

**Among the People
of the Sun —
Our Years in Africa**

By

Donna Mitchell

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Loy and Donna Mitchell

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A STATEMENT FROM THE PUBLISHER

It has been my privilege to visit Loy and Donna Mitchell on three different occasions.

The first visit was in 1970. I had travelled through Africa and down to Mauritius to look into the possibility of beginning the church there, only to find that three missionary families had already arrived. On my way back I stopped at what was then Salisbury, Rhodesia to see Bro. Roy Palmer and family, and on a Saturday we went to Umtali to visit the Loy Mitchells.

The second crossing of paths was with John Reece in 1987. We flew from Johannesburg up to what is now known as Harare, Zimbabwe and were met at the airport by brother Loy Mitchell. We then drove to his home in Mutari (formerly Umtali) where we spent a few days with him and Donna. Loy kept us busy the entire time we were there speaking to the Preacher Training School, to a high school class, and to the local church.

The third visit was in 1993. I had been with Bob Prater in the Ivory Coast, and together we had gone to Nigeria, Benin, and Accra, Ghana. From there I flew to Harare where Loy met me at the airport and again took me to Mutari. I spent almost a week with him and Donna this time, also meeting their daughter, Nancy, and her husband, Bobby Wheat, and their family. Again, Loy kept me busy speaking to the students of the Preacher Training School, to his high school class, and to the local church.

On all of these occasions I was greatly impressed with Loy and Donna as people who are truly dedicated to the Lord, committed to their work, and always ready to receive people like myself, to provide them with a place to stay, and to use them in the Lord's work.

After reading Donna's book I am even more impressed with the fact that they have given their lives to the building of the Lord's church in Zimbabwe. I am impressed with their family, with the hospitality they have shown to many, with the long years they have stayed with the work, with all they have been able to do, with the sacrifices they have made, and with the value of the work they continue to do up to this time.

I am greatly inspired and encouraged by the Mitchells, and I

want to personally thank them for allowing Betty and me, and those who work with us, to have a part in bringing out this book. I pray that it will be read by many to give them an opportunity to see what foreign mission work is all about.

God bless you, Loy and Donna, along with your family, for all you have done in Zimbabwe and wherever you have been in this world. We thank God for you, pray for you, and we love you.

J. C. Choate
Winona, MS 38967
July 14, 1995

Dedication

To the Dewbreakers — Dow Merritt entitled his book **The Dewbreakers**. He described the black carriers who pushed shivering youngsters ahead through the tall grass to dry off the clammy dew with their bodies. These “human brooms” were part of the tribal custom. Perhaps we brushed off some dew, but we believe our work was made easier by those early Dewbreakers who went before us, missionaries and national Christians who instituted schools in order to teach the people to read and write, to study the Bible, to translate the Bible into the dialect and to teach others the gospel of Christ.

Introduction

Since 1978, the words **Rhodesia, mission work, Africa, Zimbabwe, Umtali, Nhowe and Mutare** have played a very important part in my life. In 1979, I married into the Mitchell family, and so became a part of the story you are about to read. It is a true story. No names have been changed, though perhaps some unpleasant scenes have been left unpainted. It is a story of dedication and sacrifice, of the desire of the people, motivated by the love of Christ, to see a nation brought to salvation. It is a story in which you will find Christ and His church at the center of everything that happens.

“Missiology” hardly existed as a separate discipline for study in 1958. Since that time, many of the approaches and methods used by missionaries in the first half of the twentieth century have come under strenuous attack by those who study and teach “missions.” I would, however, hold up those men and women who represent the first, second and even third generations of mission work among Churches of Christ as great heroes of faith. They built schools, they established preacher training programs, they built church buildings, they raised support for native evangelists, and most of these things they did with American money. None of them, in my experience, have been blind to the inherent problems of these programs based on foreign support.

Today, here in Zimbabwe, we are working hard to raise up a new generation of “self-support-minded” churches, and our efforts are meeting with success as preachers and other church leaders come to the conclusion that “it’s better when it’s ours.” One day, the American missionaries and the American money will be gone, and the success or failure of our efforts will be obvious to all. Regardless of the outcome, however, the fact remains that people like the Shorts, the Shewmakers, the Reeses, the Palmers and the Mitchells came here and stayed

here, and they trusted God to take their work and their preaching, with whatever imperfections existed, and used them for His glory and to accomplish His purposes.

I hope this book will be read by people intending to do mission work, in much the same way that I gained my first insights into Africa and African missions by reading books like **Dewbreakers** and **Silhouettes of Life**. It is also my hope that it will be read and appreciated by those "who have been there" in the fields of foreign missions because it affirms the value of the work they have done and the sacrifices they have made.

Finally, I say to Donna, my mother-in-law and my friend, "Well Done!" Thank you for letting me share in the production of this book. May it all bring glory to God!

Bobby Wheat
Mutare, Zimbabwe
July, 1995

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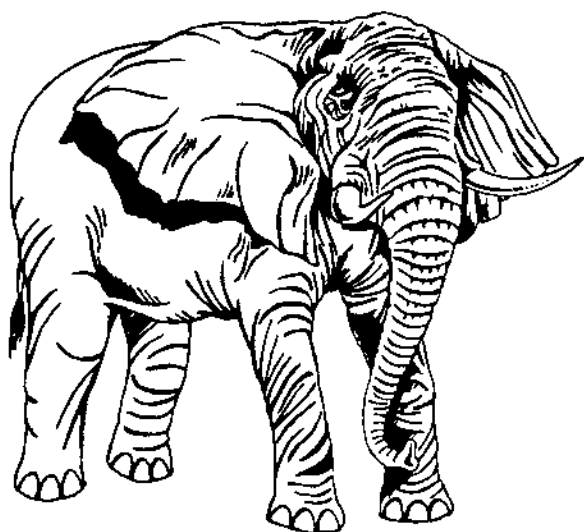
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PART I

THE NHOWE YEARS



In the Beginning . . .

“**H**ow would you like to go to Africa with us?” My husband, Loy, was hanging diapers for me one morning when Dick Clark, our neighbor in the Abilene Christian College community, asked the question. We were students at ACC, now Abilene Christian University. Loy babysat and helped with housework while I attended classes. Dick and Addielen Clark were planning to go to Nhowe Mission in September of 1957, and Roy and Jaxie Palmer were making plans to go in December.

Loy and I had spoken of going to Nigeria but had not been successful in fulfilling a plan. When Dick mentioned Rhodesia we both remembered our former teacher, Zelma Lawyer, from Central Christian College. Her book, **I Married A Missionary**, and her personal account of her years in Northern Rhodesia had influenced our thinking. We were both in Roy Palmer’s class, “Acts of the Apostles,” and had been inspired by his missionary zeal. He and Jaxie had recently returned from Germany where they had worked since the end of the war.

We needed no persuasion, but we did need financial support and a church to oversee our work. We found this oversight in Loy’s home church in Lawrence, Kansas; however, we had to travel many miles and speak many times to raise money for travel, shipping goods and monthly support to supplement the salary given us by the Lawrence Christians. Loy finished his B.A. degree in January of 1958, rushing to complete major questions as I hurried to type the papers for him. Even though some of the questions were late, he did receive his degree. Since we left in March, he did not attend a graduation ceremony.

Some have asked about our preparation for mission work. Today’s Christian colleges and training schools have mission courses which stress special training, survey trips, psychological testing, etc. This wealth of information was not available when we made our commitment to go to Africa. We had not heard of culture shock until years after we had experienced it! I am certain that some of the special training would have helped us through difficult times. However, in looking back, we can see some positive aspects of our preparation, in addition to the good basic Bible courses we had at

Central Christian College (now Oklahoma Christian University) and Abilene Christian College (now Abilene Christian University).

First of all, we were children of the '30's, depression kids, who knew something about the work ethic. Loy, especially, had worked long, hard hours on a Kansas farm. It was not just something to keep a boy busy, it was a means of survival. He was one of ten children, seven boys and three girls. When he was twelve, his older brother, Earl, died and he was required to do many of the farm tasks which his brother had done. The five younger brothers also worked extremely long, hard hours, alongside the girls, yet they had the happy, loving relationship that often comes with large families. Perhaps the greatest gifts which Owen and Maude Mitchell gave their children were love of God, love of family and dedication to hard work, and time management. I believe Loy's ability to manage time when away from structured work situations has helped him to accomplish great things in the mission field. We have seen men and women struggle and give up in frustration because they saw a great host of jobs needing to be done and were unable to plan and organize wisely and selectively. (There is no time clock to punch in the mission field; probably the nearest example to such structure is teaching in a mission school with one's classes scheduled for him.)

I also grew up on a farm, with the exception of about two years. We were taught to love the Lord, too. An evangelist, A. C. Williams, came to our home community in the 1920's, preached in a school building and baptized my grandparents. I was reared in that country community with four brothers and sisters and many cousins, aunts and uncles. We were "comfortably poor," meaning we had the necessities to live and learn to be happy. I attended a country school, just as Loy did, and we remember lighting the kerosene lamps at night, drawing water from the well and walking to the out-house because we had no indoor plumbing. All this was great preparation for Africa!

Our greatest excitement came when the neighbors stopped by and the children played hide-and-seek or tag while the old folks visited on a summer evening. Friends sometimes came on winter evenings and we made fudge, popped popcorn and played games. This did not happen often, so it was very special. We enjoyed listening to Fibber McGee and Jack Armstrong on the radio, but there was

no television or telephone. Instead, we read books, played paper dolls cut from the Sears catalog or made up games before going to bed early. Some of my readers will want to finish the story by saying, "And you walked five miles to school in the snow, having already milked the cows and washed the dishes . . ." However, we believe our rural upbringing was a very good training ground for relatively primitive areas in the world. We did not miss centrally heated houses, constant television, our own car, pizza restaurants and McDonalds because we were not programmed to that affluent and casual lifestyle which the average American youngster today takes for granted. We could sit down in the evening, if any time was left, and read a book, not feeling too deprived by the absence of a radio or television to entertain us. (Some of these luxuries did come in later years, after we had moved from the mission to a house in town.) We have observed that the affluent society of the United States can be a deterrent to successful work in a third-world country.

Secondly, we made commitments and did our best to keep them. We tried to be realistic in our goal-setting. For example, we planned to stay at Nhowe Mission for four to five years, then evaluate and make a more permanent plan. Having made that commitment, we did not give up in the first year or two when oftentimes discouragement and disillusionment came. We also knew that we had not made an idealistic lifetime promise until we could give it a try for a short term. We have observed that, having passed the two year mark, one seems to settle and begins to take a different look at one's situation. Integrity and keeping one's word — vows — are also products of those disciplined childhood years during the '30's and '40's.

A third positive aspect of our preparation was leaving soon after we made our decision to go. We left from a very small apartment on the Abilene Christian College hill. The thatched, five-room house, even with cement floors, looked better than our previous dwelling. We had not put down roots, bought a house and furniture or settled into a community, so we did not feel that we had sacrificed those things. (This is not to say one cannot make the sacrifice and go to a mission point. We have seen others do it, but we believe our early departure made it easier.) Stanley, our first child, was less than two years old and did not have trouble adapting to a new environment. Parents need to be aware that older children, especially teens, will

likely find it harder to adjust.

Last, and most importantly, we were influenced by godly Christian parents and devout Christian teachers in the Bible colleges we attended, combining to give us a love for the Lord and a desire to serve Him by preaching to the lost. We were two people who loved one another deeply and were determined to have a Christian home and family. A strong marriage is one huge plus on the mission field!

These observations have been made looking back thirty years. Hopefully, we are somewhat wiser. We were certainly inadequate in many ways, but we feel that these positives helped us to overcome the worst. Perhaps had we been wiser we would never have stepped out in blind faith and done something that was almost unheard of in our home communities.

Leaving Dear Hearts . . .

When I was a teenager Dinah Shore sang, "I Love Those Dear Hearts and Gentle People." How well it described our loving family and friends. The church at Lawrence gave us a farewell dinner after which we sang and prayed. When we began to sing, "God Be With You" I thought my intensity would keep the tears from flowing, until I felt my daddy's arm slip around my shoulders and sensed his trembling. I knew he was crying, being a gentle-hearted dear man, and I wept with him. Tears are a release, a balm — but sometimes they can be such a nuisance!!

Eddie Wolven drove us to the plane in Kansas City that cold, rainy day in March. My parents, sister Karen Sue, and brother Rudy, and Loy's parents saw us off. Oh, good-byes are bittersweet! Mother Mitchell later wrote, "I shall never forget seeing Stanley's little yellow capped head bobbing up and down on his daddy's shoulder as you disappeared into the plane." There have been other tearful farewells; but, perhaps one of the worst was the departure of Stanley when he traveled to Abilene to begin his university work seventeen years later. Until then, I had never truly understood how our parents felt seeing us leave. Once a friend remarked, "I could never go to another land because our family is very close." I wanted to cry out, "Our family is very close, too!" Mother once said that

they wept privately, but they were far happier to see us go to preach in Africa than to see us go to war. We have no regrets.

New Worlds

A report in the Firm Foundation described our arrival in Southern Rhodesia:

The Loy Mitchells arrived in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, Africa, Sunday, March 16. They were met at the airport by the Palmers and the Clarks from Nhowe Mission and some brethren from Salisbury. They are working into the program of activities at the mission, thus providing much needed help to the present limited staff. The Mitchells are being sponsored by the Central Church of Christ in Lawrence, Kansas. Sharing this support are several other churches and individuals, namely, the Highland Park Church and the Huntoon and College Church of Topeka, Churches of Christ in Lindsay, Oklahoma, Holliday, Texas, the Twin City church in Kansas City, Kansas, William B. House of Kansas City and Cullen Thomas of Wichita, Kansas. Many other churches and individuals from Nebraska to Texas as well as Sweden, Germany and Italy have contributed to their general fund. The responses have been very good but there are yet many needs to be filled. Their house needs a new roof, many pieces of farm equipment are needed; they have virtually no hand tools.

Before we left the States we met with old school friends, Lois and Mitchell Greer, who were also going to a mission field — Sweden. They spent about ten years there in that difficult work. In the '80's they went to Africa to work at Namwianga Mission for several years, thus, our paths have crossed several times through the years. They attended Central Christian College in the early '50's. Other friends who were at Central Christian with us were Don and Joyce Shackleford and Charles and Carolyn Moore, whom we visited in Sicily, en route to Africa in 1958. Already we were feeling that loneliness that comes upon leaving the homeland the first time and these dear friends shared our feelings of apprehension. The

Moore and Shacklefords were sharing a big house with marble floors, and it was very cold in spite of sunshine during the day. We later found the African winter to be very similar.

Loy wrote the following about our trip through Europe:

We planned to take a tour of London Saturday morning but it snowed until about one o'clock and Donna coughed so much the night before that I was afraid her cold would get worse. I went for a walk and saw Buckingham Palace and took some pictures even though it was very dark. The streets in London are very narrow and run in all directions. The pedestrian always has the right of way. There are not as many bicycles as I thought there might be. People either drive small cars or walk. The drivers and pedestrians would be run over in New York. The drivers never seem to get in a hurry.

We left London at about 5:30 p.m. and saw several ships in the English Channel before dark. It just took us five minutes to cross the water and fly over Belgium. We flew in a two-motored plane which carried about 50 people. The plane was run by Germans and owned by Lufthansa. They gave instructions to us in German and English. I thought of the many planes that flew this way during World War II with destruction in mind and I was glad we did not have that purpose in mind.

We landed in Frankfurt about 8:30 (German time is one hour ahead of England or seven hours ahead of C.S.T.). The Germans were not as strict at customs as the English were. The English will not allow one to take out more than £10 cash.

Henry Seidmeyer met us in his German Opel and took us to the Frankfurt church building where we stayed on the third floor. They showed us every hospitality. The Gatewoods and Palmers helped begin the Lord's work in Germany after the war. Irene Johnson taught for many years, using the facilities we saw while there.

My memory of Frankfurt is an abundance of snow — the weather was very cold. Much of the old city had been destroyed during the

war and many new buildings had been constructed. A few of the old structures had been built in the thirteenth century. We saw the Rhine River and forests as we traveled from airport to church building.

We attended and Loy preached at the American worship, meeting people stationed with the Army there; then Loy attended the German worship with Henry. Christians there gave us fifty dollars for the work at Nhowe. Loy observed that the German worship was extremely quiet and reverent.

From Frankfurt we flew to Milan, Italy, for a brief stop. We saw the Alps as we flew over Switzerland. We arrived at the airport and took a bus to our hotel. We were unable to contact Gerald Paden, missionary in Rome, until we returned to Rome after our trip to Sicily. (He had met the wrong plane, we learned later.) We found our way to Piccolo Mondo's Restaurant and were rather fascinated and awe-stricken by the continental ways. Waiters were kind to Stanley, calling him "bambino," and one gave him a toy car which he kept for several years. Someone told us they knew we were Americans by the way we held our silverware. There were so many things we did not know! We arranged a tour and were taken to the Vatican in St. Peter's Square where we saw Pope Pius. He was carried into the great church on a litter and people fell to their knees to worship him, crying and shouting in adoration. The tour guide tried to push us ahead so we could "get the bambino blessed." The pope held mass in five languages. We watched people kiss the toe of the statue of Peter. More impressive to us were the wonderful art treasures in the Vatican Museum such as the works of Raphael and Michaelangelo. Someday I hope to return and see them again. We were young, tired and trying to keep a little boy happy. Some years later that little boy would be interested in seeing the art treasures, but at seventeen months he was not amused.

Following a very rough plane ride, we arrived in Palermo and were met by our friends, the Shacklefords and the Moores. John Butts had started the work in Sicily. Chuck and Carolyn and Don and Joyce were studying language and awaiting residence permits. Of the 700,000 residents in Palermo there were 60 active Christians, and an Italian evangelist worked with the two American families. They had made good contacts through Bible correspondence courses, and people read tracts and posters readily.

We were shocked to see the poverty surrounding the rich cathedrals with their gold, silver and art treasures, but the poor are taught to give sacrificially to their church.

On our return to Rome we were able to spend an evening with Gerald and Bobbie Paden, a delightful missionary couple who were giving their lives to the teaching of the gospel in a country which was not always friendly to them because of the controlling Catholic Church.

One very interesting experience was a visit to the Catacombs. Early Christians met in the Catacombs, a network of subterranean chambers and galleries excavated in soft rock. Used for burial purposes by the early Christians, they were also used in times when they were persecuted, for refuge and religious services. The chambers were called coemeteria (sleeping chambers) or crypta (hidden places). At different times in history the catacombs were closed up. But after Constantine accepted Christianity they were excavated and reopened and tombs were identified as those of martyrs. The maze of galleries are completely dark when the lights are turned off. Some art treasures have been found in the catacombs.

Some memories of our journey are rather vague. Our first stop in Africa was Khartoum in the Sudan. Disembarking to heat waves and desert and smelling strange odors are about all that I recall. Our next stop was Nairobi in Kenya. The scenery looked more interesting than the Sudan, but one does not see much from air terminals. We finally landed at Salisbury Airport on a Sunday afternoon, March 16, 1958. Jet planes were not being flown yet, but we are certain that we had the forerunner of jet lag. Our dear friends, the Palmers and Clarks, were there to meet us, as well as Jesse Brown and two Salisbury couples, the Hansons and Hadfields. Stanley was very pleased to see the Palmer children — there were seven little Palmers at the time. Jaxie Palmer was seated in the reception lounge, perhaps one of the few times we had not seen her moving about to wait on other people. She had given birth to Richard, known better as Ricky, in the back of a station wagon in late December, and had not been well since that time because she contracted typhoid and malta fever. Addielen Clark had been invaluable in helping care for the family while Jaxie was so very ill.

We were loaded into the Clarks' station wagon and followed the

Palmer's station wagon out of town. Along the way, we stopped at a service station. Young Jerry Palmer assured us that we could buy Coca Cola there — perhaps she knew we were feeling strange and a Coke would make us feel at home! Our first experience with one-way tarmac strips followed. The road was wide enough for only one vehicle, so that when meeting another, both vehicles had to drop the left tires off the pavement.

We stopped again in Marandellas where we bought fresh milk and fruit from a cafe called the Grand. We were introduced to the proprietor, a jolly Greek, who welcomed us to the country. From there we drove to Macheke, where our postal address would be, and turned on a dusty track leading, finally, to Nhowe Mission. We crossed several low water bridges and were told that it was sometimes impossible to get through them during the heavy rains. I remember sitting at the Palmers' dining room table, made from a door, and eating rather hard mealies (corn on the cob). A hired girl was cooking for them at the time because of Jaxie's illness. (The food improved tremendously after Jaxie got well.) We sang and prayed, took communion, tried to respond to all the conversation, and finally fell asleep on the Palmer's living room floor. The next thing I heard was a strange sounding bell calling the Nhowe children to chapel and classes. The bell was an old plow shear hanging from a tree and was struck, quite rhythmically, with an iron rod by one of the students. We had survived our first night in Africa and there had been no snakes or spiders in our beds as we had feared. Stanley was ecstatic to be up and playing with Chucky Palmer. We were not quite that energetic.

Vanhu — The People

“The rich beauty of the Shona ethical code stands out in sharp contrast to the material individualism of the West,” wrote Michael Gelfand.¹ Between the Zambezi and the Limpopo (of Kipling's great, green, greasy fame) lies a land that is high in the middle and slopes both north and south to meet the rivers that bound it. The Shona do not actually call themselves Shona. They speak one or another of the dialects of what linguists call the Shona cluster

of Bantu language. We lived in Mashonaland while at Nhowe Mission, and in Manicaland while in Mutare. The Manyika dialect is spoken in the Manicaland-Mutare area.

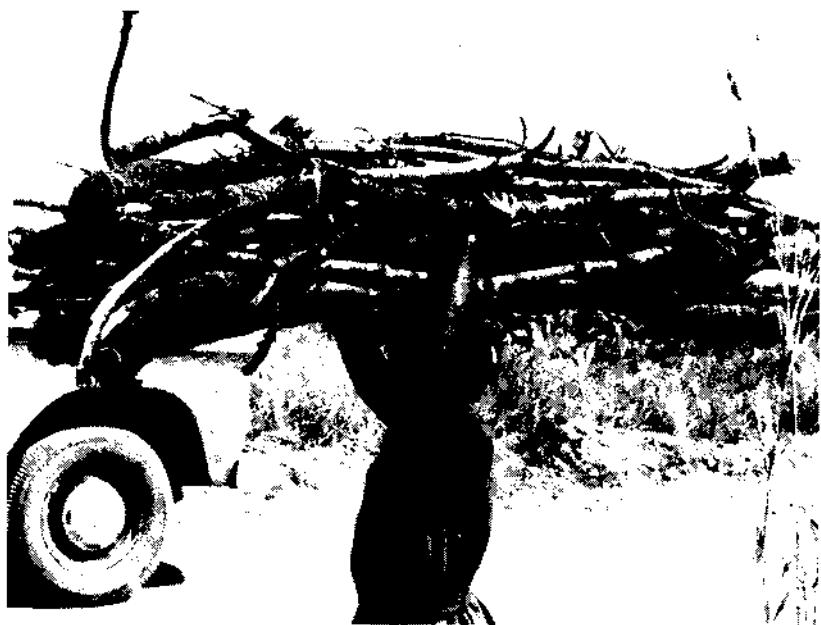
Traditionally, the Shona live in one chieftaincy and are members of the same subclan. They have the same totem and traditional greeting. We were often confused because our friend would give us one surname and later we would hear him called another, which was his totem name. The clans traditionally lived by hunting and shifting agriculture. Today, the majority of the people continue to live on the land, but many live in urban areas and have mixed their customs with others. Now most adult males go to the towns to work while the women spend some of their time on the land in order to produce food and retain the land allotment.

Shona have a deep-seated loyalty to their kin. They condemn any kind of violence among relatives. Their traditional religion extols ancestral spirits, and the virtues of good manners and behavior must meet the approval of the ancestor spirits.

In the Shona society, where people are accustomed to living close to one another, it is essential that they behave in the same way to all, no matter in what situation they find themselves. The children are taught humility and respect for age and family position. No one is allowed to think himself superior to another.

To receive anything, a person must first clap his hands and then receive the article with both hands. If a woman is giving something to a man or boy, they clap hands and stand. When a man receives something from a more senior person, it is proper for him to sit on the ground, cross his legs, bend his knees and then clap hands. This is called *kuuchira* or *kuombera*. The hand clapping has its variations. For example, giving and receiving from a chief becomes very complicated.

The women curtsy or kneel when greeting or serving others. It is bad manners to stand looking down on a person. One should, therefore, squat or sit when talking to villagers or to one's elders. When a man and his wife are out together, the man walks in front, his hands free, so that he may protect his wife and family. The wife carries everything on her head, often has a child on her back and one hanging on either hand, in order to ensure that her husband may be able to protect his family! Some urban people are giving up this



Firewood Transport

custom. We sometimes see men carrying children or loads and walking side by side with their wives. When eating, the men eat separately, served by the women who kneel as they serve. Food is taken with the hand, and several share a common bowl. It is bad manners to leave the plate before the older men are ready to do so.

When walking into a village, it is customary to pause at the periphery and shout, "*Svikeyi?*", meaning, "May we arrive?" Then one may enter the village precinct. Or you may enter a little closer, if no one is in the *nhandare* — the clearing in front of the huts — and shout, "*Gogogoyi!*", meaning literally, "knock, knock, knock!"

It is bad manners for younger people to interrupt when their elders are speaking. A woman should not speak when in the company of strange men.

Out of sheer politeness, the African tends to tell you what he thinks you want to hear. We have been frustrated and impatient when told, "It's not far — a very short distance." and "Yes, the road is very good!" and find ourselves traveling miles over horrible trails.

Westerners should know that it is impolite for a Shona to look a

person directly in the eyes; thus, the young person who looks downward while speaking is following his customary courtesy, even if it does invite suspicion in the foreigner.

Greetings are long and elaborate compared to our casual, "Hi, how are you?" In the morning the Shona says, "*Mangwanani*" (Good morning); "*Marara here*" (Did you sleep well?) "*Aiwa, ndarara kuti mararawo*" (I did if you did). "*Aiwa ndarara*" (Yes, I did). A different greeting is used in the afternoon and another in the evening. Still other greetings are used if one has not seen the other for some time.

We were called *Mai* Mitchell and *Baba* Mitchell, meaning Mother Mitchell and Father Mitchell, literally, but the terms are used like we use "Mr." and "Mrs." in the States. Now that we have grown older and respected we may be called *Mbuya* and *Sekuru*, meaning Grandmother and Grandfather. Out of respect, a person may be called by those terms before he is actually a grandparent. "*Mai Stanley*" means mother of Stanley and is sometimes used. Women curtsy and clap hands when they greet a man or a senior. Sometimes a man of senior or important position may be addressed as *Changamire* (Sir).

"Table manners" is actually a wrong term to use because in the village, people sit on the ground while they eat and food is placed on the ground or a low table if one is available. Before a wife brings food to the meeting place of the man (*udare*), she carries a small pot of water there, kneels as she puts it down, and then returns to fetch the plates of food. The men wash their hands. By this time the wife has brought the food. She kneels, places the plates on the ground and claps hands, but the men do not respond. (Actually, I have seen Christian men clap or show some kind of gratitude, an example of changing patterns.) As they are about to start their meal, they clap hands saying, "*Pamusoroi*" or "Excuse me." They share a common plate of porridge (*sadza*) and relish dish (*muriwo*). Boys eat in a separate group and share a common plate. Every daughter is expected to help her mother in the preparation of a meal. When it is cooked she kneels before her mother and informs her that it is ready. Just before the mother begins to eat, the daughter should offer her a bowl of water with which to wash her hands and the daughter follows suit. The mother takes the lids off the pots, claps her hands and

starts to eat. The children then clap hands, saying, "*Pamusoroi*." There are other necessary details which I shall not add. Michael Gelfand has written several useful books about the culture. It is interesting to me that a modern young man or woman may go to the village and observe all of these eating customs; yet, in town he may eat an English meal in a hotel, using all of the silverware required by the colonial system. We have seen members of Parliament eat in the traditional way in the village, yet they have adopted western manners while in city company.

One may refer to an uncle as "father," thus confusing the stranger who cannot understand why his employee or friend has to go home repeatedly for the funeral of his father.

Once a person has married or grown older, his first name is not used in conversation — he or she becomes Mai Mitchell or Baba Banza.

We constantly marvel at the careful observances of customs and wonder if we have lost something precious in being nonchalant about our own heritage.

Roasted Ants, Anyone?

A *Rhodesia Herald* article in February, 1962, described the *A Musika* — the market in Salisbury, or actually Harare. (Harare was the traditional name for Salisbury, and one area of the city was called Harare at that time.) Among the foods being sold at the *musika* were red peppers, *mhiripiri*. This was a borrowed Shona word for Portugese and Indian spices. A vegetable called *derere* was used as a relish; Americans know this vegetable as okra. Leaf vegetables, *nyemba* and *mufushwa*, were also sold. But, the most interesting to the visitor is the cooked, salted and dried *ishwa*, or flying ant. (The ants fly during the rainy season and are attracted by lights; consequently, we often saw crowds of people with their bags and containers catching the flying creatures as they swarmed around the street lights in the towns.)

A fruit in plentiful supply was *muzhanje*. (Stanley loved this wild fruit which grew on trees at Nhowe; his little shirts were often stained with the juice of the fruit. Half the fun of eating *muzhanje*

was climbing the tree to pick it!) The Ndebele people refer to the fruit as *mahobohobo*. *Harati* is the name of an edible caterpillar found in *mukurati* trees. This delicacy, together with other caterpillar species such as *marava* and *madora*, takes a great deal of preparation. (I did not bother to get the recipes. Our experience with the little creatures was not good; the children climbed the trees where the caterpillars were found and became hysterical with itching and burning, requiring a bath in warm water and bicarbonate of soda, followed by soothing powder or lotion. So much for cultural differences!)

Also at the *musika* sat the *ngangas* — the diviners and dealers in medicines and charms. Here they conducted their profession, administering herbal remedies which were assured to affect a cure. Among his herbs was a *mupfuhwira* or "love potion" if one desired such.

Who Went Before . . .?

I regret that I did not take time to question some of the older Christians who witnessed the beginnings of the church in Rhodesia. I remember some of those we met during our Nhowe days and no doubt they could have told me many interesting things. Some names I recall are Makunde, Mhlanga, Raradza, Mashonje, Muzawazi and Banza, but the man who is known as the person who started the work in Mashonaland was Jack Muzirwa. We met him only briefly as he died soon after our arrival. His sister, a wizened, white-haired old lady with a safety pin in one of her ears, was a member of the church at Wuyuwuyu and one of the first arrivals at worship and ladies' studies there.

Three names are prominent in the early history of the work in the Nhowe area: Jack Muzirwa, John Sheriff and W. N. Short. I shall tell some of the things I have heard about them.

John Sheriff came to Cape Town in 1895 from New Zealand and traveled on to Bulawayo in 1896 during the early colonization of the country by the British South Africa Company and Cecil John Rhodes. Mr. Sheriff was self-supporting and quite independent of any church except the one that met in his house. He was a business-

man with a stone yard in the town of Bulawayo, a sandstone quarry at Katapase and a gray granite quarry near Cement Siding on the Salisbury Road. He settled on Forest Vale Farm, a place of some 300 acres. He established schools in order to teach Bible and "letters" to his workers and others who would come. When one of his young men showed promise as a Christian teacher he would give him support and send him back to his own country to preach. One went to South Africa, another to Nyasaland and another to Northern Rhodesia. Jack Muzirwa, who walked to Bulawayo (400 miles) for training and work, was one of Mr. Sheriff's workers. He returned to his home at Wuyuwuyu, and began to teach his friends and family.

Wuyuwuyu was a village about sixteen miles from the site which would eventually become Nhowe Mission. Mr. Muzirwa taught many in the Wuyuwuyu and Murchwa area. Frank Makunde told me that the first church he knows about began in about 1915, and the first church building was set at Makunde Kraal, not far from the present Nhowe Mission.

Recently an old man told me about one of Muzirwa's first converts. The convert had two wives and Mr. Muzirwa told him to put away the second wife. The admonition was ignored for several years, but finally he put away both wives and took a young wife! We know a number of the members of this family, and knew the old man, himself, until his death a few years ago.

A delightful old missionary was Dow Merritt who worked for many years in Northern Rhodesia, now Zambia. We visited with the Merritts on several occasions and loved to listen to his tales of the early days. He often saw the humor in situations and spoke with a twinkle in his eye. In his book, **The Dewbreakers**, he tells many interesting stories, some of which we recall hearing from him. Apparently Dow traveled to Wuyuwuyu with John Sheriff in 1926. Today we could drive from Nhowe to Bulawayo in six or seven hours on tarred roads (except for about five miles). When they made the journey, they rode in a Model T tourer and traveled three days. Nights were very cold and, not knowing that sleeping on the ground would be warmer, they bunked on camp cots and shivered under inadequate covers.

The men drove to the village of Wuyuwuyu where Jack Muzirwa was teaching school and preaching. Mr. Sheriff had want-

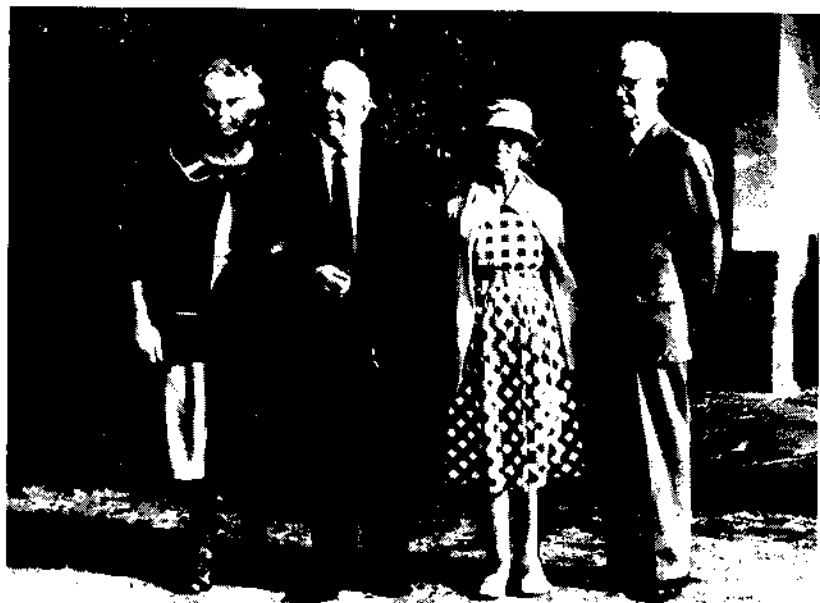
ed to visit Jack for some time in order to see the work he was doing, and he took the opportunity to show Mr. Merritt, a new arrival, mission work in operation. He was so pleased with the work that he determined to establish a mission in that area. Mr. Sheriff was hard of hearing and thought the people were saying HuyuHuyu, so this name was given to the government when the mission was started.

Mr. Merritt described the meeting place as a structure made of poles and clay and grass. The men carried stools into the building while the women sat on the other side on their grass mats. (This custom has not changed.) A clay pulpit was standing on an earthen platform. Years later we met in a building constructed by Mr. Muzirwa, Mr. Sheriff and Mr. Short in 1931.

Mr. Sheriff had been dead for several years before we came to Rhodesia. In 1958, while visiting Bulawayo, we were taken by the Shorts to visit Forest Vale. We met Mrs. Sheriff, a very old woman at that time, and a daughter. I am certain there are many inspiring stories about the lives of this couple. I hope some of their descendants will write a book about them.

W. N. and Delia Short came to Africa in 1921 and worked in Northern Rhodesia. After their first furlough in about 1929, they went to Wuyuwuyu and worked until 1936 at which time they were forced to leave because of lack of funds to continue to operate the school and mission. This grand old couple has been a great influence in our lives. We first met them in Bulawayo in 1958 when Loy held a gospel meeting at Queens Park. They were visiting in the Henry Ewing home. (Beth Ewing is a daughter of the Shorts.) They were living and working at Namwianga Mission at that time. We visited them there, and then again later in Bulawayo where they lived in their later years.

When the Shorts moved to Wuyuwuyu, they lived in a two room brick building with a corrugated metal roof and no ceiling. It was very hot in the summer and cold in the winter, but it was made bearable by a thick layer of long grass laid on top of the roof and held down by poles and rocks. Will taught in the school and did building in addition to preaching and teaching. Delia was the ideal helpmeet, and she complicated her numerous tasks by teaching her children by correspondence courses. In 1933, Will built a better house for the family; however, in 1936, they moved to a homestead and began



Della and Will Short with Gladys and Jimmy Cleason, late 1960's

anew, farming and building ox carts for a living. They not only taught the village people, but they held home studies with white people in the community. Years later, we met people who remembered studying the Bible with Will Short when he farmed near Macheke.

Mr. Short told us of traveling through the Nhowe area and thinking that it would be a good place for a mission station. They were still on their farm, between Nhowe and Macheke, when W. L. Brown established Nhowe Mission in 1940, but they returned to Northern Rhodesia in 1945.

W. L. Brown was supported by the Central Church of Christ in Nashville, Tennessee, and he worked at Nhowe Mission until 1949. During that time Mr. Brown directed an extensive building program.

Because of those who went before us, we did not have to cope with teaching a "pagan society" who knew nothing of God. African people traditionally believe in one God, *Mwari*. However, they believe that they reach Mwari through ancestral spirits, and their religious system is very complex. We also owe a debt to the denom-

inations who came to the country as it was being colonized. Most people have read of David Livingstone and Robert Moffat who were with the London Mission Society in southern Africa. Also, there were people with the Anglican Church, Catholic Church, Methodist Church, Salvation Army and others who came in the 1890's, establishing churches, schools and hospitals.

Nhowe

Nhowe Mission is about 300 miles west of the port of Beira (on the east coast of Africa in Mozambique) and some 1700 miles north of Cape Town. It is located in the highlands of Zimbabwe about eighty miles from Harare (Salisbury) the capital city. The mission is on 1900 acres of land under lease from the government on condition that it be used for mission purposes. The government pays teachers and assists in other aspects of the school while the church supervises the education of the children.



Nhowe Bible School, 1958.

From 1950 until our arrival with the Clarks and Palmers, Boyd Reese had been in charge of the mission. George F. Hook and his family were there from 1946 until a year or so before our arrival. Dr. Marjorie Sewell and Miss Ann Burns served from 1950 until 1957. Dr. Sewell established a clinic which is still in operation. Others who had worked at Nhowe for short periods of time were Henry Ewing, Vernon Lawyer, Tom Ward, Guy Caskey, Eldred Echols and Waymon Miller.

In a 1956 newsletter, accounts were given about the influence of Nhowe Mission graduates. About ten congregations had grown out of Nhowe where approximately fifty to one hundred students were being baptized each year. Teachers and students were going out to preach each week. Samson Mhlanga, a bricklayer, and at one time employed at Nhowe but transferred to Chipinga, started a congregation in his home, as well as several churches in adjacent villages and farms. People were being converted in and near the outschools (village schools directed by Nhowe Mission). Many people were being taught in camp meetings of three to four days each. Ex-students, who had gone to work on farms, had taught other workers and established churches. One ex-student returned to his home village, taught school, converted his head teacher and a denominational preacher, and influenced hundreds for Christ.

Dr. Sewell and Ann Burns left some time in 1957 and Boyd Reese stayed long enough to help the Clarks and Palmers establish themselves at Nhowe. When we arrived in March, Jesse Brown was helping with the teaching, and the Bible school for preachers was in the process of getting started. Jesse Brown returned to his work at Namwianga Mission and gave Loy his task of teaching a class of Standard Five children.

Settling Down

We took a walk across the mission to the house on the hill in which we were to live. The headmaster's house, in which the Palmers lived, stood on the east side of the mission and was closer to the classroom buildings, church building and hostels. Other houses were in fairly close proximity to it. We walked past the school, the

girls' hostel, the domestic science building and another missionary house. At this point, the road forked, going toward the clinic in one direction and toward our hilltop house in the other. We liked the location because it was rather isolated from the others. The hill was steep, and a rock wall had been built around the garden surrounding the house. Our first thought when we saw the high wall was of the children, but Stanley soon learned to climb the steps with ease and he never fell off. (Once Chucky Palmer fell from the top of the wall. I ran down to him, expecting broken bones and a concussion; but, he cried, "I hurt my finger!" Not even the finger was broken. Children are tough!)

The hilltop house had been vacant for several months, so the grass was high and the shrubs overgrown. It was a brick house covered with thatch. The floors were concrete, much to our relief. We had heard of the manure floors so common in this country and



Our Hilltop House at Nhowe 1958-1962

weren't sure what to expect. A bathroom had been added where a small verandah stood, opening on to the living room. Having to walk through the living room to the bath was sometimes awkward; however, we were grateful to have a bathroom and running water. We soon learned that the water ran at great expense to the mission labor force — boys rolled water up the hill in drums and poured it into a tank elevated on a stand near the kitchen. The kitchen was rather a shock to an American woman with her traditional ideas. It was dark, had only one cupboard of a sort, and a cement counter-like structure. (We often ironed flatwork on it with children playing underneath; it made a good "cave" to play in.) There was a water tap through the wall, but no sink. We soon used some of our work fund to add two windows and a sink. The water drained out the side of the kitchen wall and I planted arum lilies in the area to soak up the water and improve the appearance. There was a pantry, and a small stoep (porch) at the back, taking us to a storeroom and a rondovel (a round thatched hut). The hill dropped at the back, and soon we arranged for steps to be built down to the lower level where we grew dahlias on the hillside and raised chickens at the bottom. Two huts were situated near the house, likely built for servants, but while we lived there they were used by married Bible students and mission workers. The walls were whitewashed. Eventually, we bought water-based paint in various colors and had the other rooms brightened up; however, the kitchen remained whitewashed. I think our favorite aspect of the house was the view; we could see the Nyanga mountains in the east and hills and farms in the other directions. Not far from the mission were two mountains, called the Chingas, and another which looked like a sleeping lion, called Masunzwe.

We wanted to be in our house, so we quickly bought two used single beds from a farmer, borrowed bedding, and began to sleep in the house while walking to the Palmers and Clarks for delicious meals, until our goods arrived. Loy made several trips to Marandellas to buy tubs, pails, lamps, halizone pills, lanterns, a mop, brooms, paraffin (kerosene), etc. Soon students began to appear on the doorstep for "general work." The children were required to do a certain number of hours work each week, and the teacher in charge sent us young people, usually in pairs, for an hour each day. Boys began to cut the tall grass with their slashers, and

girls dropped to their knees on the floors to scrub and polish. They amazed me by picking up live coals to put into the charcoal irons! The building and carpentry teachers brought young men along to paint and do repairs. They hung screen doors, built bookshelves, painted walls and attempted to do anything we asked. Most were very curious about our strange ways and were not afraid to ask for favors. For example, several of the young men asked us to teach them to drive. They asked questions about America like "Do you know Nat King Cole?" and "Will you take me to America?" Many of those boys and some of the girls are successful in business and professional jobs and drive their own cars today.

Most of the students wanted to work for us after school and on weekends, and many asked to work for money to pay school fees. We soon hired a girl, Alice, to help with the laundry. We also soon learned that two worked together better than one, so we hired Alice's friend, another Alice. They came after school for a few hours each week, singing and chatting as they washed the clothes in tubs in the back garden. Their washing machine agitator was their feet — they jumped on the clothes in the tubs, singing and laughing as they did so. The footwashing was much easier on clothing than scrubbing on rough stones at the river. Stanley loved the Alices and followed them about their work, especially enjoying splashing in the washtub.

Within a week, Loy was teaching a Standard Five (Grade Seven) class of forty-four children. "Children" may be incorrect, because many were young people in their late teen years. He also began teaching courses in the preachers' training school. I helped Roy Palmer with typing and bookkeeping. Jack Daka, a preacher student from Northern Rhodesia, helped me with the books. (Jack went back to Northern Rhodesia when he completed his course. We have not seen him, but we have heard that he has retired from a professional job and continues in a leadership role in the Zambian church.)

Addielen Clark was a devoted mission worker and especially enjoyed meeting with the girls for evening devotionals. She and Mai Tandi often answered questions about spiritual topics following the worship. One night, several girls wanted to be baptized. I went to the hostel with Addielen and observed how carefully she questioned the girls about their decision. We sent for the men and I began my first walk to the "Jordan", as some of the people referred

to the baptismal place. It was a dam with water for the school gardens located around it. (Two years later we built a church building with a baptistry in it; as one of the students showed me around the new building, he pointed to the baptistry and said, "This is the dam!") What a thrill it was to walk the mile to the water with the girls singing under the starlit sky. Actually, I felt rather sad when we built the new building and baptistry, for those singing marches to the water made it very special.

Reaching Out

The mission supervised four outschools with around 300 students at each place: Rukunguhwe, Magunje, Morris and Wuyuwuyu. We had not been at Nhowe long before we made trips to all of these places and met with the churches. I was always asked to teach the women and answer questions like "Must I brew my husband's beer?" and "Is it wrong to sleep with my husband after the child-bearing years?" Sometimes I think those were test questions for the new, raw and young missionary wife! I certainly struggled with finding wisdom to answer, but the best solution was to call on an older African woman saying, "What do you think one must do?" By that time there were several older women in each church, and while they may not have had much education, they possessed the wisdom of experience and knew about their own traditions involved in such questions. I was very concerned about the children who were not being taught during classes for adults. They were very quiet and courteous during worship, but I thought they would enjoy Bible stories and songs with a few visual aids. I began selecting two girls from Nhowe, helping them prepare a lesson, and taking them along to teach little ones. They were good teachers, singing and dramatizing the lessons. Stanley also enjoyed the classes, in spite of the language barrier; and he enjoyed singing songs like "Aka Kamwenje Kangu" (This Little Light) and "Kwe Kwe Kwe" (Joy, Joy, Joy). In order to take the girls out on Sundays, it was necessary to get permission from the boardingmistress and headmaster. I have a note in my scrapbook, written by the headmaster at that time.

Dear Mrs. Mitchell,

There is no reason why they should not help as interpreters. When you take them for camp-meetings see that they come into contact with no boy or man. I think you know what I mean by that.

It was indeed a great responsibility!

We drove to several other places to preach and teach, in addition to our work at Nhowe and the outschools. One little church met in the Mahusekwa area at Goredema's Village. Dick Clark had provided funds to help the Christians build a small structure there. It needed plastering and had no seats. Later they built a few mud benches, very low, especially for the men. Women continued to sit on the floor. Another church met in the Mahusekwa township, and we sometimes went there, taking groups of students during long weekends. The students helped reach out to others and sang for the people. Several small groups met on farms in that area with most of these Christians having come from Nyasaland.

In the other direction, we traveled to the Rusape area, helping start the church at Jowo. Mr. Zhanghazha had a store in Tandí Reserve and wanted help in beginning the work at Jowo. Also Zebedee Tandí, the carpentry teacher at Nhowe, wanted especially to see the church started in his home country. In August, Loy wrote concerning those efforts:

Saturday we went to Rusape to obtain permission from the native commissioner to enter the reserve. After arriving at our camp site and eating lunch, Mr. Tandí and I went to some of the villages to invite the people to worship Saturday evening and Sunday. For about two hours we discussed the Bible with the head man, Nyakuyedzwi, and some other head men from other villages. Saturday evening we had about thirty people gathering around the campfire to study.

On Sunday we met at 10:00 a.m. for worship and I preached on "The Original Pattern of the New Testament Church." We then had Bible classes for one and one half hours where the men asked questions like: "I have two wives. What am I to do?" "Must we confess our sins to a priest?" "Can a Christian drink beer?" and "Must we keep the Sabbath Day?" Following the Bible classes we had the

Lord's Supper and contribution. We had about forty adults present and twenty-five children.

The last time we were at Jowo in July, the children who go to the Anglican school came to hear us preach. They were threatened by their teachers. They said if they came to hear us preach again they could not go to that school anymore.

Several times we went to Tandì and Jowo with the Clarks, Palmers and African brethren, meeting in a school building or out amongst the balanced rocks so spectacular in that part of the land. They burned bricks, and we raised funds to help them put up a building. The church in Lawrence, Kansas, helped us with some of the funds to roof the building. Unfortunately, soon after it was completed, a windstorm damaged the roof, and we had to help brethren replace some of it.

We liked going to camp meetings at Jowo. I shall always remember camping out under the trees near the rock formations. They were beautiful, but I felt rather nervous about snakes underneath the rocks. One morning as we were eating our breakfast, cooked on the campfire, a troop of baboons ran through our camp with a pack of dogs after them. We did not interfere and were relieved when they disappeared. Baboons are often seen in the hills and rocks, and they are interesting and amusing. However, they can be very vicious if threatened.

We continued to go to Jowo periodically after we left Nhowe and moved to Umtali. It is a special place in our memories and we grieved for the people during the liberation war because they suffered from the fighting between the Rhodesian forces and several African guerilla groups. Their building was damaged; today it has been put back together, rather shabbily, but the church continues to meet there. Two old brothers whom I especially remember were Brother Moses and Brother Chironda. Moses had a septic leg and I treated it, sometimes giving him penicillin injections; but I always encouraged him to go to the clinic in Rusape. He died some time in the '60's. Brother Chironda preached and lived near the meeting place, raising a bit of maize to feed his family. He died two years ago, but I still see his wife when we go to meet at Jowo and she

reminds me of the "early days" of the Jowo church.

In 1981, when Stanley and his wife, Marjie, went to Jowo to preach, the people greeted him like a son. Some of the women recalled that he often frightened them by climbing to the top of the highest tree he could find while his mother was teaching the ladies' class. Needless to say, the class was distracted. One old woman said he had thrown sand into their cooking pot one time! His mother did not know that!

In 1989, I taught English for the Mutare Bible School, and one of the students, George Chikwira, wrote a short essay about how the war affected his family at Jowo.

Schools were closed and thousands of young people flocked to neighboring countries for training in guerilla warfare. Values changed . . . it was now "Independence at any cost." People became hardened because of events they witnessed. The family retrogressed instead of progressing educationally, socially, culturally. War was the highest form of resolving the quarreling of whites and blacks.

In 1979 all the village of Jowo was burned by the soldiers; there were hard times for the rural people; they could not sleep. The soldiers came again shooting all the cattle in the rural area. The soldiers of Smith were pleased to beat the people they saw on the road. On the other hand, the comrades² were also troublesome in beating the masses and taking their wealth (blankets, shoes and clothing were taken by Zanu PF). All the people prayed for the war to end.

David Makununike wrote,

One day when I was herding sheep the soldiers asked me many questions, some difficult to answer. They shot two sheep — when the other sheep heard the sound of the guns they were frightened away. I went home crying but nothing could be done. We (my parents and I) looked. Many days later I passed a pit near the river and saw scores of [dead] sheep.

Today a Mutare Bible School graduate, Mr. Magamore, preaches at Jowo, while not far away the Tandi church has another Bible school graduate working with them.

We also helped to start a church in Marandellas and today Jonathan Chitendeni works with that congregation, which is one of the largest in the country. We met with the Macheke church and helped them construct a small building. (These buildings were built using bricks burned by local people. Labor was often done by teachers and students from Nhowe, and small contributions were given from area churches. Those overseas helped, also.)

We sometimes went to Chitowa, which was a special African farming purchase area, to worship with a group meeting in the school building. Its main leader was Mr. Karimanzira, a successful farmer, and his wife, who was a daughter of Murimi Makunde. Mr. Karimanzira had saved his money to buy a tractor and Loy helped him to select one. They asked us to help them to pay school fees for their son, Davis, then in Standard Five at Nhowe. We did that, and Davis cut firewood for us. He was a very good boy. We have letters from him written after he left Nhowe to go to secondary school and later to England for University. We did not hear from him for many years because he stayed out of the country during the liberation war. When independence came, he was selected to be one of the cabinet ministers and today is Minister of Agriculture. We have seen him several times and visited with him and his wife. He moves in high circles now, but he is always friendly toward us.

More New Friends

In April, Alex Claassen came to help teach in the mission school and the preachers' school. Loy and Roy drove to Salisbury to meet him on the train. Alex's mother was a Hadfield; the Hadfields had come to Rhodesia from New Zealand a few years after John Sheriff's arrival. Alex's father was originally from South Africa, but they had played a prominent role in the church in the Bulawayo area. Alex and his two sisters, Rona and Lois, went to the States to attend Abilene Christian College and Alex had also taken a degree from Harding College. He had been preaching in Welkom, South Africa, when someone introduced him by correspondence to Helen Guiladeau of New Jersey. Helen visited him in South Africa and returned to her work in a radiology laboratory in New Jersey. They

continued to correspond and it was while Alex was at Nhowe that Helen agreed to become his wife. He was nearing forty and had thought he might never marry, so this was a great event in his life. He endured lots of teasing as the romance continued by mail, and when the RMS (truck bringing mail and supplies twice weekly) arrived, he always ran excitedly to the office to see if a letter had arrived. It did not matter whether he was teaching a class or even having his cup of tea, he rushed out to get that letter and to urge Mr. Feremenga, the clerk, to hurry through the mailbag. Alex took some of his meals with us and supervised the general work-boys in building two lovely rockeries in our front garden. Again, Stanley was very happy and helpful, as only a two-year-old can be, and Alex and Stanley established a great friendship.

Helen arrived in August, and we all went to Salisbury to meet her plane. In fact, we were guilty of misbehavior. The school inspector arrived on the scene and found that all of the missionary teachers had rushed off to Salisbury for the day! He was not amused. Coming back after dark that night, we drove our cars to a primitive mud hut and told Helen that she and Alex would live there. She didn't believe the little story and enjoyed the joke with us.

Alex and Helen's wedding took us to Bulawayo and our first meeting with many English speaking Christians at Queens Park. We met Alex's parents, Jimmy and Gladys Claassen, whose memory is dear to us, his sisters and two brothers, Frikke and Carl, in addition to Will and Delia Short, Beth and Henry Ewing, Tom and Dodo Brown, and many others who have remained friends through the years. Today, some are dead and many others have emigrated to other countries. We recently visited Queens Park and rejoiced that the building was filled with black Christians but felt rather sad that we had once seen it filled with white Christians and they were no longer there. A few meet in the Hillside area of Bulawayo. However, in 1958, we were uplifted by the worship in English and encouraged by older Christians like the Shorts and Claassens.

From the wedding in Bulawayo, we traveled on to Wankie and Victoria Falls with Dick and Addielen Clark. Viewing African beasts in the wild and seeing the fabulous Victoria Falls are experiences that cannot be adequately described. (Even thirty-one years later, we continue to be awe-struck by our visits there.) Back at

Nhowe after the school holidays that September, the Claassens settled down in their honeymoon cottage, which happened to be the house at the foot of our hill. We became special friends and often met together for walks, teas or meals. Helen had the ability to take a little and make a home of it; she was a good homemaker and lots of fun, but she also had a New England common sense that helped her through the hard times to come. Helen's back was somewhat deformed from a childhood illness, possibly polio, but it did not keep her from looking neat and attractive and being a great wife and mother. She always had such a cheerful attitude and it was impossible not to love her.

Family Talk

Dr. Peter Winter had been very kind to the Palmer family, so on their recommendation, I paid him a visit to confirm my pregnancy and plan for the birth of our second child. The previous December, Jaxie had attempted to go to Salisbury to give birth to Rick, their seventh child, but he rushed matters and made his appearance in the back of the Clarks' station wagon. I was more fortunate because Dr. Winter and Sister Pike had just opened a maternity home in Marandellas, about forty-five miles away and half the distance to Salisbury. Dr. Winter was very kind and told me that I was special because my name was a family name. He wrote my first name "Dana" which is pronounced like Donna by the British. I was rather embarrassed to learn later that the lovely young woman pictured on his wall was Dana Wynter, his daughter and a Hollywood actress. I am afraid I had not been following the movie scene.

My first pregnancy was plagued by threatened miscarriages, so I expected the same problems this time; I was mistaken. Nancy traveled over many rough roads before she was born but we had no problems. One afternoon as we left ladies' Bible class at the church building, Jaxie told me that she, too, was expecting a baby. It was her eighth and last child, and she was aglow as if it were her first. One day Roy looked fondly at her, and said, "She is always beautiful when she is pregnant!" Roy and Jaxie remain a devoted couple and a good role model to younger married people. Their Phillip was

born six weeks after our Nancy, while Dr. Winter's movie actress daughter was visiting the country. Addielen and I attended a reception for Dana Wynter in Salisbury, but Jaxie received a special bedside visit from the lovely star.

My daily activities basically involved homemaking and child-rearing. We have some interesting stories about Stanley during his first year at Nhowe. While preparing to go to Africa, someone had told me of finding a snake in a baby's bed, so I had a great fear of snakes. I was also rather nervous of all the spiders and lizards who felt it was their right to share our house. But once there, I found a new fear — a well at the foot of our hill. It had a low concrete base and a heavy covering which was supposed to be replaced when people had drawn their water. However, the girls from the hostel and other residents often used the well and left the cover off. I had nightmares about Stanley falling into the well. One morning I missed him and began to search. Soon word spread that he was lost, and Court Chidowe brought a group of children to help us look. I asked Court to look in the well for me! Eventually Stanley was found, happily playing at the Palmers' house. Jaxie had assumed that I was in chapel and had allowed him to walk to their house to play. How he loved to play with Chucky Palmer! One night after he had gone to sleep (I thought), I had a strange feeling that all was not well. I went to his bed and found him gone! I roused Loy and we rushed outside. There we saw his little figure, security pillow underneath his arm, walking down the hill in the moonlight. He was going to see Chucky.

