*** The Plateau church is now into a period in which it constructs a religion after its own desires. Few people are now being added to the body. Thus, no new energy is being brought in through conversions. Those who do come in are "cooled" after a few months and intimidated to sit on the pews as the rest of the church. A complacency sets in. The church group begins to accept its non-growth syndrome in which it is now being encased. Members start believing that they are in an "unreceptive area." The Plateau church takes on the nature of a social club and members show up for assemblies in order to keep their membership current. Evangelism passes out of the scene except for a handful of members who still hang on to the spirit of teaching the lost. The church group now unknowingly constructs a behavioral pattern which will keep its growth on the plateau for the next decade or two.

### **Philosophies of Stagnation**

The following are some of those philosophies which lead churches to stagnation. The members of the Plateau church have now adopted these beliefs in their construction of a religion that pleases the members' lifestyle.

**a. Social-club Christianity:** The Plateau church is into the middle of its second decade of existence. It huddles around itself in order to keep that for which much struggle was made in its first decade of growth. When growth ceases, the members seek to keep



what they have. Christian fellowship digresses to church membership. The members of the Plateau church begin to view themselves as simply "members of the church" rather than in fellowship with one another because of a covenant relationship with Deity which has brought them into membership with the universal body of Christ. Attendance and contribution become check blocks on a legal checklist which has now been constructed, and by which, they judge themselves "faithful" after having checked off all "acts of worship" and requirements of the club.

Holiness becomes a secondary struggle because members find contentment in a fully completed checklist of outward legal club requirements. Church members become cliquishly friendly with one another to the point of inadvertently making it difficult for outsiders to come in. Members die feeding off themselves. They become "spiritual" cannibals ineffectively listening week after week to preaching and teaching that does not get beyond the walls of the "sanctuary." They become as the Hebrew writer stated, "dull of hearing" (Hb 5:11). They have ears, but not not hear.

**b. Introverted Christianity:** The Plateau church is on the plateau and is now self-centered. Instead of seeking to grow in holiness inwardly by reaching outwardly, it changes to constructing ministries which reach inwardly but can be checked off outwardly. They "test those who claim to be apostles, but are not" as a legal requirement (See Rv 2:2). The Plateau church begins to believe that it must first take care of its own needs before it can reach out to others. Books, sermons and classes on **self-help**, **self-esteem**, **self-evaluation**, **self-control**, etc. become the common topic. It has constructed a type of "Christianity" that sees itself as an end within itself. The primary work of the Plateau church is now to instigate programs to take care of the needs of the church. The term "ministries" becomes fashionable. Programs are constructed to generate activity. However, the definition changes from a biblical concept of serving the life-produced misfortunes of this world to entertainment of the body life. The Plateau church becomes

secular. The teenage group is entertained by introverted programs. The concept of fellowship digresses to simply meaning food, drink and parties.

**c. Good works without eternity in mind:** The Plateau church has now convinced itself that its purpose is to preserve itself. And in doing such, the church turns on itself with petty squabbles and senseless disputes about "genealogies" and other brotherhood issues. Business meetings are consumed with talk about buildings and grounds, "fellowship meals", and who has not showed up lately in order to keep up their "membership" at the social club. Shepherds who once smelled like sheep now start smelling like brick and mortar. Business meeting records which once recorded discussions about evangelistic efforts of the local church now contain scribbled notes on problems, projects and parties within the local club. Elders digress to being board members dictating assignments to a corporate church which has been organized into introverted committees and programs to take care of every need of the membership but have lost direction toward the saving of the lost. The good intentions of the Plateau brethren have changed in focus. Satan consumes the energy of the church to do good into doing those works which have no eternity in mind. The emphasis or goal of the works of the church are changed only a little in order to keep people working but their minds off saving the lost. Members start seeing their purpose as saving the saved instead of saving the lost. Leaders see themselves as working among the flock instead of eyeballing sinners. The preacher becomes a clergyman who marries and buries. The local function of the Plateau church changes to sustaining the plateau instead of training evangelists, teachers, preachers and elders for world evangelism.

**d. The loss of growth-oriented vision:** The Plateau church begins hiring preachers who are job-oriented. The church seeks a preacher to minister to its own needs instead of hiring someone to do the work of an evangelist, since at this stage the Plateau

church has long lost its understanding of the work of an evangelist and purpose of the church. The "evangelist" of the Plateau church sees himself in a job-oriented work instead of being a God-called man to do the work of an evangelist. It is usually at this time that the local religious group (the former Plateau church) has changed its understanding of the work of an evangelist and nature of the true church. They want a "pastor" or "clergyman" to function among the membership in holding hands and wiping the running noses of forty and fifty year old babies who should have by now learned commitment to Christ. The mission of the religious has changed from "go into all the world" to "come visit me."

**Stage 4: *The backside of the mountain:*** The end of the Plateau church is inevitable. Those early members have now grown older. They have lost most of their children to the world because the parents lost their example by losing their first love. As the church group majority reaches their fifties and sixties, they start wondering why they have not grown for twenty years. They are still 75 to 125 after all these years and no growth is in sight.

As the group nears the backside of the mountain they can look back and see that their attendance was greater in the past than at the present. Unfortunately, it is usually by this time that they have already constructed a religion after their own desires. Negative growth now sets in as members start dying off.

While on the plateau a few were baptized to fill in the gaps. Some moved away. Some fell away. Some died away. However, after thirty for forty years of existence, even the gaps are not filled and the Plateau church is down in attendance. The ship is now dead in the water. The current is taking it toward the rocks of destruction.

### **WE MUST WAKE UP**

This most common history of local local congregations should startle repentance into the hearts of our church leaders. This cycle of church growth is happening to many of our churches,

not only in southern Africa, but throughout the world. When I go to the States on "fundraising frenzies" I see this pattern in numerous churches. If churches fail to see this historical pattern they are doomed to live it.

The reality of this cycle is manifested in the life history of the Ephesus church. In Acts 18 and 19 it was established with vibrant commitment and growth as people dramatically turned from mystic religions to the one true God. The date of this dynamic beginning was probably around A.D. 52 or 53. Paul revisited the leaders of the church a few years later and warned them in Acts 20 about "departure from the faith." In A.D. 61 or 62 he wrote a letter, addressing their apparent misunderstandings concerning Christ and the nature of the true church. By A.D. 96 (the believed date for the writing of Revelation) Jesus pronounced judgment on them in Revelation 2 by stating that they had become a legal oriented church and had lost their first love. From Acts 18 and 19 to Revelation 2 was about forty-five to fifty years. Is there a pattern of stagnation here about which we need to be cautioned? Is there a danger that should be recognized by the leaders of churches today?

It is important to remember that the seeds that are planted in the first year of the establishment of a church will affect that church for the next fifty years. If missionaries plant seeds that lead to stagnation, those seeds will lead to the stagnation of a church. It is critically important that missionaries know what they are doing. We must seek to plant churches that are based upon growth principles. We must build churches on the foundation of Christ, constructed with spirits of gold, silver and precious stones that will endure the test of time.

I have received numerous calls from church leaders who are tired of existing on the plateau. They want to change. They want to grow again. They often do not understand how they got to where they are. But they have come to realize that they must start growing again.

Herein is the challenge of evangelists who work among the churches. There is a definite need for evangelists not only to be trained in the skills of establishing new churches, but also in the skills of resurrecting stagnate churches. It is my opinion that the latter is more difficult than the former. It is more difficult simply because a pattern of non-growth has been established which will be difficult to change. Nevertheless, there are a lot of churches out there who need the patient help of evangelists who can help them start growing again, to rediscover their first love. This is a most worthy ministry. It is one for which evangelists must be trained to accomplish in order to effectively work among the church of God.

I pray,

*Father, lead me to submit to your directions in Your word.  
Guard me from creating a religion after my own desires. AMEN.*



The Delft church was a year old at the time of this picture. As so many African churches, it was started in a school house. Our brethren often meet among several other religious groups in government schools throughout the world. In starting such groups, we must implant positive growth principles which will generate a growing church for decades to come.

**Flight Plan 14*****THE PLIGHT OF THE REFUGEE***

I sat stunned, listening to my brother, my fellow Rwandan evangelist who had two weeks before fled in fear with his wife and three children from Kigali, Rwanda. Soldiers were walking down streets telling jokes and whacking the heads off everyone they could find. The beheadings turned into a relentless slaughter of men women and children. The hundreds of dead in a few days turned into thousands. The thousands turned into tens of thousands, and then, hundreds of thousands. In less than two months over half a million people were butchered in an inhuman killing frenzy which had never happened before in modern times. Some have even estimated that almost one million had died by the end of the slaughter.

Hundreds of thousands of Rwandans ran for their lives. Many fleeing to Zaïre, Tanzania, Uganda and any place where they could feel some safety. One teenage boy walked all the way to South Africa, over 1,500 miles to the south of Rwanda. Once again, thousands joined the millions who were already refugees in Africa.

To these refugees home is now a tree, a tent or a simple gathering of tree limbs which have been shuffled together in a makeshift manner to block either searing heat or relentless rain from a baby's head. A mother shudders in the coolness of an African night, cuddling a small child who shivers uncontrollably. Words of comfort seem to bring little relief to those who have fled from their homes and for their lives into an unknown country which is not their home. These are refugees. They are the misery

of situations beyond their control, and too often, beyond their understanding.

Africa is a continent of forced homelessness. It is a continent of political struggle which is no different from Bosnia or Afghanistan or Cambodia. The refugee still suffers the same. Families are torn apart. Fathers killed. Mothers raped. Children left orphans. Scraps of families show up across some border in a waste land which is unprepared for their arrival. Food is scarce. Hunger is a relentless pain that reminds one that fate has dealt a terrible struggle.

Politicians and power hungry rulers consider the refugee the price to pay in order to sit somewhere in a palace. The refugee is too often the result of the greedy who are struggling to control gold mines and oil fields. The unmerciful pompous princes involved in power struggles of this present time will most certainly eternally pay for the homelessness of millions of souls throughout this world.

