

THREE AFRICAN DRUMS

By
JOE FRED WATSON
in collaboration with
POLLY WATSON

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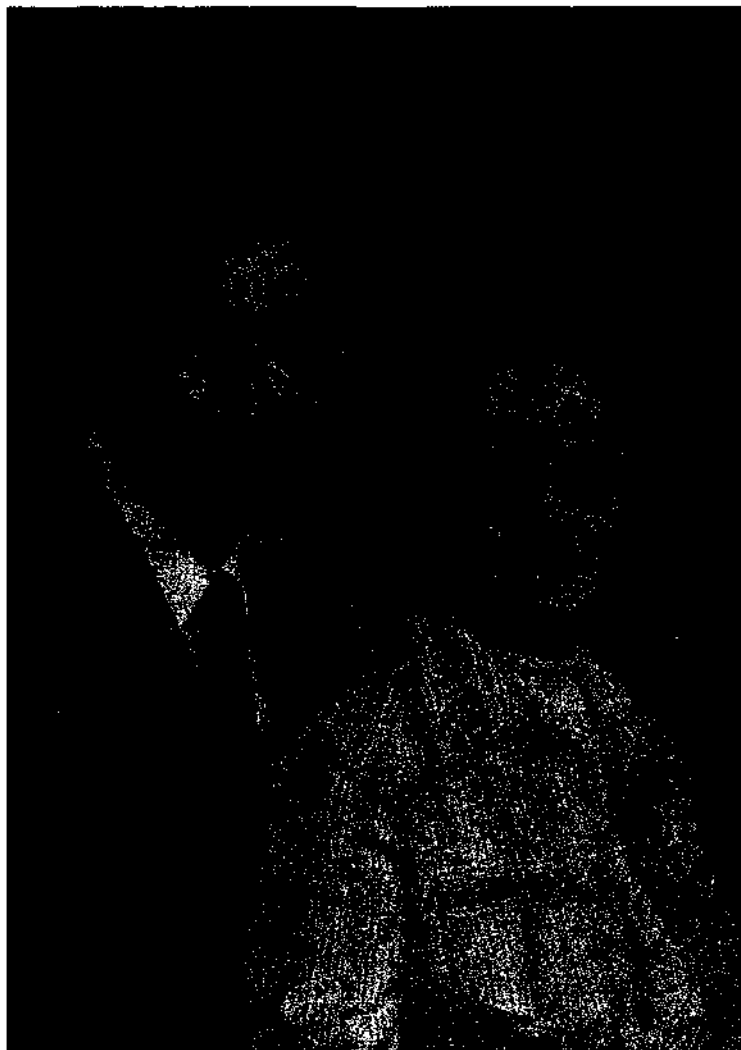
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Joe Fred Watson and (wife) Polly Lou Watson

Dedicated to

*William Joseph Watson,
Glenda
and children:
Bradley, John, and Kathryn*

(I Samuel 30:24)



THE PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

After we had printed two books on the work in Africa, brother Joe Watson wrote, "I have recently read Bessie Hardin Chenault's book (in fact, Bessie called me about some of the information she needed and has in the book, while she was writing it). I have just now finished Donna Horne's book. Both of these were published by you."

Brother Watson continued, "Your article, 'The Missionary's Story,' on the back flyleaf of the dust jacket of Donna's book, interests me. I have a story to tell, and will tell it if you will publish it." He also informed me that he had cancer of the bone, that he was 74, and "if our story is to be told by me, perhaps it should be soon." I wrote back that if he would write it that I would publish it, and so he began to write.

In that introductory letter, brother Watson also told me that he was the man who had initially contacted Aziz Amri (from Afghanistan) who was attending the University at Stillwater, Oklahoma at the time. Later, after his return to his home country, brother and sister Bob Stewart were living there, and eventually brother Stewart baptized Aziz and his wife. We, ourselves, came in contact with the Stewarts while we were working in Pakistan, and later during the time we were living in New Delhi, India, brother Aziz Amri and his family spent some time with us as they waited for permission to come to the States to escape death by the invading Russians. I mention all of these things to show you how close our paths had come to brother Watson's in those years, even though we did not meet them.

The Publisher's Statement

Some years after this we did have that opportunity.

Brother Watson went on to say in his letter, "We have worked in South Africa, and in Uganda (while Idi Amin was Dictator there). I was the first Director of the Southern Africa Bible School in Benoni, South Africa, beginning that office in 1972. For health reasons I resigned from being a Stateside representative of Southern Africa Bible School only recently."

This past March while I was visiting in Benoni, South Africa with brother and sister Al Horne, sister Horne told me that they had received word that brother Watson had died of his cancer. I was saddened by this news and I couldn't help but wonder if he had been able to complete his book. It was not until I called my wife in Winona that I learned that he had finished the writing and his son had already mailed it to our home address. I was very happy to receive this information.

I only wish that brother Watson could have lived to see his book in print, but even though he is no longer with us in the flesh, his memory, family, and work live on. And truly he, being dead, yet speaketh through these written words. I am very happy that I can keep my promise to print his book, and I pray that it will do much good.

A special word of thanks to brother W. Joe Watson and sister Ollie Lou Watson for helping to put all of this together for publication.

J. C. Choate
Winona, MS
June 28, 1988

FOREWORD

“ . . . The share of the man who stayed with the supplies is to be the same as that of him who went down to the battle. All will share alike.” (I Samuel 30:24b, NIV)

A reference to the above Scripture, dealing with God-given bounties, follows this book's dedication. The passage and its principle were suggested by Polly for the dedication to our son, his wife, and their children. John Milton, perhaps with the passage in mind, wrote, "They also serve who only stand and wait." But those to whom the book is dedicated neither simply stood nor merely waited. They did "stay with the stuff." We left with them some personal effects and furniture. They supported us in many ways before we went overseas, during our stay there, and afterward. Morally, spiritually, prayerfully, and materially — they still support us. Their home is always open to us. They supplied a new car for our use on our first furlough in the States. Others, too, have received strong support from them.

"I want to be a former missionary," replied young Jason Carley, when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up. No doubt he had heard former missionaries relate interesting experiences. Not long afterward his parents, James and Rita Carley, of Stillwater, Oklahoma, took him and his sister, Andrea, to Africa. For seven months the family worked as a medical/evangelistic team in Cameroon. Jason is now a former missionary. We qualify, too, having spent twenty-one years either "over there" or representing a work on that continent, here in America and elsewhere. We are suited to write this book, telling a story none others

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could tell.

Hindsight helps us to believe more strongly that we were influenced greatly by songs we sang in worship. We sang, "If Jesus goes with me I'll go anywhere." And, "Wherever He leads by His hand divine, I'll go, gladly go." We sang from our hearts. We were taught and admonished by the words (Ephesians 5:19; Colossians 3:16). In hindsight, too, we see that God's hand led us. His hand could have guided others where He led us. He could have led us to other places. We feel as did the poet who wrote, and whose words we also sang, "When I stand upon the mountain, and I view the path I've trod, in the midst of all my wand'ings, I can see the hand of God."

We propose to present our experiences in work overseas as Luke tells us that Paul and Barnabas gave their report to the church in Antioch, from which the Holy Spirit had sent them out. He tells us ". . . they reported all that God had done through them" (Acts 14:27 ASV). Some do not write about their evangelistic activities. Why? Is it for fear others may think they are boasting? But such accounts can give glory to God. And they can cause others to aspire to serve Him, glorifying Him with their lives. They can also increase belief in the providence of God. We pray such will result from the publication of this book.

By no means is this the first report those who sent us will read. But it is for them and for all others who may be interested. The book is being written in the first person. I do not ordinarily use an editorial "we." When I write I, my, or me, it means just that. When the plural pronouns are used they refer to Polly and me, or others as context

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indicates.

I have read about how to write well, and about the elements of style and of grammar. The experts do not agree. Then, too, we live in a changing world, whose writing styles and choices of words vary. Besides, experts say one's writing should be his own. If you, the reader, are expecting something formal, something literary, you have already learned that this is not the case. But I hope and pray your knowing this already will not cause you to lay the book down, leaving it unread. There will be imperfections from many viewpoints. I am not a professional writer. Do not let this stop you. Why not ignore the imperfections? Or at least, let them occupy a less-than- first place in your priorities. There may be something in the book for you.

Some people, I think, do not attend church meetings because they hear preachers and others make grammatical errors, mispronounce words, or use them incorrectly. Or they hear other things that irritate them. I know very intelligent people who dislike hearing one of lesser intelligence speak, publicly or privately. It surely must be trying for people of superior intelligence to put up with people less gifted. Some could never be successful teachers, for they dislike associating with people of scantier knowledge than themselves. I have thought about these things when considering some with whom I have worked. People I know to be superior in both intellect and knowledge, at least in certain important areas. I am grateful they have allowed me to work with them in spite of these differences. I only hope what God helped me do with them has assisted them in their work for Him.

Foreword

Read the book. It may help someone draw closer to God, or assist somebody bring another nearer to Him. To God be the glory for whatever good it may do.

If somebody, anybody, through whatever misuse of the language, stands between you and your getting closer to God, does it not mean he or she may be closer to God than you? It is true in things physical – a person between me and a chair is nearer to it than I am. Polly and I decided long ago not to allow anybody to stand between us and God. We will not forsake the assembly (Hebrews 10:25).

INTRODUCTION

The John C. Watson family of nine moved from Antlers, Oklahoma, to Konawa, Oklahoma, in 1927. There we met other Christians, among them a widow, Pearl Rhodes, and her children. One of these was Ollie Lou, nicknamed Polly. Both she and I were "brought up in the church." I graduated from high school in 1930, she three years later. About three years after her graduation we were married by our minister, J. Sterling Turner. Later he moved to Selma, Alabama, but returned for a gospel meeting. Learning that I had done some preaching, he asked us to move to Demopolis, Alabama, to assist a small "mission point" church. A job with Railway Express awaited me, to help support us. By then our son was in the first grade, and (perhaps all too typical for preachers' children) we moved at midterm.

Later that year my father, on his deathbed in Ada, Oklahoma, said to me, "It looks to me like now that you are over there on the other side of the Mississippi, you could go to school at Freed-Hardeman College." By that time we were being supported by the Central church of Christ in Birmingham, Alabama. I went to Henderson, Tennessee, and attended the 1944 Lectureship at the college. This resulted in my enrolling in the college that Fall, and Polly taking a full-time job in a shirt factory in Henderson. I did some preaching here and there, supplementing our income. Some of my schoolmates became missionaries to various places, including Africa.

When I graduated from Freed-Hardeman, we moved to Fritch, Texas, where I served as minister. While there we

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helped start a new congregation in nearby Sanford, Texas. Bill Lemons, of Sanford, asked me to accompany him to Canyon, Texas, to perform a marriage ceremony for him and Mary Ruth Devin. Her father served as an elder there. In addition to uniting the couple in marriage, we met several Canyon residents. In 1948 we moved there, and I served as minister in that church six years. While there we assisted in starting a Bible Chair at West Texas State College (now University) and in building a new meeting-house for the church. Too, the church sent and supported Alvin Jennings as missionary in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada. Polly and I made trips there, taking our son on one trip. Others went, too, and we gained valuable experience in evangelizing beyond our nation's borders.

We moved in 1954 from Canyon to Silver City, New Mexico, where I ministered to the church. I did further work in New Mexico Western College (now University), earning the BA degree. We helped to establish a church in Cliff, New Mexico. In the work in Silver City and Cliff we were assisted by such men as the late Marvin Fell, by Charlie Tutor, and by their wives. Both of these men became preachers, as did Bill Lemons and Zeb Sailors, of the Fritch church. From the Canyon church Alvin Jennings, Don Stone, Gene Mickey, and perhaps others who were there when we were, also became ministers of the word.

Transitions occur. One man already mentioned has since passed on. Others I shall name have since died, too. But I shall not repeatedly refer to them as "the late" so-and-so, but simply tell of them as they occur in the story. Men

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and women change, some for the better, some for the worse. I shall not relate the changes, for I do not know of them all. Again, I shall simply tell of people as they come into the account here given.

In 1956 we moved to Stillwater, Oklahoma, where for nine years I served as Bible Chair Director at Oklahoma A & M College, now Oklahoma State University. In 1960 both my son and I were awarded Master's degrees from OSU. The rich experiences my family and I had during those years would, for the most part, be out of place in this book.

But there were events that led us toward the mission work. In the Summer of 1965 I was a fellow in the McGarvey Foundation in Abilene Christian University. In August that year Polly and I went with Ivan and Polly Stewart on an evangelistic campaign to Hawaii. Along with us there were fourteen other OSU students or former students, including the wives of some of these. Our group made up about a fourth of the entire company of campaigners. We worked on the island of Oahu only, knocking on doors, setting up Bible studies, teaching. Later that year the Stillwater church sent us to Africa.

drum (drum) n.

1. *a percussion instrument consisting of a hollow cylinder or hemisphere with a membrane stretched tightly over the end or ends played by beating with the hands, sticks, etc.*
2. *the sound produced by beating a drum, or any sound like this. (Other meanings are also listed.)*

- Webster's New World Dictionary

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It is the second meaning given of drum that we use in the book's title, for we mean three drumbeats – the sound of the beatings on three drums.

When I was a child I pulled a rope and rang a bell in the belfry of a little white church building in Antlers, Oklahoma. The sound indicated that it would soon be time for people who met there to assemble. Perhaps most of our readers know it is God's will that all things be done "decently and in order," and that saints are not to forsake the assembly (I Corinthians 14:40; Hebrews 10:25 KJV). For the same reason that a bell may be rung, a drum can be sounded to call people together. Three drums, figuratively, one at a time and years apart, called us to three separate works in Africa.

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THE FIRST DRUM

"Under the Southern Cross"

CHAPTER 1

"MY HELP COMES FROM THE LORD" (Psalm 121:2 NIV)

Still in my memory is the view of the tall, dark man in clerical garb, including backward collar. He pulled on the gold chain, lifting a big watch from his vestment pocket. Looking at it, to his younger "lay reader," he said, "It's time for the first drum." The latter went to a nearby tree and began beating on the drum hanging from one of its branches. The sound told people in the village of Kambuga of the soon coming meeting at the local Church of Uganda's meeting house.

On a Saturday in early 1965 men of the church of Christ in Stillwater, Oklahoma, met in special session. We thought, prayed, and talked about serving the Lord. One group considered "mission work." Being in that group I telephoned Polly, asking, "How about our volunteering as the first 'missionary couple' to be supported by the Stillwater church?" "All right, if that's what you want," she replied. Addressing a women's class later she said there were only two persons for whom she would go to Africa, Jesus and her husband.

But why go to South Africa? I had at first considered Port Moresby, New Guinea. I thought we had no missionary there. But I knew more about the needs in South

Africa. I was more aware of the work of churches of Christ in that country than in any other place in the world, outside of the United States. The reasons for this included the fact that some of my schoolmates at Freed-Hardeman had gone there. They were Don Gardner, Joe McKissick, John Maples and Martelle Petty. I visited with some of them in the States on furlough. Some of them sent me bulletins, gospel papers and newsletters. Enroute to South Africa, the Charlie Tutor family spent a night with us – that was in 1964. Word soon spread there that we would be available.

John Hardin then served the church in Pretoria as minister. He and his family had plans to return to America for awhile. He and the church there asked us to come work with them. I replied that we could not leave just then. We needed to finish the semester in the Bible Chair work. Later, Charlie Tutor, serving two congregations eighty miles apart, mentioned us to the Newton Park church, in Port Elizabeth. The Tutors lived in Grahamstown. The Pickering Street (Newton Park) church had no preacher; Charlie commuted to help them. But he needed to spend more time in his chosen place and with his family. He recommended us and correspondence followed – we agreed to go.

Joe McKissick served then as minister at Webb Chapel Road in Dallas. He and his family had spent years in South Africa. I telephoned Joe, asking about slide pictures I might use in Stillwater. His reply: "Now I know why only yesterday I got those slides out and organized them." He sent the slides, pictures taken in South Africa, and we used them to assist us in telling the brethren about that country. I announced to the congregation that Abe Lincoln and a real,

live woman from Africa would be with us on a given Sunday. ("Abe" is C. W. Lincoln, who had served as missionary in Port Elizabeth. The woman: Valerie Jooste, European woman then attending Pepperdine University.) During the August campaign in Hawaii, halfway around the world from Port Elizabeth, I wrote to inform them we would be there later in the year.

Let none say the Stillwater church does not know how to give a proper send off. Patterned after Ralph Edwards' "This is Your Life" it took place in the spacious foyer of the meeting house. Using maps, globe, toy airplane, some of our activities were highlighted. What we had done that year, particularly in going to Hawaii, was mentioned. Good fellowship, food, a money tree – all these were there. One by one they stood – students, former students, a former secretary, and others – relating experiences involving us. They gave Polly a watch and me a briefcase. Port Elizabeth being shown as our destination, they gave us an unforgettable *bon voyage*. The date – Saturday, November 13, 1965.

The next morning the elders led the congregation in an impressive service, commissioning us to go. Minister Joe D. Schubert referred to the Holy Spirit's part in the Antioch church's sending Barnabas and Saul as missionaries (Acts 13:2). He suggested that perhaps the way it was being done in Stillwater was the Spirit's way of having that church send us out.

That evening Polly and I were with the church in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, where I spoke of our being sent to Africa.

Our first grandchild being born in Dallas on November 12, neither he nor his parents attended our send off in Oklahoma. But Polly and I drove to Richardson, Texas, the 15th. Glenda and the infant Bradley came home from the hospital the 16th. We sold our car. On November 17th I spoke to the Waterview church in Richardson.

We flew to Tulsa, Oklahoma, where Wilson and Daisy Duncan awaited us with their car. We drove to St. Louis, Missouri, and had dinner with the John Barhydts, Jr., former students at OSU. Then we went to Bloomington, Illinois, for overnight in a motel. The next day, Sunday, we arrived in Olympia Fields (a Chicago suburb) in time for Bible study and morning worship. We had lunch with the Roy Edwards, formerly of Stillwater. After another night in a motel we arrived at Pat Akers' place in Islip, Long Island, New York. Bob and Linda Otey were there, too. Pat is the Duncans' daughter - the Oteys are graduates of OSU.

Polly and I spent the nights of November 22 and 24 in the Otey home. The Duncans were with their folks, the Akers family. On the 23rd Polly and I took a train to Manhattan. We visited my brother, John, and went sightseeing with him. We spent that night in the Biltmore Hotel, and saw other sights on Wednesday. That evening I spoke to the West Islip (Bay Shore) church. I told them of our plans for South Africa. The following day being Thanksgiving Day, we returned to Manhattan. My nephew, Jack Lowry, joined us. My brother John took the three of us for the noon meal in a Polish restaurant.

On that occasion and several times afterward, my

brother took us to see some of the sights of New York. We, (sometimes I alone) passed through New York going to Africa or returning from there. He took us to various types of good restaurants, put us up in good hotels, treated us to Broadway plays. Our stopovers there were very enjoyable.

We had seen Stuart Jones and his family on Wednesday night at the church meeting. They had plans to move to Cape Town soon afterward. Stuart said they wanted to be at the airport when we checked in, to see what we did in preparing to leave. They, John Watson, Jack Lowry, the Duncans, Akers, and Oteys saw us off on our ten p. m. flight. We flew from New York the day our first grandchild became two weeks old.

Waymon Miller, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, had spent a few years in South Africa. He suggested that we see a place of interest in Europe on the way. Because of its strong ties with early history of the New Testament church, we chose Athens and its vicinity. The TWA 707 landed first at Rome's Leonardo da Vinci airport, spending an hour there. We landed next at Athens International and were taken to our hotel, the Amalia.

The next day we walked around our part of the city, seeing some very interesting things. I telephoned George Dumas, American preacher of the Glyfada church, asking for directions so we could attend church services the next day. He said he doubted that we could do so. Nobody from the city would be driving out. He would not have time the next morning to come for us. Bus number ten, however, would come by our hotel. If we took it, we would be riding in the right direction. But he could not tell us

where we should get off the bus. (I am giving details here for a reason to appear later.)

Polly and I arose early on Sunday and had the continental breakfast. We crossed the street and got on the number ten bus. Then we rode several miles. At a stop I went to the front of the bus. I told the driver we were looking for a meeting place of the church of Christ in the area. As I wondered whether he had understood, another man came and spoke with him in Greek. The driver then said, "You get off with this man." A few stops farther we did.

We three began walking away – the man said, "I work near a house where a woman sings church songs." We went about two blocks along the street when our guide pointed, saying the woman lives there. Just then a woman emerged from the front door, asking in good American English, "May I help you?" I then told her we were looking for a place to meet with the church of Christ in that area. "Come in and have a cup of coffee – I am going up there in a few minutes. You can see the building from here."

We are convinced that if there are Christians where you go, and you want to worship with them, God will lead you. Chrysanthos Theocharis preached in Greek in the early service we attended. Prior to his conversion he had been training to be a Greek Orthodox priest. There were visitors from Crete. One American preacher had flown over to Biblical Smyrna (in Turkey) to preach that morning. The church of Christ had, only a few days before, received official recognition from the government; before that they

were meeting unlawfully. Some of the Americans took us to the NCO cafeteria on the nearby American Air Base. That evening I preached to the church in Athens (Glyfada). It was my fifty-third birthday.

We met Anthony Roussos at the Sunday service. A retired postal worker, he was also a licensed guide. George Dumas asked him if he would be our guide for the next two days. Consenting, he came to our hotel the next morning. Avoiding the tourist bus, we went to the regular bus station. Taking a bus we crossed the shipping channel to "new" Corinth, hundreds of years old. I was later reminded of the passage of Scripture in Acts 18:1, "After this, Paul left Athens and went to Corinth" (NIV). Exactly what we did.

It was noon when we arrived, and I suggested that we have lunch. Entering a restaurant, we were the first noon patrons. I asked Anthony to order for us, whatever he wanted. After speaking with the manager, he told us we were invited to go into the kitchen and see the food he had cooked. This we did – it was all well prepared. We relished the meal, served family style. Anthony particularly liked the olive oil on the tossed salad. We took another bus to the ruins of the Corinth of the apostle Paul's time. Anthony got us into a locked museum most tourists never see. There we viewed many items having to do with pagan worship. Some of them, resembling body parts, were offered to the god Asclepius, in thanks for the god's supposed help in the healing of those ailing parts. Our guide being a Christian, showed us things of interest to us. He did not merely center our attention on pagan, classical Greece.

The *bema*, judgment seat, still there, is referred to in

Acts 18:12-17. Before this the apostle Paul was accused. The place is clearly marked – we stood where Paul stood. We marveled at the pavement, the baths, and drainage system of ancient Corinth. Atop a hill nearby stood the ruins of a pagan temple, place of temple prostitutes. Just outside the ruins we saw an ancient artesian spring. Nearby, women were baking huge, round loaves of bread in a large, communal, outdoor oven.

Taking the bus to Athens again we were shown several things of great interest that day and the next. A very old Greek Orthodox church, ruins of ancient times here and there in the city. On the Acropolis we saw, as all do, the Parthenon and the other ruins. Nearby we climbed stairs to the area known as Mars Hill (Acts 17:22 KJV). As we stood there, overlooking the *agora*, market, we read aloud in English Paul's sermon spoken there.

Paul, standing so near the architectural perfection of the Parthenon, erected in honor of the goddess Athena, told all his hearers that the God who made the world and all things does not live in temples built by men, nor is He worshipped by men's hands (Acts 17:24, 25). Standing nearby behind us, a Greek listened quietly. When the reading ended, Anthony conversed with him in Greek. Then he explained to us that the man is very sad. He lives in the country, but is in the city because his wife is hospitalized. He said that he did not know those things we had been reading about had taken place there. How sad. To live in Greece and not know of the early days of Christianity. Of course we saw and photographed the large plaque having on it Paul's sermon (Acts 17:22-31).

Our Alitalia flight left Athens at 2:10 a. m., Wednesday, December 1. Soon we had crossed the Mediterranean and were over vast, dark Sahara. Among my thoughts about the "Dark Continent" were some of wondering what would be next. Previously unknown to us would be the scheduled landing at Entebbe, Uganda. Here we got our first look at Lake Victoria, and saw our first tall termite mounds. And here we first put our feet on the soil of Africa.

Later that day we landed at Jan Smuts airport, Johannesburg, South Africa. There we were met by a surprise group of preachers and their wives and some of their children. The men: Eldred Echols, Claude Flynn, Al Horne, Walter Jubber and Lowell Worthington. Following a short visit we were taken to the Turffontein church building where I spoke. We spent the night with the Worthingtons. Next morning, after breakfast at the airport, we were off on a South African Airways 727 to Kimberley for a brief stop. Then to H. F. Verwoerd airport, Port Elizabeth. As our plane flew in over Algoa Bay we viewed memorable sights, among them the many red-tiled roofs, the busy harbor of one of South Africa's principal centers, a city of more than 300,000 inhabitants. Like San Francisco, "PE" is a city by the bay.

We were met by the Charlie Tutor family, of Grahamstown, 80 miles away, and by the Leonard Grays, of East London, 200 miles away. Several members of the Pickering Street church were on hand, as well. The group went to the Uli Steinigers' place for tea, and some of us stayed for lunch. Then the Tutors took us home with them. Leaving Polly in bed with a cold in Grahamstown, I

returned to PE for a *braai* (cook-out) on Saturday. I stayed two nights with the Steinigers, preaching thrice on Sunday. The first sermon was to the Schauder church - they had a service at 8:30 a. m. On Monday I was taken to Grahamstown, to find Polly much improved. Borrowing Charlie Tutor's 1958 Zephyr, Polly and I drove back to PE where we had a reservation at the Felsted Hotel.

"Jungle Oats" being listed on the breakfast menu next morning, I ordered some, only to find it was just plain oatmeal. I learned later that Jungle is like Quaker, only a brand name. Breakfast menus there often list guava juice, passion fruit juice, poached hake or kippered herring, Maltabella (something like Malt o' Meal), savory mince on toast (mince is hamburger). And the old favorites: bacon, link sausage, eggs to order.

Ford, John Deere, General Motors, Goodyear and other American firms had plants in the PE area. We checked in at the American Consulate, as many before us had done.

While in Grahamstown we obtained South African drivers' licenses, without cost. We still have these valid documents. We bought that Zephyr. Both Charlie and Betty were quite concerned about us as we drove off from their place. In America I had been driving a V-8 with automatic transmission. There I sat under the wheel on the car's right side, drove on the left, and shifted gears with my left hand. To make it a little more difficult, the Zephyr was too heavy for its six-cylinder engine. I do not recommend that one waits until he is fifty-three to make such changes. But we made them, and have had little trouble

driving over there in the years since.

*“Blessed is he whose help is the God of Jacob,
whose hope is in the Lord his God.”*

(Psalm 146:5 NIV)



Joe and Polly Watson at send-off at Stillwater, Okla., church, 1965.



Southern Africa map showing South Africa.



Anthony Roussos met us at Amalia Hotel in Athens.

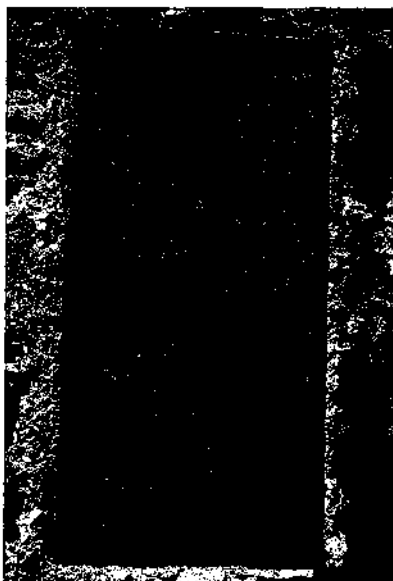


Anthony Roussos and Polly in front of the Acropolis and Parthenon.



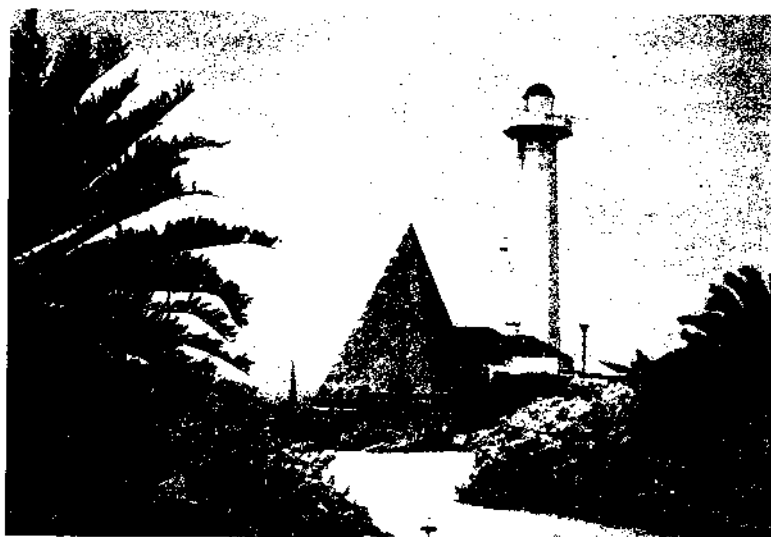
Table decorations at send-off.

Bronze plate on Mars Hill with Paul's sermon on the mount in English.





Harbor at Port Elizabeth.



Donkin Reserve on hill overlooking the harbor in Port Elizabeth.



Felsted Hotel where we stayed.



Main Street of Port Elizabeth looking toward the city hall.



The way colored women carry their babies in South Africa.

Colored women selling flowers on the street.



CHAPTER 2

“WORK OF FAITH” (I Thessalonians 1:3 KJV)

Our first sight of the meeting house at 42 Pickering Street, where I would do most of my preaching told us much needed to be done. But in the first men's meeting I was encouraged – there were no elders; the men, collectively, did the planning, made the decisions. The fact that we had discussions about things needing to be done let me know they were ready to push ahead. We soon went to work outside, cleaning up the place by cutting weeds, mowing and having trash removed.

Polly began teaching a children's class Sunday mornings and another at mid-week. I preached twice on Sundays and taught classes on Sunday mornings and at mid-week.

On Tuesday nights we met with the Schauder church. Its members were of mixed race, called “Coloured.” (British spelling prevails in South Africa). They used a rented hall for all meetings, owning no building. Polly sometimes taught a women's class. I taught the men and sometimes all adults. Those brethren sang with enthusiasm. Matters in general were at a low in the work among the Whites. But by going to Schauder we had our spirits lifted. Participating with them in spirited singing helped us much.

There was no specific room for an office, or “study,”

in the building on Pickering Street. I set up in the "cry room" and thought it appropriate. One mid-week night soon after our arrival we had only twelve people present. Somebody asked, "Where is everybody?" Another replied, "Andy's got 'em all."

There had been a split in the congregation earlier in 1965 over "the issues," as they were called. Some had gone to America for schooling. They returned to teach anti-cooperation concepts, which some could not accept. It was all so pointless, anyway, in that situation. There were no orphan homes, no homes for the aged, no radio or television programs in the country operated by churches of Christ. None was operated by individual members. No congregations were cooperating to support that which did not exist. But "those forbidding brethren" (as Abe Lincoln called them) emphasized their position, making it a test of fellowship, pressing to the point of division. The splinter group began meeting in a rented hall. They bought a sight only about five blocks from the Pickering Street building and erected a "future site" sign. Money from America would finance the project.

They talked no cooperation. But they evidently wanted me to cooperate with them in the form of a written debate. Their church bulletins and a special paper published their teachings. We ignored them and they seemed to smart because of that. Their building erected in 1967 was up for sale in 1970 ("Eastern Province Herald" of Monday, April 20, 1970). They had two preachers, both supported from America. First the American returned home. Then the South African left. As for arguing with

them, I felt that at least the latter part of Nehemiah 6:3 applied. Not long after our arrival I had told Polly, "We'll just see who leaves first, they or we."

Polly and I searched the real estate section of the daily English language newspaper and looked at houses for sale. I recall asking a lady if the fireplace worked well. Her reply was, "I don't know. We've never had a fire in it." Port Elizabeth's climate is quite mild. It is neither as hot nor as cold as it gets in Oklahoma. Seasons are reversed, of course, that being in the Southern Hemisphere. Port Elizabeth is about the same distance from the equator as Marietta, Oklahoma.

Driving downtown we saw Christmas decorations. Another name for it there is Kersfees, "festival of lights." And Santa Claus is "Father Christmas" there. Winter scenery on greeting cards during December holidays seems out of place there, because it is summertime. But they are used, anyway. Most of the ideas contributing to this have surely come from Europe.

We finally rented a flat (apartment). It was the first one finished in a new block of flats. After twelve days in the Felsted we "shifted" (their usual word for a move) to the flat. Our big box of household effects, which had come by sea, was delivered the day we moved in. We borrowed a table and chairs, planning to shop for some after the holidays. We bought a small "fridge," a kitchen range, and a washing machine.

Our advice to missionaries who go to such places is to buy appliances after you get there. Automobiles, too. Nationals with whom you work feel better about you. You

fit in better when you use what they do. Churches in America can supply you with extra cash as easily as they can pay shipping charges. Most cars made in America have left-hand drive. In several overseas countries you need a right-hand drive vehicle. Driving is dangerous otherwise. As for electric appliances, not only is the voltage different in many countries, but also the cycles. Appliances manufactured here need transformers there. But even then, things made for 60-cycles when operated on 50-cycle power do not give maximum performance.

Our beautiful hardwood parquet floors came loose. They had been laid on uncured concrete. It was a nuisance for a time, but the builder relaid them. We had to shift furniture and appliances from room to room for that. But it was all part of "settling in," as British and South Africans say.

We were settling in with the work of the church, too. We enjoyed very much seeing and hearing the children sing before Bible classes on Sunday mornings. Andy Jooste normally led them. (This is not the same man referred to in this chapter's fourth paragraph.) We can still see and hear them as they sang, with gusto, for instance –

“Ek stuur jul om siele te red,
Siele te red, siele to red.
Ek stuur jul om siele te red
As jul my sal volg” (in Afrikaans)

They sang in English, too --

“I will make you fishers of men,
Fishers of men, fishers of men.
I will make you fishers of men,
If you follow me.”

In South Africa both Afrikaans and English are official languages. Some fifteen tribal languages are used as well. But among the Whites, English-speaking children learn Afrikaans in school, and vice versa. Many job requirements include bilingualism.

But people can be speaking English to you without your understanding it. One must learn to listen carefully. You may not realize you speak with an accent. But nationals in other countries detect your brogue, drawl or whatever sounds unusual to them.

Planning to go into a foreign country to evangelize? Prepare for an education. It will help if you learn to be a good listener. And unless you have a good sense of humor you need to cultivate one. When you are greeted with “alles van die beste” no harm is meant. Or when it is time to say good night if you hear “slaap lekker” it is a good wish for you. The first means **all of the best**, the second **sleep well**. Lekker, an Afrikaans term, literally means **sweet**. But the term means other things, too. “Baai lekker kos” means **very good food**. When someone says “Baai dankie,” (sounds like “buy a de ley”) he is not poking fun at your car. He is saying **thank you very much**.

Perhaps we all think some things may never be satisfactorily explained to us. Why in South Africa the word “schedule” is pronounced **shed’-ule** has not been. For

school, scheme, and schooner are pronounced alike, both here and there. Just remember, though, that American English is equally as inconsistent. But when it comes to the alphabet, it seems we are more consistent. We say there are nine letters ending with the "ee" sound, b through z. They have only eight, for the z is pronounced "zed." Now try that ending for some or all of the other eight! Oh, yes, a zebra is a **zeb'-ra** in South Africa.

The accent in South Africa is quite distinct. Of course, as it is in America, they can distinguish between sub-accent from various parts of their country. They are softer with their r's - I refer to the English-speaking person. The way Oklahomans say "car" sounds like **carr** to them. They will likely employ another term, perhaps "motor car," with both r's soft. Instead of saying, "Do you need a ride?" one there would perhaps say, "Do you have transport?" A wrench is a "spanner," a flashlight a "torch." A traffic light is a "robot," and the hood of a car is the "bonnet."

I like the story of the Englishman and the American arguing over the proper word. The first insisted that "boot" is the word, the American said it is "trunk," when speaking of that back part of an automobile. Finally the American said, "Well, we invented the car, and we call it the trunk." The Englishman's turn again. He ended the argument, saying, "We invented the **language**, and we call it the boot."

We say "honk your horn." Over there it is a hooter, not a horn. And the word may sound like "ootah," for some of them leave the initial h silent and soften the final r. A pickup is a "bakkie" and a truck a "lorry." One must listen and learn. Missionary families need to fit in and be

accepted. They must do the greatest good.

Cookies are "biscuits." Their "scones" are something like our biscuits. Rusks are for dunking in coffee or tea. And instead of a coffee break, it's a tea break. Instead of Hershey bars you will find a great variety of Cadbury bars. We usually say, "Just a minute," or some such. There some would probably say, "Hang on."

There is a serious side to this, too. In Oklahoma and Texas the word "bugger" is applied to many things. It is sometimes used with reference to a person, perhaps a cute little child. But we learned while in western Canada ten years before going to Africa that the British use of the word is altogether different. Look it up in an **American** dictionary. Don't say it in South Africa. In America we say "piddle" to mean goof off, or putter as in putter around. Do not so use it there – one goes to the bathroom to do that. We didn't "stuff" envelopes for mailing over there. And, ladies, if you take your recipe for "snicker doodle" cookies, give them another name.

Other acceptable words and phrases here are not so there, and vice versa. Eldred Echols told me he introduced an elder from America to a church leader there, leaving them to visit with each other. Later they came to him separately, saying in effect, "That's the most foul-mouthed person I ever talked with." Or, the South African may have said, ". . . I ever chatted to."

Charlie Tutor went into a kaffie (cafe, or small shop) looking for butter. A Texan, he possibly said it about as I would have: "I wanna pounda budder." Clerk: "I beg yours?" – (I beg your pardon). Charlie repeated, only to

hear, "Sorry, we don't have any." Going to another place, he noticed butter in a cooler case, and told what he wanted. Again, "I beg yours?" Charlie went to the case, pointed to the butter, saying that's what he wanted. "Eh-oh! Buttah!" was the response. Who speaks the king's English more properly? That is an on-going controversy. And they would pronounce it con-trov'er-sy. "You know, we are supposed to speak the king's English properly heah," a member of the PE church said to me. Jokingly I remarked, "Well, why don't you then?"

The Pickering Street church had little money. I had little working funds. This caused a six-week delay in our setting up an office. But with chair and desk bought on "hire purchase" we did so partially. At my disposal were a borrowed typewriter and a duplicating machine. For filing cabinet, bookshelves and other items we had to wait.

We began a "tracts unlimited" drive, sending letters to a few churches of Christ whose addresses I recalled. I told them they were fortunate that their addresses were famous enough to put them in line to assist us. A certain tract was asked for from each church. I had catalogs, so I told them where they could get them and listed the price per thousand. We got thousands.

Bentley Nofemela, of the Xhosa tribe, preached in Kwazakele and in Veeplaas. He being translator for me, I typed a few tracts in the Xhosa language for his use. I simply cut stencils and ran them off on the Roneo. "Iband-la likaKristu" was one of them - meaning church of Christ. Such helps assisted him in his difficult work. In Kwazakele there were several groups using the name church of Christ,

having a variety of doctrines and practices.

Another name for Kwazakele is Site and Service. The former means "place where you do it yourself." If one qualifies to live in that township, the authorities select the lot, and one simply puts up what he can for a house. In some cases the municipality erects dwellings and rents them out, but in this scheme "you do it yourself." The Site and Service name means they point out the site. The service includes a water tap in the street, not far from your place, and the scavenger comes by periodically to clean out the privy.

Bentley was born "in the bush." When? He did not know. "They did not keep such records there," he explained. He knows neither his age nor date of birth. Converted from the Christian Church, he is a valuable man among his people. He speaks in five languages: Xhosa, Afrikaans, English, Zulu, and Southern Sotho.

We learned from each other, Bentley and I. He paid a weekly visit to my office. We worked on tracts, studied together. We asked and answered questions. We grew from our being together in these sessions. I asked him the meaning of the word "wafukama" in the Xhosa Bible in Genesis 1:2. He said it is like a hen with her little chickens, sitting over them. My reply, "That is better than the King James version," which simply has "moved." Does not the Hebrew say the Spirit moved with concern, brooded over the face of the deep?