Stanley loved to play in the warm sand which abounds around Nhowe. We were warned that he must wear shoes to prevent getting sand worms in his feet, so we carefully put on his shoes each morning, laced them up and sent him on his way. Soon he had a sand worm in one foot, then another in his hand. We learned to treat it by using ethyl chloride which freezes the worm and causes it to die underneath the skin, then it is absorbed into the body. We decided that keeping the shoes on just trapped the eggs inside, for he filled his shoes with sand. So we allowed him to run barefoot, much to his delight, and found some sand for his private sandbox where hundreds of feet could not tread. He did not have any more sand worms.

Jaxie and I drove to Makunde Village one afternoon to meet with the ladies' Bible class. We entered the little church building, a thatched mud house with shining manure floors, and began our study. Stanley and Chucky were playing quietly just outside the door, so we did not worry. After class when we went outside, there they were, inside the Palmers' car, busily unwinding something . . . oh, no! It was a movie film which Roy had borrowed from the education ministry to show the school children. I still cringe today as I think of poor Roy going back to Salisbury and explaining that little incident to the people in the Ministry of Education.

The Palmer family went to the States the following year. Stanley cried as he watched the plane take off, and for several weeks he said, "Chucky is in the sky!" The boys renewed their friendship when the Palmers returned to the country; and, when they went to Abilene Christian College together, Stanley's roommate was Rick Palmer. When Stanley came back to preach in Zimbabwe, Chuck and his wife, Beth, contributed to his support and Rick and his wife, Lisa, have also encouraged and supported his work.

During June and July of our first year at Nhowe, we met several missionaries. In June, Henry and Beth Ewing came to be with us for a week. Henry preached at chapel and in the evenings. He was an enthusiastic man, often laughing and telling stories about his first years in Africa, his meeting Beth during the war, and his boyhood in San Antonio. He was an excellent song leader and loved to teach the church to improve its worship in singing. Beth was an attractive, capable woman, very maternal and very much like her mother, Delia Short. They, too, had a happy marriage which ended, sadly, a few years later when Henry died of cancer.

One night Henry went with Roy Palmer to catch two horses that Roy had purchased. I suppose all good cowboys get thrown sometimes, and that is what happened to Henry when he tried to ride bareback. He suffered a slight concussion, it was thought, and Loy spoke in his place one evening.

In April, Nhowe held its first annual lectureship. Alan Hadfield, from Salisbury, was one of the speakers. Also Joe and Doris Lyon drove down from Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia. They spent some extra time with us and seemed to be hungry for fellowship with other Americans. We enjoyed having them and their two daughters,



Nhown Lectureship visitors, 1960

Becky and Sharon, with us. Doris was a very good teacher and gave us lots of new ideas to improve our teaching. The Lyons are still in Africa working near Harare. Their daughter, Sharon, grew up, went to Abilene Christian College and married Dick Boyd, who came to Rhodesia and preached for several years, some of them with us. Today, they are working with the church in Kenya.

We had fun with Jerry and Carol Palmer, the teenage daughters of Roy and Jaxie. They were good about helping with the younger children, including Stanley; we have a photograph of Carol helping the boys find Easter eggs. We felt sad when their parents took them to Cape Town to board a ship bound for the U. S. A. to complete their high school work and enter university. I am sure there were tears shed, but we thought they were very brave. Educating missionary children often becomes a problem, and we would have to find our own solutions in a few short years. Bubby was sent to live with a Bulawayo family to attend school and Jaxie taught the younger girls, Mary Etta and Becky, by correspondence. I occasionally gave them some help with handwriting.

Our day to day lives were reflected in notes and letters that I have kept in the scrapbook. Following are some of them:

Dear Madam,

I am very ashamed to write this to you madam. I am asking whether you can help me with a patcoat (petticoat). Oh, madam, I am sorry to let you know this. But I am really troubling that's why I wrote a letter. Oh, madam, I am really ashamed these days I am just walking without a patcoat. I wrote a letter home but they said we have no money these days.

Dear Mrs. Mitchell,

Thank you very much for all the help you've given to me for such a long time. There is a tiny gift for you . . .

Joyce Chipunga

(This is typical of the appreciation of any help given; it was a crocheted item.)

Dear Mai Mitchell,

I am having a lesson on butter and cheese. I am surprised to see that three fourths of the class does not know what cheese look like. If you have some may you please give me a small piece to work as an appasat.

(To this day I do not know what "appasat" is!) From a girl who went from Nhowe to secondary school:

I tried by all means to find whether there is a church of Christ near but not a single. This area is occupied by the Salvation Army churches only and here I met Alec Ndhlukula, a Christian. We are forced to go to church . . . I ask him if he had Lord's Supper and he said that he does not have. I gave him half of what I have. The girl I said was at Nhowe do not seem to want to have the communion with me each Sunday. Was my work satisfactory during the four months I used to work for you at Nhowe? I do not forget that I made a mistake of burning letters from America. I am still feeling sorry about it. Each Sunday morning while I am here I seem as though I am at the back of the vinet (vanette or pickup) going out with you for preàching. You know what

madam? One night when I was asleep I dreamt as though Nancy was having four steps. Is it like that now? Does Stanley ask me as he used to ask Tobias and others? . . . I am still in good conditions.

Dear Mrs. Mitchell,

We are very thankful for the Christmas gifts sent to us. (I baked Christmas cookies for the mission families and Stanley helped me distribute them.) Herewith some green meillies for a happy new year.

The Mukusha Family

Hallow Madam,

I am yours whom you know from A to Z and whom you have stayed with for such a long time. I am your beloved Lucy who is giving thanks for what you did . . . Pray for me to be a good girl and I will pray for you . . .

A confession — and we were unaware that anything had been stolen:

Dear Madam,

I beg you to forgive me. I don't know what I was doing but this is not my fault, it is Alisayis fault because she is the one who took sugar and hang(ers). I always see her taking some food but I was telling her that you shall be seen. She gave me sugar to carry, she is keeping it here at the boarding.

Dear Brother and Sister,

Thank you very much for the beautiful kitten you gave us. Whenever we think of the great work you are doing here and your love towards us we have only to look at the kitten. It is more blessed to give than to receive. May God bless and prosper you always. Once more we say thank you ever so much.

(We had been given a kitten that grew up to be extremely prolific and provided kittens for the mission for some time!)

Dear Brother Mitchell,

I am asking you to help us with some green maize from the last field. Seeing we never stole any cob from the fields.

Trust us.

Chiefs and Villages

In October, 1958, Loy met a chief. He and Dick Clark had spoken to the native commissioner at Rusape about establishing a preaching center in Tandi Reserve. The head man gave his permission, but they had to see the chief. They parked their vehicles on the side of the road and walked across the fields to the chief's village. After a discussion of an hour or so, he agreed to go see the native commissioner and give his permission to build a building at Jowo. Loy and Dick learned that they were not to speak directly to the chief but rather to one of his subordinates who intercedes. They were also expected to give a gift of cash or kind. Chiefs often dressed in an old military coat with a pith helmet and they wore the neck chain and badge of the British colonial tradition. Today's chief may wear traditional western suit and drive a car, but they retain the badges and medals of colonial days.

From the chief's village, Loy and Dick moved on to the camp site for the church meetings, where they spent three hours around the campfire discussing the keeping of the Sabbath. Three people were baptized, and the membership rose to around sixty, in spite of opposition from the Anglicans in the area. During the same month, we witnessed the baptism of Brother Rapoz's new wife. Brother Rapoz was about eighty at the time and a very zealous preacher. He had been a Methodist preacher for years. I believe he was taught and baptized by Court Chidowe. His wife did not stay with him very long and he remained single for the rest of his life. He often rode his bicycle many miles to preach and teach, and his old white head and big grin remain one of our fondest memories of the Nhowe Mission days. He died when he was in his nineties. He, like many people, did not know exactly how old he was. His daughter and several grandchildren are often at church functions in the Mutare, Marondera and Harare areas.

A small white boy was visiting us one time and came to worship. When Brother Rapoz appeared, the little boy said, "Look, there's a granddaddy boy!" White people often referred to African



Sokuru (Grandfather) Rapoz, 1962

men and boys as "boys," no matter what their age. People resented the term, understandably, and we did not use the designation unless they were actually children or adolescents. The little white children naturally used terms they heard their elders use, so our small guest was quite innocent in his observation.

Loy commented that he would not complain about U. S. roads anymore after a

trip to Wuyuwuyu, a drive of twenty-one miles which took over one and one-half hours to travel. In addition to weekend preaching and the teaching of Standard Five, Loy was the mission farmer, plowing each day after classes. One day while he was working and supervising student workers in the maize fields, Helen Claassen and I drove out to take him a drink of water. Stanley, eager to see his daddy, jumped down from the truck and cut his face, just near the eyebrow; his face was covered with blood and Helen tried to shield him and clean his face before allowing me to see, since I was in a "delicate condition." (Perhaps no one uses that old-fashioned term anymore!) We rushed him back to the clinic where Nurse Ella stitched up the cut. He still has a faint scar from that accident.

Embarrassing Incidents

Loy and Dick Clark were doing night watchmen duties one night at the mission. Girls and boys were to be inside the hostels at curfew time. Sometimes there were disturbances by people coming

into the mission from outside, so it was necessary to post someone to check the grounds. Some students were out on legitimate business, like working in the houses of the teachers. Once when Loy and Dick were moving about they saw a boy walking with a girl and thinking they had escaped from the hostels to meet, the men rushed upon them saying, "What are you doing out here?" Away they ran in terror. But the joke was on Dick, for the couple were Herbert and Dorothy, a brother and sister, who worked for Dick and Addielen. They were going to their mother's home after the evening chores were accomplished in the Clark household.

Another night when the Palmers were away, Loy and Dick saw a flickering light in the Palmers' house. Loy waited while Dick crept up to the kitchen window, placed his hands on the glass and peered through. Suddenly he jumped back and returned to Loy, looking abashed. The girl who worked for the Palmers was having a bath by candlelight in the kitchen. Imagine her horror when she saw a white face pressed against the window glass!

One day Loy saw a snake and shouted for the gun. I had made denim cases for the gun and the projector screen and — you guessed it — I took him the screen to shoot the snake!

Here and There

One of the young men in Loy's class wrote the following: *"Although I am not a Christian, I know that there is a God. My parents are in the Anglican Church. They are very old. This is the thirtieth year of my parents in the Anglican Church so from 25th last year until 25th December this year he is going to be given twenty-five pounds. If I will become a Christian in this church of Christ before he is given the money he will not be given that money. My decision is to be baptized after he has been given the money, which shows God that I like money better than Him. The only one thing I am afraid of is that I will not be given school fees."* What a dilemma! I do not know the outcome of his story.

Loy had a captive audience at Goredema Village one Sunday in November because of a hard rain. He answered questions for one and one-half hours. Some questions were "Do we receive the Holy

Spirit?", "Is it right to smoke?", "What about Easter?" After the session, a Methodist school teacher said, "I am surprised that the preacher answered all the questions from the Bible."

The following Sunday, we met with the Rukunguhwe Church — with 191 people in a room of about twenty feet by thirty feet. In ninety degree weather it was hard to breathe, and our hygiene training made it very difficult to take communion from a common cup with that many people, especially when a fly could be seen floating on top of the wine. Surely the Lord protects us from germs in a situation like that!

Our first graduation day was in December. The graduates looked very neat and handsome — the girls wore white bows at the collars of their dresses and the boys wore dark trousers and ties with white shirts. They marched into the church building, humming "Onward Christian Soldiers," and we sang and prayed together. Then the class sang "Infant Praise" and "Thou Wilt Show Me the Path of Life." The head girl gave a farewell speech and could hardly hold back tears, which made us tearful as well. We would miss them. The chorus sang "O Lord Thy Name is Wonderful" and "God Will Take Care of You." Brother Chetsanga, a young African teacher who was also leaving for three years of further study in Pepperdine University, gave a speech. He warned them of the outside world and said, "You won't be called brother by Europeans as you are here at Nhowe. They will call you Jim and you will have to call them Boss." He told the graduates that they should remember their Christianity when being mistreated. The class history was read by one of the boys, the captain made a farewell speech and Dick presented a lighted candle to the boy and girl with the highest grades. They, in turn, presented the candles to the boy and girl with the highest grades in Standard Five. One of Loy's students received the candle. Roy spoke and the class sang "Kuti Ndatambudzika" (Remember Me) and "God Be With You Until We Meet Again." We sang the national anthem, after which the class marched out singing the same song as in the processional.

I do not know what happened to all of those young people, but we have often met some of them, through the years, in the churches of the land. Some were killed in the liberation struggle. Chris Chetsanga, the young teacher, was a middle-aged man when we next

saw him. He graduated from Pepperdine University and went on to distinguish himself in an eastern university and taught in Canada and Michigan. I do not know much about those intervening years, but I do know that many young people stayed in other countries until independence in 1980. Chris is head of the biochemistry department in the University of Zimbabwe now, worships with the Avondale church in Harare and is married to a very fine Christian woman. From Loy's Standard Five class came David Chiboganze, now an elder in a Harare church, Jonathan Chitendeni is a respected gospel preacher in Marondera, Conrad Tsigu preaches in Seke and Davis Karimanzira is Minister of Agriculture.

That month Loy became quite big-headed! It was not a joking matter, actually, for he drove the tractor through a swarm of bees and was rushed to Marandellas following numerous stings which resulted in swelling of his head, neck and face. He was given an injection, and we thanked God that he made a quick recovery. It was a serious matter because bees have been known to kill.

Another World

After graduation, we again stepped into another cultural world going to Bulawayo, where Loy preached for a week at Queens Park. Tony Gray, an ex-boxer, obeyed the gospel on Friday night; and, on Sunday night, Cornelius and Francesca Breesusma, from Holland, obeyed the gospel. After studying the Bible with them until midnight, we went to the Thains' house and continued to study until 2:30. They were from Ireland. Mr. Thain hesitated to turn to the Lord because he felt that he could never be forgiven for the hatred and killing in which he was involved during the war. Sarah and C. H. Bankston were working with the church there. Sarah was great in reaching people and bringing them to worship. She drove a Volkswagon "bug" and must have held the record for number of passengers. She had an American kitchen with a double oven and asked me to make dozens of cinnamon rolls, which she took to people as she gave special invitations to the meeting. We also met with the English speaking church in Gwelo which Foy and Margaret Short had started in 1957.

While we were away, a tragedy happened near Nhowe. Vestal Platen, one of our neighbors, was shot while hunting baboons. Some of the missionaries were with the hunting party. Baboons are a menace to the farmers and have to be culled periodically. We called on his wife, Betty, and their three girls, and then on Vestal's parents. He was one of three sons working the farm with their father. They were Afrikaans people and devout Dutch Reformed Church folk. Old Mrs. Platen had a big clock which supposedly stopped when Vestal died. They never set it again and often told us about it, especially on the anniversary of Vestal's death. They were good neighbors and treated us like family while we lived on the mission. Will Short had studied the Bible with Mrs. Platen's father years before, and Boyd Reese had baptized her brother, Benny DeJager; so, the family knew Bible teachings which differed from their beliefs. They attended some of our English worship periods. In 1985, we saw old Mrs. Platen at which time she recalled that Loy read scripture to them when we visited them after Vestal's death, and she would always remember and appreciate it. One son moved to Salisbury, while the younger son and his parents stayed on the farm. They suffered much during the liberation war. The old folks moved to town briefly. The old man is dead and the farm has been sold, but when we visited there recently, a granddaughter and her husband were managing one of the farms. They were good people and part of the history of the country.

We Complete Our Pigeon Pair

On the 18th of January, 1959, I left Stanley with the Clarks and we drove to Marandellas Maternity Home where Loy planned to leave me to await the arrival of our second baby. I felt all right, so I persuaded Loy to take me with him to Goredema Village, about forty-five miles on the other side of Marandellas. He could drop me off on his return. During the ladies' class I began to have contractions and timed them at four to five minutes apart. I sent a message to Loy and we finished classes without the usual questions and comments! The worship period went very quickly, too, because Loy told the men who were to wait on the table about my condition — they

did not give their usual long sermon relating to the Lord's supper and other topics.

As we bounced along the rough, dirt track, my pains increased and there was great excitement. Once we arrived back at the maternity home at about three o'clock, Sister Pike sent me to the garden and brought a tray of tea, the remedy for all complications. I relaxed, and the baby was not born until eight o'clock that evening. It was thrilling to see her born and Sister Pike allowed the infant to nurse as soon as the cord was cut. Then, she took the baby away to be bathed and put me into bed with a hot water bottle, tea and sandwiches.

Loy had been sent out during the birth and told to go to the pub! I have never asked him where he went but suspect he went to the truck and took a nap or did some reading. I am sure he did not go to the pub. Today young couples go to natural childbirth classes and Daddy goes through the birthing process with Mommy; however, to an old-fashioned British nursing sister thirty years ago, the fathers were just underfoot and needed to be sent away while we "got on with it."

We named our beautiful little girl Nancy Margaret. Foy and Margaret Short stopped to see me and said, "Oh, you have named her for Mother Short!" I did not know that was Mother Short's other name, but I felt honored to call Nancy her namesake.

I was kept in the maternity home fourteen days and returned to my home duties feeling strong, having had sufficient time to recover well. Sister Pike took the baby away after the ten o'clock feedings each night and I did not see her again until the six o'clock feedings the next morning. With that good training, Nancy learned to sleep through the nights after I took her home. What a wonderful blessing! I was allowed to get up, walk about, bathe the baby and visit while in the home; but, otherwise, I could rest and relax. I had company in the ward on the following Thursday as Mary Etta Palmer was brought in for an emergency appendectomy. Truly this was a restful post delivery period thanks to Sister Pike's good care. She insisted it was necessary because I was far away from my mother and needed that extra special care. Helen Claassen kept Stanley while I was away.

The Work Goes On

On the 2nd of February, Loy and Dick drove to Jowo for church. They drove about seventy-five miles in the pickup, then the last five miles by bicycle. They waded across the river which was not the usual practice because of the danger of contracting bilharzia from the rivers and streams. They met underneath a shelter and during the lesson delivered by Dick, three dogs got in a fight where the women were sitting. They had a brief pause while things settled. About one hundred people walked to the river for baptism before they drove home.



Loy, going to preach, 1960

We were naturally interested in the missionaries who preceded us at Nhowe, and we met some of them in the course of time. Ann Burns visited us that February. She had worked at the mission for several years teaching domestic science and other subjects. People spoke well of her. I shall remember her because of the flowers and shrubs she had planted in the Hilltop House garden. Some time later Dr. Marjorie Sewell visited the mission which allowed for a very brief visit with her. Boyd and young John Reese ate lunch with us one day. Boyd did not continue preaching. He went into the Parks and Game service and we occasionally saw him when we visited the park. Africans told us Boyd spoke their language as well as one of them. His parents had been missionaries in Northern Rhodesia. Today John and his wife, Beth, work with the World Bible School in South Africa. His brother, Robert, preaches in Bulawayo.

Jaxie Palmer gave birth to Philip in March, and in April, she returned to Marandellas for major surgery. It was a three hour operation and she lost a lot of blood. Roy returned to the mission saying that Dr. Winter told him to go home and pray for he had done all he could. We met together with the Clarks and Claassens at our house

and prayed fervently for the life of this mother of eight. The Lord spared her life and she still lives today. The children have all gone from their home, and at this time Roy and Jaxie are working with the church in Tanzania.

On the 15th of April, I wrote about "Roughing It" in one of our newsletters:

Roughing it with a family is sometimes tiresome, but it's really not as inconvenient for me as one might imagine. Of course, a good part of my work concerns the physical aspect — the preparation of food and care of children. Our appetites are very hearty on these trips! Thursday, I baked a cake and two batches of cookies, which took care of our dessert for the trip. Friday, I packed our food box, bedding, personal things and medicine box. I usually take a bucket, wash basin, teakettle and iron skillet. I took wieners and canned meats, potatoes for frying, bacon, eggs, bread, jam, butter, tea, fresh fruit, cereal, cheese, canned or powdered milk, soap, towels, halizone pills for purifying water, pork and beans, etc. I also take along a snake bite kit each time. We take a folding table and two chairs, a single bed mattress and blankets. Of course, the children must have several changes of clothing and Loy takes a suit and clean shirts. I take advantage of all of the wash'n'wear clothing I have. Last week I packed a flannelboard and material as I taught the children's class. (And the African women carry their goods in a bundle on their heads and walk to their destination!)

Well, you may think the old Chevrolet was loaded at that point, but we also took Alex and Helen Claassen, their bed roll, food, etc., plus three Africans and their bed rolls! All packed and ready (What have I forgotten this time?), we left the mission at 6:00 p.m. and arrived at Rukunghuwe at 7:00. Both children were asleep in the cab, so I prepared our beds in the back of the pickup, using a torch (flashlight), while a large group of people watched curiously. We made a bed for Stanley on a "shelf" at the front; our mattress comes next with our feet underneath the shelf. Nancy's pram fits in the

rear. Very snug and cozy! After the children were tucked in, complete with insect repellent and mosquito net, Loy started the motor of the pickup to run the projector and we showed slides on the side of the pickup canopy.

Next morning, we arose at 6:00 and prepared bacon, eggs, toast and cereal on a single burner primus stove which the Claassens brought. This was great, as we usually cook on a campfire. An African girl washed the dishes for us. That was a great help! At noon, we ate hot dogs. An African gave us some fresh vegetables, which we cooked or made salads from. Saturday evening, our meal consisted of hot vegetable soup, canned meats, etc. This will give you some idea of how we eat on our camping trips.

Helen taught the ladies' classes this time, and I took a children's class. There were 48 in the class Saturday morning. I taught some lessons on Genesis 45, and they loved the flannelgraph pictures.

The African ladies seemed to appreciate my coming. I sometimes feel inadequate as a teacher, but they receive so little teaching that they beg us to return and teach them "many items." They were so thrilled at Nancy's arrival and crowded around her pram saying "Makorokoto!" (Congratulations!), laughing and clapping their hands.

The trips do not seem to bother the children's health. Of course, I try to be careful with them. I usually manage to have Nancy sleeping while I teach. Stanley attends the children's class, if there is one, while I teach. Usually, I teach the ladies and he plays nearby (we sit on the ground for classes at most places). It is a good life there and though we return home tired and ready for a good bath and bed, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have tried to teach the gospel to the lost.

Looking back from today in 1989, it seems rather strange that we would go to all that trouble, because now we eat with the people. Oh, we do not like sadza and relish as well as the people do, and we usually take along a few cookies, fruit and cokes to eat and drink privately, but we enjoy being with the people and they are most gra-

cious in serving us their very best. In the '50's we ate our own food for several reasons. It was the custom of the older missionaries, and the people seemed to accept that our food was different and we wanted it that way. We did feel that our food was safer for the children, especially. Today we sometimes go home with an upset stomach. We continue to be very cautious about the water we drink, taking our own from the town's purified supply. We were also hesitant to eat the people's food because they had so little. Identifying with the people sounds like a good mission strategy; however, one needs to use a little common sense, taking certain health precautions and understanding that our immune systems may not be quite ready for some of the exposures that do not bother the average national.

Early one morning, we smelled smoke and discovered that one of the buildings in the boys' boarding area was burning. A boy had done some ironing and put the hot iron back on the shelf which had some papers on it. In only a few minutes, the thatch roof was alight, and there was nothing we could do except prevent its spreading to other buildings. Twenty-three boys lost their clothes and other goods. We needed permanent roofs on all the buildings.

We had heavy rains that year. Loy reported that we drove for two hours on that infamous Wuyuwuyu track. In some places, the people had cut small trees and put them across the road to keep the cars from sinking in the heavy sand. We remarked that it sounded like someone was beating the bottom of the pickup when we drove over them.

Loy stayed busy every afternoon in the maize fields. Maize is white corn and when ground into mealie meal (*upfu*) it is cooked into a stiff porridge-like substance called *sadza*. *Sadza* makes up the major portion of the diet. Therefore, it was important that we raise maize in order to feed the students. We also hoped to sell some of it, thus generating needed funds. It was in the fields with student workers that Loy learned some of the language and customs. One day he found a grasshopper (*hwiza* or *bombomukota*) and jokingly tossed it to a boy who was helping him, saying, "Do you want this?" "Yes!" the boy shouted happily. It was then that Loy realized that the people eat certain kinds of grasshoppers as well as flying ants and caterpillars. They roast them and eat them alone or with their *sadza*. It was not so strange to read of John the Baptist eating locusts.



Church meeting in Chipinga, now Chipinga

Another time, Loy had been working with the boys as they stripped the stalks of maize ears. He was very strict about seeing that they got all of the ears, making them go back if they missed some. He noticed one day that every time he made his tour of inspection, there were cries of "*Gondo, arikuuya!*" This meant "The eagle is coming!" and he learned that his nickname was "*Gondo.*" Africans assure us that they give names only to people they like.

In March, we traveled to Chipinga. We had driven the 500 mile trip on Saturday, taking three Africans along. We had written to the church that we were coming, but they had not picked up their mail. However, we met Saturday night out under the moonlit sky, and Loy showed slides on the first five chapters of Acts. He ran the projector off the engine of the pickup and showed the pictures on the side of the canopy. About 100 people viewed the films and seemed to like them. They called the films "*famba famba bioscope*" meaning moving pictures, even though they were still pictures. That Sunday, a question was asked about Deuteronomy 2:8, applying it to the African people and their oppressors, the white people. We were learning of the political unrest bit by bit, but most people were not

willing to express their feelings to whites.

Nicodemus John Booker Mutuma was one of the teachers at Nhowe. He also took some courses in the Bible school and was a good preacher. He was an excellent interpreter because he did not lose the speaker's enthusiasm through the interpretation; in fact, he sometimes became more exuberant than his speaker. He was a big man with a very loud voice. He and his wife, Janet, had a very large family, and they appeared to be happily married, often showing affection for each other in public, something that one seldom saw among the people. Brother Mutuma went with Loy and Dick to Goredema Village in May. After a morning of preaching he, Loy and Dick went to a faith healer's meeting. They found them singing, dancing, jumping and giving testimonies with 250 people present. Brother Mutuma asked if they would allow Loy to preach and he was told that he must get permission from the head man. The head man had just spent the day with our group, so he gladly gave his permission. Loy spoke about God's, Christ's and our parts in salvation. The people seemed to listen well, but the leaders nervously looked at the time. The people often mix tribal religion with Christian teachings and they sometimes ignore such teachings as the necessity of baptism.

I had an interesting experience with Mai Mutuma. I had knitted a polyester jersey for Loy. (My knitting leaves much to be desired, and was woven too loosely.) After one or two washings the jersey would have fit two of Loy. I gave it to Mai Mutuma. For a few weeks, Baba Mutuma wore the jersey; but, then we started seeing each of the children wearing maroon jerseys. She had unpicked the jersey and knitted small ones for the children!

In May, we went again to Chipinga. It was a long trip, but a scenic one, as we drove through Umtali and the Eastern Highlands. The Bankstons from Bulawayo were with us as were Helen and Alex Claassen. We ate our lunch on Christmas Pass just before the entrance into Umtali and enjoyed the beautiful scene of the town lying in the valley. We spoke of starting the church there someday. In the afternoon, we drove through the Chimanimani Mountains. The road was very poor and the dust bad, but we felt it worthwhile because of the beauty we saw. One of our tires was ruined on a sharp rock. We arrived at Chipinga at seven in the evening and

camped under a tree.

We cooked all of our meals underneath the trees and slept out, except for Saturday night because we had a hard rain. C. H. Bankston and his son slept in their Volkswagon, the Claassens went into town to the hotel, and we slept in our pickup. Sunday night was very cool. Some places even had a light freeze. During that meeting, we had twelve services with one baptism.

Our May 25th newsletter asked for help in wiring our house for electricity. We had a generator on the mission, and when the house was wired, we would have lights from dark until ten o'clock. We wrote that we had paid \$37.05 and needed \$122.55 to complete the wiring of the house. After years of change and inflation, that sounds like a very small amount. The construction of Kariba Dam in the 1960's made more rural electrification possible, and some time during the 1970's, Nhowe received electricity.

I helped Raymond Mukusha teach the Bible in Sub A and B (Grades One and Two) classes in the primary school for some time. He was an excellent teacher with the little ones. I learned more from him than he learned from me, but perhaps my introduction of a few visual aids and ideas were helpful. We were not accustomed to seeing men teaching the little ones, but Mr. Mukusha related to those children so well. He was good with drama, miming and mimicking and could speak in a high falsetto voice when singing and telling stories. He truly became like a little child, yet retained order when the time came to settle down to quiet work. He and his wife were parents of many sons, and during our time there, they rejoiced greatly in the birth of a daughter.

Loy wrote in a May newsletter that Stanley got very tired riding two to three hours over rough roads and spending four to six hours in periods of worship. While he was preaching the last sermon one day, Stanley crawled underneath the seat, on the manure floor, and went to sleep. There were benches, but they were too narrow to hold a sleeping child. Perhaps the overexposure to religion did not harm him, for Stanley is an effective gospel preacher and teacher today.

We went to Goredema Village for a camp meeting in June but few people came because of the cold weather. It can be very cold sitting outside or in an airy building. During one worship period, a woman stood up and led a prayer despite Baba Goredema's objec-

tions. Loy asked me to teach a lesson using scriptures about women in worship. When I read 1 Timothy 2 and 1 Corinthians 14 regarding the leadership of the men and silence of women in worship, one woman pointed to the one who had offended and laughed! The woman looked down, ashamed, then joined in the laughter. She seemed to feel no offense at the mockery. I admired their custom of speaking out and accepting correction in a good natured spirit. They were often very childlike. Jesus said we should become like little children.

A Cross Cultural Experience

I have written about the Platen family of Afrikaans blood. On the other side of the mission lived the Peech family. They were British and had come to this country to farm some years back. They were very successful farmers. At first they appeared very stiff and formal in their English manner. We soon found that they were friendly and neighborly. We were invited to their house for dinner several times. When we arrived for dinner, they took the children to a bedroom to be tucked in until we were ready to leave (children did not eat with the adults in the evening). This European custom seemed strange to us because when they ate dinner with us, they left little Pru sleeping in the car. However, the Afrikaans neighbors did not always ban the children from the grown-ups' table. They did put them to bed immediately after eating, though, and we did the same, making for a peaceful visit.

It was about that time that I committed a social error. Stanley's fourth birthday was on the 8th of June and I wanted to have a birthday party. Birthday parties are more complex in this country, especially amongst the white population. We had attended the birthday party of one of the Platen children and were quite taken aback to arrive to a "tea" which would have made several meals, with the adult friends and relations coming along to the celebration also. When Stanley's birthday came, I did not want to compete with the custom but I did want to have a nice cake and cool drinks for the children. I spent several days baking and freezing cake segments and making a cake shaped like a train. We wanted to invite his little

African friends on the mission, as well as the white neighbors' children, but we knew that the people did not mix socially. So we invited the African children for a little party early in the day and the white children later. We failed to take into account that Africans do not usually arrive at functions on time and once they have dressed in their best and made the effort, they come to stay for awhile. The African children and their mothers were still at the party when the white folks arrived! If there is such a thing as cool courtesy, that was the attitude of some of the white mothers. No doubt some of the blacks felt awkward as well. We did not want to shun either race, but neither did we want to embarrass our guests. We all made mistakes. If it was a mistake, perhaps this helped prepare the way for multi-racial relations.

Andrew Connally of Rumpi, Nyasaland, visited the mission for a few days that June. He reported that the work was going well in Rumpi in spite of riots in some areas. In a few years, Nyasaland would become Malawi when England granted her independence.

In July, we made another trip to Jowo for weekend preaching and teaching. When we arrived, the brothers were carrying wood for our campfire and water for use during the meeting. They transported it in a way that looked quite unique to us: Eight oxen pulled a forked tree on which they placed fifty-five-gallon drums of water. In addition to Bible slides shown in the evening, Loy showed some pictures of Washington sent by Dad Mitchell. The people were fascinated by the pictures of snow, but it was rather difficult to explain it to them. They called it *chando*, which means cold.

The following week Loy was distressed to learn that someone had filled the Ferguson's tractor oil pump with sand. We assumed someone had a grudge against the church or the mission. It was a discouraging time, also, because our unmarried nurse had to be dismissed after she gave birth to a baby boy. She was heavy and wore an overall which concealed her pregnancy. We had suspected that she entertained men at her house, and rumors had circulated but the administration could not find proof, in spite of Loy's and Dick's attempt to spy one night! No doubt she was ashamed — her father was a church leader. She denied that the baby was hers. "Baby dumping" is not uncommon in this country. However, she finally came to her senses, claimed the baby and confessed that she had

sinned. Of course, in the age-old manner, the father was unknown to most of us and probably never claimed his responsibility. She was a capable nurse and hard to replace, but the church leaders felt that her influence was not good, especially since she worked with the young people. She worked for many years in a government hospital.

Some of the white farmers set up schools for their laborers' children and allowed mission people to teach Bible studies and hold services there. Alex Claassen did a lot of this work. Helen and other women taught ladies' classes there as well. There were many opportunities to reach out to the lost.

We were thrilled to see over 500 people attend the camp meeting in Wuyuwuyu that year. People came from as far away as Salisbury and there was great enthusiasm. Fifteen people were baptized. In addition to the evening and Saturday meetings and studies, Loy taught the school children on Friday. Brothers Garrett and Head came from Salisbury and helped with the preaching. Brother Garrett had been in Rhodesia for many years and had actually lived at Wuyuwuyu for a year or so during the time of Will Short. We were given a shelter made of thatch grass. About thirty wasps had made it their home, too, so we had to deal with them. We drove over a "shortcut" which saved six miles; however, it took nearly two hours to move about seventeen miles. Brother Head had tried the same route and ruined a muffler and shifting mechanism. Roads became worse because of erosion. Recently, we retraced that old route and found more erosion and the land stripped of most of its trees.

A New Roof

Old grass and bits of rubbish were falling from our roof! There was no point in housecleaning until the job was completed — we were getting a new thatch roof. The thatcher, Mr. Chitendeni, first stripped the old thatch from the rafters, then he and his helpers began to weave the bunches of thatch into a lovely work of art. The school girls had swung their slashers, cutting tall grass for some time. It was an interesting project, and as usual, Stanley was there to observe every detail. The thatcher's son, Jonathan Chitendeni, worked for us in return for school fees.

Not long after our house was thatched, as well as others on the mission, old Mr. Chitendeni learned that he had tuberculosis and became so discouraged that he hanged himself. He left his wife and children destitute, of course, and his brothers began arrangements to take care of them. It is customary for a brother to marry his brother's widow and take his property and assets, not unlike the Old Testament. It sounds a good system until certain abuses are committed; i.e., the brother often takes the assets and the dead man's family receives no benefit from them. Also, if the living brother is already married, he simply takes the widow as a second wife. Mai Chitendeni was a Christian and did not want to be the wife of a polygamist, so the mission leaders offered her employment on the mission and gave her a small house. She worked in the school dining hall and kitchen for many years, and continues to live there now, although she is old and feeble.

Jonathan, who considers himself one of our children, finished Standard Six and went through the Bible school. He taught school for awhile, then began to preach. He worked with us later in Umtali, where he met and married his wife, Sarah. They have made a very effective working couple and helped to build up the Dombotombo church in Marondera. The church at Lawrence, Kansas, has helped the Chitendeni family for many years; however, the Dombotombo church has begun to help with Jonathan's support.

One Sunday as we were preparing to go to Rukunguhwe for worship after the Nhowe meeting (many villages met in the afternoon, giving people time to walk to the meeting place.), the Palmers decided to go as well and invited us to ride with them in their station wagon. We accepted the offer but forgot to take our picnic lunch from our truck. Jaxie always provides abundant food, so they shared with us as we ate on a big rock near the Rukunguhwe school. We have a snapshot to help us recall the event.

Addielen Clark ran the clinic for several weeks after the nurse left. She had some knowledge of nursing but no actual training. However, she managed very capably. I helped some days, although I felt very ignorant. Before the nurse left, she sometimes sent a note to me asking me to come and "help" her deliver a baby. I do not have nurse's training, but perhaps the moral support I gave her was a help. She was a good midwife. I gave diarrhea and cough mixtures,

administered the course of treatment for bilharzia and sometimes gave penicillin injections. I cleaned and treated wounds. Once I cleaned little infected sores on a man's back and was told that the lesions were made by knife or razor blade punctures for the purpose of inserting the witch doctor's herbs. The patient realized that the treatment was doing him no good. Some of the men who came for treatment told me frankly that they had STD (sexually transmitted diseases) and asked for penicillin. I tried to warn them about their habits, but the attitude seemed to be "If I get it again, I shall return for more *muti*." (*Muti* means medicine and is the word for tree.) The village herbalists (*nganga* or witch doctors) also treated them for STD. Now we are ending the 1980's with AIDS at epidemic stages in Zimbabwe.

Most of our patients were school children, and many had mild ailments. On exam day, we had many who were "very sick." The drug company gave us a bottle of "goofer's tonic" which the nurse sometimes gave them. It was supposedly harmless, just caused a few stomach cramps. I chose not to use it but often refused to treat those who wanted medicine and a note excusing them from exams.

I felt rather guilty when people came to me with confidence that I knew medicine. I had to have a little talk with Stanley after I heard him tell someone that his mother was a doctor!

We were happy when another nurse was found in August.

Our Long Trek

We often heard our European friends speak of the pioneer treks or covered wagon caravans that moved into the country at the turn of the century. The tales were very much like the movement to the American West.

We were fortunate to have better vehicles when we made our little trek in August. In fact, we had many advantages that those people knew nothing of as we drove to Tanganyika, now Tanzania. We spent two weeks on the journey and traveled with the Palmers, Lyons and Bankstons.

We drove to Northern Rhodesia, where we stayed overnight with the Lyon family. From there, we drove through the rich Copperbelt

area. As the name implies, wealth was in the copper mined there. Shops and buildings were very modern and we found products from the U. S. that we had not seen since leaving our country.

I suppose our images of the Congo conjured up jungles, Tarzan and primitive people. The Belgians were still in control there, yet we noted that the customs' officials were rather nervous, questioning us about firearms, etc. It was only weeks later that we heard the news of the Congo's revolution and the horror of missionaries and others being slaughtered. We soon saw pictures of their beautiful cities laid waste. Many years passed before the fighting stopped, and more years have been necessary to rebuild the country.

We drove through lovely regions with rivers, mountains and lakes, but over very dusty roads. At day's end, we were brown with dust when we stopped to camp and clean ourselves up before bedtime. We knew of no people with the church of Christ there, so on our first Sunday, we met somewhere out in the bush for our worship, very much aware of the need for preachers in that land. We crossed rivers three times by ferry boats, an exciting adventure for the children. Roy Palmer damaged a motor mount and knocked a hole in the pan of his car; however, Joe Lyon found a garage somewhere along the road where he borrowed a welder. He repaired the damage and caught up with us on down the road. (It's a good idea to take a versatile fellow like Joe along on a trek.)

The Belgian Congo's official language was French, and we drove on the right side of the road — two differences from Southern Rhodesia. They also had a seaport and charged less duty on goods arriving in their country, and we again saw products that we did not usually see in Southern Rhodesia.

Some high points of the trek were visits to mission points — Chimala in Tanganyika, and Rumpi and Lilongwe in Nyasaland. On a farm high in the mountains above Chimala, the Guy Caskeys, Al Hornes and Eldred Echols worked with a three-year training school for preachers. When we arrived at the foot of the mountains, we were told to leave our cars there and notify Guy Caskey that we had arrived because it was necessary to have a four-wheel drive vehicle to go the 3200 feet to the mission. We set up camp and prepared to wait, but being eager, Loy and young Harrison Bankston decided to walk up the mountain. They took a guide along but Loy, being long-

legged and impatient, left the other two behind and arrived at the mission to meet a surprised Guy Caskey at the door of his house. Guy said, "Where have you come from?" Guy then told him that lions roam freely on the mountain and he had been in great danger. It was just as well that Loy and Harrison did not know that as they made the climb. I do not know why the guide did not tell them about the danger. Perhaps he thought that, like David of old, they could kill the lions with the help of the Lord.

Guy and Jessie soon came down the mountain to collect us in jeeps. There were eighty turns, sixty-six of them being "hairpin curves." (I do not know who took the time to count them — I was gripping the sides and seats, hanging on for dear life when we went up the mountain in the Caskeys' jeep.) Even the jeeps spun all four wheels in certain places.

The Hornes and Echols were away in the States. Jessie served delicious hot rolls, among other foods, and got her horde of visitors organized quite ably. It felt marvelous to take a hot bath in a tub!

We met for devotionals and worship. The men spoke to the Bible students and we did lots of talking. We noticed that some of the Swahili words were the same as the Shona words in Southern Rhodesia. I think the Caskeys were lonely and enjoyed our visit. Their young daughter no doubt appreciated the diversion.

Tanganyika had been colonized by Germany until World War II when the British took it. The mission was on an old German farm and the houses were picturesque, with long verandahs and lovely gardens. Some of the scenes in the movie, "Out of Africa," reminded me of the mission. I do not believe the church uses the property



Donna dressing up after 1959 trip to Tanganyika.

any more. There are schools and a hospital in the village below. We have never returned there, but the Palmers and Beth Ewing are teaching there now.

We arrived in Nyasaland one afternoon, tired and dirty from traveling, and were greeted by James and Dean Judd. They and Andrew and Claudene Connally had set up a mission at Rumpi in 1957 and established several churches in the surrounding area. They had built houses for themselves and others, in addition to several church buildings. There had been political riots in the area that year, but they felt that the trouble had caused more people to come to the Lord. Wild game was abundant, and the women prepared venison for our supper that night.

We stayed with the Gilliams at Lilongwe. Doyle and Louise became some of our dearest friends and worked with us in Umtali in the 1970's. We met with the church on Sunday and four people were baptized. The Gilliams lived in rented quarters in Lilongwe and drove out to various churches. Doyle spoke the Chichewa language competently.

While driving down the dusty roads in Nyasaland, we wondered why the tractor ahead of us was dragging a large tree limb behind it. Then we realized that it was their road grader. It did little more than stir up the dust.

We passed through Mozambique on our way back to Nhowe. We did not know of any churches of Christ there at that time. It was a Portuguese colony and the Catholic Church was predominant.

The children loved their dips in the lakes of Nyasaland — Lake Abercorn and Lake Nyasa — more than anything else. But we were weary and relieved to drive into the mission late one evening and fall into our beds.

The cost of the entire trip was £50!

We Carry On

During that year Loy and the other men made several trips to Jowo, transporting Mr. Tandi (the carpentry teacher), his students and supplies to build the church building. The bricks were burned by the people and much of the financial help came from

Christians in Lawrence. On the trips, the students and village people met for worship and Bible slides in the evenings. When completed, the building was something to be proud of, and we rejoiced with the people. Old Brother Rapoz stayed at Jowo for two weeks to teach and preach. In due time, we had the official opening of the building with a government official there to cut the tape.

"My people are destroyed for a lack of knowledge," wrote Loy in September. (Well, Hosea said it first.) He was rather discouraged after a trip to Goredema Village in Chihota. Many had been baptized, but the man who was trying to lead them had very little knowledge. Loy preached on "The Cost of Discipleship." After the lesson, we both taught Bible classes, then went to a neighboring village to visit a sick man. After prayers and much persuasion by Court Chidowe, he agreed to go to Marandellas to be treated. At that time, the African people received free medical treatment at government hospitals.

Several mishaps occurred during that time. I sprained my ankle — I cannot recall how I did it, but I am certain that it was difficult to move about with two young children. Lightning struck our metal water tank and followed the pipes into the house, where it made an explosive sound, and a ball of fire appeared in the kitchen and bathroom. Jonathan Chitendeni was talking to me in the kitchen at the time and I shall never forget how big his eyes became. Lightning kills many people in Africa. Stanley took off his shoes and walked through some hot ashes in the ash pit. One foot was burned quite seriously, and he was in a great deal of pain. A grass fire burned 25 to 30 acres of land. This is common during the dry season. Some fires are caused by carelessness, but some are set by hunters who want to clear the land in order to see their prey. About 200 boys helped to fight the fire. Loy took the truck there and fought alongside them. When the fire was out, he loaded the truck with boys, setting a limit of fifteen or so. When he accelerated the truck, he felt a great weight at the rear — numerous other boys had hopped onto the truck! They could not comprehend his arguments about saving the springs in the vehicle. Loy made all the boys get down and he drove home alone — a cruel Eagle that time!

Along with the mishaps came some good. We received a petrol washing machine, sent by Loy's father, and we happily put it to use.

It had been nineteen months since our clothes had been washed by machine; this was not a great marvel to the people around us, whose clothing may never be machine washed.

In October, James and Dean Judd and their family came to the mission to await the birth of their fifth child. They lived at Rumpi, Nyasaland, which was 300 miles from a doctor. Being a good mechanic, James was put to work immediately. Mission equipment always needs care and maintenance.

The Judd children were well-behaved and our mission kids had lots of fun with them. Beverly Grace was born in due time, and the Judd family went back to Nyasaland.

Numerous baptisms were reported in the surrounding areas and on the mission, one of the teachers, Musa Shamuyarira, was baptized. He went to university in the States the following year. We do not know where he is now, but we often see his brother in the news as he is one of the government ministers.

I got out the flannelboard, propped it up against the back of the couch and held my first Friday children's Bible class. Our two children were overjoyed when the missionary children and children of the English speaking community came along to sing songs and learn Bible stories with them. This is a custom that I have followed throughout our years in Africa. That year Sally and Chris Forshaw were baptized in a portable baptistry in the Clarks' house, and their little Mark and Glen joined the class. I sometimes took our children and held class at their house in Macheke.

Alex Claassen and several of the students started the church in Marandellas. We met with them soon after the first meeting, and there were twenty-nine people present. We continued to go there from time to time, and the church grew. Three of our Bible school graduates have worked with the church there over the years — Champion Mugweni, Percy Gwini and Jonathan Chitendeni. In 1973, my father, Ross Taylor, came to this country and built a building for them in Dombotombo. An older building had been constructed earlier and both buildings are in use today for the glory of God.

A storm struck the Jowo building and destroyed the roof on the porch and part of the main roof. One weekend, Loy took students back to Jowo to repair and replace the damaged roof. They had to leave the truck on one side of the river, wade across carrying

asbestos, cement, wood and tools and then walk awhile. Loy remarked that the Africans used their heads, but he had to use his back! One woman had a load on her head, plus a baby on her back.

One Sunday when we went to Jowo, Jim Judd and Dick Clark went along. A brother was already preaching when we arrived, then Loy, Jim and Dick each spoke. They called it "mutual edification." The brother who was in charge of the Lord's Supper spoke longer than some of the preachers. We often commented that we could not do that sort of thing in the time-conscious American churches.

Everywhere we traveled, we were hearing of Mai Chaza. She claimed to be a healer and sold healing water to unsuspecting village people. She had a large following and became wealthy from selling the "holy" water. Needless to say, Loy preached several lessons about false teachers.

We had a special, warm feeling for the good people who worshipped underneath a tree in Inyaguwe. Their leader was an illiterate old man, Mvurayavira (meaning "the water has boiled"), and all the other members were women. We followed our first visit with others, as well as organizing camp meetings and sending Bible students there for holidays. They were so humble and rejoiced to see us — when we left in 1962 an old woman wept and said, "We shall never see you again!"

Roads to Inyaguwe were hazardous. As Loy was driving along one day, one of the shock absorbers fell off the truck! We tried to get across a dry river bed and got stuck in the sand. We used limbs to get out. A village woman came by to greet Loy, but when she got close enough to see that he had white skin, she fled in terror. Village people said the woman drank the local beer and thought the white people would put her in jail.

I'll Be Home For Christmas?

While humming tunes like "White Christmas" and "Let It Snow," we celebrated an African Christmas by eating fresh corn on the cob and going to Virginia Country Club for a children's party. There we saw Father Christmas ride on a "sledge" drawn by oxen, and the children ran gaily behind them. Each child was given

a gift. (Parents contributed a set fee and club members shopped for Father Christmas.) It was hot, and we were relieved to return to our hilltop house where the elevation was somewhat higher and the breezes cooler as the day ended.

A Surprise!

It is a very strange feeling indeed to open one's door and see someone he thought was 10,000 miles away. This was our experience in January of 1960, when Leon and Luella Clymore appeared on our doorstep with their small baby in a carry-cot. Leon had attended Central Christian College with us, and he and Luella were living in Northern Rhodesia. This was the first of several good visits with the Clymores. We once stayed with them while Loy preached for a week in Lusaka. Luella had dark hair and was the same height as I, and the African people thought we were sisters.

Nyoka!

Oh, those snake stories! In January, Loy killed four poisonous snakes, three of them at our house. Loy has told the stories so many times that our children can fill in the blanks if he dares to pause. He looked into the chicken run one day and saw a cobra ready to make a feast of our eggs. He rushed into the house for his 22 rifle, shot the snake, but only stunned it; and, the snake gave chase, sending Loy up the hill in record time. He then recalled that he had the gun and could shoot again, which he did, finally killing the six-foot-long Egyptian cobra. Another time, a cobra was seen near our truck. After many efforts to locate the creature, with a gathering of about one hundred students it was discovered between the truck bed and cab. Not wanting to shoot so near the petrol tank, Loy pushed it out with a long pole and Alex Claassen beat it to death while the students fled in terror. Our cat pointed to two *boomslangs* in a tree and they were dealt with in a short time.

I have my own snake (*nyoka*) story. I arrived at ladies' class one day to see the women throwing stones at a puff adder. I picked up a stone and hit and killed the adder from a good safe distance. I was

cheered and thanked for my great accomplishment — something I could never have done again in a hundred years!

Then there was the evening that Dick Clark went to the Giffords' house to show them a pistol that his Texas relative had sent him. Gen Gifford opened the door and Dick drew his gun and shot a snake on the wall. Gen, of course, had no idea the snake was there until the excitement died down.

Good-bye, Chucky!

It was a sad day in February when the Palmer family left Nhowe to return to Abilene. The rains were heavy that year and Jaxie had wet diapers and other clothing for the children that she had not been able to dry. We drove to Salisbury early that day to see if we could find a laundry that would dry them in a short time — we were unsuccessful, so the Palmers took a suitcase of wet laundry to Frankfurt, their first stop. They had intended to spend several days in Frankfurt, where they had earlier lived for eight years, so they left in the heat of the day wearing winter clothing. Stanley cried as we watched their plane ascend from Salisbury airport. For days afterward, he spoke of Chucky and Ricky being up in the sky.

A thoughtful old African brought a live chicken as a farewell gift. The gift was quietly passed on to someone else on the mission. People take live chickens (*huku*) on the local buses, but it would not be the thing to do on an airline to Europe.

Jaxie was a very efficient person, having packed to move countless times; so, she drew the line at taking some items, like Mary Etta's dilapidated old doll which had stuffing falling out and eyes punched out. My memory is not good, but I believe Mary Etta called the old thing "Margarine." Jaxie threw the doll away and Mary Etta cried. Soft-hearted Addielen Clark was so touched that she retrieved the doll and shipped it to Abilene.

The Clarks had no children and were finally blessed with a baby boy, Richard, in December of 1959. He was rather young to play with our children, but he soon had a sister, Rita, born in 1961. We were able to share a birthday or two with the Clark children before we left in 1962.

Our Third Year Begins

March took us into our third year at Nhowe. The first two years were ones of adjustment and homesickness. We felt that we had overcome the worst, although adaptation to a different culture is an ongoing thing. Sometimes we saw sights that had fascinated us in the beginning become commonplace. One such sight was reported in our April newsletter. Loy wrote of seeing a woman running down the road with a suitcase on her head. A man was following her on a bicycle with a stick in his hand. She would run awhile, and then he would command her to stop. Then he would make her run again. A domestic problem, perhaps? The African male is domineering, especially when his wife is young. When she grows older, however, she commands more respect and one sees a matriarchal society, with the old *mbuya* (grandmother) making decisions and telling the young what to do. Now the educated women are speaking out about liberation and women's rights, but this does not extend into the isolated villages.

In May, Loy preached for a week in Bulawayo Queens Park again. At that time, the English speaking people there made up a large congregation and interest was so high that Loy was asked to extend the meeting into the following week. Three people were baptized, and we were strengthened and uplifted by fellowship with those good people. Some of them are now "scattered abroad" to England, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia and the United States. Alan Hadfield held a meeting that same week in Gwelo, and four obeyed the gospel. The Lyons and Clymores reported that seven had been baptized in the Lusaka English church. Some political trouble was brewing in Northern Rhodesia and South Africa. Perhaps the Lord was preparing them for a troubled future.

The Giffords Are Coming!

The Lawrence church bulletin carried an interesting report about the visit of Lloyd and Gen Gifford; they were preparing to come to Nhowe Mission. The bulletin said:

It would be difficult to describe the personality of Brother Gifford. He has overcome tremendous odds to be able to go

to Nhowe Mission soon. At one time, his doctors told him he would never walk again. But, with determination in his heart and faith in God, all he carries of that sentence today is a memory and a slight limp. (Giff had actually been blessed by a good Air Force surgeon in Denver, who performed an operation to correct his problem. He was usually in pain but he did not talk about it. dm) After his 40th birthday he started to college and obtained his degree. He and his helpmeet are humble Christians and are willing to give their all for the cause of the Lord.

We had not met the Giffords, but they had corresponded with us and had visited members of our families while traveling and raising funds. We were eager to see them, and it seemed a long time before they arrived because they came by ship, landed in Cape Town and drove their truck north. They were delayed by an accident on the roads and were still distressed and shaken by it when they arrived. Since we were off the beaten path, we did not normally see visitors arrive on the mission, so I was surprised one day to see a pleasant, matronly woman carrying our Nancy up the steps of our house. It was Gen and she had picked Nancy up from her play. What a delightful couple they were! They were ready to relate news about our family. (There's nothing like hearing about loved ones from someone who has seen them recently.)

Gen and Giff "rolled up their sleeves" and got to work immediately. Wuyuwuyu was their first stop after their arrival at Nhowe. They took the "headmaster's house," which the Palmers had vacated, and began to make some changes. The old kitchen was very dark, so they had a large window installed so you could look out over the Inyanga Mountains from the kitchen sink. In the dining room, they built a fireplace in the rounded corner and meals were no longer times to shiver and shake in winter. Gen was a very practical person and often helped me with homemaking tasks. I learned many things from her. The Giffords had grown up in Wyoming where they had worked at several occupations, including carrying the mail through snow and cold weather. Giff had also been in the Air Force and they had lived in Alaska. Africa was a far cry from Alaska, but it was not as though they had never left their home state or county.

It helps to have a broader perspective of the world when one goes to another land. Uncle Giff and Auntie Gen laughed and teased a lot, and our children soon loved them as much as we did.

Kabanga

Shortly before the arrival of the Giffords, we made a trip to Kabanga Mission. We took a long route, going through Kariba and Lusaka. The Kariba Dam had just been built on the Zambezi River. (Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret came out from England to formally open the big dam and a new paved road was built for their travel there. Addielen and Dick attended a reception for the queen mum and reported that she was a lovely person, with a beautiful English rose complexion.)

The Kariba Dam was built by an Italian company and at that time was one of the largest in the country. Interesting reports came from the Zambezi country telling of "Operation Noah" — when game park people rescued elephants and other animals trapped on an island made by the water.

From Kariba, we crossed into Northern Rhodesia and up the escarpment to Kafue and Lusaka. We worshipped with the Lyons and Clymores in Lusaka one evening. Several boarding school children attended the study. Most of them were children of missionaries — the Hobbys, Shewmakers and Bill Short. I know their parents appreciated the Lusaka families taking them under their wings as it is difficult to send one's children off to boarding school.

At Kabanga Mission, Loy preached to teachers and others involved with the primary school. Ken and Iris Elder and Dow and Helen Pearl Merritt were living there at the time. Iris is the daughter of Dow and his first wife, Alice, who died at Kabanga. Iris had grown up there and could speak the language like the people. Dow also spoke Tonga well and spent much of his time treating the sick who came to the mission. He was a fascinating story teller, and we loved to hear him speak as we sat around having tea. When we read his book, *The Dewbreakers*, we felt as though we were back in their lounge listening to him speak. Having known Zelma Lawyer, we were interested in seeing where she and her husband lived, and

Dow described that tragic day when her husband was killed in a hunting accident. Helen Pearl was a serene, mature woman, a talented artist and good with the people. Her parents, the Scotts, had been missionaries at Namwianga Mission. Jesse Brown, now an old friend, came out to Kabanga to attend some of the lectures. He was working at Namwianga Mission at the time.

Dow asked Loy to share a panel discussion with him on the problem of polygamy and how to resolve the many complications encountered when teaching the lost. It was and is a great problem. We were impressed with Dow's love and wisdom.

A Day Timer?

How does a missionary spend his day? Loy answered that question in his August newsletter with an account of one day in the life of a missionary:

1. Got up, fixed fires, wrote letters, ate breakfast
2. 7:00 Spoke in chapel to 325 students and teachers on "What Defiles a Man"
3. 7:40 Taught Greek to 11 Bible students
4. 8:40 Taught Acts 14 to 40 5A students
5. 9:40 Taught Acts 14 to 40 5B students
6. 10:30 Taught Leviticus to 18 Bible students
7. 11:40 Taught 1 Peter to 8 Bible students
8. 12:15 Lunch and rest
9. 2:00 - 5:00 Marked papers and watched the children while Donna went to Makunde Village to teach the women
10. 5:00 Prepared slide lesson
11. 5:30 Supper
12. 6:00 Left for Macheke with Brother Claassen and Brother Gifford
13. 7:30 Showed slides on church and salvation to 18 people
14. 8:00 Drove home
15. Went to bed

Added to the newsletter was an interesting note: Stanley cried after a camp meeting at Magunje because he did not want to leave our grass house without a roof.