A refugee is who he is, not because he did something wrong, but because he is in a situation that has gone terribly wrong. He or she usually does not understand the endless chess games of the political world or the thirst for power. A father or mother has simply heard shots and bombs in a distance, grabbed what could be carried on the backs of every family member, and fled. They are unwillingly homeless. Refugees have been forgotten by those who would rule over them.

These wearied souls flock together in camps which are infested with disease and dysentery. Host countries often struggle to find locations in their own crowded lands for these often unwanted guests. Scorned by the locals, the refugee meagers out livelihood by token rations from foreign governments. Praise God for humanitarian governments who spill over their surpluses for these who have not willingly chosen this lot of life. Thank God for churches whose hearts bleed for those who are naked, and hungry and destitute. Possibly, the refugee exists in order for God to test



our Christianity. God bless America for her humanitarian nature and care for the world. If a nation could be saved for her works, surely American is at the top of the list.

A Christian friend ignorantly, but sincerely, questioned, "Why don't they get jobs." There are no classified adds circulated in refugee camps. There is nothing to do. No fields to tend. No cattle to feed. Nothing. Refugees arrive disillusioned, starved, and destitute. Their arrival at camps is usually a last chance at life. If no food can be found, then that chance is lost. One simply lies down and dies.

While the haves lush food upon themselves in an environment of tremendous prosperity, would to God that they remember the refugee. We often telecommunicatively witness the plight of the refugee via CNN or ABC. However, it is hard to feel the suffering of humanity through a television screen. While sumptuously eating dinner, we sit and watch the misery of others. We moan a word or two of disgust and then pass on to the next news event. All the while on the other end of the camera a mother, or father, or helpless child dies before the end of the evening news. Recent figures manifest that 75,000 people die each day because of malnutrition causes. During the Rwanda crisis one thousand died each day in the Goma camp alone.

Famine is a merciless attack against the human being. Drought inflicts endless misery. Place the refugee in a famine situation and we have the most deplorable situation that life can deal to the human being. What is even more cruel about this is the fact that there is more than enough food in the world to prevent this. The problem is first sensitizing the haves. Secondly, we face the problem of getting the surplus of the haves to the hungry mouths of the have nots. This can be done. There are great and noble efforts and people out there who are doing something. Let us not discourage their efforts. Let us not become "dull of hearing" their pleas for our contributions.

People die in mass in famine areas. Agony thrives in the

bodies of those who unfortunately live in famine stricken refugee camps. It is a wretched death. Your muscles wither away because there is no more fat off which your body can survive. Flies torment you day and night. You become so weak that walking becomes impossible. You simply stare into oblivion and waste away. Your stomach aches. Your flesh becomes as leather. Your eyes become sunken and glassy. You then die.

And when you are in the middle of Africa, who cares. Twice as many people died from starvation and civil war in Angola in the six months previous to April 1993 than in the war of Bosnia. But Bosnia was on TV news every day. People cried out. Governments were forced to do something. But no one was listening to the struggles of Angola. Is this racism in the press? As long as it happens in African it is no real problem. Nobody seems to know or care. Yes, this is racism in the press and carried out by the world.

When refugees started coming over the border into Namibia from the Angolan war, I said to Martha on a Sunday that we must do something. The next day we received a fax that the church in Columbia, South Carolina had committed \$1,000 to famine relief. **God answers prayers. People do care. We simply need to be challenged to do something.**

Adrian Blow, Kurt Platt from Swaziland and I once made a 4,500 mile round trip up to the Namibia-Angola border. During this trip I was touched by the reality of life, the plight of the refugee. Refugees had fled into Namibia to escape the harassment of soldiers who sought to raid and rape. We prayed for peace in Angola. If peace did not come, then tragedy would intensify. Peace has since come.

Over one million Mozambique refugees lingered in Malawi in makeshift huts during that civil war. A quarter of a million Mozambique refugees were in South Africa. Thousands were in refugee camps from Somalia and other nations. In every camp and in every situation, the refugee camp is the same. Flies, dysentery,

coughing children, malaria and a host of other human sufferings are common experiences of existence. Sickness and death are daily rituals to which inhabitants have become desensitized because of their commonality.

We blame not God for allowing such human suffering to come upon humanity. We look to ourselves. Our thirst for power, our selfishness, our unconcern and political games have caused us to lose contact with humanity. The individual is lost in a global arena where national boundaries are drawn from commandos' quarters. The plight of the poor is of no concern to those who relish themselves with wine in diplomatic conclaves which are thousands of miles from the suffering of a refugee child who is about to breathe his last breath.

"God, please have mercy on us because of our lack of sensitivity. Forgive us for our greed which often causes war to protect our 'interest' in some far off Third World country whose name we cannot recall."

We live in a crazy world. It is a mixed up world of rich and poor, power and poverty. Here is an example of the way it is and will always be. During the eighteen or so years of the Angolan civil war, both sides were indirectly supported by what the rest of the world consumed. The government maintained the rich oil fields, from which they sold oil to the rest of the world in order to buy guns. UNITA, the opposition force, gained control of the diamond mines. They sold diamonds to the rest of the world in order to buy guns. This is a wretched scenario, isn't it? We consume the goods that supports some senseless war. Think about this the next time you blast the UN or US government for getting involved in some foreign country to make peace. Maybe we need a "global cop" to bring peace to areas where our consumption continues to propagate a war.

In the struggle between forces, the refugee is born. The refugee camp is built. The refugee sits idly on a rock under the few limbs or boards he has thrown together for the shelter of his

family, wondering what it is all about. He knows nothing of the use of uranium. He has never seen a diamond. He can never use copper or platinum. He has never heard of titanium. Many are as the Malawian preacher who asked me a question during a seminar session after a day of classes, "Brother Dickson, What is gold?" This innocent victim, as others, often pays the great price for all these most precious things over which the industrial world goes to war.

The refugee is the result of sin at work in the world. Satan does his best work in governments that cause misery. Political treaties bring temporary peace. But the gospel is the only hope for a world that has gone astray by the direction of Satan. The gospel must go into all the world not only to save man from eternal destruction, but also to save him from himself. The Christian is truly the salt of the earth; he is the only hope for a world going wrong with sin.

We would remember the words of Jesus.

*Then the King will say to those on His right hand, "Come, you blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry and you gave Me food; I was thirsty and you gave Me drink; I was a stranger and you took Me in; I was naked and you clothed Me; I was sick and you visited Me; I was in prison and you came to Me." Then the righteous will answer Him, saying, "Lord, when did we see You hungry and feed You, or thirsty and give You drink? When did we see You a stranger and take You in, or naked and clothe You? Or when did we see You sick, or in prison, and come to You?" And the King will answer and say to them, "Assuredly, I say to you, inasmuch as you did it to one of the least of these My brethren, you did it to Me.*

I pray,

*Oh, Father, forgive me for consuming things to satisfy my own lust. In His Name, AMEN.*



Refugee children from the Angolan war huddle under a tree on the Namibian-Angolan border. They listen to a teacher who seeks to give them comfort and schooling. They are victims of a war they do not understand.



Refugees simply leave home and build another home. The new house may be anything anywhere. A dislocated family above built this small hut in the middle of nowhere in order to find shelter from the elements.

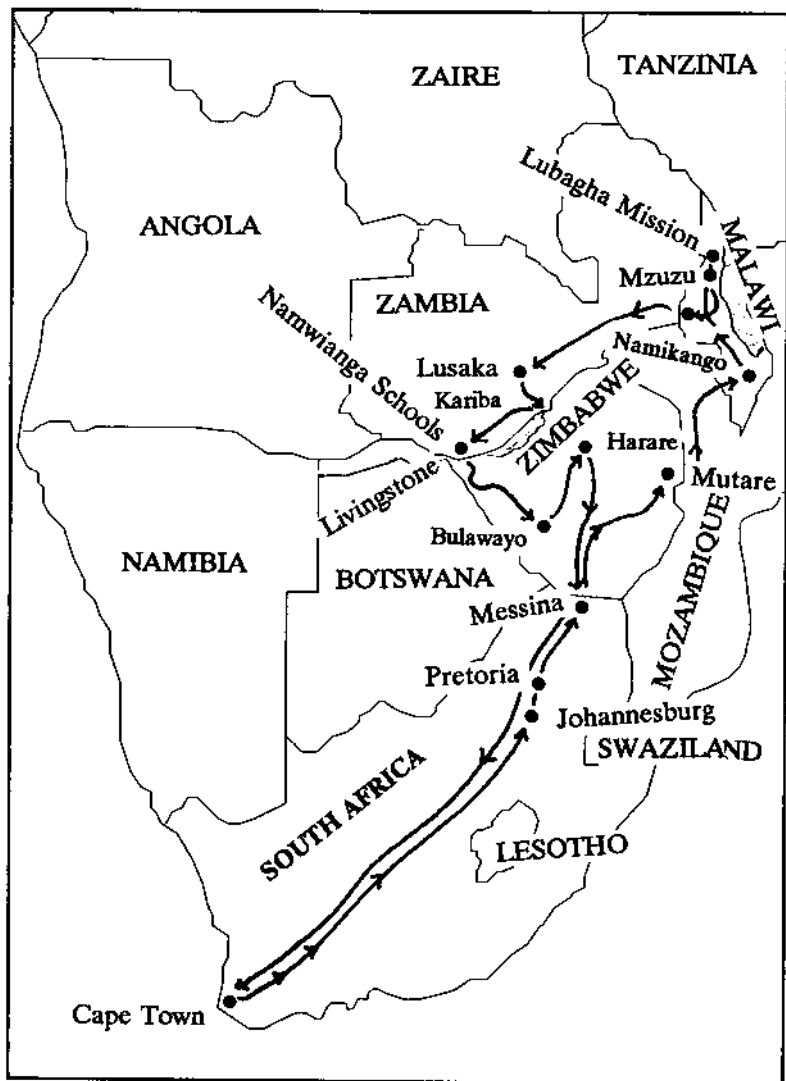
**Flight Plan 15*****SEMINAR SAFARI  
THROUGH AFRICA  
PART I***

It took about nine months to put together our 1993 Seminar Safari. Instead of conducting several seminars separately I wanted to experiment with a series of seminars back to back. Martha thought I was a little loony, nevertheless, she and Lisa agreed to go with me on this across-Africa excursion of meetings. At the time I was not sure that the two-month four-nation expedition would come off. (See map on following page.) Regardless of my doubts, however, God opened the doors and by June all locations were confirmed. On June 30th at 9:30pm we were on our way as we rolled out of Cape Town on a clear night.