Prior to the split in 1965 the Pickering Street church had supported Bentley. The Queen Mary Street church in Durban now supplied his salary. Contributions had so fallen

off that the young church in Grahamstown sent money for the Newton Park church to make monthly "bond" payments on the meeting house. (We would say "pay on the loan.") But at Pickering Street contributions were up. We asked both Durban and Grahamstown to please stop sending their help, thanking them for what they had done when it was needed.

Bentley explained *lobola*, often called "bride purchase." In former times cattle were used for this. Say, ten cows for a bride. The groom or his people handed over perhaps six or seven cows to the bride's father. The couple lived together, husband and wife. But the bride's father waits to see that all goes to his liking. When he is sufficiently pleased with the success of the union, he may ask for more cows. So long as one cow is still owed, the marriage can be annulled. Cash instead of cows became the accepted thing later, a hundred rands instead of ten cows. A bantu (native) bride had come to Veeplaas from the Transkei. Her husband, a Christian, taught her and she had plans to be baptized. Her mother came to collect the balance of the payment. She informed her daughter, "You do not belong here," and asked her to come home to the Transkei. Under the circumstances the bride was not baptized. The tribal religion, ancestor worship, has great influence.

We took Bentley to Grahamstown, where Charlie Tutor had arranged for him to speak to various groups. He was there two days and was asked to return. In Port Elizabeth, when he had candidates for baptism he telephoned me, asking to use our baptistry. He and his wife, Dora, and other members would come to our building, sit up front

and sing in Xhosa. Then Bentley would baptize. We taped some of their singing, sharing it with those in America who were interested. By then we were making 35mm slide pictures and audio tapes, sending them to our son and others. Joe had given us a new Yashica camera. He had given us a Polaroid earlier, which we also used there.

Churches in Helena, Oklahoma and Canyon, Texas began sending "no strings attached" working funds. I bought a new electric typewriter and other items to complete the office. The church ordered filmstrips and bought projectors and other items to help in evangelizing. We replaced our worn hymnals with new ones. I began a weekly newspaper column entitled "Buy the Truth and Sell it Not" (Proverbs 23:23 KJV). This appeared in the *Eastern Province Herald*, for which daily paper one of our members, Harry Finlayson, worked as layout man. The column carried the church's location and times of meeting, along with a brief lesson from Scripture. In our men's meetings we made plans to remodel and enlarge our building. We intended to pay for it one hundred percent without American money.

John Maples, American minister in Durban, did the preaching in an eight-day meeting for the Newton Park church. I preached in one of the same length for the Schauder church in their rented hall. Polly continued to teach ladies' classes there, and began one at Pickering Street, using the book, *You Can Be Beautiful*, along with the Bible. Women of the Schauder church, all of whom were of mixed race, liked Polly as a teacher. They complimented her, saying, "There is no color to her." They meant she did not look down on them because of racial difference,

nor talk down to them.

Laws in South Africa at that time forbade our having any social gathering with those classified as "Coloureds" by the government. It was lawful, however, to be with them for religious meetings. But sometimes they wanted us to stay for tea and biscuits. Over the years since, many changes have taken place, and more social mixing is done.

I frequently worked with some of the men of that congregation, visiting and teaching in Schauder and adjoining areas. Some nights we showed Jule Miller filmstrips. Later on at least three of these men became preachers.

Andy Jooste often preached for the Schauder church. Others of Newton Park did so now and then. Most of the members in Schauder spoke both Afrikaans and English. Praying aloud in the meeting would often be done in Afrikaans. Some of them were more accustomed to it.

The first person I baptized in South Africa was a middle-aged colored man. After "the invitation song" had been sung, toward the back of the hall the man stood, saying, "I want to get myself baptized." We took him a few miles up the hill to the Pickering Street building for his baptism.

Abe Lincoln came to PE to visit while we still lived in our flat, spending several days. He and his family had lived there about three years, working with the churches. I asked him if he thought of any items of food he would especially like to have. "Romany Cream biscuits and Monis red grape juice," was his immediate response. I got both at a nearby kaffie. Abe preached at both Schauder and Pickering Street during his visit. He and I called on various

members, including some who had gone off in the split. Polly went with us some of the time. We made a special visit with the South African preacher who had caused the split. Abe had formerly worked with him, staying in his home for a time. I kept quiet, allowing them to have a very serious session. We saw both of the Cape Road preachers that day, and other members of their group.

We felt more "settled in" after we occupied the house we bought. The first house we ever bought, anywhere. Before that we always lived in rented flats or houses, or in houses owned by churches we had served. With the help of brethren in America we got a loan for the down payment. Through a "building society," we bought the property at 34 Honeysuckle Avenue, in Sunridge Park. Our "Erf" number 339 contained 13,000 square feet. The house was of stucco, pale blue, with black tile roof. Parquet floors throughout, three bedrooms. Moving from "Tweede Laan" (Second Avenue), we bought used furniture at auction sales, painted some of it, and were well set up.

From childhood I recall lines from a poem by James Whitcomb Riley, saying, "Let me live in a house by the side of the road, where the race of men go by . . ." Sunridge Park is near Cape Road, the main road west toward Cape Town. We were not far from that road. And men, with their families, came by to visit us. From Cape Town came the Stuart Jones family, after they had settled there. Conrad Steyn and family came at another time, as did others from various places as long as we made that our home.

Correspondence had begun in January, 1966,

concerning a possible campaign that would bring several Americans to Port Elizabeth. By March we were on the calendar of the Geraldine church, Oklahoma City, for a campaign in 1970. Our going with Ivan and Polly Stewart for such an effort in Hawaii in 1965 prompted him to write me. His letter asked if I thought a campaign in South Africa would be welcomed. And if so, where I would recommend it be held. Taking this up with the brethren at Pickering Street, I explained that it would cost us no more than we could pay. They readily agreed to have it. I wrote Ivan, saying that we wanted this campaign very much. Some in the Stillwater church wanted to come and work with us in this effort.

In May I reported to churches in America that the loan for the down payment on our building had been paid. We had black-line drawings for remodeling. Andy Jooste was a member of a firm of architects in Port Elizabeth. He had done the drawings. Money for an additional loan was hard to find. We were turned down by three major building societies.

We took a five-day vacation with the Tutors on the Indian Ocean coast at Kleinemonde, near Port Alfred, enjoying it immensely. Our first vacation in many months, with good friends. We were away from our work in PE only between Sundays. (South Africans would say we were "on holiday.") Reporting this to churches in the States, I also told of a letter we had received from Honolulu. It informed us of a couple baptized during the campaign the year before. They had plans to go to Abilene, Texas. The husband would enroll in Abilene Christian University and

hoped to become a missionary. I do not know the outcome of this.

In late July Polly and I drove the five hundred miles to Cape Town, along the Garden Route. Prior to that trip I had always thought of a pass as a way through mountains – usually up, up and over. But not necessarily so in South Africa. Some are river passes, with the road winding down, down and then up and out. One such, Van Staadens River Pass, we traversed only a short distance from PE. A bridge now spans the gorge. The railroad bridge that crosses it is claimed to be the world's highest (above valley floor), narrow-guage railway bridge.

The route is appropriately named. Even some places along that way have beautiful names. Tsitsikama and Outeniqua Forests, with giant, ancient trees. Mountain ranges with the same names. Bloukrans, Garden of Eden, The Wilderness. Broad views of lovely coast on the Indian Ocean. Towns include Knysna, where The Heads guard its bay. The Post Office Tree (“Poskantoorboom” in Afrikaans) was used by sailors on passing vessels in earlier times. A place name I like very much is Lourie, in the Longkloof. The lourie is a bird. But our seeing the Longkloof awaited another time.

John Maples had scheduled a gospel meeting in Cape Town, but due to illness did not go. He had made arrangements for me to go instead. I was to preach in a series for the Woodstock church. They occupied the “earliest of buildings owned by churches of Christ in South Africa.” (*Give Me This Mountain*, Bessie Hardin Chenault, picture and caption following page 158). Long-time evangelist

there was Tommy Hartle. Most of the members were of mixed race. We enjoyed being with them, and learned from the experience. Over the years since, I (and sometimes, we) have seen various ones we met first there. We have run across them in various places in South Africa and even in America.

We stayed in Kei Apple Grove, a small hotel on the west side of Devil's Peak, in Sea Point. July being a winter month, we found the cold quite noticeable. Buildings are not heated in winter there as well as they are in America. But we had taken an electric heater, using it in our room. We enjoyed a good view of the Atlantic. Although a cold wind blew we walked on the beach on a sunny day. We rode the cable car up Table Mountain, drove down the west side of Cape Peninsula to Cape Point, returning northward on its east side. The drives on the slopes of Table Mountain with their picturesque pines afford memorable views. Groot Constantia, the botanical gardens – the whole area is very beautiful.

Besides preaching at Woodstock I spoke one Sunday to the Lansdowne church and at Rosebank. At the latter we witnessed two baptisms. Conrad Steyn was the preacher for the Rosebank church. It was he who had encouraged the Stuart Jones family to come from America to assist in the work as vocational missionaries. And valuable ones they were, too.

When Stuart and his family landed, he had no job promised him. They came on faith. Seeking employment, he went into the offices of Mobil Oil Company, presenting credentials. He was given a job created the day before. For

many years he worked for that company and served the Lord. They sought first the kingdom and God's righteousness. Their needs were met. Their service there had far-reaching good results. They and their children have won many to Christ. I know Christians who have Christian mates because of their work in winning souls.

We drove down to Cape Agulhas on our way back to PE. At that southernmost point on the continent, two oceans meet. Taking off a shoe and a sock, I have reported that I stuck two toes in the Atlantic and three in the Indian Ocean.

On the weekend of July third, Conrad Steyn and his son had driven up to Windhoek, South West Africa. He was with the Henry Ewing family for the first meeting of the church in that capital. The Ewings had driven across the almost trackless Kalahari Desert enroute from Bulawayo, Rhodesia, to Windhoek. According to veterans in the know, that was quite a feat. Their stay as missionaries there was cut short, however. Henry was found to have a malignancy. The family came to America, where Henry died. Beth, the widow, is a daughter of the W. N. Shorts. More about them later.

I soon got word that some who had attended the meeting at Woodstock had been baptized. Others there and in PE were contemplating obeying Christ in this way, as we were busy with home Bible studies. More of them among the Europeans had been begun. Leonard Gray came for gospel meetings with the Newton Park and Schauder congregations. Polly and I had been there nine months when Pickering Street had the record attendance,

since our coming, of fifty-three.

Alvin Jennings, of Star Bible and Tract Company, Fort Worth, Texas, sent us ten thousand copies of Lesson One of a Bible Correspondence Course. As I recall, the PE church paid shipping charges. We wrote a cover letter and had them printed, bought envelopes, and paid postage for mailing these out in greater Port Elizabeth.

Alvin's father, Herschel Jennings, had been an elder in the Canyon, Texas church where I preached for six years. At his death, an airplane of his was sold, the money being used to print gospel literature. That was perhaps the plane in which I took my very first flight, with Herschel at the controls. The sum of five hundred dollars from its sale was allocated to the PE project. In this effort we put to work several members of the Newton Park church. Using city telephone directories, we divided them among as many of our typists as could have access to typewriters. We had further lessons for those responding and asking for them. We used many of the thousands of tracts we already had. Our son and another member of the church in Texas sent another thousand tracts. A title we particularly wanted for this effort. We deeply appreciated all this assistance from America. One of the greatest blessings coming from all this was our fellowship in working together as a congregation.

The weekly newspaper column, mentioned earlier, drew attention from as far away as Cape Town, Conrad Steyn writing that he had seen it. We learned that people in PE were seeing it, too. With this, our mailouts, plans for a campaign, growing attendance, increased contributions,

we felt we were making progress. We thanked God and took courage.

The Doward Runyan family moved to PE. Doward, employed by Borg Warner in America, came to set up and manage an auto parts plant in nearby Uitenhage. He and Lena and their girls were a splendid addition to our group. They were our close neighbors in Sunridge Park. The Runyans were workers in the church in every sense. They and other members at Newton Park appeared in a picture on the front cover of the *Firm Foundation*. In it the boxes piled high contained the big shipment of materials from Star Bible. The picture showed us together for a work session.

The Tutors had a bad car wreck. Sunday night, October 2nd, they drove away from Grahamstown after church services. Heading for East London, they were met by a carload of natives, driving without lights, drunk and on the wrong side of the road. Almost a straight head-on, the Tutors' car was totaled. Charlie was hurt worse; others were badly injured, too.

Leonard Gray called us from East London at about three o'clock Monday morning. In a voice choking back sobs he told us Charlie might not survive. The two children least hurt were Nancy and John, the youngest. They were practically unscathed. Nancy gave the name of Leonard Gray to people at the hospital in King William's Town, where they were taken. Polly and I dressed hastily after Leonard's call, and drove to Grahamstown. We had a key to the Tutors' house - they had one to ours. We made coffee at their place and I shaved. When we got to "King,"

as the town is called, and I saw Charlie, I could not really tell who he was. Multiple skull fractures, broken nose and jaw bones, scalp, facial and body cuts, bruises and abrasions -- all these made him seem to be somebody else. His head was swollen and bandaged. He had lost a great amount of blood. But they had not even determined his blood type, perhaps thinking he would not live.

Betty, Tim and Ned were injured and hospitalized. That day we saw one of John's jaws swell, as mumps developed. The Grays and the Watsons helped take care of the unhospitalized. Leonard made contact with a local ham radio operator who talked with another in Texas. He passed along bulletins on the injured to their people, and to the supporting church.

I preached and taught classes in Grahamstown. Polly kept Nancy in school there, and I did some shuttling. We took some of them, including Ned, who had a badly skinned back, to Port Elizabeth for a time. Mumps showed up in John's other jaw. The remaining three were in hospital for two weeks. Polly stayed with the family in Grahamstown for a week after they all got home.

The Geraldine church in Oklahoma City, with our permission, changed the date of the proposed campaign in PE to February, 1968. Two years earlier than we first expected it. No loan yet to remodel our building, we got busy doing what we could inside. We removed unneeded walls, replastered and painted, sprucing up for company. We expected an elder and his wife from Stillwater as campaigners. Others there were planning to come. Ivan Stewart wrote of generally good interest in the effort.

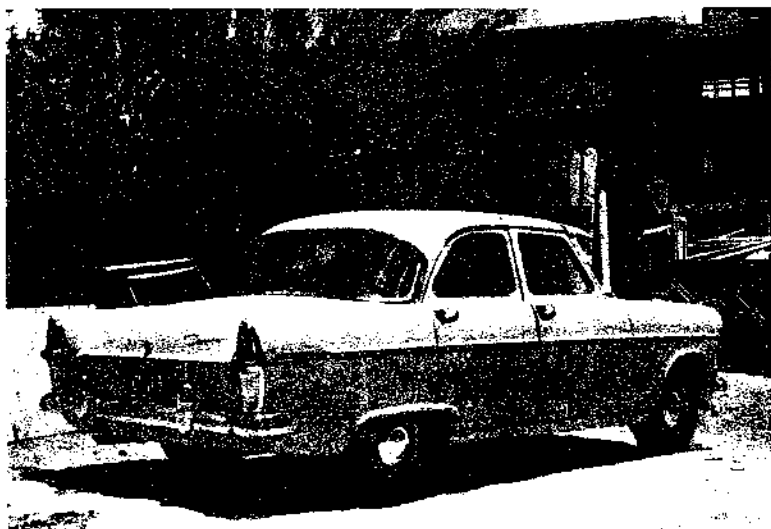
We asked Stillwater to extend our stay six months to cover follow-up work after the campaigners would be gone. They had originally sent us for two years. After recuperating, the Tutors were able to extend their proposed stay in order to help in the work. They would hire somebody to care for their children in Grahamstown. Leonard Gray and family were returning to America. He hoped to locate with a church that would send him back for the campaign.

We celebrated Thanksgiving Day in Grahamstown with the Tutors. The Runyans and the Grays were there, too. Another American family, non-members, of Grahamstown joined us. The day means nothing to South Africans. But we had so much for which to be thankful. A few families ten thousand miles from home can mean much to each other.

In her report of December 9th, Polly wrote the churches in America that we had been there a year, our grandson in Texas was a year old. And attendance at Pickering Street had doubled since our going there.

During 1966 I baptized four persons who became members of the congregation in Newton Park. In addition to the one already reported, there was another whom I baptized whose membership was at Schauder. Teachers in that congregation converted others, immersing them in our baptistry. During the year Bentley and his brethren used it several times, too.

The churches in Port Elizabeth performed a work of faith that year. Many were working together. To God be the glory.



Zephyr we bought from Charlie Tutor.



Church building in Port Elizabeth as we first saw it.



Group meeting at Port Elizabeth at that time.



Colored people meeting at Schauder (by P.E.).



Black Christians watching the baptism.



Our house in Sunridge Park in Port Elizabeth.



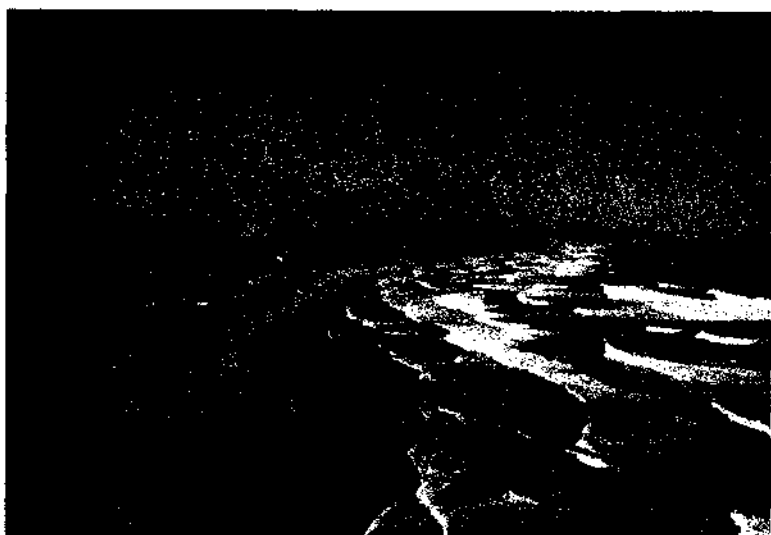
Stuart Jones family (Americans from Cape Town) came to see us.



Conrad Steyn family (South Africans) from Cape Town came, also.



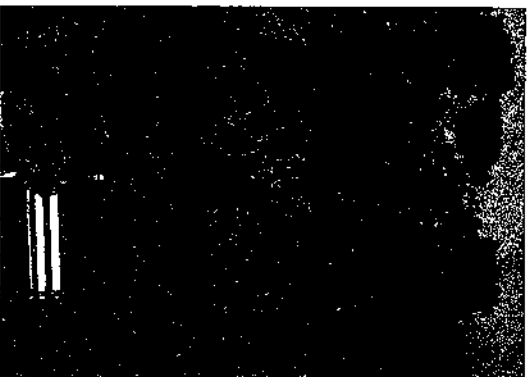
Familiar scene on Cape Road near our home.



Indian Ocean scene on way to Cape Town.



Bentley baptizing at the P. E. building after it was remodeled.



Post office tree on way to Cape Town.



Black man by roadside selling prickly pears.



Bentley Nofemela of the Xhosa tribe — preacher for blacks in Kwozakele (by P. E.).

CHAPTER 3

“LABOR OF LOVE” (I Thessalonians 1:3 KJV)

*From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's golden fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.*

Appearing above is the first stanza of the only hymn I know that mentions Africa. It has had more meaning for us in the last twenty-two years than before.

The part of South Africa we lived in is English Settler country. Especially in 1820 many from England settled in the region. And one can more readily adjust in this region, if he or she speaks only English, than in any other part of the country.

Port Elizabeth was given its name by Sir Rufane Donkin, “Acting-Governor” of Algoa in 1820. His wife, Elizabeth, died while they were in Upper Hindoostan almost two years earlier, when nearly twenty-eight years old. He not only gave her name to the “dorp” but created a reserve on

which no buildings are ever to be built. Donkin Reserve, with its pyramid and lighthouse, is a landmark near downtown Port Elizabeth.

Our first year in PE served well to get us settled in. We were there while historical events occurred, both for the church and for the country. The first black leader of a black country, Chief Jonathan of Basutoland, paid a courtesy call on South Africa's Prime Minister, at that time Dr. H. F. Verwoerd. His country, granted independence by Britain on October 4, 1966, became Lesotho. The church of Christ was at least introduced to South West Africa. It had been planted in Cape Town fifty years before. But the latest efforts to expand in South Africa dated from only 1948.

With new workers at Pickering Street we started new classes. Lena Runyan began using the set of split-35mm "Stori-Strip" on the life of Christ in a children's group at mid-week. Valerie Jooste, whom we had met in Stillwater, had returned from Pepperdine University, having taken work there that better equipped her. Another teacher for us. Val instructed Doward and Lena Runyan, Polly and me in the Afrikaans language, meeting at the Runyans for a few sessions. Many Christians helped in our mailout effort. When 1967 began we were using two Bible Correspondence Courses by the thousands.

Letters from America encouraged us all along. C. V. Phagan served as chairman of the missions ministry of the Stillwater church. Letters had been coming from him and from the Wilson Duncans, who looked after our finances.

The church in Helena, Oklahoma had a "Write the

Watsons Week." Several individuals there wrote, some sending cash. And on our bank statements we noted contributions from individuals, some substantial.

We were associated with native Africans in our work. This was indicated by the names of some Bentley had baptized. Among them were Jeffrey Mandla, Sybil Plum, Judith Lupondlo, Daisy Plum, Momptshato Vinana, Maggie Mkilo, and Joe Nowalla. Klass Maduna had been restored. Queen Victoria, whose statue stands in PE's city square, said of the Bible, "This book is the secret of England's greatness." Nations with close relationships with England have been strongly influenced by that book. South Africa's Europeans have strong beliefs and are tied both to Britain and the Netherlands historically and religiously. The Bible is in South Africa in both English and Afrikaans, which is mainly from Dutch. As for the natives, by that time it had been translated into 334 African tongues. But that leaves some 300 of them still without a Bible. We felt indebted to those who did the translating, laboring countless hours for each of the Bibles. Each of the major tribal groups in South Africa has the Bible in its language. Some natives read that as well as English and Afrikaans. Others read only their native language. But some are illiterate.

Many Africans are pagans - ancestor worshippers. Roman Catholicism is well entrenched, with them the Dutch Reformed churches and Anglican connections help make up the bulk of those believing in Jehovah God. There are perhaps four thousand independent Protestant churches, having ties with no denomination. Major Protestant denominations, such as are in America, are all there. Churches

of Christ were barely being recognized, for there were few, among all races. From PE to Cape Town, five hundred miles – then no congregation anywhere along that route. As for Windhoek, SWA, the nearest one was nine hundred miles away.

“Just remember, young man, that you did not bring God here. God brought you here,” it is reported an African chief told a young missionary. A good thing to remember. We are strengthened in our resolve to work for Him there by the encouragements of many, both there and back home. Some of our financial backers wrote that they would stay behind us as long as we stayed.

Andy Jooste had public discussions with a Pentecostal Holiness preacher, attended by some of that belief. Nine from that group were baptized, becoming members at Schauder. Of them, Dennis Lapan was one from whom we expected much. Others came from elsewhere to increase the number of members there.

Our women’s class, suspended during December, was reopened. Polly had Betty Tutor for guest speaker one day, while Charlie addressed the men.

We were encouraged by new highs in attendance, having 60 on Sunday morning and 44 Wednesday evening. Thursday evenings being reserved for meeting with the Schauder church, we had good attendance there. Women of the congregation asked Polly to resume teaching ladies’ class, which she was happy to do. Within a month we again experienced new highs at Pickering Street, having 64 on a Sunday morning and 65 that evening. We felt generally that we were also growing spiritually.

Two new families came, the Stan deKonings and the George Dales, with two children each. The deKonings moved from Bloemfontein, and were already Christians. Stan opened a men's clothing shop on Main Street, downtown. The Ullie Steinigers began bringing the Dale children to Bible classes and worship. Later the parents came also. The Scotchman, George, married for nine years, "came to church" for the first time with his wife and sons. Merle had been a Catholic and was later influenced by Jehovah's Witnesses. This couple became the first ones baptized in 1967 who became members of the Newton Park church.

Polly and I were away three days in February, driving 750 miles round trip to Bloemfontein, in the interest of the Southern Africa Bible School. Unknown to all but God was the fact that later we would be directly associated with this good work, and for several years. Phil Steyn, American-trained South African, preached at Bloemfontein then, and still does now, twenty years later. The city is the capital of the Orange Free State, one of South Africa's four provinces. It is also the center of the judicial branch of the country's government. The Appeals Court, similar to America's Supreme Court is there. Eldred Echols and Al Horne, who founded SABS in 1965, were present for the meeting, as were others.

I spoke to a Methodist Youth Group in their building, and gave each a tract on the church, written by Don Morris. They were furnished by the church in Canyon, Texas. We got a one-time contribution from the church in Mineola, Kansas. The churches in Canyon, and in Helena, Oklahoma, continued their regular amounts. We were blessed with the

ability to obtain a good supply of teaching materials.

We soon added a third correspondence course, and planned to spend much of the year with direct mailouts. Innovations included one sermon each month for which I used a flannelboard. For a while we used Jule Miller filmstrips and accompanying records on Sunday nights. We requested the church in Stillwater to pray with us – to pray simultaneously with us. On Sunday, February 5, at 7:45 p. m., in PE we started the prayer. It was then 11:45 a.m. in Stillwater, same day. The churches lifted hearts to God praying that His work would prosper in both places. He heard and answered, continuing to richly bless both.

We had to take the bad along with the good. The Cape Road church had begun their new building. Polly slipped and fell, striking her head against the edge of our “slasto” walkway, bruising a cheek and jaw, leaving her with a black eye. Two days later I sat down in an old folding chair, made of wood then thoroughly dry. We had borrowed some of them from the church building, as they were not in use. The Tutors were visiting us when it happened. The chair collapsed with me, pinching fingers on both hands. The end of my ring finger, right hand, was gone, clear to the bone. Charlie drove me to the Provincial Hospital. To tell it all would be far too wordy. But I was on three different operating tables in two hospitals before it was over. Skin and flesh from the hand grafted to the finger tip gave me a pad with which to type. The young doctor who did the job had seen it done, but had never done it before.

We were a sorry sight, Polly and I. She with bruised

face and black eye, and I with both hands bandaged, one a big bundle. But we had witnesses to both accidents, Christians who would testify, if need be, that we had not been fighting.

When time came for the Grahamstown Lectureship, I had to have help with the flannelboard used with my lessons. I opened the series with the subject "Christianity and the Great Religions of the World." Others followed with sermons on "Denominational Doctrines." We taped all of them. I showed a filmstrip in PE to a Baptist Sunday school teacher, and we had visitors in our home for study now and then.

The loan we sought being granted by United Building Society, and the firm of architects being employed, we were ready to start the remodeling. But we had to wait for the official go-ahead from provincial authorities in Cape Town. We were assured it was a mere formality, but we had to wait.

Polly cooked and served a meal at our place for the men of the church. We talked construction and other matters. Contributions had increased enough to cover monthly payments. We were ready to "get cracking" as they put it.

Mrs. George Howell, a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, saw a notice about a lecture, entitled "Is the Dutch Reformed Church the Church of the New Testament?" Her reaction was, "Of course it is." Out of curiosity, perhaps, she went to hear it, and with further study decided that she had been mistaken. The lecture was one of a series, asking the same question with respect to various major denominations represented in South Africa. Irene

Howell was converted, being baptized into Christ, sometime before our arrival in South Africa.

Irene had a close neighbor, Abe van Wyk, an organist in the Dutch Reformed Church. Abe had played piano and organ here and there, for churches other than the Dutch Reformed. He told of an organist playing while people were awaiting formalities to begin. He thought they were paying little attention to the music. And, no doubt with a twinkle in his eye, he began playing very slowly "Anchors Aweigh." He said if anybody noticed that it was not religious music, nothing at all was said about it.

Irene assisted in leading Abe to the truth. He obeyed Christ in baptism and became a member of His body, the church of Christ. He was our regular song director at Pickering Street, finding that he needed no mechanical accompaniment.

Charlie Tutor being away in gospel meetings in Welkom and East London, I preached in Grahamstown on May 7th and 28th. Having spent most of fourteen years in South Africa, the Leonard Grays had returned to America. Ivan and Sue Uys returned from Abilene, Texas to work with the East London church.

We received word from Texas that our second grandson, John, had been born June 21st. When in America on furlough we would help him celebrate his first birthday.

The work in Schauder reached into other divisions of PE: Gelvandale, Gelvan Park, Salt Flats, and others. Sometimes employing filmstrips and records, men of that church took their teaching to many families.

A member of the Schauder church told Polly their

homes had been happier since she began teaching their wives. On May 20th I went with some men of that church to a SANTA (South African National Tuberculosis Association) hospital in nearby Bethelsdorp. Occupying a bed there was the wife of a man baptized in April. Until lately she had been attending meetings of the church and studying her Bible. Understanding the Lord's will, she asked to be immersed. She confessed her faith in Jesus Christ as God's Son, and I baptized the 30 year-old Susie Groenewald in a bathtub. Two weeks later I helped with her funeral. Her remains were laid to rest in Papenkuils Cemetery.

Arriving at home I found people desiring to study with me. I had moved my office/study there to be away from the din and dust of construction. We had a session until late in the evening.

The Israeli-Arab Six-Day War, June 5-11, giving media Prominence to the Israelis, enabled certain opportunistic premillennial prophets to pronounce anew that "this is it," - the time when the nation of Israel would come into "its own." Some of our members at Pickering Street heard this and came with questions. I think I was able to assist them in understanding that it was nothing of the kind. Those holding such views take advantage of the occurrence of major earthquakes, wars, "rumors of wars" (Matthew 24:6 ASV), political developments, the rise of powerful leaders of nations, and many other things, calling them "signs of the times" (Matthew 16:3). And some have "determined" that we are "the terminal generation," in misinterpretation of Scripture and misapplication of such things. In my view they are false prophets (Matthew 24:24).

Mid-week evening meetings were held at our house during the remodeling of our building. Lounge, bedrooms, combination bedroom/office became classrooms. We had some social gatherings for all, too. At one of these Abe van Wyk, operator of a photo studio, showed a very short motion picture he had made.

Learning that Abe could make good movies, I asked him if he would like to make one of the campaign in February the next year. He was agreeable. Having been on the campaign in Hawaii, I knew that it was Ivan Stewart's custom to make a set of slides telling the story. Why not a motion picture? I wrote Ivan, putting the two men together. He and Abe began laying plans.

We signed for the use of PE's City Hall for ten nights of the campaign. Notification came from America that Roy Lanier, Jr., would be the speaker; and Leon Reinschmiedt had been designated as song leader.

In my August report to supporters in America I stated that "this is a **working** place, a **cosmopolitan** place, a **different** place, a **hopeful** place, a **writing** place, a **mixed-up** place, a **seed sowing** place, a **wild** place, a **big** place, a **busy** place, a **needy** place, an **informative** place, and an **interesting** place." An explanation was furnished for each of these.

I have mentioned Bentley's work being difficult. Contributing to the confusion offered the Africans were various "Churches of Christ" among them. Seventh Day Baptist Church of Christ, Bantu Church of Christ Founded by the late Bishop Limba, Church of Christ Keeping Sabbath, Gxabayi Church of Christ, were among them. Among

such groups were those practicing ritualistic footwashing in connection with communion. Lord's supper at night only. (In Afrikaans it is called "nag maal" -- night meal). We had many private studies, some with those calling themselves "Brethren." Guided directly by the Spirit, faith-only, once-saved-always-saved; such they believed. Christadelphians, Armstrongites. We had studies concerning instrumental music with Baptists who had attended our services.

On August 3rd Bentley came to our building for a two-hour conference. In my absence a call had come from a "Rev." in Uitenhage in response to a tract offer. He expressed an interest in meeting me. When I told Bentley his name, F. F. Mxaku, he said, "If you told him about me, you won't see him. That man has got two wives. He won't come to me." He had been a preacher in the "Church of Christ Mission," (Christian Church). A mixed-up place.

When I learned that a so-called undenominational group, claiming to strive for unity of believers in Christ, chiefly sought money for the leader, I was through with it. Certainly, until they changed their goals.

PE is a big place, 144 square miles. I drove 73 miles one Sunday, "fetching" people for meetings and taking them home. A trip to Schauder to preach netted 29 miles. We were wearing out the old Zephyr.

Not reported to the folks back home was another confused situation. Late in 1967 the men's class at Pickering Street began a study of the Minor Prophets. Two students in the class brought Scofield Bibles, but the notes were not alike. On examination, I found that a recent convert had bought a 1967 edition, the *New Scofield Reference*

Bible. Another had one of the 1917 vintage, updated and reprinted a few times. Premillennial and Dispensational doctrines are in the notes in both. I wanted nobody led astray by such a "Bible." I can well understand how one who has not studied the Bible much would want help in trying to understand parts of it. I know that such a one buying a Bible might very well buy one with a good many "helps" in it. But often these so-called helps are hindrances. Many of them in the Scofield Bibles are. They are patently misleading. I bought a well-bound reference Bible and traded for that 1967 Scofield. I did likewise for an older Scofield owner by a member of the Schauder church. Both are still in my possession. I also have a newer *Scofield New International Version*. And the original 1909 Scofield was promised as a reprint in 1986.

It would be good, I think, if some capable student would make a diligent study of the changes made in the notes and references in these Bibles. They cover seventy-five years, and would show an evolution in this powerfully influential tool of Dispensationalism. It is my opinion that if well presented, such a study could do much good. Souls could be rescued from this false teaching. They would join others who have abandoned it.

By mid-August we had official word that work on our building could begin. We lost no time. We had five months until the large group of workers would be with us, and we expected good crowds in attendance. To assist in finances, the former meeting place at No. 9 Pickering Street was sold to the occupants.

Another man and I had been given the power of

attorney. We would sign all papers for our ten-man board of trustees, seeing the project completed.

The construction foreman assured us we could use the auditorium on Sundays. We were glad to see building materials somewhat in our way, for the sake of progress.

Letters came from America. One from Zeb Sailors, preacher in Texas whom I had baptized. One from one of Polly's sisters telling that a preacher in Hobbs, New Mexico, said I baptized him. It was Don Stone, mentioned earlier.

A lady visiting from England attended our services, as did a man from Germany who did not understand English. Two young men had been in PE the year before, students in the Technical College, who attended our meetings: Robert Schlimper and Evelyn Mundell. When the latter returned in 1967 he reported that he had been baptized while on the Rand (Johannesburg area). He had seen a filmstrip and heard the accompanying tape while in PE before. We credit his conversion to Robert Schlimper. We praised God for them both.

In my September report I listed five baptisms. Among them was Daniel January, whose wife had put on Christ previously. They were members at Schauder. Also Colleen and David Howell, children of Irene Howell, member in Newton Park, wife of a medical doctor.

The First Annual Workshop of the Southern Africa Bible School, with all meetings in the church building at Benoni, was held September 11-16. The theme: "Building up the Church." Both Polly and I were on the program. We rode up with Charlie and Betty Tutor. He, too, had assignments on the program. Polly spoke to ladies on "Why

One Grandmother Came to South Africa."

We are glad to have been at that first lectureship. The 21st annual one was conducted September 27 - October 1, 1987. People from Tanzania, Rhodesia, Swaziland, and South Africa attended the first one. Americans from Dar es Salaam, the Dale Dennises, traveled 3,000 miles round trip to come. James Judd, American missionary in Blantyre, Malawi, slated to speak, could not get a visa. We stayed with Eldred and Jane Echols and children, who also kept Will and Delia Short. The Shorts were honored at a banquet after the lectureship, held in the Blue Room of the main Johannesburg railway station. They had been missionaries in Africa forty-six years.

Will Short was really a legend in his own lifetime. Originally from Rome, Kansas, he attended Cordell Christian College, in Oklahoma. They were the first missionaries sent by churches of Christ to Africa. We were seeing history in the making, they being honored at the first lectureship of SABS.

We all enjoyed the lectureship, the fellowship, staying with the Echols family. In coming years we would be seeing them more.

I was invited to be in Cape Town for the opening of the Rosebank congregation's new building. The thousand-mile round trip seemed too much. We were so busy with our work in PE that I declined the invitation.

Our baptistry undergoing repairs, some of us went to Nordhoek on the coast the beautiful evening of October 12th, and witnessed an impressive service. Following the gathering at our house, we took Jennifer and Anthony

Pienaar there and baptized them. Their parents, Johan and Connie, were members already.

More American workers went home. The Grays had gone, as had the John Maples family. The Lowell Worthington family, boarded the ship *S. A. Vaal*, bound for home. It docked at PE for a few hours. We fetched them and Polly and others prepared a surprise luncheon at our place. Lowell had preached in two gospel meetings in PE during their six-year stay in the country.

I was glad when we moved the office back to the church building, occupying the room made for it. We lacked drapes, floor covering for a small room, carpet for aisles. By December we were far enough along we didn't mind having the workers leave the job for six weeks. Many things in South Africa close up or shut down during December and the first part of January.

Zwelibanzi Malukazi spoke to me about four million Bantu in the country, members of independent African churches (Methodists, Presbyterians, Adventists, etc.) who "wanted to leave off all these 'isms' and unite on the Bible." As Director of an ecumenical movement he had conducted conferences among these groups for five years. I learned that the conferences were the main thing, and money to keep them going was what he sought. He did not want to give up anything. Jesus would not have been pleased with me if I had not checked it out. He would not have been pleased with me, having done so, if I had contributed to it in any way.

By December we heard from Ivan Stewart that fifty-one committed campaigners had been assured of their visas.

We were told by local authorities that the Coloureds would be permitted to attend the meetings in City Hall.

Later we were informed that the number had increased to fifty-eight, and that their health and that of their families would permit all to come. We set the four Friday nights of January as work nights at the building, to make sure we were ready for the February 8-28 big push in evangelism. We rubber-stamped the Pickering Street's church address on several thousand tracts. More Star mailers were made ready for posting. We did odd jobs around the building.

I had written to America saying the topography of the lot on which our building stood was about what it was, apparently, "when Vasco da Gama sailed around the Cape." But we had it leveled, and parking areas paved with "tennis court gravel." Shrubs, flower beds, and walkways appeared because of the efforts of several volunteer workers.

My record shows names of six people I personally baptized in 1966. It shows thirteen in 1967, five of whom were members at Schauder, eight at Pickering Street. During the year others had baptized some, not on my record.

Polly and I arose early one morning to drive to Grahamstown to visit. We saw ground fog in the valleys and monkeys on the banisters of a bridge. Ever after we called that "the monkey bridge."

We tried a few of the local restaurants, sometimes at noon on Sundays. An Italian place wanted us to have wine with the meal, even pouring some for us "on the house." We thanked them, but did not have any. We sometimes

were downtown at noon, going into OK Bazaar for lunch at their third-floor Tempting Tray. Somewhat like a cafeteria. For thirty-five cents I got a curry and rice plate. For fifty-cents Polly especially liked the Crayfish Mayonnaise.

Groceries were bought at one place, fresh fruits and vegetables at another, meats at still another. In season Polly and I liked to drive out the Kragga Kamma Road, leading out of the city from near our place. Local growers had cabbages, tomatoes, and other vegetables for sale, displayed at roadside.