Another Kind of Camp

In August of 1960, we helped Foy and Margaret Short with a camp for European children. We truly "roughed it" in tents, cooking on an open fire, and digging pit latrines. Margaret did the cooking, and I taught children each day. Loy took the young people on a long hike each afternoon, and after supper, campfire devotionals and fun time, they were ready for bedrolls.

Mabel Rogers, who helped us with the camp, was a Canadian teacher working at Namwianga Mission. She was a very special person whom we teased about the two single men at Namwianga. But she surprised us when we returned home to find the following note from her:

Just a line to let you in on a bit of news. The Lord willing, Leonard Bailey and I are getting married next Monday here in Bulawayo. I am staying with the Shorts, getting ready for the event. We are having a very quiet wedding as our families are so far away. There is a good possibility we may call on you at Nhowe about New Year's or on the day before. We will try to call when we know for sure. Hope you have a good holiday season and best wishes for 1961.

Leonard was several years older than Mabel. He had lived in Rhodesia for a number of years and had come from England. The Baileys continued to work in Northern Rhodesia for several years but then moved to Bulawayo with their three boys when the boys' education became a concern. They moved to Canada in the late 1970's and still continue in the Lord's work there.

A Sad Event

Early in 1960, Helen and Alex Claassen came to us with the thrilling news that they were to have a baby. They had already

decided that he would be a boy and his name would be Jimmy! (Jimmy was Alex's father's name.) We were so pleased when on the 12th of September Alex notified us from Salisbury that little Jimmy had arrived. But we were soon to weep with them when Alex phoned again to say that the little baby had lived only eight hours. Helen had to stay in the hospital, but Alex brought the precious little body to Nhowe for burial. He insisted on speaking at the funeral and used the story of David who said, "He cannot return to us but we shall go to him." Little Jimmy was buried beside the grave of Tom Ward, a missionary who died at Nhowe before we arrived. What a sad homecoming when Helen and Alex arrived at our house and she wept in our arms.

The Work Goes On

We were encouraged by news of baptisms at Jowo and Mahusekwa as we left to attend the Wuyuwuyu camp meeting. We took a load of people, and Giff arrived on Friday with another group. Attendance ranged from 200 to 275 adults. Five were baptized Saturday, and eighteen were added to the number on Sunday. We rejoiced at such a harvest of souls but were grieved because workers were needed to strengthen them. We were trying to go to twenty or thirty places in the course of the year.

Jestina Mashaire had been a Nhowe graduate in 1959, a good student and head girl. She went to Wuyuwuyu to teach and seemed to be settled in a good job, when we heard the shocking news that she had disappeared. Her body was found by some boys who were collecting firewood. It had been there for nearly two days — she had been hanged. The people said it was suicide, but the coroner and others thought she had been murdered. Loy had the grim task of transporting the decomposing body to a village near Wuyuwuyu. The people insisted on riding in the truck with it. When they arrived at the village, the people were weeping and wailing loudly according to their custom. They beat upon the truck and it was a frightening experience for a person unaccustomed to that kind of display. Her father was working at Nhowe as a builder. He moaned, "All those years of education for nothing! The money was wasted!"

In October, Loy helped move Alex and Helen to Gwanda, 460 miles away. Alex would be supervising eight outschools in the Bulawayo region. He would also work with African churches. In addition to those works, they started a small English church in their house.

There were riots and killings in Salisbury and Gwelo that month. Some of our people in the States wrote imploring us to leave if we were in danger. We did not feel that we were in danger and assured them that media news is usually exaggerated. Some of the African leaders were arrested and put in detention. We were relieved to hear this because we knew that some village people had been intimidated and houses burned. Today, after a long liberation struggle, those detainees are leaders and heroes of the newly independent Zimbabwe. We did not always comprehend the circumstances, but we were concerned when suffering came to the people of the land. We tried not to become involved in politics.

At Chidemo, there was one Christian man and a few women. When we went there one weekend, most of the community had gathered at a beer drink. Each weekend, one man's wife brewed beer and then called in all of the neighbors to drink at seven cents per cup or fourteen cents per gallon. The host could make thirty to forty dollars from the beer party. The next weekend it was held somewhere else in the village. Loy and his interpreter asked for permission to speak to the beer drinkers and they agreed that he could give a short lesson. He spoke about repentance and the sin of drunkenness. He then told the men that he would speak again at the camp. One old man came to the meetings saying he wanted to be baptized — if he could leave his beer. We did not hear the outcome of that.

Jonathan Chitendeni came to our house in October and said he had baptized thirty people at Maryland Farm. He was a young man filled with zeal for the Lord.

Several people were turning to the Lord at Makunde Village. This was of special interest to me, because I drove out there to teach ladies each Tuesday. When Gen arrived at Nhowe, she started going with me and teaching the children. Some of the other mission women were teaching women at Maryland Farm. Several times during the rainy season the truck stuck in the mud. Gen used her Wyoming experience and got the women to pry the wheels up with

tree limbs. One day I drove into a hole. I could not see it because of the high grass. The African women heaved the front of the truck up as I reversed out. One woman, Janet Mutuma, was pregnant and I was horrified for her, but she carried the baby to full term and no trouble occurred.

One day twins were born to one of the women at Makunde. One was named for me. The next week one twin had died, leaving little Donna to survive. Years ago, some superstition caused people to kill one or both twins after they were born. I wondered about that little one, but I shall never know.

On another day, Gen and I arrived to an empty building and learned that all of the women were plowing in the fields, having just received rains. Where were their husbands? They were having a good old beer drink! Some of the women came to class anyway, but soon after we began to study there was an interruption — a man had been hit and was dead or asleep, according to the messenger. We hurried to his hut and found that the man had been cut in the head with an axe. His face was swollen from blows dealt by a man whom he called his uncle and a boy had gone to Mrewa to fetch the police. We patched him up with what was available in the first aid kit and went back to class. I used the incident as an object lesson for our Christian women who wondered if there was any harm in brewing and drinking beer. When we left, the wounded man asked for a lift to the mission clinic, and since "uncle" was shouting abuse at him, we took him to the mission. We heard later the police arrived and arrested the "uncle." Gen and I gained a better understanding of the lives of the women.

One day when the truck got stuck in the mud and we were unable to get it out because of a heavy rain, we walked back to the mission in the downpour, thinking our husbands would soon miss us and come to meet us. They weren't concerned. They said they trusted us to get ourselves out of any difficulty. We had some good-natured scolding for them.

The political parties were at work in the village. One day we spoke to a very poor old woman who proudly displayed her membership card. The pity of the matter was that even she did not understand what it was for, and she had paid her hard earned money to get it.

Apostles and Beer Drinks

In addition to the Mai Chaza church, we were seeing many white robed "apostles" as we traveled about the country. One of them showed us a picture in a Bible of men dressed in long robes and carrying rods, so they believed that was their model — after all, it was in the Bible.

One day Giff and Dick were driving to a village when they saw two "apostles." They stopped and asked them if they could buy the shepherd's rods for ten shillings. At first they refused, but eventually agreed to sell each rod for seven shillings. As they left the men, one of the Africans with Dick and Giff began to laugh, saying, "Do you suppose they would sell their gods?" He explained that the rods did not belong to the men but were borrowed from someone else. They took a long time deciding about the sale because they were trying to think of a good story to tell the owner.

We had a very discouraging meeting at Goredema's one week. Only the old man, Goredema, was there. His wife was ill, so I took the two Nhowe girls and went to the hut to pray with her. Loy and Goredema walked across the field to the beer drink and were allowed to speak briefly. One of the Christians was there. He said he "just happened to walk by."

One day as Loy spoke about Peter's denial of his Lord, a cock crowed just at the right time. Who needs teaching aids?

On Christmas day of 1960, we met with the churches at Chidemo and Chingwaro. Then the following week, we went to Gwanda to spend New Year's Day with our dear friends, the Claassens. We met with twenty-five English speaking Christians in the Claassens' living room and Giff spoke. That afternoon, the men went to Stanmore to meet with the African brethren. Loy held a gospel meeting in Salisbury that month. (It was school holiday time.) We stayed with Verna and Alan Hadfield. Soon after we returned to the mission, I became ill and probably had a spontaneous abortion. I did not get back to the doctor right away, but when I did see Dr. Winter, he cautiously decided not to make an examination for fear I might be still pregnant. I was not, but in several months time, our third child was on the way. This was not according to plan, for I had hoped to have a baby already old enough to travel

when we returned to the States — instead, I was seven months along in the pregnancy when we flew home in March of 1962.

Fruits Of Our Labors

We were beginning to hear reports and results of the preaching of men who had graduated from the Bible School. Jack Daka had returned to his home country of Northern Rhodesia and worked for the government in Ndola. He wrote:

You remember we had asked for a welfare hall at Chifulu and that we were to pay five shillings (about seventy cents) per Sunday. So I found that the church here was not giving and is still not giving as it is supposed to give. The average amount of money every Sunday has been five pence or seven pence. This collection has been ridiculously small in which case I found that we could not be able to give and pay 25 shillings (\$3.55) for the month of March as this month has five Sundays.

I decided that a sharp lesson would be necessary on giving which I did before the end of February, and I suggested that each member should give in the region of 5 shillings when we receive our pay. There was quite a good response except the two brethren who opposed the suggestion, and I went to them and told them the need that we have at present to pay for the hall . . . later they agreed to contribute some money. The members are really liking me very much and it is through your help and encouragement that the word of God is going to be preached to nearly every one around this town. I shall not stop to do what I think is right particularly preaching God's word . . . giving is the hardest subject to do because they like to go out drinking . . .

At that time the average wage for a farm laborer was \$7.15 plus room and board. A teacher received about \$60 plus housing.

Nhowe Mission Lectureship of 1961 was called a feast of spiritual things. Jesse Brown and Foy Short were visiting speakers with the other speakers being mission men. A few days later, Loy was awakened at about 1:25 a.m. by Court Chidowe, who had a couple

who wanted to be baptized. He lit the lamp, and they went down to the dam for the new birth of Teresa and Percy Gwini. Percy had heard the gospel during a meeting at Mahusekwa and met with the Marandellas church. They had hired a car to bring them to Nhowe. They had three children but later had a "church wedding" at which Loy and Dick officiated. (Often a couple is married according to traditional rites and later decide to have a wedding ceremony performed by a minister.) Percy came to the preachers' school the following year and is now an experienced, mature and greatly respected preacher, living in Macheke. He has received support from the 29th and Yale church in Tulsa, Oklahoma, for some years.

Loy held his second gospel meeting in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, during the April school holidays. We stayed with Leon and Luella Clymore, who were also keeping Phil Rabick. Phil had come to Livingstone to preach and had driven up to lead singing. Poor Luella had recently given birth to a baby and suffered a bout of malaria. I tried to help by doing much of the cooking, but I am certain that the strain and stress of having guests in the house was difficult for her. Sometimes the men plan events unwisely. While we were there we met Mr. & Mrs. H. E. Pierce. They had worked with churches in the Lusaka region and returned for another term.

Once again we were baffled by custom when we journeyed to Chi-hota one week. We first went to Macheke's village and learned that the Christians were now meeting at Bamu's village. They said, "It's only a short distance away." We drove eight miles according to the speedometer, but when we got there the people said that Bamu had moved further down the track. We wanted to leave the pickup at the village and walk to Bamu's new place, but the people said there were political meetings near there and they might destroy the vehicle. Therefore, we drove as close to the stream as possible and left the pickup in an open field, walking on to the village.

In June, we went to Seager's Farm for a camp meeting. It was necessary to stop in Marandellas for dental work, so we were late in arriving and were excited to see bright lights! The Giffords had arrived early in the day and set up their portable generator for lights. We were indeed blessed. The Giffords also had a camper with their pickup, the first we had ever seen. We were fascinated with the compact furnishings. Gen and I did some of the cooking on her little



Our camp meeting house, 1958-1962

gas stove and some outside on the kerosene two burner camp stove we had purchased. We sat around the little table inside the camper, but soon found that sitting next to Nancy, who ate like most toddlers, could be risky. She is still remembered for that. The men preached two sermons after supper, then Giff showed a roll of

film he had taken. The people, like most, loved to see themselves or their friends on the screen. Throughout the next day the men taught and preached, and Gen and I taught women and children. This continued into the night, when we fell into bed quite exhausted — the people sang all night.

The following day was filled with teaching and preaching, too, and the men had a long talk with a Methodist preacher who wanted to be baptized but was in a double-bind because his wife, children, cattle and crops were on a Methodist Mission. He said he would be baptized in July. I do not recall whether or not he was.

Roy Palmer was busy talking about Nhowe Mission in the States and raising funds for wells and pumping equipment, so necessary at the mission. We had the primary school and Bible school and planned to open a secondary school. Insufficient water was always a problem at Nhowe. Today, water is piped from the river, but that source may be limited someday because of the needs of the farmers in the surrounding areas.

We were receiving interesting and entertaining letters from Alex and Helen Claassen in Gwanda. They reported about miles of dri-

ving to visit schools and churches. They also held classes in the prison. Sometimes brethren from Bulawayo drove to Gwanda to help them. One in particular was Norman Flynn, who served as an elder and preaches now in South Africa and the United States. Helen wrote a "Spice of Life — Helen's Corner" column in their newsletter. Once she described a very full day.

Let me see — that's 14 guests for dinner, and 3 for the party. (Kerchoo! Get down, Cleo! I'm busy. Miriam, get off the table!") Sniff! Where's my tissue? That will be roast beef, scalloped potatoes (Moses, don't scratch my chair!), string beans and beet salad. We'll have tea or coffee after dinner when the guests arrive. (Vashti! If you are going to sit on my lap, sit still.) Sniff! Why did I catch this cold on the camping trip? I was so careful. We'll have games and records for the children. Anne Carstairs' gift is wrapped; we are sorry to see her and her family leave Gwanda. Everybody can say good-bye to them at the party. And when the Hartles come from Cape Town everyone can meet them at the same time; that will be a double celebration. (Jezebel, don't lie on the couch; lie on the mat with Miss Puddy Tat.) I'm glad I tried on my wedding dress; it still fits fine. During the party we can celebrate our third wedding anniversary. That will be (Rona, don't pull the curtains) three reasons for a party! There's plenty of Kool Ade . . .

(Alex's note: I'm sorry, everyone, it seems that Helen is a little busy right now. Maybe we can look in on her next time.)

Those dear people certainly loved their work. At that time they had nine cats! In addition to those named, there were Solomon, Little Miss Muffet and likely others which I have forgotten. We enjoyed watching Helen and Alex with their cats, but preferred to have only one cat in the Mitchell household.

Watch That Turkey!

In May of 1961, we had a group of guests at the mission. The Gilliam family was leaving to go to the States, and they visited the

mission for a day or so before leaving on the plane from Salisbury. Also, the Bankstons and Maidens from Bulawayo were there. We looked forward to the visit, and the children were delighted to have friends come. Addielen baked a big turkey, and we helped her provide the trimmings. The guests were late arriving, so Addielen put the warm turkey in the fridge, later taking it out and warming it before serving it.

We had a great meal, overeating as people often do, visited in the afternoon and went back to the Clarks to a buffet of leftovers. One or two people complained of upset stomachs, but we nibbled at the food anyway. Later that evening we were all hit by food poisoning! All the children had been served their food on the verandah, and like children, they chose to play a lot and let the dogs have much of the food. They were very lucky that time, for none of them got sick. In the middle of the night, someone phoned Dr. Winter who drove the forty-five miles out to the mission. His wife, Frederica, rode along to keep him awake. He got to our house in the wee hours of the morning, I think, and we staggered up to get an injection. I hope we never have such an experience again!

Loy was too ill to take the Gilliams to meet their plane the following day, so he loaned the truck to them. Doyle must have felt miserable as he struggled to drive, and they reported that they staggered off the plane in Europe, weak and too miserable to enjoy themselves. Loy caught a ride to Salisbury the following week and brought the truck home.

Dr. Winter was kind enough to allow us to disturb his night's rest, and as was his practice, he refused payment from us except for serum when we needed injections. He said missionaries rendered a service to the country and he wanted to help them. We felt greatly indebted to him, especially after the food poisoning incident, and when we went to town we often took him a dozen fresh eggs from the mission.

A Man Called Nicodemus

In a Nhowe Newsletter published in June, 1961, Brother Mutuma wrote:

Africa is not in some respects a dark continent at all. It is flashing with vivid light. Thousands of people are being transformed almost overnight from a primitive tribal way of life to aggressive membership in a modern society. Africa is like an exploding mass of yeast. Its fermentations are not merely political and economical, but social, cultural and religious. The above list of intellectual facts has always been in a tendency of developing along wrong lines. To pick up religion alone in the list would save us time to go into deep thinking and reasoning. Many will surely agree with me that the country is made what it is today by the differences that exist in the denominational world. Our main goal today at Nhowe Church of Christ in the Bible College is to teach young men of good standing character who will go out and combat the differences that exist; to fulfill part of this aim, we find the Bible college sending the young men in training with some elderly men of the church out to the local congregations to preach Christ and Christ alone, Him crucified. The reports of their work at each point they reached is really inspiring.

The same report carried news from teachers, students and other leaders from about ten churches being visited in the Nhowe Mission area.

The year of 1961 seemed to pass quickly as we busied ourselves with school work during the week and preaching trips at the week-ends. Camp meetings were scheduled during the dry season (winter) while people were out of their fields. Already we could see that the people in the villages were more receptive to the gospel than the people in the towns. Towns offered more for the lust of the flesh. A serious problem arose in many families because the husband worked and lived in town while the wife and children stayed in the villages and worked on the crops. Also in many cases, there were no living quarters for the man's family at his workplace. Consequently, we often had questions asked in women's classes about immorality.

Gen started a class with the wives of the married Bible students. She taught Bible and homemaking, and I sometimes helped her. Gen was an expert dressmaker and could teach others that art. She

also spent hours making garments for children and altering clothing sent from overseas. Our Bible students had no income while they were studying, so we helped them in this way.

Loy has told the following story many times — the story of throwing a man out of the church!!

We had plenty of excitement at the night meetings at Chiurisa's village. The first night we nearly had several dog fights as many people brought their dogs for protection. Then Saturday night we must have had about 10 drunks. Several times brother Gifford had to stop and quiet them. One man fell over a bench and on top of some children on the floor which interrupted things for a while. After brother Gifford finished speaking, the son of the chief made a speech telling the people to be quiet and listen to God's word. However, one drunk still kept talking so I told him in no uncertain terms to get out. We were showing Bible slides and every time we turned the lights off he began his racket again. Finally I told him again to get out. He acted like I did not mean it so I escorted him to the door and threw him out. He did not return that time. Beer drinking is one of Africa's great evils.

After a bush trip one evening, Stanley asked if John the Baptist preached in Shona or English. Another laugh came when grading one of the Grade Seven Bible class papers. "Why did Paul shave his head in Cenchrea?" "He had a sow."

William and Elizabeth Van Winkle arrived at Nhowe to help with the work since our Bible school was growing and we were planning to establish a secondary school. They stayed with us for a month while repairs were being made on the house that the Claassens had occupied. We left them in our house while we went to Gwelo once more to help with a youth camp. Young Billy Van Winkle went with us to the camp. Billy was a typical American youth and found some things at the camp strange. One of those was the mealie meal porridge served at breakfast. He absolutely refused to eat it, and Margaret refused to cater to his wants — she did not have other food available anyway. The porridge was served with eggs and toast, and every one else came to breakfast with hearty

appetites. Finally, about the third day, Billy decided that he was hungry enough to try the porridge, and he liked it so well that he asked for another serving! Fresh air, exercise and hunger change one's appetites. Billy settled down and enjoyed the camp.

Much of Elizabeth's time was taken by their handicapped son, Bobby. William preached for some of the village churches on weekends. He was a retired military man and had lots of zeal, but circumstances made it necessary for them to end their stay after six months. Some years later, they returned and spent a few months in Salisbury. They also did mission work in Israel. William and Loy had studies with several people in Marandellas while they were with us.

Ed Crookshank arrived in Southern Rhodesia in November and spent some time in our home. He came from Iowa and had been to visit our people in Kansas, so we had a special interest in his coming. He went on to Northern Rhodesia to work with H. E. Pierce. Ed married a girl from Northern Rhodesia and preached in Lusaka and Copperbelt areas for many years.

1961 Comes To An End

On Christmas Day of 1961, we drove to Macheke with the Giffords and Clarks to eat dinner at the hotel. This was a lovely treat, with Christmas crackers and paper hats. It was paid for by the mother of Tom Ward. Tom had died while serving as a missionary at Nhowe and Mrs. Ward sent a check for Christmas dinner for several years. It was a very kind and thoughtful gesture. Unfortunately, we never met her.

I suppose most missionaries experience the trauma of a delayed or missing paycheck, or worse, the decision of supporters to stop their funds coming. During our first year, a supporting church decided to drop the fifty dollars they had been sending us and use it to support another missionary. That amount in 1959 made a big hole in our salary, but we survived, with the Lord's help.

In a January letter to his family, Loy wrote: "We are in Salisbury for a gospel meeting. Dick Clark just brought our mail in and the checks finally arrived at our bank so we can now get some

bills paid. Jesse Brown (who received a very meager sum each month) loaned us money to come into Salisbury." Those times taught us to trust in the Lord — He often works through the Jesse Browns.

And 1962 Begins

New Year's Day, 1962, arrived, and the Claassens drove from Gwanda to be with us. Alex and Helen walked into our house, faces beaming, and announced that they were expecting another baby — this time it would be a girl and her name would be Donna Marie! We rejoiced with them and marveled at their prophetic powers. Early on New Year's Day as we returned to our house, Alex carried our Nancy into the house. He looked at the sleeping child and said, "She is just beautiful!" That picture flashed before my mind many times during the events to follow.

During the holidays, Loy again preached in Salisbury, and Granny Pedlar was baptized. Dick Clark sent a report to the *Christian Chronicle*:

Granny Pedlar, as she is known to us, became a Christian during a series of Bible-centered talks given in the city of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, by the church of Christ in January. Five others were baptized as a result of the meeting conducted by evangelist Loy S. Mitchell of Nhowe Mission, Macheke.

Mrs. Margaret Pedlar and her son Clem have been brought to Christ through a very interesting series of events, which show the power of God and the value of planting the seed of the gospel in the hearts of men. The first contact that the Pedlars had with the church was through the preaching of Brother Reuel Lemmons, whose gospel broadcast came via the station in Lourenco Marques in Portuguese East Africa.

Clem wrote for tracts offered on the program, and though he agreed with the teaching, there were no congregations of the Lord's church in Salisbury at that time. The gospel remained only a matter of interest to him.

During the course of time Clem became acquainted with a fine young Christian, an African who had attended Nhowe Mission School some ten years before. The African, Felix Chiota, and Clem became very good friends and as a result they often had discussions about the Bible and their religious beliefs.

Clem says that Felix used to tell him, "Some day you will become a member of the true church. Some day you will become a member of the church of Christ." For Clem this was accepted only as a joke and seemed a very remote possibility.

In January, 1961 Brother Pedlar and his mother were invited by an old acquaintance, Ted McEnery, to come to a gospel meeting which was also conducted by Loy Mitchell of Nhowe. Ted had been converted by evangelist Foy Short, an American missionary of the church, and upon moving to Salisbury, Ted was inviting old friends to the meeting which was in progress. As a result of that meeting in 1961, Clem was converted and Granny began regular attendance.

Another interesting reflection is the fact that Brother McEnery was converted by Foy Short who is the son of the old missionary, W. N. Short, of Kalomo, Northern Rhodesia. And it was W. N. Short who sent the gospel tracts to Clem, who had requested them from Reuel Lemmons after listening to his "Back to the Bible" broadcast from East Africa, which actually had its origin down in South Africa where he was working back in 1943 and 1944.

Clem said that the seed that was sown in his heart by those tracts that he received years ago, plus the radio broadcast, made it much easier for him to accept the truth when he finally came into contact personally with a gospel preacher.

The wonderful thing about all of this is that we as Christians today can see the results of early Christian efforts of gospel broadcasting, the printing of tracts and their dissemination, and even the rearing of a son to become a gospel preacher by a faithful Christian couple, the W. N. Shorts.

We can see the influence of a black African who became a Christian at Nhowe Mission, and how this influence helped to cause a white friend to know Christ. We can see how the personal contact of friends, that which we call personal work, as well as pulpit preaching, are important in bringing sinners to Christ.

Clem Pedlar and many others have been instrumental in bringing his wonderful old mother to Christ, through their teaching and example. So Granny Pedlar has become a babe in Christ at 81 years of age. Together with her son and others, Granny Pedlar has already brought close friends to Christ.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that God has used His people and the great power of the Gospel of Christ to save the souls of sinners right before our eyes and in our times.

I remember when Granny was immersed in the portable baptism set in the garden at the Hadfields' house in Mabelreign. She came up out of the water saying "Praise the Lord!" She died while we were out of the country. Early this year, 1989, Clem phoned Loy from Harare asking him to conduct his funeral; he was dying of cancer. He died within a few weeks, and Loy drove from Mutare to conduct the funeral, an honor and a pleasure, because Clem was one of God's children.

We went to Salisbury and stayed with the Hadfields again during a gospel meeting. I always loved the cups of tea and woman talk with Verna, a fascinating woman. She was interested in so many things, and she spoke of them as her knitting needles clicked along. Alan had given up his job to preach full time, and his support was very small. One time we ate lunch with them, and they apologized because they only had bread, spreads and a huge bowl of avocado pears. We assured her that the pears were a luxury food in the States.

I was pregnant again, and as usual during those times, I had very vivid dreams. I dreamed that Alex was dead! Helen had written that she was not feeling well and expressed fears for her pregnancy, remembering the unhappy loss of little Jimmy. My subconscious

mind was no doubt concentrated on her, and this caused me to have the dream. I do not believe I am psychic.

One happy event was the baptism of Peter Robson. His wife, Joy, was already a Christian. I went to their house to keep their newborn baby while she witnessed the new birth.

From Salisbury, we drove on to Gwelo where Loy held another gospel meeting. This time the Shorts were overseas and Melville and Lois Sheasby were there. Lois was Alex's sister and a very talented woman. I loved being with her, and our Nancy and Stanley played constantly with their Debbie and Timothy. We have a photo of the four children playing in the mud following a rainstorm. We felt very close to Melville and Lois and have kept in touch through the years.

But the Gwelo meeting was to end in sadness. During the Sunday evening worship on the last night of the meeting, the police came and called me out of the building! There was no phone at the building, so the police had been asked to deliver a message for Loy or me to phone Mrs. Claassen at Gwanda Hospital. Lois followed me out, and we both agreed that Helen had very likely lost the baby. But we were mistaken, as we were to learn later when we found a phone. Helen was in the hospital because of fear of a miscarriage, but her message was, "Can you come to me? Alexander has been killed!" She had not gone with him to preach in the village that day because she felt ill. Alex had a head-on collision with another car. It was indeed a heartbreaking time. We comforted Lois and left Melville to arrange plans for them to leave, while we drove to Bulawayo. Helen had asked me to phone others; I talked to Tom Brown who notified Alex's parents. We stayed overnight in Bulawayo with Stan and Elma Maiden, having been told by the hospital staff that Helen had been given a sedative and would sleep through the night.

Early the next morning, we left the children with the Maidens and took Aunt Gladys to Gwanda. Uncle Jimmy had taken to his bed with shock. We stayed with Helen through the following day while she received people offering condolences. Aunt Gladys, Lois and I made numerous cups of tea while Helen spoke to the many friends they had made in the little town. The next day we drove to Bulawayo where the first funeral was held. Helen had wondered

how Stanley would receive the news of Alex's death, but when we arrived, he ran out to her and with the openness of a child, said, "So Uncle Alexander is dead?" Helen went immediately to her knees where she had a long talk with him on his level. We took Helen to the funeral home where we sat with her beside the body for some time and she spoke of their lives together. One remark that I recall concerned Alex's words, when little Jimmy was taken, "I am glad to know that I had a son." He knew he would have a daughter, too, but he never saw her.

That night his many friends came for the funeral. John Hardin, Joe McKissick and Phil Steyn had driven up from South Africa. John led the beautiful singing as only John could do. Tom Brown read from 1 Corinthians 15 in his rich Scottish brogue and Loy gave a good memorial talk. The next day Loy took the body in the truck and started toward the mission. Helen, the children and I rode with John Hardin and Joe McKissick. At the mission, another funeral was held with Giff giving the lesson, and Alex was buried beside his little Jimmy.

Helen returned to the mission where she stayed with the



Alex Claasson's Burial in 1962

Giffords who were like parents to her. When May came, she and Gen went to Bulawayo where the baby, yes, Donna Marie, was born on the 21st. Her "twin," our Marcia, was born in Caney, Kansas, seven days later.

It was not easy to return to our work at Nhowe and begin preparations for our departure, for we planned to go to the States in March. Loy planned to go to graduate school, and we would return in two years' time.

Jesse Brown was again at the mission to help in the teaching. He took some of his meals with us and often said, at prayer time, "That Nancy needs a check list for her prayers!" Nancy prayed long prayers, giving thanks for every item she could think of and then going back and repeating many of them.

I do not recall many events before our leaving, but being a typical woman, I do recall something about our clothing. I was sewing for both the children, and my friend in the States, Betty Obenhaus, sent me two maternity smocks (to be returned because she expected to use them again). Gen made me a nice frock and gave me a pale blue coatdress which we altered to fit.

The Nhowe people gave us a farewell party and several nice speeches were made. Dick Clark told several jokes in his talk, but the African people could not understand his kind of humor. We laughed a lot, not so much at his jokes but at his attempts to make them laugh! We did not always understand their humor, either. This is another of those cultural differences.

The four of us finally left from Salisbury airport with the missionaries and many of our friends seeing us off. It was evening, and as soon as we were airborne, I helped the children change into their pajamas and they went to sleep. After we arrived in Nairobi, our first stop, a very nice English gentleman remarked, "Those are very well-behaved children. I travel a lot and have never seen children so quiet while traveling." Little did he know that they, like their parents, were already exhausted when they boarded the plane. But this was the ultimate compliment, because English people often criticize Americans for being permissive parents. Perhaps he knew, also, that all parents like to hear good things about their offspring.

It was after midnight when we arrived in Nairobi, and after several delays, the bus finally took us to our hotel, called the Stanley,

where our travel agent had booked us. We were told that we did not have a room! Several others were in the same predicament. They argued and begged, one man pointing to us and saying, "And this man has a pregnant wife and small children who must wait here in the lounge for the rest of the night!" Finally the man was given a key to a room, and he laughingly said as he got into the lift, "If the room is occupied I hope it's a pretty woman!" Hardly five minutes had passed when he returned, angry, and shouting, "The room was occupied!" Some time later, we were sent to a room. I wondered if someone had been put out. We fell into bed to finish our short night. All too soon we were called to leave and catch the plane to Ethiopia.

It was a pleasant flight as we flew over Mount Kilimanjaro and into the clouds. The pilot came on the speaker and described the scene. We looked at each other and said, "That's a Texan!" Later he came back to the cabin, and we learned that he was from Buffalo Gap, not far from Abilene. He took Stanley to the cockpit and gave him a thrill to remember.

At Addis Ababa, we were met by the Bob McGowens and Carl Thompsons. We had been in school with Carl. Ethiopia was an interesting and ancient land. The mother of Emperor Haile Salasse had recently died, and we saw where she was being buried in the old Coptic Church. We also saw the lions which the king kept. The kings of Ethiopia claim descendancy from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba and are very proud people. However, the streets were littered with beggars, sheep, donkeys and cattle. We felt that Southern Rhodesian streets were much better kept. The missionaries showed us the site on which they hoped to build a school for the deaf. I believe the school is still in operation despite many changes having taken place in Ethiopia. They are, even today, at war with resistance movements and suffering from poverty and famine.

We have never, since that time, planned such an elaborate itinerary. Perhaps we thought we might never pass that way again. But we had booked a flight to Cairo, where we were to stay one night, and then proceeded on to Jerusalem, where we hoped to see the old sites of the Holy Land. We had contacted Brother Henley in that city. We walked through the streets of Cairo, again seeing many beggars and soldiers, and spent the night in a hotel. In the morning, we took a bus back to the airport, but we were kept in transit all day.

I shall always thank Dick Clark who gave me a slab of Cadbury chocolate before we left Salisbury — the children were rationed bits of the slab as the day wore on. There was a bar but no food was served. Finally, we were told that the flight to Jerusalem was delayed because of bad weather. We knew there were political troubles there, also. We were told at the airlines office that we must find our own accommodation. We found a cheap hotel, and early the next day, we booked a flight to Rome. It was too late to go to Jerusalem and keep to our schedule.

In Rome, we were met by our old friend, Keith Robinson. He and Mary Ann had been in Central Christian College with us. They showed us some of the sights of Rome, including the house that Elizabeth Taylor was renting while filming "Cleopatra." We saw the prison where Peter supposedly was kept, the Vatican, the many fountains and the balcony of Mussolini fame. In Catania, Sicily, we reminisced with our old friends, the Moores and Edwards. The children played together, and we women visited about our families. Carolyn Moore was expecting a baby, too. Their apartment was on the Mediterranean coast, and an ancient castle could be seen on a small island.

One day we drove up Mount Etna where we saw snow. It was Nancy's first time to see snow, and it is unlikely that Stanley could remember seeing it, so it was an exciting time. We have movies of them as they played and rolled in the snow on Etna.

The children were to see lots of snow during the next few weeks, because when we landed in Baltimore to be with John and Doris Richardson, Loy's sister and husband, the snow was deep and cold. We slept that night in an upstairs bedroom, listening to the streetcars at intervals and finally opening a window because we were unaccustomed to the central heating. We flew from Baltimore to Boston to be met by Bob and Betty Obenhaus. Betty and I had lived in the dormitory together and Loy and Bob had been roommates and childhood friends. We had been in one another's wedding and their first son was named for Loy (Stanley). We also saw my ex-roommate, Delores Herrold Dotson, who was living in New York at that time.

It was interesting to see the Old North Church, site of the Boston Tea Party, Bunker Hill and other historical sites. The following

week, we went to New Hampshire to be with other old school friends, Ray and Susie Wilson. Ray was in the Air Force and finishing his medical training. They worshipped with the church in Kittery, Maine, where Richard Hardy preached. Loy spoke several nights there as well as in South Easton where the Obenhaus family worshipped. Once again, the snow was deep and abundant, and by the time the gospel meeting ended, our children were longing for African sunshine.

We soon landed at Kansas City airport to be met by our parents and some of the brothers and sisters. An old friend, Keith Barnhart, was there with his family. We went to the Mitchell farm where we talked non-stop. My sister, Shirley, told me that she was expecting their first child; Diane, Harold's wife, was also having their first baby in July; and Charlotte, my brother Terrel's wife, would have a baby just a few days after ours was to be born. We were young, and it was a good time to be with our family and loved ones.

Missionaries experience mixed feelings on arriving home again, enjoying the pleasure of being with loved ones, yet at the same time feeling very unsettled and alien. We had all those feelings as we moved into our parents' home in Caney, Kansas, where I awaited the birth of our baby and Loy traveled around to report to churches and raise funds for Nhowe Mission. When he was in town, we often talked with Mark and Rose Marie Legg, who worked with the Caney church, about Africa. They went to Nhowe the following year.

I suppose our American society is so affluent that we have grown to need spacious houses. When one thinks of half the population of the world in crowded and poor housing, one feels ashamed to complain. Nevertheless, my parents' two-bedroom house was too small for our two families. My sixteen-year-old brother, Rudy, slept in his ham radio shack and was no doubt ready to move back into his room. My parents and Rudy were loving and patient with us, but those were the facts, and sometimes we got in each other's way. Children sense adults' frustrations, I suppose, and they sometimes misbehave as a result. For example, one day Nancy happily filled her sand bucket outside, came into the living room and dumped it onto the lovely carpet. I think Mother and I both wept.

We teased Rudy, who was always ready to drive the car, telling him that if Loy was away when the baby came, he could drive me to

the hospital. He was not amused.

The children wanted our house. One night as we prepared to go out for dinner with someone, Stanley said, "I wish I could just stay home with Grandma and eat Post Toasties."

But the Lord was good to us, and to Rudy. Loy arrived home one Sunday night quite late and did not get much sleep before I awakened him and we made our way to the little Caney hospital. Marcia was born at mid-day, our little Kansan, who never actually lived in her home state. The doctor announced, "You have a beautiful little brunette!" Nancy was blond so they made a pretty pair.

In July, we heard of a church in Rotan, Texas needing a preacher, and we knew we could live there and drive to Abilene for graduate school. We went there to try out, arriving one Saturday evening at the home of the Warrens. They lived on a farm in that dry, flat land. Soon after we arrived, Stanley, barefoot, ran across the front lawn then stopped, screaming. He had been introduced to the Texas goathead — a great, big thorn. Sunday morning as Loy preached, I sat with the three children at the back of the auditorium. When the baby needed to be fed, I went to the nursery, praying that the older two children would not cause a disturbance. I shall always remember the dear couple, Mavis and Lawrence Yantis, who came to me afterwards and said the children had sat as quietly as mice while I was away from them. The elders took us to see the house and the children immediately cried, "Now we have our own house again!" They were credited with getting the job for their daddy because people pitied the poor homeless kids. They did indeed hire him and agreed for me to move to Rotan a few weeks early while Loy finished his travels. We did that and were soon ready for Stanley to start his first year of school.

The people in Rotan were good, small-town folk, and we enjoyed our stay there. We made many friends in the church and in the community. Loy drove to Abilene every Monday for the graduate classes.

During that time, we were privileged to attend some of the workshops and lectureships in Abilene and see some old friends and relatives. Loy's parents sold the farm in Kansas and moved to Abilene where they lived while their three youngest boys completed their college work. They, too, had good years there with the

Hillcrest church. Loy spoke to the Hillcrest church about the Nhowe work, and they took oversight of the Nhowe work for several years. Previously, the University Avenue church in Austin had supported the work, and before that, a Nashville church oversaw the work.

We met Clayton Waller and Rhinard and Betty Troup at Abilene Christian College. Betty was working as school nurse while Rhinard did some graduate work. While there, they adopted their first child. Within a year they as well as the Leggs and Clayton had gone to Nhowe. The Palmers also returned to the mission and later moved to Salisbury for about two years.

While we were in the States, my grandmother, Pearl Walker, died. She had given us her "widow's mite" and supported us with her prayers. She was a great inspiration to me, an ideal Christian woman.

Keeping in Touch

We feel a very close family tie with other missionaries as they have experienced events and feelings that only another missionary can truly understand. From time to time, we had visits with some of them. W. N. and Delia Short are among the most special, and their influence on our lives is felt today, these many years after their deaths. Uncle Will wrote to us in 1962, after one of their visits to the States.

The time is drawing near for us to go aboard the S. S. African Comet, which will take us back to Africa, where we long to be. On November 26th, the Lord willing, we are to leave Athens, Alabama, by train, sailing from there the 30th of the month for Rhodesia. We can look back over our stay in the homeland with a grateful feeling that cannot be expressed in words for the loving care of our heavenly Father during all our travels over the crowded highways. Thank you so much for your sweet letters and we hope you will keep them coming when you can. We would love to see you before we leave but since we cannot we are already looking forward to your return to Africa. Remember our home is your home whenever you can come and be with us.

We will try to see your friend in New York. I can just picture all the goings on in your house when you describe the activities of your children and I wish we could have had a peep even of the baby.

Also during our 1962-1964 sojourn in the states, we heard from the Giffords regularly. In one 1963 letter, Giff wrote the "Parable of the Snake in the Grass." He quoted Genesis 3:14 and God's curse on the serpent, then continued to say that snakes in Africa are a constant threat to man and beast and are the most feared of all animals by the African people. Wilson, the young schoolboy working for the Giffords, found a Black Mamba, the most deadly of snakes, in the chicken house eating eggs. He dashed into the house in great fear. Giff shot the snake which was almost eight feet long and about four inches in diameter. **The Handbook On Snakes** says his bite will kill in fifteen minutes. He wrote of another snake, the python, that is not poisonous, but is deadly. He can kill a sheep or a goat in very short order and will proceed to swallow it whole. Just a few weeks previously, there had been a sixteen foot python killed by a neighbor about two miles from the house. He was in the process of trying to swallow a full grown goat when discovered. His skin made a beautiful trophy. Giff continued his analogy comparing the snakes to the devil, who can destroy our bodies and souls.

In the same report, Giff wrote that Mark and Rose Marie Legg had arrived in Africa to work at Nhowe. "The Leggs are a fine young Christian family with a love for the souls of the African people and a zeal for the saving of those souls. It is felt that they will be a great asset to the work in this area. We thank God for them and for those who have sent them." We were especially pleased to hear about Mark, Rose Marie and little Ronda because of our special interest in their lives. I had known Mark all of his life. He had been baptized while Loy was preaching at Timber Hill during his days at Central Christian College.

In his report, Giff wrote of a common frustration, calling it "Never a Dull Moment."

There are always many problems to try and solve in such an operation as this at Nhowe, but the last two months have had far more than their share of personal problems

which needed to be taken care of. The thing which makes it so much more difficult is that it is so necessary to try and do what is best for the overall work . . . the church is judged by what happens here at Nhowe. The problems always take up so much time in listening to both sides of the case. The long drawn out explanations that go on both sides must be listened to, though many times they have no real bearing on the case. Anyway, here are a few samples of what I mean.

We have had a builder working for us for the past year, and previous to that he was teaching in one of our outschools. He found a woman whom he wanted to marry, and had made partial arrangements to pay lobola for the girl. We found that he had already married a girl some years ago while he was teaching. He could not see where he should remain with the first wife, but wanted to go ahead and marry the second. The outcome of the case — after long hours of private and public discussions we fired him and disfellowshipped him.

About two weeks later we had another case so very similar to the first that you would have thought it was a carbon copy. Again the same outcome. The loss of a good worker, yes, but what hurts the most is turning over to the devil one of our brethren so that in the end his soul might be saved.

In 1961, we had a visit from a delightful couple, Lyle and Thelma Pomeroy, and their friendship has been a great joy to us through the years. Lyle was a retired Jewel Tea salesman who in his youth had been a ventriloquist and magician in vaudeville. They were from California. Lyle and Thelma moved to Northern Rhodesia where they worked at Sinde Mission with the Brittell family, who operated an orphanage. They wrote in 1963: "A blind woman was baptized and had to be led to the pool. She feels she has gained much to live for, now that she can tell others of the way of salvation. A crocodile being in the river where they usually baptized made a group look for another place up in the Katapazi area. Knowing how sly the crocodile can be makes one hesitate about going into the river or pool. The Lester Brittell family have moved to Namwianga Mission so their children can attend the European

school there. Lyle continues on with as much of the work that he and Lester did together as he can."

We were eager to return to Africa and began to look for support. The church in Snyder, not far from Rotan, agreed to support us, and in the fall of 1964, we moved there to live for two months and to get acquainted with those good Christian people. Maxie and Fran Boren were working with the church then, and we were enriched by their association.

On the 5th of November, we departed from Tulsa Airport, and the five of us eagerly looked forward to returning to Nhowe.

"Our Citizenship is in Heaven . . ." Philippians 3:20

Sometimes we have to remind ourselves that this world is not our home. Loy completed his classes in Abilene but never received his Master's Degree because we longed to return to Africa and he did not write a thesis. That old tug between two homes, the United States and Africa, was always present, and we felt it immensely when time came to depart from Tulsa Airport in 1964. Mother wanted the children to remember where their national citizenship was, and gave them small American flags. They boarded the plane waving their "Old Glories." Stanley had started to school and could recite the Pledge of Allegiance; however, during the following years he forgot it and became very loyal to Africa.

My family went with us to the airport. As usual, I held back tears until Daddy choked up with emotion. Loy had held several gospel meetings in Tulsa and Christians from the churches there arrived to bid us farewell. I had not met the good people because I had stayed at home with family when he preached in meetings, so they came forward to meet me and I was too weepy to respond well. I hoped they would forgive me!

We stopped briefly in London, Frankfurt, and Nairobi before landing once again in Salisbury.

On landing in Salisbury, we were met by many friends and taken to the Hansons' house where several people had gathered for lunch. Joe and Doris Lyon had moved to Salisbury and they were there, in addition to the Troups, Leggs, Clarks, Hansons and Giffords. The

Giffords took us into their house and opened their arms and hearts to us. The Troups were living in the house that we had known as the Claassens' house. The Leggs were in "our" old hilltop house. The Clarks had moved to Salisbury and the Palmers had returned and had lived in the house they had occupied, but now it stood vacant and waiting for John and Rita Hanson to move in. John was an Englishman and Rita a Scot. They had been converted in Bulawayo by Henry and Foy and had worked with the Hadfields in getting a small English church started in Salisbury. John worked for the power company but would soon receive support from Hillcrest and come to work at Nhowe.

The new missionaries were zealous in keeping the schools operating, farming the crops and going to the village churches for weekends and camp meetings. We were soon back into the swing of things. The Giffords went to the States for a year's leave and Loy served as principal of the school. I began teaching Nancy and Stanley by correspondence and found that I had to limit some of my other teaching and traveling. Betty Troup supervised the clinic work and babysat Marcia while I gave the older children morning classes.

I grew very discouraged trying to teach and being interrupted by activities that came to the principal's house. Clayton Waller had a great idea and made me a generous offer. He had built a library for his books and it stood vacant each morning while he taught classes. He offered it to the children and me, and we moved school there. Our lessons had to be sent to Salisbury each week and graded by teachers in the education ministry. These were excellent courses used by many people on farms and other isolated places. The teacher, whom I never met personally, often criticized my American handwriting and other differences. Had I taught a second year, perhaps I would have educated myself and been more adept with the system. It was a good experience and caused me to appreciate the good English schools that the children attended once we moved to Umtali.

Helen (Claassen) and Jesse Brown came for a visit. Helen and Jesse had married on the last day of 1962 on the mission. Jesse loved little Donna Marie as if she were his own. Jesse had written to us about the planned marriage while we were living in the States: "Hold your hats, my darling little brother and sister — at the tender

age of 47 I'm getting a family of my own. Helen and I are to be married the first of January and will I love your little namesake. We have discussed at great length our differences, but with the Lord's help I believe we can make the necessary adjustments. Include us in your prayers.

Helen wrote, "My cup is running over. The Lord continues to be good to me. I have started a new year with a new life with a new husband. Jesse is everything I needed, and more so. He dearly loves the baby and she approves of her new daddy. He is kind, loving, gentle, considerate and good looking." Jesse and Helen worked with the church in Gatooma and Marandellas for several years, as well as some years in Swaziland at the Manzini School of Preaching. They went back to the States in the late '70's and Jesse preached in Texas and Arizona. He died recently, after he and Helen had been married for 26 years. Donna Marie attended Abilene Christian University at the same time Marcia did. She is married and a mother.

In December, we made a long trip to Pfungwe Reserve to Chief Chitsungu's home. We left Brother Mutangadura there to preach. The chief gave him land for a house. The chief had several wives and around 200 children. He wanted a school and hoped the mission would build one. Giff had made several trips there and taught the chief as well as his people. Eventually, the chief lost interest in the church because we did not build the school and very likely also because of his polygamy. Brother Mutangadura continued to preach in another part of the region.

The women on the mission took turns teaching ladies' class each week and there were some excellent teachers. One of the most capable was Mai Madanhi, who was very clever with object lessons, visual aids and songs. Mai Tandi was also a good teacher and became a good friend as she interpreted for me many times. She usually made the trip to Makunde village with me.

On the Sundays that we stayed on the mission, I prepared lunch for Benny De Jager, one of the brothers of Mrs. Platen. Benny was a Christian and he usually rode a bicycle to church, sometimes wading across the river. His two brothers came for a week-night meal and Bible study but never became Christians. The old men had never gone to school. Their sister had been sent away to boarding schools

and had a good education. I do not know why the boys were kept at home. Their sister taught them some rudiments of reading and writing.

Our goods arrived in January. The pickup had some dents in it, and a small generator, which had been given to us, had traveled upside down, spilling oil on other items in the crate.

That month, Loy, Clayton and Mutangadura attended a course on how to teach illiterate adults, designed by Dr. Frank Lauback, which was used all over the world. Later his team came to Nhowe and taught the course to a number of people. The three literacy teachers came to our house to stay. Two were African women and the other an American retired teacher who had devoted herself to adult literacy. As I showed the two African women to the guest rondovel, we saw a snake crawling from a tree and into the thatch roof of the hut! We called for Loy, who shot the *boomslang*. However, the frightened ladies did not want to sleep there and we had to move them into the main house.

Monica Steiniger lived at the mission for about two years, helping with the clinic and teaching. She, Rose Marie Legg, Rita Hanson, Betty Troup and I arranged to go to the girls' devotionals one night each week. Mai Tandi, the boarding mistress, was always there and the girls arranged their own lessons, but sometimes we spoke briefly. The other women went on fellowship Fridays to different places in the area. They taught classes on hygiene, cooking, childcare and teacher training. Sometimes they quilted and knitted. One group made aprons with "the fruit of the spirit" appliquéd across the front. Unfortunately, I was unable to attend because I was teaching the children at home.

Someone sent us a box of *Daughters of Eve* books by Lottie Beth Hobbs. What a useful gift! The lessons about Bible women were always well received, and we managed to give copies of the books to some of the leading women on the mission.

Dr. Maurice Callan of Rotan came to visit in 1964. He first went to Chimala Mission Hospital in Tanzania. He wrote that he had seen 70 patients in the clinic one day. He had to work too fast to do the best job, but it was the only way and facilities were very limited. He was treating malaria and pneumonia patients.

When Maurice arrived in Salisbury, we were at the airport to

greet him. He made a trip to Umtali with Loy to see our future home city. During his stay with us, he worked with Betty at the mission clinic and we took him to Wankie, Victoria Falls and Kariba. Eleanor Hanson, John's mother who was visiting from England, went along with us. We had bought the Giffords' camper and felt as though we had come up in the world after using a wooden canopy. Loy, Maurice and the children slept in the back, and Eleanor and I slept in the double cab pickup front — very cozy! We had a great time together.

One incident we recall often was the time Maurice was almost thrown off the truck while photographing an elephant. The elephant trumpeted and Loy accelerated the truck. We are thankful that Maurice held on!!

Incidentally . . .

Loy returned from a camp meeting at Pfungwe and reported that a wife cost only a bag of maize (corn) there. The people were very poor. Illiteracy and polygamy went hand in hand. Twelve and thirteen year-old girls were being "sold" in marriage.

A village boy made a car from shoe polish cans and wire for Stanley and Nancy. It had a steering wheel which turned the front wheels. The child was ingenious.

Going to Salisbury could be exhausting. After attending some classes and shopping for mission needs and his wife's groceries, Loy took a snooze in the truck for a few minutes. He was suddenly awakened to see an arm pulling his coat out of the truck. He gave chase and ran a few yards, then realized that he had left the pickup open to other thieves, so he returned, locked the vehicle and went on about his business.

Women's lectureships were big events at Nhowe. The women had complained that when the men attended our annual mission lectureship, they had to stay home and watch the cattle, gardens and children. Someone suggested having women's lectureships and leaving some of those duties to the men. (It was probably not a man who thought of the idea.) When they came to the lectureships, they greeted each other with loud hand clapping or slapping, hugs, shouts

and laughter. Africans are good communicators. They talk constantly with one another. They also love to sing and are usually hoarse in the mornings from singing all night.

That year, I prepared for the lectureship from my bed the lessons I was to teach. I also taught Nancy and Stanley there. I was pregnant and suffering with varicose veins, so Dr. Winter injected them. It was a painful time but worthwhile, because once the pain passed, I had no more trouble.

After the women's lectures, we took Maurice to the plane where he flew on to Australia to visit his former roommate, Rudy Wyatt, in Perth. Maurice, whose young wife died while we lived in Rotan, wrote later to say that he had found his Ruth, who had also been left a widow with small children. They were married and had a combined family of six, to which they added another. They continue to have an interest in the African work.

Americans were beginning to travel more, and we began to have the occasional visitor from overseas. The R. C. Bells of Dallas were a very congenial couple who came to visit. We showed them the mission and all its activities. They owned a chain of cafeterias and gave us a complimentary card which we were never able to use.

Planning for Umtali

We made several trips to Umtali before moving there. Campion and Joyce Mugweni had already moved to Dangamvura, one of the townships, and later bought a house in Sakubva, the largest African area (township) in the city at that time. They found several former Nhowe mission students and began to worship with them and others underneath a large tree in Dangamvura.

We were pleased that former Nhowe people were appearing and were thankful that we were meeting in the area; however, it was rather disappointing to learn that, while a few had been worshipping with denominations, most had not been meeting at all. We would have hoped that they had started the church on their own. Many were very young when they left Nhowe and returned to their homes, but a few were mature in age and should have been capable of planting the church wherever they went. Perhaps this was a special need



Joyce and Campion Mugweni with their children Moira and Japheth, 1962

that we had neglected to address. We met with the Mugwenis and those Shona brethren in Dangamvura under a tree.

We also discovered that Muriel Pretorius and Mark Swartz were living in Umtali. Muriel had been baptized while in Livingstone and had also worshipped in Bulawayo. Mark was a very fine young man from Bulawayo. He had been transferred to the border post between Rhodesia and Mozambique just near the town of Umtali. We met with Mark and Muriel and a young couple who had moved to Umtali from Salisbury. They had been converted by Brother Garrett. Sadly, they did not continue to worship with us but went across town to a Pentecostal church. So the church was planted amongst the Shona people and the English-speaking people of Manicaland.

We had enjoyed rural living at Nhowe Mission, both having been reared on farms, so we believed a house out of town on a small holding would be suitable. We looked at one house and made a bid on it but someone else bought it. Later, after we found a house on Taylor Avenue and began our life in town, we knew the Lord had guided us, for it would have been very difficult to work with the town church from the country. Lots of driving to and from school

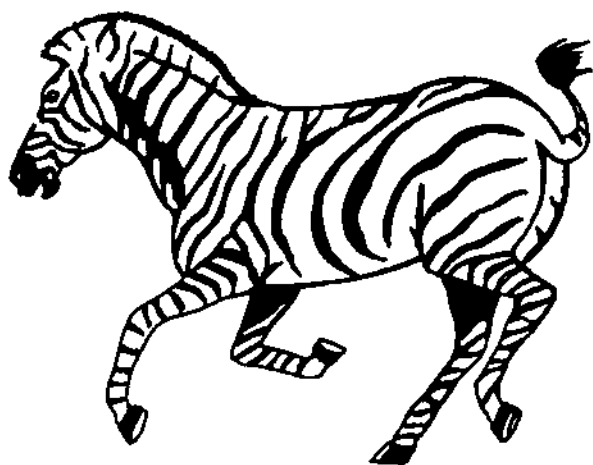
activities would have been necessary and later petrol was rationed which created a problem for out-of-town people.

We visited the infants' school (first and second grades) and enrolled Nancy with Miss Hannah, a very pleasant Irish headmistress. In years to come, Miss Hannah would meet other Mitchell children. She always took an interest in the children and inquired about them after they had moved on to junior school and high school. Now the little school has been closed and Miss Hannah has retired and returned to Ireland.

Soon after the Nhowe Lectureship of 1965, we packed our goods and moved to Umtali, excited and a little apprehensive about beginning a new work. We asked our Lord for help.

Part II

THE UMTALI YEARS



We moved our goods to Umtali on the 30th of July. A neighbor, Mrs. Davies, saw us moving in and sent a tray of tea. It was a young neighborhood. At one time we counted forty children in the two blocks of Taylor Avenue! Our children were very excited about having other children to play with, but we had to curtail the visits of their friends because they seemed to come to play for hours.

I began a Bible class with the children on Friday afternoons, and as time passed, Loy taught the older children and I taught the younger ones. We met with a few white people in our house each Sunday morning and went to Sakubva to meet with the Shona brethren in the afternoon. We rented the Adventist Church building until 1968 when my father came to Rhodesia and built a building in Sakubva. It was rather disheartening to meet so many Christians, usually people who had been baptized at Nhowe Mission, who had lived here for ten to fifteen years and failed to start the church. However, we encouraged them to join us and some of them have been the backbone of the church through the years. Loy and Campion were very busy with home studies, both to strengthen those who were already Christians and to teach those who were prospec-



Friday Bible class at the Mitchells' house, 1966.

tive Christians. We also offered a Bible correspondence course which opened doors for the further teaching of the gospel.

Early on the morning of the 31st of August, we went to the Lady Kennedy Maternity Home to await the birth of our fourth child. Pegginah Makunde, who worked for the Giffords, was with us until the Giffords returned, and she cared for the children and did the housework for us. A short, jolly, Scottish, nursing sister, Mary Todd, took me into the home. She and several others gave me the best of care and Dr. Lee finally delivered William J. Mitchell, a big nine pound, six ounce boy with reddish hair. (He soon became a blonde.) The nursing sister lives in our neighborhood today, twenty-three years later, and runs the baby clinic.

We were not forgotten by our fellow workers and were visited by the Troups, Leggs and others from time to time. Before William was born, Betty and Rhinard took our children to the Vumba Mountains for a few days, giving us a rest. While there, they met a fireman and his wife who studied with us and attended worship with us for several weeks.

I wanted to spend some time with the other children after I got home from the maternity home, so one Saturday afternoon I took the children to see a movie called "How the West Was Won." Loy babysat and when we returned after a rather long movie, William needed to be fed. But a babysitter had arrived! Helen was rocking him when I rushed into the house. She, Jesse and little Donna Marie had come to visit us. (They had left Nhowe Mission in 1963 and were working in Gatooma. Not long after that they moved to Swaziland where they worked with the Manzini Bible School.) We did lots of talking, and the next day Jesse preached and Helen taught the women in Sakubva. We had started evening meetings at our house, usually showing Bible slides, and they joined us for a lesson on "Archeology and Inspiration."