After two nights sleeping in the van, we arrived at the Beit Bridge border post between South Africa and Zimbabwe. It took us four frustrating hours to struggle through South African and Zimbabwean immigrations. We emerged on the other side of this paper nightmare exhausted and glad to be on our way to Mutare. Another six hours later we joyfully landed Saturday night at the home of Loy and Donna Mitchell. We had traveled about 2000 miles from Cape Town.

**MUTARE LECTURES AND MEETING**

Loy and his son-in-law, Bobby Wheat, had scheduled a furious week of lectures for both Martha and me. I spoke four times on Sunday and began a meeting with the 7th & Jubilee church. I spoke every morning at 7:00am for the 150 employees



of Hughes' Engineering. This was a great opportunity to speak to an audience of about ninety-nine percent unbelievers. I lectured every morning for the Mutare Bible School on the subject of Demonology. (This is always an exciting subject in Africa, since a great number of Africans still hang on to so-called spooks and ghosts who supposedly linger in shadowy places.) Martha lectured every morning for the women who were enrolled in the Bible school. The gospel meeting continued to Thursday night. I also had the opportunity of speaking for the local Rotary Club. We had a great and busy time.

The Mitchells and Wheats gave us a thorough dose of missionary hospitality. Again, I ate my share of Donna's famous cinnamon rolls and Nancy's delicious chocolate chip cookies, my two favorites. I think I gained about three pounds during the meeting.

### THROUGH MOZAMBIQUE

We were up at 5:30am on Friday and at the Zimbabwe-Mozambique border a little before 7:00am. It had been about a year since the peace accord was signed to stop the almost two decade civil war in this country. I was curious as to what changes had been made and how the country was progressing. Three years had transpired since I had been through the northern part of the country. At that time it was the worst situation I had ever experienced in all my travels as a missionary. In fact, Mozambique still has the reputation for being the poorest country in the world. It is worse than Haiti. And when something is worse than Haiti, it is bad.

After entry into the country at Mutare, we drove inland for about seventy miles and then turned north. As we traveled, United Nations troops were patrolling the roads. At least this gave us a sense of security, whether real or actual, for resistance soldiers still lingered in the bush. Nevertheless, people were out and busy about their lives. As we motored by villages, we sensed a culture



that civilization had passed by. If David Livingstone was re-incarnated today and passed by these ways, he would probably witness no change in the 150 years since he had landed in Africa.

An encouraging sign was the constructing of huts here and there. This was at least a positive sign that people were looking toward the future. Some of the old round huts were giving way to home-made clay bricks which were used to put together square one-roomed houses. People had been in the gardens, tilling fruits and vegetables. Signs of a new beginning were everywhere.

This was a country ready for evangelism at the time of this writing. However, in the summer of 1993 we had yet to organize anything to evangelize Mozambique. One missionary visited the country a few months before our visit. He reported that the villagers laid down their garments on his path because the people had not seen a missionary for so long.

One thing about the Mozambiquean people that impressed us was their great friendliness. Children and adults alike waved as we passed by. When we stopped, people were more than curious and friendly. These were a people waiting for someone to come with the good news. I wondered how long it would be before our brotherhood learned to stop squabbling over nonsense and started thinking about and doing something to bring Jesus to people as these.

There are hundreds of "Mozambiquean opportunities" in Africa and throughout the world. I have come to believe that those brethren who are so eager to divide the church by "contending for *their* faith", should be shipped lock, stock and barrel to places like Mozambique. There they can **contend for the faith in an unbelieving world that is eager to hear the gospel**. Those who have grown indifferent and complacent need to look into the eyes of the condemned who would zealously read and study a Bible if they had one. Those who are spoiled by materialism should walk in the "shoes" of those who have no shoes. I often wonder if it would not be best that God place the "rich and famous" in the

environment of "rice and flies." Maybe we would be a little appreciative of those things we take for granted and for which we are not constantly in thankfulness to God for having. We might even learn to love one another and be united as we strive as one force to fight the devil in trench warfare.

### THROUGH THE EYES OF A TEENAGER

Our daughter Lisa passed through Mozambique when she was seventeen and again when she was nineteen. A year after the last trip she wrote an article about her impressions of the country. It is interesting to look through her eyes into the faces of those she experienced. The following is her article:

#### *Realities of Mozambique*

*Living most of my life outside the United States has really opened my eyes to a lot of new realities. I began my journey through life by moving from the States when I was nine months old. For twenty years my family and I became vagabonds wandering from country to country. My father kept telling me, 'Lisa, one day you will appreciate my dragging you all over the world.' Somehow, today I can hear those words so clearly in my head. Don't tell him, but he was right.*

*Of all my expeditions, one stands out so clearly in my mind. Twice, while living in South Africa, we had the 'privilege' of traveling through Mozambique. On the first trip, I was almost looking forward to the adventure. Traveling through Mozambique would be a new experience for me, and I am always ready for new and exciting adventures. Mozambique had been in a civil war for about twenty years. A country in war must be the most horrifying thing to see. From my experience of traveling through Mozambique and seeing a country after war, I have yet to figure out the real purpose of a war of that kind. I have tried to open my mind to this concept, but all I can see is a senseless battle to determine who is stronger.*

*I recall being at the border the first time we visited Mozam-*

bique. We were going to travel in a military convoy across the northern part of the country. I remember all the instructions that we were given. We were told how fast or rather slow we must go and what to do in case the rebels opened fire. All the feelings of fear were racing through my body at this point. I don't think that I have ever prayed so much in my life.

I can remember the first taste of poverty caused by war. This is not the kind of poverty that we see here in the States; these people were extremely poor. After living in such a materialistic world of my own I could not believe my eyes when I saw these people. We drove up to the border and about twenty children ran up to our car, wanting to sell their oranges that they had somehow managed to steal or buy or whatever. We didn't have any change with us, but they were very happy to exchange their oranges for our cookies. After starting a small riot with our cookies, we proceeded to travel through a desolate land with our stomachs already in knots. We had to travel in convoy consisting of a variety of cars, trucks and military personnel carriers. Although it was unnerving, it gave us a sense of security to be with everyone else in the convoy.

It took us about ten long and hot hours to travel through the drought-stricken land. In those ten hours we saw nothing but a sparse number of people who were holding out in the main towns. The pain on the locals' faces made my heart heavy; it was awful to see those people in so much pain.

The roads and bridges we traveled were awful. The land was so dry and desolate. I recall being greeted at the border on the Mozambiquean side by soldiers with AK47 rifles. My stomach was really turning in knots by this time. I can still hear the tone that my father used when he talked to the commodore of the soldiers. I do not believe that my family had ever been so quiet and still before.

When we left Mozambique and entered the country of Malawi, a calm swept over us. Although the mood was much lighter, all of us felt the impact that Mozambique had forever left on our minds and hearts. I don't think that any of us will forget the experience into

which we were tossed.

Three years later we would have the opportunity of passing Mozambique's path once again. This time I felt it would not be as bad as before because the country had declared peace several months before we arrived. We were all hoping that this time it would be different, maybe even fun. At the border we were greeted by the usual group of children, but much more of them and fewer oranges. Because of the declaration of peace, a lot of the Mozambiqueans had returned to their homes or what was left of their homes.

Before beginning our journey, we were given another set of instructions. These instructions seemed to be a bit more outrageous. First, we were told that the main road had been cleared of land mines, but the side roads had not yet been cleared. Great care was to be taken not to use those side roads. The pamphlet also stated that the war trenches across the roads had been filled, but it was not advisable to drive over them too fast. I do not believe that the workers who constructed the road knew what level was. The patches on the road must have been at least three inches above the surrounding road. It became our main concern to get through Mozambique as quick as we could in order to get to Malawi before sundown. But the construction on the roads and bridges prevented us from making very good time.

We traveled once again through the countryside with the common jolting of our car. We rode over the patches of repairs in the road and we saw nothing that resembled a normal nation. We saw burnt cars and tanks on the side of the road. After some time we would stop to heed the call of nature and saw bullet casings discarded here and there. Whatever had not been burned out had been demolished so that it was unrecognizable. I could not believe that such damage could be done in one place. The sight of this country would have made the strongest man sob. I remember feeling so guilty driving in a nice car that was full of food and clothes. I felt useless and selfish.

Although the war was over, the memory of it was still so vivid

everywhere. *Soldiers still in sight and food still scarce.*

*I remember having mixed feelings about these trips through Mozambique. I sometimes wish I had never seen the sights of war and poverty. At other times I am glad that I have seen and tasted reality. I wish that I could better explain my feelings and thoughts. I wish I could better explain the sights that I saw. Somehow I believe that one cannot begin to understand such a thought unless one personally experiences it first hand. My only wish is that some people will fully understand and will grasp the concept of the reality of what a war can do to a country and its people.*

Lisa Dickson (January 21, 1994)

I pray,

*Oh God of heaven, touch me with the needs of those who have suffered the atrocities of war. Humble me to be thankful for the peace of my land. Give wisdom to our presidents and kings that we dwell in environments where we can freely proclaim the goods news of Jesus. AMEN.*



From left to right: Adrian and Heather Blow, Cindy, Martha and Lisa. We are headed for our first trip up through South Africa, Zimbabwe, across Mozambique, and then on to northern Malawi.



Martha grew up in Hutchinson, Kansas. Our sponsoring congregation is the Eastwood church in Hutchinson. Here in the middle of the Karoo in central South Africa we cannot seem to get away from Hutchinson. This is Hutchinson, South Africa. Makes us feel right at home.

**Flight Plan 16*****SEMINAR SAFARI  
THROUGH AFRICA  
PART II***

After escaping the realities of a world that seems to be so far away from our First World mentality, we crossed the border between Mozambique and Malawi. We were scurrying on because we wanted to be at the Namikango Mission by sundown. We almost succeeded.