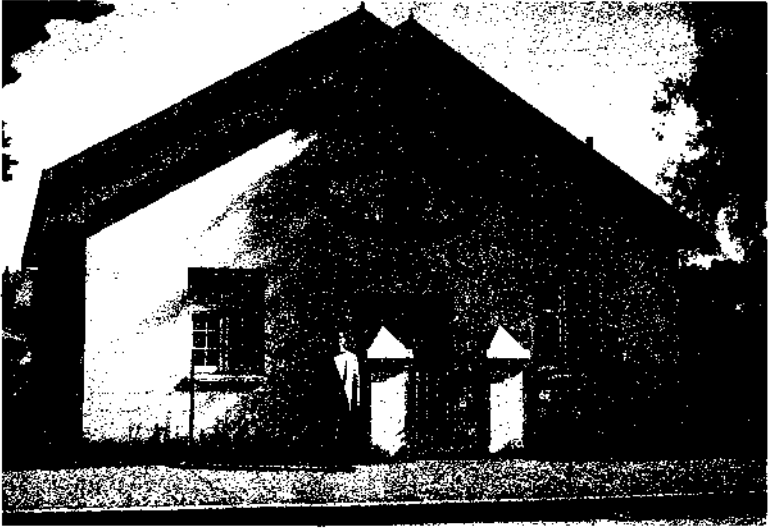
Instead of "candy" it's *sweets* there. Our "corn" is spoken of as *mielies* there. "Roasting ears" are *green mielies* and popped corn is *spring mielies*. A "sample" in Afrikaans is a *monster*. "Peanuts" are *groundnuts*. But in Afrikaans this is *grondboontjies*, so "peanut butter" is *grondboontjebotter*. South Africans have their own set of abbreviations, one of which is "op" for operation, as an appendectomy. Another is "advert" for which we simply use the shorter "ad," for advertisement.

We were introduced to *samosas*, small tasty Indian delicacies. We became familiar with *boerewors*, Afrikaans for "farmer's sausage." We tried out a Chinese restaurant, having Charlie and Betty Jane with us. The Tutor children, especially, liked to be taken to The Sugar Bush, PE's nearest thing to an American ice cream shop. Fish and chips (French fries) make a common lunch, having been introduced by the British. Charlie and Betty Jane took us to the Assegai Guest Ranch, a small rural, typically old style South African place out from Grahamstown, for dinner. December 1st we had been in PE two years. We thought

progress had been made. At year's end we could see several changes for the better. And by looking at "the things which are not seen" (2 Corinthians 4:18) we could discern progress, too. We thought the church had grown spiritually. On Old Year's Night we thanked God and "took courage" (Acts 28:15). Work that year had been a labor of love.



Will Short and his wife.



Boy Scout Hall at Grahamstown where the church met. Charlie Tutor the preacher.



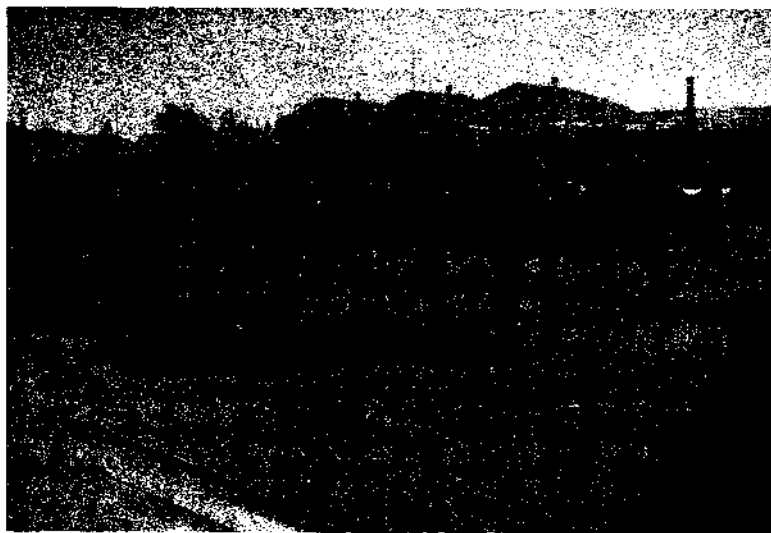
Nancy and Ned Tutor on an ant hill.



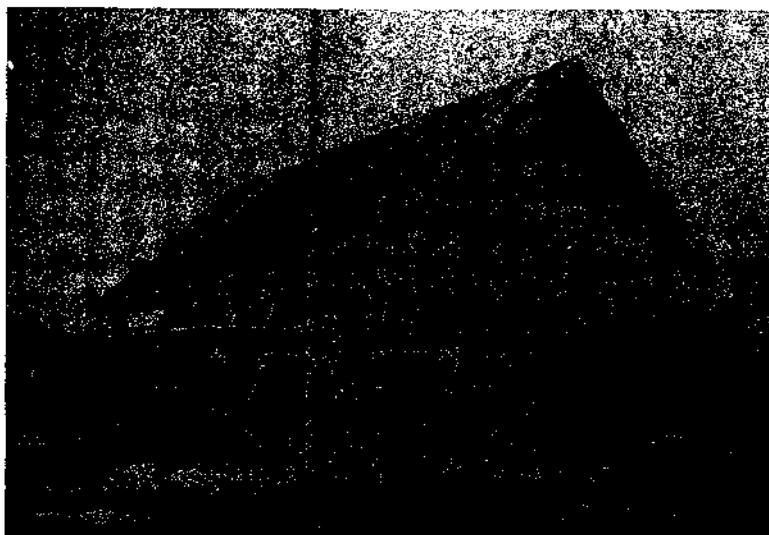
Pineapple field on way to Grahamstown.



Common scene near Grahamstown, women carrying wood on their heads.



Five span of oxen pulling a wagon.



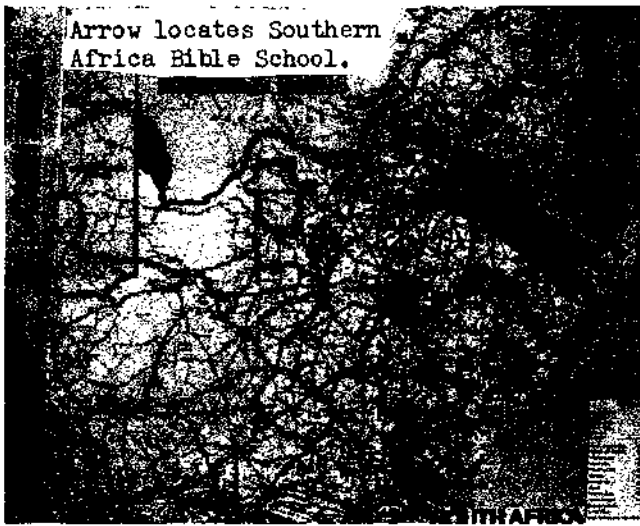
Port Elizabeth church building being remodeled.



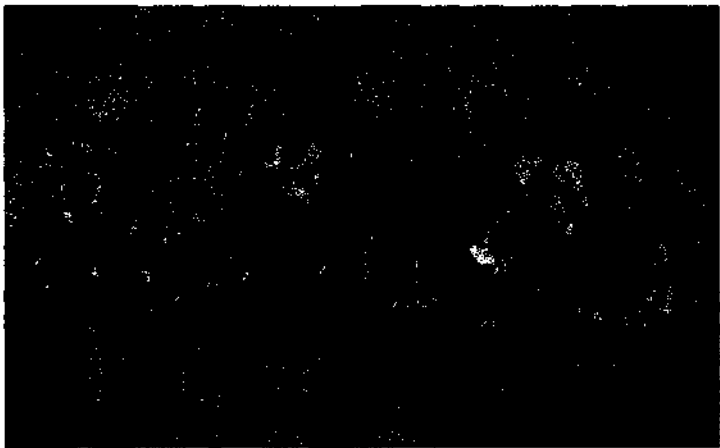
After remodeling was finished.



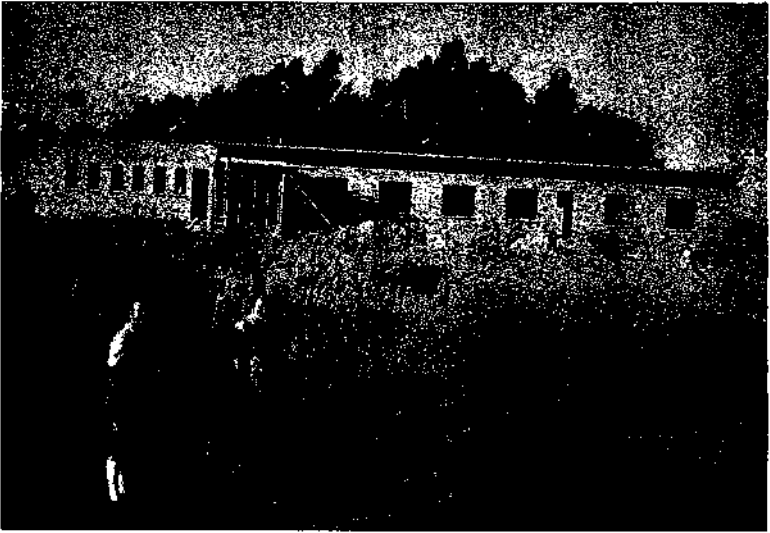
Christians at Port Elizabeth church.



Map of South Africa showing location of Benoni.



Group at Benoni church building for lectureship.



SABS under construction.



SABS as it is now completed.

CHAPTER 4

“PATIENCE OF HOPE” (I Thessalonians 1:3 KJV)

“The people were waiting expectantly,” says Luke (3:15 NIV), which characterized Christians in Port Elizabeth as 1968 began. Yes, we were waiting but not idle. Much remained to be done before our campaigners from America arrived. We kept the admonition to “pray continually” (I Thessalonians 5:17 NIV), thanking God that they were planning soon to come and help us in evangelizing. We were joyful in our hope, making an effort to be patient in whatever minor trials were ours, and as stated, faithful in prayer (Romans 12:12 NIV).

One of the gospel publications in America favored us by putting a picture on the front of the paper, below which were a few lines telling of the campaign to be conducted in Port Elizabeth. I put my copy on the bulletin board in our new foyer near the well-stocked rack of colorful tracts. One of the Schauder brethren called, saying they wanted to bring a man to the building to show him our baptistry. They did that, and Ray Davids paused in the foyer to see the picture and read the caption. “Well, you are **not** alone, are you?” They had told him of the church of Christ, of which previously he had known little or nothing. He thought there were only a few people, perhaps teaching

“some new thing.” Both picture and caption told Ray there were a good many calling themselves members of the church of Christ. He took tracts and viewed the baptistry, and was among the first baptized when the campaign began.

On the list of campaigners were twenty-five from Oklahoma. As stated, from Stillwater we expected an elder, C. V. Phagan and wife, Velma. They planned to arrive a few days ahead of the others. We also expected Gordon Dowell, son of O. F. Dowell, elder in Stillwater. Ken Rhodes, a nephew of Polly, would also come. There would be eighteen preachers from the States, and some from within Southern Africa.

“There is nothing I can do to help in such mission efforts,” is an excuse sometimes heard. Or, “There is so little I can do to help.” If dollars are in mind, it is true that many can help but little. But the widow who gave so little, yet gave “all her living,” gave much, in the evaluation by Jesus (Mark 12:41-44 KJV). Many have heard or read about her.

But there is something each Christian can do. Each has immediate access to the throne of God. In each Christian dwells the Holy Spirit, who will help him or her pray. Jesus Christ sits at God’s right hand to intercede for us when we pray. Each Christian ought to want every good work to succeed. So far as public prayers are concerned, it would be impossible for every good work to be mentioned. But congregations can pray for works and workers that are supported by them. And this is being done. But **individuals** can and ought to select certain good works and certain workers, perhaps known to them, and pray for those

efforts, those workers. And tell them you are praying for them. That can help immensely.

Too long we have left unused the power of prayer. James tells us that Elijah was a man "just like us," but note what he did through prayer (I Kings 17:1; 18:1; James 5:17 NIV). Vana R. Raye shames us in the words of this hymn:

Pray All The Time

The world has lost the right of prayer,
And saints have failed to pray;
What loss sustained beyond repair!
How blind of heart are they!

(chorus)

Pray in the Morning, pray at the Noontime,
Pray in the Evening, pray anytime;
Pray when you're happy,
Pray when in sorrow,
Pray when you're tempted,
Pray all the time.

Look up this hymn – have your leaders direct it and your congregation sing it. There are other stanzas. Sing it at home. Teach and admonish one another with it (Colossians 3:16 KJV). Heed the teaching of the words above and in its other stanzas. It is copyrighted by Gospel Advocate Company.

Yes, Christian, you can help in evangelizing the world. By going boldly before the throne of grace, praying

persistently, earnestly and fervently, through your high priest, Jesus Christ (Hebrews 4:14-16). Perhaps most Christians need to grow, to develop in praying. Perhaps most need to spend more time in prayer. You can grow and help evangelize at the same time.

Polly and I enjoyed touching up the house we bought. At her suggestion we replaced dark wallpaper with light in the entry hall and dining room, and ordered light drapes. These were for the large, glass front wall of the living/dining area, and a side wall in the area, facing the patio. Polly made curtains for the other windows. We put carpet runners in the halls and large squares in the living room and master bedroom. We placed throw rugs in some areas of the parquet floors. I replaced a few cracked window panes and painted all window trim.

I bought a Lawn Boy power mower, imported from the States, which I used. We hired a native boy now and then to work in our "garden" (lawn). Weeding flower beds, grubbing out the dandelions, and other odd jobs were his. Once he obeyed my instructions so completely that Polly did not like the result. A six-foot Port Jackson willow stood in a back yard corner. It was cut down along with weeds and grass. Polly, seeing the now clean corner asked, "Albert, why did you cut down that tree?" "Mahstah said clean out that corner," he replied. The tree, native to the area, is not an ornamental one and is not cultivated. But Polly wanted it spared.

There was another, older man, perhaps in his mid-twenties, who worked in our garden a few times. We had not seen him for some time, but one day he rang the front

doorbell. Shirt tail out, he was in rags, but smiling, and doffing his cap and bowing when Polly appeared at the door. "Why, John, where have you been?" she asked. "In jail, madam," was his quick and friendly reply.

"The dirty boys," as they called themselves, were something to behold and hear as they worked. Members of the Bhaca tribe (some said other tribes had too much pride for that job) were the "dust bin" men. They collected the trash. Making much noise, attracting attention for their protection, they came running to empty trash cans into their big baskets. Two or three jogging along on each side of the street, with their vehicle rolling slowly as the procession moved on. Barking dogs chorused their progress. One might have on a discarded, brightly colored woman's smock over his clothes, another a woman's hat, fallen into disuse. At Christmas time two or three of them would show up at the front door, saying, "We're the dirty boys, madam." They sought a contribution and wanted another signature on their list of donors. Surely none would refuse at least a small gift.

We got an inexpensive charcoal grill, putting it in the back yard. A few times we had a braaivleis at home, roasting boerewors, lamb chops, steaks. Inside the back fence was a tall hedge bearing fruit much like cranberries. In fact, Polly made some into sauce, after learning they were edible. It was possibly a variety of bush or tree cranberry.

In the front yard we had two shapely Norfolk Island Pines, and two six-foot cycads. Tall red and salmon-pink poinsettias, as well as red and pink carnations and pink

geraniums grew in the long brick flower box beneath the row of front windows. Roses of several colors flourished on bushes at one side of the house. And on the carport side was a spreading honeysuckle and a moon flower vine. Along and inside our front solid masonry fence grew bush daisies, and a variety of agapanthus. Bougainvillea reached for the purlins above the patio in back of the house. And nearby a small lemon tree stood with arum lilies along the wall.

Birds of several kinds came to our yard. We especially liked the bokmakieries. The inseparable male and female always sang a duet. Doves there make a cooing sound unlike that we had heard on mainland America, but had heard in Hawaii. A very soft, pleasant, restful, peaceful call.

One morning Polly hung clothes on the line to dry, and overheard two bantu servant women next door, talking about that white woman who had her clothes on the line already. They wondered how she did it, with no servants. Of course Polly used the little, twin-tub, spin-dry machine.

We went with the Tutors to see Cango Caves and to visit Highgate Ostrich Farm. Polly and I drove to the Longkloof apple country. The Apple Express, a narrow-gauge, steam-driven train runs out of PE to that valley. Main railroads in South Africa are of narrower gauge than are ours. Gauge of the Apple Express is narrower than American narrow-gauge lines. The line brings fruit to be exported to Europe and other continents.

Once Polly and I went to the Suurberg Mountains for a day off, about eighty miles north of PE, staying in a

small, rural hotel overnight. We accompanied the Tutors to Hogsback, a cool, secluded tourist spot in wooded mountains. We had a picnic together once near their town. Until the Runyans came to PE, they were the only American family of Christians within a hundred miles of us. We visited them, and they us. Americans overseas feel the need of being with others like themselves. It is good for compatible families to go as a team to evangelize a given area.

When the Tutors came to PE, they liked to go to the Oceanarium, the Snake Park, and Happy Valley. We all especially liked the trained dolphins at the former place. We also visited Addo Elephant Park, a few miles out.

A ship of the United States Navy, at berth in PE's harbor, had open house. We went aboard. Tim Tutor said it was good to hear the American sailors talk. The Stars and Stripes flown on the ship, and at the American Consulate downtown, looked great ten thousand miles from home. One evening Charlie and I boarded a small Japanese tanker berthed in the harbor. We went just about all over it but saw nobody. We all liked the sound of the crashing surf and the feel of the seaside. We went down the coast to The Willows (seaside cottages), and on down to Skoenmakerskop (shoe maker's bluff). I like the acrid smell of native shrubs along that coast, south of PE, looking toward the South Pole. And one great thing for me – there are no chiggers. Sand fleas, yes, but no chiggers.

I had been in each of the four provinces of the country, and Polly had been in three. I have told of our trip to the Orange Free State, and of my trip to Durban, in the Province of Natal. Port Elizabeth is in the largest one,

Cape Province, which is larger than Texas. We had been to Johannesburg and Benoni, both in the Transvaal Province. We had been to Cape Town, the capital of Cape Province, and legislative capital of the country, where the Houses of Parliament convene. And while we were in the Transvaal in September, the Tutors and Watsons visited Pretoria. Charlie and I preached for the church there on Sunday, one of us in the morning the other in the evening. We visited historic places: Voortrekker Monument, Union Buildings and gardens, and others. It is the administrative capital of the Republic of South Africa. And during the Tutors' hospital stay, I visited in East London.

But Polly would soon be going to Natal, for the two families had plans to visit Durban on our way to the States. They would be going to stay; we for a furlough. We made reservations to visit enroute some cities in Europe. This would be after our campaign and follow-up. There was then no direct flight from South Africa to the States. One had to go either via South America or Europe. Our only extra expenses would be those while on the ground in Europe.

In January I baptized Heather Prinsloo, and Walter Steiniger was baptized; they were teenagers. Four adults were restored that month too.

And that month we put up chalkboards and flannelboards in all classrooms and finished work on our grounds. Rockeries were built, shrubs and flowers in place. A cabinet and bookshelves had been built in my new office. Trust Bank had invited the expected visitors to come there for tea. Dutch Reformed ministers were out among their

flocks, trying to prepare them for the coming impact. A local printer promised us 50,000 brochures by February 2.

The Phagans arrived on Saturday, February 3. They even found us still doing a little work on the building. They had been with the Eldred Echols family overnight on the way, and would stay with them again when leaving the country. We showed them around PE and went to a secluded spot on the beach, where Polly and Velma waded in the shallows.

The other campaigners spent a night in the Victoria Hotel in Johannesburg on Wednesday, February 7. Then, on a sunny day several members of the church met the SA Airways flight to welcome them, about a fourth of whom Polly and I already knew. Men held a large banner proclaiming them welcome as the group made their way into the terminal. Special buses were on hand, taking them to their hotel, the Humewood Mansions, on the Strand. Buses brought them to the church building that evening for orientation, where two of our members spoke to them on customs, languages, and history of South Africa. A finger supper followed, as we introduced them to certain South African foods. Their schedule was too crowded for dinner at the hotel; they were busy checking into their rooms while other guests were having the meal. Their buses returned them to the hotel after the orientation. They got their rented cars next day.

We ran one large ad in the English language daily paper in January. But beginning February 7. we had large ads about the campaign daily throughout the effort. The two Rotary clubs in PE had been notified that a Rotarian,

Roy Lanier, Jr., would visit them. Ivan Stewart and I accompanied Roy on a visit to the North End Club for a luncheon.

Leon Reinschmiedt, from western Oklahoma, conducted singing during the evening meetings in City Hall. Roy Lanier, Jr., preached nightly for the meetings, February 12-21. More than fifty workers were out in selected areas, knocking on doors, setting up Bible studies, and returning to conduct them. On the Sundays during the effort, thirty teachers and preachers participated in classes and meetings at Schauder and Pickering Street. Some of the speakers and teachers were elders. Willo Keener, an elder from the Geraldine church in Oklahoma City, taught classes at the building and out in the area.

On the day following their getting rented cars, campaigners saw the first persons baptized during the effort. The three young men were to be members of the Schauder congregation. One of them was the man who had come to see the baptistry at Pickering Street, the others were Johnny Bonesse and Ronnie Lingham. Some of the Americans were assigned to work in Schauder. But before that, brethren of the Schauder church had been teaching, as in the case of Ray Davids.

Ivan Stewart's practice was to stand near the baptistry to see if the candidates for baptism were actually immersed, especially the first ones. I had seen that in Honolulu in 1965, and think it was a good practice. I had been the baptizer of the three mentioned above. Ivan stood nearby.

Our next baptism occurred on the fourth night of the

meetings in City Hall. Albert Vorster came from the audience, asking for baptism. I spoke to Ivan, saying that I had my rubber baptizing pants in my car, and that there would be no need to transport candidate, workers and others three miles inland to our building. I accompanied the candidate into the bay as our group sang. Having heard him confess his faith that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God, I baptized him as a swell came up around us.

Next day I jokingly said to Ivan Stewart, "I noticed you didn't come out to see whether I immersed the man last night." He replied, "I knew somebody would say something to me about that, but I didn't think it would be you."

Tom Brown, minister from Bulawayo, Rhodesia, drove down to help. Charlie and Betty Tutor were there, she working in the office with others. Ivan Uys, of East London, came to help teach. Conrad Steyn, of Cape Town, was there to assist. Several of our local members worked. Polly and I were at the building, available for whatever needed to be done. An extra telephone had been installed. There were many calls and much paper work, as workers kept up with contacts, classes, follow-ups, baptisms, and further teaching.

Among those baptized was an elderly man, a practicing alcoholic for many years. A couple from Kansas paid particular attention to him, persuading him to obey the Lord, which he did, putting Him on in baptism. His obedience united his entire family in Christ, and all rejoiced.

One of the workders, Bill Johnson, a minister from Louisiana, stopped at a residence and saw a man tinkering with a car, his head under the bonnet. Conversation

followed, resulting in an appointment for Bible study. Other studies followed, and the couple obeyed Christ by being baptized. In April I baptized their twelve year-old son, Paul. Not long before this is being written (in 1987) a bulletin from the Pickering Street church stated that fifteen members of that family attended services there. Francis and Lena Leverington, parents first contacted by Bill Johnson, are thankful.

Also baptized were Johan and Audrey Smulders, having been taught by Ivan Uys. Johan has now been preaching for several years. Audrey Williams, wife of Les, came out of religious error and obeyed Christ in baptism. Les has now been preaching for many years. Elna Tessen-dorf, baptized during this effort, is the wife of Mike van der Berg, minister in Bryan, Texas. Johnny Kluyt was baptized and became a full-time preacher. Others converted in those days have become Bible teachers, and occasional preachers. A visitor from Sheffield, England, sister of one of our faithful members, was baptized. A waitress at Humewood Mansions and one of the hotel's residents were baptized. Firemen on duty at the City Hall made appointments for Bible studies.

In all during the time of the campaign 49 were baptized, and ten others during the follow-up before we left for America. Many Bible studies were set up and taught. All major races were involved: black, brown, and white were baptized into Christ.

Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Wheeler drove from Chimala, Tanzania, to Port Elizabeth, arriving on a Sunday morning during the campaign. The couple served in a Christian

hospital in Chimala. They and the Ivan Stewarts had several common bonds. The Wheelers, of Wichita, Kansas, had a son who was killed in the same car wreck that killed the Stewarts' daughter. The two young people and four others died in a car-train collision in Oklahoma. Phil Watson's wife and baby daughter were also killed in the same accident. Those two and a senior, a junior, a sophomore, and a freshman in Oklahoma Christian College – six in all – were in the car.

The Wheelers brought with them to PE three adopted children. After staying a few days in the Doward Runyan home, they began their return trip to Tanzania. (See *Chimala Safari*, by Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler, 1974.)

On a day off some of the men went to the terminus of the Apple Express railway, and enjoyed seeing more of that narrow-gauge operation.

Besides having days off, there were gatherings of the various teams among the campaigners, and times when the entire group got together for singing, prayer and thanksgiving. Once all gathered in St. George's Park for this. Another day we had a sunrise service on a secluded beach south of PE. A braaivleis for all concluded the overall effort; one attending the braai was baptized after being further encouraged that evening.

Campaigners Ken Rhodes, Don Tarbet, and Gordon Dowell did some of the baptizing at Pickering Street. A visitation team of sixteen members was formed in the congregation. Schauder brethren were visiting prospects and new members in their part of the city. Charlie Tutor and Ivan Uys came and worked with us for several days. We

counted 61 responses in all by March 21, when I sent a report to supporting churches. "And there was great joy in that city" (Acts 8:8 KJV).

We made arrangements with Roy Steiniger to stay in our house while we were away. It was not a good idea to leave a house unattended for long periods. He said he needed to study, and a quiet place would help.

On May 1 the Tutors and Watsons flew to Durban. A group of well-wishers saw us off from PE. We put up at the Outspan Hotel, on Umbilo Road, not far from the Queen Mary Street church building. We attended the Wednesday evening service there. We then saw some of Durban's sights: the rickshaw boys; largest Moslem mosque in the Southern Hemisphere, which we entered, properly shod; and the Indian market. In the latter we recall seeing curry powder of various hues and powers, each piled in a high conical shape on a paper plate, one labeled "mother-in-law tongue," another "hell fire."

The next day we flew on to Jan Smuts airport. The Tutors stayed with the Hardins in nearby Benoni, attending church services there that evening. Polly and I were in a Johannesburg hotel. I accompanied John Hardin to speak to a colored congregation through an interpreter (Afrikaans).

We were seen off by brethren as we flew to Lusaka, Zambia, where we deplaned. Not enough fuel was available there for the flight to Athens, so we made an unscheduled stop at Nairobi, Kenya, for fuel, but did not deplane. In Athens we had reservations in a hotel near Omonia Square. While there we all went to the Acropolis, Mars Hill, and

other usual tourist sights. On Sunday we met twice with the church in Glyfada, where I had preached in 1965. We were in Athens three nights.

From Athens we flew to Rome, to change planes for Florence. Bad weather up country dictating an alternate route, the pilot of our small, high-wing Fokker plane put down at Pisa, near the coast. The famous Leaning Tower was not on his regular route, but we persuaded the bus driver to take us by for a brief look and to take pictures, before he took us to Florence.

We stayed there long enough to visit a few famous places. The flight in the small plane made Polly ill, so she remained in the hotel while we went sightseeing. We saw Michelangelo's David and the other things in the Academy; at least one of the major art galleries; the old bridge, and various piazzas. We spent three nights there, and saw only a fraction of its attractions.

From Florence we emplaned for Milan, where we had only a few hours for sightseeing. But we went to the city center, saw the Duomo, its major cathedral, other buildings associated with it, and many pigeons. We entered La Scala, and noted other structures brochures called to our attention. I ate some pizza on the Duomo square, but it was not all that good.

We flew over the Alps to Munich, that city having been recommended to us by the Steinigers of Port Elizabeth as a good one to visit. Our landing was at night. The Tutors got in one cab, we in another. When we arrived at our hotel, Ned Tutor's bag was missing. Charlie and the driver of his cab found it at another hotel; it had been

mistakenly picked up by another cab driver. We rode a streetcar to visit German Museum, the great museum of technology and physical sciences, and saw other well-known sights of the city.

From there we flew to London, Polly and I staying in one hotel, the Tutor family in another. We rode the tube and attended church services twice on Sunday at Wembley, where Philip Slate preached. We saw things in London many tourists see: Buckingham Palace and the changing of the guard, Westminster Abbey, Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum, the Planetarium, and the Tower. But not everybody gets locked in the Tower of London. We were coming out and were between two gates when an alarm sounded. The guard fastened both gates, holding our party until the "all clear" was sounded.

On May 14 we flew from London to New York's JFK Airport, and we were on the same flight to Love Field, Dallas, Texas. Our son and family were there to greet us, as were Polly's mother and sister, Elizabeth, and one or two other relatives. Charlie's mother, brother Bill, and wife, Georgia; and Betty's mother, Mrs. Farrar, and two sisters, Edith and Offie, met them. And the Leonard Grays were there.

We were with our son and family off and on during our stay, but I spoke at eighteen congregations in Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, and New Mexico, Polly accompanying me on most trips. We drove to these places in the new yellow Chevrolet Malibu coupe Joe supplied us. We were in Stillwater more than once, reporting and visiting. That church had sent us and principally supported us. Some of

the churches we visited made one-time contributions to our working fund; some individuals did.

A couple in Richardson, Texas, asked about our car in South Africa. We had worn out the old Zephyr and I had sold it. I replied that we didn't have one. I had rented a small car for the last few days of our stay in PE. The Ralph Immels made a personal contribution for the down payment on a new car, to be bought in PE, and sent money each month for the payments.

Our second grandson, John, was almost eleven months old when we first saw him. We helped him celebrate his first birthday on June 21. The family then lived in a new house on Arborcrest in Richardson. Of course we enjoyed being with our two grandsons and their parents.

I spent three weeks at Abilene Christian University in the Summer Missions Studies. We participated in a South Africa seminar at Western Hills church in Temple, Texas. They were planning to send the Mike Bourne family to Grahamstown in 1969, and did so. Mike, son of our sister Anne Bourne of PE, had been studying at Pepperdine University.

We accompanied Joe and family on a vacation to Red River, New Mexico. We fished, hiked, enjoyed mountain scenery. Joe and I, after driving up the mountain as far as we could, climbed Wheeler Peak, New Mexico's highest. Some thirteen years earlier we were atop Mogollon Baldy, a peak of the Mogollon Mountains in Gila National Forest, part of Gila Wilderness. Those thirteen years had made a difference. I was glad we drove most of the way up Wheeler.

We fished in the clear stream close to our cabin. One

day Glenda was out walking along the stream and met an elder from Texas. She told him of our being with them and that I was working in Africa. "Couldn't get a job preaching in America, I guess," was the essence of his remark. Well, now! I had never been without support from my brethren to preach and teach when opportunity presented itself. Besides that, I have never looked upon preaching as merely having a **job**. It is regrettable that there are preachers who see their work merely as a job. It is also regrettable that elders think of a preacher's work only in that way. Churches would be more mature, their elders and preachers more pleasing to God, if they looked on the proclamation of the gospel of the Son of God as a high calling. The apostle Paul wrote, "For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is me if I preach not the gospel!" (1 Corinthians 9:16 KJV). **A job?**

Our furlough almost over, after putting 5,000 miles on that new car, we were seen off from Dallas by our son and family, the Tutors, and Leonard and Marguerite Gray. On the flight to New York with us was Mrs. Phil Steyn and a child of theirs. Phil was in the States, but was staying longer. This time we visited my brother John in New York. It may have been the time he took us to see "Man of La Mancha" on the Broadway stage. It may have been the time he took us for breakfast at the Plaza Hotel. When we had only a short time between flights, he would usually come to the airport to see us off. At times he would be out of town when we passed through, but this time we had a good visit.

We worshipped with the Manhattan church, then flew to Prestwick and were taken to Edinborough. Seeing the beautiful and historical sights of Scotland's capital was a treat. We worshipped twice with the church served by Andrew Gardiner. Other visitors from America at the morning service were: Stan Hollen, of La Habra, California; the Ken Prices, of Victoria, B. C., Canada; the Don Pedens and the Y. Leighs, of Louisville, Kentucky. Brother Y. Leigh preached. Campaigns were in progress in both Glasgow, Scotland, and in Bangor, Ireland; they were participating in them, and were in Edinborough just for the weekend.

Polly and I stayed in a small hotel with our bedroom window facing the famous castle on the hill. We toured the castle and the Royal Mile. We went into the small house of the renowned John Knox. I took photographs there, and of the military tattoo grounds, the castle, of the lovely parks, of the flower clock, and other things I wanted to preserve in our memories. Memory, however, is the only place some of them are, for we never got back some of the pictures.

On the breakfast menu at our hotel the word "porridge" appeared. I asked the waitress what kind of porridge it was. She said, "There's only one kind of porridge." I asked what kind that is. "Oatmeal," was her reply. I didn't have any because, although I like that dish when properly prepared, I do not trust just anybody to prepare it that way.

We flew to Manchester, England, and got a room in a hotel operated by the railways. Then we took the train to Sheffield, and had dinner and a visit with Isobel Taylor.

She is the one already mentioned who had been visiting in PE earlier in the year, and I had baptized her. Isobel was Anne Bourne's sister, and aunt to Mike Bourne, who had plans to go to Grahamstown.

Returning by train to Manchester we spent the night in the hotel. The next day we flew to London and on to Rome. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings we worshipped with two congregations in different parts of the city. We saw the Charles Moores, the Wayne Brooks, the Gerald Padens, the family of Bill Burton, and possibly others of missionaries' families. Burton, Ron Moon, and Keith Robinson were away on a campaign. We had dinner with some of these.

Extremely fortunate were we to have Charles Moore one day, and Gerald Paden the next, as our guides. With Charles we went out the Appian Way to Quo Vadis. We saw the Vatican and St. Peter's Basilica, including the Pieta and the Sistine Chapel. Gerald informed us that the statue of Peter, with one toe well-worn from being kissed, was once in the Pantheon. It then represented Jupiter, chief of the Roman gods. Our guides picked us up at our hotel near the Spanish Steps, taking us to various places of interest to Christians. We saw Mamertine prison, possible place where the apostle Paul was held, and from which he wrote, "Rejoice in the Lord always: again I will say, Rejoice" (Philippians 4:4 ASV). We saw the Coliseum, the Forum, the Pantheon, various basilicas, the Church of the Bones. Long fond of relics, Roman Catholics want you to believe they have some of Mary's tears, some of Joseph's breath, and that Peter's footprints are in the stone pavement at

Quo Vadis. We viewed the Fountain of Trevi, known to us in the song, "Three Coins in the Fountain," and many of Rome's ruins, statues, and other sights. Michelangelo's statue of Moses, complete with horns, with the tables of stone in hand, is seen in a church known as St. Peter in Chains.

Thankful to have had such good and knowledgeable men as guides there, we flew from Rome to Kinshasa, Zaire, and on to Johannesburg. Then via Durban and East London, putting down briefly at both, we landed at Port Elizabeth on August 17. We were met at the airport by an enthusiastic group of Christians, having been away three and one-half months. We found our grass mowed, refrigerator stocked, fresh beds, flowers in the house, and a car for our temporary use.

We were glad to be back. Patience of hope had rewarded us well.



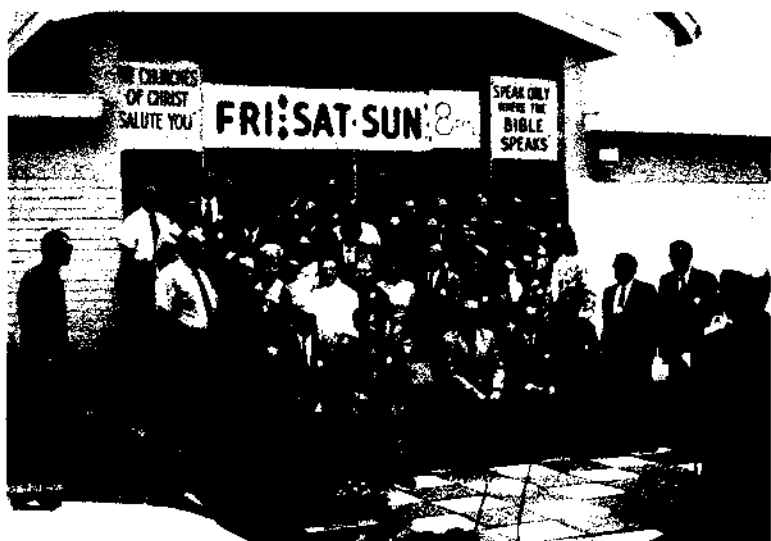
C.V. Phagan and wife, Velma, an elder from Stillwater, Okla., Ken Rhodes from Tulsa.



Campaigners welcomed at Jan Smuts airport at Johannesburg, South Africa.



Humewood Mansions, the hotel where the campaigners stayed in Port Elizabeth.



Campaigners in front of the church building in Port Elizabeth.



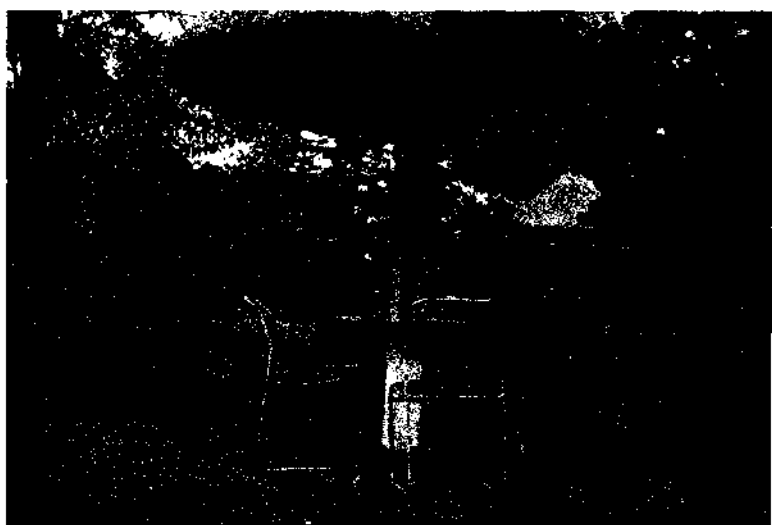
The waitresses at the hotel singing for the campaigners the last day there.



Ivan Stewart and Bentley Nofemela, the preacher for blacks.



Christians having a braaivleis (a cook out).



Polly taking a break and rest.

CHAPTER 5

“ . . . READY FOR ANY GOOD WORK ” (2 Timothy 2:21d RSV)

The day we arrived back in Port Elizabeth we attended the wedding and reception of a couple, both of whom were members at Pickering Street. They were Bob Holcombe and Val Jooste. Also members of the congregation were Mike van der Berg and Elna Tessendorf who were married that month. They moved to Cape Town.

Conrad Steyn was preaching in a series of gospel meetings in Schauder when we arrived from America. I attended that night; one was baptized. Conrad preached twice at Pickering Street the next day, allowing me to rest. Others, including Bob Holcombe, had been taught and baptized while we were away. And some had been restored. The brethren had filled in for me in an admirable way. Andy Jooste had done that several times before. Earlier he had served as preacher on a regular basis. Others preached occasionally.

Before we went to America, I had obtained a pass and went to Kwazakele with Bentley Nofemela. We were told at the gate that I would not be allowed to enter his house. We went to Ezekweni Primary School, the building in which the church met. I took pictures of him in front of it. He said, “Brother Joe, that man did not say you could not go

to my house. I want to show you where Bentley Nofemela lives. We drove to house number 998, and I photographed him standing in front of the place. I had used all the film in the camera, so I came out of Site and Service, bought more and returned with camera reloaded. I wanted to be able to show brethren in America what that township was like.

The PE North church (Schauder) had hopes of getting a lot, and of raising funds to build their own building. The brethren in Kwazakele had a building fund, but as yet no site. While in America I showed slides to a few churches, telling of the need for the two buildings. The cost of renovation of the Pickering Street property was being paid by members there, with no money from America. But we felt justified in giving Christians elsewhere an opportunity to help the other two churches obtain buildings. The Newton Park church was committed to helping PE North build. Letters were sent to the campaigners who had worked with us earlier that year, and money came in.

When I spoke to the Tenth and Rockford church in Tulsa, Oklahoma, a couple told me they wanted to give \$2,000 on the Kwazakele building – the amount was needed above their savings. The Frank Herveys sent their check; the amount was handed to Bentley and put into the Kwazakele building fund.

Having a borrowed car, we lost no time in buying one of our own. The Valiant was then said to be the best seller there. We got a 1968 olive green, vinyl top, four-door sedan, with six-cylinder engine and automatic transmission. Wilson and Daisy Duncan put five hundred dollars into our

account in Stillwater to help buy it. But they said if the brethren in Texas wanted to pay for it, there were no strings attached to the money; we could use it as we wished. That was a very good car. We had excellent support.