Leaving Nhowe in 1965 marked quite a big change in our lives. We lived close to the people at Nhowe and no doubt would have become better acquainted with their culture as time passed, had we stayed there. We regret that aspect of the move. Communities were segregated in those days and we had to drive to other suburbs in order to meet with the black people.

The main reason for our going was, of course, to start the church

in the Manicaland area. While we have not always seen the growth that we wanted, we have seen as many as thirty congregations started in the area, in addition to the three churches in the town itself. We did not do this alone — apart from the help of our Lord, there were disciples who were willing to make other disciples. Some of those were graduates of the Bible school, others were ordinary Christians who loved the Lord. We praise God for His church in the Manicaland area.

A second reason for our move related to our children and their education. We believed they were gifts from God, and we wanted to do what was best for them. I could have continued to teach them by correspondence or we could have sent them to boarding school. At that time they were not allowed to attend the mission school because of the racial separation. We knew that they could enjoy the friendship and competition offered in a school with other children, and we felt that it would be best to keep them at home rather than sending them to boarding school.

John and Rita Initiated into Mission Life

Back at the mission, the Hansons were making huge adjustments from secular to mission work. Rita and John wrote the following report:

We have made two major decisions in our married life, the first nine years ago when we became Christians, and the second, in January this year when we gave up our jobs to enter the mission field. Our year has been such a change and to us so interesting that we felt we would like to share it with you and we are hoping to do this each year in the same way. We and our goods arrived in a confusion of goats bleating, ducks quacking, hens cackling, monkeys screeching, dogs barking and a grand finale mother rabbit in her hutch on top of the lorry bringing forth her family. It was dark when we got there and our hearts sank when we saw the house again; we had forgotten that with its two bedrooms it had fifteen doors, a big concrete working space taking up half the kitchen and a large black fireplace, more like

a furnace, in the lounge-cum-dining room, separated by a large archway which blocked out the light making the room dark and poky. The one bright spot was the sun lounge that had been built on the back of the house. So for the last ten months we and the builders have lived in dust and cement what with doors being bricked up and walls being knocked down, having no place to sit comfortably. But now, out of utter chaos, has emerged built-in cupboards and a lovely fireplace in a sunny lounge. But lots more needs to be done. We hope when you hear from us in 1966 we can report that we are all settled in a completed home. We hardly had time to unload before we were into the work, John ploughing and planting fields, chapel preaching, weekend preaching in the villages and me teaching women and children, going on women's fellowships and all the varied aspects of mission life. Once I stumbled out of bed in a dressing gown at 4:45 a.m. in answer to an urgent knocking on our door to be greeted by a smile from flashing white teeth in a happy black face: "Please can you help me with flowers for the boys' boarding?"

At the time of this writing, our son John is home from boarding school. Previously, he had always been with us at home; however, moving to the mission meant boarding school. It is wonderful to have him and we try to arrange our Sunday village meetings so that we can call at the school, 50 miles away, and take him with us for a few hours giving him help in his spiritual life which he doesn't get at school. This has been another adjustment we have had to make!

So often I have shared the joys and funny side of our life. However, I experienced sad times, also, like when one of the classes of African children I was teaching at farm schools was dissolved by the farmer. Upon arriving, as usual, to teach, I found some of the children standing and waiting with sad faces. They were not reflecting their usual eagerness. I stood there helpless, unable to do anything to bring the pleasure they had shown when hearing stories about Jesus. A lost opportunity.

Now from the sad to the frightening. Once when we were out in a village preaching and teaching, someone rushed up and asked us to come and see a very sick man. I grabbed the box of medical supplies and rushed into a little dark mud hut. John was close behind. There in front of us was not a near dying man as we had expected, but a mad man, tied around the waist with a rope. The end of the rope was put through a hole in the wall and secured by a stake on the outside of the hut so that he could not run away. After swallowing hard and letting our hearts beat back to normal, we tried to help but realized he needed to go to the hospital 100 miles away; so, John made arrangements for this. You will be interested to know that after treatment for pressure on the brain and malnutrition, the doctor wrote to us that he was well on the way to recovery. We will still check for ourselves next time we go to that village. Medical treatment is part of our work, and many times we are the only medical aid the people ever receive, living as far as they do from hospitals.

Mission work is not all peaches and cream. There are times of discouragement and frustration when it seems our work is to no avail and we feel we have made a great mistake and wish we hadn't made that second decision. Then something happens that makes us proud and happy to be doing the work that we have set our hearts on doing. We wish all a happy and prosperous New Year. Love, Rita and John Hanson.

The Hanson report left us breathless!

Reaching Out Again

The missionary's wife must make choices, seemingly between her family and the Lord's work; however, Loy always assured me that caring for children and the work of homemaking were both the Lord's work, also. Consequently, I did not actually choose between one or the other when I decreed it best to stay at home with the children. I wrote in September of 1965 that I was attempting to attend

one evening study with Loy, in addition to the usual meetings appointed by the church, plus the women's and children's classes I taught.

Loy began teaching Stanley (the only child associated with the church at that time) a lesson at the junior school during the scripture period. Since he was Loy's only pupil, they sometimes met in the truck. However, as time passed and more of the English speaking community attended our classes and worship periods, other children joined the class. Parents had to give their permission for their children to attend a class. This was not always the case at the African schools, where Loy might be given a full class of children to teach.

When William was still tiny, the children enjoyed pushing him about the garden in his pram. A friend gave us a small, white mongrel puppy named Pirate (because of the black patch on one eye). I looked out one day to see the children with an interesting wagon load: William in his infaseat alongside Pirate in the wagon.

Loy wrote in September:

What would you do? If you and your family move into a town of 41,000 people made up of approximately two-thirds black and one-third white people, and you know each one has a soul, but how do you go about teaching these lost souls of the Son of God? You face great opportunities but there are many obstacles. In the first place, you have no building to meet in. That means you either meet underneath a tree, in your home or in someone else's home. Have you ever tried to get your friends to meet underneath a tree for worship? Second, you are constantly reminded that you are a foreigner. As one man told me the other day, "You have two counts against you: You are an American and you are a missionary." The American foreign policy has not helped promote friendship toward Americans in Africa. Many here blame the missionaries for the fighting in the Congo and other places.

Another problem you face is a language barrier between you and the black people. Most of us have enough difficulty speaking in English or American (as they call our speech), let alone a foreign language. Yet to be really effective you

need to know the language of the people.

Possibly the greatest difficulty one faces is discouragement. In the States you had the privilege to speak to large numbers of people on Sunday and during the week. In this city you may meet with just a handful of people in your living room.

Now, lest you think we are discouraged, let me say we are not. We know God is here helping us. We have a few who are faithfully helping and we know we have the backing and prayers of hundreds of you in America.

We feel that we have made some substantial progress, with God's help, since our move to Umtali two months ago.

1. There have been nine Africans baptized.

2. Two Africans have been restored.

3. Attendance on Sunday among the Africans has been as high as 53. Last Sunday 47 were present.

4. We are able to hold cottage meetings in homes five nights a week. (We try to save one night for our family.)

5. We now have 60 people enrolled in our Bible correspondence course.

6. Among the Europeans (whites), two Christians are meeting with us on Sundays and two other families are attending. We have made mistakes, but what would you do?

Just one week later, Loy reported an upsurge in interest among the Europeans. There had been seventeen present for Bible classes and thirteen present for worship. Nineteen had come to see a slide presentation on "What is the Church?" on Sunday evening. Arrangements were being made to rent a public hall for worship, sixty-two people were enrolled in the correspondence course and two people from the course were continuing their studies in home classes.

The hall we rented for the European worship was the Toc H Hall just across from the city park. It was an old building, but adequate for our needs. However, it was necessary to clean it of cigarettes, beer bottles and other rubbish each Sunday morning before our meetings. In Sakubva, we rented the Adventist building until 1968. We were once banned from meeting in the Adventist church because



Bible class at Sakubva, 1969. Marcia and Maggie Brown in back.

the Giffords had visited us and come to worship with their little dog in the car. Someone saw the dog and the Adventist people became very angry, saying we had defiled their building. They quoted Revelation 22:15 which speaks of "dogs and sorcerers without." Loy and Campion had to speak diplomatically to make peace.

Loy started a youth meeting with the Europeans once a week and I began to drive to Dangamvura and Sakubva for midweek ladies' studies. The children had a Bible character dress up party one Friday night and Stanley was Paul, the Apostle, about whom he loved to read. The girls were too young to go to the party, so they dressed up with me at home. The youths who attended the meetings were children of Bible correspondence course contacts. Loy also began to play basketball with a group of Portuguese men. He had hopes of making contact with these people and eventually moving into Portuguese East Africa or Mozambique, just a mile or so from Umtali. The exercise was good and his playing continued for several years. Sometimes he had to step aside and allow the emotional Portuguese to quarrel with their opponents, the Greeks, who had a club called the Hellenics. The Portuguese team eventually dissolved

and he played on other city league teams, including the Hellenics and the Manicaland area team which traveled to other parts of the country for tournaments.

Soon after our arrival in Umtali, a very distinguished English gentleman, Max Phillips, came by our house and encouraged Loy to join the Lions Club. Loy had been a Lion in Rotan and the club had written to the Umtali chapter. Loy served in the Umtali Lions Club for twelve years and found it a means of reaching out to the community and helping the church to become known.

Joyce Mugweni and Lydia Mubvumbi were great helpers in the work of the African women. They brought a group of women to our house some time after we moved into the house and cleaned the house for me. I served them tea and cakes and we had a good time laughing and talking. Mai Mubvumbi and Mai Mugweni have continued to serve the Lord and women's work here, and have strengthened and encouraged me many times. In 1989, Mai Mubvumbi died at the age of fifty-seven; I miss this good friend.

In the political news we began to hear the term UDI — Unilateral Declaration of Independence. Ian Smith was the prime minister and resisted the idea of full independence for all peoples of the nation as had happened in the countries of Northern Rhodesia (Zambia) and Nyasaland (Malawi). We knew that soon the country would declare independence from Great Britain, but life went along quietly for us and our family in the midst of the letters of concern from some in the States. Perhaps we were ignorant of many events. We read the newspapers but had no radio or television. Finally, on the 11th of November, we purchased a small radio specifically for the purpose of listening to Prime Minister Ian Smith declare independence. A period of almost fifteen years of unrest and war followed.

A Hard Question

Mai Harawa was taught and baptized in Sakubva. Events leading to her baptism were interesting. One of her daughters was in Loy's scripture class at the government school. The daughter, Naomi, asked him to visit her mother. After another study one day

Loy and Campion called on the woman and they were given a very cold reception — courteous in the usual Shona manner, but certainly not friendly. Later we learned that she thought we were with the Central Intelligence Agency! Mai Harawa and Naomi were eventually baptized in the muddy Sakubva River. Some months later, Naomi left school and gave birth to a child. As the years passed, we realized that she and her sisters were supporting their family by prostituting themselves. They lived in very poor conditions and there were a number of younger children to feed and clothe. We tried to help as we could. One day when we were discussing God's laws about morality in the ladies' class, something was said about the sin of fornication and harlotry. Mai Harawa said, "If you are starving you cannot help yourself — you will do the same thing to feed your children." There are good biblical answers to that problem, but I often wonder if I would have had the courage to do otherwise if I had been born into that kind of existence. What would you have said? The family attended worship for years; however, at this time, I do not know what has become of them. Likely some were killed or lost during the war.

We met an English couple one day at the park. They brought their little girl to my Friday class and attended meetings for some time. Finally they moved to Salisbury, the husband left the wife and they, too, have now lost touch. Such is the life of reaching out to people.

I opened a home study with ladies using *Daughters Of Eve* by Lottie Beth Hobbs, sent to us by ladies in the Snyder church. Several of my neighbors attended the class and seed was sown that we hoped would bear fruit. In fact, a Presbyterian friend liked the books so well she borrowed them to use in the Presbyterian women's fellowship — unfortunately they were never returned. I hope someone over there is still studying Lottie Beth's good teachings.

A Beautiful Setting

Just looking at Umtali daily was a delight to the senses. Mists often fell down over the mountains like a tablecloth but disappeared when the sun arose. The mountain ranges surrounded us.

Everywhere we looked we saw a beautiful scene showing God's wonderful world. Birds were numerous — the big black and white crow, the horn bill with its quacking sound, the tiny hummingbird, the many doves, the glossy starlings, woodpeckers, waxbills, widow birds (with their pin tails), weavers, black and grey tits, long tailed shrikes, the sugarbirds, swallows and swifts. I could not name all of them, but their morning concerts were a joy to hear. Out in the rural areas, where the game and tame animals lived, there were tickbirds, which rode on the animals and ate the ticks and other insects. There were also storks, stilts, secretary birds with feathers resembling a quill pen behind the ears, sandpipers, sandgrouse, ravens, robins, sparrows, Ibis (heron) and pigeons. The Namaqua dove makes a mournful sound that I always associate in my mind with the African bush.

Sanctions

Sanctions were declared against Rhodesia by the rest of the world. We missed some overseas products, but the Rhodesian people considered themselves challenged to use their initiative and produce their own cereals, clothing, etc. In this way, sanctions brought good results. Of course, there were other more serious consequences: foreign currency was scarce, petrol had to be rationed, the new oil refinery at Umtali had to be closed and munitions for the defense of the country and the subsequent war were difficult to find. Interesting ways of "beating" sanctions were devised by some and some items found their way into the country in spite of sanctions.

Dick Clark, then working with the churches in the Salisbury area, wrote a report on the situation as he saw it.

We have had no difficulties in continuing our church work and none of our evangelists have reported any troubles or hindrances in their activities in the various places where they work. I went into the African township of Harare yesterday to baptize a young man, as well as for other reasons and found that life and attitudes were normal just as before UDI.

We have been shocked at reports that we have received

from overseas concerning news items on Rhodesia. Reports of police and troops lining the streets of downtown Salisbury are absolutely false. One overseas newspaper contained a picture showing a large downtown department store surrounded with sandbags for defense. The picture obviously used trick photography.

It is true that police patrols have been active in the townships as a precautionary action. With Radio Zambia exhorting the Rhodesian Africans to violence and calling the African people here cowards, etc., this is no doubt wise action on the part of the police in keeping law and order. Thus far, the few public demonstrations by crowds have been made only at the insistence of political "thugs" going from house to house intimidating people to leave their homes to go into the streets.

Economic sanctions against Rhodesia including an oil embargo may certainly cause an economic recession in this country for a time, but as we read the signs, the people are confident that they shall have little effect otherwise. I am concerned, however, that though the European population may be able to weather the financial crisis imposed upon them, the African populace may not be as fortunate. Thousands of Africans are employed by local firms and many more thousands are employed as servants in the homes of European families, many of whom may have to lay them off work as they get to the point where belt tightening becomes necessary. Under such circumstances the sanctions become ridiculous as they drive the Africans back to the lands and thus trammel the people that they were intended to assist.

If things get too difficult, the government is determined to send 200,000 Africans presently working in Rhodesia back to Malawi which would no doubt have a crippling effect upon Dr. Banda's economy up there. We pray that the days to come do not bring undue human suffering to Central Africa.

The government imposed media censorship and newspapers

came out with blank spaces; sometimes whole columns were blanked out.

Life Goes On At 5 Taylor Avenue

The school year drew to a close, but Stanley was ill with high fever and chills; not a good way to begin the holidays. He soon recovered. The children had made a good beginning, or ending, of the school year, and would be more comfortable with the system once the new term began in January. Loy wrote his usual statistical report:

The sun was directly overhead on its way to the south. The first official day of summer would be a reality when it reached twenty-two degrees south of the equator on the 21st of December. Sugar had risen from twelve to fourteen cents a pound as many countries had quit buying Rhodesian sugar. (A shipload of sugar had been turned back somewhere in the ocean after nearly reaching its destination.) Forty-five people worshipped in Sakubva and fourteen people met for the English worship.

We believed we needed a holiday but had very little money, so we spent three days camping in the Inyanga Mountains. For some five years we had admired the view of the Inyangas from Nhowe Mission; but, this was our first time to see them at close range. They were indeed beautiful. We camped in the pine trees, and those brave enough swam in the swiftly flowing cold river water. The pool just at the bottom of some rapids was bilharzia free. We also visited ancient ruins and slave pits thought by some to be merely cattle pits. The mountains were covered with tree plantations, mostly eucalyptus or gum, pine and wattle trees. We saw several saw mills. We were thankful for a few days with our family in the peace and quiet of God's lovely land.

We were soon to begin the new year and were grateful to the churches and individuals who had agreed to support three evangelists in the area. Two of the men would be helping with Bible correspondence courses and doing the follow-up necessary to make the course worthwhile.

"One of the marks of the true church is that it must be persecuted by the government," said one Bible student with whom Loy was studying. Loy pointed out that we could recognize the church which belongs to Jesus because he left a pattern in the Bible which describes its name, doctrine, work, organization and Christian living. "When we find the church that fits these qualifications, then we have found the church that Jesus founded," Loy told him. Then came the statement about being persecuted by the government. This was a common idea among some of the people. We were not being persecuted by the government and we hoped we would always be free to spread the word. Some politicians used churches as fronts to spread their ideas of violent overthrow of the government and they were banned. We knew we were living in difficult times but felt that we should avoid involvement and simply preach the gospel. Some religious people sincerely disagreed with this thought, especially those in the Methodist Church, Catholic Church and United Church of Christ. They spoke out publicly against the governing authorities, and a few of their missionaries were deported.

In January of 1966, the membership of the English speaking church increased by three, with Cecelia Cook and Phylis and Arthur McLachlan being immersed in the portable baptistry in our back garden. This drew the attention of our curious neighbors. Arthur went to work after his baptism and spoke to workmates, learning that a fellow worker had a brother in Zambia who was a Christian. Already Arthur's influence was being felt. We were encouraged. Several African people had obeyed the gospel that month but the white folks were slower to respond.

Rains came heavily that January. One day we called our children inside for devotionals and they brought seven friends along including one white mouse and several pounds of mud. Children are eager to sing praises to God and listen to Bible stories; we prayed that someday they would have Christian families of their own.

"Uncle Giff and Auntie Gen are coming!" our children shouted as their friends joined in. Gen and Giff came for a welcome visit and charmed the children as usual. We had managed to buy a used bicycle at the auction room and Nancy proudly showed them that she could ride it. Giff preached at the afternoon Sakubva worship, and we were refreshed by their good visit.

Family life moved along in its normal pattern. William was teething, sitting alone, crawling about the house and pulling up to furniture. Marcia busied herself on her little table, taking the old envelopes from the correspondence course and pretending she had very important secretarial work to do. The older children were back in school and played excitedly with their friends afterwards. There was great excitement when the police caught a thief in the vicinity! We had been awakened by the policeman chasing a prowler, followed by servants and dogs in the area. The children slept through it all but, when told the story, were ready to recount it numerous times when they arrived at school. The hero was the neighbor's dog, Simba (meaning "strength"). Poor teachers!

We slowed our pace with the rationing of petrol. More people were walking and riding on trains and buses. A factory in Salisbury produced its first ready-to-eat cereal made from corn, sugar and honey. It was tasty and we felt encouraged that ingenuity was defeating sanctions. Loy and the children produced fresh corn. Times were hard for us so all these things helped. Overseas preachers, in most cases, receive less pay than stateside preachers, something I shall never understand. The Lord provided, however, and I should not complain.

A Day In The Life . . .

Young Stanley was highly indignant when a neighbor jokingly asked him if he planned to become a preacher, saying "Preachers only work on Sunday morning!" Sometimes, when people see a man at home during the day, they think he is not working. Most of the time Loy worked from his "office" in the dining room during our stay on Taylor Avenue. He wrote a brief list of one week's activities in March, 1966, to give our supporters an idea of what we were doing.

Monday: Study in Genesis at Umtali Junior school, four boys enrolled. Home study with Phylis and Arthur McLachlan and Roland Bauer.

Tuesday: Study in Genesis at Girls High School, five girls enrolled. Study in Genesis at Boys' High School, one

boy enrolled. Evening class at Umtali Teachers' College, studying in Acts, forty to fifty attending.

Wednesday: Study in Genesis at Umtali Junior School, four boys enrolled. Donna's ladies' class in Sakubva, ten to eighteen attending. Mid-Week Study in Mugweni's home, forty-five to fifty attending.

Thursday: Donna's ladies' class in town. Bible slides in the home of Alf Welsh.

Friday: Class in Mubvumbi home using Jule Miller film strips. Donna's children's class. Young People's Meeting, studying Acts, ten to sixteen attending.

Saturday: No regular classes scheduled.

Sunday: Bible classes, Donna teaching children under eight and Loy teaching older people. Morning Sermon. African Worship in afternoon. Men's Bible study taught by Loy, Women's class taught by Donna. Evening classes with English speaking people.

The young work was growing and we rejoiced to see twenty or so people attending the English studies and worship. At Sakubva, attendance was in the seventies. Sometimes we felt lonely, working "on our own" so to speak, so Easter holiday at Nhowe was like going home. We missed the fellowship of other missionaries.

Visitors From Zambia

The children were excited about the sounds of "mudududu," the Africans' name for motorcycle. Dennis Mitchell and George Triplett zoomed into the drive just before the Friday afternoon children's class. The children were so enthusiastic about the unusual visitors that it was difficult to get them settled down for study. They finally calmed down but were ready to surround the visitors and their bikes as soon as class ended.

It was a pleasure to have "family" to visit us so far away from the States. Dennis and George had arrived in Zambia to work at Kabanga Mission in January. Dennis was one of Loy's young brothers, a twin to Donald. The young men were single and full of eagerness to see our work and tell us of the preaching of the gospel in

Zambia. We took them, along with a group of people with whom we were studying, to the beautiful Vumba Mountains for a Saturday picnic, devotional and games. We made a spot in Cloudlands "our place" and returned there for many family picnics. There were two large trees, a picnic table, an area for playing and a fabulous view of the city of Umtali.

The visitors attended home studies at the McLachlans' and Welshes'. Loy took them to Chipinga where Samson Mhlanga was preaching and was supported by the church at Nhowe. On the way, they stopped at Hot Springs, Birchenough Bridge and an irrigation area which supports a market for produce and basketry. They noted that goods were searched at the bridge as the police and army feared that this would be one of the first places attacked if the nations kept their threats to use military force against Rhodesia. They also visited a small church in the Melsetter area, deep in the Chimanimani Mountains, and returned with bananas grown there.

While we were at Nhowe, one of the boys (who worked for us from time to time cutting firewood) Conrad Tsiga, had left school for one year because of his father's death and lack of funds. However, he returned to complete his primary schooling. He worked with Jesse Brown in Gatooma until the Browns went to Swaziland and then he came to help us in the work, especially to work with the Bible correspondence courses. Conrad married in Umtali and eventually went to Que Que and Salisbury to preach. He has always had help from Jesse Brown and those associated with Jesse. Today he continues to be a church leader, one of the mature.

We were allocated a plot in Sakubva and began plans to save money for a church building. This was slow moving because the people were very poor. We began a campaign to receive funds from the States to assist the church in building.

We Meet The Prime Minister

We attended a Lions' Club induction dinner in May and Loy led the opening prayer. Our guest speaker was the Prime Minister, Mr. Ian Smith. Mr. Smith had been wounded while a pilot during World War II, and his face was paralyzed on one side. He

was considered a war hero. He spoke in a sincere and convincing way about the situation in Rhodesia and received zealous support from most of the white community. As usual, in the political circumstances of the day, we felt that we could see logical arguments from both sides and prayed for dialogue between leaders that would prevent war.

The week Marcia turned four (May 28th), we had a holiday, Whit Monday. I cleaned the house and did the inevitable Monday washing, after which I got a break from cooking! We stopped at a fish and chip shop, bought our lunch and headed for the mountains where we ate near a lovely waterfall. After eating, we had a devotional which was very inspiring with the beauties of God's creation surrounding us. These little breaks made special memories but, unfortunately, as the work progressed we had less time for "just family" affairs. We did manage a few. That week the English speaking church grew by three — they were young people from the Landsberg family.

We took some time off for a "busman's holiday" in Bulawayo where Loy preached in an eight-day gospel meeting. Four people were baptized, and we had a good visit in the home of Alan and Verna Hadfield. They had moved to Bulawayo and helped in the beginning of the second English speaking church there. Loy also spent several days at Nhowe Mission discussing ways to improve our work among the villages. During our absence, the Legg and Troup families came to Umtali and took our place, so they too had a change of scene.

The cost of petrol went up because of sanctions against the country. Mozambique was at that time still ruled by Portugal and very friendly toward the Rhodesian government, so they allowed us to cross the border and buy petrol where it was more plentiful and cost less. When the new government took over in Mozambique, this had to stop for the Frelimo-Socialist rulers were not so friendly toward the white-dominated government in Rhodesia.

In June, Loy journeyed to Turfontein, Johannesburg, in South Africa to speak in a gospel meeting. It was very difficult to get permission to enter that country because church people were suspect. The government believed some had stirred up the people to riot and demonstrate against their apartheid rule. So, we became more aware

of troubles in that land across the Limpopo. The gospel was preached to the English speaking church and attendance was exceptional because of a campaign being held in that area. We became acquainted with some wonderful preachers, teachers and other Christians in that land.

TIMBER!

The scent of pine permeated the air at the end of one busy Saturday. Our children did not watch Saturday cartoons (we had no television), but they found excitement in the activities around them. Our plot was bordered with closely set pine trees (perhaps the former owners were trying to plant a hedge); but, in the intervening years the trees had reached for the sky. It would have been all right in a spacious country property, but it darkened our house and the house of the McKenzies who lived next door. One tree had fallen over when the soil was soft, fortunately missing the Hulleys' car on the east side. Several trees at the back of the plot were weighed down with beautiful but treacherous bougainvillea. They leaned toward our garden and, though beautiful, were a danger.

So one Saturday morning, Loy and Wally Ward, our friend from the fire station, began cutting alternate trees, one by one. Loy climbed to the top of a tree with a rope while Wally held the opposite end of the rope on the ground ready to pull the first segment in a safe direction. Mindless of the danger, our children and others in the neighborhood came to watch. It was exciting to them and they helped pull the branches away to be cut for firewood or taken to the rubbish heap. Periodically, when Loy found the time, another tree went down and the children played "Christmas tree games."

Two of my neighbors began to attend the ladies' Bible class, and this was an encouragement to me. Those neighbors, all young mothers with children like ours, became good friends and it was a memorable time for us.

Stanley attended his first camp with the Bulawayo Christians and returned home with very few dirty clothes — it was cold at camp and he had worn a heavy sweatshirt over his other clothing most of the time. It was too cold to change! Those clothes were

never quite the same in spite of detergent and bleach.

Marcia had an elfin look as she got bubble gum in her hair and had to have a very short razor cut! William began to walk, and Nancy continued to look after him. She was full of energy and friendliness.

Four young men, Jonathan Chitendeni, Saul Chaire, Campion Mugweni and Conrad Tsiga, worked with us, and they helped Loy teach as many as twenty home studies each week and the church grew in both congregations. We took two white couples to Nhowe Mission's annual lectureship and it was a new experience for them. Their association with black Africans was limited to the domestic servants in their house and employees at their workplace. They were rather surprised to meet teachers, preachers and others with a high level of training and knowledge of the English language. One white man remarked that he had never before shaken a black man's hand! There were many obstacles to be overcome before racial equality and reconciliation would arrive.

While we were at Nhowe Mission, young Jasmine Zhanghaza was baptized at an early age. She was so small that the other girls carried her back to the hostel that starry night after her immersion at the mission dam. Her parents were leaders in the church in Tandil Reserve and helped to start the Jowo church. During the August holidays, Jasmine asked to come and work for us. She was in a teachers' training school and did not have the spiritual benefits that she had enjoyed at Nhowe. She and I "spring cleaned" the house thoroughly that holiday. She was good with the children and she went with me to ladies' classes in Sakubva to learn and to interpret.

Also that month, Mark and Rose Marie Legg came to Umtali. Mark held a gospel meeting for the English speaking church. We distributed invitations to many, but found a rather hostile reception from some of the white residents. Some religious groups had created a bad impression. In fact, some people went so far as to put signs on their gates saying, "No Jehovah's Witnesses Allowed." That, and some rather fierce dogs, made it difficult to go from house to house, but we gave personal invitations to those we knew and met.

The Christian colleges in the States were beginning to encourage young men and women to spend time as apprentices or observers in mission areas. Glen Staples was one of those young men and he

spent six months in Rhodesia, some of them in our area. We kept him busy marking correspondence courses, teaching classes (especially for the youth), preaching and doing personal work. Glen was energetic, outgoing and encouraging. He hitchhiked from place to place, teaching as he went.

Very Special Visitors

In September of 1966, Loy's parents, Owen and Maude Mitchell, took the trip of their lifetime. They traveled with a tour group from Abilene to the Holy Land, then left the group to come to Zambia to be with Dennis for three weeks. We eagerly looked forward to their coming on to us to spend several weeks in Umtali and Nhowe Mission. Dad had a dual interest in the work here since he was also an elder at Hillcrest, the church which supported the Bible school at Nhowe.

Dennis brought Mother and Dad to Rhodesia in his Land Rover.



Grandpa and Grandma Mitchell come to visit, 1966.

I prepared supper and at about 6 p.m. the children sat down on the culvert in the drive and waited. They pulled up some of the petunias and made bouquets to present to their grandparents. They were so excited! The grandparents arrived at about 6:30. They had enjoyed their trip and although they were tired, they were in good health. Dennis led singing Sunday morning and preached in the evening; Dad made a short talk at the African worship and preached there the following Sunday. One day Dad spoke to the local Lions' Club and seemed to enjoy meeting some of the townspeople. Needless to say, we were very grateful to God for their visit and we felt that they would not only strengthen us, but would uplift other missionaries and churches in Rhodesia. Also, after returning to the States, they could report on our work and inform Christians there of many things which we were unable to communicate to them.

Another visitor was J. W. Roberts who spent one night with us and spoke to the church in town. Dr. Roberts was a respected and scholarly teacher from Abilene Christian College, and it was an honor to have him in our house. When he spoke it was perhaps in too scholarly a way for his audience. He read from his Greek New Testament, translating as he went; however, most people did not realize he was doing that. Also, he was very gracious when I spilled tea on him at the lunch table!

We were indeed moving into a new age of travel, for we happily received a number of overseas visitors during the next few years. (During our first term of duty at Nhowe Mission we had absolutely no visitors from the States.) We were grateful, for visitors inspired us to carry on our work, and they took back a "picture" of the work that no one can experience unless they are there.

Mother Mitchell was a beautiful woman, a worthy woman as described in Proverbs 31. While the men were out, Mother and I worked together and talked. She was an ideal "older woman" and encouraged me in many ways. She was extremely capable but also very humble and human. She was always happy and content with her lot. William was just toddling at that time and Mother spent much of her time chasing after him, always fearful of the road in front of our house. She suggested that we needed a fence but it was not to be at that time because of lack of funds. When we finally did get a fence, William was old enough to stay out of the road!

Dad went to speak at the graduation at the preachers' school. Then later we made a trip to Hot Springs, Zimbabwe Ruins and Bulawayo. Dad also spoke to the Hillside and Queens Park churches. Christians from both churches met at the Tom Browns' house, and we were inspired and stimulated by the enthusiastic singing. Old Brother and Sister Short had moved to Bulawayo by that time and were leaders in the Hillside church, assisted by Joyce and J. C. Shewmaker. What wonderful role models we had in them! Worship in song always encouraged us in Bulawayo because of our small numbers in Umtali; but, we were improving and the children were growing and learning to sing out more.

On our return, after a visit to Wankie Game Reserve, we stayed with the Shorts again in Bulawayo, stopped for lunch with Foy and Margaret Short in Gwelo and then journeyed on to Salisbury where we visited with the Pomeroy's and Clarks. Some of those good workers are either dead or have left the country today. We were indeed blessed to have their fellowship and to share their friendship with our parents. As usual, it was good to head for the hills of Umtali and home. Later, Mark and Rose Marie Legg came for Mother and Dad and took them to Nhowe for a week's stay.

While in Bulawayo, we encouraged Tom and Dodo Brown and their family to come and help us in Umtali. Tom was preaching and teaching home studies already, and Dodo was an excellent teacher and personal worker. They were from Scotland and their rich Scots speech was indeed delightful to hear. Tom would have to resign from his work in Bulawayo (he was a certified public accountant) and therefore would need support. We began to work on that, writing to American churches and requesting help.

While the grandparents were here, they kindly babysat one Thursday through Saturday while we went to Jowo. It had been a year since we had gone there, and it was good to see those people again. It rained so hard as we drove over, we were afraid the roads would be impassable. However, we got through and met with some sixty or seventy Christians on Thursday evening. Friday we had worship and Bible classes and Friday night there were around 80 people at the meeting. I had a good number of ladies for class on Friday. They were disappointed because I had not brought the "new" baby (now over a year old). When I told them the grandpar-

ents were keeping the children, one old lady pointed to a child on her back and said, "Yes, I'm a grandmother, too, keeping my grandchild!" It is their custom to take the grandchildren to their grandmother for months at a time and it is her duty to train the children, especially the girls, to work and have good manners.

As we left on Saturday, we drove slowly because that is the only pace one can drive over the road to Jowo and we watched the people plowing the ground after the good rains. It appeared as if everyone was out because it is a family and community work. However, most of the plowing was being done by women, with the help of one or two oxen. Many of the men were working at jobs in town, although that did not necessarily mean they would be in the fields plowing if they were at home! Some were drinking beer in the traditional way.

We were pleased that one man had been baptized during the meeting. We had walked with him to the river at ten p.m. Just as the baptism was finished, the rains began again, and we made a dash for the camp site, returning quite wet.

We drove to Nhowe in December to attend the dedication of the McCurdy Bible Building. J. C. McCurdy was an elder at Hillcrest in Abilene and had worked tirelessly on behalf of the work at Nhowe. A supper was held honoring our parents, as well as the Leggs, Glen Staples and an African family who were soon to leave Nhowe.

Dennis and George Triplett came from Zambia to spend a few more days with our parents. How quiet it would be when all our guests had left! It had been a rich and rewarding time for us.

The Sakubva church was growing and saving money for a building. Contributions for the building were arriving from individuals in the United States, including a generous donation from my parents, Ross and Grace, and my brother and his wife, Terrel and Charlotte Taylor. We suggested that they come to Rhodesia and build the church building! Daddy and Terrel were in the building business and we were of course thinking selfishly of seeing our loved ones.

Another Year

Loy began 1967 with an eight-day gospel meeting in Salisbury and we stayed with good friends, the Pomeroy's. Nancy and

Marcia were left at Nhowe for a few days. The forty-member church in Salisbury had rented a large hall in town. It was a good meeting although hindered somewhat by petrol rationing. While there, I was asked to teach the ladies' class and I spoke on the topic, "Don't Faint," from Galatians 6:9. Syble Reese was especially encouraging to me that week, and old Granny Pedlar, in her 80's, led a spirited prayer in the ladies' class. Two women had husbands who were bitter and antagonistic about Christianity. I admired their courage in coming to meetings and bringing their children in spite of such opposition. We returned to Umtali with renewed strength.

In March, Lyle and Thelma Pomeroy came to visit, and Lyle presented a magic show at Beit Hall in Sakubva. He was a good magician and ended his show by pointing out that he had performed by the use of tricks, only, and had no magical powers. He went on to explain that the witch doctors practiced trickery as well. The crowd was very large and unfortunately got too loud. We came away rather disappointed, hoping that at least some of the 1500 to 1600 people got the message. Lyle had worked very hard. He was always assisted by Thelma, so they were both very tired when they finished. His Bible lessons and magic shows given to smaller church groups were better received. Other visitors were Phil and Norma Elkins who were touring the world studying missions and mission methods. Later they went to the country of Zambia for a few years.

The church at Limestone in Bartlesville, Oklahoma agreed to support Tom and Dodo Brown in the work in Umtali. We were overjoyed! The Browns' daughter Christine moved to the city earlier than the family did, having been transferred by the bank to work there. Things were looking up and the Sakubva church building fund was growing.

School Days

Stanley was in Standard Four and beginning to learn French. This was only an introduction. He would begin to study the language in earnest when he got to high school. He said he wanted to become a missionary and language would be useful to him. That was

enough to warm his missionary parents' hearts! High school boys, walking past our house to and from school, had been playing with yoyos, the current fad. Yoyos had been scarce because of sanctions, but some went across the border to Mozambique to buy them.

A big day in the junior school was "March Past." It was sports day and every child entered in some activity, while mothers provided cakes for teas and helped out in the serving of the tea. Nancy ran in the skipping race and her daddy ran the 100 yard dash for dads. Stan placed second in the sack race and his relay team took third. Children were divided into four different competition groups and were members of the group or "house" that their siblings participated in. Our children were in Fairbridge House and their color was yellow, so I always tried to find something yellow to wear.

In April I spoke, along with Mai Mutuma and Mai Mhlanga, at the Nhowe Mission lectures for women. We loaded the truck with goods, babies and women, and began our journey to Nhowe. Loy and Nancy returned to Umtali because he had to travel to Bulawayo to get the Brown family — Tom's wife, mother, three children and a dog and cat. Loy and Nancy attended the Bulawayo Trade Fair while there, making special memories for Nancy. The women and I traveled back to Umtali by train. The children always enjoyed running about Nhowe with the other youngsters, so we returned feeling good but extremely tired.

We entered into great planning of events and activities with the Brown family. They would work mainly with the English speaking church and take some of the classes we had been teaching. We rented the Women's Institute Hall for a gospel meeting with George Triplett preaching and Dennis Mitchell leading singing. Paddy Kendall-Ball, a young preacher from Bulawayo, came down for a few days and he also shared the word of life with us. One evening we drove to the top of Umtali Heights and looked out over the lights of the town while singing and praying to God.

It had been another action-packed holiday and soon the children were back in school.

We established a pleasant custom in the May-June period. We celebrated several birthdays all in one at Cloudlands in the Vumba Mountains. Stanley, Marcia, Granny Brown, Tom and Tommy Brown had birthdays within a few days of each other. We had a pic-

nic lunch, cake, devotional and lots of play in the crisp mountain air.

A sad note came in June of that year. Henry Ewing was found to have cancer! Henry and Beth had spent 13 years in Africa, mainly Bulawayo, and had recently moved to Windhoek, in South West Africa to begin the work. Some of the Bulawayo Christians drove to Windhoek to see Henry before he left to go to the States. They reported that Henry said, "I realize more than ever that the most important thing in life is to preach the gospel of Jesus!" We prayed for Henry and Beth and their dear children, Linda and George, who were still quite young. Henry died in a few months' time.

I did not go with Loy, Tom and thirty-one youths as they took a picnic lunch to the Vumba one Saturday. Some time later Tom returned, carrying Nancy into the house — she had fallen and injured her hip. Loy had taken another casualty to the hospital; young Basil Burden had been swinging on a vine like Tarzan and fallen, breaking his arm! Oh, the anxiety of working with young people! Both of the injured recovered in due time.

Dodo Brown was an inspiration to me. We made calls together and our ladies' study attendance increased. Dodo was very hospitable and an excellent cook. Her Empire biscuits, made from shortbread, soon became a favorite with everyone. With the Browns helping in our work in town, we ventured out again to visit the African churches in other towns and villages. We packed up our camper and drove to the mission where we had good fellowship with the Troups, Hansons, Giffords and the African Christians. Sunday morning, we drove to Marandellas where we met with some seventy people in the school building. Percy Gwini was preaching there at the time, and the hope was to construct a building soon. We both taught classes, and after worship we were asked to stand at the front of the room while they sang "Ukama Hwe Kristu," which has the tune of "Blessed Be the Tie That Binds," as they walked past and shook our hands. Then they shook hands with one another, still singing, and we ended by praying together.

With the Browns' children, Christine, Tom, David and Margaret joining ours in giving attention to Baby William, it is no wonder that his favorite expression of the day was, "Look at William!" There soon came a time when the older children were not as amused with his antics as they were when he was "the baby."

We observed our second anniversary in Umtali by noting that we had marked over 5,000 correspondence courses and ninety-one people had completed courses during the first year. In the second year, we marked over 12,000 lessons and 195 completed courses, making a total of 286 on August 1st. Approximately thirty baptisms we knew had taken place as a result of the correspondence school contact in Umtali, Melseetter, Marandellas, Macheke and Salisbury. Home studies were in progress and scripture classes were being taught in the schools. In addition to the usual studies and worship times, we spent time on details like going into the Chimanimani Mountains to ask permission from Chief Ngorima to preach in his territory. Then we were told that we could build a pole and dagga (mud) building temporarily, hoping later to construct a more substantial building. Saul Chaire, whose home was in that area, went along as guide.

Early in September, we boarded the train to Zambia, leaving Umtali on the 28th and arriving at Victoria Falls on the 30th. There we enjoyed the beautiful falls and fellowship with a group of missionaries in a retreat. From there, we journeyed on to Kabanga Mission where Dennis Mitchell was working. We met with the church at Bicycle's Village and then Dennis took us to Namwianga Mission where Loy spoke at a gospel meeting. Loy also taught classes and I taught two ladies' studies. We stayed with Mabel and Leonard Bailey and were strengthened by their sincere faith. Eighteen people were baptized and many others asked for prayers. We waited for the train to arrive at Kalomo on our last day there. The little town was a mile or so from the mission, and we could hear the whistle of the train. No one was ever certain of its arrival time. They just waited and hoped it would come. Zambia's rail system had deteriorated and some of the drivers had been charged with drunkenness; so, we were rather anxious about the few hours we traveled to the Victoria Falls border. The Rhodesian railway system was much more efficient, but slow. The train stopped numerous times along the line to collect passengers and goods.

Upon our return from Zambia, Loy received the following letter:

Dear Sir,

How are you with your family? How was your journey?

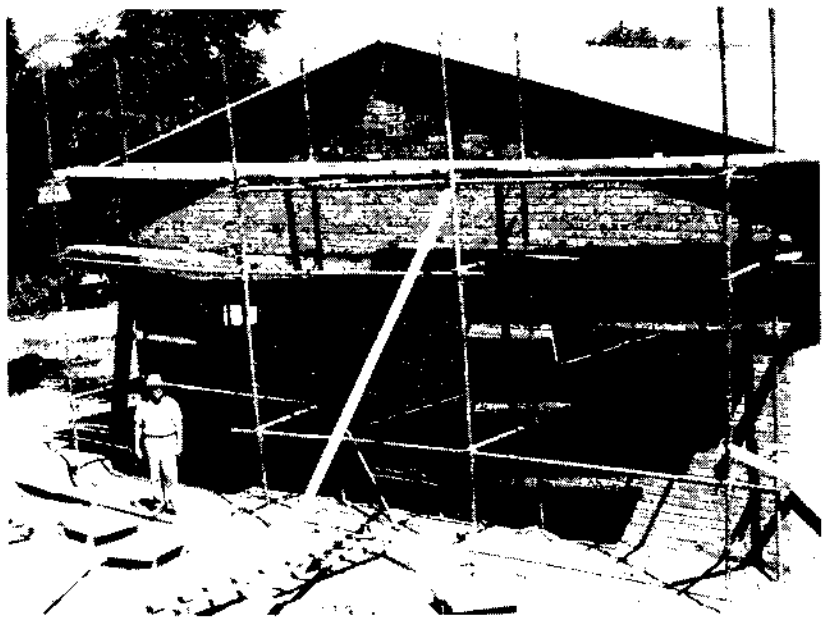
With us here we are all fine and only remembering of the words you spoke to us. To the words you spoke to us we wish some of our relatives were there, especially to the words of drinking and smoking for these are the main bad things of Zambia. Thank you very much, but we were very sorry when you left. We hope for you to come again if not we hope to meet in heaven. We thank God who can choose a man like you to speak to our church. Sure thank you very much and we hope as to those sisters who were baptized that even God saw it. That day when you left Zambia Ho me! It was real sad day for us. When it was 7 p.m. we thought to go for church but we were very lonely for missing you. We found it very different for us to go to studies. May God bless you and guide you with your family. Greetings to Sister L. Mitchell. Hope we meet you again whether on earth or heaven.

Yours sincerely, Form II Girls

October came with very hot summer weather. We began to hear distant thunder, but it was only a promise of later rains. Our big concern was a meeting place in Sakubva. We had rented a hall from another church, but they asked us to leave after two years. Several English speaking people were baptized in our back yard portable baptistry and Sakubva was enjoying similar growth.

Good news came! A denomination in town allowed our English speaking group to meet in their building on 7th Avenue and we began procedures to purchase the property. A residence was located on the property, a five bedroom house, and we rejoiced. The other church had quit meeting and was willing to sell at a very low price once we met with its leaders and signed the agreement. We had saved some funds, and the church in Rotan, Texas loaned us the down payment which would be repaid by the Umtali church.

More good news! Contributions were coming in for a building in Sakubva and the local people were saving their money as well. My parents, Ross and Grace Taylor, of Caney, Kansas, agreed to visit us and Daddy would construct the building. Their plans were to first assist in a Campaign for Christ in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Brother Tom Brown also planned to help in the campaign,



Ross Taylor came to Umtali and built the Sakubva church building, 1968.

and he agreed to bring our parents to Umtali after the campaign ended.

Rhodesia celebrated her second anniversary of independence and the economy was expanding again despite trade sanctions, higher prices and petrol rationing. Those circumstances aided our work at the time.

It was always exciting to visit with someone who had been to the States, and especially with those who had seen our family. Mark and Rose Marie Legg had just returned to Africa from the U. S. A. and were settling in Salisbury to help with the English speaking church. We spent a weekend with them and listened to reports from the States, and admired the items they had brought with them. They had also brought us an ice cream freezer from our family.

In Sakubva, my Tuesday ladies' training class was teaching me a thing or two about singing children's songs and illustrating lessons for their children. They gave their demonstration lessons at the end of November and did exceptionally well.

We sent enrollment forms to St. David's Infants School for

Marcia. She would start KG 1 (Grade 1) in January of 1968, and she was naturally enthusiastic about the prospect. The other children required new uniforms and shoes, an expensive undertaking, but likely cheaper than providing "civilian" clothing for them. The girls wore apricot checked gingham dresses with brown blazers while the boys wore khaki safari suits with brown blazers.

The holidays of December, 1967, and January, 1968, brought the blessings of several visitors. Alan and Verna Hadfield spent a long weekend with us. With their children added to ours, we had a family of an even dozen! Dennis arrived from Zambia so we would have family with us for Christmas. Mark and Rose Marie Legg also spent Christmas with us, and we tried out our new ice cream freezer. We first had a problem finding ice but then we found that the Coca Cola Company would sell us a large chunk. So, with half the neighborhood children watching curiously, we mixed the ice cream and Loy turned the handle. What fun!

Honored guests after the New Year were the Dow Merritts from Zambia.

Loy held another gospel meeting in Salisbury, and Nancy celebrated her 9th birthday there.

A number of boxes of used clothing arrived from good people in the States. Many people in Umtali rejoiced at such love and concern as we distributed it. Oftentimes we gave the clothing to church leaders who knew the needs of people. We missionaries also played "swap shop," putting outgrown clothing in the boxes and taking out the "new." They were worn by members of our family and eventually given to African people, who also appreciated them.

How fortunate we are to be blessed with good Christian husbands! I came away from an incident more appreciative of my good man. While worshipping with the church in Chipinga one evening, a drunken man came into the assembly and grumbled something. Then a woman with a baby on her back meekly arose from the front row and followed him outside with several older children following behind. At the door he shouted abuse at them and took them home. We learned later that it was not the first time such a thing occurred. Later we heard that the woman had left her husband.

The months moved along. Loy held another January gospel meeting for the Salisbury church and Nancy celebrated another

birthday there! Dennis was with us and very capably led the singing. The previous week, we had spent several days at Nhowe with brethren from Rhodesia and Zambia. Gen Gifford and her helpers did most of the cooking at the school dining hall. The food was delicious. Roy Gifford, Gen and Giff's son, was there working hard with classes and building projects. The missionary retreat was good for all, with inspiring lessons and lots of fun during intervals.

Back to schooldays, we returned to a normal routine. The children came home for lunch at 1 p.m. and returned to school for choir, swimming and sports. After the devotional in late afternoon, they went to swimming club at the municipal pool. They then came home for homework. Homework had to be supervised and signed by the parents. Stanley was already being assigned homework in four or five subjects. Marcia looked tiny in her big school hat and uniform. She loved school and "played school" in the afternoons.

As I was leaving the house to go to my teachers' class, I met a new neighbor and invited her to church. She was very friendly. She had moved from Malawi and was an Anglo Catholic. She was quick to let me know that she was not interested in "our religion" but I still hoped we would be friends. Another neighbor (Anglican) promised to attend worship with us. European people did not respond as readily to invitations as did the Africans.

We heard from our parents in Port Elizabeth. They were very busy with the campaign for Christ and we eagerly awaited their arrival in Umtali. Loy was applying for approval on our church building plans in order to be ready for Daddy's work when they arrived.

At last the day arrived when Tom Brown drove his blue Opel into our driveway, bringing my mother and daddy. They were very tired from the long drive from the South African coast having stopped overnight two times as they drove north. The Port Elizabeth campaign had gone well with fifty-three baptisms. We rejoiced with them and engaged in endless chatter. Very shortly Daddy was supervising a group of workers in digging trenches for the foundations of the Sakubva church building. He worked alongside them, and this pleased the laborers. We had received eleven inches of rain during the previous month, making it easier to dig the foundations.

My mother is friendly and outgoing, so she met the people well.



Time out for a picnic on Umtali Heights with Grandma and Grandpa Taylor, 1968.

She continues to correspond with and ship parcels to a number of the people she met while in Africa. Both of my parents are remembered with affection by the African Christians.

We had bought a used Ford Escort shortly before my parents arrived. Daddy drove it to Sakubva several times. One day as he was driving happily along with Campion Mugweni, he suddenly realized he was on the "wrong" side of the road (a hazard most Americans face when they first arrive in the country where cars have right hand drives and people drive on the left side of the road). Fortunately, they did not collide with anyone else. That little car brought another fright one day when the brakes went out while I was driving down the slope from town to Sakubva. I managed to swerve into a side street and stop on the upgrade. Toko, the girl riding with me, was extremely frightened, as was I!

By the first week of April, the walls and roof went up on the new building and the lavatory block was started. We had sufficient funds for plumbing and doors but none for electricity and benches; those would come later.



Donna speaking at Nhowe Women's Lectures,
Emily Nyandoro helping, 1971.

Nhowe Women's Lectures

“When I was a young girl we were afraid to come by this place, because of the lions, but now this is a place of salvation.” So spoke a woman during a devotional at our Nhowe Women's Lecture-ship. My mother, the children and I, plus nine African women from Umtali, Melsetter and Chipinga, attended the lectures. I spoke four times on “The Christian Woman's Mind,” “Her Tongue,” “Her Body” and “Her Heart.” It was a challenge for me, and I learned the value of visual aids when I used a flip chart on “the tongue,” which showed a two-faced woman.

The women loved the picture (copied from someone else) and often referred to it even in following years. Sister Nhowembwa from Salisbury also gave four lessons about the love of God; Mother gave the final lesson on “A More Excellent Way.” Our attendance was 162. Subsequently, these women's meetings grew to several hundred.

A Dream Come True

When I was a girl in Oklahoma, I saw Brother Harding baptize his young son in Vinita. I was so impressed by the love shown by this father toward his son, I thought, “Someday I hope to see my husband baptize our children.” At that time I had not met Loy Mitchell and had no idea what the future held. But I had always kept that picture in mind and fully expected to see Loy baptizing our first son, Stanley. The last Sunday night before my parents left us, Daddy gave the lesson. Stanley had talked with us already about

being baptized into Christ, and he went forward to let his wish be known. Tom, who was leading singing, said, "What could be more appropriate than to have this young man baptized by his grandfather?" My mind did a double take, and I readjusted my vision — of course, it would be a beautiful thing for Stanley to be baptized by his grandfather, and indeed it was. (Loy baptized our other children in later years, so my wish came true.) Stanley was my parents' first grandchild and my daddy was very proud to lead him into the baptism. When we returned home, Stanley sat down and wrote "A Christian's Poem:"

*I'm happy, ever so glad
That I was born again.
Though it make the world mad,
Now blessings will fall like rain.
I know that it will not be always peaceful
For at my "weak spots" the devil will pull.
It is a happy thing to be a Christian,
Even if it is not always fun.*

Stanley had requested baptism when he was younger, but we encouraged him to wait and grow more. I recalled his sweet prayers when we lived at Nhowe and his three-year-old observation one day, "Mother, you are a good teacher," likely one of the most beautiful compliments of my life . . . "Out of the mouths of babes . . ."

Our hearts were full, though rather sad, as we again packed our suitcases and took Mother and Daddy to Salisbury to meet the plane. They were ready to leave — they had a new grandson in the States, Matthew Taylor, and it was time to plant a summer garden in Kansas. They had enjoyed the time spent with us, a lifetime experience, but they loved their home. We spent the weekend in Salisbury where Loy preached, then drove to Bulawayo where he held a meeting for the Queens Park church.

More correspondence school students were being converted and Bible correspondence work was proving to be one of our most effective means of contacting and teaching people. It resulted in churches being established and men going to Nhowe Bible School to learn to preach to their people. Over 30,000 lessons had been marked during the year.

Our newsletter continued to list numerous good people who gave generously to the building fund at Sakubva. Some gave only one time, others sent regular contributions. We were grateful. The funds also helped us to pay for Bible correspondence lessons, office rent and many other expenses necessary to our work.

Loy spoke in gospel meetings during most school holidays. He preached for the Sinoia Street church in Salisbury and many rural churches during the September holidays. He and Tom Brown began to hold classes and Sunday meetings at Inyazura, a small railway stop some forty-five miles away. Several families were converted there and results can still be seen, although folk were transferred to other places. Our two older children went to Bulawayo camp with Tom and Dodo Brown.

Gen Gifford and Rita Hanson organized "women's fellowship" days in various places each month. They brought a group of women to Sakubva one weekend. The local people collected firewood and food for the women, who slept in the church building. The food was cooked outside over open fires. The women from Nhowe taught classes in cooking, sewing, hygiene and scripture. They also played sports (they liked netball) and had skits, plays and songs. It was a great time for all. My leaders' class had been making puppets and were great at dramatizing lessons, so this was shared with others.

William was growing, as children are expected to do. He learned more Shona language than I did. When I listened to Shona language records, he would quite frequently say, "Let's listen to more Shona!" One night he cried out in his sleep, and announced the next morning, "My head is still on!" He and Nancy were troubled by nightmares.

The electricity had been installed in the new church building by October, thanks to contributions from good people in the United States. Some of the African brethren were rather surprised, however, to learn that it would cost money each month if they used it! Loy helped four preachers who worked with us to buy motorcycles. They were required to pay for a percentage of their own vehicle and learned too that maintenance and upkeep cost money! Oh, the problems of progress! We also progressed enough to buy a mimeograph machine, a very useful tool.

When Loy paid rent on the office used for Bible correspondence

work, he met the bookkeeper, Ann Des Fountain. Ann was a troubled person, with physical and emotional complications, and needed the spiritual help which would ease her troubled soul. Loy spoke with her and taught her through the correspondence course. Later, while she was in the hospital, Tom and Dodo visited and encouraged her. Ann was baptized into Christ and began to attend worship with her little girl, Jean. Jean spent a lot of time with our children, often coming for weekends. Several years later, she lived with us while finishing high school and working. Jean's parents are dead now and we consider her one of our children.

More Help

Rhinard and Betty Troup expressed a desire to come to Umtali and help us in the work. They had worked at Nhowe Mission for four years and were supported by the College Church of Christ in Abilene, Texas. We were elated when they moved to Umtali in October of 1968. Betty was a nurse, a fine homemaker and a friendly, outgoing person, always willing to speak to others about the Lord. Rhinard was rather reserved until conversation was engaged but was a very good teacher and preacher. They had adopted three children, Ellis, Lisa and John, all under five years at the time of their arrival. They were a wonderful encouragement to all. Their being here spurred on the excitement about the gospel meeting held by Mark Legg. Mark had been writing a weekly religious article for the *Sunday Mail*, a national newspaper. Many in Umtali had read the lessons and this drew some of them to attend the public lessons.

On the 11th of November, 1968, the Rhodesians celebrated their third year of independence. This independence was not recognized by the world, but it was very real to the European population of the land. A new green and white Rhodesian flag was raised for the first time and the British Union Jack was taken down. We watched the ceremony in Umtali. There were Rhodesian soldiers and air force men on parade, as well as the police, scouts, boys' brigade (with bagpipes and Scottish kilts) and others. The dedication ceremony was read by the local Anglican priest administering the government. The flag was borne to the pole by representatives of the police, army

and air force and put up by the head boy and head girl from the high schools, while a salute was played by an African police band. It was impressive but the participants were predominately white and we knew that change had to come someday. The question was "How long?" We watched history in the making.

The prime minister spoke at the showgrounds that summer. He traveled in a very simple car with only one other car accompanying him (very unpretentious). It is interesting that today's leader moves about in a cavalcade of armed vehicles and motorcycles with sirens. Parades travel at a high rate of speed and traffic must quickly move out of harm's way.

A Weekend In The Tea Estates

Taking a trip to preach in Aberfoyle tea estates was rather like a holiday for us. We were allowed to camp near the golf course of the estate's country club. We were assured that the water in the beautiful, rushing stream was bilharzia free, so the children quickly went out for a splash. They did not stay long, however, because the clear mountain water was cold. The tea pickers were mainly of the Chewa tribe of Malawi and some of their customs were different from those of the Shona tribe we knew. We could not endure to stay up all night with them to sing, pray and preach, but we put in a good day's work. As we walked down to the stream to baptize four people, William said, "But this isn't a place to baptize, it's a swimming pool!" One church leader proudly wore very dark glasses, even at night.