The ninety acres of land for the Namikango Mission at Thondwe, Malawi was purchased in 1961. From that date until 1993, the second time we visited, the Lendal and Peggy Wilks had been having a tremendous impact on the southern part of Malawi. The Mission was composed of a maternity hospital, offices, printing facilities, and housing for missionaries. At the time of our visit, Jim and Cathy Albright and Ian and Danetta Shelburne were also working out of the Mission. In the summer of 1993 all three missionaries were in a process of turning the Mission over to the Malawians. By 1995 they were expecting to have nationalized much of the mission outreach.

Both Martha and I conducted lectures for three days at the Mission. Over 250 were gathered for the Sunday assembly. For the seminars on Monday and Tuesday we lectured on the cross of Jesus. Our goal was to help people emphasize the gospel in sharing their faith with others.

On this particular Seminar Safari we made it a goal to deliver lessons every where we went on the subject of the gospel, that is, the life, death, burial and resurrection of Jesus. If we could

change our evangelistic emphasis on this matter in preaching to others, I believe our impact throughout the world will be greatly enhanced. We must be known as a people of the cross, not a people of the water. Paul wrote, "*For Christ did not send me to baptize, but to preach the gospel ...*" (1 Co 1:17). We must be a people who preach Jesus Christ and His crucifixion (1 Co 1:23). Once we understand the emphasis that must be placed on the good news of the death of Jesus for our sins and His resurrection for our hope, people will respond by obedience in baptism.

### ON TO MZUZU

It was a leisurely short nine hours from Namikango to Mzuzu in the north of Malawi. We pulled into the city of Mzuzu, filled up with petrol and searched for an ice cream shop. Lisa and I were having an ice cream attack. However, our hope fell into despair for no ice cream could be found.

Brother James Judd met us when we arrived at the Mzuzu Bible College outside Mzuzu. Brother Judd had been working on the construction of the facilities of a preacher training school for three years. What He had accomplished by the time we arrived was quite impressive. The facility was constructed to facilitate housing for students, library, offices, computer studies and classrooms. Brother Judd had actually built one of the best training facilities I have seen in Africa.

The plans for the college is to have about two hundred preacher students. There were about seventy-five enrolled at the time we were there in 1993. Houses had been constructed for faculty. Brother Judd even constructed a house for visiting teachers. A church building in the middle of the compound was in construction at the time of our arrival. The auditorium would seat over one thousand. When completed it would be the largest public meeting hall in the city of Mzuzu. When the school was inaugurated, James told me that they packed about 1,500 people in and around the building.



Both Martha and I had an exciting two days of sessions for both ladies, preachers and students. Over forty ladies attended Martha's classes. There were over one hundred in the men's classes.

The brethren talked me into staying the weekend, for they had planned a gospel meeting Saturday and Sunday. (Gospel meetings in Malawi are arranged to go all day Saturday and Sunday instead of having nightly meetings throughout a week.) Over four hundred attended this gospel meeting which was the first to be held at this school facility.

In the evenings during the seminar and meeting, James set up two TV sets and showed different videos. We first watched videos on the life and cross of Christ. On the last night we watched the *Ten Commandments*. It was interesting to us to watch the audience and see their faces as they watched the TV. Most had never watched TV before.

### LUBAGHA MISSION

It was a short hour and a half from Mzuzu on to the thirty-year-old Lubagha Mission outside Rumphi. This was my fourth trip to this "bush mission." We were met by newly arrived missionaries Bob and Flo Calderwood who had come from mission work in Guyana, South America. They had replaced the John Thiessens who had returned to the States after John suffered a heart attack.

Area preachers and some of their wives had come together for this seminar. There were about eighty present and I lectured on the gospel and the need for churches to support their own evangelists. I also covered Bible study methods which would promote church unity and not division. Churches sometimes have a difficult time with this subject. After experiencing so much division in years past, I feel that it is time we emphasize this fundamental teaching of Jesus.

When we concluded this seminar, the brothers had again

prepared a letter which they read before all and to us. It is one of those letters which makes one feel that he has accomplished something in the lives of men.

*Brother and sister Roger E. Dickson*

*We greatly thank you for your sincere and tremendous love that you have submitted your soul to work for God here at Lubagha in Malawi in the name of Jesus Christ. We, the students of this school, appreciate this good ministry that you have to share with us.*

*Our week of school has been a very encouraging one and we have the whole hope that the topics will help us in growing up in spirit as true Christians. Now then, we wish that you could be with us for at least a good period of time - say for about a year or so, so that we have ample time to learn and plant thoughts in our hearts for use in day to day life.*

*We wish you a very good journey and bring our remembrance to all the brothers and sisters in South Africa.*

### ON TO LUSAKA, ZAMBIA

After camping by Lake Malawi for a day, we left for the scenic drive along the west side of the lake. We went on to the border between Malawi and Zambia. There was actually no place to camp at the Malawi-Zambia border so we pulled into this African guest house. They claimed to have a camp site. It was actually a sign pointing to the front yard of the proprietor of the place. We thus camped in his front yard in the midst of several Africans who were hold up in the surrounding cottages. Martha was not tickled about this place. She was definitely not a happy camper. I comforted Martha and Lisa by telling them that one day we would laugh at this experience. They haven't laughed yet.

Next morning we were up at dawn, packed and off before anyone else realized it was another day. We were at and through the border early and on our way to Lusaka over the worst road of

potholes yet. They say every Zambian driver has a PhD, that is, he is a PotHole Dodger. Some say you can always tell a drunk driver on Zambian roads. He is the one driving straight. He is the one who is not swerving to dodge potholes, for his reactions are too slow.

After about eight hours of torment by the roads, we arrived for our first visit to Lusaka, Zambia. As we made our way through the city in search of missionaries Jim and Linda Hawkins' house, we were turning a corner and I heard my named called out from another car. I was quite surprised to say the least. It was Jim who saw the "International School of Biblical Studies" sign on our van. He was providentially at that particular intersection at the time we were, and thus, escorted us to his house. God does send His messengers in times of need.

At the time of our arrival, the Hawkins had been in and among the 1.3 million Lusakans for eight years. There were about eleven churches at that time in the city. Jim and Linda were doing a great job working with the deaf, a ministry which they had started a year before. We had a very pleasant stay with them. The introductory seminar which we conducted for the churches in the area went well.

### ON TO LIVINGSTONE

We left Lusaka and headed for the Kariba Dam on the Zimbabwe side of the Kariba Lake. The English had stopped the millennia-flowing Zambezi with a dam that stood 420 feet high and almost 2,000 feet across. As a result, the largest man-made lake at the time in the world was formed as 175 miles of water came to a halt. Vast tracks of forest were destroyed, but a great haven was made for fish. And fish and power meant salvation to thousands of people for generations to come.

At Kariba we hoped to catch a 22-hour ride on a ferry down the lake. Therefore, we camped that night at a near-by campground, played gin rummy, and hoped for the best to board

the boat the next morning. We awoke at 4:30am. We arrived at the gate of the ferry early in order to be first on stand-by. This particular ferry was usually booked two to three months in advance. We only had hopes of being allowed to board if someone who was scheduled to be on board did not show up. However, our rejection and disappointment reaffirmed that we should have thought of this trip several months earlier.

From Kariba Dam it was back across the border into Zambia. It was about a seven hour drive on to the Zambia Bible Training Center on the Henson farm outside Livingstone. Lloyd and Pearl had come to Zambia in 1969 and worked with Namwian-ga Christian Schools for five years before starting the Training Center for preachers. They were in the States at the time we arrived. However, their son, Mike, and daughter-in-law, Ruth, were most hospitable to us. We stayed in the guest house which was most infested by bugs and whatnot. No one had stayed in it for over a year and all sorts of creatures had since taken up residence in it.

While in Livingstone, we made a trip at night down to Victory Falls to see one of those unusual happenings of nature. Martha, Lisa and I had previously visited the falls. However, we had heard that the phenomenon of a "lunar rainbow" was occurring. We had been told that this phenomenon occurs only at Vic Falls and one other falls in South America, which falls I do not know. The rainbow occurs when the light of a full moon shines upon the fine mist that is produced by the falls. It is quite a sight to see.

After over a week on the Henson farm we were off. We were headed to Kalomo to again conduct a seminar for preachers who would gather for a week of intensive studies.

I pray,

*Father, please protect us on our journeys for Your kingdom. We have covered so many miles and have many to go. Your will be*

*done, though we pray that it will be Your will that we safely arrive at our next destination. In His Name. AMEN.*



On flying into the Mzuzu Bible School, Martha shot this picture of what James Judd had built. The middle building is the church building. It is surrounded by dormitories, classrooms and offices. Staff houses are to the right but not pictured.



The main house at the Lubagha Mission in northern Malawi was constructed in the 1960s. Church leaders assemble for one-week training sessions at the mission every year. Bob and Flo Calderwood now work with the Mission.

## Flight Plan 17

**SEMINAR SAFARI  
THROUGH AFRICA  
PART III**

On extensive cross-country trips as the one we took in 1993, basic problems in the African church become very noticeable. The origin of these problems vary from one place to another. However, they are some common problems with which the Africa church must deal and overcome. As evangelists who must generate church growth by the teaching and application of good principles, we must be concerned with these matters. For this reason, I set forth these thoughts for your consideration and study. Here is my evaluation of these re-occurring problems which I have experienced in Africa on several occasions.

1. **"Effect Christianity"**: The African church is basically a "church of the effect." In a continual debate with the denominations, early mission efforts placed more emphasis on doctrine than on Christ. Emphasis was on structure, not ethics and holiness. Emphasis was placed on the epistles and not the cause of the epistles. Early efforts were primarily directed toward converting people from the denominations. As a result, much emphasis was placed upon showing the difference between the church and the denominations between truth and false doctrine. This resulted in an intellectual church which emphasized doctrinal purity and not so much Jesus as a model for holy living. It resulted in a knowledge of the church that had been memorized from an outline on paper and not one written on the hearts of men. The "five steps

of salvation" had become the gospel and preachers had forgotten the cause of the book of Acts. Understanding that the gospel is the life, death, burial, resurrection and coming of Jesus was not the center of reference to the thinking of many African church leaders.