Up until 1961 the British system of Pounds, Shillings, and Pence was the basis for the South African monetary system. But now the South African Rand is the monetary unit, having a hundred cents to the Rand. The notes are of different size, design, and color. This, it seems to me, can be an aid to the blind, as well as to the colorblind. The Two Rand note is longer and wider than the One; the Five longer and wider than the Two, etc. As for the rate of exchange, vis-a-vis the U. S. Dollar, at that time it took about \$1.43 to purchase one Rand. Now (1988) it takes about fifty cents U. S. to buy one Rand.

Doward Runyan verified this that I had read in the paper, or heard on the radio: One living in South Africa is in the most favorable place in the world, so far as selection of makes and models of cars is concerned. Why so? Because anything made in America was available there, as were cars from Europe, Asia, and Australia. Besides that, several kinds were made in South Africa. The Australian Holden (a Chevrolet) is seen in South Africa. And Chevrolet advertised there: "We're talking your language now," when they got out a model named "Constantia," and another "Kommando." It is likely that neither of these has ever been seen in America. Or a Holden either. All these, of course, were right-hand-drive automobiles.

Radio is mentioned above. Yes, there was radio, but no television then in South Africa. Third world countries

in Africa had television, but not South Africa. Why not? Too poor? Oh no. Now (1988) South Africa has some of the world's finest television equipment. But in 1968 it seemed to me the government was waiting until they built up a backlog of programs in the Afrikaans language, to have at least equal time for them and the readily available ones in English. The Nationalist Party, in power then and now, desires to promote the Afrikaans language, literature, and culture. Being government regulated, television programming gives equal time to the two official languages. There are tribal language telecasts, too. Some exposure has been afforded the churches of Christ in that region via radio and television, but such is not nearly as accessible as in America.

Two weeks after our return, Port Elizabeth got much rain; 20-24 inches over various parts of the city, within twenty-four hours. It began Saturday night, and by morning the streets were flooding. Polly and I arrived in front of a house where a lady lived that we were bringing to meetings. It was pouring heavily and the car stood in inches of water; we just drove off, thinking she would not be coming if I waded to her door.

Later, as I stood to teach an adult Bible class in the auditorium, I told the class to remember God's promise not to again destroy the earth by water. Amid the rumbling noise of heavy rain on the sheet iron roof a woman said, "Yes, but He didn't say He wouldn't destroy part of it!"

Streets and roads were cut through with deep gorges, tarmac and concrete washed out. Some of the parks and flower gardens were gutted. People drowned. And bodies washed out of cemeteries into the bay. Fortunately, none

of the members of the churches of Christ suffered great loss.

Perry Cotham planned a preaching tour in the country; I worked on that for him. All the churches of Christ in PE were striving to accomplish more for the Lord. Port Elizabeth North added regularly to its fund for building; churches in America sent for that, as did individuals. The J. N. Bells, of Silver City, New Mexico, began sending monthly contributions to Stillwater, Oklahoma, which were put into that fund. A few more were baptized and some restored.

We took Andy Jooste and Venetia Heyns with us to the second annual lectureship of Southern Africa Bible School, being away eleven days. We stayed overnight at the Royal Hotel in Bloemfontein enroute. Both Andy and I were on the program; and, as I reported to America, it was better than the year before. Polly and I and Andy stayed in the Van Riebeck Hotel near the church building, where the lectures were held. Good numbers attended, some from Rhodesia and Swaziland, as well as from within the Republic. Special recognition was given Eldred Echols for his many years of service. Swaziland had been granted independence by Britain within the month.

In that report we recommended reading Allen Drury's *A Very Strange Society*, about South Africa. Now (1988) we add to that James Michener's *The Covenant*; both will help one understand something more about South Africa. When we were there we read *Shaka; Jock of the Bushveld*; and several other books, getting to know more of the history of the country, the culture, the people, the feel of living there. Andy Jooste made us a present of *Port*

Elizabeth in Bygone Days, a good, illustrated look at early times there. The Runyans gave us a copy of *Encyclopedia of Southern Africa*, and the Tutors supplied us with the Automobile Association's *Road Atlas and Touring Guide of Southern Africa*. They had given us an electric kettle when we first arrived in the country.

When driving we had learned to **hou links** (keep left) and to look out for **robot voor** (traffic light ahead) and **ry stadig** (drive carefully). And Polly had become accustomed to being called "auntie Polly" (they pronounced it ahn'-tee) and I "uncle Joe." The affectionate terms are used especially by children and young folks addressing or referring to older persons.

On our way back from the lectures in Benoni, we took the long way round. Venetia did not return with us. Andy, Polly and I drove to Pinetown, spending a night with Walter and Wendy Jubber. They had been to America for study. He had preached in Pretoria, but had moved to the Province of Natal. Among those they ministered to were some Indian congregations. We met with two, Pinetown and Chatsworth, on Sunday. We crossed the Transkei, where we had some congregations with dedicated workers. We returned home, glad to have had Andy with us for the fellowship. And he pointed out places of significance along the way.

Doward Runyan, who had presented lectures on Science and the Bible at the SABS lectureship, conducted classes at Pickering Street – a teacher/training series. We read and heard of eight to ten thousand dying daily in the Biafran war. And that Apollo VII was to splash down

October 22nd. And that October 21 and 22 were celebrated by Hindus as Deepavali, their New Year 5070. And that Nepal was asking the United Nations to help them develop Lumbina, where Buddha had been born 2,600 years earlier. We made an effort to see ourselves in our chosen place of work as being in the world but not of it. Our brethren were doing a good work among Indians in India. But South Africa had a half million of them. We were glad to know some of them were our brethren. We made an effort at training teachers to meet the challenges presented daily. An old song's instruction to "brighten the corner where you are" came to mind, and still does.

Earlier in the book mention was made of the word "assegai," the Tutors having taken us to a guest ranch by that name. An assegai is a hand-held spear, originally a weapon of the Zulus. Their great chief, Shaka, is said to have devised it, preferring it to the longer, thrown spears. It served them well, for they were a conquering tribe.

Polly and I had eaten meals in small hotels elsewhere, for example, enroute to Cape Town, at Mossel Bay. On the dinner menu was roast leg of lamb with mint sauce. Tea or coffee with cheese and biscuits after dinner, in the lounge.

Pie over there is usually meat pie. Desserts include puddings, flans, tarts, trifles, cakes, and biscuits. Biscuits have proper names: Marie (pronounced maw'rie), Tennis, and so on. We have had presented to us a cake with two icings, the inner one soft, the outer thick and rather hard. This protects the cake while in transit, in case it is taken across town. In the bowl with pudding, fruit is usually

added. Guavas are often used. This fruit is eaten in quantity, usually canned in halves. Although it has rather large, black seeds, they are simply swallowed without being chewed.

South Africa grows much fruit. It is eaten fresh and canned. There is a wide variety of tinned jams, and very good they are, too. We bought the large tins (called number two-and-a-half when I was a grocer's clerk). Boysenberry, quince, youngberry, fig, smooth apricot, strawberry, plum, peach. Orange marmalade is a big item, too. I especially like it made from the not-so-sweet oranges. Once I bought, at a roadside farm stand, a jar of home-made lemon marmalade. Excellent spread.

We knew we were of limited experience, and we were dealing with a small area over there. So, our experiences were not those of others who came from other parts of America, or who went to other parts of the English-speaking world. The choice of words by South Africans attracted our attention – how they said things. Students cram for an examination in America; there they “swot.” Here we catch on to something; there they “twig” it. And when we say while, they usually say “whilst.” To us “just now” meant in the very recent past; but there it means very near future. One hears, “I’ll do it just now.” And if one wishes the child to do something immediately, there he might say, “Do it now now.” A word used habitually there is “man,” used in addressing another, whether male or female. A man addresses his wife, “Honey, man, let’s have a braai.” And a word used often as a filler, as we might say, “Well,” they often say, “No.” “Would you like a cup of tea?” one asks

a visitor. "No, yes, thank you," may be the response. Don't put away the tea on the first "no." Man, whilst time went on, we began to twig some of these expressions. Those we didn't twig, we planned to just now. Such as the word "couple." A couple there is not necessarily two; it could be a few. And sometimes to express a large indefinite number, it would be "quite a couple."

A man is sometimes referred to as a "chap" or "chappie," and sometimes a "bloke," the latter seeming to me pejorative. To express tiredness, one might say, "I'm clapped." Beets are "beetroots," but carrots are not called "carrotroots," nor turnips "turniproots." And as for vegetable greens, the only one they use, evidently, is spinach. A lady once said to me, "I don't see why anybody would want to eat the tops of turnips!" Being from Oklahoma where turnip greens, mustard greens, and the like are considered good food, I thought it strange. And there a garden hose is a "hosepipe."

Bentley Nofemela had a neighbor, a woman who was a witchdoctor. Becoming ill, she sent him for a medical doctor and medicine, as she was afraid to die. Bentley told her he was not afraid of death, and that if she were a Christian she would not be either. She died a witchdoctor in December, 1968, and the family requested that Bentley conduct her funeral.

An article in the *Eastern Province Herald*, with Cape Town dateline, gave an account of a young native, who had worked for a white family there. He had been their "garden boy" for some time; they grew fond of him, and he was almost like one of the family, happy to be there. But after

a while he went back to the bush to visit his family. When he returned he was a changed person, with downcast glance and sad face. When asked about this, he explained that a cousin of his had cast a spell on him. The cousin said that he should not be there working for those people; he should be with his own people. And he put him under a curse. "There is a serpent in my chest," said the dejected young man. The family took him to doctors, had him X-rayed; but he remained sick, continuing to lose weight. Adamant in his belief of the "tokoloshe," associated with a primitive religion of Africa, the fellow became very sick. Neither his employers, nor the doctors could remove from his mind the idea that a serpent lived in his lungs.

The young man wasted away and died. The family, feeling great loss, accompanied the remains to the cemetery. With family members in the car as they returned home was a native woman, employed as a maid in the household. The lady of the house spoke about their loss and what a shame it was for the young man to die simply because of what he **thought**. The native woman, who had earned a college degree, spoke up, saying that there was a serpent in his chest. "You know we took him for an X-ray, showing a picture of his chest. There was no serpent there," said the lady. "Yes, Madam, but that serpent knew you were trying to take its photo, and it hid," replied the maid.

A preacher's wife in America requested that I send her an ostrich egg. Her husband had been in PE on the campaign and had taken one home with him – perhaps only the shell. His wife wrote, saying their child had pushed it off the table, breaking it, and that she wanted to replace it.

Not knowing whether she wanted a whole egg or just the shell, I bought an egg. Making a double, insulated crate, I packed it, sending it by surface mail. It arrived intact.

Perry Cotham's proposed preaching tour of South Africa had been shortened; he was now due in Johannesburg January 29th, and planned to leave the country March 6th. I wrote the churches involved and set that up.

Through Tex Williams we heard that some Americans wanted to move to South Africa and help evangelize. We in Port Elizabeth talked it over and wrote them, asking them to come our way. One wrote us, accepting our invitation. Milton and Sue Wilson and their year-old baby, of Missouri, would arrive in December. Milton had attended Sunset School of Preaching in Lubbock, Texas, and was known by Tex. We learned that the other family, the John Dunkins, would likely locate somewhere else in the country.

A year-end report, written on Boxing Day (December 26) stated that up to then sixty-six had been baptized in the Pickering Street baptistry during the year 1968. I reported that Polly and I had been with the church in Grahamstown one Sunday that month, and would go back again the last Sunday in the year. I informed our supporters of a schedule of visiting speakers for that church, now meeting in the Scout Hall. It covered the first eight months of 1969. The Mike Bournes were due to move there in August; he would be their regular preacher. And I told of two baptisms there recently, one a young lady who was a student in the Teacher's College. She was passing by and, hearing the congregation's good singing, went in. Further attendance and study led her to put on Christ in baptism. She was from

Port Elizabeth, and attended in her home town later, bringing her parents and an uncle.

As the new year came we learned that the one remaining preacher of the Cape Road church had moved away, and might go into the motel business elsewhere in the Republic. By then some who had left the Pickering Street church came back.

"Port Elizabeth North church of Christ" had become the new designation for the Schauder church, as they had plans to build in Gelvan Park. They had been working diligently. Earlier some who were employed at the city bus garage took part of the lunch break to teach fellow-employees, using filmstrips. I baptized three young men in January; each had been first taught by them. One, Dan Harding, who had four-month old, identical twin boys, became a member at Pickering Street. This family moved to a place near the church building so they could walk to services. The other two, Mervin Fredericks and Norman Reid, became members at PE North.

Part of a letter I got in February, 1969, is given below. Irregular spelling; punctuation and capitalization, or lack of both, included:

Mr. J. Watson, Port Elizabeth, Dear Friend.

I am appreciate your letter received thank you.
. . . I start thinking that you belong to a very special religioen, I hope you undertand that I think it was a Church, or it could be a Sanctuary; . . .

1) Did you believe in Spiritualism, I am very

interest in it, but educated as a protestant I will never leave my own Church, only for that evil still belong to the fleshbody.

2) What did you think of a person never ever sit in the holly communion will he or she direct dwell in hell, even if he feel that it is fulfy for him or her to sit there in surcome stances, in cases like hatred or talk the untruth about others.

3) Is it possible that there could be hatred or jealose out of Spirit or from a Soul to a fleshbody. Things like that puzzle me, also the feeling you get when you met a person to be careful for false, and years after that they drop you the first time.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed)

Things like that puzzle me too. But this letter and others got replies and such follow-up as could be done. (The letter's author, by the word "fulfy" meant filthy, I think.)

I made several trips to the City Hall to help get the constitution for the PE North church. Contributions continued to come for their building project. The elderly brother Abraham Jooste built concrete drains alongside our building, and we had four overhead electric fans installed. More shrubs and trees were placed on the church property. We had word from the Milton Wilsons that their visas had been received, and they would come soon. But they would spend a few days enroute with his uncle in Vicenza,

Italy. Conrad Steyn returned to officiate in the wedding of our Denver Barnes and Sandra van der Berg, conducted in our building. Evelyn Mundell preached often in Grahamstown, and planned to attend the school in Benoni and become a preacher.

A dock workers' strike in America delayed the shipments of our *Power for Today* and *20th Century Christian* magazines; but the five-month-old dates on them made them no less effective for our use. A contribution of eight hundred dollars came from Jewel Sizemore, in New Mexico, a starter for a building fund for the church in Grahamstown. I had baptized her in Silver City, New Mexico, in 1955; she was a good friend of the Charlie Tutor family, who lived there longer than we did. Two young men were baptized at Pickering Street, Noel Malan and Alan Leverington.

I also baptized a man who had been an elder in the Dutch Reformed Church in Walmer, a part of PE. He told me they would take just about anybody for that position. As an elder his main job, he said, was going to members' homes, assessing them, and collecting their dues.

Further illustrating his point is a story told by Leonard Gray. He was asked by another to go with him to the home of a man claiming to be an atheist. Leonard went to reason with the man on the existence of God. During their visit, representatives of a congregation of the Dutch Reformed Church also came, stating the purpose of their visit. They had come to ask the man of the house to become an elder in their congregation. It was Leonard's turn to tell them the man did not even believe in God.

Another case in point was related by Irene Howell,

member at Pickering Street. They had visitors, one of whom said, "They have asked me to be an elder in the church (Dutch Reformed) and I don't want to serve. What can I tell them to get out of it?" Irene replied, "You might tell them you are not qualified." "What do you mean?" asked the guest. "In the New Testament, qualifications for elders are given," replied the hostess. "Oh, really?" said the guest, "What are some of them?" "Well, for example, are you a lover of money?" asked Irene. "Oh, yes, definitely!" was the response. He was told that on that point alone he was unqualified, according to the Bible. (See 1 Timothy 3:1-7; Titus 1:5-9).

One evening another member and I listened to a crippled woman relate how she had been healed by the miraculous power of God. Another evening meeting was set up elsewhere; the George Dales asked me to be at their house when two Mormon "elders" would be there. Polly and I went, I having put a few books in my briefcase – books refuting Mormonism. Conversation began, and I offered to lend them any or all of the books I had brought for them to read. Of course, they declined, as I had expected. I then brought up the subject of divine healing. I called attention to a world record sleep-in at the local Snake Park, which had been set only a few days earlier. The handler had slept in the snake pit twenty-one nights. As expected he was bitten a few times, but had various anti-venoms in vials at hand, using some of them. I suggested – yes, I pressed the point – that one or both of them should seize the opportunity to beat that record, using no anti-venom at all. Sleep in the Snake Park. That way they could gain great

notoriety for themselves and for the Mormon Church. Although they had told the Dales they had the evening off, and could stay until late, they had to go elsewhere and left right away. (Mormons claim powers to work miracles such as people did in the first century. See Mark 16:17, 18; Luke 10:9; Acts 28:3-6).

The Milton Wilsons arrived on March 8 and stayed with us while looking for other housing. He began preaching on Sunday mornings, and I on Sunday evenings. Milton was well accepted, as were Sue and their baby. His coming was truly a godsend, as we were soon to learn.

Perry Cotham came and did some plain, solid preaching. One night he spoke to the PE North church, and four times at Pickering Street. We took him to Grahamstown, Polly and I staying two nights in a motel to attend part of the series. Charmain Le Roux was baptized there on Sunday, April 27. She lived in PE, and became a member at Pickering Street. Besides being necessary for Grahamstown itself, the work there is important because of people there from other places, some of whom are students in institutions of higher learning. John Penze was baptized at Pickering Street and became a member of the Kwazakele church.

A request came from World Radio, West Monroe, Louisiana, for information concerning the work among the Bantu in South Africa. I wrote two articles which appeared in the March, 1969, *World Radio News*. I also wrote to Chief Lebowa Jonathan, Paramount Chief (or, Prime Minister) of Lesotho, having been asked by World Radio to do so. They were interested in the possibility of erecting a radio broadcasting station in that small, mountainous, new

country, strategically situated. We received a letter from Ivan Stewart telling us that a speaker for the proposed 1971 campaign had been selected.

Tom North, aged fifty-eight, who had been restored months before, suffered several heart attacks, one proving fatal. We buried his remains in Forest Hill Cemetery. It was the first funeral of a member at Pickering Street since our arrival.

As I typed my report on April 28, Polly was in the auditorium setting up a large display of audio-visual materials. That evening she demonstrated them to ladies of the PE North church. We were having a teacher-training series in alternate weeks, Monday and Thursday nights. It was Polly's second appearance in the series. Besides this she was teaching three classes weekly: ladies' classes at both PE North and Pickering Street, and a Sunday morning pre-school class at the latter.

Twice in the special series I served as teacher. I also picked up and took home some of the PE North brethren each time, so they could attend. Some of them did not own automobiles. In the Sunday morning adult class I was teaching church organization, specifically the qualifications and responsibilities of elders. And the responsibilities of other members to the elders - what the Bible says about leadership and followship in the Lord's church. On Wednesday, May 8, we began a boys' training class. We wanted to interest boys aged eleven through fifteen to become preachers, elders, deacons, teachers in the church of Christ.

Over Easter weekend Polly and I were camp parents

at Gulumond, fifteen miles from East London. Ivan Uys had arranged for the use of facilities on the Indian Ocean at the mouth of the Gulu River for a youth camp. It was there, I think, that I was impressed with the fact that South Africans almost always smear butter (or margarine) on every piece of toast they serve for breakfast. Dry toast seemed unheard of. There, too, some of them learned that a cup of coffee can be just that, undiluted with milk and unsweetened. For when I asked for a cup of black coffee with no sugar, one sister said, "Now I've seen everything."

"Conscience" was the theme for study. Along with our other duties Polly and I helped teach about a hundred fifty boys and girls. We were there for four nights. I always enjoy teaching, but did not fully enjoy our stay there that time. Camp over, I was glad when we got home.

About a month after the Wilsons' arrival I began having some physical problems, which became acute during the camp session. Losing no time going to our family doctor, I was referred to an excellent local urologist. Tests and x-rays followed. One test remained, to be given in June. Surgery would likely be indicated, pending the final test.

I wrote to our son and to the Stillwater, Oklahoma church, the Canyon, Texas church, and other supporting churches, apprising them of the situation.

Our overseeing church (Stillwater) and our son asked us to return to the States in the event of surgery. We asked Stillwater whether we should just come back for a time, or sell out and return, to be useful elsewhere if health permitted. They advised the latter, so we began to arrange to sell

our house and furnishings, making good offers to members of the church.

I wrote the Immels, asking what to do with the car they got for us. They replied that we should dispose of it as we wished. Johan Smulders wanted it. I went to some dealers and got quotes on it, planning to sell it to him, but keeping it until we left.

When I corresponded with Milton Wilson about their coming to PE, I had no inkling that we might leave soon. But God, who knows the end from the beginning, knew. The Wilsons were a godsend in the highest possible meaning of the word. God sent them to help in the great mission field of Port Elizabeth. They were now in a house of their own, serving a church now in considerably better condition than four years earlier.

Since my urologist planned a two-week holiday, and I would not have the final test until after his return, we took a holiday also. We headed north to Welkom, where I spoke to the church on Wednesday night. From there via Johannesburg and Pretoria we drove north toward Rhodesia. We found the Lalapanzi Hotel somewhere along that road, and stayed overnight. Also in the northern Transvaal Polly and I saw our first baobab tree. I reminded her of a question she had asked me not long before: did I think Jesus had a sense of humor. I said, "Look at that thing!" A legend there is that God pulled it up and stuck it back in the ground upside down. Grotesque, indeed.

Stopping at Messina, I telephoned for reservations in Kruger National Park to be used on our return trip. Crossing the Limpopo River at Beit Bridge we were in

Rhodesia, and headed up A6 highway to Bulawayo, and A8 to Victoria Falls. "Mosiatunya" is the native name for the largest falls in Africa, meaning "the smoke that thunders." Thunderous noise is about the whole place, and towering plumes of clouds from the spray can be seen for miles. We saw this sight from the Rhodesian side only, where we saw a giant baobab, and a nearby sign cautioning, "Beware of crocodiles." No doubt by now that the viewer is in Africa.

At that time we had not seen Niagara Falls, but did later, more than once. Victoria is more than four times larger than Niagara -- more than twice as wide and over two times higher. And with longer, deeper gorges below the falls. When we saw it, May 17 and 18, 1969, the Zambezi was at very high flood stage, pouring millions of tons of water over the falls. We spent that night in the lodge at the falls.

The honor of the "discovery" of Victoria Falls goes to Dr. David Livingstone, who on November 16, 1855, was given a guided tour of the place by some of the natives.

On the 18th we went back to Bulawayo where we visited with the Will Shorts and the J. C. Shewmakers, veteran American missionaries. They were surprised to hear of the immensity of the Zambezi's flooding. On Sunday morning I spoke at the Hillside church. We were glad to become acquainted with the brethren there.

We then drove, sometimes over two-track pavement, to the small mining town of Shabani. By two-track I mean what many of us have seen in front of private garages in America. Not solid pavement, but two tracks each about 20-24 inches wide, spaced to fit the car's wheels.

In Shabani we got a hotel room for the night, and slept under a mosquito net. After breakfast next morning we packed, loaded in the car and were preparing to drive off, but were hailed by a young native. "Mahstah, mahstah, you left your radio," the bell hop shouted. I had carried in a battery-powered, portable radio and left it in the room. I thanked him, giving him a good tip. It is good to find honest souls, all up and down the social ladder, anywhere in the world.

As we drove along a well-traveled highway we saw children by the roadside, evidently with something to sell. We stopped to see what it was. Using sign language, we found it could be eaten. I bought one of the things, a fruit of the baobab tree. I cracked open the coconut-like pod with a tire tool, and we sucked some of the seeds, following their example. The Afrikaans name for that tree is **krematartboom**, the seeds having the taste of cream of tartar. They are relished by some; we at least found out about them.

We drove through Fort Victoria and went to the famous Zimbabwe Ruins, where we spent several minutes, climbing and taking pictures. Then drove back into South Africa and proceeded to the Phalaborwa gate at Kruger National Park. I told the official at the gate we had reservations at Elephants River for that night and at Lower Sabie the following night. Checking this by two-way radio, he allowed us to proceed. We had not gone many yards before coming upon a huge elephant in the road. Realizing it had the right of way, we stopped before getting close.

If you are driving an automobile and see an elephant or elephants near the road; and if you want to stop to take pictures or just to watch, go well past the place on the road nearest the animals. Look **back** at them, leaving your engine running, ready to go ahead at a sign of danger. The waving of the ears, trumpeting, charging -- any of these -- means get going again. Caution is valor. If you had stopped near the elephants before you got to them, you would need to turn around, but would lack time. Cars have been sat on by those animals.

At **Olifants Rivier** (Afrikaans) we were in cabin No. 99, a modern, **rondavel**, -- round cabin with thatched roof, ceramic tile floor, with bathroom. Some young natives were near our cabin, at a barbecue pit, preparing to roast meat. When we heard the drum signal that dinner was being served at the lodge, we closed our door and began to head for food. I told the young men that we were not given a key for our cabin. One of them said, "Oh no, bahss, there are no tsotsis here." A **tsotsi** is a hoodlum. When we returned we missed nothing from our room. After all, there is safety within the high, sturdy, elephant-proof walls of a rest camp. Where would a tsotsi go if he did rob your room? Gates are closed at 5 p. m. It is miles across lion-infested veld to another such camp; who wants to travel it on foot, night or day?

Kruger National Park is about 300 miles long, north and south, and 40 to 75 miles wide, and lies along the Mozambique border. South Africa claims for it the largest variety of wild animals of any park in Africa. Not the largest herds of some animals, of course, for these are found

in such places as Serengeti. But Kruger is a good place to see game. From a viewpoint high atop a bluff at Elephants River lodge the view upriver is about a mile; looking to the right, it's about the same downstream. With naked eye one can see elephants below, pushing down small trees, and hippos in the water. With binoculars, the view can include much more.

Seeing game along the road, we drove leisurely, taking pictures, and stopped for tea at an open place. White-washed stones marked its boundary. One must always remember not to get out of his automobile just anywhere in that park. We spent our second night at Lower Sabie, and next day drove out of Kruger at Crocodile Bridge. We had seen much game, including good-sized herds of impala. We drove through the Transkei with its musical names: Umzimvubu River, Lusikisiki, Bombo Hill, Umngazana. Then to Port Elizabeth.

Less than two weeks later I wrote our final report from there, mailing it to the Stillwater church. A rather lengthy one, it was published in its entirety in their bulletin of June 20, 1969. We gave Doward Runyan power of attorney to dispose of our house. We sold the car to Johan Smulders. We sold some and gave away some of the furniture and carpets, and sold the appliances. On June 4 my urologist told me to "work toward surgery." We were prepared to do so, although it was not an emergency; there was no big hurry.

Bentley Nofemela had told me that he and Dora wanted to be at the airport with the others to see us off. I asked them to come to the Pickering Street building well

ahead of the time we would leave there. Perhaps you know about last-minute preparations; that was the problem that day, June 22, 1969. All had been taken care of except packing a few books; I was doing that, having asked another to ship them to us in America. So, in my haste, I came out of the office, having finished with the books. I went to the car, put my briefcase in the boot, threw the keys in, closed the lid, **locking the keys in the boot**. Polly and the Nofemelas sat helplessly in the car. Fortunately, however, the church building and the office were still unlocked, and there was the telephone. Perhaps I should have been mindful of and thankful for Alexander Graham Bell in those potentially frustrating moments.

Calling the airport, I inquired about the plane — would it leave on time? Yes, I was told. Could they possibly hold it? We were to go to Jan Smuts in preparation for departure for overseas, I explained. Not for long, I was told. I asked that Audrey Smulders be paged, please. Or, page anybody from the church of Christ. We knew a party had gathered to see us off, if we got off! A few precious moments elapsed. Then I talked with somebody I knew. Other moments went by. The phone rang. It was Gordon van der Berg that time: “Joe, what’s the problem?” “Man, I’ve locked my keys in the boot of my car. Please see Audrey Smulders, get the set of keys I’ve already given to her and bring them to me.” In a relatively short time that was done. We made that flight, with hardly any time for goodbyes to anybody in our group.

Enroute to Jan Smuts, there was ample time for several “whews” and for “That was a close one.” For,

"There was not much time for seeing anybody," but we agreed, "It's just as well." We loved those people and were loved by them. But goodbyes are sometimes best when done quietly, quickly.

We were met by Eldred Echols and went to their house for overnight. That evening Lena Runyan called. "Joe, what happened?" she asked. When I explained, all was understood. No doubt they, too, had experienced a few close calls.

Polly was ill with a cold, so stayed in bed that Sunday morning, but I accompanied Eldred to Mondeor, where he preached. The cold auditorium was being "heated" by a small, electric heater in the middle aisle. (Winter had just begun on the Reef, and that part of it is almost 6,000 feet above sea level.) Although I thought I was warmly clad, the coldness struck through. I joined Polly in illness. She told me, though, that if she at all felt like boarding our flight for overseas, she wanted to go. That we did.

Not only had I sold Johan the car, but I had turned over to him the class of young boys. I had been acquainting them with some pioneer preachers in early America, most of them farmers, who loved the Lord and the proclamation of His gospel. They laid the crops by, put Bibles in saddle bags, and left the farms in the care of their wives and children. They rode and preached, sometimes wholly without pay, but always with a commitment to the restoration of the church to its first century doctrinal purity.

A book was left with Johan, the title of which is forgotten. Compiled by H. Leo Boles, published by Gospel Advocate, it contained short biographies of some of these

men, along with some of their activities. It can be and was, I think, a good motivational tool. I am confident that it had its effect on Johan, and I think, too, on some we taught in that class. For we told them that dedication such as those men had was needed to make the cause of Christ prosper in their land.

"We preach and teach about God's providence, but are sometimes slow to accept it, even when it is plainly seen." That was the opening sentence in my final report to Stillwater from PE. God had brought us to PE; He had made the Wilsons available, and had prompted me to write them. He had caused them to come, just at the needed time. Just long enough for them to settle in and to be accepted. "Milton was well liked, and I am sure he can do a good job in PE," wrote John Hardin on November 11. He referred to Milton's speaking on the program at the annual SABS lectureship the year we left. The letter reached me in care of our son in Richardson, Texas. Polly and I had participated in the school's first two lectureships, but missed three in a row after that. Of course we did not know it then, but we were to attend many more of them.

Eldred and Jane Echols often accommodated travelers, sometimes for days at a time. They often met flights, and often took passengers to catch them. Christians, their hospitality, their helpfulness were genuine. Others on the Rand were also honestly hospitable, South Africans and Americans.

We flew out of South Africa that time on a Pan Am 707, and out across Rhodesia. At Victoria Falls, where we

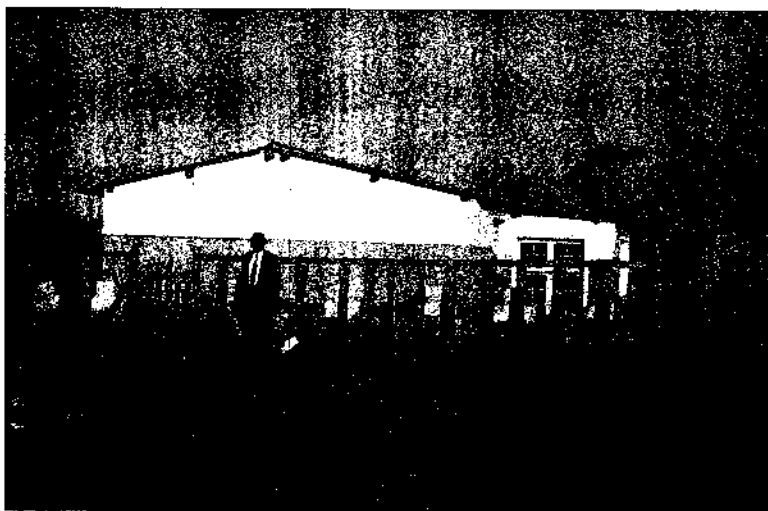
had been only eighteen days before, the pilot said he had received permission from the government to go down and have a look at the falls. He said we would make one complete circle around them. A magnificent, memorable sight indeed. And – wouldn't you know it – my camera was in a bag in the luggage compartment.

We landed at Lagos, Nigeria, where I bought two carved ebony heads representing natives, male and female. Polly had them in her lap all the way to Texas. Next touchdown: Rabat, Morocco, where we again deplaned, spending a few minutes in the terminal. Then out over the Atlantic, bound, we thought, for JFK airport, New York. But we never got there.

Arriving in airspace near JFK our pilot was told he would have to hold. It was one of those annoying times, it seems, when delaying the landing of planes was the thing to do. Too much traffic? Too tired controllers? **Two sick passengers!** Several unhappy ones. A few large, lazy circles around and around, the moon going by each time around, and time going by. At long last the pilot announced we were going back to Boston to land. That we did – land that is. But we didn't deplane; no, not then. We had to wait until customs officials were alerted and asked to come to work, and then wait until they came. We finally got off at Logan airport, went through customs to begin waiting for a flight to New York. Some mechanical problem with the plane, they said, and another would have to be brought, or they would put us on existing flights. Breakfast being served for those who wanted it, I, but not Polly, went to eat. At last we got a plane to New York, but not

to JFK – remember, I said we never made it – we were taken to La Guardia.

That time in New York, John had a room for us in his hotel. Polly was ill enough, though, that she stayed there. I went with John to another hotel, where my sister and her husband were. He, Leo Lowry, was then president of an oil company, which had the suite for them. I went out to eat with them, and was glad to be with some of my people we had not seen for some time. Her ears hurting badly, Polly and I got a flight from La Guardia to Love Field in Dallas. Our son and his family met us, and we went home with them.



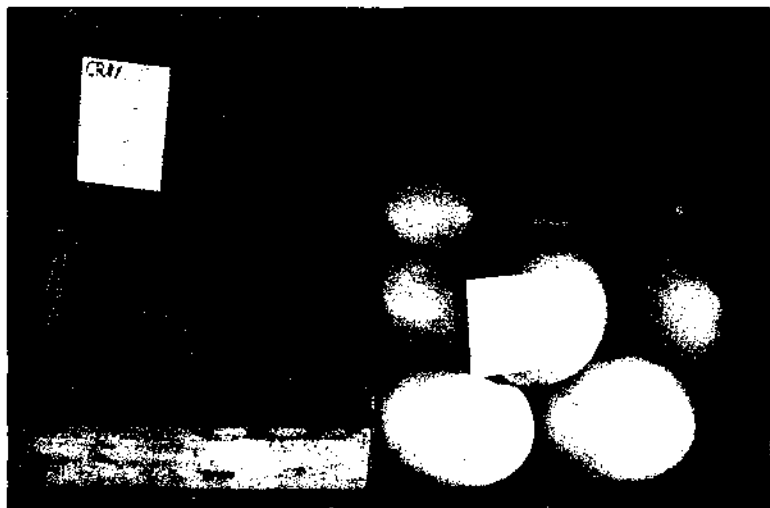
Bentley Nofemela by his house.



An Indian group we met with on Sunday at Pinetown.



A place we stopped to rest. The poinsettias in foreground grow tall outside there.



Ostrich eggs.



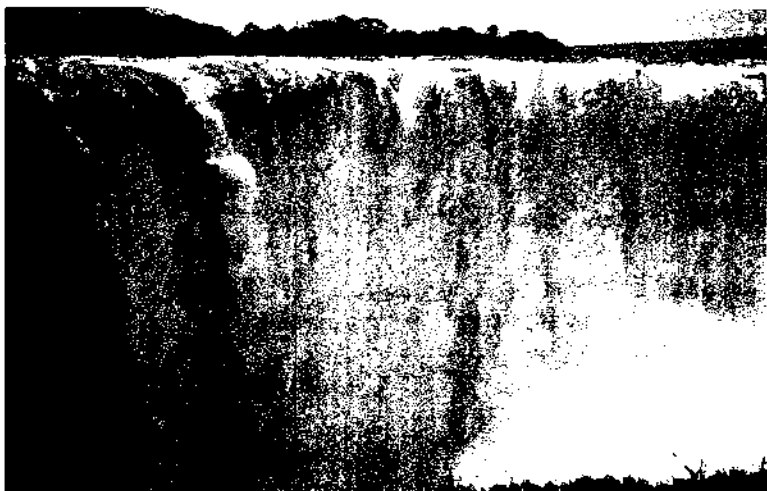
Left to right — Venetia Heyns, Roy Steiniger, Sue Wilson, Milton Wilson.



A youth camp scene.



Victoria Falls on Zambezi River — between Rhodesia and Zambia.



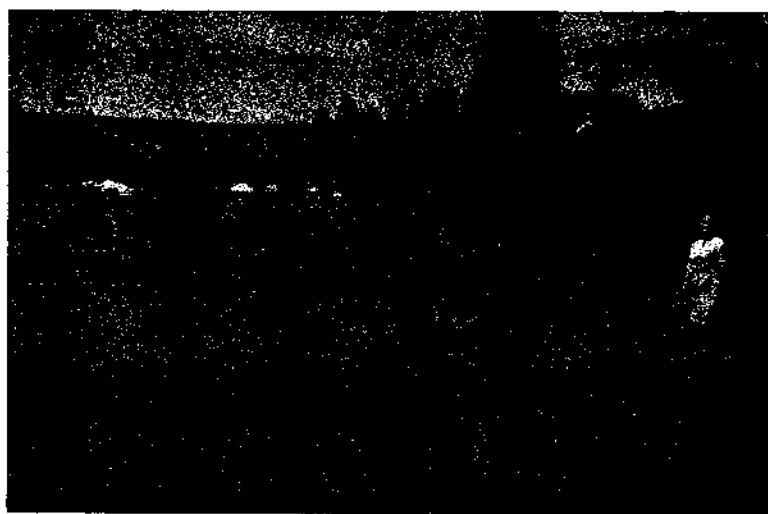
More of the Falls — four times larger than Niagara Falls.



Cabins in Kruger National Park — called rondovals.



Giraffes at sunset.



Familiar scene in the Cape Province.

CHAPTER 6

**"I WILL PRAISE YOU, O LORD,
WITH ALL MY HEART . . ."
(Psalm 9:1a NIV)**

OUR SECOND STAY IN TEXAS

We soon went to doctors, Polly to an ear specialist and I to a G. P. Polly's eardrums had burst, so she was advised never to fly with a cold. I was admitted to Presbyterian Hospital, Dallas, where I stayed twenty-seven days. Most of that time I was on a respirator. I was assigned to a suite, perhaps because I told the doctor we had just come from Africa and that I had baptized a TB patient. But my problem was pneumonia, which finally cleared up after thoracic surgery. My visitors, besides Polly, Joe and Glenda, included Charlie, Betty and Nancy Tutor, who were then living in El Campo, Texas. Joe McKissick also came to visit. He told me that my length of stay in hospital set some kind of record; I think he meant for preachers among us. Out of hospital for a few days, I went back for minor prostate surgery, and soon was recuperating at our son's place in Richardson.

When able, I began looking for a place needing a preacher; the church in Bowie was looking, too. We made an agreement, and moved to Bowie the first of the year

1970. Our house in South Africa had not been sold, so we bought appliances on Joe's credit, got some furniture and set up housekeeping at 311 Walnut in Bowie, right behind the meeting house at Pecan and Sanders. Not knowing what my physical abilities would be, I bought my first self-propelled lawnmower. We settled in and began serving the church. We grew to love the people and sensed that it was reciprocal.

Getting to know some of the preachers in that area, I began attending monthly preachers' luncheons in Jacksboro, 35 miles away. Bud Hales was then preaching there. Five or six men generally came. We talked shop about two hours, then usually went to the Green Frog to eat. We shared sermon ideas, discussed difficult passages, and worked up an exchange-of-pulpit program, and activated it monthly in a few congregations. Monthly singings were held in the area, moving about from place to place. Polly and I went down to Paradise, Texas for one. Their "theme song" was "Paradise Valley."

Monthly "Second Monday" in Bowie is a big day. Traders, sellers, potential buyers begin arriving on the Friday before, and by Monday one can find many items for sale or trade, from thimbles to horses. Some antiques, some "junque" in stalls in the big buildings and on the outside, too.

During our stay there Owen Cosgrove, Richard Hale, and Jimmy Cox were with the church for gospel meetings. In 1970 there were several restorations, and eighteen were baptized. Polly took her turn with others of the ladies in teaching their classes. I taught a ladies' class using the

book *Show Us The Father*, by W. T. Hamilton. The author and his wife, Carrie, had lived in Bowie, serving the church a few years earlier. They were held in high regard.