When we drove back to Umtali on Sunday afternoon, we went to the English worship service and rejoiced to hear that a husband and wife from Inyazura had been baptized that day. After the service, Loy went to the Umtali Teachers' Training College where he showed a *Herald of Truth* film on marriage. Afterwards, he brought some of the students home to help unload our camper, which fit on the truck. I rewarded them with tea and biscuits. The truck was then ready for another trip and Rhinard and Betty borrowed it to pull a trailer filled with household goods from Nhowe.

Those who grew up in the northern hemisphere never quite

become accustomed to celebrating Christmas in hot weather. It had its compensations, however, and most of the children's activities took them outside in the fresh air and sunshine. Dennis rode his motorcycle from Zambia once again and the children, as usual, welcomed their uncle. It may have been that Christmas that Dennis helped them build a treehouse. Also, we received a dartboard for the family, or perhaps for the head of the house. The board was hung on a tree trunk and everyone was having great fun trying it out when Stanley stepped in front of the board at the wrong time, getting a dart in the side of his head. Thanking God that it had not hit his eye, we removed it and got treatment. How many narrow escapes do children have? Sybil Reese was another visitor during that holiday.

On New Year's Day, we boarded the train and traveled to Zambia where Loy gave a series of lessons at Namwianga Mission concerning customs and preaching the gospel.

As 1969 began, we reported forty-seven souls converted. Sadly, some had fallen away, but we rejoiced in the faith of others. Rhinard Troup was invaluable in helping with the Bible correspondence courses. Tom Brown decided that full time preaching was not for him and decided to return to his job in Bulawayo. He and his family had been a great help to us and we were sad to see them leave. They did, however, leave in March and in due course started the fourth English speaking congregation in Bulawayo at Paddonhurst.

For nearly four years we helped the Dangamvura Christians to come into town for worship with the Sakubva brethren. With special help from Saul Chaire, who lived in Dangamvura, and aided by Loy, Campion Mugweni, Rhinard and others, a church was started there.

We found that the *Herald of Truth* films helped to open doors to people in the community and we showed one each night for a week at 7th Avenue. We also used them in other places, including Inyazura, where Loy and Rhinard were now traveling three times each week to hold services for the seven Christians there.

Bread Upon The Waters?

Sometimes preachers are called upon to help when others might not be. This was the case when a casual acquaintance from the

Macheke area phoned and asked if we could keep a young lad just beginning school at Umtali Boys High. He had been unable to get a place in the boarding school. We agreed to take him, although times were hard and we found it difficult to feed another mouth, in spite of some remuneration from his parents. Stanley was also starting high school that year. He was very small for his age at that time and enjoyed solitude and reading time. Young Andreis, our new house guest, was a big fellow and proud of his ability to play rugby. So, they were opposites in many ways. He shared Stanley's tiny bedroom and they went off to Boys' High together. Andreis attended worship with us although he was not particularly religious. Both boys found high school more difficult than junior school, and we had to strongly encourage them to get their homework done each day. At the end of the term, Andreis left us to live in the hostel at the high school.

We lost touch with him over the years, but in 1987 when we were in a restaurant at the Harare Airport, we did not recognize the balding man who came to our table and greeted us. It was Andreis! He related some of the things that had happened to him. Most young men had served in the army during the war and that experience had its effect on them. Andreis was not excluded. But before he parted from us, he took Loy aside and said, "I want you to know that staying in your home, reading the Bible and praying daily, meant a lot to me. I would like my home to be like yours." It made the effort seem worthwhile, after all those years.

Marcia often read her homework to me while I mixed gingerbread or performed other kitchen tasks. Her front teeth were missing and she whistled as she read. Nancy was doing well in junior school and had begun to do the Bible correspondence course. She enjoyed singing in a junior school choir, especially when the choirs from several other city schools sang together in a concert. William spent most mornings in his own and my company. The older children were in school and William's own chums were in nursery school. I chose to keep him at home. I believed it best and also the nursery school required more funds. He did not lack the social skills from being with other children; in fact, in our neighborhood the children sometimes had too much company! He did have some imaginary playmates while alone, however.

There was a dock strike in the United States. When it ended that March, we were flooded with "old news." It was always fun to "touch home" anyway.

Two young people who helped us in the work at that time were Christine Brown and John Hanson. Christine had remained in Umtali with her job after her parents left. She lived with the Troup family. John worked in Umtali for awhile before he went to Abilene Christian College in the summer of 1969. John married a missionary's daughter while in college and is now serving in the U. S. Air Force. He has a good Christian family. Christine also has a fine Christian family. She eventually went to Harding College, became a nurse, and married a Texan.

We introduced Holiday Bible Schools in the Umtali churches. They brought us many community children who were taught alongside our own. One week, we traveled ninety miles each day to hold a Bible school in the community hall in Inyazura. It was tiring but worthwhile.

Brother McKissick, an elder from Tulsa spent two days with us, and Loy took him to see the work of Saul Chaire and Percy Gwini, which the church in Tulsa supported. They also supported John Hardin in South Africa, and Brother McKissick and another elder paid the Hardin family a visit. I wonder if church leaders realize how much encouragement a visit gives missionaries and other workers, not to mention the good they do with national Christians?



Namwanga Mission wedding of Dennis and Anita

The year 1969 culminated in a trip to the States. It had been five years since we had been home, and we were excited about the trip. Another very special event of that year was the wedding of Dennis and Anita. We thought it was a storybook romance as we were

given reports from Dennis. He had learned to love and respect Georgia and Alvin Hobby, missionaries since 1939 in Northern Rhodesia and Zambia. When their daughter Anita came to Zambia for a visit after completing her work at Harding (acquiring a nursing degree in Little Rock and working for some time) I believe there was some interest among the single missionaries at Namwianga. Dennis gave us a hint that he was one of those interested ones. Then one night he phoned to tell us that he was engaged! It happened rather quickly, but it was the right decision. Dennis and Anita were planning to wed in December and then leave for the States where Dennis wanted to go to graduate school. We arranged to fly to the States via Zambia and leave on the same flight the newlyweds planned to take.

We have often joked about the six of us accompanying them on their honeymoon. They were married in the Namwianga Mission church building with Loy officiating. I stood in for Dennis' mother and the children were exhilarated to see their Uncle Dennis' wedding as he had become very special to them. The following day, we worshipped with the church in Livingstone and met Dennis and Anita at Victoria Falls before we boarded the Zambia Airways flight to Lusaka. Luckily for the young couple, someone failed to take two first class seats on the flight to Europe and Dennis and Anita got them. We, of course, traveled in economy class. They stopped in Athens and we flew on to Rome to be with our friends, the Moores, Shacklefords and Edwards.

But before that happened, we had months of preparation and anticipation with frantic sewing and arranging for others to take our tasks while we were away. I suppose Nancy wanted everyone to look special so she proceeded to cut Marcia's hair one day! We had to take her to the hairdresser to have it "repaired" and again little Marcia had an elfin look. Actually, it was rather attractive, but the photos taken on that visit are reminders of "*the haircut*." I recalled that I cut my hair one time and hid it behind a chest, thinking my mother would not know that I had cut it. I could not be too harsh on Nancy.

About that time, we received several phone calls from Hillcrest church in Abilene. Overseas calls were almost unheard of at that time and the children were hurried outside so we could have

absolute quiet while Loy talked on the phone in the big hallway.

The elders discussed several events at Nhowe Mission and eventually asked Loy to head the Bible school. Loy did not feel that we should leave the work in Umtali. The possibility of moving the school to Salisbury, which was more central and convenient, was discussed. Finally, the decision was made to move it to Umtali. Loy then began to spend hours trying to find property. He was finally given a plot on the mountainside in Dangamvura. Then followed discussions with missionaries at Nhowe regarding who would move and plans for building structures that would meet the requirements of the city. It was decided that several of the families at Nhowe would move to Umtali. They were John and Rita Hanson, Jim and Kay Petty, and Clayton Waller. Dick and Sharon Boyd wanted to help with the work as well and they made plans to join us. It would be a far cry from our lonely beginning in the city. We were happy, but rather sad that Nhowe Mission would lose those good workers.

A Hush Puppy, Anyone?

Betty Troup was a delightful representative of the State of Tennessee. I quote from the *Umtali Post*:

Until now hush puppies have been something I have worn on my feet but never eaten. This week I had the opportunity of eating some and delicious they were, too. The matter of hush puppies arose last week when I wrote about them in the column after reading in an American newspaper that a chef had prepared some beautiful hush puppies for a bachelor banquet.

No sooner had that column been published than I was invited to tea and hush puppies at the house of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Troup, in Jubilee Street, Umtali. Mr. Troup is a church of Christ minister in Umtali. Mrs. Troup hails from Tennessee at the southern end of the United States. There are lots of rivers in Tennessee, Mrs. Troup told me, and a lot of fish is eaten in the state. Hush puppies are used to complement many of the fish dishes . . . The name "hush puppies" originated at about the time of the American Civil

War, says Mrs. Troup. Housewives made a similar sort of food to throw to their dogs to keep them quiet. As the dog or puppy ate, it was urged to hush.

And there in the *Umtali Post* was Betty's recipe for hush puppies!

Another report in the newspaper said the Town Council was not happy with one aspect of the plans for a school for preachers at Dangamvura. The council was not in favor of European (white) staff living in a house on the property, located in an all black area. Loy had spent nearly two years talking with government and town officials about the school location. One piece of land had been agreed upon, then the government rejected it because it was in a whites only area. The racial separation had to be dealt with and Loy's patience was sorely tried. (They did eventually agree for the boarding-master's house to be occupied by a white couple.)

In June, Loy, Rhinard and Saul Chaire traveled to the lowveldt where a big sugar industry was growing in the irrigated area of the lowlands. Fruit was also being produced and it was estimated that one million people would be located there in the Triangle/Chiredzi areas. We hoped to help to establish a church there, with beginnings from the Bible correspondence course converts. A subsequent trip was made to investigate finding housing for Percy Gwini, who hoped to move there from Marandellas.

A Surprise At Nhowe

Elephants at Nhowe? Elephants had not been seen in this part of Rhodesia for some thirty years. The population growth and hunting of the beasts had driven them to remote areas. However, sometimes they take a long journey, I suppose, and a herd passed through the Mtoko area, killing a village man. They passed through Nhowe Mission, breaking tree limbs down, but no one was injured.

There were more baptisms in Inyazura, Jubilee Street, Sakubva and Dangamvura, and we thanked the Lord for the increase. We helped with holiday Bible schools in the town and in Sakubva and attended the annual lectureship at Nhowe Mission. We also began to meet with a small group in Florida, the colored area. (In this multi-cultural land, the people with mixed blood were called colored.

Asians were also included in their community, although quite separate in custom and religion.)

Consequently, we felt good about the work in the Umtali area as we prepared to leave for the States that year's end. We planned to take the children out of school a few days early, about mid-December, and return about one week late for school opening in January. Loy planned to stay in the States another month while I brought the children home.

It was indeed thrilling for us as we disembarked from the plane in Kansas City to see the Mitchells from Lawrence and Taylors from Oklahoma there to greet us. Everyone talked at once and we had great difficulty getting it all said. Some members of my family went with us to the Mitchell home in Lawrence before they drove home. We spent a reunion time with Loy's family as some had traveled from the west coast, others from the east coast. We spent Christmas with the Taylor clan in Oklahoma and Caney — a white Christmas!

We went on to Texas where Loy spent long hours in conference with the Hillcrest leaders, discussing the Bible school and extended work of the church in the Umtali region. We were treated royally in the home of Helen and Earl Fine. The children enjoyed the novelty of television, but missed the open windows and doors and fresh air of Africa.

Stanley was interviewed by Skeet George, editor of the *Caney Chronicle*, and a story and picture appeared in the weekly paper. Entitled "Rhodesia is Home to 13-Year-Old Stanley Mitchell," Mr. George wrote:

Stanley has lived nine of his 13 years in Rhodesia, Africa, and concluded a stay of several weeks in his native United States today when he and his mother, Mrs. Donna Mitchell, and his three sisters boarded a plane at Tulsa to return home. And home to the Mitchell family is Rhodesia. Stanley speaks English as it is spoken in England — and Rhodesia — not with the slang and careless and ungrammatical expressions current in America. His keen, penetrating eyes miss little of what's going on, and much of what he has seen in the States seems both foreign and fascinating. He is in his first year of high school. His studies include

French, mathematics, Latin, geography, science, art, history, English, woodworking and carpentry and physical education.

Athletic activities in Stanley's school include rugby, soccer and basketball. There are several teams; Stanley says he is on the D team, which ranks just above the "scratch" team at the bottom of the heap. He witnessed the recent basketball tournament in Caney and games at Oklahoma Christian College, Abilene Christian College (Texas) and York Christian College (Nebraska). Asked if he detected any difference he said, "Yes. After the games at home the winners cheer the losers and shake hands all around and we never hear anybody boo the officials."

Asked if there is television in Rhodesia, Stanley said: "Yes, we have two channels. Some of the programs feature American westerns." Stanley says American food is much like that in Rhodesia except there are more sweets and desserts in the United States. He says he will likely come to the United States to attend college, then return to Rhodesia to help his parents in Christian work.

It was soon time to leave from the Tulsa air terminal. The children were ready to go home; they always began to yearn for home after a fortnight away. It was sad leaving Loy and I felt rather apprehensive about taking the children 10,000 miles away, but we managed to arrive in Salisbury safely two days later. We went to the Palmers' house for a meal before the Troups took us to Umtali and home. It was great to be back in spite of having to break locks on suitcases because the keys were lost!

14 Alexander Road, Bordervale

We were living in another, larger house, at 14 Alexander Road in Bordervale. Bordervale, as its name suggests, looked over the mountains, some of which were in Mozambique. Our house stood about one kilometer from the border. The children were soon back in school, and we were ready to get to work once more, thankful for the trip and the privilege of seeing loved ones.

The 70's Begin

A new decade had dawned. While in the States, we realized that we had missed some of the "protest years" and most families were affected in one way or another by the Viet Nam War. We wondered what the future held for this decade. We would find that the church in Rhodesia would make good growth, like the early church, from facing troubled times. Perhaps it is just as well that God does not reveal the future to us.

I began a ladies' class with Joy Crewe in the Florida community and found that there were many problems common to the race of people that was sometimes rejected by both whites and blacks. Several times we visited with an old English woman who, many years ago, had married a colored man and left her people, not of her own choice but because of racial attitudes and customs. She was an interesting lady and knew the scriptures well. Her children and grandchildren respected her and while some attended Bible classes and worship through the years, others became very corrupt.

Meanwhile, Loy was preaching in Washington state and speaking in other areas of the States. He bought a pickup and shipped it from Houston to Beira before leaving for Africa. This time he flew a new route through South America with a stop in Rio de Janeiro. We were elated to see him alight from the plane in the African sunshine, and after a night with the Palmers, we set off for Umtali. Back in the "saddle," he resumed classes and preaching appointments and continued with the meetings and paperwork required to begin construction of the Bible school.

Rita Hanson was seriously injured when the door of the truck canopy fell on her head. She was put into the hospital for some time and then had to wear a surgical collar for several weeks. Betty Troup, ever willing and helpful, took the two little Hanson girls, Julie and Jayne. It was a good lesson for all of us, we observed, for we often got so involved in teaching and preaching that we took on more than we needed and felt that we were somehow indispensable. However, when that sort of thing happens we must stop. Rita believed that the time spent in thought and meditation helped her spirit and made her more humble.

I was teaching my junior school scripture class from Genesis 1

one day. I looked out at the beautiful mountains and then suddenly six playful monkeys and numerous crows gathered to eat wild figs from a large tree. What better visual aid than that?

A Trying Time

It became necessary for Loy to spend several days each week at Inhowe Mission helping out until other arrangements could be made. Some incidents happened there which I shall not relate, except to say that all of us err, yes, even missionaries (perhaps I should say especially missionaries), and they and others have to pick up the pieces and go on from there. Loy usually spent Monday through Thursday there, doubling up on home studies on Friday and Saturday in Umtali. He was under much stress at the time but was encouraged by recent baptisms in the European work in Umtali. Seed sown many weeks and months before had finally brought forth fruit.

Paul wrote to Titus instructing him to charge the older women to teach the younger women. We invited Jaxie Palmer and Mai Kanyangarara to teach lessons about the Christian home at Sakubva. It was lovely having the Palmer family in our home, plus the added bonus of having the good lessons that Jaxie taught. We also kept five children from Inyazura, making a lively crowd at our house.

Another Bible school was held in Sakubva and we then breathed a sigh of relief that our "holidays" were over and we could return to a normal school routine. It was William's last term to be at home — our youngest would begin school the following January.

Across The Limpopo

We had not spent much time with brethren in South Africa — just the occasional visit with someone who came our way for a holiday. So we were pleased when Loy was invited to speak in Pietermaritzburg in a gospel meeting. The SABS lectureship was held the next week and I rode south with the Leggs, taking William and leaving the other children with the Troups. It was good to be with Bessie and John Hardin and hear lessons from many fine

church leaders. Al and Donna Horne had attended Abilene Christian College at the same time that we did, and we renewed our friendship with them. They had spent several years in Tanganyika before going to Benoni where they continued to work as a team with Jane and Eldred Echols.

A little shadow fell toward the end of the lectureship when Betty Troup phoned that Marcia had scarlet fever. She was put in the infectious diseases hospital and given treatment. I knew that Betty was giving her the best care possible and that with antibiotics the disease was no longer the killer that it had been, but what mother wants to be separated from her little one when she is ill? We were anxious as we drove home and very relieved to get to the hospital and see that she was making a good recovery. Years later Marcia wrote, "I remember when you walked into the infectious disease hospital when I had been sick with scarlet fever. I was so happy! You brought me pink shorty pajamas!" Thereafter, we took the children with us when we went to the lectureship.

Marcia got acquainted with more hospital staff when she had to have a tonsillectomy a few months later. She received some very special attention — special foods, including ice cream, jelly (jello), and gifts from loved ones. William was rather jealous and believed he would like his tonsils out, too, but it never became necessary. Marcia could have told him that it was not all fun and games.

Doyle Gilliam came from Malawi to hold a gospel meeting for us. We were strengthened by his lessons and his friendship. Our children were amused by some of his Texas expressions, like "lara-pin." Louise stayed home with family and Doyle took gifts to them.

The Hospital Again

We paid another visit to the hospital soon after Marcia's stay, and this time proved rather embarrassing for Stanley and his mother. For some time he had a ganglion on his wrist and the doctor booked him into the hospital to have it removed. A few days before going into the hospital, Stanley played tennis quite a lot. When I checked him into his room, he remarked that the growth seemed to be getting smaller. I thought the doctor would look in on him before

he put him under the anesthetic, but he did not; instead, the following morning, the anaesthetist put him to sleep. When he was awakened he was told that no surgery had been performed because the ganglion was gone! Fortunately for us, hospital fees were minimal — I do not recall if the doctor sent an account to us or not, but his fees were not high when compared to American medical care. A common expression among the African people is "Ndakatadza," or "I have made a mistake," and indeed we had.

As he did periodically, Loy listed his calendar for the week in his newsletter and I counted fifteen studies in session, in addition to the many other tasks, correspondence and personal study. He kept Saturday evenings for the family — we often had a Saturday picnic.

In February of 1971, the municipal health inspector gave us permission to begin classes in the School of Preaching. John Hanson had worked hard supervising the building, Roy Gifford had drawn the plans, and many others had helped. John and Rita then moved into the boardingmaster's house on the property.

William started school that January. Nancy was in Standard Five and a prefect at the junior school. She was twelve years old and already five feet, three and one-half inches tall. Marcia was in Standard Two and learning to swim at school. Stanley was in Form Three, enjoying basketball, rugby and cross country running.

The children were excited to learn that they would have a baby brother or sister that year, but we lost the baby in the fourth month of pregnancy. We were disappointed but knew that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord. Nancy cooked breakfast before leaving for school while I was recovering, and friends brought food and came to visit.

Meanwhile, the Umtali School of Preaching was progressing and several classes were organized for the wives of students, in addition to the courses offered to the men. Teaching women's classes were Xavier Goredema, Campion Mugweni, Sharon Boyd, Rita Hanson, Betty Troup and me. The school was located about eighteen kilometers from our house, so getting there to meet class also took some of our time.

William was enjoying school and Loy remarked in a letter that he was "liking to read so well that he also read the words from bottom to top and backwards." Loy was becoming a traveling evange-



Opening of Umtali Bible School, 1971.

list, with a gospel meeting planned in Pretoria, South Africa, a lectureship at Shiloh (near Salisbury) and a gospel meeting in Inyanga.

Gen and Lloyd Gifford had left Nhowe and moved to the lovely Inyanga Mountains. They were working with a team of African evangelists and were thoroughly enjoying their work there. We enjoyed visiting them in the peace and quiet of the mountains.

An Unexpected Trip to the States

Loy's parents were to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary in June of 1971 and it appeared that we would be the only children missing from the gathering of friends and relatives. Some of our family started a fund to add to ours, so with the help of friends, as well, we received enough money for the two of us to go to the States. Perhaps I was a clinging mother for I was very hesitant to leave the children and go to another land 10,000 miles away. I did not receive much sympathy in a land where people sent their children to boarding schools, some overseas! Nevertheless, we spent

four weeks away from the children and it was good in many ways, one providing an opportunity to have a kind of second honeymoon for ourselves. (Our first honeymoon, three days spent in Arkansas, could not be compared to the long distance journey that we took in 1971.) Gen Gifford came to town and spent the first week with the children, then the Petty family moved into our house and took care of the family. David Petty was around four years old and Lisa was a baby at the time. Gen was a loving but strict auntie, and it was some years later that we learned that Marcia had become unhappy about something and run away from home. She walked to the junior school and had second thoughts, so she turned back. William suffered from having younger children in the house. He thought young David sometimes got attention that he felt should have been his. All in all, it was no doubt a very good learning experience for them, and we felt assured that they were in good care with Gen and the Pettys. Kay wrote that everything was going well, and they were learning from having teenagers in the household. Lisa, always a very good baby, enjoyed the tender loving care she received from Marcia, Nancy and their friends. Kay had flu for a few days and others, who were also teaching our classes in our absence, had to step in and help. Betty Troup had to teach seventeen classes one week, far too many for a busy homemaker, so we were indeed missed. I think all of the missionary families were on the station platform when our train arrived from Salisbury early one morning.

The anniversary celebration was beautiful and attended by many well-wishers. We visited churches in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, and Loy spoke everywhere we went. As always, there were many empty spaces in the churches we had been associated with. It always comes as a shock to realize that several loved ones have died in our absence. While in Rotan, we visited the bedside of Eva Day, a beautiful Christian woman, who was dying of cancer. People in the town were relating how she was full of good works, like Dorcas of old. She had been a spiritual inspiration to me while we lived in Rotan and we were grateful to be there to say good-bye. We will see her again one day.

July of 1971 was a big month for us. J. C. McCurdy and Glendel Bruce arrived from Hillcrest in Abilene to help with the official opening of the school at Dangamvura. Frank Kitchens, a

Kansas friend who was very enthusiastic about the work in Africa, came at the same time. The men from Hillcrest spent hours looking over the school, talking to the teaching staff and making plans for the future of the school. Loy then went with them to Wankie Game Reserve and Victoria Falls and they returned with interesting stories about elephants chasing them in our little Austin car. Carl Hance, a fine young man from Massachusetts, came for a visit and gave a series of good lessons to the youth.

We had heavy rains that November and drying laundry between showers became a major challenge to housewives. The rains made digging in the garden easier, and I did some of that, too. Alongside me was William, who loved the mud and captured a family of baby frogs who lived in his bedroom for awhile! I did not mourn when they disappeared. He was completing his first year of school while Marcia was eagerly looking forward to Standard Three and was going through a "comedian" stage, much to the disgust of her more mature brother and sister. Nancy looked forward to January and her teen years. She was very helpful to me and was learning to cook and sew quite well. She and her friends had discovered pop music and the telephone. It had been a big year at junior school while she was a prefect, an honored older one. She was in for a shock in January when she started high school and would once again be at the bottom of the ladder. Stanley was busily studying for exams and was good with gardening. He liked to listen to cricket commentaries while he weeded the lawn, sometimes doing more listening than weeding. He also got weeding practice at school from time to time when a prefect penalized him for failing to keep his socks up. He was still a skinny lad and it was difficult to keep them up. He read a lot and enjoyed being alone in his room, a blessing since we had moved to a larger house. He was leading singing and speaking at youth meetings. He also played on a high school basketball team which sometimes played the "old men's" leagues, in which his father played.

A Special Friend of Africa

The Hillcrest Church of Christ in Abilene paid tribute to J. C. McCurdy in one of their newsletters. J. C. had spent many days

contacting churches and individuals about the work at Nhowe Mission and Umtali School of Preaching. In addition to that, he had made several trips to Africa and become acquainted with the workers and their lives. They reprinted an article taken from the *Abilene Reporter News* and another from the *CPA News Magazine*.

When CPA J. C. McCurdy goes to Africa, it is not with a safari gun. His baggage is money, education, and the Word of God and good will among nations. He has, during the past ten years, seen his efforts pay off in a higher standard of literacy; he has watched a dependent nation break its embryonic cord, struggle to its feet and begin taking its first steps alone. McCurdy, an elder in the Hillcrest Church of Christ of Abilene, volunteered ten years ago to act as liaison with the congregation's mission school and clinic in Rhodesia. "I've made four trips, largely at my own expense and time," he said, "... it was a chance to serve mankind, which is the only way to serve the Lord." The mission, Nhowe Mission, located near Salisbury, then had a clinic, an elementary school, and a theology school where seven Africans were studying. During the past decade the Abilene church has added a high school and built a new theology school, near Umtali, which now teaches some forty students. Arlyene McCurdy didn't accompany her husband on his first journey to Africa in 1962, and naturally couldn't share his enthusiasm. McCurdy recalls that after he had been home awhile following his initial trip, Arlyene remarked, "Can we have something besides Nhowe Mission for dinner just once?" In 1964 Arlyene made the African trek with her husband, but not without some reservations. "What in the world will we be doing for a whole month in that isolated place?" she asked McCurdy, who didn't have an answer. "You can't tell someone. It's something they have to experience for themselves," McCurdy said later. When the McCurdy's returned home from the 1964 trip, Arlyenes enthusiasm matched her husband's. "In 1968 she complained about having only 26 days that had to be divided between Nhowe and Umtali," McCurdy recalled with a

chuckle. *The McCurdys enjoy their trips to the country he likens to home. "It has the rolling hills and moderate climate of West Texas." On the visits they stay in a guest rondavel, a round house about fourteen feet in diameter, topped by thatched roofs. "My biggest thrill in my work over there came when I was in Magunje, preaching in an old fashioned camp meeting," he recalled. "Seven people responded to the invitation . . . from a very old couple all the way to a teenager. It was a thrill to touch so many, being a total stranger." McCurdy also told of a visit to the chief of the Zimbiti Reserve to obtain permission for the mission's students and faculty to preach in the area. "The chief held court under a big tree," McCurdy said. "He sat on a rock, with six of his sub-chiefs nearby. I had learned a portion of the usual greeting which takes from three to five minutes. The chief seemed thrilled that I could manage just those few words." McCurdy stated his request through an interpreter, and after an hour's deliberation, the chief granted his permission.*

One time when J. C. and Arlyene were staying in the rondavel at the Palmers' house on the mission, a small kerosene stove was put in the room for warmth because it was winter time. One leg of the stove was faulty and it was knocked over, spilling kerosene and catching fire. The curtains caught fire and then the thatch roof went up in flames! It was indeed a frightening experience and one which we have not allowed Arlyene to forget.

Another visitor, who came with the McCurdys in the 70's, has a greater tragedy to remember. She was attacked by a lion! Mrs. Kennon and her husband came along with the McCurdys and on one occasion they were enjoying a visit to the small game park near Kyle Dam. Lions were behind a high chain link enclosure. Mrs. Kennon stepped too near the fence and a sleepy-looking lion suddenly came alive and reached a paw through the fence and grasped her leg. Several gamekeepers fought to get the lion to release her. When she was finally rescued, she had to be stitched up and treated for shock. A wild animal is always a wild animal and must be respected.

J. C. and Arlyene have been very dear friends through the years

and we know that we always have a place to stay in Abilene. They have an annual "Africa Night" at their house during the Abilene Christian University lectureship. J. C. has very generously prepared our income tax reports and advised us on social security and other financial matters. He does this for all missionaries whom he knows.

During the mission school terms, the students were given a very concentrated series of studies but the staff believed that they also needed practical work. For that reason, the field program was introduced, and during the dry season, a long break was taken from school work while students and teachers spent time in preaching and teaching. A missionary or national teacher took a group of students to a designated church at their invitation, camping and working there for some ten weeks. Xavier Goredema, Jim Petty, Clayton Waller and John Hanson went to those areas, taking their families. Loy traveled around, checking on each camp and delivering food and other necessities to them. We did not go out to stay because of our school age children. It was a challenge to the workers and not easy for the wives and children to adapt to village life. They made periodic trips into town for laundry, shopping and baths.

Jim wrote from his camp at Chigadora of the difficulty of preaching in an area where prostitution was rife and beer parties rotated from house to house each week in order to raise money. In spite of these obstacles, the students received very good practical experience in putting things they had learned into practice.

Clayton Waller's camp in the Honde Valley was encouraging with one hundred sixty-three home studies taught, in addition to public meetings. (Later, that area was a "hot spot" during the war and many Christians were moved into protected villages, left, or were killed.) The 1972 field program yielded a total of sixty one baptisms.

It was again time for the lectureship in South Africa. We decided, having left the children at home previously, to take them with us. This required written permission from the headmistresses and headmaster. By this time they were actually in four different schools — four PTA meetings to attend. The high school teachers gave permission reluctantly, but we believed that the spiritual lessons they received were part of their education, too. We drove to Benoni in our little Austin Cambridge. Loy spoke about "The Christian

Home" and I spoke on "The Christian Woman's Dress." It was strengthening for all and we felt good when we left to make the long drive back to Umtali.

I drove with the children because Loy stayed in South Africa to hold a gospel meeting in Durban. Stanley was a "learner driver" at that time, and he drove for a few miles in the Sabi area. (Learners were required to drive with a big red L attached to the back and front of the car; so, before he drove, we had to put out the "L" plates.) We followed Roy and Jaxie Palmer and their family. When it got dark, Roy discovered that he had no lights on his car! So, I drove behind them, and he used our lights for a very nervous journey into Fort Victoria where we stopped at the hotel, registered and fell into bed exhausted. The Palmers turned to go to Harare the next day, and I drove on into Umtali.

Growth

It was a progressive time for the English speaking churches in Bulawayo. W. L. Short and J. C. Shewmaker, long-time missionaries, worked as elders with Norman Flynn and Brother Stevens in the Hillside church. Loy spoke for the church there one week in 1972 and as many as 135 people attended. Five were baptized! More were coming to the Lord in Umtali then, too, and we held a three day youth rally with teenagers attending from other centers. The other women and I did lots of cooking and the men and young boys gave lessons and supervised recreation. Some great memories were made, especially for our teenagers, and some of those young people are leaders in the churches today in South Africa, Canada, Australia, the United States, as well as Zimbabwe.

The School of Preaching was doing well and the buildings being completed even as they held classes. It was a good year.

In fact, in Dickens' language, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." The church was making good growth, especially in the towns. But clouds were gathering politically. There was an undercurrent of unrest among the black people. We were not aware of all of it because by this time we were spending the majority of our time with the English speaking church and the government con-

trolled media told us their side of the picture, which many times sounded logical and reasonable. They believed in certain standards and wanted to avoid the economic chaos being demonstrated in neighboring African countries. In order to achieve and maintain those standards they believed that the breakdown of racial discrimination in the schools, industry and communities had to come slowly with education and training. In the meantime, black political leaders were infiltrating their communities with revolutionary information and *chimurenga* songs. (*Chimurenga* refers to fighting as in a war and it was also the name of a political leader, Joseph Chimurenga. A battle was waged against the government forces in April, 1966, and the day was declared by the guerilla forces to become Chimurenga Day, the beginning of the war.) Many guerilla leaders were arrested and placed in detention or prison; others left the country and went into exile until Independence in 1980. Those leaders were trained mainly by Chinese, Russians and Cubans in Mozambique and Zambia. Some went to Tanzania and other countries. But from time to time there were incidents of guerilla attacks on isolated farms, and deaths of people caused by land mines. Land mines do not discriminate. We began to see and hear reports of people of all races — men, women and children — killed or maimed by land mines. We visited the local hospitals and saw many horrible casualties. Our young people began to visit hospitals, sometimes seeing their friends there, injured in the war.

A Catholic boys' school near our house was closed and the army took over the school for an army barracks. Young men from other area churches were stationed there and began to attend our meetings and meet with our youth. Many of them came to our house when they were off duty. They had temptations to commit immorality and they struggled with the idea of killing and hating. Some believed strongly and sincerely in fighting against the guerilla uprisings. Others questioned some of the reasons for the war which made it especially difficult because all young men were required to go into the army.

Stanley received his draft papers in his seventeenth year. We questioned the idea of his serving in the Rhodesian army and also had been told that such service would endanger his citizenship rights as an American. (Apparently, this law was ignored by some, for a

few American men came to fight as mercenaries in the Rhodesian army.) That year Stanley was allowed to return to school to write his "M" Level exams. The following year the government gave him exemption to go overseas to university. The year after his departure, those rulings were abolished, so perhaps the Lord was watching over him and did not want him to fight in the war.

Family men were required to serve in the armed forces part of the time. This made it difficult for them to maintain their work and care for families at home. Some white people began to trickle out of the country.

Books have now been written about the war from both viewpoints. I do not care to write about the politics of a country as they are far too complicated. However, the war did affect our work, and I tell some brief facts in order to give the reader some idea of the plight in which we found ourselves.

Some good comes of most trials and one good result was the awareness of a need for God and prayer. Churches were designating days for special prayer and we held a prayer meeting on those days and met new people who had not previously worshipped with us but who realized a special need at that time. A young man in the police force was baptized. He and his wife were very zealous about bringing their friends to the Lord and the seed they helped to sow bears fruit even today. While most of our efforts were then concentrated in the city, we did continue to go out to rural churches. The government required us to get their permission before going into those places, and if there was trouble, they told us or refused us permission to enter. We were able to participate in the Nhowe lectures as usual.

The church in Marandellas had been working to build another building. Jonathan Chitendeni was preaching there and in the surrounding area. The church had outgrown the small hall in Dombotombo. It was agreed that they would construct a larger building and they began to save money and we agreed to raise some funds from overseas. Also, happily for us, my mother and daddy planned to return to put up the building in 1973!

We had our third Holiday Bible School in August of that year and our children attended Bulawayo camp once again. During that holiday, we also went to Namwianga Mission for another gospel

meeting and the field program of the school of preaching was held. In the midst of all that, all our children and little Rachel, who was living with us temporarily, had chickenpox. It was a minor thing for the youngest children, but Stanley and Nancy were seriously ill with it. One should have childhood diseases while still a child!

The year 1972 drew to a close with the graduation of nine men from the school of preaching. Zebedee Tandi was the guest speaker and an appropriate one since he was still a school teacher at Nhowe and we had made the transition of the school from Nhowe.

Clayton Waller enjoyed home studies and began classes with some people in the Penhalonga area, in the mountains about twenty miles from town. From those studies, several were baptized, among them the Meikle family, Joan, Jackie and their son David. Soon David began seeing Irene Hill (who had been William's Grade 1 teacher and one of his favorites). Irene became a Christian and married Dave in the lovely Boys' High School chapel with Loy officiating. They have remained in the area, working with the church after the majority of the white members have left the country.

Two people were baptized and sixteen asked for prayers in a gospel meeting in Bloemfontein in South Africa where Lucy and Phil Steyn and their lovely family worked. Loy was afraid he would be misunderstood in the strong Afrikaans community, but the gospel is plain and simple and they did understand. Most white South Africans are bilingual, speaking both Afrikaans and English very well.

Life Moves Along in 1973

William housed various forms of wild life in his room from time to time. Once he saved his pennies to buy three white mice and was very proud of them. But our cat, Sambo, also liked mice and, one by one, they became missing in action. William's mother was relieved to see the last of the little creatures — not to mention the odor in his room. Another time we monkey-sat for some friends. They left their pet monkey, Melodius, with us while they went on holiday. Melodius was lots of fun until he became annoyed and bit someone!

In 1973, Mollie Redd, a single mother, arrived at the Nhowe Mission with her two sons, Johnny and Lee. They worked at Nhowe and Marandellas, then finally came to Umtali where the boys entered Boys High School. Lee was enthusiastic in the youth group. He was an excellent singer and kept the group singing much of the time. He was especially helpful when Stanley left. Little did we know that Lee would marry our daughter, Marcia, several years later.

Overseas visitors were always welcome and one of our favorites was Eleanor (Granny) Hanson, mother of John. She made several trips from England, spending time with John and Rita Hanson, but this one visit was an especially exciting one because Granny had decided to become a Christian. Everyone loved Granny Hanson and were filled with great joy.

For some years we had heard of a well-known preacher in Dallas, John Bannister, and had heard him speak at lectureships and meetings. Once John and his wife came to visit us and John held a gospel meeting and encouraged us in our work. We were grateful that many preachers were making overseas trips to teach and uplift.

We Meet The President

In July of 1973, we received an engraved invitation from the Municipality of Umtali saying "His Worship the Mayor and Councillors of Umtali request the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Mitchell at a Civic Luncheon in honor of President and Mrs. C. W. DuPont." Another invitation came from the President, himself, inviting us to a reception at the Cecil Hotel that evening.

Loy was chairman of the executive committee in charge of a scheme for housing the elderly, and we were host and hostess at the Strickland Lodge where tea was served and the residents met the President and his Lady. They were very friendly and congenial, but both smoked incessantly. It was an interesting experience and one we shall always remember. A little girl was to be chosen to give a bouquet to Mrs. DuPont, and Marcia was selected to do the honors on the lawn of the lodge. It was an interesting day, but we felt a little out of our element.

Until We Meet Again

Rose Marie Legg had for years endured pain and discomfort from various ailments. She was long suffering, but we knew it was difficult for her to continue her work. She ran a well-organized household and taught Bible classes very effectively. She also helped me in collecting and writing material on teaching for the Christian Advocate, published in South Africa. We enjoyed sharing ideas, and I could always depend on her to submit an article as soon as I asked for it.

She had to have major surgery in October, 1973, and as was her usual habit, she got her family and household in order and sent me an article for the next issue of the Christian Advocate. She survived the surgery and appeared to be doing well in the hospital. I was helping with a wedding shower for Irene Hill (Meikle) when Nancy phoned from the house. "Oh, Mommy, Auntie Rose Marie just died," she cried. Her body had just grown too tired to combat any more complications. Loy talked to Mark by phone and we drove to Salisbury to be with him, little Ronda and Michelle. Loy preached the funeral. She was buried at Nhowe Mission near the graves of Alex and little Jimmy Claassen. How we missed her! She was in her 30's but had fought a good fight and lived a full and useful life in the Lord's service. (Just a year or so before, Rose Marie's father was in Rhodesia for a visit and died suddenly of a heart attack.)

Mark later married Robin Webster, a mother of two young children. Therefore, with Mark's two girls, they now had a family of six. They helped with a campaign for Christ in Salisbury and then moved to the United States the following year.

A Difficult Decision

Loy had many demands on his time and he was overworked, trying to be head of the Bible school, preaching at 7th Avenue and for some other area churches, etc. One day, rather to my surprise, he announced while we were driving somewhere, "I am resigning from the headship of the Bible school." It was a decision that had to be made, and it was made for the well-being of our family. We wanted to keep our husband and daddy around for many years. He need not

kill himself working. In the months to come, recommendations were made and finally Jim Petty was selected to take his place. Loy continued to teach some classes but was relieved of the greatest pressures.

It was around that time that Jim was rushed into the emergency room because a spitting cobra had spit in his eye! Fortunately, he and Kay washed it out quickly and saved his eyesight.

Friends And Neighbors

Cecil and Stella Hulley moved next door to us when we lived on Taylor Avenue. They were a delightful older couple who had struggled to farm for many years in Rhodesia. Cecil had come to the Eastern Highlands when a small boy in the 1890's. He later wrote a book called **Where Lions Once Roamed** in which he described pioneer life. He recalled meeting Cecil John Rhodes when the British South Africa Company had come to arrange for settlements in the land.

The Hulleys remained our good friends through the years and attended worship with us some of the time. They were members of the Church of England of South Africa, or English "Low Church," and did not agree with the local Anglican priest of the "High Church" type. Some time during 1971 and 1972 they began to meet in the Boys High School chapel with others of like beliefs. They did not have a minister, so they asked various community ministers to speak for them, including Loy. Loy spoke about once each month for some time. An English couple came to him with questions and sat down for studies with us. Soon they were baptized and began to worship with us, bringing their five young children along. They became good friends and brought some of their friends to church. However, in time he was transferred to Dorowa Mines and they could not meet regularly. In fact, living in an isolated place such as the mine, their children could not attend school locally and they were sent to Umtali boarding schools. We kept all three of the children until they found places in boarding schools, then we kept Rachel, who was not quite six and too young for boarding school. In the meantime, we drove to Dorowa several weekends to hold studies

and Sunday worship. Friends were invited to attend, and we were encouraged by their coming. Then we were shocked when the couple came to tell us that they were getting a divorce. The wife, who had become my good friend, spent hours talking with me about the "other man" who was all the things her husband was not. It was heartbreaking from both a personal and a spiritual standpoint. Our friendship was damaged, and I missed the talks and studies. However, more important was the danger to her eternal soul in taking such a step. Our talking was to no avail and we felt like weeping as we saw their family break apart. The two youngest went with their mother and her boyfriend while the three oldest went with their father, who married a few months later.

We saw the man several months later while attending the South African lectureship. The wife moved to another town. Her friend had come from Europe and we assume they may have gone back there. We can only teach the Word. People are obligated to make their own decisions.

While holding studies in Dorowa, we visited with one couple whose little girl had attended our Bible classes in Umtali when they lived there. One weekend they asked us to spend Saturday night with them. They offered lovely hospitality and had prepared delicious food for us. We studied on Saturday night, during which time the man offered us soft drinks and he had beer to drink. As the drink began to take effect, he became very critical of Americans, recalling his experiences in World War II with American soldiers. He got nasty and his sweet young wife was very embarrassed. He finally went to bed and was better the next day as he very proudly roasted the Sunday joint and attended worship with us. However, we felt rather cautious with him following his evening outbursts.

Some months later, they moved to Salisbury and the wife and child attended worship there. The husband contracted cancer and died, unfortunately, and we do not know what happened to the family. They likely moved back to England. We always become personally and emotionally involved with people, and apart from our concern for their spiritual situation, we are saddened at losing friends. Such is the life of a missionary/preacher.

Another great heartache came as the result of one man's harsh criticism and condemnation of us and our family. There were tears,

especially since our older children were hurt by it all; but, hours of dialogue and more tears at least resolved some of the problem. As in any area of the world, there are disappointments and troubles and we do not always meet them as wisely as we should, but we pray for help and guidance. We, too, are very human.

Welcome Visitors

Our supporting church in Texas decided to send the preacher, Pat Abbananto, and an elder, Ennis Floyd, to visit us, teach and preach and investigate the work we were doing. This was the first time our supporters had sent anyone and we were overjoyed. Pat was an Italian-American born in New York. He had married a Christian girl while in the service and had left the Catholic church to become a Christian, attend a Christian college and preach the gospel. He held a gospel meeting for the English speaking church and spoke to the students at the Bible school and other area groups. We had a wonderful time with them.

One amusing story about Pat and Ennis has been told repeatedly. The two men had been invited out for dinner one evening and were waiting for their host to come and fetch them. When we began our dinner, they said it smelled so good that they thought they would go outside, away from the aroma. They assured us that they were not hungry, however, and did not need a bite to eat. Later, Loy walked into the garden and found them eating bananas from the tree. He surprised them and they looked as guilty as if they had been stealing the fruit. The story is told when we visit the Christians in Snyder and their visit is remembered with pleasure. Pat is now dead but Ennis is still living in Snyder. He has retired and is doing some carpentry work as a hobby. He made us a stool from the mesquite wood so common in West Texas, so we have a bit of Texas in Africa.

The year of 1973 was moving along, and it was youth rally time again. We were proud of Stanley as he gave one of the lessons and was a very fine leader. We women spent hours baking cookies and cakes and making mounds of spaghetti, sloppy joes, pizzas, chili and other foods suitable for masses of youngsters. It was always inspiring and great fun, but we were relieved to get back to normal each

time, having had young people sleeping on the floors, in tents and any other place we could find.

It had been about three years since our children had seen their grandparents, so they were excited about their coming in June. They arrived safely, bearing gifts. We had a good visit before they began work in Marandellas on the church building. They stayed in the old colonial type hotel there and found that they needed extra blankets and clothing in the cold rooms. Marandellas is higher in elevation than Umtali and their winters are cold. They also found that some foods were different. On one occasion, when they saw a sign advertising hot pies, they envisioned sweet pies; but, when they bought them, they realized that they were hot meat pies, a good old English food. Brethren from Nhowe helped with the building as well as the local people and Daddy.

We did find time to spend a few days at Wankie Game Park with them. We actually stayed at the Gwai River Hotel. The weather was warmer there, and in the dining room we were fanned by a series of planks above us which were pulled back and forth by ropes. When we went outside for a walk we saw, yes, a man outside working the strange fan.

Daddy especially enjoyed seeing the zebra in the wild. There were also some of the creatures running with the horses at the hotel. He and Loy drove to the game park alone late one evening. Daddy failed, at first, to see an elephant about to charge, and wondered why Loy suddenly accelerated the car. But once he saw what was happening he, too, was eager to flee. I suppose the elephants have always been the most fascinating animals we have seen in the African wild. They are indeed kings of the jungle.

Mother and Daddy left one month after their arrival and Loy continued supervising the completion of the building, painting and plastering. He also began taking men and equipment out to the various preaching points for the field program, and the missionaries involved set up their camps once again. The dust had hardly settled from those activities when we met the planes bringing Jimmy Jividen and Mark Trusler from Abilene and Carlos Esteves from Portugal. The Snyder church which supported us also had a special interest in the work in Mozambique, or Portugese East Africa, because they were helping Carlos of Portugal. Carlos wanted to

come out to Mozambique, but the elders felt that he would benefit by first staying with us, attending the Bible school and working like an apprentice. He was single, a small man and handicapped by polio, but very zealous for the Lord. Unfortunately, he had been in the country for only a few weeks when the government asked him to leave. This sometimes happened, during those troubled times, with no explanation being given.

Carlos crossed the border and began to work with a preacher in Mozambique. Loy and Doyle Gilliam made a trip to visit and encourage them. When the country of Mozambique was given its independence by Portugal, most of the Portuguese people began to leave. In a short time, Carlos and the other preacher, Feliciano, were put into prison. Churches and missions were closed by the Frelimo government and people like Carlos and Feliciano arrested and accused of being spies. They were held for about six months before Carlos was released, possibly because his health was failing. He returned to Portugal and eventually went to Brazil where he continues in the work of the Lord today. We do not know what happened to Feliciano as much of the contact with the brethren was lost. For many years a war has been waged by a resistance movement against the Frelimo government. We continue to pray for peace and the freedom to move about and preach in that troubled land.

Mark Trusler was especially welcomed by the young people. He was a Canadian student at Abilene Christian College and a good influence for our youth. Jimmy was the preacher for the church at Hillcrest and had written a book on Glossolalia or Tongue Speaking. We asked him to give lessons at 7th Avenue on that topic and they were very well received. He had several discussions with Pentecostal people and we were impressed with the love and kindness he showed them.

As soon as the gospel meeting ended, we packed a number of people into our truck, including Jimmy and Mark, and left for the Benoni lectures. Jimmy was the featured speaker there and Loy gave a lesson on Elders. I spoke to a women's group about "The Generation Gap" and "Permissiveness in the Home."

During Jimmy's visit, he spoke with Stanley about Hillcrest's Discipleship Program in which he worked with young preacher students from the college, took them on campaigns and sent them out to

work as apprentices during the summer. Stanley was impressed and decided to attend Abilene Christian College.

Reaching Out

There are various ways of contacting people who will be responsive to the gospel. Loy played basketball in the city leagues and invited fellow players to worship. One young man, Paul Robinson, began to attend, was eventually baptized and became an encouragement to our young people. Loy continued to study with him, as well as his parents, who also became Christians. Paul was a lovable young man and a good friend to all. One day he and Nancy talked for over an hour on the telephone. This was too long in our house what with only one phone for all to use and many demands on it. But they had some long and inspirational talks, though, and when a few months later Paul was killed in an auto accident, Nancy recalled the good talks and commented that perhaps it was worthwhile monopolizing the phone.

Door knocking is another method of reaching people and one which many of us find difficult. We always knocked doors to invite people to gospel meetings. During one meeting, Kay Petty left an invitation on the door of one house because the residents were out. An elderly couple, the Schalkwyks, read the leaflet and phoned. Mr. Schalkwyk had emphysema and was very ill. Loy began to visit and study the Bible with them. They were baptized (he in the bathtub). The Schalkwyks told their neighbors, Ken and Annette Butcher, about the studies. We picked up the Butcher children and took them to Bible classes for several months. Finally Ken and Annette agreed to study with us and were baptized. They are in South Africa and leaders in the church there.

Phylis McLachlan met a man in a theater group who was studying with the Jehovah's Witnesses and wanted answers to their teachings. Loy studied with him, disliking the negative approach; nevertheless, the man, Dennis Versfeld, was taught. He was transferred to Salisbury where he and his wife, Jean, were baptized by Mark Legg. They returned to Umtali in a few months and were very effective in making contacts and setting up Bible studies. Gill Watson and Ina

Ouberg were taught by Dennis. We had met Ina at city functions and our children were in school together. She was a student of Christian Science, but in the course of time, her husband became ill with cancer and Ina nursed him years before he died. This caused her to question the Christian Science teachings, and she was open to teachings from the Bible.

Ina was a lovely person and very devout. She soon caught the eye of our resident bachelor missionary, Clayton Waller. Our young people began to suspect that cupid was at work when they saw Clayton escort Ina to the wedding of Dave and Irene Meikle. We had to caution the teens about their giggling observations of the courtship, but everyone was able to rejoice with them when they announced their intention to marry.

Our young people were very good about inviting their friends to worship. Young Bernard Hosking came to the youth meeting one Friday night and began to spend time at our house with Stanley and Nancy. He was taught and baptized, and he in turn taught and baptized Darrel Wright. Bernard married Charlene Gilliam, daughter of missionaries, and Darrel married a Christian girl, Jo Ann Stroebel, in Umtali. Both families are active in the church, the Hoskings in the United States and the Wrights in South Africa.

One very fine English woman came to us because she was troubled about her oldest son. We tried, without much success, to help the son; however, the good woman and her other two sons became Christians. She has now returned to England. Certainly we can reach out to others with the word of Christ while going about work in any sphere.

Joe Hodges and John Little came to us from Abilene and checked on the Bible School. Joe was a dentist and John was a professor at Abilene Christian College. We appreciated the time and interest given by the good people at Hillcrest.

A Holiday For The Family

In August of 1974, we made a memorable journey and one of our few holidays. It was special because it was our last time to take a trip altogether before Stanley left for university. As our "holidays"

usually go, there were some gospel meetings held along the way. It is called a "busman's holiday" in this country. Our first stop was in East London. Stanley was excited about meeting the young preacher there, Johann Smulders. Johann had played for South Africa's Springbok rugby team and was quite well known. He was baptized in Port Elizabeth during the campaign that my parents worked in. He had given up his rugby career and went to SABS for training. At that time, he was preaching in East London on partial support and working at a secular job part time. Our children were impressed by his rugby reputation but even more by his sacrificing it to become a preacher.

We had a great visit with Johann, Audrey and their little girls; and, the East London church welcomed us with open arms. The gospel was well received and we did lots of singing. Sometimes our family was asked to sing for the Christians. We taught them some of the choruses that the young people were singing at the time.

It was indeed like Ecclesiastes 3 when the preacher wrote, "For everything there is a season and a time for every matter under heaven, a time to be born; and a time to die . . . a time to weep and a time to laugh . . ." We did lots of laughing and talking while taking that trek around the beautiful South African garden route. We met with a small group of Christians in Grahamstown where the Charlie Tutors had started a church before moving on to Kimberley. We arrived in Port Elizabeth in time for a Sunday evening worship and met Andy and Freida Jooste, a South African married to an American. My daddy had helped to teach Andy's father during the 1968 campaign. The entire family had become Christians years before, but the old man had resisted in spite of the influence and teaching of men like John Hardin and Leonard Grey. Andy had visited my parents while visiting the States. We also saw old friends from Salisbury, the Robsons.

We finally arrived in Cape Town. It was very cold and rainy and we were unable to take the cable ride up Table Mountain, but we had good fellowship with people like the Phil Liebrandt and Stuart Jones families. We also visited with Alan Fraser and his family. Stuart and Cecilia Jones had attended Abilene Christian College about the same time we were there, and they were "vocational missionaries" working for an oil company and helping with the church. They have

a strong Christian family and have been wonderful help to the church in South Africa. From there we drove to Kimberley and spent a night with Charles and Mary Jane Tutor, meeting in their house for worship. That visit is remembered because William took a bicycle ride and lost himself. A young girl found him crying in the park. He did not remember the address but recalled Charlie's name. In Bloemfontein, we were treated royally by the Phil Steyns and Loy held a short gospel meeting there. We drove many miles and made many memories.

Time was passing too quickly. Stanley was studying very hard to take his "M" Level exams in November. We made the trip to Benoni for the lectureship in October. What an emotional time that was! Nancy and I participated in a mother-daughter panel discussion, along with Donna and Lisa Horne and Dana and Cecilia Jones. The Jones pair spoke first and young Dana gave an excellent talk, but began to cry in her conclusion. This aroused the emotions of the women there and we were afraid we would not get through the talks, but we managed quite well and were so very proud of our girls. Young Rory Massey, SABS student from Bulawayo, died suddenly one evening after a lecture. He was newly married and his parents from Bulawayo were present at the lectureship. On the final evening, we usually had lots of entertainment at the banquet. But this time people were sobered and the whole tone of the program was changed. We were asked to sing, so the Mitchell family (including Jean) sang several choruses which seemed to be well received.

I wonder how poor Stanley managed to study for those difficult exams because of the many activities. In late November, Mother and Dad Mitchell and Ruth Keller (Loy's sister) arrived via Buenos Aires where Reece, Loy's brother, preached. Dennis came to Salisbury to meet their plane with us, and he took them to Bulawayo for a week where Anita gave birth to Randy, their third child ("a time to be born"). We loved the time spent with them. Our children thought Auntie Ruth was a fantastic person — as indeed she is.

We held our first lectureship that year. It was a great success. Dad Mitchell spoke about the family and Mother gave a lesson for women from Titus 2. We kept the Horne family, many teenagers, plus the visiting Americans, and the guests of Clayton Waller came to our house for meals. We used the camper, a tent, and every inch

of house space.

Then came the time to say good-bye, a time to break those apron strings, a time to cry, as we put Stanley on a plane to the United States. He left one day, the folks left the next day. We did cry, of course, but it was exciting for him. Having studied French for four years in high school, he wanted to stop in Paris, which he did, and enjoyed seeing those sights that he had studied about. We waited eagerly for the first letter and heard from Shirley, my sister in Tulsa, that my family met him at Tulsa Airport. She got there early and got a good little visit with him before the others arrived. My family bought him clothes and bedding for college, and my parents took him to Abilene where J. C. McCurdy took him in hand and helped him get to the right places.

Gen and Giff left that year, too. Giff's health had deteriorated and he needed to return and get better medical care. Dick and Sharon Boyd also left in December of that year. Changes were inevitable, and we knew we had to accept them.

Meanwhile, in the States, our "missionary kid" was becoming adjusted to life in America. The *Caney Chronicle* interviewed him:

Life in America is a new experience for eighteen year old Stanley Mitchell, a holiday visitor in the home of his grandparents in Caney, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Taylor. Stanley arrived in the United States Saturday and will stay in Caney for the next two weeks, previous to enrolling as a freshman in Abilene Christian College in Abilene, Texas. Although he was born in Texas, Stanley has lived most of his life in Rhodesia, where his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Loy Mitchell, are missionaries with the Church of Christ. Stanley speaks with an obvious British accent (he'll tell you it's Rhodesian) and he has some interesting observations about what he's seen in America. "The most noticeable difference in Rhodesia and America is the number of automobiles," says Stanley. "In Rhodesia we walk when we can — it's better for your health. Cars in Rhodesia are also much smaller, but considering that petrol sells for \$1.15 per gallon the economy cars are a necessity." He speaks of his homeland and proudly shows off the bedspread his parents gave him as a departing pre-

sent — it's made from a Rhodesian national flag. [Stanley returned to the nation of Zimbabwe and felt, correctly, that it would not be wise to bring that flag back! The winds of change had been at work. DM] "Rhodesia is a country much worth being patriotic for," he says. "Our people have united together since declaring independence . . . since sanctions against Rhodesia we are producing more of our own materials although we do trade somewhat with other countries for petroleum and other products not available in Rhodesia." Stanley points out that all chromium found on American made cars comes from Rhodesia — even though it isn't labeled as such. "We're not looking for aid," he states emphatically. "We're only seeking friendship and cooperation. We can feed our own people, run our own government, solve our own problems and fight our own battles. We don't need American money or weapons, only your friendship." But Stanley also has a great love for America, since all of his grandparents, cousins and other relatives live here. He tentatively plans to major in communications at ACC and has not decided on a career. [Stanley soon changed his major subject to Bible. DM] While in Kansas, he will also be visiting his paternal grandparents, Mr. & Mrs. Owen Mitchell of Topeka. One of Stanley's first comments was on his clothing. "I was afraid of looking shabby or out of style," he admitted, "but after looking around . . . it looks like I'll fit right in." With Stanley's smile and personality, "fitting in" will never be a problem.