In most of our seminars, therefore, we made an effort to help Christians understand that the gospel must be emphasized to unbelievers. The epistles are directed to the building up of the body. Christ converts; doctrine fine tunes. This emphasis was highly received and one that greatly increased the results of their public evangelism. When the emphasis was changed in public evangelism from condemning the denominations to proclaiming the cross, invariably more conversions resulted.

The missionaries of the last two decades who have come to Africa have done a great job in holding Christ and the cross before the world. They have made the cross a center of reference for church building. It is my observation that there are exciting things to come in the future in the African church because of this emphasis by missionaries who are working throughout Africa. Please send more missionaries who know their Bibles by book, chapter and verse, but have fallen at the feet of Jesus on the cross.

**2. "Ritualistic Christianity":** The more illiterate the culture, it seems the more legalistic it becomes. It is easy just to be given a checklist. No thought is needed to check off each item. One can go home from the assembly and feel that he has accomplished his religion after performing certain "acts of worship" in a building. This type of religion had been delivered to many African churches in decades past. As a result, the church had set into a non-growth syndrome which was hard to change. Many churches had simply become sectarian and denominational in mentality. Division among churches was not uncommon because a spirit of legalistic interpretation had been established around which no compromise could be made. Traditional ways of doing things became the only way it could be done. Churches divided over senseless ideas and



issues which were simply church traditions. Many churches and leaders were not known for being very tolerant.

Someone had simply given newly converted babes an outline of the church, "five acts" for worship and "five steps" for evangelism and left it at that. There was vacant in many churches concepts as grace and holiness. As a result, it was not uncommon to find churches which were led by thieves, polygamist and drunkards. As long as one believed the outline of the church on a piece of paper, he could behave as he so chose.

The form of Christianity had in many cases turned into denominationalism. Because African villagers had not been given the basic tools of simple biblical interpretation, many churches digressed into sects. The sects often turned on themselves to divide and destroy.

What is most promising is a new generation of leaders who are seeking to re-establish the fundamental doctrine of unity of the body. These emerging leaders seek not to be sectarian in either thought or behavior. A new wave of missionaries has also come who know grace and unity. They know their Bibles well enough to know what is not there. And thus, they refuse to bind where God has not bound. The resilient African church has a great future as Africans study the Bible for themselves without accepting everything that comes out of America.

During seminars we challenged churches to enjoy the unity which we have in Christ. We challenged them to not work against the prayer of Jesus for unity among His disciples (Jn 17:20,21). One of the very encouraging signs for future missions in Africa is the arrival of second and third generation missionaries who seem to have a spirit of unity. We envision great things from this generation of missionaries.

3. **"Foreign-aid Christianity"**: Four decades of foreign aid by western governments and handouts by churches has developed a very dependant mentality on the part of the African. African

governments have been kept on the western world teat for so long that the people look for help from every foreigner that walks by. This mentality filters into the church. When I arrived at one church which numbered about 500 members, the preacher said that they needed a missionary. What he was really saying was that they needed a "source of support." On another occasion this same request was made by a different church to a fellow missionary. The missionary responded, "What if I just send the money and clothes?" The national said, "OK, that will be just fine."

Because the western missionary comes from a very affluent society, he can live sumptuously in the Third World compared to local standards of the common class. He cannot help the fact that he appears rich, for he is rich in comparison to, but not all, locals. The Third World church member thus sees a source of financial help.

At the same time, however, the African looks down on the western missionary who would seek to live according to the economic situation of his Third World plight. The missionary is caught in a no-win situation. As a result, there will always be that barrier between missionary and the Third World resident. No missionary can really say as Peter, "Silver and gold have I none." On the other hand, it would be rather foolish for the missionary to subjugate himself and family to the disease and conditions of the local person who lives in urban shanties and huts. Not only would it be unsafe in many situations, but local brethren would not have respect for such fake identification.

It is not what you have but what you are. The American missionary is a very complex individual in comparison to the normal Third World resident. He is highly educated, motivated, trained and equipped. Place this individual in a cultural situation of individuals who are uneducated, unmotivated, untrained and unequipped and you can see the missionary's dilemma. He can never really identify in the Third World environment. And the question is, Should he? Should he somehow escape from himself

and struggle to be that which he cannot? Cultural identification of the American missionary in the Third World environment is an illusive dream. It can never be fully accomplished. My only advice is do the best you can and live with the frustration of not being able to fully identify with your Third World brother.

**4. *Introverted African churches:*** It is true that the African church is growing exceedingly. New churches are being established every day. These churches are usually started by self-supporting individuals who seek to begin a church in their area. Many are started by missionaries. Unfortunately, many African churches have not captured the vision of supporting evangelists to go out and start churches. There are areas where individual African preachers have done a tremendous job of establishing churches on their own, unsupported by the African church. They have gone out on their own and often worked alone. All the time they have not been supported by their African churches. The support has too often come from America. The concept of African churches supporting their own evangelists has really not yet come to Africa. Of course, there are those cases where national churches are doing a great job in this area. But generally, this idea is still in the future.

Part of the problem lies in the fact that a foreign church (American) has been doing this work for so long in Africa that the African church believes that the Americans should be doing this outreach. If new areas are to be opened, the African church has a tendency to sit back and let the Americans do the work by either sending American missionaries or American supported Africans.

Before we are too hard on the African church, we must consider the American churches' foreign outreach of the restoration movement. It took the church in America over one hundred years to get into any significant foreign missions. And when it did, the efforts were puny until after World War II. I suppose, therefore, that we should be more patient. Nevertheless, I would

encourage American missionaries to be more educative of African churches in this area. African churches must stop seeing themselves as mission points. Newly established churches should be taught the responsibility of "freely giving as they were freely given to." Instead of seeing themselves as only recipients of God's blessings, they should be encouraged to reach out with the gospel. Unless this concept is taught and learned, one has not yet completely understood the true nature of Christianity.

The above principle can be taught concerning the numerous church buildings that have already been constructed in Africa. If some other church or churches helped in the construction of these buildings, then the local church which was helped should be taught to freely help another church build its building. "Freely you receive, freely give." When this principle is violated in Christianity, then we have constructed a religion after our own selfish desires. Mission churches must be taught to reach out to help others if they have been helped in the past.

### ON TO KALOMO

Now back to the road. We continued in our two-month Seminar Safari. We concluded our short few days rest on the Henson farm in Livingstone, said good bye to Mike and Ruth, and headed on to Namwianga out of Kalomo. We had scheduled a four-day seminar with church leaders of this area.

Arrangements had fortunately been made for us to stay with Rod and Sue Calder who had just arrived from the States to teach at the Namwianga schools. They were from South Africa and Rod had just finished schooling at Abilene Christian University. It was good to be with them, for we had many things in common concerning South Africa. It was good to see a South African doing mission work in a foreign country. This type of evangelistic work is not common among South Africans. The years of Apartheid had destroyed their vision to reach outside their own country. This attitude must and will change in the future as a new

generation of South African leadership arises to the occasion of African evangelism.

At Namwianga I had a seminar schedule with the preachers of the Kalomo area. I also had a morning series of lectures with the students of the school who had stayed over after school was closed. The ladies had heard that Martha was "in town" so they quickly set up a nightly series of studies for her. It was a busy week. I gave a total of twenty-seven lectures in three and a half days.

### ON TO HARARE

Harare, Zimbabwe was a short fourteen hours from Kalomo, via the Hwange reserve where Lisa hoped to see a lion on her last trip through Africa. Unfortunately, this sighting did not occur.

After camping at Sinamatella in Hwange we were on our way to Harare. I do not particularly like long drives that end in the congestion of a big city. Nevertheless, we concluded eleven hours on the road in the work hour traffic of Harare. It was an African rush hour and it seemed like the entire city of traffic converged on us as we entered the city limits.

As opposed to three years earlier when we searched around for an hour in the middle of the night to find Stan and Lindy Frank's house, we had to ask only one person for directions this time. The Franks had just arrived from a long trip to South Africa, so we were all wasted, ready for food and bed.

Ten of the eleven churches in Harare were represented for the seminar Stan had planned. We were pleased since this was an introductory seminar for the School.

Stan was working with a boarding school at the time in Harare. He was doing a great work with the Avondale church which was established in the 1960's. Since our visit Stan and Lindy have started another congregation, though they continue to work some with the Avondale church.

### "ROADS, TAKE US HOME"

After over seven weeks on the road, you can imagine our anxiety for home. We were worn with saddle sores and longing for a familiar bed to lay down our weary heads. We were beginning to think that this was the way life was. And when you are at that stage, it is time to go home.

God had been good to us. Our apprehensions when we left Cape Town several weeks earlier were wasted emotions. God had watched over us. He worked in our lives to accomplish through us things which were exceedingly abundantly above our dreams. We had put His work in our lives to the test and He delivered. One of the great things about being a Christian is to enjoy God's work in our lives, to enjoy the satisfaction that He has delivered on your dreams for the kingdom.

We rolled out of Harare with feelings of accomplishment. It was a long three-day trip to get home. Our desires to get home only lengthened the trip as we struggled to keep our emotions for home under control. We had appreciated the trip with Lisa, for both Martha and I knew that it would be our last with her. She would be on her way to university in America in a month, so we relished the last opportunity to be together. I told her that this eight-week trip was her "senior trip" for graduating from correspondent school from the University of Nebraska.

### MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

God worked exceedingly above all our dreams for the two months of seminars. During the eight weeks we lectured on the subjects of *The Gospel and Evangelism*, *Church Leadership*, *Church Support of Evangelism*, *Biblical Interpretation*, *Women in the Church* and *Church Unity*. Martha spoke twenty-nine times. I lectured or preached 134 times in a little over seven weeks. We were all well worked and tired.

The impact of such a trip is only seen by faith. We will never really know the complete results of the journey. However,

there are a few facts you might be interested in knowing. The total attendance for the eight seminars was 665 preachers and church leaders. This is an average of about eighty-three students for each seminar. Besides the seminars I had the privilege of speaking for seven different churches throughout the trip. The largest attendance was over four hundred.