This was our second stay in Texas. Twenty-three years earlier (1947) we moved to the Panhandle, serving two churches there over an eight year period. We had many friends in the Panhandle, and were making some in north central Texas this time. I performed four weddings in 1970 for young people in Bowie; former ministers were called back for others. We had several elderly members. And we had funerals, former ministers returning to help with some. The congregation's library grew by more than a hundred volumes in less than a year as people donated books in memory of the dead. Monthly luncheons were held in a large room downtown. One of the schools had me show slides of Africa to fifth and sixth graders. We had services in rest homes, a radio program, and once I preached to the local company of the Texas National Guard. We got acquainted with congregations in Wichita Falls, and other nearby towns. Our son and family moved early in 1970 to Austin, but most of Polly's people lived not far away in Oklahoma, as did some of mine. We enjoyed our second stay in the Lone Star State and serving our third church in the state.

During 1970 I kept in contact with brethren in South Africa. Early that year the Natal School of Preaching had opened at Edendale, near Pietermaritzburg, Ian Fair and Tex Williams being the prime movers. Letters from Philip Kivedo and Les Williams, of PE, asked advice about what to do. I advised them to quit their secular jobs and move

to Edendale or nearby, and attend this two-year program, pledging our help in getting support for them. Both Pickering Street and PE North advised the same, and assisted them in going. I sent an appeal to a selected list of individuals and churches in America. Two of the men who went to PE on the campaign took up the matter with their congregations. The result: both families were supported by two churches in Oklahoma, and by a few others, for the two years they were in Natal. They had Henry Rollman, of Bartlesville, and Neil Clark, of Perry, Oklahoma to thank for that.

Two other men in Port Elizabeth, Johnny Kluyt and Johan Smulders, decided to attend training school and become ministers. PE North and Pickering Street helped all they could, and the church in Stillwater, Oklahoma began sending some support for Johan and family, later increasing it. I had baptized these men and rejoiced because of their intentions. Kluyt attended the school in Natal, Smulders the one in Benoni.

A follow-up campaign in Port Elizabeth for 1971 had been on the calendar for some time. Ivan Stewart asked me to come to Oklahoma City to speak at one of the workshops on the subject "I Was There," telling prospective workers what the 1968 campaign was like. I went and spoke; while I was there Neil Clark asked me to be on his team in PE in February. I replied that I had not even committed to go. He said that would not take long, that Ivan would include me immediately. I agreed and began thinking about raising travel funds, and soon corresponded with some I thought might desire to help. But it was

Christians in Bowie who largely financed the trip for me.

About this time a congregation in Arlington, Texas assumed the campaign work of Ivan Stewart, who moved there. I went there for a workshop, too, and spoke briefly about PE and what campaigners could expect there.

On February 8 a group left Dallas on the first 747 I had been aboard. At JFK we joined others coming from other parts of the States. Boarding a Sabena flight we landed at Brussels, Belgium, next day. We were taken on a tour of the city, and going twelve miles south to Waterloo, where Napoleon met defeat. After dinner in a restaurant on Gold Square, we emplaned for South Africa. Arriving in Port Elizabeth, we all went to Hotel Campanile, our home for the duration of the campaign. Housed on Strand Street near the Campanile, we enjoyed early morning walks in the harbor.

More than fifty workers were divided into five teams. Neil Clark headed the "Schauderville" team. Besides Neil it consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Woodbridge, Charlie Goin, Ray Fulkerson, Leon Reinschmiedt, Philip Kivedo, Les Williams, and me. Kivedo and Williams, South Africans, had come from the school in Natal for the effort. This group soon began setting up more appointments, filling them, and baptizing more than any of the other teams. Our team worked exclusively in the areas of town where the mixed-races lived.

In 1971, three years after the first campaign, the property at 43 Pickering Street looked much better - parking lot well established, shrubbery growing. It became the venue for night meetings during the campaign, with Leonard

Gray the speaker. Clive Biggs, a South African graduate of SABS, minister of the Newton Park church, assisted in the overall effort.

While there I learned that the Kwazakele church had been tentatively assigned a site for their building, and that the official notice from Pretoria would soon come. Their funds for construction, earning interest in a savings account in a building society, were thought to be sufficient.

About fifty persons were baptized, twenty of them from the Colored area. I was thrilled when three persons whom I had taught came forward at the singing of an invitation hymn in the PE North church one evening. They were baptized the same hour of the night. Actually, our team had knocked on doors for only three hours one morning. We got all the studies we could handle, some simply falling into our hands. Among those from other parts of PE who were baptized were the city's chief traffic officer and his wife, the wife of an attorney, a retired SA Army major and his wife. Of course, others were baptized following the campaign; four men of our group were left there to assist in that work.

We had a rest day and I took Ray Fulkerson and Charlie Goin, two members of our team, to Grahamstown. They enjoyed seeing something of rural and small-town South Africa. Enroute back to PE, we visited with a young Xhosa going through the rite of passage into manhood, and dressed (nearly undressed) for the occasion. The young men, "abakhwetha," become "amadoda" through these rites of circumcision and the other requirements. The men with me bought mementoes from the Xhosa.

Leonard Gray had told me that the church in Clarksville, Arkansas made contact with him, asking him to go to Kampala, Uganda to check on brethren there. That church had for years sent Bible correspondence courses to that country; a few persons had been obedient to the gospel. An American family lived there now, and a small group met in their home on Sundays. Leonard had planned to visit there enroute home from the campaign.

But on January 25 Idi Amin staged a coup, deposed President Milton Obote, and became dictator of Uganda. The international airport was closed, and remained closed when Leonard told me these things. I had wanted to visit Kampala ever since we had landed at nearby Entebbe in 1965, and now I wanted to visit the church in that city. I decided to forego the trip to Israel that most of the campaigners would make, and informed Leonard I would go with him.

Leonard visited the British Consulate daily to see if Entebbe had been reopened for international flights; finally, the day before we left, it had. There were others going with us; they were: Jack Minter, of Wyoming, and Bob Pipes, then preaching in Texas. Jack would also go to Kampala, but Bob would instead go to Kenya to visit missionaries there, relatives of his. If the airport in Uganda had not opened, Leonard planned for us to fly to Nairobi and go to the border to visit some who would come from Kampala. But when we learned we could fly to Entebbe, we decided God planned for this meeting in Kampala. (See Acts 16:9, 10).

Our group left PE Monday, March 1; about forty left

the next day for Israel, and four men stayed to follow up with studies. We four flew to Jan Smuts, and spent the night with the Eldred Echols family in Benoni. The next day we were taken out to Cloverdene to see the property SABS had obtained, especially the school building under construction. Unknown to me then, years of association with that school were in my future.

We got a flight to Windhoek, South West Africa (Namibia), as Bob Pipes wanted to check out the possibilities of moving there to evangelize. Flying over the Kalahari Desert, we landed and entered the futuristic terminal. In Windhoek, Bob checked on housing, schools for his children, cost of various items. We then rented a car and drove north to Okahandja, turned left and, going through Karibib and Usakos, arrived at Swakopmond on the Atlantic coast. Spending the night in a hotel there, we drove across sandy desert beside the sea to Walvis Bay, then returned by the way we came toward Windhoek. Enroute there, we drove to a farmhouse, looking for a person whose name we had. Not finding him, we had a good visit with a young German, telling him about our mission. He said this was all very interesting to him, for he and his wife had recently discussed whether their small child should be sprinkled. There were opportunities all around for teaching God's way. In Windhoek we collected our luggage at the car rental place, and got rooms in the Safari Motel.

The following morning we decided to pool our money and hire a plane with pilot, who would take us north to see some of that part of "South West." We five flew

over picturesque country, seeing wild animals; huge nests of tenement birds, some covering whole treetops; red, craggy peaks. We went up by way of Tsumeb, flew over game herds in the Etosha Pan, and landed at a small town to refuel. We returned by way of Otjiwarongo, having seen something of the country, giving Bob Pipes an idea of what to expect. Our flight back to Johannesburg allowed him to get a plane for Nairobi. The three others of us took a flight to Entebbe, Uganda.

Arriving after midnight, we were met by Tom Reynolds, who took us the twenty-five miles to his house in Kampala, where we bedded down. On Sunday morning a few people came for Bible study and worship. These included: Belika Andika Abulitsa, Sospater Akwenyu, Daniel Ssemakade, Johnson Arago, Mr. and Mrs. Jim James, and one or two others whose names I did not record. Another new member, Simon Peter Okudu Eweu, was out of the country. Tom and Letha Reynolds and family and we three Americans were already there. The James couple were visitors; Daniel and Johnson were new members; Belika and Sospater had been in the church longer. That evening we had another worship period; some of those named returned.

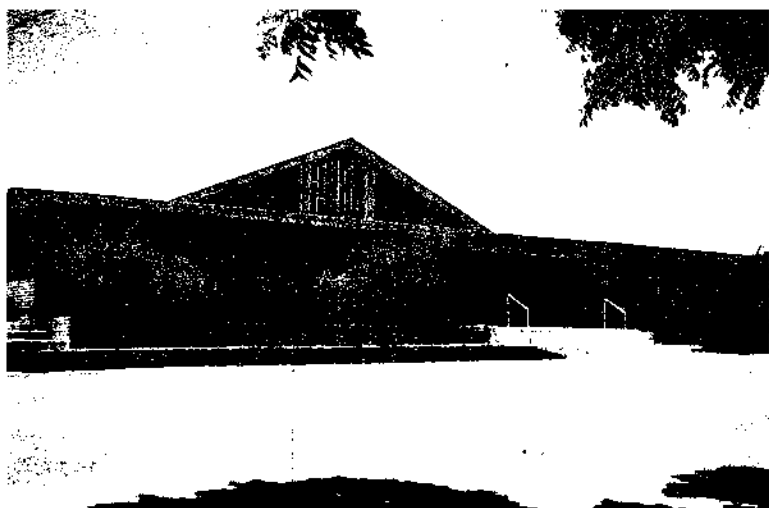
In addition to our worship together, we shared information. Mr. James, Warden of All Saints Church (Anglican), served as Secretary-Treasurer of the Water Board. He said when the water for use in Kampala left the plant on nearby Lake Victoria its degree of purity surpassed that of some of the western European cities. But in Kampala itself, the distribution system was old and faulty.

Shantytown conditions existed here and there within the city; the sewer system did not include all dwellings; there were privies. Consequently drinking water needed to be boiled, and filtering was also practiced by some.

Belika Andika, from Kenya, of Muluhya tribe, whose wife was not with him in Uganda, had been a Christian six years. Sospater Akwenyu, single, of Kumam tribe, Teso district, had put on Christ about five years prior to our visit. Both Andika and Akwenyu had jobs at a prison. Ssemakade and Arago were Ugandans, were single and seniors in high school. The first-named belonged to the Muganda tribe, the other to the Lango. Each tribe named has its own language, but all there spoke English; our worship and conversation were in English.

The church in Clarksville, Arkansas had put an ad in the *Uganda Argus*, telling of Bible correspondence courses. Andika and Akwenyu asked for these studies. Van Tate, Hilton Merritt, and Gaston Tarbet were American missionaries in Kenya. Tate made a trip into Uganda in 1969; he and Hilton Merritt went later. They baptized some of the early converts. Tom Reynolds and family came, and through their contact with Clarksville, members were found and brought together. At the time of our visit they had plans to soon begin meeting in the Scout Hall.

Jack Minter, Leonard Gray and I studied the map of Uganda with these brethren, took into account the size and population of the country, and its great need of the gospel. The early native members, together with the Reynolds family, asked me to bring my wife and come there to help them. I heard the second drum.



Church in Bowie, Texas.



Hotel Campanile where campaigners stayed in Port Elizabeth for the second campaign.



Leonard and Marguerite Gray preached in East London, South Africa, for many years. Speaker for the second campaign in P.E.



Roy Fulkerson, Charlie Goin, and a young Xhosa, going through the rite of passing into manhood.



Tom and Letha Reynolds and children Kevin, Ricky, Gil, and Jana.



Leonard Gray, Joe Fred Watson, Tom Reynolds and three black Christians of Uganda.

THE SECOND DRUM

"An Infant Church in the Cradle of the Nile"

CHAPTER 7

**"O LORD . . . HOW MAJESTIC IS THY NAME
IN ALL THE EARTH!"
(Psalm 8:1a NIV)**

OUR LONG SUMMER BEGINS

It was Sunday, March 7, when we met with the infant church in Kampala. Tom Reynolds took us back to Entebbe to get a flight to Brussels, where we were met by those who had gone to Israel. Back in New York, I stayed to visit my brother for two days, then returned to Dallas and Bowie, Texas.

It has been said that once the Africa bug bites, you will never get over it. The drum I had heard in Kampala was still reverberating. Soon after getting home I called Leonard Gray, asking for a telephone number of that church in Arkansas desiring to send a family to Uganda. He did better than give me a number, giving me instead information of a meeting to take place in Tahlequah, Oklahoma, on Friday, and that he would be there. I told him we would be there, too.

I met elders from the Clarksville church, who had already talked with Leonard; I said, "I hear you brethren are looking for a man to send to Uganda." "I think we have found him," said one of them, and I understood him

to mean me. At that meeting they asked the Watsons to go, and I accepted.

We met the Gailyn van Rheenens, the James Moores, and the Allison in Tahlequah, and learned more about the group of young families planning to enter Uganda within one, two, or three years. Included were the Lawrence Barrs, of Montevallo, Alabama. Van Rheenen was Bible Chair Director in Tahlequah; Moore preached for the church in Haskell, Oklahoma; Allison preached in Sterling, Oklahoma.

The Clarksville church wanted somebody in Uganda to coordinate the Bible correspondence effort. The mailings from Arkansas to East Africa had met with delays and other complications. They wanted flesh and blood on the field. Our work would be primarily to take charge of this medium of teaching, and to follow up on the leads it produced. Our going might also speed the going of the others in the "Uganda Group." They readily accepted us, and began to publicize our going.

We got back to Bowie on the Ides of March. We had been away several days in February and March; Bill Snow baptized five persons March 1; I had baptized two on February 3. On Sunday, March 28, Ed Bryant, of Bridgeport, Texas baptized one in Bowie. In an exchange of pulpits for the day, I preached in Bridgeport.

Jimmy Cox, a former preacher for the Bowie church, returned to preach in a gospel meeting April 5-11. An afternoon singing and the meeting drew many visitors; some services were broadcast on local radio. Our son and family, of Austin, were among the visitors the final day

of the meeting.

In the Bowie bulletin of March 21 appeared a full-page report of my trip to Africa, with thanks again to the members for opening their pocketbooks to finance it. A brief review of the campaign in PE and an overview of needs in Namibia were included. In the March 28 bulletin needs in Uganda were set forth in a lengthy article, and it was soon made clear the Watsons would leave. In the bulletin of April 11 appeared a report on the missions committee, appointed in February, which was taking into account the nearly free-from-debt status on the congregation and the world as the field for evangelistic activity. On April 18 I set forth in the bulletin some possible needs we would have in Uganda, perhaps including a Land Rover.

The church in Bowie being very helpful, allowed us to be away more than usual as we prepared to leave. We had company also because of this. The Allison family, whom we had met in Tablequah, paid us a visit. We made arrangements to lend appliances and furniture, to leave some with our son, storing books and other items there, lent books to relatives in other places. Finally all this was done. My final bulletin to the brethren in Bowie, dated May 30, thanked them for all they had done for us, for their generosity toward us, for the going away party and gifts, including a flight bag with cash inside. We were going to Clarksville, Arkansas to be there about three weeks prior to leaving for overseas. We gave the Clarksville church's address as ours.

In Clarksville we stayed downtown in the Ford Hotel. Attending all services of the church, we met the members,

getting as well acquainted with as many as possible in so short a stay. We spent the hot month of June with them. Among the get-acquainted activities was an enjoyable fish fry. John Ballard was their preacher, doing a good job in the pulpit and on radio.

Landing in Uganda in 1965, I had my curiosity about Kampala aroused, desiring to see it. When we got back to the States in 1968 I wrote the Uganda Embassy in Washington, receiving brochures, but learning nothing about the possibility of getting missionaries into the country. On telling the Clarksville elders that our first landing on African soil was at Entebbe, the reply was, "God had been trying for a long time to get you into Uganda."

With visas and work permits in order we left Clarksville and drove to Austin, where on Sunday, July 4, we worshipped with our son and his family in Highland Village church. On Monday I wrote the Clarksville church saying once more we thanked them for their help in our being sent. By special delivery our tickets had arrived in Austin July 2. On Tuesday Joe and family took us to the international airport in Houston. Charlie Tutor and family had driven over from El Campo to help see us off.

We had tourist-class tickets but were put in first-class on the Air France 747, headed non-stop for Paris. Champagne and wine were freely offered but we did not accept. In Paris we had time to see by bus Champs Elysees, the Eiffel Tower, the Arch of Triumph and other sights. Having landed at Orly airport, we left from le Bourget on Austrian Airways to Vienna, landing at Schwechat Airport. We were taken to our reserved room at the

Savoy Hotel. We agreed that the highlight of the bus tour was seeing Schonbrunn Palace.

That evening we attended a service in the German language, in which Gwynneth Curtis preached. We visited briefly with him and Joyce, with Otis Gatewood, his son David and wife, with the Marvin Honackers, and with members of the Bob Hare family. (Bob was away in the States at the time.) Also there were the Charles Davises, whom we had first met in Saskatchewan several years earlier. Mrs. Kenneth Davis and another lady from Searcy, Arkansas were present; the Harding Chorus, directed by Kenneth Davis, was due in a few days. Several German members of the church attended, too.

The next day Gwynneth showed me the printing plant of *Das Feste Fundament*, the gospel paper our brethren publish, which is also a Bible and book depot. Eleven languages were used in this work of reaching Eastern European peoples. That day we took an Olympic Airways flight. Passing by the snow-covered mountains of Switzerland and Bavaria on our right, we soon flew over Salonika (Thessalonica of the New Testament), and landed at Athens.

East African Airways took us overnight to Entebbe. We went into the terminal and were served orange juice. We had been there six years earlier, and I had been there earlier that year. We don't recall seeing bullet holes in the waiting area seats, as the others and I did four months earlier.

We had planned from the first to visit missionaries in Kenya before settling in at Kampala. So, within a few minutes we were flying over Lake Victoria and soon landed at

Nairobi's airport. I stood where I could watch the baggage cart come by, and noticed that one of our bags was not on it. I called this to the attention of the man pulling the cart, who went back and got it off the very soon departing plane. If I hadn't done that, it could have very literally ended up in Timbuctu. We had reservations in Hotel Boulevard, and were taken there.

Visiting with missionaries in Kenya would, we thought, help us not make the same mistakes they may have made. We wanted to put their experience to work for the cause in Uganda. What methods had they used? What approaches? Which had been better? They could tell us.

It was Saturday when we got to Nairobi. After breakfast next morning, we saw a taxi driver in the lobby who thought he knew where a church of Christ met in a school building in the Eastleigh section of the city. He took us there. Soon Berkeley Hackett arrived with communion trays prepared for the service. We met him for the first time there. He expressed surprise that we found the place, telling us that another group met in the YMCA near our hotel. This, of course, was unknown to us. We heard a sermon by an African preacher who spoke in Kiswahili.

Berkeley took us back to our hotel, making an appointment to pick us up the next morning. He was quite late, explaining that a cobra spat in their pet cat's eye, which had to be taken to a veterinary to have its eyes cleaned; otherwise it would have been blind. Yes, we were in Africa all right; unkind, unfriendly, hostile, "tooth and claw" Africa. Berkeley took us to see the Great Rift Valley and White Highlands, where we met the Ted Ogles, soon to

return to the States. He mentioned taking us to see a nearby wild animal preserve, but said we would soon be able to see plenty of them in Uganda. With the Hacketts we visited the Van Tates that evening, and asked the questions of them we had come to ask. We had stayed three days in Kenya and had an informative and enjoyable visit.

Tuesday, July 13, we flew back to Entebbe, with nobody at the airport to meet us, the Tom Reynolds family being away. Taking the airport bus to the downtown Kampala terminal, I found Hotel Equatoria in the Yellow Pages and called, reserving a room. We were taken there; it was night and we were in a strange city, knowing virtually nobody. We had come to Uganda after hearing the second drum from Africa. We knew God had brought us there, and we prayed that He would be with us and help us do His bidding in that country. We were the first American missionaries in the church of Christ ever to move there to live and work in that country.

After about two days in the Equatoria we transferred to the Speke Hotel, finding it more to our liking. It obviously bore the name in memory of J. H. Speke, early English explorer; in the early 1860's he discovered for the outside world the source of the White Nile at Ripon Falls, about fifty miles east of Kampala, on Lake Victoria. He, Stanley, Livingstone and others figure in the discovery of snow-capped mountains near the equator, of mountain gorillas, volcanoes, pygmies, large lakes, and part of the Great Rift Valley. In those days of discovery, the term "Dark Africa" was used. This had no reference to skin color, but was applied because so little was known about

the giant continent's mysterious interior.

Alan Moorehead's *The White Nile* and *The Blue Nile* had been part of our recommended reading earlier; we read these and other books to get the feel of the country. Ripon Falls, mentioned earlier, can no longer be seen. A dam has been built just downstream from that point, the falls obliterated, and the White Nile is born plunging over its spillway. It has been harnessed to generate electricity.

In the southern part of Uganda lived an advanced tribe, the Baganda; their territory was known as Buganda, and they spoke the Luganda language. Buganda became a British protectorate in 1893; the next year this was extended to the rest of the country except Bunyoro, in the west. Britain granted independence to Uganda in 1962, the country taking its name from the dominant tribe. English is the official language; Kiswahili and several tribal languages are spoken. And since Kampala is the capital, newscasts are heard in several foreign languages, foreign embassies being located there. But some Baganda think Luganda should be the official language.

It is a beautiful country, with many square miles of water. Mount Elgon, fifty miles across at its base, lies astride the Kenya border on Uganda's east side. It is of now-extinct volcanic origin, having streams and waterfalls. To the west, just north of the equator, lie the Ruwenzori Mountains, or "Mountains of the Moon," with snow-clad peaks rising about 16,000 feet, higher than any Colorado peak. South of the Ruwenzori, in Bunyoro province, are the Bufumbiri volcanoes, labelled "extinct" in some books; but one erupted during our stay in the country.

It is said the only liquid lava lake in the world is located there. Mountain gorillas are found nearby. We were informed that pygmies, said by some to be Uganda's aborigines, still live there.

Valleys lying east of the western mountains have lakes out of which flows the Albert Nile, which joins Victoria Nyanza near Uganda's border with Sudan, forming the White Nile.

Uganda has an average elevation of 4,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level. Its capital, Kampala, is set on green hills. Contrary to popular concepts in America, it is not an extremely hot area, although the country straddles the equator. After all, it is "the cradle of the Nile," which flows northward about 4,500 miles to the Mediterranean, 2,500 miles away as the crow flies. In Kampala we slept under sheets and sometimes under blankets. The surface of Lake Victoria is 3,726 feet above sea level, and Kampala is nearby.

Following our sending telegrams reporting our safe arrival, we began looking for things we wanted to buy, and checking the daily *Uganda Argus* for housing. While still at the Speke I got busy locating a few of the nearly twelve hundred persons on the list given us in America. The Reynolds family returned, and we made contact with them. They helped us locate an available flat, after being in hotels about two weeks.

At the Speke we found the meals good. Fillet steaks, spaghetti Bolonaise, fruit salads, bottled sodas (called "minerals"), cooked vegetables of many kinds – but Polly will tell of foods later. At least we had begun to learn

about such things before we got a place of our own, and before Polly began cooking and keeping house.

Our flat was in a small complex of three-story blocks of flats, two on each floor, ours being No. 2F, Plot 76E, Port Bell Road, Mbuyu, in Kampala. There was no mail delivery; the postal address was a box number at Mengo Post Office in the old part of the city near the kabaka's (king's) palace.

I set up an office in one of the two small bedrooms. The new Facit electric typewriter was delivered the day after we moved in, and I wrote our first typed report to America. I enrolled the two Africans who delivered the typewriter, making them recipients of Bible studies by mail. A new Roneo being purchased, along with stencils, I soon set up to get out multiple copies. Rubber stamps with mailing addresses were purchased while we were in the hotel; we wanted people to know why we were there. A small used desk and small filing cabinet served our needs, as we began distributing Bible studies all over the country, a few also going to Kenya and Tanzania. We keenly felt the need for God to be with us and to guide us in our undertaking to further His kingdom in that part of the world. For that we prayed.

By the time we got there the church had begun meeting in the YMCA at No. 3 George Street, a good location with a sign out front giving time of services. We worshipped with them, and I preached and taught classes at times.

Our reports would be monthly, with letters in between. We soon learned we needed frequent shipments of various parts of correspondence courses we offered. These

would come air mail. Larger shipments for long-range planning would come by surface post, which would take up to a month or more.

Walking and riding in taxis had to taper off when we moved into the flat at the edge of the city. Polly had signed and sent to our son a document he had requested, giving him power of attorney to sell our car. He soon wrote that this was done, the money sent to our account in Stillwater. We were advised not to buy a new car, because kondos (thugs) were holding up drivers, sometimes killing them, taking the cars and selling them across the border. They particularly chose Mercedes (which we couldn't afford - did not want), Peugeots, Volkswagens (new). I found an Indian dealer in town and bought an old, very-used VW Fastback. Somewhat skeptical of its durability at first, I became aware it was a good car. The Germans at the local VW dealership knew these cars, and kept them up admirably. Getting the car after taking it to them for servicing, I would find a checklist on the front seat, indicating items to be seen about next time. Once the askari (guard) at the flats knocked on our back door, telling me the car, parked at back, had a petrol leak. Not wishing to start it, I called the service desk at VW; two Germans came out in a company van, repaired the leak and told me it was "on the house," no charge at all. I was a regular customer.

Paying for the car afforded an experience. Our income being from America, it was perfectly legal for us to ask our bank there to transfer the money to an account number in a bank in London. Indians in Uganda could see the handwriting on the wall; they were getting their money

out of the country, for they foresaw their exodus. A few weeks after the purchase I was hailed by one of the Indian's brothers, and stopped by. He said the money had not been deposited in the London account. Writing my bank again about it, I learned that somebody there had assumed the money was to be deposited in my account in London, and no such account existed. But all was made right, the funds being sent to the Indian's account.

At least five days a week we, or I, made the trip to Mengo for mail. One day I got twenty-two pieces from students in Uganda; five days later twenty-four pieces. These were lessons to be checked and returned along with other lessons, advancing students one lesson each. A day would be well filled with this, and with writing instructions, Scriptures for students to study, and so on. Certain lessons we were using were not clear to some of the students; so I prepared additional instruction sheets to accompany them. On some subjects extra sheets were made from stencils, "roneoed" (duplicated) in my office. We had tracts, too, on certain subjects we tried to use judiciously. My morning trip to Mengo found me taking bundles of filled envelopes to students, made up the day before. With a prayer that God would lead students to the truth, these would be posted, and the mail collected for another day's work.

One package from Clarksville was held up in Uganda twenty-five days. A notice was put in my box. I picked up the package the next day, paying "storage" for the time they had delayed it. Of course the package had been sent by surface mail, which is slow. It was possibly two

months in reaching me. But we had smaller, spot orders of certain lessons coming by air mail just about every week.

We carried on lively and interesting correspondence with a variety of students, young and old. Some of the mature in age were school teachers, preachers, railway workers, prison employees, and others in various jobs. We soon learned that some of them did not understand the meaning of the word "immersion." Yes, the series of lessons they had received and completed took them through the form of baptism: the action involved, of being buried in water and raised therefrom. And, yes, some of them checked the square at the left of the line that read: "I want to be baptized." But we learned they did not mean what the author of the lesson had in mind -- not at all.

What else could one mean when indicating: "I want to be baptized?" Read the following carefully, please: Although the author (and the sender) of the lessons thought one thing, the student, in some cases, thought another. There was no meeting of the minds. That student may have thought, "When I was young I was 'confirmed,' having water sprinkled on me. That was called 'baptism,' and I received it. I was 'baptized.' I am baptized; I am a baptized person. I am glad I am baptized. I want to be a baptized person. I want to be baptized." Perhaps the thought is properly expressed by: "I want to be a having-been-baptized person." Yes, even though we thought we had led him or her carefully through a study of New Testament water baptism, including the action involved therein, he is not necessarily asking to be baptized. We prepared special teaching sheets on this matter, asked further questions, sent

tracts on the subject. Other topics, of course, were dealt with in similar fashion. We duplicated such materials as needed for these.

So, we learned why that back in America such statements as "hundreds are asking to be baptized" were not accurate. We found that one did not gas up and drive two hundred miles one-way upon the receipt of a form on which had been checked the option "I want to be baptized." After sending one such student a foolscap size sheet, type-written and single-spaced on the subject, and perhaps a tract, I would then write, asking, "Do you want somebody to come and bury you in water and raise you from it, in your obedience to the teaching of God's word?" Or words to that effect. And such teachings prepared by us needed to be in their English, using words as they used them; and leaving out certain "preacher" words we were used to hearing. I think of an attorney who reportedly said, "When I plead a case before a jury it is not my desire to plead it so that everybody can understand it. But it is my desire to plead it **so that nobody can misunderstand it.**"

We were in a land of many languages. I could have studied some of them, preferably one at a time. But there were so many, and besides, the English language was known well enough by a good percent of the people. Our students knew it, at least to some extent. It was a second language to many of them, taught them in school. If one wrote to me in Luganda, or in any other of the native, tribal languages of Uganda, I would not understand it. I do not belittle any of them for not knowing English. I hope they would be tolerant of me, if I tried to speak or write in

Kiswahili or in the language of the Teso tribe, for example. God's man and God's woman, having the Spirit of Christ, will be patient and careful in teaching, knowing the value of one precious soul. Communicating, giving the understanding, is so important when dealing with the gospel and its power to save the lost, though they be unlearned, though illiterate, though hard to make understand.

One student wrote me in his native language: "Sebo mbasaba, byona byemunam perezenza mululima oluganda, nwebale nyo." Having it translated I found this very polite, correct, understandable request: "Sir, I request of you in everything you send me, better send in Luganda language. Thanks very much." I regret that I was not able to do so. I pray that by now he has had opportunity to learn in Luganda the pure gospel of God's Son.

Somebody may be quick to reply that one going to Uganda to work should learn Luganda before going, or afterward. It would be good for some to do just that, and to live and work in the part of that country where this language prevails. Uncertainties are involved, however. One would need very strong commitment, be willing to wait perhaps years before going, but be determined to eventually go and work in Uganda where Baganda live. And supporting churches would need equal commitment. Perhaps a great work could be done. Whole groups have made plans to enter that country; churches have been prepared to send them. Then, when came the proposed date of departure, all learned they would not be permitted to enter.

What happens? Sometimes they enter another country, sometimes near Uganda. And how many of us know of

people spending time and brethren's money to learn a language, then never really get to use it? But know this -- I am not opposed to "learning the language." If more did that, and followed a long-range plan, we might have more people involved in translation of Scriptures, and in building up the Lord's cause in unevangelized areas. We lacked time and opportunity to learn Luganda before going. We did not need to for the job we went to accomplish.

And what if we had learned Luganda? There were and are several other important tribal languages used in the country. And there is Kiswahili, which some learn to try to reach more than one group with that common denominator. Some learn it well, others poorly. When it is learned poorly their writings in that language, of tracts and other Bible studies, are not well received by those knowing the language. And their efforts to teach orally suffer in the same way. If one came to Oklahoma from Nepal, having poorly learned American English, I would neither easily understand nor readily accept what he tried to teach me in that poor English. It is bad enough when an American writes in atrocious English. Of a foreigner, one might be more tolerant; but if he professes to be a teacher, he needs to **know** the language he employs, and use it well, orally and written. Our preachers and teachers should be able to reach the educated as well as the unlearned and the illiterate. The gospel is for all.

We used more tracts written in English than in any other language. That is a good medium in Uganda, as is good Kiswahili. Who gave our name to somebody in England, we may never know; but we received tracts from

there. Several subjects, several titles, small, attractive tracts – in various tribal languages, and in English. Written from a denominational stance, some could not be used. We read the English version; if it did not teach according to the Bible, we destroyed that one, in all the languages. Tracts on love, faith, clean living, and other areas were good, and we sent them into the districts where the languages were used. We also wrote, thanking the senders for them. We got some in Kiswahili written in East Africa. But by far most of those in English came from our brethren in America. We wrote many foolscap sheets, duplicating them in our tiny office, using more of these than any tract. We were on the field, sensing the needs there, filling some of them.

We know of instances in which missionaries learned a tribal language, only to wish sincerely they had not spent time learning that one, finding its users unreceptive to the gospel. They wished they had spent the time learning another tongue.

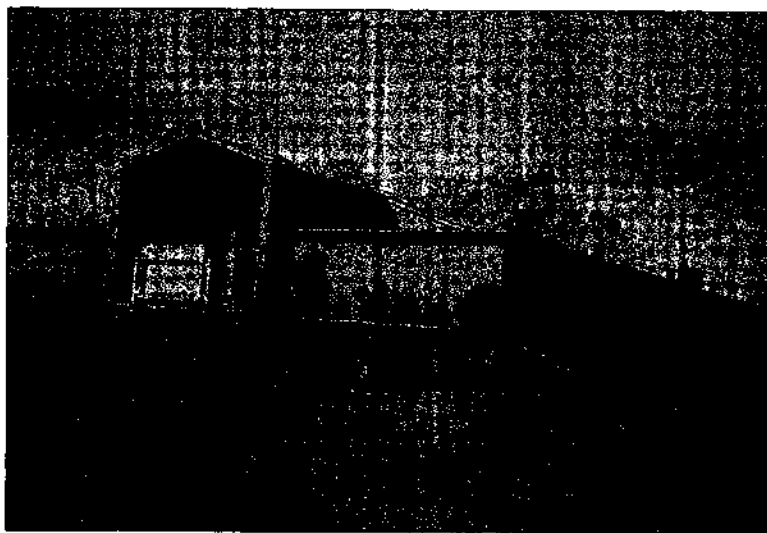
Dated September 8, Polly's letter to Clarksville contained the following:

“After living in hotels for nearly two months, including one month in Arkansas, we rented a small, furnished flat. It has two bedrooms, lounge, kitchen, and bath. All rooms are small. Joe Fred has one bedroom for an office. We rented the flat furnished because we needed the money for so many things at first. We needed to buy a car, get an office set up, and then buy the many things one needs: sheets, blankets, towels, dishes, etc. We didn't bring these

things, and they are very expensive here. Since they are expensive, we bought blankets and use them for bedspreads also. We need cover each night, as the nights are cool. Of course, the furniture is not very nice, but later maybe we can find a cheaper, unfurnished flat and get some better furniture. They do have good furniture in the stores in town, but it is very expensive.

"We were lucky to find a second-hand washer in good condition for less than half what a new one would cost. It is not fully automatic, but I am happy to have it. We walked, rode in taxis and buses until we got our car -- that goes on the wrong side of the street. To make things worse are the many bicycles and, mostly, people walking. If you can imagine most of the people in a large city walking to work, you will know how it is here. Of course, mixed with these are the bicycles, trucks, and cars of those who do drive. We had good services Sunday. Sospater Akwenyu taught the Bible lesson, and Simon Peter Eweu preached; they are Africans, and young, unmarried men. Both did really well. It was good to have the Tom Reynolds back with us also."

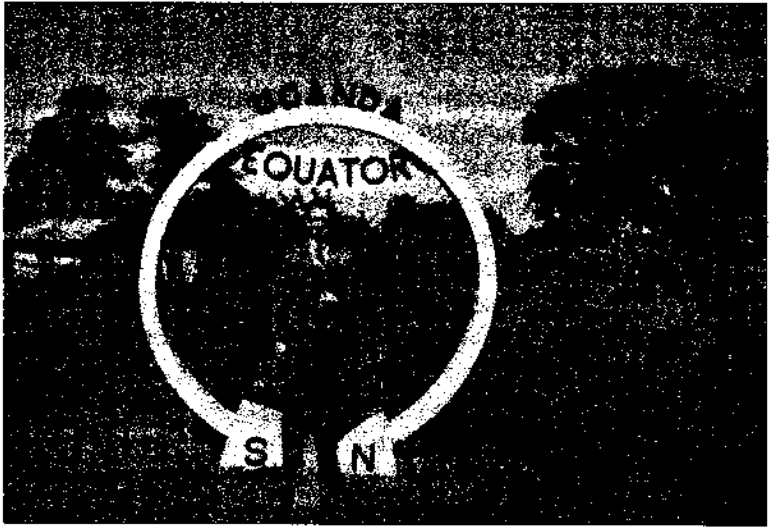
An "argus" is one noted for watchfulness. God's all-seeing eye is ever watchful for people reachable with the gospel of Christ. He used the *Cape Argus* newspaper in Cape Town when John Sheriff went there in 1896 searching for hearers of His message. Through the *Uganda Argus*, published in Kampala, the first ones there were reached about 1962. To Him be the glory.



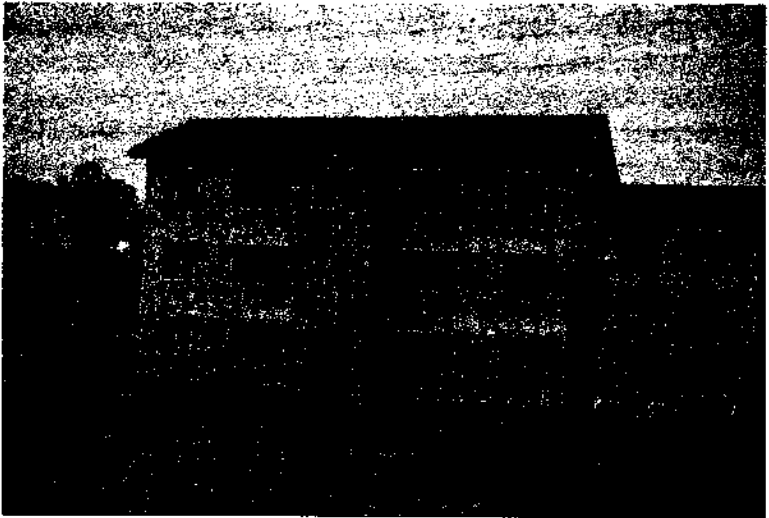
Clarksville, Ark., church.



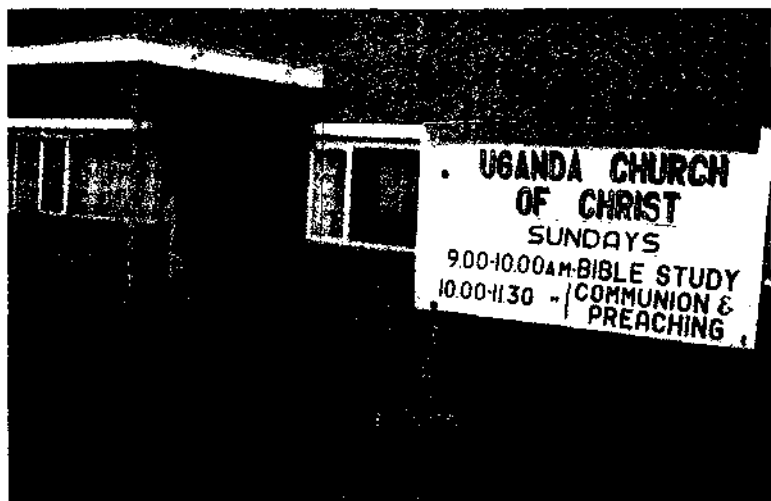
Source of the White Nile — east of Kampala about 50 miles on Lake Victoria.



Joe Fred at the equator in Uganda.