Another New Year Begins — 1975

It was indeed a time of mixed blessings. What tragedy, what horrors occurred as the guerilla war progressed. We missed our Stanley, but we had a number of "adopted sons" stationed with the army near our house. They came from the churches in other areas and were homesick and troubled about the fighting as well as the moral temptations that arose for Christian young men in camp. Yet from a positive point of view, the church grew in spirituality and

number. Joan and Gerry McDade were baptized just before the new year began, and Penny and Rick Laing moved to the city where Rick worked for a clothing firm. The Laings were Christians from Bulawayo and Rick was a capable gospel preacher. He had had some special training from Foy Short and Melville Sheasby while in the Midlands-Matabeleland areas. We were greatly strengthened by their coming. They had a very young family, four beautiful children, Russell, Kerry, Trevor and Tracy. Penny had very poor eyesight; in fact, she was told that she would soon go blind, but the Lord has kept her from complete blindness. In spite of that, she was a good Bible student and an asset to the teaching staff.

Rick and Penny loved to sing and were great encouragers in that way. Rick was a talented musician, and would likely have gone into the entertainment community had he not become a Christian.

We started the year with two holiday Bible schools in town and in Florida, the colored community. We had a good response to our closing evening when we let the children perform to show what they had learned in the school.

The Bible School in Dangamvura resumed with twenty-one men there to study. We were looking at possibilities of preaching in Mozambique. Some of our preachers had already gone into the country to teach and Carlos Esteves was there working with Feliciano; but as mentioned previously, the work was not allowed to continue. At that time, Loy wrote that "with the takeover of the new Frelimo government those days of Catholic domination and restriction of other groups are over. We believe the country is open to the gospel. We were not hindered by soldiers and officials as we handed out tracts and spoke to people about the gospel. We found Carlos Esteves and brethren at Vila Junqueiro well and busy spreading the gospel. There are some 8,000 members of the church in the Zambezia Province where Carlos works. We do plan to return there in August to preach. We were searched for weapons or arms and travel delays in Mozambique are frequent and frustrating. For example, it took us fourteen hours to travel 180 miles by train."

In March, we marked our seventeenth year since arriving in Africa. We felt that God had blessed us, and we were grateful for brethren in Africa and the United States for giving us their support and encouragement.

Stanley had gone to school with John Wilkinson; John had spent time in our home and attended Bible classes and youth meetings. It was not until after Stanley left, however, that John was immersed into Christ and we hastened to write the good news to Stanley. John was in the army and perhaps was sobered by events in his life.

Loy continued to study with Ken and Annette Butcher as it is his practice to study several months with new Christians to help them to grow and mature. He also had studies at that time with Mrs. Roelofs, Corrie Byrne, the Bosch family, the Spargo family and Sisters Watson and Tonks. Some came to Christ, others did not. Some continue faithfully. Corrie Byrne is now dead.

Loy and Doyle worked with the Salisbury television station manager and eventually, with help from Salisbury brethren, got several Herald of Truth films shown late Sunday evenings. The late hour was not the best; nevertheless, the effort brought some response.

We concentrated our work in the town during the next two years and saw the church grow. In February, we were having seventy-five to eighty people attending and Doyle held a gospel meeting which strengthened all of us. We also had a four-day youth meeting, inviting youth from the area. People were inviting their friends and relatives, and a chain reaction was set into motion, bringing a good number of people to Christ. Elsie Horwood worked with Ray Robinson, mentioned earlier. Her three young sons began to attend our Bible studies and Loy studied in their home. David and Geoffrey were baptized and eventually Geoffrey married Shirley Wide, whose family came to the Lord while living in Inyazura. Shirley and Geoffrey and their young family worship with the church in Amanzimtoti, South Africa.

The first school term ended and the children were excited about a holiday youth rally. Before school ended, William was "King of the Cats" in a school play!

There was no church meeting in Fort Victoria, the oldest white settlement in Rhodesia. Two Christian families moved there and we occasionally drove there to meet with them. We also showed films on Saturday nights while there. Doyle Gilliam and Foy Short also met with the little group from time to time. An interesting sequel to the Fort Victoria work surfaced recently when we met with the

church in Kwe Kwe. Ase Hinze worshipped with the Fort Victoria group. She had very young children and a husband who drank excessively. Stanley had preached in Kwe Kwe several times after his return to Zimbabwe in the 80's. While there, he baptized two of Ase's sons. When we went there recently (1990) we found an elated Ase. Her drunken husband had turned to the Lord and he, too, was filled with joy and gratitude. Her two sons are studying the Bible in the Bible school in Botswana. They had brought a campaign group from the Botswana school to Kwe Kwe and their father and others were led to Christ. We gave thanks and rejoiced with them.

A Dream Come True

While Loy and I attended Central Christian College, we were happily influenced by James Baird and his wife, Avonelle. James was dean of the college and one of the Bible teachers. He later became president of the college when it was moved to Oklahoma City and it became Oklahoma Christian College. What joy we felt when the Baird family wrote asking if they could spend their summer working with us! James, Avonelle, Jim and Morrow Beth arrived with Frances and Bob Epperley (the Bairds' daughter and son-in-law) and Mike Landon in June. Right away, Brother Baird spoke to the Lions Club on "The Mood of America." He began preaching in town and for the Shona churches, giving us rich but simple lessons. He has a marvelous knowledge of scripture and many other topics, but he also knows how to condescend and reach all classes and levels. Avonelle is likely one of our best teachers, and she gave lessons that helped all Christian women, including the wives of the missionaries.

Jim and Morrow Beth worked with our youth and Bob and Frances related to the young married couples as well as the teens. It was like a breath of fresh air for all and we were uplifted and strengthened. The men taught classes in a preachers' lectureship at the Bible school and Loy and Jim went to Hippo Valley where Loy preached for several days. Our teens had had their heartaches and traumas; but the Baird young people were good listeners and helpers. It was time well spent by all. Young Laura Gilliam became

a Christian about that time.

Rhodes and Founders was a public holiday during the colonial days and we usually did something special during the free time. Most years we attended the lectureship at Nhowe, and in 1975 Loy spoke about "The Kingdom and the Church." We also took about twenty young people to the Inyanga Mountains to eat a picnic lunch after climbing Mount Inyangani, the highest point in Rhodesia at 8,513 feet. Loy and the older children had climbed the mountain several times but I usually found an excuse to stop about half way up like, "William is too small" or "I don't feel well," etc. But William no longer gave me my excuse; in fact, he and the dog reached the top first! Loy helped me up the worst parts, pushing, pulling and actually carrying me! He was more determined than I! What a beautiful view of God's world once we reached the heights. We sang and prayed to God from those beautiful mountains.

James Baird ended his stay with us by preaching in a gospel meeting in Umtali and going to Bulawayo to preach before leaving us and flying to England for some speaking appointments.

Visitors are always welcome, especially those from the States who bring us first hand news of our people. This was an "American" summer as the Bill Humbles, David Kennamers, Garretts from Fort Worth, Jan Mauks of South Africa and the Compton brothers of San Angelo were listed in our guest book.

We noted our tenth year in Umtali and made a decision to return to the States in 1976. It was not an easy decision to make; however, we decided that our university age children might need us while they completed their education and made vital decisions in their lives. Our elders advised us to concentrate on the 7th Avenue work during the remaining time. Loy preached a sermon called "A Decade of Progress," outlining the growth of the church, and challenged the church to set goals and work toward them. We believed the church had been blessed by our Lord since beginning in our living room in 1965. We completed our second holiday Bible school that year and prepared to drive to Benoni for the lectureship, taking Stuart Versfeld, Andrew Tonks and Gill Watson. The Laing family had to move to Salisbury, Bernard Hosking went into the army and others were coming and going — a way of life at that time.

While in Benoni during the SABS lectureship that year, we

stayed with Donna and Al Horne. We stayed up late each night talking and visiting after the good lessons, and Al stayed awake even longer. He was an energetic, capable man and had accomplished much in Benoni. Donna, called "the other Donna," was always an encouragement to me. Missionaries' wives need time to talk over their joys as well as their sorrows. Our children loved time spent with the Horne children who were much the same in age. We took a shopping trip and purchased items that were not available in Rhodesia, like electric curlers for the girls and Lego toys for William.

December arrived with all its activity. Schools closed for the year, we prepared for the lectureship and Loy's gospel meeting in Salisbury and the Bible school held its graduation. The top student in the graduating class was an interesting person. He was a man who was first contacted through the Bible Correspondence course work. He applied to the Bible school but did not send any school records. When queried, he replied that he had never gone to school, yet he had taught himself to read and write and he could speak three languages. He preached for several years on Dave Meikle's farm and died at a relatively young age.

As soon as graduation ended each year, the Bible school held a "refresher course" for graduates and church leaders. Needed lessons and good fellowship have made this a popular event each year, and we believe it strengthened the Christians throughout the land.

Dennis and Anita Mitchell and their children came to spend lectureship time with us once again, and our son, Stanley, came home from ACC for a visit. Stanley's coming brought great excitement to our family. We had imported an American car two years before and since vehicles cost much more in Rhodesia than in the United States, we made a profit on it upon selling it. We used the money to bring Stanley home. Loy sent a check to J. C. McCurdy who helped Stanley book his flight home. After the decision to do that, Loy picked up the girls at school and told them their brother was coming. They thought he was teasing and considered it a rather cruel joke! When I greeted them with, "Are you happy that Stanley is coming home?" there were screeches and loud rejoicing. When we met his plane, he looked rather strange, pale from the American winter. His hair had grown longer than the "short back and sides" high

school-required hair style he left with. We had hundreds of questions for him, and there was great joy in the Mitchell household.

The missionary's child has some difficulties in the university setting. He is, in effect, part of a strange culture, and has many things to learn. Stanley wrote us regularly, keeping us informed of all the exciting and positive happenings, but there were also comments like "It's spring break and most of my friends are going home . . . rather sad." On the 8th of December after we had written J. C. McCurdy about bringing Stanley home for the holidays, Stanley wrote,

It was just after my English class that I met Chuck Palmer in the hall. I was feeling fairly normal for that time of day — a combination of heavy lunch and long English Lit class makes one drowsy. As our class filed out, Chuck fell into step with me and matter-of-factly said, "I've got good news for you . . . you're going home for Christmas." I didn't get much out of my Greek class, and right afterwards I phoned over to the telegraph union to get the whole thing. How do you express the feeling of going home? When most of my friends found out they seemed excited about it and I found out that they had started a collection for me to call home this Christmas which was nice of them. Danny Hawk, one of the older Discipleship men, wanted to know how much the bus ticket was! . . . I waited until Thursday evening devotional to tell the "Big News" but as I'd already told Chuck and Debbie and Gail, I needn't have bothered...everyone knew.

Well, there was lots of excitement on our side of the ocean, too.

In January of 1976, Jean, our "third daughter," moved back to us. She had spent a year at SABS and hoped to go to ACC, but these plans never materialized. Her mother had died while she was at SABS and her father died two or three years later. She got a job with a building society and settled into Stanley's old room.

Prime Minister Ian Smith and Joshua Nkomo, an African leader, were having peace talks and we prayed, as usual, for peace.

The town church set a new budget for the year and planned to hire a preacher, likely Errol Williams, a young man from Salisbury

who was attending SABS. Loy's schedule included the following: Sunday — teenage class, morning sermon, song leading class, evening lesson or song leading; Monday — teachers' training class at Umtali School of Preaching, home study with Michael and Cynthia Charles; Tuesday — Class at Umtali School of Preaching, Wednesday — adult class at 7th Avenue; Thursday — USOP class, home study with Fran and Jay Stroebel; Friday — USOP class, children's class in town, teen class. Of course there were numerous other tasks throughout each day. (By that time we were calling the Bible School "Umtali School of Preaching.")

As the year 1976 progressed, we were aware of our impending departure but tried not to let it disturb our work. It was difficult, especially when the people began to come to us and say, "When you leave I would like to buy your table . . . your bed . . . your fridge, etc." Most wanted to begin payments on the items; so, for some weeks and months we were eating off of a table that was partially owned by someone else! Such is life in a land where some items are scarce or expensive. We were blessed with good rains and were able to hear the little stream running down below our house for the first time. Loy preached the funeral of Brother Schalkwyk, who died after a long illness. The day after the funeral, Fernando da Silva, his son-in-law, was baptized. Loy studied with him and his wife but could not continue because they had to return to their home in Wankie. At that time, Barry Quaite was living in Wankie and worshipped with the da Silva family. Sending "babes in Christ" out to towns and villages where no church existed caused us concern. We sent them reading material and tapes and visited them if possible. Some remained strong but many fell away.

Petrol rationing was becoming stricter, so we began to travel more by train. It was a slow way to travel, but by going second class, we could get a compartment for six people, if the family was along, or a coupé, if one or two of us was traveling. We learned to take along lots of reading, writing and study material. Salisbury was only 180 miles away, but we traveled either all day or all night to get there.

In April of that year, we boarded the train to go to see our brother Dennis in Zambia. We took a train to Salisbury and then a night train to Bulawayo. Avril Nyenhuis met us there and gave us break-

fast and refreshment before we moved on to Wankie, where Dennis met us. Again the trip was complicated by wartime changes. We could not cross the bridge over the Zambezi because Zambia had declared sanctions against Rhodesia. (However, the Zambian trains met the Rhodesian trains on the bridge to exchange goods cars!) Dennis took us across the corner of Botswana and we crossed the river by ferry to enter Zambia for our five day visit with Dennis, Anita, Brian, Joann and Randy.

The April holidays were indeed busy ones. We held a youth rally in Umtali with young people coming from Bulawayo, Gwelo, QueQue, Salisbury and Marandellas. Most of the lessons were given by young men and they were good. Four young people made the good confession and were baptized into Christ. Nancy and I taught classes in the Holiday Bible School and Loy was the organizer this time. I went to Nhowe to be with the African women for a lectureship. I gave three lessons. When I was introduced by one old woman she said, "When Mai Mitchell came to Nhowe she was only a little girl, now she is *Ambuya* (grandmother or older woman) because she is older and fatter!" This was indeed a compliment in their culture. Now I became an older woman with honor.

Our cost of living increased because the sales tax increased from five percent to ten percent in May. The devaluation of the American dollar and inflation also made it more difficult to manage our finances or stretch our dollars.

Our loved ones were writing letters of concern for us because of the increased trouble in the land. We lived less than a mile from the Mozambique border which harbored 10,000 freedom fighters or terrorists at that time. (The white dominated government referred to the freedom fighters as terrorists. We did not agree with everything the government did; but, we could see that, in a way, the term "terrorist" was appropriate for they did indeed set out to terrorize the people, black and white, in every area.) We felt fairly safe because of the large contingent of Rhodesian soldiers stationed along the border. We did not drive into some areas because of land mines and ambushes. The main road south of Umtali was closed to traffic at night, and soon the Salisbury road also was included in the curfew. The road to Fort Victoria and Beit Bridge could only be driven in armed convoys. Some changes were being made by the govern-

ment; i.e., four black ministers and six deputy ministers were introduced into the Cabinet. However, this was considered too little too late, according to the opposition/resistance movement.

Loy took the train to Salisbury again to hold a gospel meeting in Arcadia, the colored community. Brother Garrett had worked with that community for many years and had established a children's home there. Loy felt well received by the people but rather nervously received by a younger missionary there. They held some different doctrinal teachings from ours. There were four baptisms and many visitors before Loy boarded the train home, traveling twenty miles per hour, as he rested and studied. I sometimes think God allows those little changes when our bodies need a restoration.

Stanley had missed the Eastern Highlands of Rhodesia, so he was especially pleased when he was assigned to work with the church in Colorado Springs during the summer of 1976. In Umtali that American summer, we were enjoying a good spiritual increase in the town church. Bob and Marian Munroe, Dorothy Van Wyk and Georgina and Cornelius Bezuidenhout were all baptized into Christ.

Missionary children helped in the work of the Lord. Nancy was a good teacher of children and often brought her friends to worship. Marcia was less outgoing in nature, but she very intently taught her friend Vanessa, and Vanessa was baptized. Young Laura Gilliam brought her friend, Corinne Meekin, to church and Corinne's parents, Tom and Joan, became Christians. The Meekins were Irish and Tom worked with the police. All of those people have "scattered abroad" because of the changes in the nation. We know of some but have lost touch with others.

In May, we had another good holiday Bible school with over 100 present. Around forty came for the closing night program. We had built eight classrooms, each twenty feet by fifteen feet, and they were being utilized in an efficient way. Following the Bible school, we had a gospel meeting with Brian Van der Spuy of Welkom, South Africa. Brian was a powerful speaker and he especially helped the Christians to grow. We thoroughly enjoyed having this South African in our home. He was humorous and good-natured, yet quite outspoken when the need arose. He was, however, rather nervous about the political situation in the country — it always sounds worse in foreign reports. He felt rather justified, though, when a train near

Inyazura hit a land mine! (Today in the land of Brian's birth, a similar battle is being waged.)

The government reported that 1,000 to 1,500 terrorists/freedom fighters were operating in Mozambique. Daily reports were given of those killed in the guerilla war, including 100 in May in the area south of Umtali. The curfew was enforced in more areas. I wept as I began to think of packing and sorting in preparation for our departure. How could we leave these good people at such a time? But at the same time, we knew we would feel relieved to be away from the stress that we had begun to feel. A policeman in our neighborhood returned home to hear his baby crying, and discovered that his young wife had been stabbed to death. The murderer was never found and was thought to have run across the border to Mozambique. We recognized the names of friends who were being killed in the conflict. One battle in the Honde Valley area brought reports of the deaths of a teacher's husband, a local business man and a school friend. An African Christian's young son stepped on a land mine not far from the boys' high school. He was not killed but lost a leg. Another Christian from Sakubva disappeared and was never discovered. Many people left to join the freedom fighters across the borders. Most were school children with some leaving under duress.

There was a deathly quiet on the girls' high school campus when I went to teach scripture classes one Tuesday. A group of people in the Chipinga area had been killed by a land mine. Most of the members of Yvonne Habing's family were killed. Yvonne was in Nancy's class. She died later in the Salisbury hospital and Loy took a group of Nancy's friends to the funeral in Chipinga, with the headmistress' blessing. Another girl in the tragedy, Shirley Wicksteed, lost both legs and her progress was closely followed during the following months.

Marathon fund raisers became popular in the efforts to fund a Terrorist Victims' Relief Fund. Loy and I took our turns sitting at the poolside while a group of teenage girls from the high school swam in a marathon. One of the girls was Marcia's friend, Vanessa. A cartoonist, who helped people see the lighter side of life, printed a cartoon of the prime minister looking at a mattress jumping marathon and saying, "I wonder if we should apply to the Guinness

Book of Records for the longest settlement negotiations?"

As word got around among the churches that we planned to leave at the end of 1976, people began to send us letters and gifts of remembrance. A letter from our brother and sister Mhlanga said:

I am presenting this gift to your younger children. I made them (straw hats) for them to put on while they play with their toys and to protect their heads from the sun when you are in USA. And this big blanket is for you and Dad. This is the type of blankets our forefathers wove before the white people came here. The fibre from which it was made comes from barks of trees. It took a long time to complete it. It was spoiled by rain when we were on our journey from Chipinga. I guess you still remember the way we slept on the way with the Giffords. We will remember you in our prayers and the time we worked together. Remember us in all your prayers. We thank you for the work you did here in Africa. From the Mhlangas.

Again, I was moved to tears as I accepted the roughly woven blanket. It is one of the treasures that I have kept.

We planned to take our books home and we had a trunk which would take any small things that we felt that we had to keep, mainly pictures and sentimental treasures. People were bringing us copper pictures and trays, and we had a copper fireplace screen which had been presented to us by the church in Umtali in 1969. The question was, "How many things can I keep and how important are 'things'?" I decided to leave my wedding china and silverplate, well used and incomplete. I began to discard lovingly made drawings and notes made by our children, saving a few for posterity. Poor people learned to inspect our rubbish bin those last few months, for I threw away many items which I knew would be picked up and enjoyed.

The war continued. A Catholic mission doctor, a woman, was arrested because she had treated terrorists. She protested that she was doing her duty as a doctor. She had failed to report the patients to the government authorities. She was eventually released and returned to her mission in one of the remote areas of Rhodesia. This kind of situation was repeated over and over again through out the country.

What To Do When Mortars Fall . . .

This headlined the *Umtali Post* in August: "Don't Panic. Stay in your home, sheltering in the safest place. Don't telephone the police except in an emergency." The report followed a civil defense meeting in each suburb following an August 11 attack. There had been a major battle in the Honde Valley followed by a "hot pursuit attack" into Mozambique. Then early one morning we awakened to what we thought might be a thunderstorm, but quickly understood that it was bombs being shot over the hills from Mozambique by the freedom fighters. We huddled on the floor and prayed. William crept into my arms, trembling. All sorts of thoughts came into my mind. Would we have to evacuate? The American Embassy had been taken out of Rhodesia after the 1965 UDI, although there was some sort of representation in the country. We made a mistake, breaking one of the above rules. Jay Stroeel phoned from across town and asked us to come to their house because they were farther from the border. We drove over there and stayed for a short time as daylight came and the Rhodesian planes flew over in a "show of strength." We thought they were going to bomb Mozambique and create a greater battle, but they did not do that. Jay cried as she looked up into the sky and said, "What is to become of this land?"

It was hard to believe that we had been bombed when the children went off to school on a beautiful African morning following the attack. Teachers reported that they did not have studies, they just listened to all the accounts of fireworks, shrapnel damage, soldiers coming in on foot to fight with machine guns (we found this to be more frightening than mortars), and every child's story was more exaggerated and braver than the last, our trembling little son's included! Perhaps it was good to talk about it. William sat down and wrote a long story about his experience and it helped him to lose some of his fear. With the smell of gunpowder still in the air, we stood in the streets and talked about the previous night. One English "settler" said, "It's just like the blitz in London." Tim Sheasby, a Bulawayo Christian boy who was stationed at the army barracks, had spent the night with us on his break time and slept in the living room, probably the most dangerous place in the house because of the large glass windows. We soon joined our neighbors in taping the

windows to prevent shattering from the vibrations next time it happened.

Secretary of State Kissinger came to Rhodesia and South Africa for talks with Rhodesian leaders, the South African leaders and the frontline African presidents. The news media wrote of the extravagance of the American entourage, with a special jet plane and a limousine. A cartoonist pictured Mr. Smith looking relaxed and ready to chat with Kissinger who screeched in and roared out of the country. Smith said, "Don't forget, Rhodesia only joined the jet age three years ago." It was while we were traveling to the lectures in South Africa that we heard the news that Smith's government had accepted proposals put forward by Kissinger and agreed to give the country majority rule in two years. An interim government would be established. Some people within the country feared the unknown and more white people fled. Others believed that it was the only realistic solution to the problems the nation faced.

Early in 1976, Bruce Gordon-Cumming came to Umtali with the army. He had been converted in Bulawayo and was very close to the Tom Browns. Bruce spent a lot of time in our home; and, when he left the army, he stayed with us for several months and worked in a local bank. Then in August, he left to go to Oklahoma Christian College under our sponsorship. An Edmond, Oklahoma, reporter interviewed Bruce shortly after he arrived at Oklahoma Christian. He talked to the reporter while at the home of my sister, Karen, and her husband Bob Harmon. Bruce was taken aback at the "yank tea" and told the reporter how to make proper English tea. He had his adjustments to make, like most international students, but he appreciated the friendliness shown him when he arrived. Karen had met his plane, taken him home with her family and phoned us to let us know about Bruce's arrival. Bruce eventually received his degree in business at Abilene and married Elaine, a fine Christian girl. He now lives in San Antonio and works with one of the banks there. We consider him one of our "children" and are proud of his accomplishments. He is a deacon in the church.

Once again the SABS lectures highlighted our year. I have a note written after the 1976 trip: "Dear Daddy and Mom, I just want to thank you for all the years you brought us down here for lecture-ships. I know most parents don't think it is right to take children out

of school for such a thing. I'm glad you both saw we needed it more than school. It really helps me to come down here. Thank you so much for always setting an example and always being prepared to give up things for me to grow spiritually. I love you both so much and I'm trying to enjoy my time at such a time while I can, cause I know it will be about the last time we can enjoy lectures as a family for awhile." The note came from Nancy. Our children have been very good about expressing their love and appreciation in writing as well as in spoken words, and the notes I have saved are very precious to me.

Like Stanley, three years previously, Nancy was writing "O" Level exams. She had to work hard to make up for time spent in lectureships, but as she expressed in the note, it was well worth it.

The newspaper reported that "Guy Fawkes" came early that year in Umtali, for we again had fireworks, this time in the late afternoon. We had been to the junior school swimming gala and Marcia and Ellen were walking home. When the sounds came, they both ran rapidly toward home, terrified. We sat in the hallway this time with a mattress ready to crawl under it if necessary. Debbie Simmons, a friend of Jean's, was there, and she wept because she could not get home to her mother, a widow and alone in the house. We sang and prayed. At church time, we decided to go on to church and Tom Meekin, a Christian policeman, came during worship to assure us that the attack was over and the army and police had the situation well in hand. His calm reassurance was good for all. Some buildings were damaged and some people injured, but no one was killed. A mortar hit one of the downtown streets and made a huge hole, but it did not explode.

A Time To Say Farewell

Time for our departure was drawing all too close and we were being invited out to friends' homes for one last time. The Sakubva church had a special service for us followed by refreshments and long speeches. In town one evening, our loved ones held a special dinner for us and skits were performed in our honor. Most were humorous so we were able to hold back the tears — at least

most of the time.

Talented Kay Petty made a "Mitchell Book." On the front she wrote:

*Although we know they have to go
It still just makes us sad.
We'll miss that group of shining faces
But others they meet will be glad!
Before they go we want to have
Another little look
At who makes up that funny group
So here's a Mitchell Book.*

With photos and illustrations, she had a page for each of us:

Loy

*Here's the famous patriarch
Who rules the happy clan
They say he is without a doubt
The happiest ruling man.
We're sure he uses his height at times
To keep them in subjection
But who else could manage such a group
And still have their love and affection?*

Donna

*Here we have a happy helpmeet
And mother, friend, or other
Whatever is needed at home or out
She's always there without a mutter
How does she do all she does?
What a manager of time!
Most of what the Mitchells do
Wouldn't be done without Donna behind the line!*

Stanley

*This older brother is a good example
For the others to imitate
He's gone to a Christian college now
So he's missed quite a bit of late.
Good reports from overseas*

*Keep us in the know
Besides being a good Bible student
He keeps a few girls on the go!*

Nancy

*How can you tell about Nancy
On just one little page?
A sharper girl you'll never find
Among the boys a constant rage!
A smile is always on her face
And determination, too
To always try to do what's right
And be a friend to you.*

Marcia

*The younger sister sometimes gets missed
But who can miss this one?
She's in the middle of everything
And joining in the fun.
Wherever she goes from here
It will always be the same
"Who's that friendly, dark-haired girl?
Marcia is the name!"*

William

*The youngest of the group
But by no means left out
William has to put up with lots of teenagers
But does it without a shout!
He's good to help when he can
And always ready to do his part
If only we could see the future
Of a fine young man with a big heart!
We have to say again
We really will miss them all
With the good times of fellowship
We always had a ball . . .
Their home was always full of guests
Especially at mealtime!
The evergrowing number of teens*

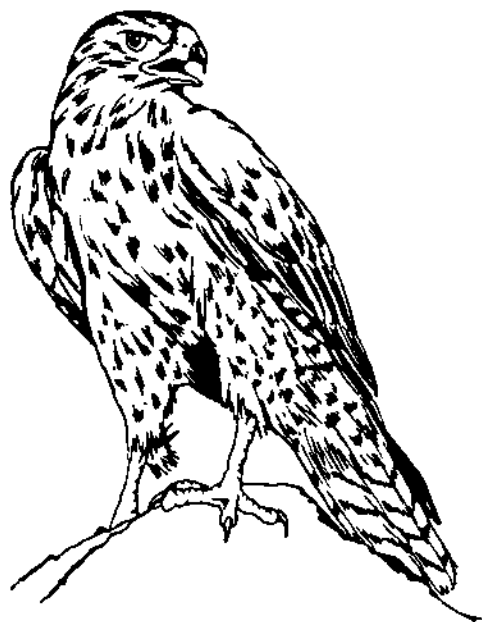
*Seemed a never-ending line!
As God has said to follow Him —
Show love and hospitality —
The Mitchells truly do this all
We've been blessed to know this family!
From the Petty Family*

How could we help but be thrilled at such love shown us? But many others, mostly family groups, performed with songs and poems about our family. They have all been written down and placed in our "Precious Memories."

We left on the 29th of November. Many tears were shed with us, and we felt emotionally exhausted when we boarded the bus to Salisbury. We had so many blessings to count and we felt that we had made the right decision, but it was traumatic to leave. We told our brethren, "We'll return in 1985!" Some did not believe us — it sounded such a long time. We closed the page on "The Umtali Years."

PART III

THE ODESSA YEARS



We basked in the reunions of the Mitchell and Taylor families that December but we were also eager to find a place to settle down. We spent some time interviewing with a Fort Worth church and might have considered going there, but they were not quite ready to select a man. While we were with Pat and Maylan Abbanato in Snyder, we heard of an opening in Odessa. Loy went there alone and the elders invited him to work with them after the Sunday sermon and a meal at Manuel's, the favorite Mexican restaurant. When he returned, he asked me if I was willing to go there when I had not seen the place. I told him that I could be happy wherever he was. So began eight years with the Christians meeting at 21st and Eisenhower in Odessa, far West Texas, in the semi-arid Permian Basin, rich in oil and not much else. The flat, brown land was a complete contrast to Rhodesia's Eastern Highlands, but the natives loved the wide open spaces and beautiful sunsets. After spending several years there, we grew to like the spaciousness and had to admit that the sunsets and sunrises were indeed beautiful.

Somewhere in the missions books, we had read about culture shock and reverse culture shock. We had our problems with reverse culture shock, but I think it may have been more difficult on the children, especially William and Marcia. Even though Marcia slowly began to feel comfortable with the young people in the church with the help of Lynn and Sherilyn Money, she never felt completely happy in Permian High School. Coming from a very strict English-style school for girls, wearing a uniform and no makeup or jewelry, she was shocked to see the fine clothing, heavy makeup and cars which the students were sporting. When she went to class and was prepared to stand and greet the teacher politely, she saw American youth speak to their teachers in a familiar and sometimes disrespectful manner. She could not believe it!

When William arrived in the middle of the American school year, we felt that he was too young for the seventh grade and junior high school — we were shocked at the precocity of the teenagers on the junior high campus near our house — so we decided to let him enter sixth grade in the Christian school. He had studied most of the material, but he needed to learn the "new" measurements and weights, having always used the metric system in Africa.

He also needed to adapt to the different way of life. At eleven

years of age, children can be cruel and they do not like anyone to be different. William was different, speaking in a strange way and coming from a strange country. Soon the children noticed the teachers were giving William special notice and they began to boycott him on the playground. When his teacher realized this, she corrected the problem; however, he continued to come home in tears and was beaten up one afternoon on his way home. (Within the next two years he grew to be a good sized lad and that took care of the problem.)

Both children cried for home and yet they were relieved to be away from the tense wartime situation; they often jumped or cried out when they heard loud noises, and when summer came with "fire-cracker" day, they were not amused.

In the summer of 1978, we had saved enough money to return to Rhodesia and spend a month working with the church and renewing friendships. The two younger children went with us. After that trip, they both seemed to settle down in Texas. William even developed a strong Texas accent!

Marcia enjoyed the church youth activities, although she was disappointed that many of the teens did not have the spiritual fervor that they had in Rhodesia. The children had thought that large American churches would be especially strong. While she was completing her high school work, she went on two mission trips with the Eisenhower group, one in Wyoming and one in South Texas. When she was graduating, she needed an escort for a senior banquet and invited Lee Redd, then a student at ACU and a frequent weekend visitor to our house. She had known Lee in Rhodesia of course, and perhaps she felt comfortable with someone who understood something about her background.

Nancy went immediately to Abilene to begin her university work. She joined Stanley working in the "bean," or school cafeteria, for minimum wages. Fees were very expensive, but because of our low income, we were able to receive some government aid for the children at that time. Nancy felt self-conscious in her missionary clothes and hairstyle. Most of the young people appeared to be rich in her eyes. However, when she met the working forces in the cafeteria, she made lifelong friends, especially young people from missionary and military service homes. Those young people had a dif-

ferent perspective on life, having traveled to other lands and seen varied lifestyles and customs. She had no roommate that first semester and she often felt lonely and out of place; but, by September, Lisa Horne, her old friend from Benoni, became her roommate and they were good for one another. In the summer of 1977, Stanley and Nancy went on a mission trip to Zambia with a group of people. The two of them visited Rhodesia and saw old friends again.

William was a very good scholar. He especially enjoyed playing in the band and orchestra during his junior and senior high school days. The training in music taught him discipline and helped him to become a skilled song leader in the church. He began to work, throwing newspapers, and learned something about the small business world. When he gave up his paper routes for a job in an interior decorator's shop, his daddy took the paper routes and enjoyed the fresh air and exercise that it gave him. (A few people felt that it was rather undignified for a minister, but perhaps he was not meant to be a dignified minister after all.)

Working with a church of 700 people was a change for us. It had its disappointments and its compensations. We felt that many did not appreciate their spiritual blessings and were very complacent. We were also shocked at the materialism everywhere and often found ourselves thinking of the poverty and struggles of folk in Africa while the Texas people seemed to take things for granted. On the positive side of the picture, it was good to be in the land of our own people. We had been adopted into the African society, but part of us would always be alien there. Texas people were warm and friendly, although they did not show the hospitality in their homes that we had previously known in smaller communities. It was wonderful, though, to have many good teachers. While I taught a class most terms, I also had the opportunity to sit in adult classes and recharge my batteries, so to speak. There were beautiful older women there who helped and encouraged me — Elsabelle Alsobrook, Grace King, Laura Caldwell, Lorena Bell and Dorothea Evans, in addition to younger women who became dear friends. Good Christian women organized the serving of food at funerals, visits to the sick and nursing homes, wedding and baby showers, etc., and I did not feel that, as the preacher's wife, I was expected to

be the instigator of all those activities.

Loy found his work in a new environment rather different, too. He had an office with three other preachers and two secretaries. (I was no longer his unofficial and unpaid secretary.) He found himself counselling people with special problems, visiting hospitals daily and teaching and preaching numerous public lessons. He was disappointed at the lack of outreach and began teaching home studies, taking another man with him. Some of his helpers then began to teach their own home studies and more people were brought to Christ. Seeing the need for that type of work, the elders later agreed to hire a man to come to work especially in the capacity of "personal teaching." It seemed strange to live in a town with sixteen other congregations where we became acquainted with other preachers and their families. Also, just twenty miles away, Don, Loy's brother, preached and we enjoyed growing closer to Don and Gayle and their children. We enjoyed working with Lynn and Sherilyn Money, Byrl and Yvonne Brockman, Don and Jeanette Carroll, and Vernon and Jessie Williams, full time workers with the church.

How wonderful it was to have Stanley and Nancy home with us during part of the summer. They both found jobs in Odessa and began to have a weekly study in our living room, especially inviting the university age people from all over the city. It was a good summer.

In the fall, Stanley began sharing a house with some other young men studying at ACU. One of the young men was Bobby Wheat. But it was not Stanley who brought Bobby home one weekend, it was Nancy. Bobby came from Andrews, not many miles from Odessa. They dated a few times, broke up during the summer of 1978, and finally got back together to make the big decision of spending their lives together. They were married in Odessa in June of 1979.

Getting one's first child married can be stressful, and Loy considered that very thing when he kept back some disturbing news until several days after the wedding. He had met with the elders, discovering some serious conflicts and we decided that we needed to seek another church with which to work. However, after he had spoken with another church and we were about to decide to move, the elders persuaded him to stay. Considering the fact that William was

now in high school and settling down, we believed that it would be too traumatic for him to make another change. Therefore, we stayed, and we believe we did the right thing. When we did leave Odessa, it was with good feelings, whereas we might not have felt happy about the circumstances of leaving with some unhappiness. Conflicts can usually be resolved.

Marcia was then at ACU and happier than she had been in high school. She roomed with Ellen Gilliam, her old friend from Umtali days and, both being missionaries' kids, they felt a kinship. Marcia continued to go out with Lee from time to time, and finally in August of 1982 they were married. Before that wedding, we made another trip to Rhodesia (which was no longer Rhodesia but Zimbabwe). A number of the white Christians had left the country, and the black churches in the rural areas were struggling to recover from the war. We reconfirmed our commitment to return to help in the work there.

But before the second family wedding, the Mitchell/Wheat mission team went to Zimbabwe. Stanley, Bobby and Nancy left in the summer of 1981 to work with the churches in the Umtali (soon to become Mutare) area and eventually in the Salisbury (soon to become Harare) area. We were proud of them for going and when we visited them, we heard many good reports about their work. We also found ourselves realizing how difficult it had been for our parents to see us go so far away. It must have been harder for our parents because we went to a land which was completely strange to them.

In late 1981, we received a telegram saying, "Dear Grandparents, Expect my arrival in mid-May. Yes, we are pregnant. Nancy and Bobby." In due time our first grandchild, Stefanie Michelle Wheat, was born in the land of her mother's birth. Bobby's mother, Betty Wheat, was with them when Stef was born, although the baby's late arrival came just about three days before Betty's flight out of the country. In July, we arrived to inspect our grandchild and be with our children before returning to Texas for the Mitchell-Redd wedding.

For awhile, everyone in our family except Loy was in university or high school. I went to the University of Texas of the Permian Basin (UTPB) and completed the degree which I had delayed when I

married a missionary. Stanley received his BA in Bible in 1979 and I hooded him in the traditional graduation ceremony. In the spring of 1981, both Nancy and Bobby graduated (Loy hooded Nancy) and Stanley received his MA degree. Marcia's graduation followed in 1984 along with Lee being granted his MA. I began teaching third grade at Odessa Christian School, which was a wonderful experience for me. It helped me over the empty-nest syndrome when William took himself off to Abilene Christian University in 1983.

Some milestones occurred in our missionary families during those years that we were in Texas. Delia Short had become bedfast and was being cared for by her daughters in Bulawayo with her beloved husband sitting daily beside her bed, reading his Bible and praying. It was in that position that he died quietly one morning and was buried in Africa. The children of the Shorts brought their mother to the States where she died in Oklahoma. John and Bessie Hardin returned to the States, reluctantly, for their hearts were still in South Africa. They were planning a visit back to the land where they had spent so many years when John died suddenly. In 1980, Rita Hanson died of cancer in England, and in two years time John also died. J. C. Shewmaker died in Arkansas and Joyce died a few years later. When these and other "graduations to glory" occurred, someone always phoned us, and we felt the ties that bound us together while we prayed and recalled the joys and sorrows of mission life.

In the summer of 1983, we received a phone call from Stanley. He rather surprised us with the news that he was getting married. We had begun to call him the family bachelor, an Apostle Paul, but he was just waiting for the right girl to come along. We took another trip to Africa to witness the wedding of Stanley to Marjie McCarthy. Marjie had been born in Rhodesia and educated in Umtali. She was a tall redhead, and Stanley was truly smitten. Their wedding was lovely, held in the Harare garden of Nancy and Bobby. Again, we renewed some old friendships and Loy preached for the remainder of our time in the country.

William had a good year at Permian High School. He was band captain of a band that won the State competition that year. He graduated with honors and worked during the summer before entering ACU in the fall. When he was settled into the university routine

after two years, we felt that it was time for our plans to be made to leave Odessa and return to Africa. When we actually did leave in October of 1985, we found it very difficult to tell our "baby" good-bye. Perhaps he and his parents were not as ready to part as they had thought!

The years of 1984 and 1985 were troubled ones for the Owen Mitchell family because their parents had reached the stage when their days were limited and they needed special care. Dennis and Anita had taken them into their home in Louisiana after their return from Zambia. Anita was a nurse, and both she and Dennis gave loving and professional care to our parents. Loy, Don and others made trips to Louisiana to help to care for the folks. Mother died in February and Dad died in October of 1985. Both were buried in Lawrence where Earl, their oldest son, was buried beside other Mitchell family members. Their lives had touched many for Christ and they were ready for their eternal rest with the Father. It was the end of an era and we were thankful that we were there for both departures.

We spent several weeks as resident missionaries at Oklahoma Christian College in the spring of 1985. We believe we could have been more effective had we spent a longer time there and had the college planned more activities for us, but nevertheless, we believe our time was well spent and young people in the missions classes learned something about Zimbabwe.

Being in the same land with our parents was a blessing during their declining years. We had been able to spend time with Mother and Dad Mitchell and help during their last illnesses. Our children, except for Stanley, were able to attend at least one of the funerals. My parents, too, were having health problems. Daddy and Mother celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary in 1981. Soon afterwards Daddy suffered a stroke which left some mild paralysis and the inability to speak. I could fly from Midland to Tulsa in a very short time and was able to spend some quality time with both my parents. It was difficult to leave them in 1985, perhaps more difficult than in 1958, and I sometimes entertained doubts about our decision to leave at that time. Other missionaries will sympathize with our feelings.

Nancy and Bobby returned to the States in 1984. They had

become discouraged and Nancy had some health problems. They moved to Bartlesville for several months and I went up there for the birth of Christopher Ross, named for my Daddy. It was a special time for the children to become closer to their Grandparents Taylor. They then moved to Trent, Texas, where Bobby preached and worked on his MS in Bible. He came away from those studies with more knowledge and confidence, and to a preaching position in Beaver, Oklahoma. There they have established loving relationships with Christians and have a good outreach into the community.

The children came up with a plan to avoid some of those tears of the airport farewells — they held a small farewell party for us in Trent with the Pettys, Laings, Palmers and others from the Abilene area who had been associated with our African work. Afterwards, we as a family took our farewells in private. At the airport, others came to see us off. There were a few tears, but lots of laughs and well-wishes, so it went better than it might have gone.

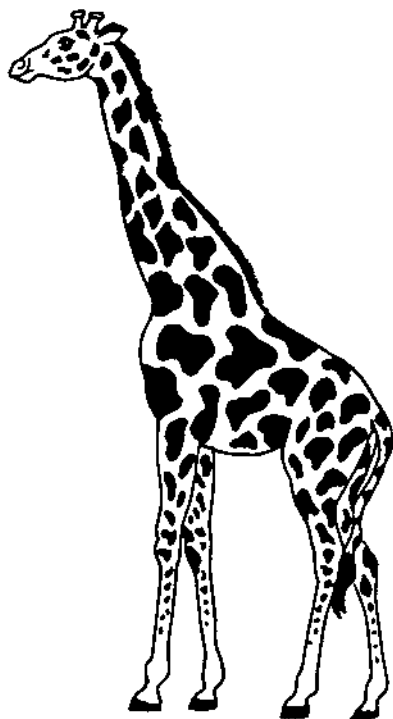
We took a long route to Africa that time, via Buenos Aires in Argentina, where we visited Reece and Jacquie Mitchell and their family. It was a pleasure to meet the warm, friendly Argentine Christians. Reece, Jacquie and their teammates worked in a highly organized way, and the work of the Lord was growing. (Reece is Loy's youngest brother.)

From there, we flew into Johannesburg to be met by Jean and Don Lambert. (Jean, our foster daughter, had married in 1979 while still living in Rhodesia and they had moved to Springs, a suburb of Johannesburg. They had a young son, Ben.) We visited with them as well as other folk in the area churches while we bought a truck and car and some household items that were not available in Zimbabwe. Finally we set out with Loy driving a truck pulling a caravan (camping trailer) and with me driving the car. We spent the night in Messina at a caravan park before setting forth to cross the Limpopo River into Zimbabwe. We spent four hours getting through South Africa's customs and another four hours satisfying the Zimbabwe customs officials with their rules and regulations. We eventually got to the old Fort Victoria, now called Masvingo, called Stanley and Marjie to say we would be another day on the road and slept in the caravan park. I was sick in the night, perhaps from a meat pie eaten on the road, but we determined to get to Mutare

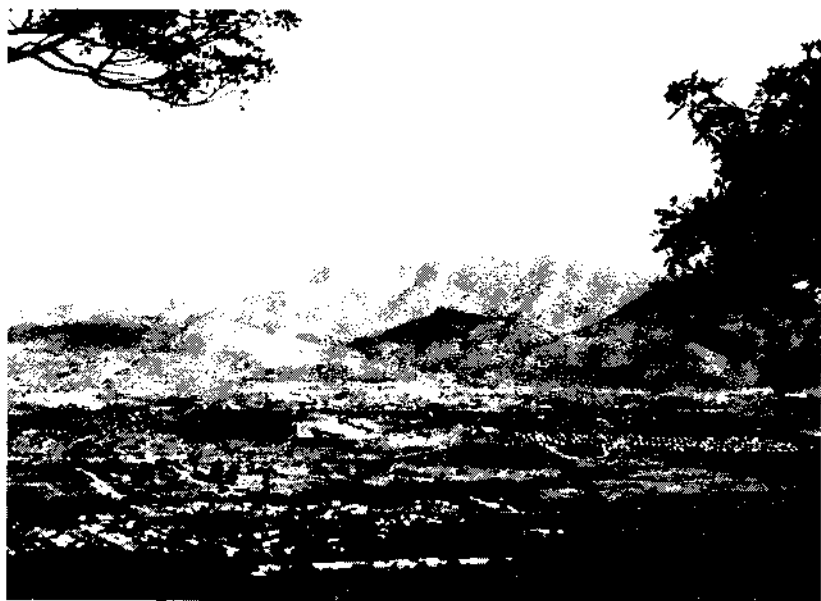
before Sunday morning worship ended. However, we did not take into account the road deviations because of repairs and — hurray! — widening of the old narrow road. We had also forgotten how the cows, goats, chickens and people crowded the roads, especially on a weekend. Loy was slower than I because of the caravan, so I moved ahead feeling excited as the mountains of Umtali/Mutare loomed ahead. I drove into the church yard at 7th Avenue as Stanley was giving the morning lesson. Rather than disturb his train of thought, I stood outside and listened, but he knew I was there. There was great joy as we were reunited with our children and loved ones in the church, though new faces replaced many old ones. Loy arrived then, and we thanked our Lord for the safety of the journey as we went to Stan and Marjie's for tea and lunch.

PART IV

THE MUTARE YEARS



We were "home" again. Or were we? We left Rhodesia and returned to Zimbabwe. We left a white-dominated government, lived in a white neighborhood and saw our children off to white schools. We returned to see black neighbors in houses formerly occupied by white friends and black children streaming off to school in uniforms like our children had worn and sitting in the seats that our children had sat in. We rejoiced with our black friends in their new found freedoms. They had a vitality and a renewal of pride in their heritage and tradition. The urban churches showed growth in leadership and we thanked God for that. Rural churches had weakened and in some cases stopped meeting because of the war and the movement to protected villages. There were problems perhaps because of growing pains of a new nation. An elite group of black people, business and professional, looking smart in their fine clothing and driving good cars, living in nice houses, were growing up. But the gap was widening between them and the masses or the povo (to use the socialists' terms). Thousands of children were leaving school and finding no work. Hundreds of schools had been built



Mutara

or rebuilt, with the help of foreign aid, but the other side of the picture revealed unqualified teachers and lowering of academic standards. Population control was needed and the land was overgrazed and stripped of trees in many places.

Crime was up. If one is out of work and his children are hungry, should he steal from those more blessed? We were grateful that the black man did not look at us with our white skin and associate us with a government that discriminates. Years ago Nancy had been scorned by school friends because they had seen her rush out to hug and kiss an African friend. Today no one dares show such scorn, and we feel free to reach out to all races. Some are frustrated because of promises made by leaders and not kept. Housing is scarce; in fact, a desperate situation has arisen with little shanties rising in the front and back gardens in the high density areas.

We have had to learn new names! That is not difficult, but it does take time to say Mutare instead of Umtali, Harare instead of Salisbury, Masvingo instead of Fort Victoria. People have progressed and become accustomed to better living standards; however, today they cannot buy some of the items needed to support those new standards. These problems create other problems, such as black market prices, bribery and corruption.

Our family letters continued to be the main source of encouragement and communication across the seas, although this time we were also able to dial direct and phone the States. It was more expensive from Africa to America so, because William was the youngest child and single, we gave him extra money to call us once a month. How we looked forward to those calls! We also communicated by a few tapes, especially to the grandchildren, Stefanie and Christopher. After all, we did not want them to forget their grandparents' voices!

This saga will change its format somewhat now, as we quote from some of our "Dear Ones" letters.

1985

From Loy in October:

We spent one night in Mafeking with Pam and Rod Share. Pam is the sister of Penny Laing in Stanton, Texas. Rod helped us

get a good price on the typewriter I am using. We also spent two nights with the Thackwells in Marken on a game farm. Amanda Thackwell was converted in Mutare eleven years ago. We had three Bible lessons there on Saturday, the 23rd, and then met for worship in their home on the 24th. The nearest church is 170 miles away. I also preached in Benoni on Sunday night, the 17th. The Stan Mitchells are well and we are trying to catch up on talk after two years' absence. I preached here at 7th Avenue on Sunday night, and on Tuesday night I went with Stanley to his home Bible study in Dangamvura. I have been working on a lesson for the lectureship this weekend here in Mutare. I am trying to get back into the habit of using the Shona language.

We have made a down payment and signed a purchase agreement for a house at 3 Alexander Road just one block from where we lived before. Also, we are getting vehicles registered, licensed and insured. While in South Africa, we bought a truck for Stanley with funds made available by many of you. We have applied for permis-



Loy and Donna in the garden at 3 Alexander Road

sion to bring it into the country of Zimbabwe. When we bring it across the border, we will need about \$3000 (U. S.) for duty.

From Donna in December:

It's Christmas time in Zimbabwe! Stan and Marj have gone to be with Marj's family in the Vumba, but they will be with us for Boxing Day. We had to search for meat in the shops because of the many people who are shopping for food to take to their village homes for the holidays.

We have found a very successful outreach, printing and distributing tracts. I type the short lessons and Loy takes them to the printers to be printed. So far, we have printed about 25,000 and distributed over 10,000. Loy throws them out as we drive through the villages and country roads, and we receive requests for Bible Correspondence courses from many people who pick them up. The people run to pick up every tract. None are ever left on the ground.

1986

From Loy in February:

Donna has started a ladies' class in town and another in Sakubva. During January, on Sundays, we met with brethren at Rusape, Vahalala, Marondera and Sakubva. I teach four Bible classes each Wednesday in two different high schools. On Thursday nights, we have a home study here on the book of Mark. On Saturday Stanley, Matangira and I spent the whole day at Maruru teaching and preaching from village to village. We ate sadza and chicken at about 4:30 and arrived home after dark.

From Donna:

We are enjoying the company of Roy and Jaxie Palmer who arrived in Zimbabwe on Sunday from India. They spent three months there teaching in the Bible School at Madras.

Once again we are preparing to travel! This morning we went into town after the Shona lesson and completed papers for the guarantee on the car. We shall leave Saturday to go to Harare in order to

attend the first day of Stanley's gospel meeting at Avondale. We plan to stay with Pauline Jewell, a friend of our children when they lived there. She requested pictures, so I have put the latest ones in several loose leaf album pages. They feature the grandchildren at Christmas and I nearly wear them out looking at them. Of course, I enjoy seeing the "big kids" as well.

From Harare, we will leave for the Johannesburg area taking the Palmers with us. There we will stay with John and Beth Reese and meet with the church at Kempton Park. We will go from there to Cape Town where Loy will preach in a short meeting in Durbanville. We will stay with Des Stumph and family. Then we shall visit brethren in Empangeni, where Jerry and Kay Hayes work with Alan Tappe and Jeff Tabor. Jim and Kay Petty spent several good years there after they left Zimbabwe.

Roy and Jaxie are at Nhowe this week and may come away from there with some new ideas and feelings. Many changes have been made since they left during the war. Their lives were threatened by the freedom fighters and they fled to Salisbury to live. They drove back to Nhowe during daylight hours for some time before they left the country. That was in 1977 and the mission was closed for awhile. Nhowe has grown and they are doing lots of building; however, they are compelled to use teachers who are not Christians. It is difficult to keep up Christian standards.

On Sunday, we went to Maruru where we got a good sunburn. We met outside near the chicken pen with the cornfields surrounding us. Taylor Mukono, who preaches there, is a farmer. They fed us sadza and stewed cabbage before worship and stewed pumpkin afterwards. There we got the true flavor of pumpkin, with no seasonings. Their humble hospitality is so gratifying. We left with eggs, tomatoes and corn on the cob.

Mutare is looking beautiful with her flowering trees — yellow mimosa, orange spathodia, pink and white frangipani and, of course, the ever-present bougainvillea.

From Loy:

After teaching in the village, at sunset we came upon a group of people worshipping under the trees by dancing and singing. We

found that they are called "The Covenant Church." We sat quietly and watched. After awhile the leader came over and asked if we would like to preach. We readily agreed and spoke to them about Christ and His church . . . so many opportunities are available.

What excitement! Stanley has two puppies and one was bitten by a snake this week. On Wednesday, we had a snake drop down out of a tree in our back yard. I threw a rock at him but missed. Early Sunday morning, I awakened covered by ants. It took about thirty minutes to get rid of them and then longer to get back to sleep. The ants have been coming up through the wooden floor. Our garden worker says they only do that in the houses of rich people! Stanley has been ill with a virus. While he was ill, a thief entered their house and stole a shirt and \$120. We are having a fence installed to deter the many thieves.

From Loy in March:

Yesterday, Donna and I went to the Honde Valley to meet with the church. We picked up Allison Mhlanga, the preacher, and his wife along with eight adults and some children. Three other adults wanted to go, but the Isuzu truck is just not big enough to carry that many. It took us over two hours to get there, but we found

a large crowd of sixty or so waiting underneath the tree. After worship they gave us pumpkin, roasting ears and very sweet tea. We left at 4 p.m. Going home, a woman vomited, so we stopped to help clean up. The heat



Church meeting in Honde Valley

and the winding road into the valley does not help one's stomach.

The World Bible School group was here a week. They came as the Palmers left. We kept Pat Beck while Stanley and Marj kept Eric Dickey and John Brewer, and we combined efforts and had many meals together We are enjoying listening to a tape from the Wheat family. It is hard to believe that Christopher is talking so well.

From Loy in April:

Ross Preston and Milton Ham of Snyder are with us. They have spoken at New Horizons School seven times, Hillcrest four times and Boys High School twice. They also spoke at Maruru, Sakubva, Mutare Bible School and a youth meeting. On the second Sunday they were here, we went to Maware, driving four and one-half hours each way with two and one-half hours for the last thirty-three miles over rough roads. We left home at 7 a.m. and returned at 11 p.m. Milton and Ross are sure we planned the longest trip of the year especially for them. They are good sports. Ross rides in the back of the pickup singing and talking with the other passengers, usually ten or so.

We are visiting many rural churches. On Sunday we drove to Ruwani where Gilbert Nyatanga farms and preaches. Gilbert was in the Mutare Bible School some twelve years ago and worked for a time with the Giffords in the Nyanga area. In eighteen months, the Ruwani church has grown to thirty-six members. On Sunday there were over 200 people present. Brother Nyatanga had invited the Anglican Church and they came with other area people. Donna taught the ladies, the Bible students taught two big classes for children and young people, and I taught the men. It was a long but satisfying day.

From Donna in May:

We swam at 6 a.m. as the sun rose over the pool. Loy, William, Scott and Bobby have gone to New Horizons School for early chapel and Bible study and will return shortly for breakfast. Bobby had a nice cup of tea ready for me when we returned from the pool as the three of them had tea Yes, we have more visitors and this

time it is family. Bobby is spending two weeks with us to take a second look at the work and consider returning someday. William and Scott, his roommate, arrived at Harare airport last week. They had a good time visiting London and an interesting trip to Zimbabwe, arriving with a good case of jet lag. But they were able to help with classes on Friday and Friday night and pass out tracts on Saturday. On Sunday we went to Honde Valley for worship and Scott had true culture shock. He was packed into the back of the truck with ten people while traveling over mountain roads. After worship, while some went to the river for a baptism, Scott and I were left to teach the women and children. I gave him some visual aids and a bag of sweets for the children. He said he wasn't used to teaching on such short notice but made the effort and I am sure the kids enjoyed the lesson and the sweets. Those little ones can sit quietly during two or three hours of worship . . . I think the big experience for the day was eating with the people. They served tea and a plate of bread and jam, plus two kinds of sweet potatoes. Scott got the kind which is not as palatable to most of us and we have had fun teasing him about it. That evening, Bobby preached here in town and Marjie served us a lovely chili supper.

More excitement! Loy, Bobby and I took a walk before Sunday evening worship and walked in on a thief when we returned. He was in the study when Bobby walked down the hall. Bobby saw his shadow and called out and the man ran into the lounge where I got out of the way and Loy tackled him! They went down and Bobby jumped on him, too, but he put up a fight; he was over six feet tall and only nineteen, so he was strong. He pulled a knife from his pocket which Loy knocked out of his hand. I called the police and ran across to a neighbor who came and helped hold the man while Loy tied him up. The police came and recognized him. He had been a police constabulary and had already robbed another house. He bit Loy on the arm and left a bruise. Today the burglar bar people are here strengthening and securing the bars already up.