I pray,

*God, please grant to us the privilege of being in heaven with those we have briefly encountered in our travels throughout Your vineyard. For and in His Name, AMEN.*



Here is a group of preacher's wives who were taught by Martha at the Lubagha Mission in northern Malawi. Brother W. Mhango (right) was the translator on this occasion. Almost all sessions of seminars have to be translated into another language. We have worked in as many as twenty different languages a year.



**Flight Plan 18*****BACK IN KENYA***

Sotik, Kapcheramgoi, Chebalungu and Chebongi appear to be the reverberations of one who has just choked up on too large a bite of oatmeal. At one time even I thought they were only intersections of humanity in a country with too much poverty, corruption and roads burdened with too many potholes. But they were not.

After a month of seminars in western Kenya, Chebongi, Kapcheramgoi and a host of other locations, became designations of memorial marks on earth where great brethren live and work as our fellow laborers in the kingdom of God.

Martha and I arrived in Kenya in April of 1994 on a bright Sunday afternoon. We were greeted at the airport according to Kenya hospitality by missionary Ken Bolden. After a body-compressing ride over the famous Kenya roads we arrived into the warm fellowship of the Bolden home. A month of speaking opportunities had been arranged and we were on our way again to an exciting month with God and brethren who desired to share their faith with the world.

**SOTIK, KENYA**

We were half way to Sotik, Kenya and at over 8,000 feet in altitude when I realized that I was not in our airplane. The chill of the African evening was refreshing as we joggled down an awakening road for the interior of Kenya. God's servant David Vick had collected us in Nairobi and was now escorting us to somewhere west in Kenya to his home of over six years.

After six hours on the road we pulled into what could easily have been a town situated in the romantic scenes of old Africa. A few things had changed since I had been here a year before. Buildings were a little more dilapidated. The gullies of wasted lands had evolved into even great tragedies of bad environmental concern. People were older and recovering from Africa's greatest curse, drought. Everyone was a little more into the grasp of poverty's hand. Nevertheless, we were greeted by friendliness, hospitality and a desire to share one another's lives. The African truly has a great spirit to persevere.

I had little time to recuperate from the previous day's torture when David was making arrangements for the next mornings' travel to our first Introductory Seminar. He had arranged a host of seminars for the leaders. When morning came, his wife, Brenda, stuffed our voluntary mouths and stomachs full of a better breakfast than we had eaten since the last time I was there. David and I then climbed into a 4X4 monster and were bumping our way again to some unknown place called Kapcheramgoi in the Masai regions of southwestern Kenya.

We arrived at a location where I still do not know. But in this isolated plain that was interrupted by a few rolling hills, faithful believers had assembled together to listen to what some stranger had to say concerning the Revelation of a God in whom they trusted in the midst of a life that had dealt them too many unfortunate blows. At the end of the day, I knew that no amount of supposed sacrifice I would claim could be too much to pay for the attentive ears of such a good people. We were into a great month of meetings and seminars because of some great people who truly loved God.

After Kapcheramgoi it was Sot, Chebalungu, Chebongi and Kabchepwaber. Words which to you may seem only like a scrambling of letters for deciphering in some word game. But to me they now bring remembrances of encounters with thirsty souls seeking for spiritual guidance in a dark and hostile environment

of a world that has somehow gone wrong for them. They are names which identify patches on earth where I had the privilege of standing before great leaders of a kingdom. These were people who refused to let droughts discourage them. They would not allow the corruption of governments bent on abuse of citizens to stop their normal process of life. The hopelessness that has subdued those who continue to maintain a worldview which is confined to this world would not dissuade these leaders. The locations to which we traveled were places where hearts of different cultures possessed the opportunity to encounter one another. They were places of opportunity for me to absorb the richness of what Africa has to offer in Christian love and warm fellowship.

### **KISUMU, KENYA**

From Sotik to the lapping waters of Lake Victoria was only a short hassle along Kenya roads. As a week of work out of Sotik passed into the past, Martha and I were now on our way to another location of labor. David and Brenda servantly deposited us into the most hospitable care of missionaries David and Becky High in a western city of Kenya called Kisumu. Kisumu is a cultural and trading center of western Kenya at the shores of Lake Victoria. We were here for a spiritual reunion of church leaders who had come to a passover feast of God's word for a week.

David had arranged a week-long eight-to-five teaching session for me for the principle leaders of the Kisumu region. This was a challenging session of mental encounter as I labored to verbalize in local understanding the philosophical arguments for the existence of God. This requested and most unique week-long session evidenced the maturity to which these African preachers want to aspire.

David and Becky had graciously planned two days of rest for us in the midst of Africa in some far off hotel whose name has long since vanished from a mind with too many appointments. It

was a resting experience; one that was needed.

We stayed in this hotel that truly appeared to be a relic out of the colonial past. Martha was observing the uniqueness of the architecture and the apparent old age of the building. She asked David, "This building is very old. How old is it?" David replied, "It is three years old. I was here when it was built." Africa has a great way of building something new that looks a century old.

### **NAIROBI, KENYA**

Nairobi again loomed down a distant road as we traveled toward a week of work in this capital of Kenya. We and the Highs both agreed that our week's stay in Kisumu was too short. There was too much to be done. Nevertheless, it was time to close a chapter on this part of our Kenya trip and open another into a scheduled week of activities in one of the most famous cities of Africa.

Martha was off to Tarzan country for a ladies retreat during our Nairobi visit. A place had been reserved for the Kenya missionary wives where Johnny Weissmuller (Tarzan) had jumped off a water fall in one of those films of darkest Africa. At the same time I found myself standing before about sixty university students at the Day Star University in Nairobi. I was there as a guest speaker and lectured on the Wisdom Literature of the Bible.

### **MELINDI, KENYA**

A fourth week of labor and love had been scheduled for leaders in the humid climate of Melindi on the east coast of malaria infested Kenya. Former White's Road student of mine, Jim Babcock, who was now working in Melindi, had left his 4X4 in Nairobi on his way to the States. Martha and I picked it up in Nairobi and headed across the arid areas of eastern Kenya on our way to Melindi.

Brother Babcock and Jim Beck had arranged a seminar for the leaders of coastal churches in his area. It was a joy to stand

before leaders of churches which were no more than six and a half years old. The Becks and Tim Talleys had arrived on the coast six and a half years earlier and started the church from zero. There were at the time we visited about twenty-three churches in the area. They had accomplished a great work. It was a great joy for me to stand before the leaders of this movement which the Becks and Talleys had started.

From Melindi, Jim drove Martha and me over to the port city of Mombassa. We had scheduled Africa's "Lunatic Express" - a train called such by a book with the same name - for our return trip to Nairobi. It was hot and humid. Sweat poured down our faces and the sun was slithering over the western horizon as we edged out of Mombassa. It was a thirteen-hour jog and rattle until I saw relief - Nairobi - in the early morning hours. Though the food was delicious, there is no rest for the weary on trains. Somehow, all Martha and I could think about during the trip was our waterbed way back in Cape Town. Nevertheless, if you like trains and rocking beds, I would suggest the trip if you are ever in Kenya.

When we arrived in Nairobi, we were again hosted by the Bolden family. Sunday morning presented an opportunity of preaching for the six-week old church with which the Boldens were working. That Sunday afternoon, Martha and I boarded South African Airways. When we topped out at 36,000 feet I looked over the plains of Kenya and felt a closeness to a land that was more than appreciation for beauty and nature. Somehow, the nation looked attractive from that altitude. However, I knew that down there, on mother earth, there were brethren seeking for a better life. They had become despondent with government. Even nature would not deal them a fair hand. The citizens of this Third World country truly new that there had to be something better. In this environment, therefore, there was a people who found in Christ a total dependency on God that many people in the First World often do not discover.

I pray,

*Father, thank You for producing fruit at the hands of Your missionaries. Thank You for missionary husbands, wives and children who seek not their own but the salvation of souls in some far away land. Though their labors will often go unnoticed in this world, I trust that You notice. Please keep our missionary families healthy and safe and vibrant with the spirit of the work. For the sake of Jesus' Name please do this. AMEN.*



Fishing for fish and men on the shore of Lake Malawi. Right to left: Adrian Blow, John Reese and Lisa. There are over 1,200 species of fish in this lake which is about fifty miles wide and five hundred miles long.

**Flight Plan 19*****AIR MILES TO MALAWI***

One of South African's once in a lifetime winter cold fronts had loomed over the country for three days. It had snowed in some places where it had not for fifty years. Cape Town was socked in with low level clouds which whisked through the air behind eighty-mile-an-hour winds. On Wednesday, the day before another departure for Malawi, Martha and I prayed for God to open a window through which we could set out in Yankee Charlie on a three-week trek of seminars.

God delivered early Thursday morning and a small clearing developed. It was a cold morning. We pulled ourselves from the comforts of a heated waterbed and made our way to the cold hanger where rested Mooney's favorite airplane, Yankee Charlie, which I knew was developed for missionaries like us who had to span vast distances to teach Bible to God's children.

We were on our way again to the enchanted country of Malawi. Four seminars had been planned back to back. We were trying on this trip to contact as many preachers and leaders as possible in four different regions of the country.

Yankee Charlie roared into life. After all the preliminaries, we were headed down Runway 23 of Fisantekraal Airport for Messina, South Africa. The feet of Yankee Charlie comfortably tucked themselves away as we cleared ground and headed over the Hottentot's Holland Mountains. We were on our way.

Martha had packed two apples, five oranges and six sandwiches for this first leg. Knowing the short duration of her bladder, I had packed one of these pilot-potties about which she



had no comment nor desire to use. I couldn't blame her. One would have to sacrifice all dignity to use it. But again, when the situation gets tense, who cares about dignity.

When we broke out on top of the clouds after takeoff, we were privileged to experience one of those rare occasions when the Hottentots had been fully blanketed with a beautiful white cover of snow. From as far as the eye could see to the north and to the south, the mountains glistened with reminiscence of the Swiss Alps. It was God's creation on display.