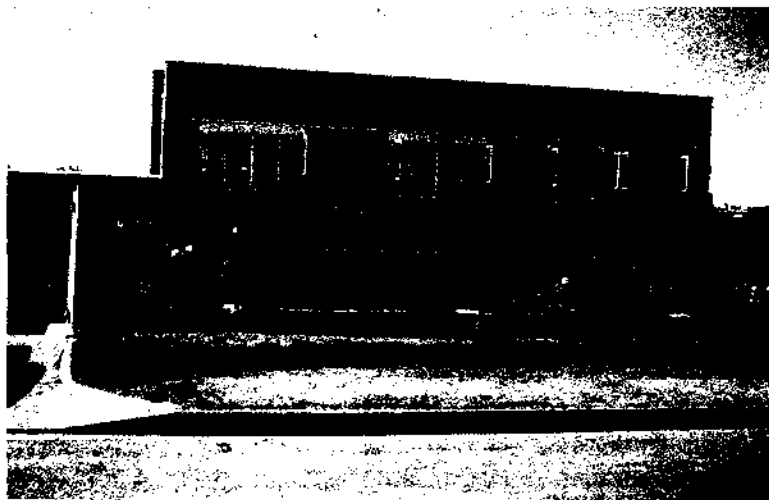
Our flat in Kampala — the two windows to the right of the doorway on the bottom floor.



YMCA at No. 3 George Street in Kampala, Uganda, where the church met.



Car we bought in Kampala.



The Tom Reynolds house.



Black boy cutting grass with a panga at our flat.

CHAPTER 8

“WALK IN WISDOM TOWARD THEM THAT ARE WITHOUT . . .” (Colossians 4:5 KJV)

SUMMER WORK CONTINUES

Summer began in June when we were in Arkansas. We were now in Uganda where – in the middle of the Tropics – it is “summer” all the time. So, with September’s arrival of the autumnal equinox, that season simply continued for us. Uganda has certain rainy seasons, with gentle precipitation, often daily, softly and without much electrical display. Following a rainy half-morning, a steamy aftermath prevails for a time. The sun is never far from directly overhead at noon, so the days are warm. We worked “in the glowing sun” in Uganda. Actually, I am paying for it now, but while there we paid little attention to the sun’s skin-damaging rays.

When we came to Uganda via Vienna we flew over Mount Olympus, home of the mythical Greek god Zeus. People in Europe were once just as pagan as people in Africa. And those in Uganda were about like those in the countries around them. When Christ came into the world to save sinners, most of them were pagans, worshipping false gods, holding false ideologies – Asians, Europeans,

Africans.

Lubareism – a mixture of witchcraft and ancestor worship – being their religion, one god of the Baganda was Mukesa, who reportedly dwelt in Lake Victoria. Sailors embarking on a lake voyage threw stalks of bananas into the lake to influence Mukesa. They sought protection, a safe voyage.

Missionaries from the Church of England came first into what is now Uganda, arriving almost twenty years before the *Cape Argus* notice. Roman Catholic missionaries came two years later, both Anglican and Catholic being there more than ninety years by the time of our arrival. They and several other denominations had to some degree replaced paganism with sectarianism.

Our going to Uganda was three-quarters of a century after the notice in the Cape Town newspaper. We were there to lead people out of the darkness of paganism, and paganism's mixture with Judaism and Christianity, which is Roman Catholicism. We had plans, of course, to also lead them out of Protestantism's false notions, into the full, glorious light of the gospel of the Son of the true and living God.

Saturday, September 18, following a tropical down-pour, about fifty-five persons assembled in an upper hall at the YMCA building. The event had been billed as one "to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Watson from America." Using typewriter and Roneo I had prepared a six-page hand-out setting forth the principle of restoring the church. In it I called attention to the failure of the Reformation, telling briefly of the beginnings of a Restoration on both sides of the

Atlantic. It called on all in the denominational world to return to a "thus saith the Lord." Assigned topic for my talk was "The Restoration of the New Testament Church."

Letters announcing the meeting had been sent to our students in the area. Hilton Merritt and Tom Reynolds spoke briefly. The first member of the church of Christ in Uganda, Belika Andika, reviewed the history of the work in Kampala (and in Uganda) from the beginning. I spoke on the subject covered by the handout to the largest gathering the church had seen in its history in that country. Having made seventy copies of the paper, I had only five left. From the stencils I had saved, additional copies were made.

Besides the Hilton Merritts, others from Kenya came for the meeting. They were the Gaston Tarbets and a brother Harson. Each of the couples had two small daughters. All those from Kenya stayed at Lodge Paradise in downtown Kampala. I overheard Hilton Merritt speaking with an Anglican clergyman who attended the meeting; he asked him to visit him in Kakamega, Kenya, saying, "I live in the Kakamega 'Hilton'."

One young man, Charles Wekesa, was baptized the next day, the 19th. Some of those from Kenya were present for that, by the swimming pool at Silver Springs Hotel, next door to our block of flats. It was used a week later when another young man, Charles Otim, put on Christ. The African brethren did the baptizing.

We had received a set of Jule Miller filmstrips with Negro models, and cassette tapes with the narration. I bought a 12-volt D. C. projector, using it with cables from

my VW's battery. I drove the car close to the wall. I found that we could easily show one filmstrip and still start the engine; if necessary we could have left the engine running. Some predicted widespread acceptance of this medium, since many did not attend movies, and had no television sets. We were aware of the negative factor involved in its use, and the use of any other teaching aid. If one missionary uses it, people would expect its use by others. But the positives outweighed the negatives in using that, and the correspondence courses, tracts, free Bibles, lesson sheets, and all else we used. Paul desired that "by all means" some might be persuaded and be saved (1 Corinthians 9:22).

Once when the Tarbets were in Kampala they came to our flat with a good supply of fresh vegetables on top of their VW bug. They had been to Nakasero market, a large open-air, under-roof, daily display of fruits and vegetables near downtown Kampala. They were headed for the border beyond Tororo and for home in Kenya, saying they did not have access to such a selection there. About twice a week, when we made our round trip to the Mengo Post Office, we returned by way of Nakasero to shop. Once I made the mistake of not allowing one of the young native boys to carry the shopping basket. Two or three of them hounded us all the way around the stalls, as we chose and bought our supply. I did not like the way they were scuffling to see who would be chosen, so chose none. But it didn't work. After that I always pointed out one. He was, of course, given a small sum for his help.

Once Gaston asked me to please find a copy of the Koran in English, for I had bought one at a used book

store in Kampala. If memory serves well, I found one for him. We caught up on some reading while in Kampala. We read and studied the Bible as part of our work. I read the *Book of Mormon*, which I had taken there from America. Up to then I would have to admit to any Mormon who called that I had not read it. No longer, though. I read the *Koran*, and the adverse criticisms of the Bible contained in a special section in the back. These all are answered in many good books available to us.

We never applied for a telephone, and were without one for a year there. I like the peace and quiet that afforded. We made calls from Silver Springs Hotel, next door, or went to the Reynolds' place, not far away when desiring to call overseas. None of the local members had telephones at home, except the Reynoldses. There was nobody to call, so why have a phone?

Television could be had, for there were telecasts. Most of it pertained to what President Amin did that day, or had plans to do. An East African millionaire businessman, named Mahdvani as I recall, had seen "Sesame Street" overseas, and got the series for Uganda; so that was on TV. We got a glimpse of TV now and then in hotel lobbies on weekends; that was enough.

But there was radio. BBC, American Armed Forces Radio, Voice of America could be heard via short wave. We got all these and perhaps others frequently, keeping up with international news. News of Africa becomes more to one's interest when living there.

We were glad to have books and radio. We had time, especially some evenings, for such. We went out to movies

only twice, as I recall, while in Uganda. There was danger once one got out of his house. Kondos held up motorists at their garages when they returned from an evening out, taking their cars at gunpoint. Sometimes this was done in daylight hours. So we stayed in. Another book I bought at the used book store was *Standard Stories From the Operas*, by Gladys Davidson, costing me five shillings (about seventy cents). *The Queen of Sheba, Samson and Delilah, The Prodigal Son, The Huguenots* are operas whose stories are in the book, which we still have. We had enjoyable hours, as I read such aloud to Polly.

Sometimes we both graded papers, working through the day's incoming mail from our hundreds of students, and I would prepare the outgoing mail for the next day. And sometimes at night, having pulled out particularly interesting items from the mail, we would share these with each other.

A part of one series of studies we used contained such questions as "Why are you taking this course?" One replied, ". . . to priest the gospel as Rev. or above." To the same question another answered, "So that I will be in better position of life than ever since." Replying to a question as to what kind of clothing, under the law of Moses, was forbidden for women's wearing, a student replied they were not to wear "pertaineth clothing." (See Deuteronomy 22:5). I have no doubt that I would do no better if I tried to fill in blanks in a course written in Lukonjo or Luganda. One "fill in the blanks" form gave Scripture references, which when read were supposed to give the answers. On it this appeared: "He that _____ and is _____"

shall be saved" (Mark 16:15, 16). Somehow the student didn't "twig it" (as a South African might say), and filled it in to read as follows: "He that is 'James' and 'Peter' shall be saved." One of our students wrote a letter ending it with "I think you'll like me until further notice."

Some students were still badly confused after working through a series of lessons. One wrote:

Dear Sir,

These are the answers to the questions I found in the compiled paper if they were suppose to be answered.

1. The one baptism for today is Baptism in water for the forgiveness of sins.
2. The babies are to be baptized.
The Bible teaches that, preaching or teaching must be faith in the heart of a person to be baptized.
3. The action in Baptism is the burial in water and resurrection from water.
4. The action involved in Baptism is the pouring of water as sprinkling and making the sign of the cross.
5. The word baptism means to dip, sprinkle with water as the sign of becoming a Christian.
6. The word conscience means the forming of a duty from the power of man who knows right from wrong.
7. They didn't decide to transliterate and to Anglicize just as the people think of "Baptism" in any

way like or desired, but King James Bible had been done for hundred yrs. the translator decided not to translate those Greek words because the New Testament actually taught. They were not afraid to translate those words because Roman C. C. and the C/of England and others had been sprinkling or pouring and calling such Baptism.

Yrs. (signed)

A combination of denominational errors, and mixture of attempts to correct such, and what do you have? I pray he has a better understanding now.

We had some students' names I pass on to you: Genesis Rwenzare, Silver Okeld, Holy Luke Mangeni, Tamale Kiboneka, Dummitdache Cardenaz, Poor Santy Komaketch, Sox Knox Equinox Eff, Odong Ping Albino, Silver Charlie Edengot, Nellie Billy Ugo, Richard Anywar, Ruvumba the Great, Beuben Rube, Jolly Constant Ariko, and Jolly Joe Oracha. Enough to give you the idea.

People in the bush like very much to receive mail - anything to read. When they learn about free Bible courses, if they have no mailing address, will ask one who does to allow them to get mail through him. Such hunger for reading material affords opportunities for teaching God's word. But motives vary and advantages are sought. Free Bibles were asked for, and the privilege abused, as mentioned. Some students made requests, using language that seemed harsh to me. Using English as a second language, their requests came through to me as demands, and cheeky

ones at that, but probably unintentionally.

One student strongly demanded through the mail that I send him a certificate with a gold seal and a red ribbon on it, as he had completed a course. We had no certificates or diplomas, with or without seals or ribbons. He possibly had us confused with another sender of lessons. But if one sender of mail gave certificates, why not others? That is part of the problem.

Let us take a hypothetical case: In a certain area in Africa many have been won through Universal Bible College, which sends buttons, ribbons, furnishes beanies, swatches, book marks, and so on. Some of the converts seem to be converted to U. B. C., and not Christ. When another comes along, teaching the Bible only, some of the U. B. C.ers will have nothing to do with them, or with those converted to Christ through their efforts.

Methods, teaching tools, Bible courses are just that. Let us all use them as Christians ought. Let us deal with all in the spirit of Christ. Let us do the best we can with what we have and can get. Let us let all know that it is Christ, who died for all, that saves. No gadget will save, whether printed, molded, or made. When we reply to sincere questions of souls lost in sin, let us be kind, gentle, speaking the truth in love. Let us try to reply in the right way to such questions as: "When I finish this course, will I get a job with the government?" Or, "Do you have a vacancy?"

Polly and I wondered several times what was said or done to bring this incident about: We arrived at Kalait Primary School, north of Tororo, one Sunday morning, finding some of our young acquaintances out front near

the dirt trail leading to the building. One of them, a lad of about twelve, had with him a suitcase, packed and ready for travel. Polly asked him where he was going. "With you, madam," he said happily. Polly objected in a friendly way, saying we had beds for only two. He said that didn't matter, he would sleep on the floor. Whether his parents knew of his plans, or what they thought of them, we never knew. But we convinced him, kindly enough we think, that we were not in a position to do that. It certainly was not practical.

About this time we got many tracts from America. Our son and another man furnished a thousand we had specified. Bill Johnson, of West Monroe, Louisiana wrote tracts on seven subjects. We got a thousand of them, paid for by James Ganus, of New Orleans. Churches in Nashville, Tennessee sent us hundreds of leaflets by Doris Billingsley, covering six subjects. Perry Cotham sent some of his tracts. We received several out-dated, but in good condition, copies of *Power for Today*, *20th Century Christian* and *Gospel Advocate Quarterlies*, most of which were unsolicited. The Granny White Pike church, Nashville, sent an order of tracts. Many good brethren were helping to hold up our hands in the work.

Churches in Virginia, West Virginia, Louisiana, and Canada, sent us names, as did the Clarksville church, to add to the list, to increase it by 250. One day we mailed more than a hundred items. By October we began assigning a number to each student - we hoped for better organization.

Fighting broke out on the south border with Tanzania. President Nyerere was harboring Dr. Obote, Uganda's

ex-president. The village of Mutukula being shelled, refugees came to Kampala and to other areas. Some were our students, some of whom we traced and continued to study with them. We showed filmstrips on request in Kampala and Kasase. In Kampala one was baptized in October.

We had made arrangements with the Van Rheenens and Moores in America that we would pray with them. We and they hoped their plans would be carried out, and they would come to Uganda. We prayed daily at 10:30 p. m., East African time, nine hours later than theirs. They prayed at 1:30 p. m., CST, in Oklahoma. The others planning to come in 1972 were praying also.

The weekend of October 24 Tom Reynolds and I went to Kasase, in the west, about four hundred miles from Kampala. We put up in Hotel Margherita, and went the next morning into the foothills of the Ruwenzories, in search of Yona B. Smith Muhindo, an "evangelister" as he wrote it, in those parts. He had tried unsuccessfully for about a year to get some of our folks to come over from Kenya or from Kampala to see him. He wrote that he served a small congregation. We traced him almost to his hut. Leaving my VW a mile away, we climbed the mountain which the natives said no white man had climbed before. We went to see his home on the mountain, were shown a grass meetinghouse he had built, and viewed a baptistry he had hewn out of rock and soil in a small streamlet on the mountainside.

We took Yona to our hotel room and showed him a filmstrip, then took him back to Chanya, his village. As we three drove down a dirt road we met natives carrying spears.

Tom asked, "What are they doing?" "Hunting," said Yona. "What are they hunting?" asked Tom. "Baboonies," Yona replied. It seems baboons ate green ears of corn, and perhaps feasted on peoples' gardens and shambas in general.

At Chanya Tom and I accompanied Yona to an open-air market, just a clearing with well-worn grass for a floor. People gathered, bringing their wares, fresh vegetables, fruit, or just themselves. An old Chevrolet arrived, its driver backing it up to the area. Opening the boot, he displayed his "for sale" item – fish, a sizeable pile of small, carp-like fish, from one of the lakes of the Albert Nile system.

We were not buying fish, but we were fishing – fishing for men. I spoke there but not during sale time. It was the only time I ever preached when my words were translated into **two** languages. After speaking a sentence, I listened while Yona translated it into the tongue prevalent in that area, perhaps Rukonjo. When the first translator finished the sentence, another spoke the thoughts in Kiswahili. An eight minute talk continued for about twenty-five minutes.

On that trip we had car trouble. Tom asked me if I wanted him to catch a ride back to a small town we had just passed through. I said yes, which he did, while I stayed with the car on the side of the road. I also visited with some men who lived on shambas just on the other side of the road. Several banana trees stood nearby, little children played about. They were amiable, and allowed me to take some pictures.

Tom soon returned with two young men in a Jeep. They hitched a thin elastic tow-rope to the front of my VW, with me behind the wheel, and simply drove off. It was

my first experience with being towed by such a rope. At first nothing perceptible happened; their car was moving, mine was standing still. But as the rope became more and more taut, my vehicle started to move, slowly at first, then gradually reaching the speed of the tow car. The trouble was electrical, was soon repaired, and we were on the road again.

Farther along we saw a small herd of Ankole cattle, accompanied by a driver on foot, approaching the highway from the left. We drove on by but I decided to capture the scene on film. I stopped the car, turned and drove back, passing the point where the cattle would apparently cross the unfenced road. When they had done so and I had taken pictures, the driver came to us. He angrily said the car had disturbed the cattle, which I thought was an unfounded claim. Flourishing a stick, he said, "I'll whip your car." Which I had rather he do than use it to whip either of us. Just then a well-dressed young native rode up on a scooter, asked questions and then spoke to the cowman. He said that President Amin says that we must be kind to tourists, for they spend many shillings seeing the parks and staying in the country. I was glad for that quote from Idi Amin, for cows and driver went their way. Thanking the young man, we continued our safari.

It would soon be time for lunch. Tom asked me if I liked goat meat. I think I said I didn't know. He knew of a place not far up the road where such is served. We had some of it, with vegetables. I stopped at that roadside restaurant with others at times later on. As those on the road do, we found eateries we patronized in towns

frequently visited. One in Masaka is remembered, where a tasty Indian dish usually would be served. And then, there were the Uganda Hotels, which served good food.

In October a thief was caught and burned to death at the downtown bus park. Somebody saw him stealing a suitcase and shouted. Several beat him, put newspapers on him, poured on paraffin (kerosene) and struck a match.

The next day a thief was beaten to death on the campus of Makerere University. Such was not unusual at all. Tom told of a time he was doing his work as agricultural advisor. There was supposed to be a demonstration and a time for instruction. But some of those assembled saw a thief being pursued and left to join the chase.

Working in USAID, Tom's main work was training a Ugandan counterpart to do what he did: show and tell men how to farm better. Which was a hard job. Once when I was in his house, he pointed to a divan, saying he had seen a grown man sit there and cry because he could not get his fellow-countrymen to do a better job of farming. An instructor would have the shamba dweller to plant half his small patch in his usual way. Alongside, the teacher planted the other half, perhaps with better seed, or a different variety. At harvest time it was clear which half yielded the larger, better crop. But, leave the farmer to himself, go back a year or two later, and what did he find? The man had reverted to his former practices, farming in the way his father and earlier ancestors did.

Cotton, grown in small patches on the shambas, was picked and wrapped in a blanket. The farmer put that on his bicycle and peddled it to the cotton gathering place,

a shed to which others also brought their crop. When enough farmers had reaped, and the shed became full, a lorry would come and haul it to the gin. Cotton fabric was woven at a mill in Jinja, "Jinja cloth" being a common expression to describe its output.

At the same place I paid the rent I also bought bottled gas for our small kitchen range, keeping a spare bottle standing by. We bought fresh vegetables reasonably, but canned goods, most of which were imported, were expensive. Prepared cereals came from England, some of which had foil inside to hold the contents, packed for export; these were expensive, too. But fresh fruits were plentiful. Lady-finger bananas, papayas, pineapples, oranges, and lemons. Oranges were usually green in color and were sour. But add a little sugar to the freshly squeezed orange juice and it went down well. Apples and peaches were more expensive. A staple food is matoke, a heavy substance made from plantains.

In Polly's letter of Monday, October 18, she told of shopping at Nakasero, and of caring for fruit and vegetables. She said if one can peel it, it is all right to eat it, otherwise soak it well in Milton solution. Also reported on was women's dress. Indian women wore beautiful, expensive saris. The "black women wear long dresses, or just yards of material wrapped around them for a skirt over a very plain-cut dress, down to the ankles. That is, the older women wear these. The younger girls wear minis, and some of the shortest we have ever seen. The men wear uniforms of some sort. School children also wear uniforms. Some (men, women, and children) wear shoes, but

most wear either sandals or thongs, or go barefoot. They wear an array of colors. As someone has said, "There is nothing like a black skin to show up color." It is true.

Adding to that I will tell you that in Karamoja some men of the Karamojong did not wear pants at all, and it was said their women liked them that way. Karamoja was like being sent to Siberia – the end of the line. When Idi Amin planned a visit there the *Argus* showed a picture of women "all dressed up to meet the president." Above the waist they wore only wide, white brassiers.

We were enroute to Mengo one morning; I was driving through downtown, busily watching pedestrians and vehicles. Polly said, "Look at that man." I never really saw him well, but she said he had on a loincloth, which was out of place. He was crossing traffic, behaving like a scared animal. Perhaps he had just come from Karamoja. The newspaper quoted Idi Amin trying to get the men of Karamoja to wear pants. He said that they could wear pants made in Uganda, at that. At the same time buy at home and become more civilized.

Coffee is another main crop in Uganda. In Buganda I saw coffee beans on the ground, drying. Robusta is the main variety grown; it lives up to its strong name, and usually becomes part of a blend. Some small shambas have a few coffee trees, orange trees, a patch of millet, bananas, plantains, goats and chickens.

When the English were in control of the area, tea plantations were established. Large areas of green, hedge-like plants in pairs of rows, sprawled across rolling hills, they are a sight pleasant to the eye. We had students on

tea plantations. Polly and I went to make contact with some of them, getting a close-up look at the operation. Pickers harvest in baskets only the topmost, new-growth leaves. Hot tea is a staple in Uganda.

We were invited to a prison compound out of town to visit adult students who were on the staff at the prison. It was in Katalya, thirty-five miles from Kampala. I drove the VW alongside a building used as an auditorium. Through one of the openings in the wall I passed cables, alligator-clipped to my car's battery, to power the projector. Windows in such buildings have no glass – nothing in the opening. God's own air-conditioning is sufficient in such places.

On our seventh and final visit, they prepared a meal for us, and we dug in with fingers, extracting pieces of chicken from the mound of rice on a big platter in the center of a low table. Bottled pop being supplied to us, we washed it down with that. That was tough chicken, yard-run I supposed, and the pop was welcomed. At such times we felt we were getting with the people in a good way.

Polly and I spent a night in a rural hotel in the Fort Portal area, following up on leads. It was quiet and peaceful there, with a view of the Ruwenzori Mountains to the west. Typical Uganda food. Beautiful grounds around the small, one-story building, more like a dwelling than a hotel. We were in the mountains; a blaze flickered in the fireplace in the lounge. After supper, announcement being made that a Doris Day movie would be shown in a room off the lounge, we went along.

The next day we sought students on a tea estate, but there was no opportunity to make contact with them that time. We went to Masindi and got a room for the night, a miserable one because of many mosquitoes. There was no escaping them without getting completely under the sheet, head and all. No swatter, no insecticide, no repellent. Just mosquitoes. God, in letting Job know more about his limitations, asked him, "Have you commanded the morning?" (Job 38:12). No, of course, Job could not command the morning to come. Many a night when sleep wouldn't come or with danger present, men have "wished for day" as did the sailors told of in Acts 27:29. I assure you we would have liked to command morning's arrival; we wished for the day.

Buying insecticide next morning, I told Polly I wanted us to visit Murchison Falls National Park, not far away; she was agreeable. Driving through the open country we saw herds of elephants, red from wallowing in red dirt. We slowed and sometimes stopped for herds of topi, buffalo and other animals to cross the road. Arriving at the park, we drove onto the ferry, which chugged across the Nile. Wild elephants roamed the grounds about the hotel; placards warned guests of the danger of feeding them. We had supper, and having asked for a tent instead of a room, were shown to our quarters.

The tent, with a double bed, stood on a concrete slab, inside a quadrangle of poles supporting a papyrus-stem thatched roof. To go to the privy one went around to the back. A full-length zipper inside allowed us to completely close the flap. A lighted lantern stood just outside the

front, on the slab, to burn all night. The power plant would be turned off at ten o'clock; it would be lantern light afterward. Hippos, in the river by day, were out grazing by night. Some of the ponderous monsters grazed within hearing distance of our frail tent. Polly heard what she thought was a monkey inspecting our lantern. Touching the globe and burning its fingers, it went "yip-yip-yipping" off toward home and more friendly environment. Monkey "kids" like humans, learn about fire and hot objects by checking them.

Following breakfast at the Paraa Lodge we opted for the boat trip up river to the falls. Several went along. We passed hippos, crocodiles and other game, saw a variety of birds amid lush growth. The main branch of the River Nile forces itself through a 19-foot cleft to thunderously plunge 140 feet, states a brochure. This is Murchison Falls, with ferns, flowers, birds and insects all around.

As on most such trips we took pictures, and can dig them out and relive those days. I sometimes quote Moses when I am near something worth seeing. Viewing the burning bush he said, "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight" (Exodus 3:3). What if his curiosity had not moved him to do that? God's purpose for Moses was fulfilled by his going to see it. I have always felt that those supporting us, as we served the same God, would favor our seeing such sights when we were nearby. They would want us to take a day off now and then to "smell the roses."

One day a man came from Teso bringing two sick children. He had planned on taking them to a witchdoctor, but was persuaded to bring them to Kampala to seek an

MD and modern medicine. (Kampala had Mulago Hospital, one of Africa's largest, and several specialists and general practitioners.) The children were successfully treated, and he learned the gospel and was baptized. He was Epainento Okeba, brother of Simon Peter. This man, Simon Peter and Sospater had the same father.

We went to doctors now and then for checkups, shots and booster shots. One had an ancient, upright scale, calibrated in "stone." A stone is fourteen pounds; I weighed fourteen stone on it, 196 pounds. With several shots taken in the States, we kept fairly well in Uganda, having only minor ills.

There were large sugar cane fields to the east of Kampala alongside the road to Tororo. A conglomerate controlled much of these, and the refining operation also. At Lugazi and Kakira were sugar factories. Jaggery factories - small operations - made their crude, dark sugary bars from palm sap. One such place was found to be making counterfeit U. S. five dollar bills. A large coffee processing factory stood in Kampala. At least one member in Kampala began working there, and may be employed there still. Uganda was one of the leading coffee producers in the world. Mulco Textiles had a large factory in Jinja, where cotton fabrics were made. Copper ore and other ores were mined in the west, Jinja being the site of the smelter. The electric generating plant at Owen Falls Dam powered the plants of Uganda, and furnished electricity to the capital and smaller towns in the country.

Sir Winston Churchill visited the country, and wrote of it: "Uganda is a fairy tale. You climb up a railway

instead of a beanstalk, and at the top there is a wonderful world. The scenery is different, the vegetation is different, the climate is different, and most of all the people are different from anywhere else to be seen in the whole range of Africa . . ." (Quoted from *World Spotlight on Uganda*, page 43).

The railroad links the mines and other western installations with the busier industrial heart of the country (Kampala, Jinja), then into Kenya through Nairobi to the Indian Ocean port of Mombasa. Some of the early members of the church in Uganda were employed by the railways. When we were in the country, of course, jet airplanes brought in more people – tourists and others – than did the railway.

Besides the group in Kampala, were students meeting in Jinja. We had hopes of making converts there to begin a congregation in that industrial town. One Sunday I drove in a residential area of Jinja, looking for a student, and passed a place where men sat in a circle around a large pot of what I supposed was beer. They sipped it through long reeds, and said, "Come and join us." I declined, my concern being another group meeting under a large mango tree elsewhere. They were desirous of studying the Scriptures.

One day I baptized a young Muslim native woman in a swimming pool in Jinja. It was on the premises of some sort of club, members of which seemed to be mainly (perhaps altogether) white people. We got permission to use it for the purpose, as some there looked askance at the procedure. We also showed a Jule Miller series of filmstrips to

about thirty persons at a place some three miles from Jinja, this over a few weeks' period. Prospects in the group were thinking of obeying Christ. We were informed that a student of ours in Kenya planned to be baptized, and others with him. In my report of November 23 I said a young man, refugee from Rwanda, was expected at our place that day, to be baptized in the pool next door.

In November a letter came from Bentley Nofemela in South Africa, informing us that a site for the church building in Kwazakele had been officially granted, and construction would soon begin. Another site had been granted for a Bantu church in the East London area. And Abe Lincoln wrote from Texas, requesting that we make a fact-finding trip into Rwanda. More on this later. The church in Bowie, Texas sent us a set of filmstrips, the "Cottage Meeting Training Series." They also sent money that bought us more than a hundred Bibles for distribution.

The report mentioned above contained the following: "On the weekend of the 7th Polly and I and an African boy spent three days in and near Masaka, on the other side of the equator. We showed filmstrips to up to 150 people, mostly children in a school building of mud-and-wattles, with mere openings for windows and a door, and having a cow-dung floor. We had a student of ours to translate into Luganda, the native tongue of those parts. Following our early morning private devotions and Lord's supper in our hotel room in Masaka, Polly and I attended a Church of Uganda service in the country, in a building near and similar to the school building already described. We are working with some of our students there, trying to convert them.

On leaving we were given two shillings 'for eggs,' one live red hen, two pineapples, three small handmade brooms, twenty oranges, three stalks of bananas, and one live crested crane, the national emblem. We had to leave the latter gift there."

Polly and I shall always remember the chorus of school children singing for us, "Dont-a forget-a me, fulo," their bare feet shuffling in rythm on the surface of the worn-out dung and mud floor, with pot holes here and there. ("Fulo" means friend; the spelling is a guess.)

One morning about two o'clock there was a loud bang, awakening us. Polly asked, "What was that?" I said softly, "Be still." No further noise being heard, I eased out of bed, reached around the door facing, flipping the light switch in the lounge. Seeing a gaping hole in the front door, I answered Polly, "Somebody tried to break in." A panel had been broken through, showering splinters across the lounge, through the door on the room's opposite side, slithering past my bed. Others in the building and in other nearby buildings in the complex heard the commotion -- lights came on and people came over. A young man from the next building asked if I wanted to use his phone to call the police. I did so; two officers came, and sat at our kitchen table, one filling out the report. When it was finished, he showed it to me, wanting me to see that he used English. He was evidently proud of the feat. Whether anything else was accomplished, such as trying to find and arrest would-be burglars, we never learned. We made coffee for all, and slept no more that night. We found a heavy, front hub of a front-wheel-drive car outside

our front door. Two men carried it away after daylight; it must have taken two to heave it at the door, striking it four feet above the floor, breaking the panel. Our landlord had the door replaced that day, again making both locks operate. We thought of all those who were praying for our safety and for the success of our work, put the attempted break-in behind us and pressed on. It could have been worse; if the door had sprung open, no doubt the robbers would have been inside, using the element of surprise to their advantage. Physical harm, or even death could have resulted.

"Hatari" is the Kiswhali word for danger. That, the English word and one with the same meaning in Luganda appear on poles carrying high-voltage lines in Kampala. Danger was never far away there, at ground level. We came out of a grocery shop in town one day and heard a shot, learning later that a man caught stealing an automobile tire was shot to death. Across the street from our flat, Solent Avenue curved up the hill from Port Bell Road. A Mercedes was taken at gunpoint on Solent at 5 p. m. October 23. On the 31st three kondos, involved in theft of batteries from a factory, were cut to shreds by automatic guns of the military. Headlines of the *Argus* on the same day announced "Amin and Nyerere Heal Quarrel," but the border didn't open until November 21.

A student in the village of Kerekerene, near Iki-Iki, whose Post Office was Budaka, finished a course of study, perhaps two courses. I wrote when he informed me he wanted to be baptized and sent more materials. For a month or so then, there was no word from him. I wrote

again. His reply went something like this: "I was waiting on my wife, hoping she would be baptized when I am. But I read in the Bible that it was a woman who got man in trouble in the first place, and have decided not to wait longer on her." Again there was correspondence; we agreed to meet him at a cotton gathering station near his village. Spending Saturday night in Mount Elgon Hotel in Mbale, Polly and I found him. His face beamed on learning who we were, and that we had come.

Nathanael Odokotum got in the car; taking a trail we left the road, going a short distance to his place. Kerekerene is a village in which a thousand people live on small shambas (farms), covering four square miles. Our student was headmaster of the village school.

We met his wife and others of the family, and neighbors, who came together to hear me teach a lesson. A letter had told me that three men were ready to be baptized. But I baptized Nathanael, his wife (no longer a hindrance), his mother, and others, nine in all: three men and six women. Nathanael had not been our only student, he had shared his lessons. The nearby Kokoro River served as our baptistry; the spot being just outside Bukedi district, inside Teso district.

The next day, back at home, I wrote the Clarksville church, telling of that weekend and adding, "We left here on the trip to Mbale on Thursday the 25th (your Thanksgiving Day); the baptisms and beginning of the little church were on the 28th, my birthday. A good way to spend one, I assure you."

Uganda had about a million shambas, collections of

which made up some of the named villages. Other villages were small towns, with trading posts; larger ones had post offices. We had students in all sorts of places.

Having been asked about performing a wedding ceremony, I sought information on whether I could legally do so. Going to an office housing an assistant District Commissioner, I asked questions of two young men, one an employee of the official. When I told them I was a member of the church of Christ, the clerk said he had not heard of that. I seized the opportunity to tell them Jesus said He would build His church; that He did so, and that it is His church. That is why I used the term. The clerk said, "But you are leaving out a lot of people." (Of course Jesus left out nobody, but died for all.)

From that spot in town one could easily see a Muslim mosque on a hill; Uganda had its Hindu temples and Buddhist temples, as well. Kampala had all of these. Did not Jesus say in the first century that many false prophets would be active? And the apostle John, later in that century, warned that many had gone out into the world (Matthew 24:11; I John 4:1). Now, in the nineteen-hundreds there are many more. I had seen a Bible on a shelf behind the young man, who said he had attended a seminary. I asked him to hand the Bible to me. Turning to John 14:6, I read from his King James Bible, "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." End of conversation.

But I learned that authority for performing wedding ceremonies in Uganda is not granted to individuals, but to venues. For example, Namirembe Cathedral, the Church

of Uganda's largest in the country, had been certified as a place for weddings. A Baptist church building, a Methodist one, and so on, were places where such could be done. We had no meeting house; and the YMCA, where we met, had not been approved for weddings. I read no wedding vows while in Uganda.

Namirembe and the Mosque, atop separate hills, could be thought of as glaring at each other, furthering tension. The Church of Uganda (Namirembe belonged to them) was strongly entrenched, inheriting members from the Church of England, whose missionaries had been the first to enter the area. But Idi Amin was a Muslim, having a plurality of wives. He wanted it to be a Muslim country. Ranking Muslim officials, of the sect to which he belonged, visited the country during our stay there. And Amin was of the very small Kakwa tribe, and from West Nile province, across the Albert Nile from the rest of the country.

Under Namirembe's hill lay downtown Kampala, with Kampala Road running through it. Two parallel streets skirted a hilly section; they were crossed by others. Large, modern buildings stood in the heart of downtown. Shops of all kinds lined the principal streets. Government structures, most of them quite modern – even imposing – sat atop the city's hills. It was a beautiful city, overall. Pockets of trash, even filth, could be found here and there, however. (In the fighting taking place since then, much destruction has taken place. Shops we visited have been bombed, buildings destroyed.)

I got haircuts at an Indian barbershop downtown.

Along Kampala Road, between downtown and the YMCA, an African barber set up shop under a large tree, a small mirror hanging thereon, an ordinary kitchen chair for his customer. Nearby, a long row of tall eucalyptus trees held thousands of bats by day.

Indian merchants dominated downtown. African merchants occupied places here and there, and had large establishments on the street parallel to Kampala Road, one block away, a little lower on the sloping ground. These places had goods stacked high outside, on the sidewalk. Cement, baskets, hardware, tools, and so on. In front of tailor shops native men operated foot-powered, treadle sewing machines, of sturdy, commercial build. Using yards of Jinja cloth, they made women's dresses, following the well-established patterns.

Indians lived in Kampala in great numbers. Their merchants did business largely with other Indians. Picture shows advertised Indian movies, in some of their languages. Display windows of the better shops showed gorgeous, expensive saris. In good, new cars, some Indians drove rapidly along the streets, horns blaring tunes, warning cyclists and pedestrians.

On the other side of downtown, toward the lake, was the abattoir (slaughterhouse), which I passed going into town. Large carnivorous birds swooped in, landing gear down, to gorge on offal, thrown nearby. Farther in toward town stood a butcher shop along with other businesses. I sometimes parked the VW on a vacant lot across from it, going over to purchase meats, priced by the kilo (kilogram). The first time I returned to the car from this shopping, I

learned about Kampala's automatic car wash – a young man had used a bucket of water and rags, going over the VW in my absence. He wanted pay, and five shillings (seventy cents) seemed to be the going price.

We also had lawn boys in the city – not power mowers by the name, but African boys who mowed lawns with pangas – long knives, curved at the end. Long enough that, standing, the knife held in one hand reached the ground at an angle. They were adept at swinging the panga, clipping the grass very close, as neatly as a Lawn Boy would have done. Our landlord arranged for and paid for this.

We have mentioned our sparsely furnished rooms. The kitchen range and refrigerator were very small. Shelves above the bottom cabinets were open. Divan quite small and plain. A plain armchair or two. Our bedroom had a built-in cupboard, shelves on one side, rod for hanging clothes on the other. Our two single beds, with no inner-spring mattresses, no coil springs at all. Just thin mattresses on flat, latticed-wire springs. We put the two beds together. Before turning out the lights, we noticed a small friendly animal on the ceiling – a lizard. We learned it ate mosquitoes, and we liked the idea. We had a small, plain kitchen table and four chairs. The entryway doubled as eating area. Hot and cold running water. Bathroom. Drinking and cooking water had to be boiled.

Entry, kitchen and bath had terazzo floors, easily cleaned. But the vinyl tiles in lounge, bedroom, office, and eating area had been poorly laid. Black, gooey, tile cement oozed up between them. It would soon come back after a good mopping; shoes carried it throughout the flat. Burglar

bars covered all windows; there were open, wooden, louvered areas above. No screens. Windows opened inside, swinging away from the burglar bars. After Polly washed clothes in the twin-tub washer-dryer and hung them in the front yard to dry, she sat inside at a window, watching clothes and line. Both had been stolen; so, after each drying she took down the line, coiled it and took it inside. Then came the ironing – everything hung on the line had to be ironed to kill insect eggs laid thereon. If they were not ironed, sores formed where the eggs came in contact with the skin.

Barefoot, native children played in the front yard, often in school uniforms; some peered through our windows, curious about who and what might be inside. Here is part of Polly's report dated December 10, 1971:

“Around five o'clock in the morning we can hear big lorries (trucks, to you) noisily rumbling by. Then perhaps one can hear roosters crowing, and birds that have a blunt ‘chirp-churp,’ as if they are trying to sing and do not quite do it. One bird with a call like a whipporwill doesn't quite get it all in. Later one can hear the askari (night-watchman) talking or walking heavily, making a final round. It is still dark. Dawn is like the twilight, one minute very dark, then very shortly afterward it is daylight.

“At first one sees only a person or two walking past. Soon can be heard the lumbering of a wooden wheelbarrow, being pushed noisily along. In such and on bicycles just about everything is hauled. In the morning bicycles are loaded down, the owner walking alongside, pushing. In the evening the load is gone and he rides home. By daylight there is a steady stream of foot traffic, cars, buses, bicycles.

"One can see anything in this procession. Long dresses, short dresses, long pants, short pants, well-dressed people, and some who are barefoot or wearing thongs, and clothes hanging in shreds from their backs. But the barefoot man or woman, boy or girl – in shreds, walks just as straight and lively in the thick of the crowd as the well-dressed. As if it really doesn't matter that they are so clothed. All of them carrying something, either on their heads or backs, or by hand, or perhaps in all three ways at once. It is really something to see."

We were the only native English speakers in our six-flat building, which housed some foreign embassy employees. Orientals, Czechs, Blacks from other countries in Africa, some of whom spoke English to a degree, as a second language. We were sorry that we could not carry on conversations with our closest neighbors.

On the side of our flat complex opposite Silver Springs Hotel stood a native family's primitive hut among the trees. Across the street from it stood a small shop, and towering over that a giant acacia tree. Having climbed the tree a flourishing bougainvillea gaudily displayed its vivid blooms, competing with the acacia. Jacarandas and other flowering trees abounded in the country; pleasant smells from their blooms greeted us in many places. Under a large tree beyond the shop a native sold charcoal. Hands of lady-finger bananas were for sale, too, as they were under other trees in Kampala and elsewhere. Two of them on a bowl of cereal went a long way toward making a hearty breakfast. Especially when half a papaya accompanied this. And such breakfasts were available in hotels across the

country, as well as at home.