From Loy in June:

Scott, William and I drove to Mahusekwa for a camp meeting. We pulled the house trailer behind our Isuzu pickup. We picked



At Mahusakwa meeting, 1989.

up Brother Chitendeni and three others at Marondera. We had about ten miles of very bad washboard road but made it all right at about 6:30 p.m. We ate some sandwiches and then attended the first meeting. We all got cold as the wind blew through the windows (no window panes). Scott said it was like being in another world. We were glad to have beds to sleep on that night. Some of the people, especially the women, sang nearly the whole night. Saturday, I preached twice and Brother Gwini once. We ate sadza with the brethren at lunch time. After my last lesson, we started back home at 3:30 p.m. We pulled into our place before 8 p.m. We were tired and glad to get some home cooking. Scott said, as he sat down to a bowl of chili, "It's good to have some real food!" (We do not use the caravan or house trailer now because the roads are too rough, but we sleep in the truck in our sleeping bags and look forward to returning home to our comfortable bed. The caravan makes a good guest room and is used frequently.)

John Shero is here from Corsicana and giving excellent lessons for the young preachers as well as for all Christians. This afternoon



Jackie and Joan Maikle in Mutema, 1988.

we will go to Mountain Home to study with the Meikles. They do not get down here often for evening meetings now and we have started a home study with them. Last week we studied with them in the evening, but Jackie had to let us in and out of the security gates

which they lock after dark; so, we will probably go in the afternoon now and save them the trouble. They live on the Mozambique border, and that country is troubled.

From Donna:

Yesterday was a long day. We left at 6:15, collected seven people from the Bible school and drove to Nyatati. We traveled up over the Nyanga Mountains and down into the valley where the elevation is low enough to cause the baobab trees to grow in abundance. Kenneth and Stephen Ruziva work there and farm small plots of land. I think they have some support from Mesa, Arizona where the Giffords live and work. They were part of the Nyanga team that worked with the Giffords several years ago. There was a good sized crowd gathered for worship. The wind was strong and cold so we crowded into a house. I taught about twenty women in the kitchen hut and Loy taught the men. The Bible students taught two groups of children. We ate rice, sadza and chicken and then sang awhile outside but in the shelter of the house. Some of the young people sang for us. Kenneth and Stephen need our help and encouragement as many of the people lost goods and houses during the war and are having to rebuild their lives. They appreciate used

clothing. We returned home at 7 p.m., bathed and ate. The boys came by to get some reels of our old home movies to show at Stan and Marjie's house. They especially wanted Marj to see "little Stanley Ross." What fun! How we are loving having those two with us. Last week, I taught a lesson at Chinyamananza women's meeting on Saturday. On Sunday I heard William preach at Sakubva and Stanley preached in the evening at 7th Avenue. What a rich day for me hearing two sons preach! Scott went with Loy to a weekend meeting at Ruwani. They went off to teach, walk dusty paths and teach again, returning tired and dusty just as evening worship began here.

From Donna in July:

We returned from South Africa Monday night. We enjoyed three nights with Jean and Don Lambert at Springs followed by three nights at Amanda and Bruce Thackwells' near Hoedspruit. The Thackwells are on a game farm not far from Kruger National Park and gave us an interesting time. We held worship outside their house on Sunday morning. On Saturday night they cooked wild pig outside on the open fire. We met with the Brakpan church and then Loy spoke at chapel at SABS and again at Benoni. Scott and William enjoyed seeing several sights including: Great Zimbabwe, Lake Kyle, Johannesburg and the mountain ranges of South Africa. We had quite a fright near Buby in Zimbabwe when a kudu jumped over our car while we were traveling at sixty miles an hour . . .

I wish you could see and smell the lovely sweetpeas and lupins I have just picked and arranged about the house. We returned yesterday from Nhowe Mission where Loy held a Sunday through Sunday gospel meeting. He spoke mornings at chapel, taught classes in the secondary school and had various other studies and meetings. Scott and William also taught classes and met with the young people around the mission. I taught secondary school girls twice and two ladies' classes, one of which was out near Makunde Village where I used to go years ago. One morning we drove to Wuyuwuyu and showed Scott and William the old church building built in 1931 by Brothers Short and Sherriff. Teachers and families fed us twice each day and put out their very best. What gracious hospitality! There

are many opportunities to teach there . . . many old memories were revived. Some of the Standard Five students Loy taught in 1958 are there teaching, nursing and overseeing the dining hall. We feel very old when a former student tells us she is a grandmother.

William and Scott left in August after teaching and preaching to many people and seeing the sights of two countries, including elephant, giraffe, zebra, kudu, impala, wart hogs, foxes, wildebeasts, water buck and a lioness. They had eaten sadza, goat and other strange foods in the villages. We believe they had a good experience, and we certainly loved having them with us.

Tuesday, we had the McKenzie family over for tea. They lived next door when we lived on Taylor Avenue. Ken runs Mitchells' Bakery here and invited the boys to come by for a tour of the cookie factory. They returned with a big box of shortbread cookies and consequently left the country with more cookies in their bags than clothing. They also loved Zimbabwe gouda cheese.

As I observe the village women, I wonder why I was born so fortunate. I reason that God must expect more of me. Onias, our worker who watches the place, feeds the pets while we are away, and does our gardening, works quite happily for minimum wage. He is illiterate, born in Mozambique some fifty years ago, and tells us he has no wife (this was later found to be untrue; he has an ex-wife and two grown children). Maggie, his "wife," came here and lived with him for a while, bringing a nameless child, whom Onias says he "made" but could not name because he had not paid the complete lobola (bride price). Maggie was summoned home by her father (a parental privilege until the lobola is paid) and sent across the Mozambique border to fetch his tools. The father lives on a tea estate near the border where the African people cross wherever they wish (not bothering to get passports). There is a war being fought over there and the old man reasoned that a woman was less likely to be killed. Now they presume, though, that she was killed for she did not return! Onias asked permission to go back to the father-in-law and collect his money! He returned to say that the old man had spent the lobola money but would give him another daughter, a sixteen-year-old girl! However, the girl has had some schooling and is working for a white family. Onias did not get her when he went back last week . . . seems a working girl is also worth something to

her father. He hopes to get her later. I am hoping for the poor girl's sake that nothing will come of it. Many Zimbabwean women are now educated and talking of liberation, but there are still lots of Maggies out there. Some village people are "selling" their daughters into marriage while they are but children.

October:

Please go with us to call on an extended family in a remote village a few miles from Maware. We are visiting the Gwai family, relatives of Joyce Mugweni. We arrived in our truck and Mugweni's smaller truck, both loaded with Bible students and others. We were greeted excitedly by a woman who happened to be working in the field near the truck where we stopped. She sent a young girl scurrying to find the men who, we learned later, were at the Saturday beer drink. We walked to the village where the women came out dancing, singing and ululating as they greeted us. We were also told later that they were frightened when they saw two trucks arriving, for that is the way people often learn of the death of a relative with their first notification being the transport of the body to the village! (Most families have relatives working in the towns.)

Having completed those initial greetings, we filed into the main round hut. The men sat on one side where a ledge was built into the hut for sitting. The women and children sat on the opposite side on reed mats. At the back of the traditional hut were step-like shelves built from mud-cement on which were clay pots for carrying water, baskets for carrying and winnowing grain and black enamel cooking pots. In the center of the hut was the cooking fire. The walls and thatch of the hut were smoke-blackened, and if one was allergic to smoke, he was in trouble. Once everyone was seated (probably twenty-five people in all) the traditional greetings and hand clappings were done. The grandfather gave a speech of welcome and then an uncle stood up to speak, very happily, for he had partaken of too much of the village beer! We were greeted and praised for coming, then he left the hut and returned with a goat. He consulted the other heads of families and then presented it to his visitors, saying something like it was an early Christmas gift! They begged us to stay for some food, but we declined; so, they walked us back to the

trucks. One of the Bible students killed the goat early Sunday morning. Some was cooked and eaten for lunch and the remainder taken back to Mutare by the visitors. If they had been preparing food for us at the village, they might have brought a live chicken, goat or whatever was available, shown it to the guests, and with their approval, taken it out and cooked it for lunch! Being gracious hosts, the old grandmother (ambuya) and grandfather (sekuru) gave us a rather smoky winnowing basket, which I now have on my kitchen wall, and a tin of homemade peanut butter. From Maware Village, we came away with sweet potatoes and peanuts grown in their fields.

This was part of our cultural experience for the three day weekend at Maware They gave us V.I.P. treatment, letting us sleep in their best house on a bed that we had sold them in 1976 when we left the country, serving us the best food on china plates with cutlery (most of them eat on tin plates with their fingers), bringing us hot water for bathing every morning and putting water, basin, soap and towel in the latrine! We returned home in overloaded trucks, over rough tracks, and were grateful for the conveniences of our house in town.

From Loy in October:

This morning I spoke with Allan Close in Abilene. Allan and Laura (ne Gilliam) still do not have support to come to Zimbabwe with the team of Mark and Ellen Abshier and Marcia and Lee Redd. I tried to encourage them not to give up hope. Donna and I took our morning swim at the main pool. Usually we have the pool to ourselves at 6 a.m., although some days one or two others are there.

Stanley is writing his own Bible correspondence course and Donna is doing the final typing. This will allow us to have a course using Zimbabwean terminology and will save us over one-half the American price.

November:

This morning I went to the women's fellowship at Dangamvura and this afternoon I helped a young man prepare some film

strips for tomorrow's Bible class. I made him pay by helping me pack up the things I had used in a browse-around workshop I have had set up for three weeks. Then I drove him home to Sakubva and returned here to put away the things. We had overnight guests last night, young Alexander Banza and his wife from Mahusekwa. He preaches out there, but she is a young teacher trainee here in Mutare. So he pays her a visit periodically, checks her out of the hostel and finds a place to stay, like the Mitchells or Goredemas or Mugwenis or Gonzos. Both he and his father attended the Bible school and his father preaches at Nhowe. The marriage situation is not the best, because of the separation, but it is a common practice.

One of my favorite people is Mai (Lydia) Mubvumbi. When I saw her today with her big smile and neat dress, I thought of something she had told me awhile ago. Mai Mubvumbi was here with her husband and children when we arrived in 1965. She went to school at Nhowe in the 50's and taught school before marrying and moving here to have a large family and to struggle in the overcrowded conditions of Sakubva — that's our slum area. I believe when they sleep at night, they must cover every inch of space in their tiny house and add-on shed next to the fowl cage.

Many times I have gone to her house and marveled at her good humor as she coped with her own children and others who came in from villages to live with them. She often appeared overtired from bearing too many children, and some of them looked malnourished. But she has survived and today has children and grandchildren living in their house. Jobs and housing are scarce. One daughter was killed while we were in the States. They live just behind the big bus stop and open market, a great mass of humanity often smelling of refuse and beer. Small wonder that Mai Mubvumbi is so ecstatic about climbing into our packed truck on a weekend and going off to a village to meet with other Christians. She is the first out of the truck to shout greetings, hug, sing and dance when we arrive. She is also hoarse when we return home because she sings to and fro over those rough roads.

When I began this story, I was going to tell about her Scripture Cake lesson. When they ate with us one night, she was excited and curious about the food I served and remarked that she had no cookbook. I gave her one of my fund-raiser cookbooks (Odessa

Christian School's) and soon afterwards she came to me smiling and said, "I mixed the Scripture Cake in Bible class, gave the lesson and baked the cake in a covered pot over an open fire." I said, "How did you find all the ingredients you needed?" "Oh, I left some out and substituted others and we thought it was delicious!" She never complains, yet I know that little house must be bursting at the seams. It's always good to see her when I have been wishing for a double sink (she has none) or sufficient hot water in the kitchen (hers is cold, coming from a communal tap).

We had a very interesting visit with an Indian family recently — actually, they are Pakistani. They were very gracious, serving all sorts of interesting and peppery foods. They have a large wall hanging of the temple at Mecca, and they showed us through their house which includes a prayer room with small prayer carpets. We went home with a box of samoosas and other tasty treats which I served the next day to my guests who came over after church. When they come to visit us, they stay in the car until we hold Bess, the dog. I thought they were merely frightened of the dog, but they told me that, according to Muslim tradition, they are unclean if they touch a dog. So, we make a point of locking Bess up when we know they are coming.

We swam at 5:45 a.m. in a heavy mist with frogs croaking very loudly.

From Loy in November:

We have some bad news to report concerning the team of the Redds, Abshiers and Close families. It is no more. Allan and Laura were not able to raise support to come to Zimbabwe and have gone to Canada to work with the church. Do pray for them.

Tomorrow we will go to Jowo for worship. On the way back, I will catch the bus at Rusape and go to Harare where I will fly by plane to Johannesburg on Monday morning. I will bring back to Zimbabwe a diesel pickup and motorcycle for two preachers to use in the work. Vehicles are almost impossible to buy here.

The immigration department has approved the work permit for Debbie Taylor. She and her husband, Jim French (She is Debbie French now) will leave the United States on the 28th of this month



Ladies at Jowo prepare food, 1988.

and arrive in Johannesburg on the 31st. We plan to meet the plane and help them get a car and other items in South Africa. Stan and Marj have gone to Harare to attend the wedding of Stan Frank and Lindy Baines. Stan has preached in this country from time to time and his parents are missionaries in England.

December:

Last Thursday was a normal day for us, although we remembered that it was Thanksgiving in the States. But we were blessed by phone calls from the Wheats, Redds and William in Texas. It was so good to hear their voices, especially Stefanie's sweet "I love you, Grandma."

From Loy in December:

We view our work here as primarily a work of teaching and preaching to those who are in the body of Christ and those not yet saved. We have done most of this work in the eastern part of

Zimbabwe known as Manicaland. This province stretches some 200 miles from north to south, narrowing at each end, and then from east to west about 100 miles at its widest part. Almost two million people live in this area. We have visited over twenty-five different congregations trying to build them up in the most holy faith.

We do not know all in this area who have obeyed the gospel in 1986, but we do have a record of 286 souls who have turned from sin and become followers of the Lord. We know many others have obeyed and we recognize that many have worked planting, watering and allowing God to give the increase. These young souls are being taught to grow in the grace and knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Tracts are being used to reach the lost and to strengthen the saved. Errol Williams, Donna Mitchell, Stanley Mitchell and I have done most of the writing while Campion Mugweni and Newman Kanchefu have translated these tracts into Shona and Chewa. We have printed a total of 255,000 tracts and 20,000 Bible correspondence lessons for Stanley's work. We have thirteen different tracts in English, nine in Shona and two in Chewa. We give them out as we travel along the roads, from door to door, on the street corners and through the post. We give them to local congregations as we visit them from Sunday to Sunday. We estimate that each tract is read by seven people. Each day we get from eight to ten requests for more tracts and Bible lessons.

We have also had the privilege of teaching in the schools. Monday through Friday, Stanley and I teach at New Horizons School. We have a total of 330 students who have been taught the book of Acts. This school uses some of the classrooms at 7th Avenue. Then on Wednesdays, we teach at Hillcrest College where 120 students learn the word of God.

We also give out a number of New Testaments and Bibles and large amounts of used clothing sent by brethren in the United States. We helped oversee the construction of a church building at the Honde Valley with funds being given by Rotan, Texas, and churches here in Zimbabwe.

Donna is kept busy teaching ladies and children plus showing hospitality in the home and typing the tracts. We both have Bible classes on Wednesday nights at 7th Avenue, and then Thursday nights we have a study in our home with some twenty-five in atten-

dance. The other nights I use for home studies.

1987

From Loy in January:

We have just had our Bible reading, songs and prayers after breakfast. Liza Koen and her children are staying with us for a couple of weeks. They are planning to move to South Africa. Earlier this morning, we went swimming and then I did my personal Bible reading. I read four chapters each day in English and one in Chishona. We plan to go to Rusape and meet with the church there.

From time to time, we have unusual happenings. About two weeks ago I was preaching at New Horizons School. All of us were standing outside when suddenly a girl on the front row fainted and fell forward on her face. Quite a moving sermon! She is all right.

On Saturday I drove to Hartzell High School to call on a young man named Alfred who is doing the World Bible School course. He had requested baptism. This school is controlled by the Methodist Church and has about 900 students in high school. Alfred and a friend showed me the school and introduced me to about fifteen classes.

We all went to the swimming pool, along with about 100 students, the local Methodist preacher and a teacher from Holland. I preached about Jesus and Biblical baptism. Then we took Alfred's confession and buried him into the death of Christ. I am sure that was the first time many had seen immersion in water. Alfred and his friend took many tracts and correspondence lessons as I am sure many more there will want to study the Bible.

Donna:

We felt like our children had come home when Debbie and Jim French drove up on Saturday morning. We had not communicated since they went to Nhowe — the only phones are in the office and Headmaster's house, and with rural party lines, it is difficult to get in touch. So we were filled with questions about their first days' teaching.

They are extremely busy. Debbie has lots of grading to do, teaching large English and Math classes in high school. Jim is teaching Bible. Both have been put to work doing the extra activities that come with the operation of a big school and mission.

They were asked to help with youth activities and were rather shocked at some of the worldly ideas that some of the youth have. This generation has entered during revolution and transition and is different from the youngsters we encountered thirty years ago! Also, Jim and Deb have experienced culture shock in the form of a traditional African funeral. Jim had been asked to provide his truck to transport the body . . . no embalming . . . need I say more? Crowds of mourners came to feast and cry. This is something one cannot comprehend until one has seen and heard it!!

I think the weekend break refreshed them and it certainly encouraged us to see them. They are brave young people. Jim said, "Now I know how it feels to be a minority!" He was asked to preach the first Sunday he was at Nhowe, about two hours before the evening service.

Stanley and Marjie are in South Africa where Stan is teaching at SABS for a month. His dad will be glad to have him back to help here again. Loy will be spending three or four hours each day at the Mutare Bible School for awhile. Since he is already working full time, this will be somewhat difficult, but he is reworking his schedule. There are a few things I can do for him, too. He spends a lot of time sending out tracts to people who request them. Possibly I could handle that.

William phoned to tell us that the church at Gordon asked him to preach there on Sundays. Stanley used to go there to preach while he was at ACU, so it's a special little church for the Mitchell family. They have helped in Stanley's and our fundraising. William is also working twenty hours a week with his business teacher. With his school work, he is kept fully occupied.

Marcia and Lee are still discussing alternate mission plans. They will be talking with missions teachers at the lectureship this month. Marcia mentioned two home studies she is teaching.

Nancy and Bobby are looking forward to graduation time when Bobby will receive his MS. I am listening to a tape of Christmas in Trent when all the children got together. It is so lovely to hear their

voices, especially the "Hi, Grandma!" ones. Bobby said Nancy and Marcia had been up since 5 a.m. They have not changed . . . I would not want them to do that!

From Loy in February:

Brother X. Goredema has resigned as head of the Bible School. The Hillcrest brethren in Abilene accepted his resignation, and I am serving as interim head of the school. We have written to all churches explaining the change and asked for applications from those who would like to serve as director of the school. Then we will have several Zimbabwe brethren help us to select the best man. This is a difficult time and we ask for your prayers.

March:

It was hot in the Honde Valley yesterday. Liza is with us again and she went along with us. Riding three in the front of our truck is a bit cramped but better than walking or riding in the back with the



Nyanga, Mtaradzi Falls, OCC students, 1988.

twelve people who went with us. We drove up through the Nyanga Mountains and then dropped into the valley, watching Mtaradzi Falls and other beautiful scenes as we traveled. The people were waiting for us and singing when we arrived. They now meet in their new building and the men have a few benches. The women sit on the floor on mats. They sang with great enthusiasm and afterwards special groups sang for us. Then they gave us tea and cake baked in a pot over the fire. We left laden with maize and giant cucumbers (they look like squash). The ground outside was swarming with large black ants which sting! Liza and I stomped our feet as we walked to the latrine — I will not go into detail about how we managed inside, keeping the ants off. We had time to bathe and rest a bit before going to the 7th Avenue worship where we heard Stanley preach. (He is one of my favorite preachers!)

Loy and I made a quick trip to South Africa last week, bringing back a motorcycle in the truck and a used car (1984 Nissan Langley). Having kept our car the required length of time, we decided to sell it and we made a profit; however, we heard that the last buyer made much more than we did! We bought a used car mainly because customs charge 100% duty on new ones, only 65% on used ones. We brought the cycle in for a preacher and also books for one of the Bible School teachers, so we all had to have licenses.

It did not take as long as usual to get through customs, perhaps because it was after 5 p.m. and the official enlisted the help of her co-workers in order to finish before the border post closed.

I drove to Maruru Village two weeks ago and taught a ladies' Bible class. I read my lesson in Shona then used an interpreter during the long discussion period. Nine women went with me to Maruru, and I think the ladies there were encouraged in spite of the absence of some because of a funeral in the community.

April:

Last night we baptized Dakota Ruddle. We are studying with her and her husband. Caroline Muteera, a teen, was baptized two weeks ago and Mrs. Sibao was obedient to the Lord. Other baptisms in March that we know about are at the following places: Ruwani, one; Honde, two; Maware, three; Sakubva, seven. Pray for their

growth. Today we had Judith and Tony Kahn and the Ruddles here for lunch. Judith is black and Tony is colored. He is Muslim but is studying with us. They are married according to African tradition (Tony has paid lobola) but they want a "church" wedding in June. They have a two-year-old child.

Judith's parents were baptized in Sakubva years ago. However, her father is dead or missing, having been abducted during the war. I think most people think he has to be dead, along with the hundreds of unknown dead from the war. We were talking about traditions, and I asked her if her mother benefitted from the lobola payment. (Since Judith is educated and a clever girl, working in an office, she no doubt brought a good price, several hundred dollars and a number of cows.) She said, "No, my uncles collected it all. In fact, when my father died, the uncles took his business, some of the furniture and wanted to take my mother, but she fought for herself and the remainder of the furniture. She went to work and sent us to school to finish our education and has had a very difficult time."

Africans have the ancient tradition of taking over the brother's wives and assets when the brother dies. Not, it seems to me, in order to help the widow but to get all they can from the spoils! The government is talking about women's liberation now, and we hope they outlaw some traditions and customs. In spite of some of the bad customs, however, others are very good.

From Loy:

We had a tragic accident two weeks ago as a bus hit an army truck head-on near Chigutu. Among the seventeen dead was Joyce Tandí, daughter of Zebedee Tandí at Nhowe. Brother and Sister Tandí were here in Mutare when we got the news. We had the funeral last week at their place with about 700 present. It was very hot that day and little or no shade could be found. I was one of the speakers. Brother Tandí and a former student of mine who is now a cabinet minister also spoke.

This afternoon, Donna and I will drive to Chimanimani, some 110 miles southeast of Mutare, to celebrate thirty-three years of marriage. I thank God for a good wife who is always willing to go anywhere to help spread the gospel. I know it is not easy for her to be

separated from most of her family.

Stanley and Marjie have gone to the States for five weeks to visit their supporting churches and family.

May:

We are making preparations for the arrival of a group of Oklahoma Christian College young people. We will let the girls sleep at Andrina Eeson's house, but we are equipping the beds and will do the cooking at our house. Today after ladies' class, I set out the folding tables at one end of the dining room and began organizing materials that I think the teachers will need for the Bible school to be held beginning on the 17th. This may save a few steps after they arrive.

The group will be here next Thursday, the 14th. We plan to go to Harare on Wednesday after ladies' class and spend the night with Pauline Jewell. We will probably take both the car and truck, which means I will be driving, too. We need to get Bibles from the Bible Society and call on Jean's aunt. The group will need to rest a bit and prepare for the Bible school on Friday and Saturday and then David



Tea at the Moikles, Dave, David Pratt, Loy, Kent Allen, Donna, Irene, Kisha Williams

Pratt will begin his meeting on Sunday. We will have Bible school at 4 p.m. and then evening worship. We are excited about meeting the students. We know David and met Tim Nixon previously at OCC.

Last week Errol, Wendy and their children were in an accident and smashed up their car. They are all right, thank God. It is an all too common occurrence — a bus drove through a red light and hit their car. It was just over a year ago that George Cave was killed in this way.

George and Pat Cave's daughter, Dawn, and her family were with us this week, too. They rushed their little girl to the hospital here where she spent two nights. She apparently ate from a plant which poisoned her. They live in the Save Valley on a cotton farm and come into Mutare for shopping, often staying with Marjie and Stan or the Meikles.

June 15:

The Monday wash is washed and the first hanging has the lines groaning under the weight! We put up an extra line while our guests were here. It was a good time to think about the past month and its happenings. On Saturday morning we left with Loy, the guys and the luggage in the truck and the girls and I in the car, arriving in Harare in time to see the balanced rocks before going on to the airport to check in. The road to Epworth, where the balanced rocks can be seen, was being repaired and Kathy said, "I knew you would take us on one last dusty, rough road before we left!" It was a good campaign, we believe, and we learned to love each person who came. As usual, there were several distinct personalities and that always makes things interesting . . . we had the meek and gentle, pretty and efficient, exuberant, friendly, shy, scholarly. Those who know them may guess about whom I'm speaking. They finally boarded the big British Airways plane but had to sit there for an hour before leaving. Something was wrong, but they didn't tell us what. We just saw workers around the wheels and lots of scurrying about. Just before they started up the steps, Kathy and Kim turned around and, in their best cheerleading fashion, looked up at the observation balcony and shouted, "That looks a lot like Mr. Mitchell!" This is one of Loy's

sayings when he greets someone: "You look a lot like Kim!" They had time to have a drink and snack with us and we exchanged good-byes, sweet words and messages and, yes, tears. We have lots of memories to take back and to keep here. We had worked them very hard, so we took last week off and went to Hwange Game Park and Victoria Falls. They will not soon forget the Falls, heavily misted after abundant rains in Zaire and Congo (yet, in contradiction, the surrounding country near the falls is drought stricken!). We had watched nearly 200 elephants coming to water in the moonlight Thursday night. That was probably the biggest thrill of all our visits to the game park. There was a full moon and the warden took us to the Nyamandlouw (which means "elephant meat") platform for two and one-half hours. As the sun set and the moon rose, we watched small game come to water. Then we saw two bull elephants coming over the horizon. For the next two hours they came and drank. With the exception of two buffalo, the other animals left (oh, two crocs stayed around). The bulls had their own special place to drink and then moved very quietly on; but, last of all came a herd of cows with their babies and some were trumpeting. One day we saw a large herd of buffalo at the water. We also saw one lion, many giraffe, zebra, impala and rhino.

The group's last day with the congregations was a good one, too. Kevin preached at Sakubva and the others stayed in town, it being Loy's day to be in town. Eric Grau and Aubrey Ruddle were baptized. Friday night Tim had baptized a young policeman, Peter Vheru. We had welcome circles after worship, sang songs and shed a few tears with the departing group of students. Last night, a Christian told me that they had generated more interest in the youth group here than she had ever seen. We thank God.

Now we are looking forward to a visit with Brothers McCurdy and Salisbury from Hillcrest in Abilene. Loy will be especially relieved to have them here to help with the Bible school situation involving the misuse of funds.

From Loy in August:

Donna and I are well and enjoying being with our family here in San Antonio, Texas. We left Zimbabwe on Friday morning and

arrived in London the following morning. After a bus ride from Gatwick to Heathrow, we flew to Chicago and San Antonio where we met William, Marcia, Lee, Nancy, Stefanie and Christopher. Before we left, several people were baptized in town and the rural churches. Debbie and Jim French left Zimbabwe and we took them to the airport in Harare and spent the night there while waiting for the plane bringing brethren McCurdy and Salisbury. They spent about two weeks in Mutare helping with the Mutare Bible School and assisted in the installation of Edmond Gwazaza as deputy director. Gwazaza will work with me for several months before becoming the school head.

Donna:

Friday night, I was given the honor of hooding our younger son at his graduation with highest honors as a university scholar and saw him receive the Alpha Chi award. We spent one night with former co-workers, Jim and Kay Petty, who are in Abilene now, attended the weddings of my nephew in Oklahoma and Loy's niece in Abilene and spent time with my parents and many other family members and friends. We had a very full schedule to meet while in the States. Loy also held a gospel meeting in Beaver, Oklahoma, where Nancy and Bobby work with the church. It was good to be with folk who have been so loving to our children. We traveled over 4,000 miles in the car speaking about the work and seeing loved ones.

Wilmington, Kansas, September 15:

Donna left a few minutes ago with John and Louise Menzies for Bartlesville. Ross Taylor, Donna's daddy, has suffered a heart attack and is in the hospital. We are praying for his recovery.

October:

Islept late this first morning home and have accomplished little since arising. Loy was up early and had gone swimming before I was fully awake. My neighbor, Carole Morgan, came by and had a cup of tea just now, so perhaps we were missed. Our garden is looking beautiful, but the grass was high because Onias doesn't use the

mower. Loy mowed it when we got home, thinking he should stay awake until time for bed! Marjie and Stan met our plane and took us home after we stopped at Barbours for breakfast. Marjie had put milk, eggs and bacon in the fridge, a jar of cookies on the table and, oh yes, a lovely spray of orchids from their garden! How about that for luxury!?

Speaking of luxuries, our water account looked like we had been luxurious — it was four times the previous month's account. Also, the grass was very high considering this is still the dry season, so the plumber came and agreed that the water is running somewhere and the meter is speeding along. They will have to dig up the water lines and replace the pipes. This was not such a good welcome!

Daddy is making good recovery from his heart attack and has been out walking, according to phone calls from Mother and Nancy. We are thankful to our Lord.

Our flight from Chicago to London was very cramped, especially for one with long legs. In London, we asked if there was a seat with more leg room and they put us upstairs! We had a front seat with plenty of leg space. Both planes were fully loaded.

Our work permit has been renewed — we have been renewed — and it is good to be home again.

November:

We are awakened each morning at 5:00 by a colony of weaver birds happily building their upside down nests in the palm tree. What a chatter they make! It's light then, so we get up and go swimming. The sun is rising as we finish and come home to eat cereal and fruit (fresh paw-paw and pineapple today). Loy has gone to his classes in town.

Yesterday, I taught the ladies' study in Sakubva and the little children at 7th Avenue. I took Rosie, Onias' wife, and Sister Muzah with me to Sakubva. Yes, Onias (our garden worker) has a "new" wife. We paid lobola for her. She came cheap because she is old (probably 35-40) and the mother of four. She says her first husband was killed in Mozambique.

The children stay in the village with relatives, but at the moment she has little Winnie here with her. Winnie is seven, has her head

shaved (probably for vermin or ringworm) and the biggest smile I have ever seen. She watches for me in the morning when I wash dishes at the kitchen window and comes out to wave and smile. When she hears a car start, she races down the hill to open the gate. I felt sorry for her one day and let her play with a toy from my garage sale toybox. She was suitably impressed with the wind-up toy. However, I thought later, as I watched her, that perhaps she was getting more than Fisher-Price or Sesame Street could offer. She played busily with some spools and lids and then sat and knitted with her mother. Rosie had given her wool and needles and she was quite proud of her work. She and her mother chattered and giggled as they worked. She helps to sweep around their little house each morning and just now brought me a bowl of peas that she and her mother picked and shelled. She carries small loads on her head, like her mother. I think the most impressive thing about her is her happiness and her traditional courtesy — clapping hands and curtsying when she receives something.

I mentioned Onias' paying lobola or bride price. It was \$600 or six months wages for him. He is repaying it at \$10 each month. He has already had to make a trip to her village to help her mother with bus fare to make a trip. A son-in-law is as good as a fig tree or a bank account, we are told. Samuel Ndlovu, who preaches at Chipinge, wrote saying he has no money for food because he has finished paying for his wife. They have several children and have probably been married over ten years, yet he still owed \$200. No doubt she cost much more than Onias' wife, being young and educated. However, when he went to pay the final account, they charged him \$750 because he was late!

Eric Dickey of World Bible School has been with us, meeting WBS students in this area. Loy took him to Honde Valley on Tuesday where they met with people and baptized one person. Several others were baptized, including two people who had been taught by Eric's mother. He took pictures so he could show her when he returns. Eric left yesterday, and today his bed has been taken by Edmond Gwazaza, who is here to work at the Bible school in preparation for his move to Mutare.

I phoned Daddy to wish him a happy birthday. He is better and has bought a gentle horse to ride.

November 19:

Many cattle have died from lack of food and people are being fed by the government and charity. We do ask that you pray for rain. We also ask that you pray for peace in this part of the world. Several school children were killed near Cashel, south of Mutare. The news media says these people were from Mozambique. We heard some bomb blasts during the night here and some during the day but did not know what was happening.

From Loy in December:

We will not have a white Christmas as some of you will have, but as I look out from the window, I see lovely reds and greens. The flamboyant trees are so beautiful this year, in spite of dry conditions. We are receiving some rain this week. It is late for some crops, but we are praying that it will continue and fill up the lakes and rivers.

Last week we went to South Africa to buy a new truck. I drove the car back. We are grateful for the vehicles which help in our work. While there, we enjoyed a visit with our "other children," Jean and Don Lambert. Little Ben is talking a lot and Lara, the baby, wears a lovely smile.

Six men graduated from the Mutare Bible School on the 11th after three years of training. The refresher course for former students, preachers and church leaders was held. The speakers included Conrad Tsiga, N. J. B. Mutuma, Stan Mitchell and me. I have five home studies each week in addition to the other work. The security situation looks better. **Look to Christ!**

1988**January:**

A new year and, as I look out the window, the mountains look beautifully washed and green from abundant rains. We have a new look and we thank God. Last night and this morning, we had Bible Study and a New Year's party. We slept later than usual, but not as late as the neighbors. We have been typing and proof-reading

tracts. Stan and Marjie stopped by a few minutes and left some carrots from their garden. They will spend the day with Marjie's parents and her sister, Lindy, visiting here from South Africa.

Onias and Rosie left dressed in their new clothes. He chose to take a month's salary rather than the usual holiday, so they went shopping on Wednesday. I must tell you about his "new" cowboy boots. Loy will want me to say that his \$14-on-sale-after-watching-Sears-boots finally wore out. He gave them to Onias thinking he would possibly hawk them to one of his friends with much larger feet. But some time later he came proudly showing me his boots, shining like a new penny, and they fit him. A shoe repairer, who works in his spare time from gardening, had cut them down to fit Onias and sewed them back together in quite good shape. Onias struts around with his pants tucked inside his boots and is the envy of the neighborhood workers.

From Loy in January:

After I write this, I will help Donna do some painting in the kitchen. Since our return in October, we have had to do several repair jobs and made some changes in the kitchen. We bought and installed a double sink in the kitchen and put in a larger hot water heater (called a geyser here). Then Aubrey Ruddle put in more drawers in one cabinet.

We had a long staff meeting at the Bible School yesterday morning trying to get ready for the first day of school on Monday. I will teach Old Testament History and continue to serve as director as I train Brother Gwazaza to take my place.

I hope the Mitchell family reunion went well. We wish we could have been there The two major political parties here have merged and the incidents of fighting in Manicaland should soon stop. Three people were killed last week southeast of Mutare near the Mozambique border. Keep praying for peace.

On Wednesday, Stanley and I taught a total of four Bible classes at Hillcrest College. This is a private high school about twelve miles from our house. We had about 120 students. These bright young people might be considered the elite and will become tomorrow's leaders.

February:

Mitchell reunion reports are coming in and we are certainly enjoying hearing about it. We look forward to receiving the tapes and pictures. We cannot at this time use the American video tapes on our South African/Japanese 220V machine. Perhaps we can find a way, in time, to hear such tapes . . . especially if people continue to offer to send Loy videos of Super Bowl and other important events!

On Wednesday I picked up Ann Gifford and Stella Hulley from Strickland Lodge and brought them here for tea. Stella is a friend and former neighbor and at 88 she is still a delightful person. Her husband died three years ago. Stella told the story of meeting Cecil John Rhodes when she was ten days old. It was during the Boer war when Kimberley was under siege and her parents joined other residents going down into the diamond mine. Rhodes met them on the way down and took the baby, Stella, and carried her. Stella is quite proud of that incident — most black residents would not agree with her, for Rhodes symbolizes the colonial regime.

We spoke with Nancy around two weeks ago. They are busy with community and church affairs. Nancy had spoken to two high school classes about Zimbabwe and was looking forward to meeting a Rotary exchange student from South Africa . . . Marcia is experiencing the wonder of a first pregnancy. I sent her a baby book given to me by my mother. (Mother used it in 1933 when she was expecting my arrival.) Marcia was fascinated at the old-fashioned methods, although it was plain that this generation did not discover natural childbirth and home birthing!

We have just learned of the death of our old friend and colleague, Lloyd Gifford. Gen wrote that her sweetheart of fifty-four years had gone home and the Mesa bulletin published lovely tributes. African friends are coming to us with condolences. They are very conscientious about expressing sorrow with the family, and we are the closest family that they can find.

From Loy in February:

Donna has started a class for neighborhood children on Friday afternoon. Fifteen children came last week.

February 29:

The singing literally thundered and rolled forth after each baptism, and I was feeling quite uplifted when suddenly I thought, "He has drowned someone!" I know the non-immersionists have made jokes about our drowning people, and I wondered if it had actually happened!

We were packed into the Sakubva church building and the singing almost raised the roof. (During the baptisms and communion the song leader sits down but the singing goes on, different songs being started from the congregation, books laid aside while the music swings and rolls . . . you would have to be there to understand.)

On this particular occasion, the water was apparently shallow because the candidates were seated on the floor of the baptistry before being immersed. Also, for some unknown reason, the Sakubva men always stand with their backs to the congregation while baptizing, shielding the person being baptized; so, we could not see well.

Finally I heard the woman shout and saw her rise up and fall back so I knew she was alive. Men came forward and reached out to her and talked to her. With the singing never stopping; we could not hear what was being said. This went on and on and finally two other men got into the water, talked some more and finally lifted her out. I thought perhaps she had gone into an ecstatic, "spirit" controlled frenzy, as sometimes happens to the overwrought. People here believe very strongly in evil spirit possession (related to their belief in ancestor worship and possession by ancestor spirits), but she was simply frightened.

I thought they would talk with her and postpone the baptism until later — much later. However, during communion, Conrad Tsiga stepped into the water again with her, spoke awhile, then *splash* and she had been immersed. It distracted one from the communion, to say the least. She will remember her baptism.

William phoned Saturday night. He is planning to travel here with his roommate, Ian Wightman, after Ian's graduation in May. They will visit in England and Scotland where Ian has relatives, then come on to Zimbabwe. Gene and Sarah Schnell will arrive here on

the 27th of March and spend about a month with us! I am arranging for her to speak as often as possible and look forward to a good old visit with them. Then the OCC group will arrive around the 11th of May and stay until the 9th of June . . . I had a "prang" last week. Joan McDade, visiting from South Africa, was with me. I was making a turn when another car tried to overtake and saw my indicator too late. He was very nice and insisted that the fault was his — Joan and I agreed. My car got a dent and the housing over a tail light was broken. We shall have to wait until we go to South Africa to purchase spare parts.

From Loy in March:

God continues to bless His work in this area with conversions. We know of nineteen who have been translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of the Son of God . . . Witness Gomwe is now doing follow-up work for World Bible School contacts. He is being assisted financially by some members of the 37th Street Church of Christ in Snyder. He is a graduate of Mutare Bible School. The work entails much traveling and, for that reason, we drove to South Africa and bought a used Honda 185 Trail Motorcycle which he will use . . . I have been teaching a series of lessons on marriage at 7th Avenue . . . We took delivery of another 20,000 tracts this week. This continues to be another good method of reaching the lost.

I was upset yesterday morning as a thief broke into the pickup at the main post office and took a case with \$204.50 plus a large number of papers, letters and items for the Bible school and church. It may be that I was followed from the bank where I withdrew the money to pay the student labor at the school, as I went directly to the post office. I spent only two or three minutes depositing letters and the truck was only about 100 feet away. In that brief time, they forced open the locked door, took the case and were gone. Police took finger prints, but I have little hope that we will find the thief, money and papers. When I got the lock repaired, the man said he repairs an average of two car locks each day with the same trouble. The person who took the finger prints said his car was stolen, but was found after eight months.



Sarah Schnell speaking to Sakubva ladies, Mal Nyamashanu helping, 1988.

March 30:

Sarah and Gene Schnell arrived Saturday, and we are having a great time together. We drove home from Harare and settled them for the night. At 7:00 Sunday morning, we left for Aberfoyle tea estates. Sarah and I sat on cushions in the back of the truck. The seven people we collected at Meikles' Farm turned out to be fourteen people — seven adults and seven children! Sarah was a good sport as we traveled three hours over mountain roads and one woman became motion sick.

The little church on the tea estate met us joyfully, yet scolded us because it had been over a year since we were there last. We met in the little mud building, sat on the mud benches while Loy preached and then they served us tea. He preached again, we had communion, and they served us sadza and chicken. Women carry their bowls and meal, build a fire near the building and prepare food (a church kitchen?). We were tired when we returned home. Yesterday Sarah taught the Bible students' wives and will teach every morning except when we have a class in town.

From Loy on April 7:

Special bulletin! Matthew Mitchell Redd was born April 6th in San Antonio. Lee phoned the joyful news soon after the event.

Donna's classes among the ladies are growing. She has from ten to fourteen now meeting in our house. On Thursday afternoon there were about forty-five women for the class at Dangamvura. On Friday afternoons the children's class meets here. My home studies each night are continuing and helping the young saints to grow.

On the 9th, Sarah taught three lessons on the book of Ephesians during our ladies' day. Women came from as far away as Nhowe Mission. It was a good day. On Sunday we had a long day as we traveled to Ndakopa about 110 miles southeast of Mutare. We left our house at six a.m. and picked up six people at the Bible School. We made good time until we hit the dirt road and found that they had spread fresh dirt over the rough road after having received two to three inches of rain the night before. We had plenty of work keeping the pickup between the ditches. We finally arrived at Ndakopa at about 11:30 and had our worship under a big tree with sixty-five people present. Then we had Bible classes for men, women and children. At about 3 p.m. they fed us a lovely meal of chicken and sadza. During the meal, the rain came down again. The brethren loaded us all down with tropical fruit and we headed out over the "road" for home just before 4 p.m. We got lost in the mountains and rain, and had to back-track and take another road I knew. I gave people in the back quite a fright as I turned around on a narrow mountain road. We got stuck but we got out and finally hit the pavement after dark and headed for home. We arrived here at about 9 p.m. very tired and thankful to have another opportunity to preach and teach. Donna and Sarah were especially tired having traveled all the way in the back of the pickup.

Donna:

The Schnells left on the 21st after a very good working visit. Sarah's lessons were excellent, especially her study of Ephesians on ladies' day. They encouraged us a lot and we had fun together, especially on our trip to the game reserve and falls. Soon after their departure, we went to Marondera for the annual women's lecture-

ship. There were over 400 there. They slept in the building and cooked outside. I spoke on "What Hinders Christian Growth?" and the lesson was well received. They even said I looked young in the nice dress that Sarah had given me! We saw several old friends from Nhowe days, and among them was Mai Makunde Karimanzira. She stretched out her hand to me and I was shocked . . . while fishing in the river, she had lost part of her hand to a crocodile. She said she was in the water for some time before she was rescued and was very fortunate to be alive. Loy gave the Sunday morning lesson, and we were given rice and meat before departing with a truck load of Mutare women.

We have had swarms of locusts this year. At night there are crowds of people underneath the street lights picking them up to roast and eat. Our dog also likes them. We let her eat our share.

Last week Loy gave a devotional talk to the employees of Hugh's Engineering each morning at 7 o'clock. One man there is a Christian and he invited Loy to talk. He has also asked Stanley to give some lessons later. There have been around forty people attending. There are many opportunities for outreach.

The OCC people are here once again, a smaller group this year



Salina Law, Donna, Taka Elcke, Keela Williams, Yumba Botanical Gardens.

but the same good quality. They are Kent Allen and David Pratt, minister and men's dean, and Kecia Williams, Selina Law and Teka Eicke, students. Teka comes from Snyder and has known us for several years. She will stay on after the others leave, and spend about four weeks with us. As usual, we are putting them to work teaching and preaching in the town, at the Bible school and in the villages. (Oh yes, they came bearing necessities like American sweets and clothing from my sister Karen, and magazines from my sister Shirley.) The Saturday Bible school went very well and my neighborhood children are saying, "When will we have another Saturday Bible School?"

The group worked together very well and had a good relationship. The visitors have been good sports about strange foods and customs. For several nights we had hoards of flying ants and locusts, but we got no takers from the visitors when we asked if they wanted some fried to eat. The work completed, we took a break and went to Hwange. We did not see the usual number of elephants at the park, probably because we have had more rain this year and they need not come to main watering holes. Also, the bush is thicker, and it is amazing how those big creatures can disappear into the bush. We saw three or four beside the road once and they just vanished into the trees. We also saw two at the watering hole the first night. We did see many giraffe and a good sampling of other animals. But in spite of our disappointment at not seeing the elephant performance that we saw last year, we had an interesting and unusual experience. Watching from a platform one night with a full moon, we saw a number of small animals coming along. One bull elephant came in and drank, spending about twenty minutes there. We heard a hyena bark and suddenly saw three hyenas chase a big kudu bull into the water. They wounded him and he went under several times. One hyena almost drowned and came ashore to lick his wounds. The kudu put up a good fight, but the hyena kept stalking him and finally, with the aid of a crocodile, they killed him! There were two carloads of us and the ranger allowed us to drive down nearer the water and watch. It was quite a sight. As soon as the kill was completed, more hyenas came running. The old croc got his share, too, and snapped his jaws gleefully. Little jackals were waiting for their turn, and I am sure other creatures were in line to eat their bit. Next

morning there wasn't much left, but a few animals were feeding — not much left for the vultures and ants. Nature's balanced plan would clear the spot in a short time.

In the midst of all the activity and OCC visiting came the arrival of our William! He had cut his stay shorter than originally planned because of a sudden interest in a young lady at Gordon, Karen Sublett, but we loved every moment of his time spent with us.

Loy helped Zebedee Tandi get papers and import a truck. He also imported a motorcycle for a preacher. In July, after driving four hours to Maware, we were welcomed joyfully by women singing and dancing, surrounding the truck. We had a truck loaded with people and were all escorted into the little building. Men and young people sat on benches on the left and women and small children sat on the floor. They had reserved a java cloth for me to sit on with the women who came with us. (The java or Zambia cloth has become traditional dress. It is a colorful printed fabric and it may have pictures of the president, traditional scenes, wildlife or just abstract designs. Women make dresses and headgear from it but most carry a folded strip which they may wrap around their waists like a long sarong, spread on the ground for a seat, tie their babies to their backs, etc.) We ate lunch with the church at Mugweni village. We left with a chicken (they killed and dressed ours and put it at my feet. The people in the back got a live one), sweet potatoes, peanuts and pumpkins. Again they formed a circle to sing, shake hands and pray before we left. Abednego Mugweni preaches there. He is "one of our children" from way back. He now gets a check each month from the Acocks in Corsicana and supplements it with his farming and other work. Recently his "other work" involved the building of Blair toilets in the village. This is a big government project and a needed one for the health of the people. Abednego's pretty wife is barren and traditionally he could take another wife, always assuming that barrenness is the wife's fault. He has done no such thing, though, and they appear to be a happy couple. I noticed that she had the Karikoga's baby strapped to her back soon after we arrived.

Last week, the young son-in-law of the Mubvumbis died. I went to the house Friday morning where the people were mourning. People sat outside, some drinking tea. Inside, women filled the room, sitting on the floor, and Mai Mubvumbi asked me to sit down

beside her while they called Laina, their daughter. She has a new baby, their first, so she is a very young widow. We have known Laina since she was a baby. She is a nurse and her husband worked in a bank in Chipinge. We ate lunch with them when we last went to Chipinge. According to custom, there was loud weeping and wailing as mourners arrived at the house, but someone soon started a hymn. Later Loy and the school staff went by and held a short worship. Funerals are great outreaches here because so many people gather and they seem to expect to hear preaching. The actual funeral was held later in Tanganda.

William has gone back to Abilene; he left here a few days before Teka left. They both worked hard in the church here. Teka taught each day at the preschool in Dangamvura and studied with Mrs. Shayamunda and Mrs. Tuluka. Donna is continuing the study. We know God will grant the increase if we plant and water the seed.

We rejoice over twenty more people who became Christians last month. Mrs. Marowa is here with us from Chihota, which is 120 miles southwest of us. She came by train early yesterday morning and will leave on Sunday night. She is not a Christian, but is a good woman with six sons. Her husband is the postmaster of Mahusekwa and her second son may come to the Bible school next year. We pray that she will consider her relationship with God. She speaks little English, so we use as much Shona as possible.

At 9 a.m. we will meet to fold tracts and then go down town to pass them out with invitations to the gospel meeting with John Shero which starts tomorrow. John did some hunting in South Africa, and Stanley drove down there to pick him up. John gave five good lessons on "A Preacher's Life and Work" at the Bible school. He was here two years ago and did a good job. He lost his wife, Jean, to cancer three years ago.

From Donna in August:

Saturday, after baking communion bread and arranging flowers in the church building, I helped with an exhibition by the quilting club at a fair, or fete. I displayed the quilt I recently completed for Stefanie, using the Sunbonnet Sue patterns, two old quilts made by my grandmother and an old friend, and a skirt made by Jean Shero.



Nhowe church building, 1988.

(John gave the latter to me after Jean's death.) The club is small and was started by a woman from New Zealand. We have the influence of England, America, New Zealand and Holland in the group.

On Saturday we will go to Nhowe for the youth lectureship. I am to teach the girls two lessons, one on "Purity" and the other on a topic of my choice. I plan to use the old lesson on "The Christian's Activities" with a list of questions and scriptures given to apply to any activity we want to consider. I first copied the lesson in chapel at Central Christian College when Stafford North gave the lesson. That makes it nearly forty years old, but the approach is timeless and needful.

Loy will give the Sunday morning lesson. Lessons on Christian morals are needed. Only last week a baby was "dumped" in Sakubva. Baby dumping is common and abortions are performed by untrained and unhygienic village women. City dwellers are now being influenced by television and movies. I hide my head in shame when the only television station available shows Dallas, Dynasty, Santa Barbara and the like — what immoral role models!

From Loy in September:

Donna left on the night of the 21st of August and arrived safely in Dallas the next afternoon. William met her and then took her to San Antonio to see the Redd clan. This week she will be in Beaver with the Wheats, and eventually she will go to Bartlesville to be with her parents. It is too quiet here without her, but I am glad she could make the trip. Nancy's baby is due the 7th of this month. She phoned last week and said she enjoyed holding Matthew.

On Friday I took ten others to Nyatate to a three day gospel meeting. We had over 200 in attendance and three were baptized. The brethren did all the planning, and I was invited to be one of the speakers. I slept in the back of the pickup and ate their food. I was glad to get home and have a bath and eat some of my food again. (Loy told of feeling rather ashamed Sunday morning as he had gone to sleep in the truck, feeling uncomfortable and cold and longing for the comforts of home. When he awakened next morning the truck was surrounded by people sleeping on the ground. They had walked long distances to be there for the meeting and were overjoyed to be there with the church.)

The field program for the Bible school is in its 5th week. I have gone to all the camps and they are very busy teaching and preaching. Brother Gwazaza's house will be completed soon.

We welcome into our family Ian Sean Wheat who arrived at 3:30 p.m. on September 7. Donna and Bobby phoned not long after his arrival.

Next week, there will be a three day gospel meeting at Nhowe Mission and the official opening of their new meeting house which will seat over 3000 people. Five people from Michigan are coming. Washington Mhlanga has asked me to help show them some of the work in Zimbabwe and to see Hwange and Victoria Falls for two days. We will also take them to the gospel meeting in Triangle. They will leave Harare on the 3rd of October, so I will stay overnight there and meet Donna as she returns from the States.

October:

Twenty-four people were baptized and more than one hundred were restored or came asking for prayers at the Nhowe gospel

meeting. At the official opening of the new church building, Chris Chetsanga spoke. He is in the administration of the University of Zimbabwe, having received his doctorate in the United States and taught there for many years. He pointed out that this church building is the largest in Zimbabwe, and from his research, he found no church building larger in all of Africa. It is 30 meters by 55 meters, which is about 98 feet by 180 feet. It will easily seat 3000 people. We had 2000 in the building and it was just over half full. Except for some \$20,000 (U. S.) sent by brethren in Michigan, all costs were paid by the church in Zimbabwe. We recognize that the meeting house is not the church, but it can be a tool to make known His word. Each day 1300 school children through high school use the building for chapel, not to mention all of the various church meetings. Total value of the building in U. S. dollars is \$400,000. (The visitors from Oakland Church of Christ in Michigan were Brother and Sister Vernon Boyd, Brother and Sister Leon Dixon and Brother Charlie Tucker.) It was good to see Donna arrive safely on Tuesday morning at the Harare Airport after six weeks in the United States. She was tired, but seems to be back to normal now. I am very glad to have her back.

Donna:

And I was happy to be back. The separation from my beloved husband was the only shadow on an otherwise lovely visit with my family. It was obvious that Loy had kept himself occupied during my absence!

When William met me in Dallas, he was accompanied by Karen; and, after buying me a Dr. Pepper, we drove to Karen's home in Gordon. There I was shown to the guest room of Pat and Jo Ann Sublett's house and we talked and ate Karen's delicious dinner. I sat in their comfortable recliner and began to nod as my long journey began to take its effect. I was excused and sent to bed, where I fell asleep, only to be awakened by William coming to my room like the little boy that I remembered. He wanted to talk. He and Karen wanted to be married, but they planned to elope! They did not want a lot of fuss and bother as they were both in school (Karen was completing a law degree at Baylor University) and they did not care to

have an expensive wedding. They felt that if they told Pat and JoAnn, they would want to give them a nice wedding as they had given Jill, Karen's sister. This was all a big secret and I had to carry the secret with me during the rest of the visit, almost an impossibility as I talked with his sisters later! He telephoned his daddy and both of us rejoiced with him but encouraged him to tell Karen's parents. That is what they eventually did, and in October William phoned us in Africa to tell us that they planned to be married in December in a quiet family ceremony. He did not expect us to return for the wedding, but it was very important to us and we began plans to go to the States in December, attend the wedding and report to churches while visiting family. We had no idea that I would be making two long trips in a few weeks time!

Meanwhile, my journey continued as I visited Marcia and Lee in San Antonio, and met Matthew Mitchell Redd, a beautiful baby with very blue eyes. Marcia and Lee were proud parents, naturally, and we had a good time together. I traveled to Abilene to be with William again and caught a lift, luckily, with some Beaver residents who had been visiting in Abilene. We did not have to guess when Nancy's baby would arrive as it was necessary for her to have a Caesarean section. Little red-haired Ian was born on the 7th of September. Bobby and I saw Nancy in the small town hospital, just two blocks from the house, met the baby, the surgeon, the family doctor and many well-wishers. Then we settled Chris and Stefanie for the night and sat down to watch a long series of *Anne of Green Gables* which Bobby had taped on the video machine. I had read the Canadian series when I was a girl and read them again with my girls, and now Stefanie was enthralled with the series, especially because Anne had red hair like Stefanie! It was one of those little family traditions that make families closer. Bobby, like Lee, is a loving son-in-law, or *mukwasha* (Shona), and we thank our Lord for him.

That visit with my parents and the later one in December and January are very precious in my book of memories. Daddy was enjoying his little tasks around the house, barn and pasture and riding his horse. Mother watched over him lovingly, but often cheered him and teased him when he became frustrated because he could not speak. His physical strength was not as good as he would have liked, but he had learned to pace himself and to stop and rest and

watch old cowboy shows on the television. He could not speak to me, but he communicated with a grin and a hug and always came out to meet me when I arrived home. We laughed together because the old dog told me quite clearly that he wanted an evening walk as we sat on the porch swing. One night we laughed because mother took Daddy's pills for him. She usually took her pills and distributed his to him as he sat in the easy chair, watching his horse or his bird feeders from the pleasant breakfast room. This time, though, she was talking and she swallowed his pills before realizing what she had done.

November:

We drove through cold, fog and Johannesburg area traffic, dropped down to low country and warmth and up again through the mountains and cooler weather of the Pietersburg/Louis Trichart area. Then it was back to hot baobab country and the great, grey-green greasy Limpopo and finally into Zimbabwe where the traffic was not as heavy. However, we had to dodge people, domestic animals, wheelbarrows and scotch carts, as well as a few wild creatures — two giraffes, a warthog running across the road, baboons, guinea fowl Yes, we made another trek to South Africa to bring back a used Toyota pickup for Gwazaza, incoming head of the Bible School, and a motorcycle for a preacher at Nhowe Mission. I enjoyed a good visit with Jean and the children. We hardly saw Donald as he was very busy with work. Loy worked a long two days getting the pickup and cycle, new tires (not available here either) and the many papers and documents required by the South African government. Some things required going to Germiston, others to Pretoria. He has to work several weeks in this country getting permits and licenses, so it is a big undertaking, but he feels it is necessary and we are grateful that we can arrange for external funds to purchase vehicles. We worshipped with old friends in Benoni and saw Verna and Alan Hadfield in Springs. Jean always requests that I make cinnamon rolls while there, so we had those for tea and sent Verna home with a trayful.

Long distance driving is not as easy for me as some who do it with such confidence. I am so grateful for the radio and tape deck.

(I drove our truck with the motorbike strapped and standing in the back, while Loy drove the "new" one.) I listened to Bible tapes, hymns, Beethoven, Strauss and Mitch Miller. When I am tempted to complain about some of the inconveniences of travel, I recall old people in this country who tell of trekking in a wagon, or later folk who drove 1930's cars into the country. We got through the border posts in good time and fell into bed exhausted at Beit Bridge Hotel. We arrived here at about 3:30 in the afternoon, and I picked hydrangeas and Michalmass daisies for the church building.