### OUT BOUND FROM MESSINA

Messina is a small unattended airport which is a six-hour bladder-buster shot from Cape Town. It is South Africa's last outpost before real Africa begins. It was here that I had landed and refueled more than two years before. It was here also that we would clear customs out of South Africa, cross Zimbabwe and Mozambique for Malawi.

When we landed, Martha burst from the plane and sought relief at the nearest facility. She had refused to lose her dignity during the flight with my pilot potty. Can't say I blamed here. I was right there behind her, dashing for the bush.

Since my last trip to Messina, fuel arrangements at this small landing strip in the bush had changed. There was no fuel in sight or sniff. Now what would we do? A corporate mining plane arrived behind us and came to our rescue with information about the nearest airport to which we could fly to get fuel. He cordially informed us that we would have to fly thirty minutes back to Louis Trichardt.

So it was back in the plane and back in the air and backward in the journey. Louis Trichardt is another one of those small airports in the middle of nowhere several kilometers outside town. "How did people, including ourselves, get to town after landing? How would we find a hotel?" I told Martha we should have packed our tent. That foolish notion did not bring a smile

on her face.

As we touched the feet of Yankee Charlie down on the runway of Louis Trichardt Airport, I knew they must have carved this runway over ant mounds. We bounced and bolted. I threw the power full forward and around again we went. This time I scratch in on the first few hundred feet of runway in order to miss the mounds in the middle. It was a much smoother landing.

I had the earphones on during my approach and landing and was talking to a cropduster who was also coming in for landing. Martha was unaware of this other plane and our conversation. I taxied further down the runway; I turned around in the runway and headed back. Here came this cropduster landing toward us. It was no problem for him or me, but Martha was no little disturbed at the situation. You can imagine taxing down a runway and another airplane landing directly into you. However, an Agplane, which he was flying, could land on half a football field. The runway was about 3,000 feet long.

During our taxi back to the ramp, the cropduster, whose name was Freddie Birch, greeted us with true rural South African hospitality. He took us to town. He found us a hotel. He was returning to the airport at 6:00am the next morning and agreed to fetch us. He would take us back to the airport. God does take care of His people when they are in a pinch.

We now had full fuel - eleven hours worth. We were thus up in the sky of stars before the sun was up on Friday morning. I pulled back on the yoke of Yankee Charlie and started an immediate climb toward the mountains north of the airport. I knew the performance of the two hundred horses up front. We climbed. Up through a gorge of the mountains we climbed as the sun began to lighten the day. I looked over and Martha had her eyes shut tighter than a Cadillac's door. She was unimpressed with my flying, the gorge and the mountains.

After a short flight back to Messina where we called and cleared customs out of South Africa, we were off again on our

destiny of Blantyre, Malawi.

We were immediately across the border and into Zimbabwe airspace after takeoff. We climbed to 11,000 feet and struggled against a headwind to the border between Zimbabwe and Mozambique.

Mozambique still looked war-ravaged. We had land-traveled this country a year before as I have already mentioned. From 11,000 feet it looked no better. What a waste. What suffering had occurred there through the last twenty years. The death of a million people had proved nothing. The country had been set back decades. In fact, Time Magazine recently reported that it will take many African countries forty years to develop back to the standard of living they had in the pre-independent days of the mid-1970's. Zaïre, for example, had 140,000 kilometers of roads when they gained their independence thirty years ago. The country has 70,000 kilometers left today. Some countries are simply going back to the bush.

Through first world eyes this may look all bad. However, there is a positive side. Heaven will be greatly populated with people who found hope in Jesus and none in a world which has gone wrong. There will be countless numbers of the poor in heaven. As evangelists we look upon the poor of the world as a great opportunity to preach the gospel of hope. In this way, therefore, possibly God is using Satan's own work against himself. Though sin has entered into the world by Satan's work and a host of injustices as a result, fertile soil for the gospel has been developed. Satan just can't win, can he?

### TO WORK AT NAMIKANGO

When we arrived over Blantyre, it was fuzzy with haze that allowed little visibility. Nevertheless, it was much warmer than Cape Town. We let down into Chileka Airport and thanked God for bringing us over seventeen hundred safe miles through the air from Cape Town.

Missionary Jim Albright warmly met us at the airport. We went straight to an American and Canadian Independence Day celebration. That's right. You can take Canadians and Americans out of their country, but you cannot get their country out of them. Canada gained her independence on July 1st and America on July 4th. So together, the Canadian and American expatriates around Blantyre had an annual picnic together to remember their homelands.

Immediately after the picnic, missionaries Lendal and Peggy Wilks took us to the Namikango Mission about thirty miles outside Blantyre. Over 140 preachers and leaders had already gathered for the weekend seminar. They had started at 10:00am and I began teaching at 4:00pm. I went to sundown. Eventually, over 160 men and women arrived for the series.

It had been a full day. The Friday of our arrival at Blantyre began with sun up through a gorge in South Africa and closed with sundown over six hundred miles away before eager preachers in southern Malawi. I'm sure Paul would have been impressed with such means of travel.

I concluded the seminar at Namikango on Sunday. It was a special day for the meeting of the church. Members brought their grain and goods for a special contribution. A line was formed and each member began pouring their grain into a pile at the front of the church building one at a time. After all was finished, there was a large pile, about fifty bushel of corn, in the front of the building. Some brought potatoes, peanuts, sugar cane and an assortment of other things which if I could identify you would not know. It was quite a contribution and experience.

### **ON TO MZUZU**

Four forty-five is early morning in any country of the world. Nevertheless, we were up Monday morning and preparing for departure from Namikango to begin another seminar that night in Mzuzu, Malawi. The airport had phoned and said that we had to

be out of Blantyre before 9:00am because the airport would be closed. The President of Malawi was arriving. So we scurried around with this and that. Jim and Kathy drove us the thirty miles back to Blantyre.

Again we were into a headwind over the west coast of scenic Lake Malawi. This lake is over five hundred miles long and averages about fifty miles wide. It has over 1,200 species of fish. The number of species grows as new discoveries are made. The lake is always surrounded with serenity and reminds me often of the flying days of the Caribbean.

After two hours flying we descended through clouds over mountains in search of Mzuzu Airport. I found a hole in the clouds and we circled down to the tops of the mountains and made our way for about another twenty miles to Mzuzu. This was not Martha's favorite type of flying.

As we were about to set down on Runway 17 at Mzuzu, Martha looked to the right, and on the road paralleling the runway, there was a truck full of people waving at us. "Who could that be?"

When we finally pulled up to the antiquated control terminal of the airport, missionary James Judd drove up with this truck load of teachers and students from the Mzuzu Bible School. I had earlier told him that we would arrive around 10:00am, so he loaded up several of the teachers and some students to come down and meet us. It was a warm welcome and one which Martha and I thoroughly appreciated.

Again there was no rest for the weary. We began lectures that afternoon and would continue for the rest of the week. I conducted lectures from 9:00am to 4:30pm during the week, with special activities at night. Over 160 preachers and leaders had gathered for this series of lessons. Martha gave some special lectures to the ladies and I dealt with the men.

I must say that brother Judd treated us with the most delightful hospitality. He has his own garden and cook that knows

how to cook real African food. I just love her African cooking. It is simple and to the point. I like mealie which is a corn mush. Mix it with cooked greens and you have one of African's primary foods.

### **BACK IN RUMPHI**

Missionaries Bob and Flo Calderwood fetched us at Mzuzu the following Saturday in order to take us to the Lubagha Mission in the bush north of Mzuzu. I had been coming to this mission for lectures since 1989. It was always a delight to be in this area of seclusion from city existence. The mission was started in the later fifties and continues under the oversight of the Pleasant Valley church in Mobile, Alabama.

About fifty preachers had arrived for the week of lectures which I conducted from 8:30am to 4:30pm every day. Martha and Flo presented lectures to the women who had also come. The preachers who were present represented about one hundred churches of northern Malawi.

The church had been growing tremendously in this area for several years. In 1993 they recorded over 10,000 baptisms in the northern region. It was July 1994 and they had recorded over 6,000 already for the year. There were now over 3,000 churches in the country. God was bringing forth great fruit from the labors of these faithful men.

### **ON TO LILONGWE**

Early Friday morning Martha and I were again sitting in the back of a pickup and on our way to our fourth seminar in Malawi. Bob and Flo took us to Mzuzu to say our final farewells to James and Randy Judd. Randy, James' son, had arrived earlier in the week to spend about six months working with the Mzuzu Bible School.

It was again beautiful weather as we lifted out of Mzuzu Airport for the one hour and ten minute flight to Lilongwe, the

capital of Malawi. When we arrived, at the Kamuzu International Airport, we paid about \$3.00 a gallon for fuel, the highest I had paid for aviation fuel in a long time. Usually, it is cheaper than car gas. But not here. Fortunately, we needed only a little more fuel for our final return to South Africa where things were a little more reasonable.

The Wilks had driven four hours up from the Namikango Mission to be with us for this seminar. They fetched us at the airport and we went straight to the South African Embassy where we had to renew our expired re-entry visas into South Africa. The South African immigration official at Messina had kindly reminded us of this when we departed from South Africa. It was one of those things which was easy to forget, and I did.

The preachers and church leaders that attended the Namikango seminar represented most of the churches of southern Malawi. The Mzuzu seminar drew many from the north central region and the Lubagha seminar was attended by preachers in the north. The 150 preachers and leaders of the Lilongwe seminar covered several hundred churches in the south-central region. In the four seminars, therefore, I was able to deliver my material on Servanthood Leadership and Hermeneutics to a great number of the churches in Malawi by delivering it to the circuit preachers of the country.

This is the power of the seminar. It is not the number of churches one visits, but the number of church leaders and preachers one can stand before to deliver selected material. Literally, tens of thousands are taught by teaching only a few selected men. This is why I believe there needs to be more evangelists who concentrate on teaching seminars to preachers and church leaders. The preachers and church leaders can disseminate the material. All we must do is go through material with them during selected seminars.

The church building in which we conducted the Lilongwe seminar had been build in 1958. The church that hosted this

seminar had been in existence since the early fifties. At the time it had three elders and a blind preacher. Goodwin Makwakwa, the blind preacher, had been preaching since the early sixties. He was most proficient in Braille reading and was a dedicated servant of the Lord. He would be led by the hand to the pulpit, and then exhort the church with some great messages. In his early years, brethren would take him on a rickshaw-type bicycle to country churches where he would preach and baptize. Brother Goodwin made me wonder about all the nonsense excuses I have made for not being a good servant of God.