From a good many miles away came an invitation from a student to attend his wedding, giving the date, but not the time. I wrote, asking for that information, but got no answer. I then supposed that it was to be an all day affair. No doubt we would have learned much about their customs if we had gone, but could not spare the time from our work.

Thinking we were well ahead in our dental work, I was surprised when twice before the year was out pieces chipped off back teeth and fillings. I visited a very good African dentist who gave me a choice: He would repair the damage with or without my being given an anesthetic. I chose "with, please!" Sitting in the best dentist's chair I had ever seen, I asked him where he got his training. "Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois," was the reply. I was saddened when I thought I found his name on a list of prominent people killed in Idi Amin's murderous purge. The list appeared in the book *State of Blood*, by the recently fled former Minister of Health in Uganda. The Reynolds family being out of town when I first had dental work done, I told them of my visit to that dentist. Letha said he had done a root canal for her, which her dentist in America later examined, saying it was first class work.

In December the Reynolds family enjoyed having their daughter, Diane, visit them. A senior at Harding College, she had a holiday from studies. Other children of Tom and Letha were a married daughter in America, two adopted Korean boys, Kevin and Ricky, and two

younger children, Gilbert and Jana. Diane had been adopted in the Middle East.

Tom took Kevin and Ricky fishing in the Nile. I have a picture of them holding a string of large ones they caught. Kevin and Ricky also tried another delicacy of the area. They trapped termites at a large mound, which some natives eat raw. But they fried them. I asked how they were, and they replied, "About like french fries."

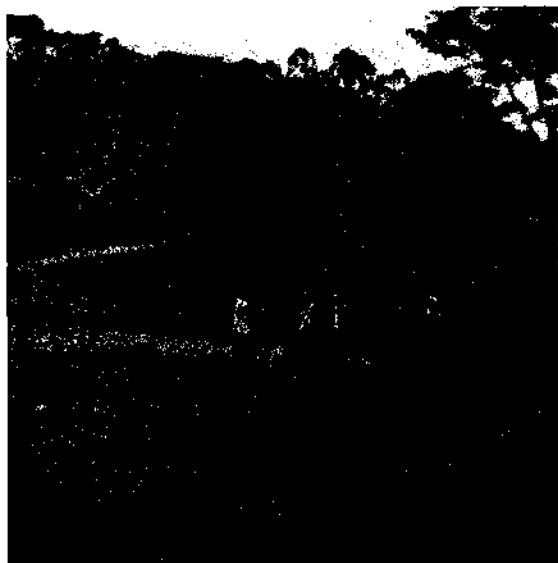
In Mbale we met an Indian lady, a student of ours, whose husband was not interested in Bible study. He had the key to their post office box. Not all mail relative to the studies reached her. Opposition to God's way and His word comes from various sources, sometimes from within one's own household (Matthew 10:36).

In late December I got a letter from Kerekerene, saying that ten more had been baptized there, making nineteen members, all adults. We had eaten the Lord's supper with them on the day that church began; they met faithfully to worship each first day of the week. And when we went back later, we found they had built a small, simple meeting house that stood prominently at the front of the shamba of the Odokotum family.

Word came in late December that the Moores and Van Rheenens planned to arrive February 1 at Entebbe. They had made arrangements to stay at the Namirembe guest house until permanent housing was located. Chanya and Kerekerene being 375 miles apart, the last several miles in each case being on marram (mostly gravel) and dirt track. We felt the need for help in keeping in personal contact with the small, new churches. An elder in Texas wrote,

asking me to go into Rwanda to learn if missionaries would be permitted to enter that country. I shared this information with Tom, who wanted to go. We mailed a thousand letters to students who had dropped their studies. We thought some had done so because they had experienced long delays when the mail came from Arkansas, sometimes through a middle man in Kenya. We reinstated some. In December Polly and I made two trips to see students, many miles apart, who had indicated they wanted immersion. Neither was immersed, desiring further study. One had brought the local Seventh Day Adventist minister. In front of Bugiri police post we opened Bibles and studied. Both student and preacher were shown passages they had not carefully considered. Some were in Hebrews 8-10.

We ended 1971 doing the work we went to do.



Black women in their long dresses.



Hilton Merritt and Tom Reynolds with six of the black Christians at the meeting in Kampala.



Gaston Tarbets came to the meeting.



Nakasero market where we shopped for fruits and vegetables.



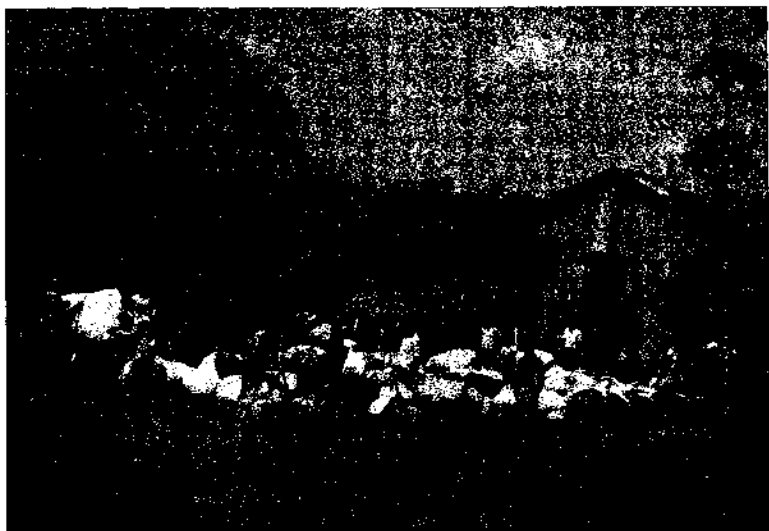
Kalait Primary school where a black boy had his little bag and wanted to go home with us.



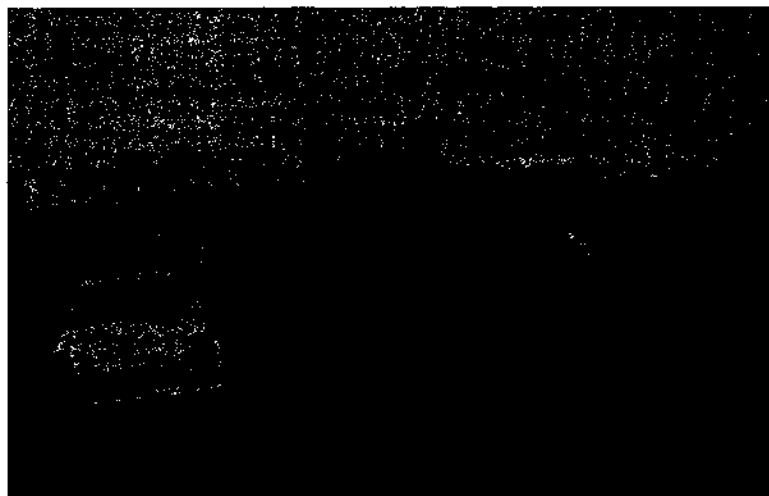
Yona B. Smith Mirhindo and group he worked with in the mountains by Kasase.



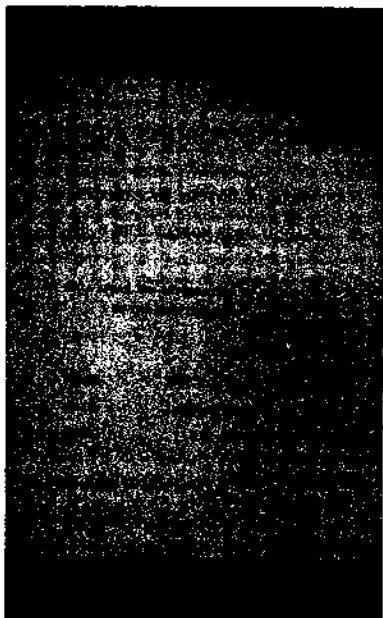
Ankoli cattle.



Cotton in small bundles carried or brought by bicycle.

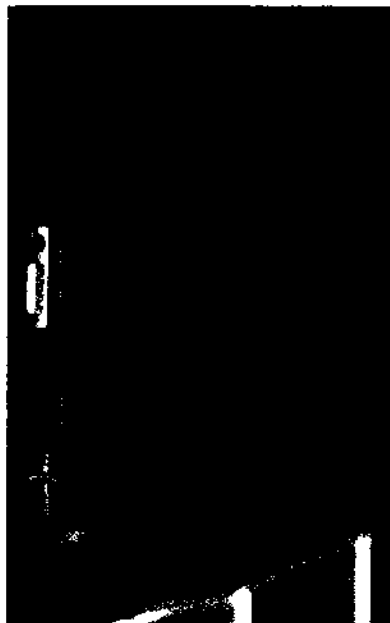


Tom Reynolds looking at a field of coffee.



**Example of advertising — done for
a meeting Joe Fred had at Kam-
pala.**

**Hole in the door of our flat made
by someone trying to break in.**

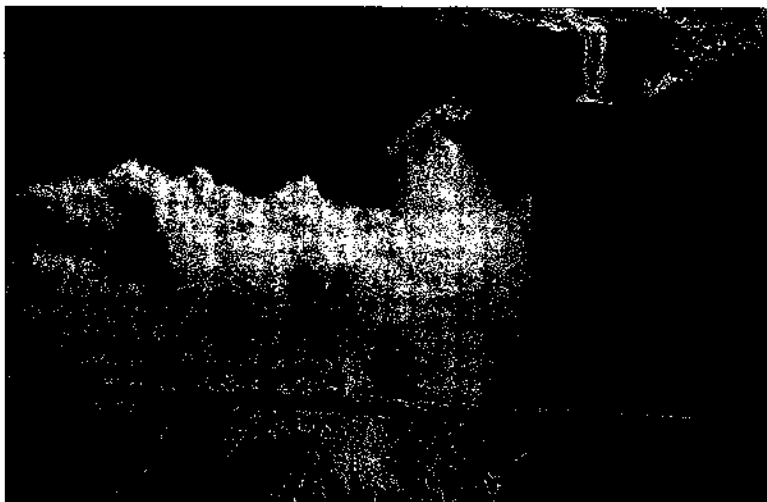




Tea plantation.



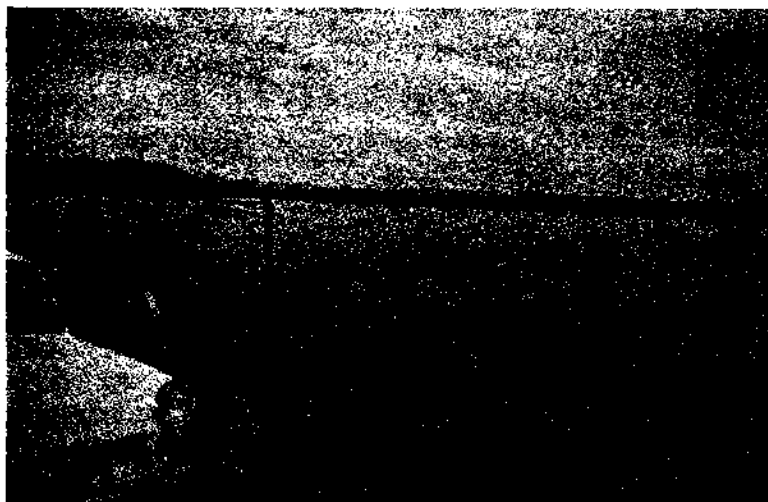
Typical building with holes for windows, but no glass.



Murchison Falls, Uganda.



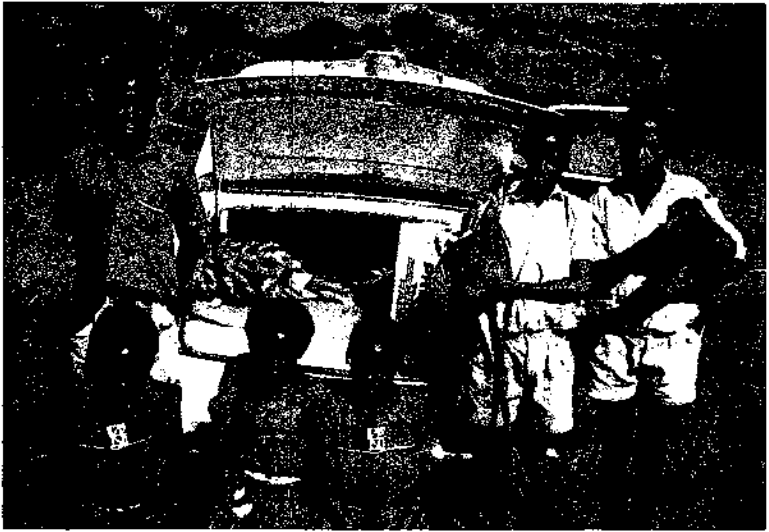
Elephants, red from wallowing in the red dirt.



Ferry across the Nile.



Tent we stayed in by the Nile at Murchison Falls.



The red hen, pineapples, stalks of bananas, oranges, and crested crane we were given.



Shops downtown in Kampala.



Tom Reynolds, Jana, Ricky, Gill, and Kevin and fish they caught.



Nathaniel Odokatum and church group in front of the church building at Kerekerene with Joe Fred Watson.

CHAPTER 9

"TO THE REMOTEST PART OF THE EARTH" (Acts 1:8 NASV)

In 1965 when I revealed that we planned a move to South Africa, some in the Stillwater church were not thrilled. One elderly man said, "I don't see why **anybody** would want to move to South Africa." The purpose of our going was in harmony with the Lord's will that His good news be taken to the ends of the earth. My response, therefore, was that I could give twenty-five million reasons for going to South Africa, which mentioned the approximate population of that country. Lost souls that can be saved only through Christ need to learn these things (John 14:1-6; Acts 4:12). Wherever in this world there are lost souls (and that is everywhere) is where somebody ought to preach and teach Christ's everlasting gospel. It matters not that it be "the last place on earth I would want to go." Jesus suffered unimaginable agony dying for my sins and those of the whole world. Can we not suffer a few small inconveniences for Him? Will we not sacrifice just a little for His cause?

"The last place on earth." Let me assure you that South Africa is not that. But it is far from Oklahoma and Texas. Jesus said "the uttermost part" should hear the story of the cross (Acts 1:8 KJV). But we were now in

what was very nearly the heart of Africa -- in Idi Amin's Uganda. And a brother wrote asking that we go south of the border into Rwanda. We were so busy we were not hurrying to go. He wrote again, this time sending a hundred dollars for trip expenses. We would not delay much longer.

The last place on earth was precisely where Jesus said His message should be taken. Did Rwanda fit that description? Look at your map. "Dark" Africa's very heart. Go there? Yes, go there. We went in 1972. Had anybody else in the New Testament church ever gone before, for the purpose of getting the gospel into that benighted land?

We were quite busy with all aspects of our work in Uganda during the month of January. We stayed in Mbale one Saturday night and headed north over trails, not roads, next morning. Several were walking, dressed for Sunday. We picked up two men. Laughing, they waved and shouted at groups we passed, as though calling attention to their riding while others walked. Or, was it their first ride in an automobile? Coming abreast of a Catholic church, we were at their destination. We let them out. Thoughts of that trail and others help me recall this account of David Livingstone: ". . . a certain group in South Africa wrote him, 'Have you found a good road to where you are? If so, we want to send other men to join you.' His reply: 'If you have men who will come ONLY if they know where there is a good road, I don't want them. I want men who will come even if there is no road at all'." (Quoted from *Southern Africa Connection*, Vol. VIII, No. 6).

One day I left Polly at the Mt. Elgon in Mbale and

drove into the mountains to visit students in a village. Waterfalls, shops along a crooked street atop a bluff, sheer drops of many feet, pleasant scenery, good views. And people who seemed to really appreciate my visit there. Teachers who wanted group photographs of children in their school. These come to mind readily. I gave a school teacher a lift; he asked me to turn off here, and later turn off there, stopping to see cousins, friends, acquaintances. He may not have so meant it, but I felt I was being used. My time was too valuable for his chit-chat with others about "whatever."

One school teacher, a student of ours, seemed to be taking the course merely to further himself educationally, financially. So far as I know he never "obeyed the gospel" (Romans 10:16); never "put on Christ" in baptism (Galatians 3:27). But he boldly asked me to get somebody to send him to America to be further educated. His wife and young baby were apparently not included in that hoped-for trip and perhaps long absence. He seemed greatly surprised, even amazed when I told him I knew of nobody who wanted to finance that. He asked, "But why?"

The strike of dock workers in America, *Idi el Fitr* (Muslim holiday ending the month-long fast of Ramadan), and other things kept us from getting mail, delaying one aspect of our work. We had weeks of catching-up to do at times.

Polly and I went back to Kerekerene, studied and worshipped with them, and I baptized others. Not flowing, the Kokoro offered a muddy hole for our use that time. At

least one woman stripped to topless for baptism. I recalled L. L. Briggance's account of his standing on (and in) the mirey floor of a farm pond to baptize, while brethren on the bank sang "How Firm A Foundation." He then quoted Hebrews 10:22, stressing the words "pure water." He said he wished brethren would provide such. But those with whom we were dealing were doing the best they could. Some of the men were assisting others in being baptized. We encouraged them to continue teaching, persuading both men and women, helping them to put on Christ in baptism (Galatians 3:26, 27).

In 1971 we spent six months in America and six in Uganda. In 1972 we would spend six months in Uganda, with a weekend visit in another. We would be in eight countries in the last six months of the year. In mid-January Polly wrote the following to churches back home:

Tororo, Uganda
January 15, 1972

"Dear Friends,

" . . . Several of you asked about Christmas. There were few decorations in the stores and no lights in the streets. All the stores closed on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. About the only carols we heard were played from a Catholic church nearby. We heard very little Christmas music on the radio. And, of course, as I told you before, the weather here is perennial spring, with flowers and trees in bloom, and with birds singing. It was cloudy and cool for three or four days, which made it seem like the right time. There were many drunks and loud parties. We had a

quiet day at home; and on Christmas Eve had a nice dinner with the Reynoldses.

"I promised to tell you something of the trees and flowers here. Many of the trees bloom. One tree, the acacia, like the mimosa, has bright, red-orange blossoms all over its umbrella-like top. The jacaranda is a beautiful tree, with large clusters of lavender-blue, trumpet-shaped flowers. When these are shed, a colored carpet covers the ground. There is a tree with bright red blossoms that look like bottle brushes. We call it the bottle brush tree; I do not know another name for it. Some trees have bright yellow blossoms, some have vivid pink flowers; their names I do not know. A tree with showy orange blossoms has these before it has leaves. There are many kinds of pines, as well as a variety of palms. The tall eucalyptus trees (a kind of gum) march in ranks up the hillsides, being recognized from far away.

"Flowers of all kinds are everywhere, especially cannas and bougainvillaea: in white, pink, lavender, fuscia, red, and orange. Fuscia and red prevail. The plant is a heavy, woody vine supporting the showy blossoms. Roses are lovely here; since there are no hot winds to wilt them, they always look fresh. There are many kinds of cactus, century plants, and many kinds of shrubs. Hibiscus and frangipani are abundant. Annuals include petunia, zinnia, marigold, bachelors' buttons, daisies. Several flowers from bulbs, including dahlia, amaryllis, day lily, arum lily.

"The lawns stay green all year, and are kept cut by boys using pangas. These are large, knife-like blades, hand-held. Lawn mowers are used very little. When we do see

one it is usually the hand-powered kind; there are few power mowers”

To us some questions seemed strange indeed. One student, apparently thinking of being baptized into Christ, wrote, “But where would I get water?” I wondered if he had an idea that he needed water from some special place (such as from the Jordan River), or so-called “holy water” the Catholics use. I replied that Uganda had much water, including the world’s second largest fresh water lake, many lesser lakes, several streams. One need not ride far before he could say, with the Ethiopian, “Look, here is water. Why shouldn’t I be baptized?” (Acts 8:37 NIV). I have told about matoke, the staple food used somewhat as we use bread. One student, studying the Scriptures concerning the Lord’s supper, sent the question: “What is bread?”

Yona Muhindo, of the Chanya church, wrote that they had begun weekly observance of the Lord’s supper. When Tom and I first visited there, they were not observing it. We assisted the Kerekerene church in keeping the meal from the first day of its existence. Polly instructed the women on how to make unleavened bread, and we told them where in Mbale they could purchase “fruit of the vine.”

Sometime later that year Nathanael Odokotum wrote asking when the church of Christ began in Africa. I replied, citing Acts, chapter 8, which tells of the Ethiopian eunuch’s conversion. He left his country to worship under the old law, but when he returned he was the first convert to Christ on the continent of Africa, so far as the record

shows. True, there were Jews and proselytes from Africa (Egypt and Libya) present in Jerusalem the day the gospel of Christ was first preached (Acts 2:10). Some of them could have been among those converted. Some could have returned to Africa as its first Christians. But, so far as revelation has it, Philip baptized the first convert from Africa. He returned to Ethiopia rejoicing in Christ (Acts 8:39). Nathanael wrote to thank me for the information.

Just short of two years before we arrived in Uganda, the pope visited the country. President Obote wrote of the day, July 31, 1969: "For the first time ever a reigning Pontiff stood on the soil of Africa. Pope Paul VI had arrived . . ." (from *World Spotlight on Uganda*, page 3). Although Anglican missionaries beat the Catholics to the area, the latter gained more followers. Ugandans did not accept the "high church" stuffiness of Anglicanism as readily as they did the showier pagan-Judaism-Christianity mix of Roman Catholicism. At Kalait a boy told us he went to the Martyrs' shrine at Namugongo during the pope's visit there, saying with beaming pride, "I touched him!"

The mix of concepts and practices that is Catholicism is flexible enough that it can appeal to people with various ideologies. Primitive pagans can be brought into its folds. Most of the converts to simple New Testament Christianity, in those early days in Uganda, came from Anglicanism. A few came out of Islam.

"If you haven't been to Chez Joseph you haven't been to Kampala," said an ad expected to draw customers to a local restaurant. We had been there six months before we went to Chez Joseph. And Tom Reynolds and family

took us to the Slow Boat, a Chinese restaurant, one Sunday noon. Aside from our meals when on the road, however, Polly and I usually ate at home after we got our flat.

Weeks before the event, workers began changing Kampala Road downtown. An important event would be celebrated with a parade on January 25. Medians were removed, new tarmac applied, miles of bunting hung. Buildings were decorated in the three colors of the flag: red (for the brotherhood of man), yellow (for sunshine), and black (for Africans). Some of the people accentuated the "th" so strongly, it sounded to us they were saying "the twenty-fiftheth." And what would the country celebrate? The first anniversary of the Second Republic of Uganda. It was on January 25th the year before that Amin's soldiers shot up the airport, and took over the government for himself. When we three men landed there forty days later, Leonard Gray pointed out bullet holes in the seats' upholstery at the international air terminal in Entebbe.

In the parade were floats of many descriptions, and various groups on foot. Troop carriers, a few guns and other military hardware, enough to make a megalomaniac dictator's head swell with self-importance. A brilliant, colorful sight. Spectators lined the streets on the fronts of buildings and on the ground. Idi Amin rode along Kampala Road in a Jeep, in full military uniform. A former prize-fighter who held low rank in the military, who became "General," or, perhaps by that time, even "Field Marshall." All self-styled, you can be sure. Soldiers walked the sidelines telling all to get down. Kneeling on fresh tarmac, I found that I had stained a knee of my slacks. It was the

only time we saw Amin.

We were in Jinja two Sunday afternoons in January, and at Kalait one Sunday, teaching classes. A student at the latter place wrote that he had "confused" a number of people about the religion that was neither Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish, and that some of them were coming to hear about it from me. About two hundred, mostly adults, attended. We had interesting and enjoyable question-and-answer periods at both Jinja and Kalait. Often at such sessions we enrolled some in the correspondence courses. We arrived back in Kampala one Monday in time to see Sospater Akwenyu baptize Fredah Koryonyo, the young woman he later married.

Again at Kerekerene the last week in January I baptized four adults at 7:30 a. m. on Sunday, and we were there for the morning worship. They had invited us to be with the church for the noon meal that day. They put Polly and me in the two chairs, others stood or sat on the floor. Very gracious people they were, Nathanael's wife coming up to my chair, getting down on her knees, lifting the tray of food about level with her eyes in front of me. When I had served myself she did the same for Polly. Most of the shamba dwellers in the country lived off their own produce; they were no exception. We enjoyed their hospitality and fellowship.

Nathanael Odokotum and Stephen Mukono were teachers in the village school, Odokotum being headmaster. Not long after they put on Christ the "Reverend" of the village's Church of Uganda wrote him, informing him his services with the school were being terminated. But parents

had a meeting, agreeing they did not want their headmaster to leave. They told the minister the school did not belong to the church, it had not helped pay for it. The brother in Christ did not lose his job. That minister had been taking correspondence courses from Canada, but when the two teachers were converted he stopped them. Not referring to those courses, I wrote him, asking him if he would like to study with us. He wrote a polite "No, thank you."

Having taken too much authority, he had to "eat crow." That village school had four teachers. Half of them became New Testament Christians. Another was a Muslim, the other visited the services when we were there on January 30.

Two American missionary families came over from Kenya to help welcome the Moores and Van Rheenens who arrived February 1. They were the Sonny Guilds and the Hilton Merritts. The two new families stayed about fifteen days in a hostel, then rented a two-story house in a section of the city called Makindye. Sharing the kitchen on the first floor, one family lived upstairs. Their place was ten miles across the city from where we lived. I drove the men about while they shopped for used cars, used appliances and a few other things. The Reynoldses and Watsons helped them settle in. I chuckled under my breath when I took James Moore to apply for a telephone. His was the American concept of getting things done right away. After filling out the papers, he asked the man behind the counter if he thought he could get the telephone installed that afternoon. The latter looked somewhat startled. I am not sure whether James, Gailyn and families ever got a phone.

Paperwork. Lots and lots of paperwork. It must have been the British who taught record-keeping to Africans. Somebody instilled within people in the African countries we've lived in, and some we have visited, that detailed, hand-written, often triplicate copies of transactions be prepared. That is one of the items of culture shock that hit me first in South Africa. Wait. Get in line and wait. One day in Kampala I stood well back in a slowly moving line, hoping to get a car license. It was a great waste of time, thought I, but "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," crossed my mind. I waited further. Once I got a notice of income tax due which asked of us **more than our income** had been for the period covered. A trip to the proper office, however, cleared it up, the authority setting a reasonable amount. I was reminded of the situation Jesus told about, in which a steward said to one who was debtor to his lord, "Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty." So doing he reduced the amount shown to be due (Luke 16:5, 6 KJV).

More than one time our bank, Embassy branch of Barclay's, enclosed cancelled checks written by another with our end-of-the month statement, charged to our account. Some of them were for rather large amounts. A simple presentation of them at the window cleared the matter up, however. Through all such things one can learn patience, if he or she tries; and can ". . . let patience have (her) perfect work . . ." (James 1:4 KJV) by consciously working at maintaining a good disposition. Christians represent Christ and His church.

Knowing we had postponed the trip to Rwanda long

enough, we set aside the weekend of George Washington's birthday to go there. Slightly smaller than Maryland, this country of four million was populated mainly by two tribes, the Watusi and the Hutu. Having visited the Rwanda Embassy in Kampala on February 8 and having visas stamped in our passports, we left Saturday morning, February 19. Tom Reynolds, Polly and I crossed the equator and headed for Merana Hill gate, where we found the middle-aged border official drunk. He said Americans gave him much trouble. We apologized - for all "ugly Americans." It was late Saturday afternoon; perhaps he wanted the afternoon off. He said he would have to charge us fifty cents, but forgot to collect it. We crossed the border to Kagitumba gate in Rwanda, cleared through that, then switched to driving on the right-hand side of the road. Remember, we drove always on the left in Uganda. My VW was made for Uganda, not Rwanda; it is tricky enough to go from the States and drive in Uganda. It is more than that to change, in a right-hand-drive car, to the right-hand side of the road.

We proceeded along dirt roads toward Kigali, soon coming to a modern guest house, where we stopped for the night. After breakfast on Sunday we had worship in one of our rooms, and decided to go into Kigali later in the day, it being not far away. We drove to a game park across the road from our rooms, the *Parc Nationale du Kagera*. I got to use a little French trying to converse with the guide, who did not speak English. (I knew very little French, book-learned years before, unused, mostly forgotten, and perhaps poorly spoken.) We saw several species of game; I told the man he was a *bon guide*, thinking

I gave it the right pronunciation. Anyway, he seemed pleased.

That afternoon we drove on to Kigali over dirt roads, and got rooms at *Hotel Des Diplomates*. We received and returned *bon soir* greetings from some of the European guests; next day it was *bon jour*. Of course, the menus in the coffee shop were in French, too. Sabena airlines maintained weekly flights from Brussels to Kigali, shuttling French-speaking government people. Although Rwanda was politically independent, they had help from Europe in running the place.

On Monday Tom and I visited government offices and asked Europeans about the possibility of getting missionaries into the country. Those we talked with spoke good English, so we had no language problem. The answer: they saw no reason to prevent missionaries from coming and for the church to be officially recognized. We also asked about the availability of housing and other things and costs of various "big ticket" items.

Roman Catholicism was well entrenched in the country, having large buildings to house their schools and religious undertakings. As in Uganda, they had been there a good while.

Mission accomplished, we spent another night in the modern hotel. Desiring to see more of Rwanda, we took a different route to exit the country. We drove by a tea plantation that had been established in a level area, once a papyrus swamp. The scientifically planned operation was well drained, and made good use of an area once almost useless. Tom commented that there were many papyrus

swamps in equatorial Africa such as this had been. And that they, too, could be cleared and drained, furnishing extremely fertile soils for growing many things. He said enough foodstuffs could be produced to feed the hungry millions, none needing to go hungry, if only the right things were done. If proper crops were grown and harvested. In the tropics the yield can be more than a single crop per year. Topsoil never cultivated is sometimes incredibly deep. Crop rotation, as well as all other scientific farming concepts. When nature's richness begins to be depleted, there are fertilizers. A vast amount of foodstuffs could be produced in the tropical regions. If only

The only tarmac we saw were a few blocks of streets in downtown Kigali. Our route taken on Tuesday was over roads worse than those of three days earlier. The bracket supporting a front shock absorber snapped. It was "bang, bang" on that side all the way home. After being in the country three days, we left via Gatuma "port of entry," then cleared through the Uganda gate, went through Kasese and uneventfully home to Kampala.

Figures released by the Rwanda government revealed that tens of thousands had been massacred in that country. Watusi and Hutu were enemies. The former, tall men, were in the minority. But they were the "haves" and owned just about everything, we understood. The shorter Hutus were vastly in the majority, and were the poor, the manual laborers - virtually slaves; definitely, and unchangeably, to all finality, the "have nots." If a Hutu killed a Watusi, it might be ten-for-one: ten Hutus massacred to somehow "make up" for the one Watusi killed. In Uganda and other

countries, refugees from Rwanda would be expected to be Hutu people.

We informed Clarksville, Abe Lincoln, and others that missionaries could enter Rwanda. But, since French is the official language, our recommendation was that they should be French-speaking people. We know of nothing that was pursued any time after our visit to get this done. But fourteen years later, in 1986, Al Waller of Midwest City, Oklahoma, and some Europeans went to Kigali, and obtained official recognition for the church. Al speaks fluent French. It is doubtful that there is any connection between our visit there and their going. It would of course be advantageous if those entering Rwanda to evangelize would also learn the principal native languages.

The post office box yielded about a hundred pieces of mail on our return. By then we had eighteen-hundred on our mailing list, and were getting invitations to come here and there to show filmstrips. One came from Iganga high school, and we hoped to go there. We had students in the school. Mr. Kejubi, the headmaster, a native with a degree from a college in Virginia, made the arrangements, and when we began showing attended faithfully.

James and Wanda Moore, and Gailyn and Becky Van Rhenan had young children. James and Gailyn began going with me to Jinja, then went alone, and to other places in the country, as they settled in. They got acquainted with the work in Chanya and Kerekerene by paying visits to both places. They were in Jinja the Sunday we were in Rwanda. To the north of Kampala they went to areas where we had not been. James spent a night with natives,

reporting that one of them mentioned his quite large automobile. It was a VW bug. After I baptized a young man in Kampala, Gailyn continued studying with him.

We had opposition and disappointments, but expected both. The devil is always on the job, never sleeping. God had, however, allowed us to sow good seed in a needy field. He promised that His word would not return to Him void, but would prosper (Isaiah 55:10, 11). We planted; others watered; God gave the increase (1 Corinthians 3:6).



Tree with fuchsia bougainvillea growing in it.



Changing the road downtown Kampala for the 1st anniversary of the Second Republic of Uganda — Amin's take-over.



People downtown to see the parade.



Some of the parade as it went by us.



Just inside Rwanda guest houses.



Tom Reynolds and Polly Watson standing in front of the Hotel Des Diplomates in Kigali.



Tea plantation in Rwanda.



Papyrus — which is plentiful in Rwanda.



Common sight in Uganda.



Typical houses in Uganda out from the cities.



Students near Mt. Elgon.

CHAPTER 10

“ . . . THOU HAST MADE SUMMER AND WINTER ” (Psalm 74:17b RSV)

OUR SUMMER LENGTHENS

The airmail letter from Southern Africa Bible School, signed by Al Horne, dated March 1, arrived a few days after that. It contained the sound of the third drum for us, thumping out a call for us to move back to South Africa. They wanted me to be director of the school. We did some thinking about it, praying about it; and we wrote the Clarksville church, letting them know of the invitation. The folks in Benoni would wait, they said, for us to complete the term agreed on in Uganda. For a short time in its six-year history the school had a director, but he had returned to America.

Elders in Clarksville told me they hoped to establish a school for training preachers in Uganda. But it was too early in the infant church's history there to begin such a work. This being my conviction, I passed it on to Clarksville. In such a situation it would be easy to get students, especially if they would be supported to study. And such support should be at subsistence level. Uganda was a third world country. Many young men would like to have jobs. Even some of our correspondence course students hoped to

get paying employment upon completion of the course.

Experiences of missionaries in other countries in Africa, to say nothing of other continents, have shown the problems involved when numbers of national workers are trained, and when they continued to be supported from America. Continued support, beyond training school for nationals, may not have been in the mind of those who sent us. And rules have exceptions. Perhaps there would be by mid-1972 two or three men whom we could have trained, who would have been mature enough in the faith to continue so. And perhaps one or two could have become productive evangelists. Some did, without much training from us, on their own, and some have received help from others in America to carry on their work. At any rate, Clarksville gave up the idea of such a school, for they asked others about it, and the others agreed with my thinking.

The letter from Benoni informed me that Johan Smulders, whom I had baptized in Port Elizabeth, was "doing very well in his school work." He was supported while in school in Benoni. He and Audrey were more mature Christians than we had among the nationals in Uganda. The church, overall, in South Africa was stronger and more mature than where we were. It had been planted much earlier, and many more workers had gone there and expended more effort. Students in the schools for training preachers were further along in their life for Christ.

On the Ides of March I replied to the letter from Al Horne, outlining our willingness to accept their challenge, providing we could properly terminate our work in Uganda.

Our plans were to go to Benoni for the annual lectures, then go back to Uganda, and start the effort to raise support for our work with SABS. Proposed target date to begin with the school would be in January 1973, just prior to the opening of the school term. Ten months of making all things ready stood between their invitation and that time.

All being agreeable there, Al wrote again, on March 26, confirming this. We advised Clarksville of our plans. We and they were glad that two younger families had already arrived in Uganda; two more were expected in August. Fielden and Janet Allison and their baby were one family expected. The Lawrence Barrs were the other. We felt good about being replaced by these well-trained, enthusiastic people.

Al Horne's second letter told of a movie that Abe van Wyk was making; it would be used to promote SABS. Again, God was bringing things together for use in the great work of saving souls, and of training people to preach and teach the word. For that movie would prove to be a major tool I employed during a fourteen-year span of working for SABS. Unknown to us in March was another factor that took us to the school, and only six months after SABS sent that first letter. But more on that later.

We had heard from Andy Jooste in PE: Johnny Kluyt, whom I had baptized there, a member of PE North church, had gone to attend Natal School of Preaching to become an evangelist. They sought help for his support.

Early in March I made a trip out west with James and Gailyn. We stayed in Kasese two nights, visiting the Chanya work, getting better acquainted with Yona Muhindo. The

two Americans soon began thinking of locating in that part of the country.

Enroute to Kasese via Mbarara one passes through Queen Elizabeth National Park. There we saw much game, including buffalo, topi, impala, and other deer-like animals. The "windscreen" of my VW was shattered by a gravel flung up by a vehicle meeting us. After picking out the pieces we drove on to Kasese. We had it replaced the following day.

News from the States came in a tape from the two families yet to come. And Polly's mother, who had been hospitalized in Ada, Oklahoma was now out and nearly back to normal. We thanked God for all good news.

I sent a letter to twenty students in Kabale and vicinity, telling them of a visit James and Gailyn would make there. One man came thirty miles in a taxi to talk with them. Another took a day off, traveled fifteen miles, arrived too late, and wrote me about it; we planned to make contact with him later. The two Americans planned another trip to other western areas shortly after that.

Polly and I were still often away over Sunday, working at teaching in other places. Attendance at the YMCA grew, as Wanda Moore and Becky Van Rheenen taught children's classes. Local men preached, as did James and Gailyn, and Tom. Simon Peter Eweu was married in Teso in March; his wife attended with him. Issac Ssentali, a member, began bringing his wife and young son.

More than a hundred letters went to the Kambuga and Rukungiri area, telling of a visit there by Gailyn and Becky. Sospater had given them a name in Mbarara. They

visited him and went to meet interested ones in the places named earlier. They went on to Chanya, climbed the mountain, where Gailyn spoke to the church in a "mountain-top" experience. Their trip covered one week. They were fortunate to have the Moores keep their little ones. Both families were fortunate to have places to visit, people to see, ready on their arrival.

Another young married couple began attending regularly before April ended: Sospater Akwenyu and his new bride, Fredah. We hoped for stability to result from our now having more young, energetic couples. Up to then most of those attending had been singles, including high school students. Some of these had left, and as they went we encouraged them to be faithful to the teachings of the New Testament.

Polly and I stayed with the Reynolds' twelve year-old Korean boys, and kept their household going while they took a month off to be in America. Their daughter, Diane, would be graduating from Harding.

James Moore made a trip to the Pallisa area, taking with him Moses Makeri, one of our students from Jinja. He spoke briefly in a Church of Uganda meeting-place, and answered questions; and he taught a Bible class in the Iki-Iki area. Polly and I took James' family to Tororo to join him for the latter part of the "safari," as most trips are called. They all spent a night in Mbale. Moores and Van Rheenens planned another trip to those parts soon.

Both families spent four or five days in Kakamega, Kenya with the Merritts and Tarbets, attending a special teaching session. Godfrey Ssemakula, who had been

baptized in Kampala a little earlier, accompanied them.

Mail from the States included a request to accompany Leonard Gray and Frank Easom into Burundi, a trip planned for August. Frank and his wife, Vivian, had their eyes on that country as a place they might serve as missionaries. None of our brethren had ever lived there to do such work; and the four million inhabitants needed to hear of Jesus. From South Africa I got an invitation to be a speaker on the SABS annual lectureship in September. Lawrence Barr wrote that he had found a congregation in America to oversee and support them when they came, that now being delayed until about October. An elderly Negro brother in New York, with whom I had carried on correspondence, wrote that he would like to come to Uganda, be self-supporting, and work for the Lord in spreading the kingdom.

The Clarksville church continued to support us loyally, not only supplying salary and working funds, but also in promptly meeting our various requests. Patsy Standen, secretary there, ordered many lessons for the various Bible courses we administered, keeping us supplied with quick shipments by air mail. We learned that students' interest tends to lag when long delays are experienced.

We were kept supplied with information about the church in Clarksville. Stillwater kept us up with goings on there through church bulletins and letters. Learning that working funds for us were again in their budget for another fiscal year, we wrote thanks to them for their steadfast assistance. We had spent almost nine and one-half years

there, and had been helped by them for thirteen years up to the time I wrote them on March 16.

We continued using our dependable five year-old VW, putting new tires on the front wheels, using personal funds for that. Petrol cost about eighty-three cents a gallon there at that time, but we bought it by the liter. For petrol on long trips we used working fund money.