The Gwazazas and Matangiras came last night to get the truck. The men had to look the truck over and get instructions from Loy, so the women came inside and looked at photos and ate South African nuts and raisins. We unpacked, ate imported cereal and soup and spent quite a long time reading mail. We thank God for a comfortable house.

Sakubva ladies asked me to teach their Bible class recently before they went out to plow. I showed them a quilt top I had made from used trousers (ladies') and they plan to help me tie it together after our trip to the States. I always feel loved and needed by those good women.

From Loy on November 9:

Twenty-four years ago, the Hillcrest church in Abilene, Texas took the oversight of the preacher training school which at that time was at Nhowe. They have done a fine job in helping us train men to proclaim the message of Jesus. Three years ago, this church decided it was time to have the Zimbabwean churches begin to take over the responsibility of the work. To this end, a plan was set out to gradually reduce the money being sent to Zimbabwe. The churches here have not met their part until the last two months. In September, over \$1500 (Zimbabwe dollars, worth about \$800 U. S.) was given and in October over \$1400 (Z.) was given. This is an encouragement to us to see this growth.

November 21:

We are tired after a long trip to Kotwa, some five hours north of us. We left on Saturday morning taking seven adults and five



Women cooking at Kotwa, 1989.

children with us. With a total of fourteen plus luggage and food, the pickup was loaded. We met for worship that night in the home of Lawrence Sedze. He shares the house with another family and it consists of two small bedrooms, kitchen and dining room. Donna slept in the front of the pickup and I slept in the back. The men slept in another house and the women and children slept in Sedze's house. They treated us all as royalty with good food, including goat meat. Yesterday we passed out tracts and then had Bible classes and worship, followed by dinner together. They had about 140 present.

This is a young church less than three years old, but Brother Sedze and Brother Zomuya are doing a good work there. They have secular jobs, but still preach and teach. Brother Chikafa, who will graduate this year from the Bible school, will move there to work with the church next month. They will provide part of his support. We started home at 1:45 with three more in the truck as far as Murehwa.

We got to our house at 7:20. On the way, we saw the body of a dead man beside the road. We did not stop, as that area has lots of

troubles from fighting. The odor was terrible, since he had been dead for some days.

December:

I had a "bread upon the waters" experience last week. A school teacher came to the study I have weekly with Mrs. Shayamunda and Mrs. Tuluka. She told me that her little girls, now grown, had attended a children's Bible class taught by Rita Hanson when John and Rita lived at the Bible school. She commended Rita and said she has kept the pictures that Rita gave to the children and still uses them in teaching scripture in school. I drove home thinking how the interest by this woman had been sparked by Rita's class years ago. I wanted to tell Rita, and thought, "Perhaps she knows."

I have suitcases on the spare bed and have packed our few "wintry" garments for our trip to the States. I really should bring one or two grandchildren home with me, according to local village tradition. Village children are said to spend almost half their lives with



Meeting place of English speaking church in Mutara.

their grandmother. She is responsible for their training in manners and work habits (fetching water, cooking, preparing for marriage). Actually, an older aunt or friend is responsible for their sex education. Some practice "playing house" or allowing boys and girls to pretend they are married (no intimacy), i.e., girls doing the work of women and boys doing the work of men. Because of the transition to urban areas and modern ways, many of these customs are falling away, but we often see a child being sent to the village to spend several weeks or months with *Ambuya* (Grandmother). The daughter of Mai Shayamunda has recently taken maternity leave from teaching and is living with her mother in Dangamvura while her husband stays in town, not far from our house. She is attending the Bible study, and last week I invited her to attend the English speaking service in town. She told me that she would be living with her mother for some time until the baby is older. One abhorrent custom that has been revived recently is the giving away of children in payment for the death of someone in another family. If someone in my family is responsible for the death of someone in another family then a little girl is sent to them; otherwise, they think the spirit of the dead person will harm them. There has been lots of discussion about this custom and most modern people believe it is wrong. I thank God for Christian influence in my life.

From Loy on December 31, U. S. A.:

On Saturday, the 17th, Karen Sublett and William were joined in marriage in Waco, Texas. The preacher was Bobby Wheat, and only immediate family and a few close friends were present. The wedding was held in an old historical home in Waco which was rented for the special occasion. The wedding was held before the fireplace in a lovely old living room, and a beautiful table was spread in the dining room where we ate lunch together. Karen and her friend prepared the food and the wedding cake. On the 24th, we helped the Ross Taylor family celebrate 58 years of marriage in the home of Ray and Shirley Helms. It has been good to spend some time with Donna's parents, the Ross Taylors, and to see our children here in the U. S. I had not met our two new grandsons. However, we approve of Matthew Redd and Ian Wheat.

Donna:

We returned to Zimbabwe in February and found work waiting for us, as usual. Mutare Bible School occupied much of Loy's time as he taught classes, administered the school and trained Edmond Gwazaza to become the new head. Plans were being made to officially install him some time during the year, with representatives from Hillcrest present, along with Zimbabwean church leaders.

Loy came home from school one day and asked me if I would be willing to teach two English courses at the school. One of our teachers, Paul Chimhungwe, had gone to Abilene Christian University to study, Stanley was gone, and they needed help. I began to go daily to the school and found it fun to teach the young men. I had not previously been able to get well acquainted with them, and this stimulated my interest in the school and gave me something to share with Loy.

Stanley and Marjie left in January while we were away. They sold their house and left their pickup for us to sell when the time came. (One is not allowed to sell an imported vehicle for two years after its purchase.) It was sad to drive by their vacant house and see their empty pew at church. Stanley left his correspondence school work with Charles Msosa and others who took over work that both of them had done. They moved to California where Stanley started work on a Master of Divinity degree and taught some undergraduate courses. In time they moved to Frazier Park to work with the church while continuing the graduate studies.

Then the unexpected happened, as it often does. In the church bulletin which I typed weekly, I wrote:

Yesterday morning my brother, Rudy, phoned to say that our daddy had died peacefully in his sleep. It was appropriate for this quiet, gentle man. He had not been able to speak to us verbally for nine years, having suffered two strokes which robbed him of his speech and left some paralysis. He could make sounds in an effort to speak, and I had heard him pray "in an unknown tongue" as he tried to verbalize. We could not understand the sounds but we knew that God knew his heart.

Many pictures flash before my mind today as my

thoughts are so full of this dear man: Running down the hill crying "Daddy's home!" as he came in tired from work, his face lighting up as he saw us. Going with him one day on his bread delivery route and being given a special sweet at a country store was my "day with Daddy." Taking a jug of water to him as he labored in the hay fields on a hot summer day. Watching his quick hands milk a cow — no one else could make the milk foam over the top of the pail as quickly as he could. Sitting quietly reading his Bible beside the stove, he arose early to build up the fire and put the coffee pot on.

More recently, in a centrally heated house, he continued to get up and put the coffee pot on and that early morning aroma will always remind me of a happy childhood. Family counselors stress the importance of simple family traditions. Daddy did not read their psychology books, he just did those things naturally. I remember the day he walked down the church aisle with me, fighting tears, for he had a gentle heart — I was his firstborn. I see him, again fighting tears, as we boarded a plane for the "dark continent" in 1958. But in 1968 he and mother got enough courage to fly to Port Elizabeth to help in a Campaign for Christ and then spend several weeks here while Daddy built the Sakubva church building. My parents continued to keep in touch with friends they made in this country. It was while he was here preaching at 7th Avenue one Sunday night, that he baptized our Stanley, his first grandchild.

God has been good. We helped Mother and Daddy celebrate their 58th wedding anniversary last year. One never knows what the future holds, we said, and we made this one special, not knowing if the 60th one would come. He loved my mother devotedly. His priorities were God, family, and perhaps his horse, which he continued to ride each day until he died. One of the most beautiful pictures I see is one with Daddy holding a great-grandchild on his lap. He could not speak, but they were communicating!

I know I am being sentimental, but I hope I have inspired parents to be godly, good people before their chil-

dren. A good life . . . a good name . . . what riches!

We shall be leaving Wednesday night to be with my family at this time. At the moment our bookings are not complete, but we hope to return in about a fortnight. We know you are praying for us; thank you and we love you.

Donna

We left to spend the two weeks in Oklahoma. I thanked God for making the trip possible, recalling older missionaries telling of hearing about their loved ones' deaths weeks or months after the event. Our children came to be with us in Bartlesville, with the exception of Stanley, and it was a bittersweet time.

Loy spoke at the funeral, Terrel read a tribute to Daddy that Rudy had written twelve years earlier on Father's Day, and Rudy led a beautiful prayer. We stayed close to mother those few days and felt as though we were being pulled in two directions when we left. We determined that I would go to be with her at least once a year at all costs.

Having lots of work to do and enjoying one's tasks helps one go on, not brooding over events. We tried to phone Mother from time to time and write often to her. It would be a difficult year for her, but she lived on good memories and had many friends and loved ones. My aunt, Daddy's oldest sister, died shortly after he did, and in the following months several relatives died — a time to die, and they had lived long lives.

April:

We feel as if we have just been sent back to the starting line, having returned home and resumed our work in February, then going back to Oklahoma for two weeks to be with family for Daddy's funeral. It was hard to go home without seeing Daddy coming out to meet us. Most of our family was still there and mother had stayed up for us. We wept, but we also celebrated his graduation to glory.

Soon after returning to Mutare, we visited Joan and Jackie Meikle. Jackie has been in hospital but is better. Today we swam, ate breakfast on the veranda and went out to teach our classes at the Bible school.

From Loy:

Forty more people have been baptized in this area. Washington Mhlanga told us of a recent conversion in Harare. A young woman came to church for the first time and obeyed the gospel. That afternoon, she died of a heart attack. Watch and be ready!

We made a trip to Harare to get a license to import a car. We had applied the week before and were told it would be ready Tuesday. When we arrived there, they said that nothing had been done. We went back after lunch and waited at the Ministry of Industry and Technology for almost an hour. Then we went to the Ministry of Trade and Commerce. They sent us to four different offices and we finally received the paper. At 4:30, we headed for Mutare and arrived here at 8:00, tired and frustrated by the bureaucracy which one must face repeatedly. We also discovered while driving home that night makes right — we were nearly run over twice by two big police trucks.

May 1:

Yes, Stanley, the poinsettias are ablaze on this our 35th wedding anniversary! I have just driven in from Harare where we attended the Mashonaland Gospel meeting at Highfield. Loy flew to South Africa to purchase a used car as we sold my little yellow Nissan last week. I stopped by the post office where I found a nice letter and anniversary card from Nancy and Bobby.

We look forward to seeing Terry Bell and Chantrey Fritz next week. They will represent Hillcrest at the official appointment of the new headmaster at M.B.S. and Terry will be giving special lessons on Home and Family. Both men will lecture at the Bible School and visit Nhowe.

From Loy on May 23:

Chantrey and Terry arrived on the 10th and left on the 18th. They had a long wait at the airport in Lusaka, Zambia. They should have arrived at 12:50 a.m., but only arrived at 9:30 p.m. By the time we got to the hotel, it was after 11:00 and the kitchen had closed, but we did get some sandwiches for the men, who had had nothing to eat in Lusaka. Terry and Chantrey gave good lessons while they were

here, and encouraged many. About 300 people attended the installation of Edmond Gwazaza as director of the school.

June:

We usually go to villages three Sundays or weekends each month. The last two months we have been to Honde, Old Mutare, Chipinge, Kotwa and Ndakopa. Some of these village churches have preachers but most do not, and they look forward to visits from other brethren. On the 25th, six of us drove to Ndakopa to meet with the church. We left our house at 6:30 a.m. and got home after dark twelve hours later. It took us three hours and forty-five minutes to travel 120 miles. Some of the time we drove in low gear. We met for worship underneath a tree and were fed rice and meat. Five were baptized in the Nyahode River that morning. The brethren hope to mould bricks, burn them and construct a meetinghouse. We will assist with some roofing materials. We have heard of a grand total of 54 baptisms this month.

July:

The railway workers have been on strike in Zimbabwe. We are praying that talks may develop in Mozambique and they will have peace again. We have thousands of Zimbabwe troops there and that costs money. Some villagers were killed north of us last week.

July 7:

Once again we have crossed the great, grey-green greasy Limpopo for another "truck trek." We thank our Lord for a safe trip. We arrived home just about lunch time, unpacked and read our post. We left early Monday, as our guests from Port Elizabeth, the Holcombs, left to continue their trip through the country. We arrived in Springs on Tuesday and began the steps in purchasing a truck and getting all the necessary papers.

We got to Jean's in time to see the children bathed and we had supper. Loy was out all day Wednesday getting the rest of the paper-work done, buying a tent for the school and numerous other things. We were on the road at 6 a.m., Thursday, and arrived at the Border Post at about 3 p.m. This was not one of our good times — they

seemed to have a new staff and the young customs official finally took the gearbox which Loy had bought for Gwini's old truck. He found some little detail wrong in spite of export permits from South Africa, import permits and the license from Zimbabwe. Now we must produce another invoice and go back down, hopefully, to get the gearbox.

Just as it got dark we pulled into the Lion and Elephant Hotel where there are usually rooms to spare and were told that there was "no room at the inn." South Africa's school holidays had started and they gave the last room to the couple ahead of us. Nights are cold now and we had not brought sleeping bags — next time we will — so we drove on to Masvingo, 200 kilometers away. I was exhausted and am a poor night driver, so it was a rather miserable drive. I was driving our truck which has a radio, so I was very grateful indeed for that blessing. I listened to Romans and I Corinthians several times, plus the radio and a classical tape. One time I came upon a dead donkey and then up the road, his friend, alive, was walking onto the road. I braked to miss him which got me awake and alert for the rest of the way.

Of course Loy takes it in his stride and cannot understand why I cannot keep a steady pace — he has a built-in cruise control in his foot! We were fortunate enough to find a room in Masvingo and slept soundly. This morning we drove the 280 kilometers into Mutare and look forward to a good rest in our bed, because tomorrow we leave for Sharara where they are already having a camp meeting, and Loy will speak tomorrow and Sunday. We shall be sleeping in the truck, so again we will look forward to a Sunday night in comfort on our return. Perhaps we're too old for this. I left my first year students with a self-paced assignment and research papers for the past week.

The Holcombs' visit was pleasant. They brought their young sons who joined in on the youth meeting Friday night while Bob went with Loy to classes. On Friday we left them to their own devices while we taught classes and helped with Bill McHarg's funeral.

We arrived home after dark last week after a day in Chipinge. It was a frightening ride — so many vehicles have no lights, drive slowly or stall on the road and fail to get off the road or set up warn-

ing signs, not to mention the ones who can and do drive at a high speed, especially buses and army vehicles!

We tell ourselves we will not drive after dark anymore, but we often get caught out and have no choice. A Mormon missionary was killed on the road after hitting the back of a parked vehicle which had no lights. Now their church has ruled that they cannot travel after dark.

August:

Loy has a message asking him to come to Harare to preach a funeral on Tuesday. It will be rather awkward because we are expecting nine World Bible School people here next week! We will keep five, about our limit with one spare room and the caravan. We hope someone else can keep the others.

Last week we had an interesting visitor, Charlie Tucker, from Michigan. He has been teaching at Nhowe and spent some time with us before his departure on Monday. He is a coach, an elder and now a widower. He had told Loy the previous week that he missed biscuits and cornbread, so we provided those and he seemed to enjoy himself immensely. Loy took him to the Vumba one afternoon, and when they were walking through the forest, they met a group of people here to play basketball who are with the Pentecostal Church. The first man Charlie met was from Michigan and he was pleased. They were to have traveled home on the same plane. Nhowe youth gave Charlie a big farewell party and thanked him for teaching them about basketball and especially things of a spiritual nature. He was gratified because he admitted that they had some serious problems to be dealt with. He is older, grey-haired and black, all in his favor in this culture. He was delighted with the children who came here for class on Friday and he spoke to them for awhile. This week they were disappointed that he was not still here.

We meet a variety of people in this land. I called on my friend Ann Gifford, an elderly retired nurse; she asked me to take her treasured, leatherbound copy of **Florence Nightingale** to read. She only lends it to special people! I have mixed feelings about that and plan to read it quickly and return it lest I spill tea on it! She also let me read **Longleat**, the story of the stately manor in her home village in

Devonshire. It reads like the Old Testament with its 600 years of alternating good and evil generations. The occupant, now old, spent years refurbishing it after the war, generating income by opening it to tourists, establishing a game park and other attractions. However, his son, now in his 40's, is an eccentric, free thinking person who cares not at all for it. Mrs. Gifford's copy of the book is autographed by the present titled gentleman at Longleat who knew her as a child.

We attended a gospel meeting at Queens Park in Bulawayo. We have in the past worshipped there with a full house of white people — now there is a full house of black people. Many whites left the country; others have left the Lord. It was good to meet brethren there; and, the Ndebele singing was beautiful. We listened to very long speeches about the sin of supporting a Bible school from the church treasury and how it is wrong to help those who are not members of the church. We were sorry that those differences were stressed, especially by Foy Short and two brothers from South Africa. We found the situation very awkward. One woman said to me, "These are just differences you white people have and we are not interested in them!" Loy spoke twice as did Brother Mutuma of Harare, and Brother Ndlukula spoke once. We had lunch with old friends, Joseph and Joy Crewe.

From there we went to Hwange for a little holiday to celebrate, belatedly, our anniversary. We stayed in a chalet and cooked food outside. We saw baboons, buffalo, elephants, giraffe, hippopotami, hyenas, jackals, kudu, sable, waterbuck, impala, warthogs, wildebeest and zebra. We especially enjoyed seeing the many birds at the lake each morning.

The country mourned over the deaths of thirty-four people in a bus accident. The bus was overloaded and speeding. Sixty people were put in the hospital.

From Loy in September:

I spoke at two gospel meetings recently. A gospel meeting here in Zimbabwe is quite different from those in the United States, especially those in the villages. I will note some differences. 1) Most meetings have a number of speakers. 2) Worship lasts at least two

hours with lots of singing and sermons of over one hour in length. 3) We meet outside under trees and stars with lessons every morning, afternoon and evening. 4) Women and men do not sit together. Women usually sit on the ground. 5) The pulpit at Maruru was on an ant hill which was about seven feet high. 6) Baptisms are in the river. Some rivers have crocodiles. 7) All food is cooked on an open fire in big barrels. 8) Those with white skin usually get sunburns. 9) A good bath and one's own bed feel good when we return. 10) People come from as far as 300 miles to attend.

From Donna:

The sun was setting behind the dry season haze, giving us a glorious rose-pink sky as we drove toward the river and came to the meeting place. Girls carrying water and firewood on their heads were silhouetted against the sky, and we heard the voices of children playing and people giving their traditional greetings. It was a happy, exciting scene and the Manicaland Gospel Meeting was off to a good beginning. I sat down with the women in their enclosure. They were surrounded by a makeshift fence of poles and old grain bags. It was not as picturesque as the traditional thatch grass enclosure, but sadly, the communal lands are being overgrazed and thatch grass is scarce. Trees have been cut and during the long sermons throughout the day, we followed the shade, moving our benches and mats to the shade of small trees. I should have taken my umbrella. The women tried to get me to sleep on the ground underneath the stars with them. I was tempted until someone said a snake had been caught underneath a blanket. I slept in the front of the truck! An ancient old mountain seems to be looking down over the river and sure enough, the name of the mountain is Chiringa Odzi, which means, "looking down on the Odzi River."

I taught twenty-two children here at the house last Thursday. Holiday times bring visitors and take away regulars, but I felt it worthwhile to continue the class . . . perhaps the seed sown will bear fruit in the future. Yesterday I taught fourteen preschool children. Nearly all were from a foster home near the church building. The foster mother keeps welfare children, and even though she is a Catholic, she sends the children to class some of the time, always

dressed up and looking smart. They are all shades of color. One especially sweet child appears to be Asian, with big brown eyes, long lashes and great excitement about singing and learning Bible stories.

From Loy:

Charles Msosa and I traveled some four hours northwest of here to visit the field camps at Magunje and Nyashonja. All are well and busy teaching, and the Lord has blessed the work with eighteen baptisms. Brother Chiziwe had to move his tent at Magunje as it was too near an old ant hill and a cobra came into his tent. Cobras like old ant hills for homes. It was hot there and we did a lot of walking, but people are hungry for the gospel. We got home just before 8 p.m. Last week I visited the two camps at Mupudzi and Nyanyadzi. It was windy and hot and I did not sleep too well at Nyanyadzi because I had to open the windows of the truck canopy and the mosquitos came. God has blessed those two camps with thirty-two baptisms.

We are helping to construct a house for Brother Chikafa in Kotwa. The cost of cement has doubled since last year and often it is not available. The church at Maruru is molding bricks for a church building.

October:

The best thing about a trip, however delightful, is returning home. I am listening to a Gayle Napier tape while working, reviewing some of his good points at the SABS lectureship. We took Errol Williams with us and arrived two days early to arrange for the importation of two trucks for preachers. Sunday lectures started with Loy leading singing. Dr. Des Stumph began the Bible class period by announcing that he had baptized two people en route from Cape Town. He and his converts sat in the front row of each meeting and his enthusiasm was projected to them.

We stayed with Lois and Melville Sheasby, old friends formerly from Zimbabwe. Loy and I each gave lessons at the lectureship. Loy, Errol and I drove trucks home, or we intended to get home, but one truck developed a problem and had to be left in Pietersburg.

Loy and I returned for it the following month. We seem to spend a lot of time finding transportation for the Lord's workers. Dave Meikle bought a new car here this month — his name had been on the waiting list for eleven years! Most dealers do not bother to add one's name to the list anymore.

We helped with a gospel meeting in Triangle and slept at the "club" — much better than the truck.

The houses look squalid to the western eye until put into their perspective. People have houses, abundant water, maize, bananas and paw-paws growing around them. They live in a paradise of green velvet slopes, acacia trees and majestic eucalyptus and pine trees towering in groves. Yes, it was our day to visit the brothers and sisters in the Nyanga tea and coffee estates. As always, we were greeted with great excitement and singing, the worship was lively and we were served with thick slabs of buttered bread and sweet milky tea. This was enough to ruin my diet, but then they brought in sadza, relish, chicken and eggs! It was a sacrifice for them, I am sure, and we and our companions felt loved and appreciated.

Saturday was another full day, as Loy and I journeyed to Marondera for the Nhowe Annual General Meeting and I stopped in Rusape for a ladies' day. They had five lessons, one given by me, and lots of exuberant singing.

Loy reports the vital statistics, but I was fascinated by some of the behind-the-scenes incidents reported by the students on the field program. Two places seemed to be plagued by ancestor worship, witchcraft, atheism, and spirit possession, according to several men. Violence was also recorded — "a man became angry with his ex-wife and went to kill her. He wired up the hut, poured petrol on the thatch and set it alight, only to discover that his wife was away and a woman and three children were inside, all killed." "One man axed his girlfriend because she exterminated their love affair!" "We had many opportunities to speak and do good at funerals." "At one house where we knocked, the woman repeatedly said, Come in! while her husband repeatedly said, Go away! We were found speechless." "A bus near our camp hit and killed a goat, which gave forth twin kids. It was a cruel sight. Drivers must have respect for animals on the road!" "I awoke to feel my feet higher than my head and discovered that the moles had mounted up underneath our tent!"



Mashayamvura building damaged during the war, now rebuilt.

From Loy in November:

I have picked up some tracts, another 10,000. We print about 30,000 each month and they are being used all over Zimbabwe. Every day we receive requests for more tracts and requests to be enrolled in the Bible correspondence course. Charles Musosa does this

work. Witness Gomwe is kept busy calling on World Bible School students. We were able to get new tires for his motorcycle recently.

We have assisted several churches with help on their meeting houses. The building at Mashayamvura is nearly completed now. Brethren at Tandi are working on the roof, and we hope to get the house for Brother Chikafa at Kotwa completed before the heavy rains come. We have also received numerous boxes of used clothing and find them very useful when we visit the various churches.

Donna:

We have Gavin and Linda staying with us while he looks for employment . . . Lorraine and Derrek Free have been visiting with us from South Africa. We have called on our former neighbor, Carol Morgan, a young mother dying of cancer . . . Loy is speaking on "Strong Families Make Strong Churches" during the refresher course at the Bible School.

Loy and I are celebrating our birthdays together this week. Marcia's "I Remember When . . ." is beautiful and tells something of her upbringing and life in Africa . . . Wayne and Sherri Williams spent the night with us while their little sister was in hospital and

Wendy was caring for her. They are sweet children, well mannered and considerate. They folded tracts — Wayne likes helping Uncle Loy with that and even took some home to fold.

Sherri asked me why we do not have any children. I showed her pictures of our children and told her that Uncle Stanley is one of my children. She looked at me as if to say, "He isn't a child!" Tammy, the little one, knows that I have mints in my bag for coughs, so she comes to sit with me at church and "coughs."

December:

Stanley phoned this morning to tell us that Tracy Diane arrived weighing 9 pounds and 3 ounces. Marjie and daughter are fine. We thank God for her safe arrival. We now have two granddaughters and three grandsons.

Tiri kuchema nhasi uno — we are crying today. A dear friend died Tuesday. Mai Mubvumbi was here when we came in 1965 and has been a leader among the women. She was a student at Nhowe in the 40's. Four of her classmates were at the funeral. Mpondi, Mrewanhema and Mai Tandi are ones we know well. They stood up at the funeral and we "charter members" were asked to stand, also. Mai Mubvumbi came to our house when we moved here, helped me to clean and sat down for a cup of tea, rejoicing with me in having a house finer than she would ever dream of having. I miss her! We estimated that five to six hundred people came to the funeral yesterday, some standing outside in the rain. We had gone to the house to *chema* with the family Tuesday night. The women had bought material and were preparing to make her a dress, white with a veil and, they did that and dressed her before the funeral. She was 57. We have wept with her in her sorrows, but she was a happy, singing woman and could deliver a lesson to the women that was forceful and very dramatic. Many times she returned from weekend meetings, voiceless from singing. I taught her to sing "Rejoice in the Lord" and she loved to sing it.

Rob Thomson of Harare is holding a gospel meeting here this week. His lessons are very good and we like to hear his Scottish speech. He sits on a high chair behind the pulpit now because of arthritis.

1990**January:**

Happy New Year to all of you! We arrived safely in the U. S. A. on the night of the 11th of December. Our flights were good except that we were eight hours late, having landed in Stuttgart, Germany, and ridden a bus to Frankfurt. The Air Zimbabwe plane could not land in Frankfurt because of fog. Our children were beginning to panic because the airlines had no information for them. Germany was rather unsettled at that time, and they began to imagine all sorts of possibilities (Germany's uncertainty at that time became the great celebration of the fall of the Berlin wall, and we were in the States when some of the jubilation was reported on the news media. Doors were being opened to more preaching of the gospel; it was a thrilling time.)

After visits with family and meeting with churches helping us and others in the Zimbabwe work, we eventually got to Lawrence, Kansas, to attend the Mitchell Family Reunion, our purpose for being there. We had a reunion with my family as well. It was a time to rejoice.

Before leaving Mutare, we had gone through final exams, graduation at Mutare Bible School, the Refresher Course and numerous other hectic events. School would open soon after our return, and we looked forward to the new year. Loy held a gospel meeting at Beaver once again, and I spent some time alone with Mother while he traveled elsewhere. Folk everywhere treated us as their loved ones, and we were uplifted as we were otherwise uplifted in the great jet plane leaving Dallas-Fort Worth. How beautiful Zimbabwe looked as we came home; there had been good rains. Soon after we arrived, we helped in the lectureship at Avondale in Harare with nearly 300 people present on Sunday. Three were baptized!

In February, I attended a women's retreat in South Africa and was one of the speakers. The theme was Love, with the Valentine symbols and motifs. Some of the speakers were Beth Reese, Marge Massey, Val Basson, Milly Watson, Martha Dickson and Kelly Dyess. What a wonderful time we had! I shared a room with Jo Ann Wright, a former Mutare girl, and we reminisced about many happy times. Donna Horne was unable to come because of the

arrival of a Valentine — a granddaughter born to Lisa and Des Steyn.

There was great jubilation in this country when Nelson Mandela was released. When we went to South Africa we found that blacks were also happy and most white Christians were pleased. However, others are most upset and feel that they are doomed. We pray that peace will come to South Africa and a war will not ensue as it did in this country. It is good to see pictures of Mandela with his family. Yesterday's paper had a sweet picture of him holding a grandchild.

My uncle, LeRoy Davis, is dead. He performed our wedding ceremony, was one of O.C.C.'s first students and preached in several states.

March:

Tom and Johnny Ann Wacaster were here for a gospel meeting. Tom also taught two hours each day at the Bible school on personal work. I was having a bout with an inner ear imbalance, and Johnny Ann helped me to go to the doctor and several other places while I was unable to drive. I managed to attend meetings with people leading me about. It was good to eventually returned to normal.

Our children are keeping in touch, and we were very happy to hear that Bobby and Nancy were making plans to return to preach here. William's wife, Karen, completed her law degree and they started plans to move to Texas A & M University where he would work on another degree. Marcia and Lee are very active in teaching and are expecting their second child. Stanley, Marjie and their Tracy are well. We received delightful photos of the little redhead, Tracy.

March 13:

Ihave typed the bulletin and will soon go to classes in Idangamvura. The second year men are having a debate on the pros and cons of lobola this week. This was a good effort in last year's class and should be the same this year, being a subject close to their hearts.

Mother phoned yesterday morning at 1 a.m. She was confused about the time difference. She was feeling rather alarmed as she watched flood waters come close to the property, and she also was

thinking of Daddy's leaving us one year ago. It has been a long year for her, and she has lost other relatives as well.

I was given a note at the school in which were the following words: "Thank you for the help during the English course. I managed to pass my English 'O' Level examination and Commerce which I sat for last year. Thank you. Trust." Well, I do not take credit because he is a very clever young man, but it made me feel that I was of some use. He is the brother to Valapi Mlangeni who now works for ZBC. Brother Mlangeni was also an excellent student, sent to us by Leonard Bailey in Bulawayo, and he taught at the Bible School for several years. We often see him on television reading the news in three languages.

We made another trip to South Africa for a truck for a preacher. Now we will need to buy tires on the next trip. I had a puncture (flat tire) on the road between Beit Bridge and Masvingo. The tire was ruined, so we are using some old tires from the last car. They are too small but they work. When I stopped for the puncture, a young man came from a village to help. We got out the spare before Loy arrived (he was traveling ahead of me that time). I gave the young man our name and a tract. We received a letter and Bible correspondence lesson recently in which he wrote a very flattering note about finding "white people who would talk with him and show him love by leading him to the Lord."

We are not seeing much news this month but are hearing many political speeches made by the ruling party. The media allows a few seconds on television for the opposition party to speak, but most of the news is dominated by President Mugabe's campaign stops throughout the country. Also, in the rush to welcome Mandela here for a visit, the president suddenly announced that Monday was a public holiday to honor Mandela. Schools and businesses lost time and money because they had not planned for such a holiday. The ruling party predicts a landslide victory and a one-party mandate soon to follow.

It is another sad day for us. Norman Madhani died on Monday. He and Daisy came to Nhowe soon after their marriage in the late 50's, so we have known them for a long time. They left Nhowe to work with the church in the Rusape area and did a good work there.

Sunday after worship at Sakubva, the women showed quilts that

they had made from scraps sent from overseas. Mai Matangira and I were asked to judge them! It was not an easy task.

April:

Last week I sent a Bible and some correspondence lessons to Moses Chirubvu, and he sent me a thank you letter which arrived yesterday. I am quoting part of his letter. "Thanks for yours which shocked the pillars of my mind. I climbed the produce of luxury after seeing the Bible and lessons. I nearly jumped the jupiter but the jealous force of gravity pulled me back."

April 30:

We have "family" with us — Roy and Jaxie Palmer are here. They spent a week with Dick and Sharon Boyd in Kenya before arriving here just in time to help us celebrate our anniversary in Chimanimani Mountains. We spent two nights there and returned here in time for the Bible Correspondence Course lectureship. It was a meeting of students in the area taking World Bible School and our local courses. There were three lectures and registration for weekly studies. Six people were baptized. To God be the glory!

Yesterday, we met at 7th Avenue and then drove to Maruru for worship. Out there they were meeting underneath a tree. They have bricks made and stones stacked for the foundation for a building. Loy told them we would try to help them with the more expensive materials, i.e., roofing and windows. We were blessed with rain during the worship and we moved closer underneath a tree, a good demonstration that they need shelter sometimes.

We hear some interesting illustrations in the preachers' lessons. Saturday Charles Musosa's lesson was about "Rightly Dividing the Word of God." He taught that the old law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. He said it was like his marriage (very recent) — two women brought his wife to him after the traditional ceremonies were completed, but he did not have to marry the other two women.

May:

It has been a full month. The Palmers went with us to the Mashonaland Gospel Meeting at Goromonzi where they saw lots

of old friends. They also went one Sunday with us to Chinyamananza and went with Loy to attend the first nights of his gospel meeting at Nhowe. I stayed behind to teach Loy's scripture classes at Hillcrest, ladies at Sakubva, children on Friday, as well as the Mutare Bible School Courses.

Saturday, I attended the monthly women's fellowship at Sakubva and tried to slip away at 1 o'clock, but Mai Nchena stopped me to say I must stay for lunch because they had prepared something special for me. I was given an abundance of relish, plus a coleslaw, the latter being the "something special." It was very thoughtful.

Many prayers went up in English and Shona last week when Marcia phoned to say that she had an accident and was being treated to prevent miscarriage.

We are visiting Jackie Meikle nearly every day. He is at home and Joan cares for him lovingly, but it is very trying for both of them. Joan gave us a bag of "reject" strawberries, still lovely even if not good enough for export. She also has been giving us guavadillas (a guava and granadilla cross).



Dinner on the ground at Katerere, 1988.

June:

Sunday started very early for us, as it was our day to go to Skaterera to meet with the church that Todd Nyandoro Mazambani works with. We picked up the Stima family and the Penakuah family, giving us a load of fifteen people, and headed for the hills, i.e., the beautiful Nyanga Mountains. We drove quite high to Troutbeck and then began the descent into a very rugged and isolated country, finally leaving the tarred road and going on to a dirt track. As we passed the Regina Catholic Mission, I thought of the dedication of those missionaries who founded the school and hospital some years back when even the dirt track may not have been cut yet. We proceeded on to Elim Mission where Pentecostal missionaries finally evacuated during the war, thinking they were moving to relative safety in the Vumba, only to be massacred there! So there was a lot to think about as we finally arrived and walked to the big rock where Christians assembled and were singing. We sat down on the rock and they came around to greet us, continuing their singing. The "guest speaker" was introduced and called the "murume murefu" or tall man, but they sometimes say "murume mupfupi," meaning short man, and think it is a great joke.

After the meeting, the young people wanted to sing for us and they sang quite a number of lovely songs with interesting vocal sounds — they would have given the A Capella group competition. One good lady was so inspired that she got up and danced (before the Lord?!). It was in good taste, I suppose, for she did lots of bowing, stepping and ululating, not the hip swinging, abdomen shaking kind that is called traditional dancing here. When it was announced that we had brought boxes of used clothing, another woman did the traditional thanksgiving yell and footwork. Then we were fed sadza, relish, meat and rice — actually, the meat and rice were for the guests only. We sat in small groups and ate with fingers from a common bowl. The food had been cooked at the opposite end of the big rock.

Walking back to the truck, we were invited into the house of Stima's parents where we sat around the hut in the smoke and joined the traditional greetings. Then the daughter-in-law and grandchildren dropped down on the mat beside the old grandmother and

affectionate greetings were exchanged. Going back up the mountain, we stopped to meet the family of Mai Stima and sat in another smoke-filled hut to pray with her brother who had broken his leg when he stepped into a pit.

We were up again early Monday to start the trip to South Africa to fetch the truck for the church in town. We got all the paperwork, footwork and shopping for supplies for others done by midday Wednesday and drove to Kempton Park to get the Palmers. They had been staying with John and Beth Reese and had bought two vehicles and some household goods. When we had loaded their things, we left in a caravan of four, stopping in Pretoria to get export permits. Up the road, we stopped at our favorite and cheapest motel where we slept in rondavels under thatch and then got started toward the Limpopo. We spent about two and one half hours at the border post, almost record time, and then drove to Masvingo where we spent the night. What a relief to drive into 3 Alexander Road at about 11:30.

Loy will leave tomorrow afternoon to go to Harare and spend the night in order to meet the plane at 6 a.m. We are eagerly looking forward to the arrival of Dot Wolfe, Clarice and Don Godwin, and Buddy Weaver. Loy will stop in Marondera to preach.

We have learned that nine people were killed by Mozambique Resistance people in Katerera Saturday night, just a few hours before we were there.

Our visitors stayed with us a month. It was a dream come true to have Dot here because we have known her for many years and had hoped she could come someday. We have grown to love the Godwins, too. Buddy's visit was shorter, but we enjoyed having him in town, at the school and in the area churches, and the Godwins spent three days in Marondera working with Jonathan and Sarah Chitendeni. We visited the game park with the visitors and have some good stories to tell about that.

"Let's go, there's an elephant!" Dot and I did not believe old boy-who-cried-wolf Loy when we were taking a walk in the Hwange main camp . . . until I saw the elephant shaking a tree just nearby! We had seen numerous elephants in the game reserve and watched a gleeful performance of one taking a mud bath. But at night in the camp we never see big game, only a few warthogs or



A rhino with guinea fowl, Mutema Game Park, 1989.

buck. But this fellow had been visiting the camp from time to time and had broken down the fence several times. One does not want to get that close to an elephant — farmers in the Kariba area have recently been trampled to death when they disturbed a big jumbo. The next night, as Dot and I prepared for bed in our little thatched hut, we kept hearing something outside, rather high . . . you guessed it, it was our elephant again, and he was shaking the tree just behind our hut. We did not realize it until next morning when we saw that he had broken down another fence and left his spore along the trail. That gave us our excitement for the trip. When we went on to Victoria Falls, we renewed our fascination at the grandeur there; and as usual, I cautioned everyone about falling over the cliff, only to be mocked. When we returned home, Clarice's mother phoned from Texas to say she had heard that an Abilene boy did fall off the falls cliff only one day after our visit. We later learned that it was not our falls but another in Swaziland.

July:

The day has come for Dot and the Godwins to leave. We will take them to Harare to meet the plane and stay overnight there.

We have to return to Mutare to preach and teach on Sunday and then return to Harare Monday to pick up Gerry Johnson from Abilene. On Wednesday, Richard Chowning is due to arrive to go with Gerry into Mozambique on a survey tour.

Good news! The Palmers will soon live just around the corner from us on Montgomery Avenue. It will be like old times. We thank God for the house, for it is almost impossible to rent or buy houses now.

Twenty-eight souls were baptized into Christ on the 21st in Harare. The brethren worked many weeks preparing for this one-day effort to invite Bible correspondence course students to come to the meeting for one day. Other conversions we know of were at Nyashonja, 8; Honde, 7; Mpudzi, 1; Mupeti, 2; Sakubva, 2.

On Monday, nine pickups were used to take the Bible students for ten weeks work in the villages.

Rachel Lee Redd arrived in this world on the 25th of July. She weighed seven pounds and one ounce. We talked to Marcia and Lee when they were in the recovery room and we also got to hear from our youngest granddaughter, though it was difficult to understand her language.

Gerry Johnson and Richard Chowning have come and gone, and we pray that their report will aid them in planning to send the gospel into Mozambique. While there, they "hitchhiked" on a dried fish plane in order to get to Nampula. It was an old Dakota plane, and they sat on bags of fish. They had hardly left when John Little and Ray Ferguson arrived to encourage us and the Bible School. All of these visitors encouraged us.

Jackie Meikle died on the 2nd of August. His funeral was at the graveside in the old pioneer cemetery at Penhalonga, with pine trees rustling in the breeze and the sound of the mine, in which he had worked, in the background. Loy gave the main lesson and Errol led the singing and spoke briefly. We returned to town where we had tea with friends of the family and his nephew gave a tribute to Jackie. We miss him — he was our "church patriarch" at 7th Avenue.

In September, 1990, I went to the states to be with family for five weeks. Loy and I do not like separations, but we felt that I espe-

cially needed to be with Mother for awhile. I spent some days there with my brothers, sisters and friends coming to visit with me. It was a good time and a time to love and appreciate the closeness of our family. I also spent time with the children, especially giving little Rachel Lee Redd a proper welcome. More happy memories were made, but one of the happiest was disembarking the plane in Harare and seeing my beloved tall man waiting for me on the observation platform.

November, 1990.

Dark Africa. I thought of that expression as we drove to Chipinda Village after dark Friday. We grow accustomed to the lights of town and forget how dark the nights are for the majority of the people of this land. Our headlights picked up huts as we drove along with a few having the flicker of a candle or a cooking fire. When we arrived at Chipinda, we were greeted by Maramba, the young Bible School graduate there. He is supported by three African Christians and is given an "Elisha room" by a Christian couple, the Mpondes.



Geza mazoka, washing hands, before a meal.

People began to walk into the village from other villages, yes, in the darkness. I believe their eyes are better adjusted to darkness than mine are. We gathered for worship and an old man came in with a lantern. He is a fortunate one who has a job in town and spends weekends and holidays there. As always, we were treated with the greatest courtesy.

On Saturday, we went to Majasi Village (majasi means big coat) where we met in a room all swept and ready for us. The women were seated on bamboo reed mats, the children were clean and vase-line-polished in the other side of the room on the bare floor and the men were seated on chairs collected from the neighborhood. Songs were sung with great joy, everyone participating. When we finally left, we were given two dollars for cokes. Back at the village we ate rice, sadza and chicken and then left again for a meeting in the school building at Murondongwe. Another meeting was held in the evening. We finally slept in the truck, dusty and tired. On Sunday morning we got up, read our Bibles and then girls brought pails of murky water from the well some distance away, heated it and carried it to the latrines for our wash (*kugeza*). The three young preachers walked down to the river for their bath with Maramba finally emerging looking like a majordomo in a five-star-hotel in his shiny dinner jacket (tuxedo) and black bow tie. No doubt he had purchased his finery from a used clothing shop especially for his marriage arrangements. (He had begun to buy the list of requirements demanded by his future in-laws, and early in December he will go to the house next door and send his mediator to the girl's parents to request their daughter's hand in marriage and present the lobola. Should he go directly to the parents-in-law, he would be fined as much as \$500 — inflation has hit every phase of life.)

Sunday morning, I observed the traditions still practiced very religiously in village life. An old man arrived before worship and was given a stool and seated underneath a tree. Soon two women who had been cooking for Maramba came, walked about six feet from the old man, knelt in the sand and began their hand-clapping and traditional greeting ritual. They are so respectful of age . . . and that reminds me that at a funeral yesterday, I was told to sit with the other mbuyas or old women on the ground near the family. It makes me feel as though they look upon me as one of them when they do

that kind of thing.

The funeral was for the five-month-old daughter of Karikogas. People came from as far away as Nyanga and Marondera to mourn with the family. We walked, singing, down to the grave. There was a long row of freshly dug little graves, as babies are all buried in the same area, rather close together. The men dug to make the grave a little longer and Karikoga stood in it to line the hole with a reed mat, cut after which he placed the little box inside and covered it with a blanket, a small garment and some flowers. He wept as he performed those final tasks. They put stones inside the grave and flattened an overturned basin just over the coffin, perhaps to keep dogs from digging up the body.

Back to Chipinda, which, if you are wondering, is near Murchwa Kraal and within sight of Wuyuwuyu Mountain. An old woman had walked from another village. She is the sister-in-law of Raradza of Wuyuwuyu and was baptized in 1926 by Jack Muzirwa! It was interesting talking with her. She is a skinny little woman. (We observed that most village women are not fat as are their more prosperous and better fed town sisters. I doubt if they have any cases of bulimia or anorexia!)

Our dear old friend, Lyle Pomeroy, is dead. We have thought and prayed about Thelma these last few days. They were in Zambia and Harare from about 1961 until 1978.

We Shall "Carry On"

“**M**om, are you ‘over the hill’ now?” one of the children asked when we celebrated my fortieth birthday some seventeen years ago. If we were “over the hill,” we are now well over the top and descending the slopes of the “other side.” We may have many years left to work for the Lord in Africa . . . only He knows. Sometimes friends and relatives say, “Why don’t you come home now, and be near your mother and your children and grandchildren?” It is a temptation when put that way; but, we then hear alarming reports of the decrease in the numbers of missionaries sent out by churches of Christ, we look at the “fields white unto harvest” in this land, and we say, “We shall carry on just a few more years.” We

have been blessed with the means to travel to the States more frequently during the past five years, and we have spent quality time with Mother and other loved ones. Now the government refuses to grant us the permanent resident status that we held through 1976, but instead gives us two-year work permits. Each time we apply for a new work permit, we know we may not be able to remain here, but at this stage, the complicated steps of acquiring the permit continues to produce the desired results. Perhaps that could be understood as an open door . . .

A friend read some of this manuscript recently and commented that I had dealt very diplomatically with a few unpleasant incidents. I suppose that was my intention because I did not want to hurt or embarrass anyone. In any case, they were not my stories to tell. Suffice it to say, I must add that we did have a few scandals and some very awkward situations. There have been cases of adultery among missionaries as well as national leaders, and no doubt there will be others because of the nature of mankind and the work of Satan. There have been a few incidents involving dishonesty, and I think of one in particular that caused many sleepless hours for my husband, not to mention a sizeable weight loss. A few times we have been severely criticized, and that is not easy to endure. A few missionaries had psychological problems and never should have come to this land. These are very rare and isolated incidents. I mention them only to allow my reader to recognize that missionaries are human and have human weaknesses and temptations like those of anyone else. In fact, some may be more sorely tempted because of loneliness and frustration in a foreign culture. We have personally had our discouraging days, with tears and depression; but, all told, we believe that we have managed well, with the help of the Lord and one another. We thank God for older missionaries and local Christians who have been mature enough to help us along the way. Not all young or older missionaries have enjoyed this blessing.

"There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under heaven; a time to be born and a time to die, a time to plant and a time to uproot, a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to tear down and a time to build, a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance, a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them, a time to embrace and a time to refrain, a time to search

Acknowledgements

I wish to thank those friends and family members who have encouraged me to write about our lives in Africa for our descendants and others who might profit by reading of our experiences. I could not have done it without Loy's exhortations to write, and his records, which are more accurate than mine. He has read the manuscript, as well as our children and Roy and Jaxie Palmer, offering suggestions and corrections where necessary. I would especially like to thank our son-in-law, Bobby Wheat, who painstakingly put the manuscript on computer and helped me to proofread and prepare it for printing. God is good to us and blesses us so very abundantly!



Our 1957 passport photograph.



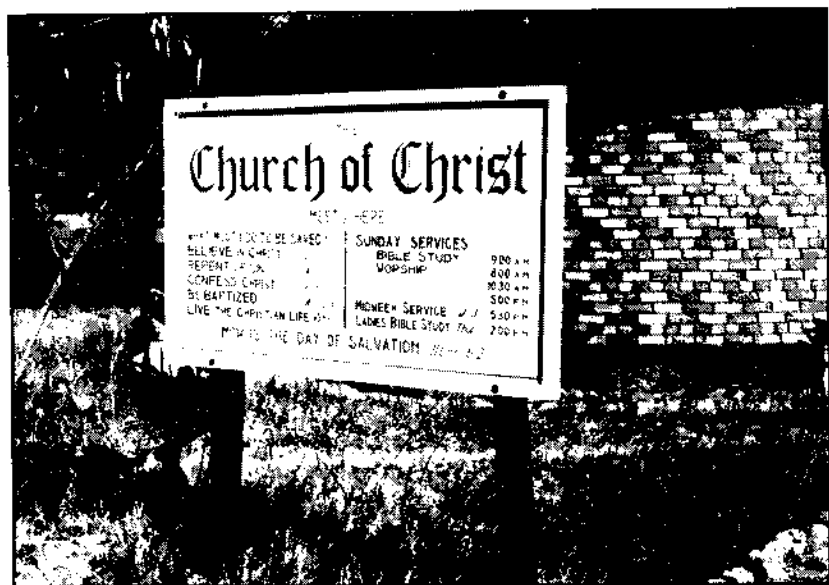
Ready for camp meeting 1959.



Camp meeting 1959, Donna, Nancy, Stanley.



Stanley Mitchell, Chuck Palmer, Nhowe, May, 1959.



Sign at old church building at Nhowe, 1959.



Loy and Donna with Stanley and Nancy, Nhowe Mission, 1959.



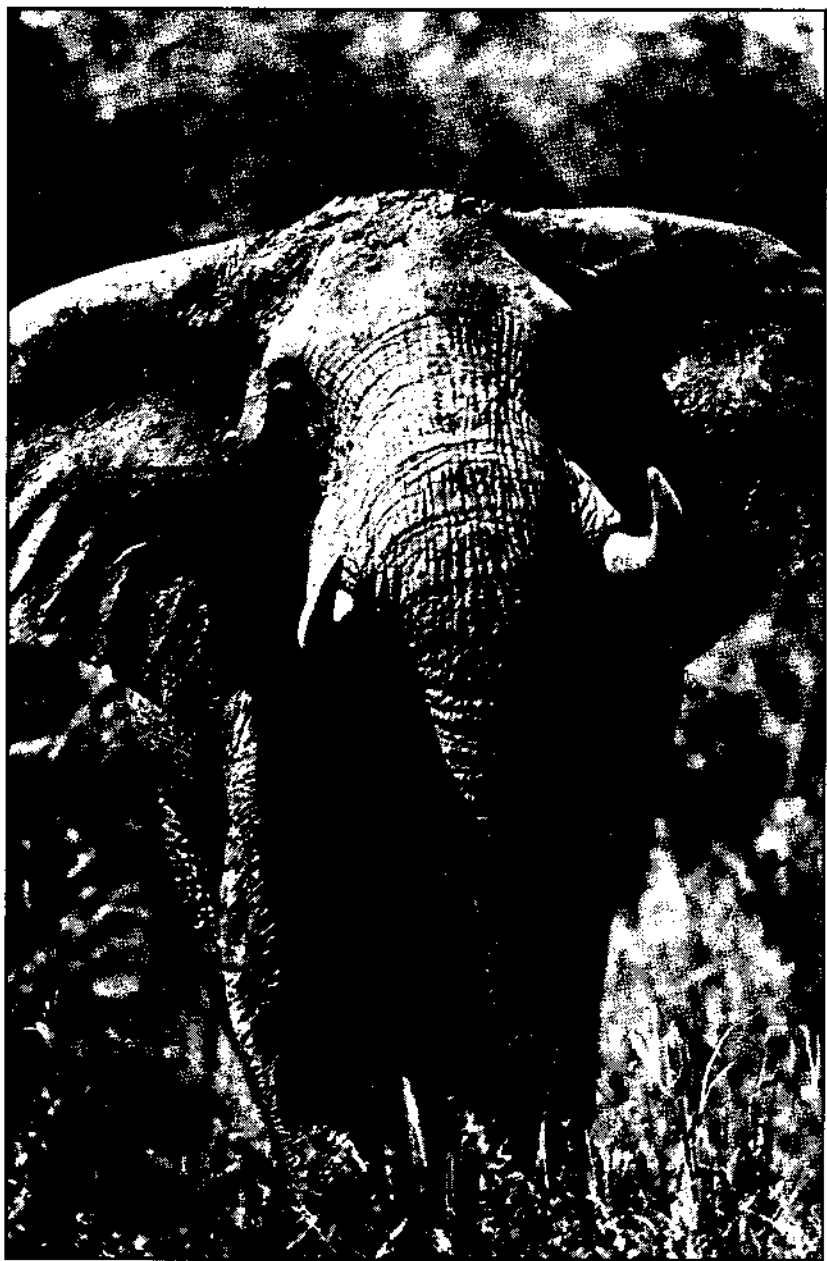
Body of Alex Claassen being carried to Nhowe church building, 1962.



Baobab Tree.



Loy, Donna, Nancy, Marcia, Stanley in Rotan, Texas 1962-1964.



Bull Elephant, Zimbabwe.



Camel Rock near Harare.



Loy, Ross Taylor, with church leaders, 1968.



Dodo and Tom Brown, Mutara, 1968.



Mark and Rose Marie Legg, Michelle, and Ronda, 1968.



J.C. and Joyce Shewmaker, Namwianga Mission, 1968.



Doyle and Louise Gilliam



Helen Pearl, Dow and Georgia Merritt, Namwianga Misson, 1968.



Rita and John Hanson, John, Jayne, and Julie, 1969.



Giraffe drinking, Zimbabwe.



Verna and Alan Hadfield family, 1969.



Thelma and Lyle Pomeroy, 1970's.



Great Zimbabwe, conical tower.



Betty and Rhinard Troup, Ellis, John, and Lisa, 1970.



Nancy, Stanley, Marcia ready for school, 1970.



Roy and Jaxie Palmer, Chuckie, Philip, and Rick, 1973.



Sarah and Jonathan Chitendini, Tsitsi, and Maxwell, 1976.



Errol and Wendy Williams, Wayne, Sherri, Tammy in Mutare, 1976.



Lloyd and Gen Gifford, 1981.



Loy, Nancy, Bobby, Betty Wheat at A.C.U., 1981.



The New Birth.



Roy and Jaxie Palmer, Donna and Loy Mitchell, J.C. Choate, 1986.



William (right) with Scott Strother and Brother Banza, 1986.



Church meeting at Dunmow Farm.



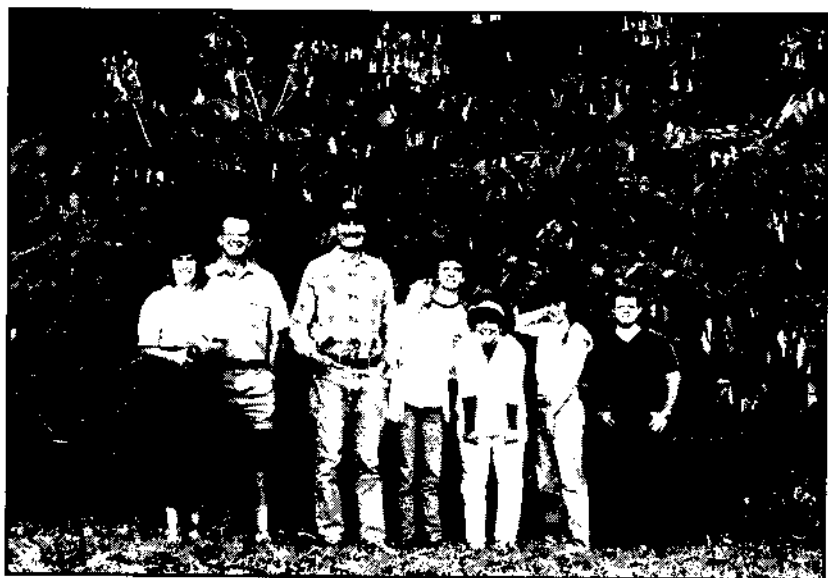
Marjie and Stanley at home in Mutare, 1987.



Male lion and cubs, Zimbabwe.



Shopping at the mall?
Roadside crafts.



Jim and Debbie French, Loy, and O.C.C. group, 1987.



David Pratt teaching students at New Horizons School, O.C.C. campaign, 1987.



Stanley with some people he baptized, 1987.



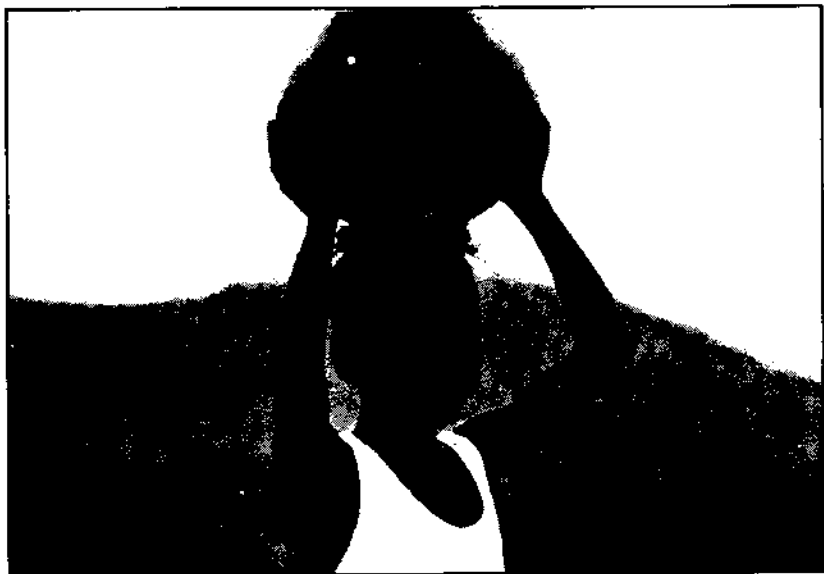
Clayton and Ina Waller, former missionaries to Zimbabwe, meeting with O.C.C. campaign group, U.S.A.



Loy and Donna, World's view, 1988.



Karen and William, 1988.



Child carrying pot, Zimbabwe.



Friday Bible class, 1988.



Jim and Kay Petty, David, Lisa, Donise and Linda.



Don and Jean Lambert, Laura and Ben (Jean lived with us for several years).



Tracy and Stanley Mitchell, 1991 after Stanley received his Master of Dininity.



Matthew Redd, Chris Wheat, Ian Wheat; seated: Stefanie Wheat holding Rachel Redd.



Donna and Loy Mitchell, 1994.



The Mambondiani church meets on a rock, 1990.



Mambondiani Church, 1990.



Lee and Marcia Redd with Matthew, 1990.



Mutangadura, wife and two sons, 1991. One of the early graduates of the Bible school who continues to preach.



Main Falls from Rain Forest, Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe.



Statue of David Livingstone at Victoria Falls, 1991. (Shannon Houtrouw standing in front of the statue.)