We concluded the Lilongwe seminar on Sunday morning with an attendance of 450. Six visitors had been baptized during this seminar and ten had made confessions of wrong. It was also enjoyable staying in a guest house with the Wilks. Peggy fed us sumptuously.

### **HOMEWARD BOUND**

By this time I was at the stage that I was ready to take about a months' furlough in the middle of the closest desert. I had been going from early in the morning to late in the night for over two weeks. Nevertheless, Martha and I were up before sunrise and headed for the airport. We had clear skies and a smooth departure out of Lilongwe.

Within thirty minutes we were again over Mozambique. I had decided to fly 12,000 feet. Why? I kept having these thoughts of small arms fire from below. Funny thoughts go through your mind when flying over post-war areas where disarmament is going on. There might be these two armed guerilla soldiers below who would challenge themselves with AK47s to see if they could hit the metal bird in the sky. So I flew high.

In my notes I recorded that we crossed the great Zambezi River at 9:45am on July 18, 1994. Throughout the river there were rapids. I wondered how many crocodiles lay on the banks. To the north was the Cahora Bassa Dam which had been built by the



Portuguese thirty years before but had not produced electricity for the country because of the civil war. Rebels had set up anti-aircraft guns near the lake. I was sure everyone was still honoring the cease fire.

Other than the Zambezi, the territory of northern Mozambique looked dry and parched. Dry river beds snaked across the uncultivated landscape. Many of the refugees had returned, but tens of thousands were afraid to make their way through the bush to their homes. They were afraid of the over two million land mines that were still planted in the ground, awaiting some unsuspecting farmer to return to his field. Oh, the wretchedness of war.

### **MMABATHO, BOPHUTHATSWANA**

With a slight tailwind we arrived in Messina in about three and a half hours. Here we were again, calling customs and wondering where to go from here. We could hitch hike into Messina and stay in a hotel. We could fly on to Louis Trichardt, refuel and hitch hike into a hotel there. We were covering our options when the name Chester Woodhall popped into my mind. I told Martha we could go on to Mmabatho, the old capital of the now disbanded homeland of Bophuthatswana, and stay with missionaries Chester and Angela Woodhall. It was two hours more flight on down the road and in the direction of home. She agreed since it would take two hours off the next day's flight to Cape Town.

Martha called the Woodhalls on the phone. Chester surprisingly answered and said he had been thinking about us. He and Angela were in some turmoil concerning their possible move from Mmabatho because of support. He had been considering a call to me in Cape Town. He also said he was about to leave the house when the phone rang. Does God work?

In two and a half hours we were sitting in his living room. We decided to stay an extra day. It was most delightful being with

the Woodhalls. If you are ever sitting in an airport and wondering where to go, please call them at 814-452. They are great hosts for weary travelers.

### HOMeward WINGS

Martha and I were again in Yankee Charlie at 10,000 feet. We were now over the Karoo, which is the southern part of the Kalahari Desert which spills down into South Africa. I grew up on a farm in central Kansas. I thought we lived in the country. But the few and scattered ranchers below us lived in real country. The next neighbor is twenty miles away.

After four hours of flight, Cape Town loomed in the western horizon. She was always good to see after such long journeys on seminars. And it had been a long series of seminars. I had lectured or preached sixty-six times in the two weeks of seminars. Martha had delivered about twenty-five lectures to the women.

I have always thought it interesting to compare our travel time in the air with crawling on the ground. If we had driven the same distance and gone to the same places in our vehicle we would have spent 105 hours on the road and at borders going through customs. On the other hand, flying time plus customs consumed a total of twenty-five hours on this trip. This is a difference of eighty hours saved by flying. That's two work weeks of time and a lot of wear saved on a forty-seven year old body.

As Martha and I tucked Yankee Charlie away, I gave her a mental kiss and thanked God for the machine that saves so much time and money. We headed from Fisantekraal Airport to the post office where we picked up three-weeks of student courses which had come in. There is no rest from extension school work. It is always there when you return. There is always more work for Martha since she does most all the course processing. I simply catch up on letters and start again the course writing. If it was not for her, the everyday functioning of the School would simply come

to a standstill.

God had given us another great victory in Malawi. This was one of our most intense teaching trips. But it was also most rewarding.

### CHALLENGED

We will be off again when the telephone rings. Every day in Africa is a new challenge. God taxes the talents of His men and women here to the limit. Those missionaries who have come have felt greatly rewarded by the opportunity to labor beside some great African church leaders. God needs more missionaries to come. There are so many other places that have not yet heard the gospel. Possibly, the telephone will ring for you, or your children.

Who will go to Zaïre? Who will go to Angola, Mozambique or Zaïre? Mission teams are need for tribal evangelism throughout Africa. There are so many open doors on this continent.

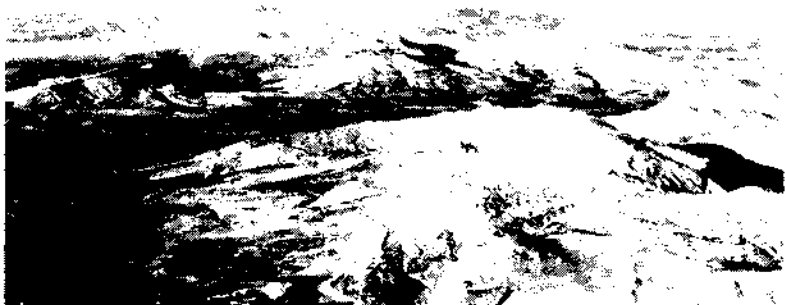
The church is growing tremendously throughout the world where it has been planted. One thing is most obvious. It is growing in rural areas in a much greater way than urban cities. The church is growing in urban areas because that is where most of our missionary force is located. However, I wonder if mission teams located in "rural cities" of under 100,000 thousand and reached out from there, the among of growth would be greater than locating in a multi-million populated cities which have lost their hearts? In Latin American, Africa and India the church has grown tremendously in the rural areas.. It would be my suggestion that rural missions be one of the focuses of the next generation of missionaries. Wherever missionaries go and whatever method they concentrate upon, it most certainly should center on a strategy for reaching into the "highways and byways" of the rural people of the world.

As the silhouette of a setting sun is seen on the western horizon of Africa we are daily reminded of this dark continent.

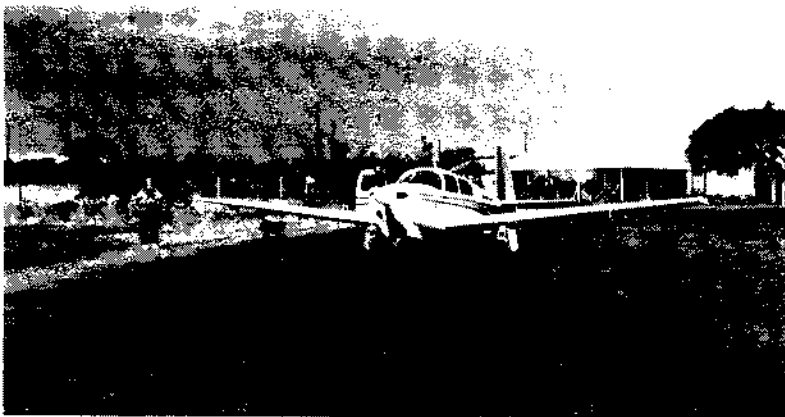
It may now be a little enlightened by awareness of our existence and its touch with the industrial world. However, it is still dark with sin. The kingdom of Satan is still strong in Africa. There is still the need for those who would be challenged by God to take His message to the masses of the African continent.

I pray,

*Father, please inspire more laborers to come into the white harvest of Africa. Encourage those missionaries who are presently laboring among the African peoples. Bring forth fruit from the labors of those who have given their lives for world evangelism. And we, the African missionaries, ask that the fruit of our labors goes to the account of those sacrificial brothers and sisters who support us. In the Name of our Savior and friend, Jesus, AMEN.*



One can often experience the beautiful snow of the Hottentot's Holland Mountains east of Cape Town when departing out of Fisantekraal Airport.



When we arrive at Messina Airport in northern South Africa, we must call customs and immigration at the Beit Bridge border post. It takes them about thirty minutes to get to the airport and clear us out of South Africa.

## EPILOGUE

God has truly blessed our feeble efforts to evangelize and edify through the outreach of the *International School of Biblical Studies*. Christians in America are to be commended for their generous support and prayers for this work. The Eastwood church in Hutchinson, Kansas deserves special thanks because they have stood behind us in this work for so many years.

By the end of 1994, God had opened the door for the purchase of a "school house" for the operation of the School. From this facility we not only operate the courses of the School, but also, carry on the work of Bible correspondence courses, literature distribution, cassette ministry and printing.

We ask for your prayers for the future. We firmly believe that God has greater things yet to come. If you are interested in this world outreach, please contact us or the Eastwood church. You can write, call or fax the following:

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*The International School of Biblical Studies* building in Cape Town, South Africa. From here courses are sent out to preachers and church leaders in countries throughout the world.

**OTHER BOOKS BY  
Roger E. Dickson**

- The Sword*  
*The Millennial Mistake*  
*The Fall of Unbelief*  
*Os Milagres de Deus*  
*The Call of World Evangelism*  
*Restoring An Evangelistic Phenomenon*  
*Grouped in Groups*  
*Doutrinas: de Deus ou dos Homens*  
*Devem Guardar O Sabado?*  
*Great News*  
*Introduction to the New Testament*  
*The Law and the Sabbath*  
*How to Interpret the Bible, I*  
*How to Interpret the Bible, II*  
*Biblical Hermeneutics*  
*The Sovereignty of Deity*  
*The One Body*  
*The One Baptism*  
*The Soul, Sin and Salvation*  
*Satan and His Hosts*  
*New Testament Evangelism*  
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*The Holy Spirit*  
*Identity of the New Testament Church*  
*Caribbean Missionary Pilot*