Visiting two offices in an effort to find out my status there as to income tax, I met Mr. A. Dagleesh, Head Assessor of Income Tax, East African Community. It was to the East African Community (Kenya, Tanzania, and Uganda) that such taxes were paid, and not to the country of Uganda. Missionaries would do well to ask about regulations concerning income taxes, and abide by them. I learned that if our flat had been rented by the Clarksville church, I would not have been expected to pay taxes on a sizeable part of our salary. Perhaps somebody can profit by that information.

The two new American couples were studying Kiswahili, and had a middle-aged male servant with whom they conversed in the language. Using that and English, they hoped to have visited every district in Uganda by the end of June. As they traveled, they took along names and addresses of our students, and met some they considered promising. James baptized two others in Kenya, Fibi Aluso and I. K. Jacob; they found others in their area with whom they would worship.

The Reynolds family returned on May 24, Tom having participated in a missions meeting arranged by a church in Nashville, Tennessee. In my end-of-the-month report in

May I wrote: "Things are popping in Uganda." Mount Nyarigongo, near the Zaire border, had erupted, spewing molten rock. Rising to 11,385 feet, the mountain is said to have the world's only liquid lava lake.

A well-known story in Africa is that of Colonel E. S. Grogan, who traveled from Cape to Cairo, the first man to "walk" that trip, in 1898. (Some say he did not do it all on foot.) Native bearers carried his gear. Passing through unfriendly areas, some of his bearers "walked no more with him," quitting out of fear. He asked those that remained to be brave and continue with him, promising to show them burning mountains farther along. In Central Africa they arrived within view of smoking volcanoes; the Colonel pointed them out to his four remaining Watonga bearers.

"What do you think now?" he asked of them. "We still think you're a great liar, Bwana," was the reply. "But there are the burning mountains in front of you," said the Colonel. "Bwana, there is no such thing as a burning mountain; you just put those there by magic to fool us."

"Many times a person is not responsible for that with which he is charged," said the *Hilton Safari*, from which the above story was taken. It was quoted from the book *The Long Walk*. Jesus was misquoted (John 21:18-23). It was reported to James Moore that I told a Ugandan brother that it would be all right to use orange juice in the communion, instead of "fruit of the vine." I denied that. Records of my correspondence with the brother were on file, and he had access to them. James knew I had not so informed him. But truth sometimes suffers in transmission. Misunderstandings can be corrected.

Driving home from downtown Kampala, the Moores and Van Rheenens passed in front of the military prison where political prisoners were kept. But some were not kept long before they were executed, according to rumors. How was this done? Again, hearsay had it that they were not hanged, poisoned, stabbed or shot. The blow of a sledgehammer to the head did it. And people were disappearing. Primeval forests near Kampala, and elsewhere in the country, hid graves of some of them. Again, these things were according to what was being noised about. It is factual that tens of thousands of people were eventually slain during Amin's reign of terror.

From the part of Kampala where the Reynolds family and the Watsons lived, we could drive by another route to the house occupied by the two American families, bypassing the prison road. The track led across a hill, connecting two parts of the city. At one point atop the hill, a branch led off toward the prison. A man and his wife driving over the hill took the wrong road, soon coming to an armed guard. The guard stopped them, asking where they thought they were going. Realizing his error, the driver said, as he quickly prepared to turn around, "You take care of your business, and I'll take care of mine." His wife, telling of it, said she was scared.

Sometimes on the highway we were checked at road-blocks. Once we were met by a speeding military convoy and waved aside to the shoulder, as it passed.

A custom of some of the Ugandans that caught Polly's amused attention had to do with acquaintances meeting each other. Afoot and meeting along the street,

as soon as recognition occurs they begin conversing. Not stopping nor even slowing their pace, they talk as they pass, and for as long as they can hear each other. They do not bother to turn their heads; they just shout ever more loudly as the distance between them grows.

Another custom, observed by men, was combined handshake and arm-shake, accompanied by a decreasing volume of greeting by voice. As each man spoke, still holding the other's hand and arm, his volume would be less than that of the other. This kept up until there was nothing audible. An acquaintance said he thought the man who was last heard "won" the contest. It may be that if he and I understood it better we could have appreciated it more.

A preacher in Texas wrote. The church he served wanted to send somebody into Zaire, and were searching for such a man. Some of us in East Africa also saw Sudan as a field for evangelism; and Burundi also. A recently attempted coup there caused many to be slain, (50,000 to 100,000 according to newspaper reports) including the former king. Mr. Thomas P. Malady, author, scholar, had been serving as America's Ambassador to Burundi. He succeeded Mr. Clyde Ferguson as Ambassador to Uganda.

That road over the hill was referred to as "an evacuation route" by some of our people. We were advised to keep a valid visa to enter Kenya and a full tank of petrol, and in case of trouble to head for the Kenya border beyond Tororo. Such never happened while we were there. But there was fighting across the southern border with Tanzania. Prison employees had grave-digging details in that area.

Often we saw troop carriers in certain parts of Kampala, being washed down.

I took photographs in Mengo, looking from the post office toward the kabaka's palace, and other views of the area. I was later told by a native brother that if I had been caught doing that, I might have been in trouble. The old palace, it seemed, was now used by the military. Such places are off limits to foreign photographers in a country at war.

Early in his time of power, Amin had brought back from Britain the remains of the late kabaka, interring them in a shrine. The country's dominant tribe, the Buganda, were pleased by that action. He had been their last king. But in Uganda, peace for Amin was not to be.

The Fourth of July came and went without much fanfare, of course. Tom Reynolds told us Pan Am had flown in Armour's frozen all-meat weiners for the Americans to have hot dogs. Several Americans attended a picnic on Sunday afternoon, July 2. We had our usual Bible class in Jinja, and did not attend.

Still searching for the part of the country in which they would live and work, James and Gailyn went to West Nile province, whose chief town was Arua. I sent letters ahead, announcing time and place where they would meet our students, and any others they wished to bring. We would usually announce for example: "In front of the post office, at ten o'clock in the morning," giving town, the day of the week and date. A young man rode his bicycle twenty-eight miles, round trip, to visit them in Arua.

Gailyn and I went, at the church's invitation, to

Kerekerene, spending a night at Stephen Mukono's shamba. As a part of the stay we were shown about the place, having our attention called to various crops. We taught three groups, and three desired to be baptized. Stephen asked that one of us do the baptizing, but we encouraged him to do it. We hoped that he would do this often in our absence. In the same river where I had baptized others, he immersed Milaba Kyaja, Peruce Nangele, and Salome Katoko.

Polly and I had appointments in the Tororo and Mbale areas in those days, as I spoke to various groups. We showed filmstrips, visited high schools, and taught adults. The hoped-for filmstrip showings at a large high school at Tororo never took place, due to complications and opposition. Words of the apostle Paul come to mind: ". . . the third time I am ready to come to you," (2 Corinthians 12:14 KJV). We had made appointments three times to go.

By July 4 we were busy moving our office to the residence of the two American families, going over the hill on the emergency evacuation road. A letter had arrived telling of my younger brother's illness. Diagnosis showed cancer of the pancreas; it would be terminal, and soon. He wanted to see me, and I him. We gave up the flat, and began staying with the Reynolds family. James and Gailyn had our files and office equipment. We planned to be away a month. But one major trip was made before our going.

James Moore and I made the trip in his VW bug to Kegezi District over the weekend of July 7-12. We took with us a student of ours, Caleb Musiko, a high school student. We went first to his home, arriving about two

o'clock Friday afternoon. Since one o'clock is midday mealtime, and since we were not expected, we ate what had been prepared for the family, some being left over. Caleb had written, telling of our coming, but his letter had not been received. I was glad to learn the fare for an ordinary, weekday meal in that rural Uganda home. We had matoke and boiled spinach mixed with "shellies" (shelled fresh beans). For the evening meal we had matoke and spinach, beans being "finished" as some in Africa say. Hot tea with both meals.

James and I had taken sleeping bags, which we placed on the cots furnished us; we were in a small building, one of several on the shamba. Caleb slept in the room with us. The night was cold, as we were at an elevation of perhaps above 4,500 feet.

For breakfast next morning we had rolls, butter and jam, and banana juice. Rolls there are sold in bulk, unwrapped, like onions. James and I sat in two chairs against a wall in the building in which we spent the night. A small square table stood between the chairs. Bearing a pitcher of the drink, Caleb asked if we had tried banana juice. Neither of us had. He poured a glass for each of us, placing the pitcher on the table. Curious, I took a cautious sip, then thought, "Hold it!" It tasted fermented. Should I be polite, or be careful and not drink it?

I chose the latter. When our young host briefly left the room, I poured the remaining juice in my glass into the pitcher at my elbow. When Caleb returned he saw my empty glass and asked, "More juice, sir?" "No, thank you; I've had enough," I replied. When he left again, James said,

“Joe, if you can get away with that, so can I,” pouring his juice as he spoke. Neither did he ask for more. If you, Caleb Musiko, ever read this or hear about it, accept my apology, please.

After breakfast we were taken on a tour of the shamba. Caleb showed us a hollowed log in which bananas were mashed with a large pestle. The resulting mash became the base for the breakfast drink. The fruit used was one of several varieties of bananas, a kind that when ripe was soft and mushy. Perhaps the most prevalent of the banana family was the larger, firm plantain used to make matoke. Stalks of these stacked up to six feet deep are hauled in lorries with high sideboards, without being mashed. Butcher knives are used in peeling and dicing them for cooking.

Going on from there, we took Caleb to a village where he planned to visit, then we drove to Kambuga. Our students there, some of whom were school teachers, had made arrangements for us to stay in an unoccupied house across the main road from a small hospital. No doctor then lived in the house built for a doctor, a nurse being in charge at the hospital. Electric refrigerator and range connected, plumbing in order, beds with springs and mattresses awaiting our sleeping bags – a quite livable place.

In the back room of the village's shop, we ate goat meat and matoke for supper. The proprietor proudly showed us his electric refrigerator, soda pop and other items inside. I noticed on the shelves of the room a few cans of pork and beans, as well as corned beef. In a showcase lay unwrapped rolls. We had brought no food, only instant coffee. When I asked if the shop would be open the next

morning, Sunday, I learned the proprietor, a Catholic, would open after mass.

James planned to meet others out in the country, so he took me to the village Church of Uganda where I had an appointment to preach. On the front of the property stood a small house, where I met the "Reverend," diked out in dark clerical garment, backward collar and all. I conversed with him and his younger "lay reader," not so attired. Within a few minutes the older man took out a large watch on the end of a chain and announced, "It's time for the first drum." The younger man went to a nearby tree and beat on the drum hanging from it. We soon went to the meetinghouse, situated farther back on the lot. Built to seat two or three hundred, with rectangular openings in the walls; with no glass, shutters or shades, natural air-conditioning prevailed.

As a text I took Jesus' question to scribes, elders, and chief priests: "The baptism of John, was it from heaven or from men?" A question important enough for Jesus to ask, and for the Holy Spirit to inspire each synoptic gospel writer to record. It furnishes a test for anything and everything done in the name of religion; I applied it to various things, asking the question of each. A translator (often called "interpreter," somebody said "interrupter"), a well-dressed school teacher stood beside me. I trusted that he gave a true interpretation, as I felt Anglicans needed to test their beliefs and practices in the light of that question.

Services completed, I walked back to the front of the property with the lay reader. Only one man drove a motor vehicle to the morning's meeting, a pickup. Others walked,

and there were bicycles. The tropical sun of a cloudless sky being hot, my companion said, "If you wait a few minutes that man may offer you a lift. That is if he has room; he has his wives with him." "How many wives does he have?" I inquired. "Two," he said. "What do you fellows preach to him about that?" was my next question. "We just tell him to repent," he replied. Should I have concluded, as I did, that the one who owned a motorcar might be the heaviest contributor and that they did not wish to anger him?

Offered no ride, I walked a mile back to the shop. Finding it not yet opened for the day, I went only a short distance to the house. Passing a local banana seller, I bought a hand of the small fruit. James was still away. After a short rest I went back to the shop to find it open. I bought rolls, a can of pork and beans, a tin of corned beef, and two sodas.

James returned with an upset stomach, saying he was afraid to eat the beans. He ate beef, and I the beans. Not only had we taken no food, we had taken no eating utensils. The little key that opened the can of beef became my fork, (or, spoon). Taking the top off the can with James' pocket knife, I set it on top of the refrigerator. I stood beside that, and the height of the top of the can was just right. I used the loop of the key to get two or three beans at a time across to my nearby open mouth. If one cannot improvise, he has no business calling himself a missionary. Washing food down with pop we had lunch. We determined to take food the next time we went there.

Our students came to the house for a learning session.

Three were school teachers, all adults. We had hopes of converting some there.

We headed for the village where we were to pick up Caleb, but the VW hit a high center, and we began rapidly losing oil from the "sump" as they call it there. Pulling off the dirt road, we decided I would get a ride to the next town, buy oil and return. Within minutes a small bus came along, going my way. Flagging it, I got aboard, paid the fare, and took the only vacant seat. As we entered the small town, I asked to be let off at a filling station. Buying a few half-liter tins of oil, I asked the attendant if there would be another bus going the other way. He said the bus I came on would soon turn around and go back. Seeing it across the square, I thanked him, hurried over and got aboard. True, it did leave soon, but a few miles out the driver pulled in at a good-sized Catholic institution. He left his riders and went inside, staying a long time. The sun bore down, and we were uncomfortable. A European woman, perhaps a nun, came from the building; she and I conversed through an open window. She said she would be going to Europe a few days later. I said I was soon to go to America. Conversation provided a way to pass the time.

When the bus again arrived where I got aboard, James told me he had lots of company since I had left, a few children being there when I got there. He had made emergency repairs; using cardboard found in the car, he had fashioned a gasket. The warped cover of the sump held it tightly enough that, although oil still leaked out, by adding some now and then, we were mobile again. All others on

the bus, going and coming, were native Ugandans. There had been no vehicle going either way since I left. God was watching over us.

We found Caleb at the village where we had left him. He had bought nearly a full stalk of small bananas, saying it had cost seventy-five cents. A shilling being worth fourteen cents American, that amounted to about ten cents. He added that he could buy them cheaper where they were grown. We ate bananas on the way home.

Some Ugandan children have kwashiorkor, common to some of the very poor, from a diet insufficient in protein. Hair turns red as one symptom. The Minister of Health pushed for more proteins, to supplement a heavy consumption of bananas, matoke, and other non- or low-protein foodstuffs. Newspapers, radio, and placards in shop windows were employed, suggesting foods that would meet this need.

When we arrived in Kampala, we dropped Caleb off, then James took me to the Reynolds' place. The hour was late, and the askari refused to let me in at the gate. Polly, sleeping upstairs, heard my voice, arose and spoke to me through a window; then the askari admitted me.

The weekend trip had been eventful, and we found interested students in Kambuga. There being good prospects of winning some there to Christ, we were glad to learn, on returning from the States, that the two American missionaries were planning a return visit there soon.

Fielden Allison and wife, Janet, and young son, Jeffrey, arrived July 12, making the fifth American family there the adults of whom were members of the church. The

others helped the Allisons settle in.

July 11 was my first day back in Kampala. I had already made arrangements for our trip to America. These included buying tickets from an Indian travel agency, where I got two overlapping excursions: one to London and return, the other from Amsterdam to Dallas and return. By simply discarding overlapping and unused vouchers, we had a good package. My letter to our Oklahoma bank had the purchase funds sent to an account in Calgary, Alberta. In addition to the good price (excursion fare) on the tickets, including a round trip from Dallas to Albuquerque, I got a good rate of exchange for American dollars. On the 12th I had tax clearance stamped in our passports.

Tickets in hand, we were ready to leave. Fielden Allison had expressed an interest in buying our VW; we left it with him to use while we were away. On the 14th Tom Reynolds took us to Entebbe, where we had breakfast at the terminal. A waiter brought toast and dutifully put it in a little rack on the table. Tom said they always brought toast first so it would be "air conditioned" by the time they brought the other food.

Turbulent weather being reported in North Africa, we took an alternate route, flying north above the Nile all the way to Cairo. None got off the plane at the Cairo airport, except an airline employee. None wanted to get off, because an Egyptian soldier with an automatic rifle stood on the tarmac at the bottom of the stairway. Soon we went on the Schipol airport at Amsterdam and on to America. My next report from Uganda told of our stay there:

“While in America Polly and I not only visited my brother in Albuquerque (I was there thrice, flying out from Dallas two times), but also reported to the Clarksville, Arkansas church. I spoke there on a Sunday night and had meetings with the elders the next two evenings. These men have a good understanding of the work here from discussions with others who have done similar work in African countries, and from our reports, written and oral. We continue to thank God for their understanding, support, prayers, and all else. Polly and I also visited the churches in Stillwater, Broken Arrow, and Konawa, Oklahoma; I spoke at each of these places. We also visited the churches in Bowie and Richland Hills (Fort Worth), Texas. At the latter place I spoke briefly, then met with the elders of that church, which has for many years been involved in mission work in Africa. They are one hundred percent behind Southern Africa Bible School, in Benoni, South Africa; and they fully support one of its principal teachers, Eldred Echols.

“Polly and I worshipped with the recently formed Westover Hills church in Austin, Texas whose preacher is Reuel Lemmons. I was given the opportunity of making a short report to this new and growing church. Our son and his wife are members of the group. We also paid a visit to the church in Hermleigh, Texas showing slides on a Wednesday night. We were glad to have the opportunity of seeing many of our relatives while in the States, although the chief reason for going was the critical illness of my brother. We saw many friends and brethren in Christ as well. We gave up our apartment before leaving here, and are in the Tom

Reynolds' home until our next trip."

We left America on KLM, staying overnight in Amsterdam in a small hotel, and having time to walk around, seeing some of the canals and general scenery in the city. It was August 24 when we got to Entebbe and Kampala.

Indians were standing in a line extending out of the British Consulate and down the street. Amin had ordered them out of the country, and they sought passports, visas. I saw the line as I drove to the travel agent's place, to buy round trip tickets to Kimberley, South Africa. Seeing the same man there, I asked if he had made his intended trip to western Canada. He said that he did. I then inquired if he found the money in the bank in Calgary. He said he did and that it surely came in handy for him.

Later reported to me was the fact that Indians were allowed to take out of the country only a very small amount of their money. The few belongings they were permitted to take to the airport were, in many cases, left in the rain for many days on the tarmac. Some packages may never have left the country. I was very thankful our situation was not like theirs.

I went to the Bank of Uganda to arrange to take some of our funds for our trip. When asked to what country we were going I said to South Africa. The official said, "We try to discourage people from going there." Then he, being helpful, asked if he could write down the name of another nearby country, naming Swaziland and Lesotho. I said put down Lesotho; I had never been there but hoped to go there sometime.

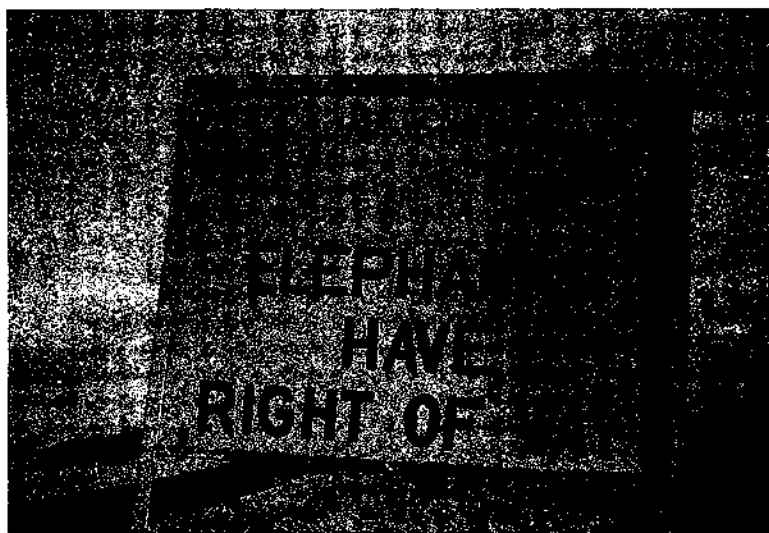
Fielden was still thinking about buying our VW, so I gave him a set of keys, telling him he could have James or Gailyn take him to the Entebbe airport to get it. Polly and I packed and drove to Entebbe August 29 and stayed overnight in Lake Victoria Hotel. Next day, our luggage checked in for our flight, we locked the other set of keys in the car's glove compartment.

Our long summer had begun in June, 1971. Going to Uganda in July that year, we were there nearly a year. Then we returned to America in July and stayed most of August, 1972. Then, back to Uganda. When we left Nairobi, Kenya for South Africa on August 31, it would be less than a month before spring begins there. We had experienced the longest summer of our lives; it lasted nearly fourteen months.

We boarded an East African Airways plane to fly over Lake Victoria to Nairobi. We never returned to Uganda.



Entering Queen Elizabeth National Park in Uganda.



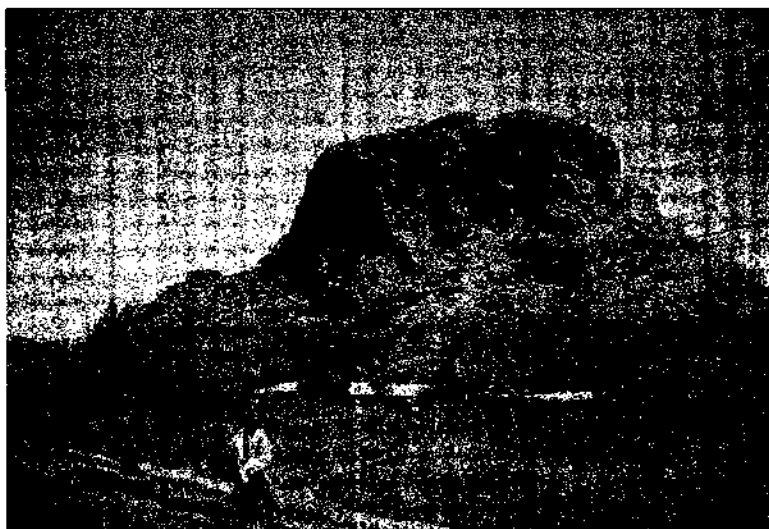
Sign in the Park.



Joe Fred putting his head through a broken "windscreen" of our car.



James Moore and Gailyn Van Rheenan removing broken glass from the broken windshield.



Hill near Tororo.



Looking from Mengo toward the Kabaka's palace.



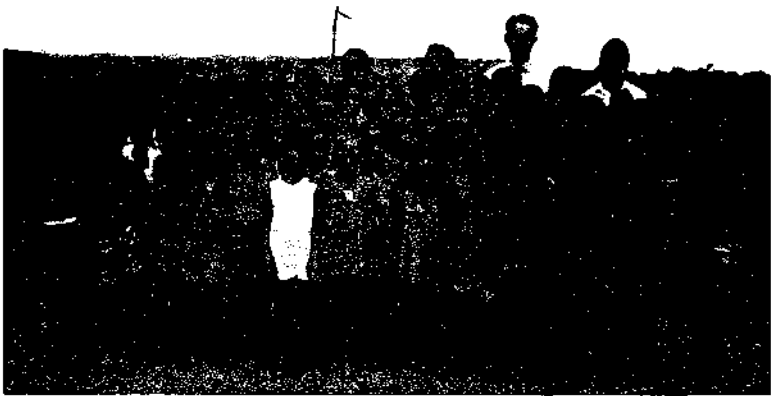
A group of correspondent students in a high school — Joe Fred and Polly.



Students at a school near Mbale.



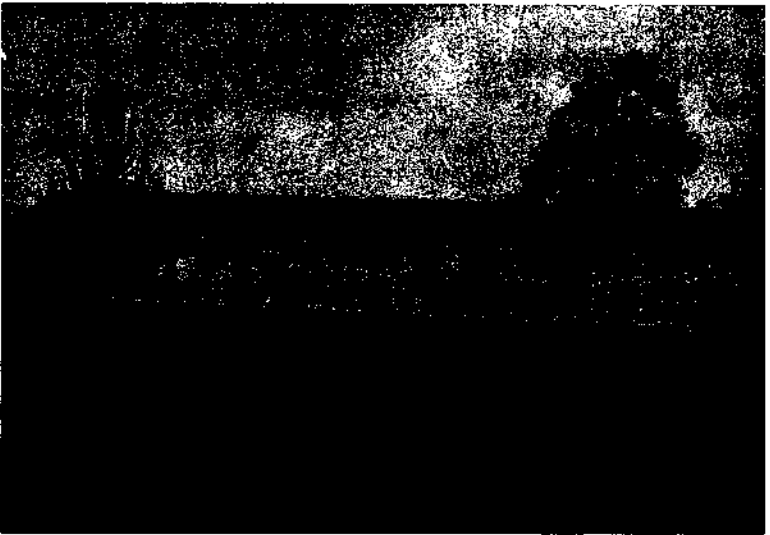
A group of grade school students near Tororo.



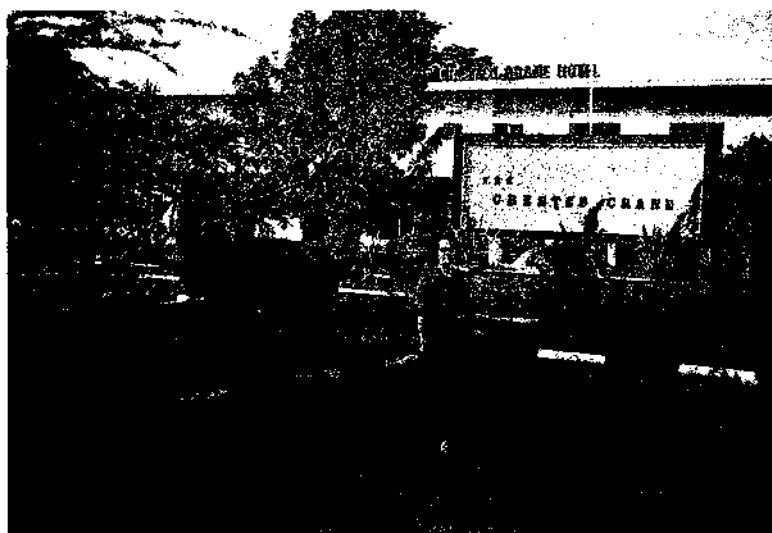
Another group of grade school students.



Post office at Tororo.



A girls' school near Mbale.



Polly in front of a hotel — The Crested Crane.



A traffic circle with bougainvillea growing in it.

THE THIRD DRUM

"The Best of Two Worlds"

CHAPTER 11

**“... DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD”
(1 Corinthians 10:31b ASV)**

OUT OF EAST AFRICA

Since we were to be in Nairobi only one night, we had reserved a room at the Hilton. When we were just about finished eating our evening meal in the coffee shop, we noticed three persons enter and be seated in a booth opposite ours and nearer the front. What attracted my attention was the blue jacket worn by the younger of them. The logo of Future Farmers of America was displayed, and the place name: Azle, Texas. Knowing many American tourists visit Nairobi, I did not want to force ourselves on them. But we did pass by their booth, exchanging a few words, but not our names. I mentioned that we had lived in Kampala for the past year.

Polly and I took an elevator, and went to our room. When the three we had seen downstairs had finished their meal, our telephone rang. The man's voice asked, "Are you Joe Watson?" When I said I was, he said, "I'm Wayne Smalling." I asked, "Can you folks come up to the room and visit us?" They did so. The Kenyan missionaries had told us about them more than a year earlier. They had heard of us and knew we had been in Uganda a year. They

were on their way from Kenya to Chimala Mission, Tanzania, to work in the hospital our brethren operated. Five years later our trails crossed again, in Dallas at Webb Chapel Road church's annual missions forum.

In the hotel lobby next morning we saw Mr. Spiro (Ted) Agnew and his party, who were heading out to Tree-tops, one of Kenya's famous game parks. No doubt American taxpayers were picking up the tab for their Vice President and his retinue to gallivant around the tourist spots. For some reason a television appearance of Bishop Sheen came to my mind. On it he said there was good news, bad news and Agnews.

We boarded the British Airways London-Johannesburg flight. I had heard on the television program "Jeopardy" that the flight of BOAC from London to Johannesburg was the world's first passenger jet service. Within minutes we saw Mount Kilimanjaro on our left, its eternal snows thrusting more than nineteen thousand feet toward the tropical sky. Landing at Jan Smuts airport, we got our flight to Kimberley, where we were met by our friends the Charlie Tutor family, who had located there more than a year earlier.

As in Grahamstown in 1964, eight years later in Kimberley, a church met in their house; it was true of Priscilla and Aquila in first century Rome (Romans 16:3-5). The first three Sundays of September I preached as a part of the Sunday morning meetings.

Between Sundays, shortly after we arrived, Charlie and I drove to Benoni, where at Southern Africa Bible School we conducted a seminar on campaigns for Christ.

Staff and students of SABS and a few preachers of the country attended. John and Ruth Dunkin were there. Americans we had written from Port Elizabeth four years earlier, they had moved to a suburb of Johannesburg. John had become editor of the *Christian Advocate*, a paper published on the Rand. Eldred Echols, co-founder of SABS, stated after our presentations, "These brethren have lighted a fire in South Africa that will never go out."

If that was true, as my September report to America stated, "The seminar was productive of much more good than we anticipated. Those attending the seminar hope that we (the Watsons) will return to the country when our tour of work is completed in Uganda, and have asked me to be director of campaigns in this country, on a permanent basis, with a permanent team, made up of preachers, students of SABS, and its former students. Two assistant directors have been named, John Dunkin and Charlie Tutor."

John Dunkin soon had flyers printed, telling of the seminar and of the setting up of a permanent team. It appealed to potential workers to get involved. Plans were afoot to have tracts printed in Afrikaans; and the first campaign was slated for Pretoria.

Also between Sundays the Tutors and we made a trip to Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown. I spoke at the former place on Wednesday night; then we all enjoyed a gathering in the Doward Runyan home, attended by many Christians. Charlie spoke in Grahamstown the following night, and we attended a tea for the church in the Eric Hall home. They were early converts in that town. Charlie

baptized in a bathtub a friend of Tim Tutor, Errol Williams, from Rhodesia. The two were students in Rhodes University, Grahamstown. Tim accompanied us to Kimberley and rode the train back to school. We returned on Friday; Charlie baptized a fine young couple the next day.

We took the Tutors' Valiant and drove Nancy Tutor, aged 14, and two of her girl friends to Benoni for the sixth annual lectureship of Southern Africa Bible School. Polly and I had parts on the program, and the girls' school had dismissed for a ten-day holiday. I preached in Boksburg September 24, the day the lectures began in Benoni, and we were there for the rest of the event. The rest of the Tutor family came up to the Rand in a rented Fiat on Monday, staying for the entire program at SABS.

Sliced bread. We learned that there was at least one bakery in Benoni that sold it. By ordering ahead of time, we could collect whatever amount we needed for sandwich making during lectureship. Women of the churches over the country assisted in preparing food for lunches. Gracious host families in Benoni and the surrounding area housed visitors from all parts of the country, and from other countries, as well.

It was a profitable and enjoyable time for us. A time of learning and a time of fellowship. Polly and I had been present for the first two SABS annual lectureships, but had missed three after that. We really missed them. What the lectureships of the Christian colleges and universities in America are to those attending, the SABS lectureships was to Christians in Southern Africa. It was a time for John Hardin and helpers to pitch the big tent on the back lot of

the school property. A time for a braai behind the new school building, a time for eating lunch at a nominal price while enjoying Christian fellowship with people one had not seen for some time. A time for using a school auditorium for night services. A time for reports on the progress of the gospel here and there. A time to hear of the churches in other places. A time for singing. A time for praying. A time to learn.

Southern Africa Bible School from its beginning has been a quality school. Eldred Echols, with two degrees from Abilene Christian, along with his convert, Al Horne, were its founders. Al also had two degrees from Abilene. They are scholars. Professors of Greek and Hebrew, Church History, Bible, and all related subjects. They had formerly operated a preacher-training school in Tanganyika (now Tanzania), and had plans to begin one in Swaziland. But brethren in South Africa persuaded them to go to Benoni and begin SABS, which is now (1988) fully integrated, and has been for several years. Students have included singles, married people, men and women, mixed race, black, and white, young and old.

The annual lectureship has, from its beginning in 1967, afforded a gathering place for Christians from six to eight countries. And it has been a window on the work being done through the school. Preachers, preachers' wives, deacons and their wives, elders and their wives have been educated there. Training workers for the church has been its mission, and churches are stronger for its being there. There are more congregations and better congregations because of the school. The church exists in more countries,

cities, towns, and villages because people have been trained to evangelize. May it continue its good work.

During September Charlie and I had driven thousands of miles, visiting churches, preaching and teaching. After the event in Benoni, we drove the folks back to Kimberley in the two cars.

Polly and I had visitors' visas that were to expire September 30; we had planned to return to Uganda before that date. But as I wrote in the September 22 report, "Things look very bad in Uganda right now." Articles in that day's newspaper told of drunken soldiers molesting women and girls, shooting and looting in Kampala's main street, robbery, road blocks. For a week the papers had told of worsening conditions in that naturally beautiful land, now strife-torn by hatred, greed, egotism, and savagery.

The main targets of atrocities in Uganda seemed to be Asians and British. But we knew others could suffer, and we prayed that our American co-workers there would be safe, or would be able to escape to Kenya.

An airmail letter had reached me in Benoni during the lectureship. I shared its good news with those present at an evening service in the school auditorium. My brother, whom we had visited in New Mexico, had been baptized into Christ. The letter, written by a person who helped him make his decision, stated his reason for not doing that while I was there. He said he did not want me to think he did it just because I talked with him about it.

Lt. Col. Richard C. Watson, retired pilot who had served in North Africa during World War II, died October 8.

He was buried in a military cemetery in Sante Fe, New Mexico. Wayne Mathews baptized him September 16. Harvey Porter preached the funeral. They were ministers of the Montgomery Boulevard church in Albuquerque.

Mails had been opened in Uganda even before we left. But by September this became so prevelant that one could not depend on getting information in or out by post. We heard nothing for some time about our people there. But Tom Reynolds wrote me a letter enclosing it in the safety of a United States diplomatic pouch. It was mailed from the States to me. He wrote on September 19, less than three weeks after we departed from Entebbe; it arrived October 13. He stated, "If you feel that you can spend your time profitably there for the rest of the year, I think that it would be wise for you to stay there and work. The situation here is not good . . . Several Americans and Europeans have been abused during the past few days here . . . One Peace Corps volunteer was killed by the army when he went through a road block . . ."

Newspaper headlines in South Africa on September 18 and 19 stated "Fighting Flares Up In Uganda," "Tanzanian Army Moves Up To Border," and "1000 Troops Have Invaded Us - Uganda." (*Diamond Fields Advertiser* and *Rand Daily Mail*). Amin had ordered 55,000 Asians to leave the country; giant airlifts were underway, taking some to Britain, others elsewhere. Travelers stopping on flights landing at Entebbe described chaotic scenes at that airport, people running everywhere, baggage scattered about.

Cindy Echols was born in early October, giving the

Eldred Echols' their third and last child. We were staying with the family in those interim days, awaiting the working out of our situation. We rejoiced with them over the birth of a normal, healthy daughter.

Our friends in South Africa urged us not to go back to Uganda, and we did not. I called Clarksville asking if we might remain; they wisely said yes, and that they were considering a continuation of our support in our new work. I had planned to begin working with SABS by January 1. As it turned out we were simply on the new job four months earlier than planned. As for a place to stay, the Echols family planned a trip from October 22 to America, and we would "house sit" at their place.

The school needed a secretary. I thought of having Clarksville send Patsy Standen for that work, and made the suggestion. We had surplus working funds, and bought a new IBM electric typewriter for the office at school, a lighted scope for stencils, a desk, and office chair. After completion of the building, the school had run out of funds for equipping the office; we were glad our supporting churches could help in this need. The movie, "Benoni, Son of My Sorrow," made for the school by Abe van Wyk, was shown at the banquet following the lectureship. Eldred Echols, Al Horne, Les Massey and others had assisted in its making. The young church in Kimberley bought a projector and gave it to the school. I would use it several times to screen the movie, both in South Africa and in Rhodesia.

We had left behind in Uganda a Volkswagen, washing machine, typewriter, duplicator, tape recorder, filmstrip projector, radio, books, tracts, Bible lessons, dishes, stainless

steel tableware, bedding, clothing, pots, pans. We hoped our co-workers would be safe from harm and that they would use the things we left.

We took the Echols family to Jan Smuts to see them off for America. They planned to be gone two and one-half months, while Eldred would report to his supporting church, raise funds for the school at other places, and visit. I began teaching two days a week in the school, helping run the day-to-day affairs, preaching at some of the congregations in the area. On Saturday, February 17, I went with the group where we assisted John Hardin pitch the big tent in Grasmere, a Colored township on the west side of greater Johannesburg. At noon, sister Walter Paul fed eight of us, white men, an excellent chicken curry and rice meal, with all the customary trimmings. The Pauls lived next door to the big tent. She is an excellent cook, knowing precisely how to flavor curry.

A good gospel meeting followed, with some of our white brethren preaching and leading singing nightly. Walter Paul baptized his eighty-four year-old mother in the portable baptistry set up in the tent. She was one of eight immersed during the meeting.

Three letters arrived from our brothers in Uganda. They were taking care of the correspondence work, and only that, since they were now confined to Kampala. We had planned to be busy during these final months of the year following up on prospects, driving the highways of that country. Such was now prohibited. So, the two men who planned to permanently locate in Kasese and Fort Portal, cannot further look into that, right now. They

wanted to settle down, learn the language of a region, and perhaps Kiswahili, stay for several years. But it was not to be.

In my report of October 24 I cited certain articles in *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines and other periodicals, telling of the bad times in that country. One of them stated that Amin had killed 4,000 people in Uganda, putting opposition out of his way, for a time. I stated that "such are the ways of some parts of Africa today, a continent that so badly needs the light of the glorious gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Les Massey, a young Texan, came to South Africa on a campaign, liked it well enough that he returned to attend SABS and marry a South African Christian. He taught in the school and worked with the Benoni church as one of its ministers. They planned to go to Abilene later for him to work on a graduate degree. American missionaries Jerry and Ann Hogg and family lived and worked in the area. Jerry, from Tennessee, assisted John Hardin in the work among the Bantu, and taught in the school. But they were at that time (October, 1972) in the States getting support to return to the work. Dick Haley, a young Texan, was serving the Boksburg church, having married one of the young members. They would be moving to Dallas soon. Lyle McGuffin, of Kerrville, Texas had been attending SABS; he and his wife would soon return to Texas for a visit.

In November lots of "swotting" takes place (cramming for examinations), and accompanying that are groans and late hours. Johan Smulders, Colin Kauffman, and Alan

Kruger expected to graduate from SABS about December 1. Colin would move to Port Elizabeth to minister to the Newton Park church. Johan would go to East London for a similar work with that church. Alan hoped to go to Vendaleland to work with Bantu, but this awaited further development for support. Les Williams and Philip Kivedo, still supported from America, ministered to the PE North church. The church in Kwazakele would soon move into its new building.

Reports coming out of Uganda strengthened our conviction that we did the right thing by not returning. Our brothers there so informed us. The Tom Reynolds family was returning to the States, having had enough of Uganda in its present condition. We understood that Tom would return alone to complete his tour of duty there, perhaps by mid-1973.

From Uganda came word that Caleb Masiko had been baptized, along with others he had influenced and taught. The political situation had calmed a little. The Lawrence Barr family arrived. James Moore's wife and children went to America for a visit. Fielden Allison wrote that some of them planned a trip to Jinja where some of the students requested baptism. A mud hut and a mango tree three miles north of that town had been the scenes of several teaching sessions for me. But the young Muslim woman I baptized (reported earlier in the book) was the only convert there when we left. I longed to read the names of others converted in Jinja. We rejoiced at any sign of progress in spiritual things, in that corrupt heart of Africa.

Our son Joe called from Texas; they had their third

child and our third grandchild, a girl this time, named Kathryn. She was born November 6. As had been the case with the second grandchild, we were ten thousand miles away. We would see Kathryn before she would be a year old, however.

Polly and I enjoyed being in the Echols' house, on its one-acre plot, well stocked with fruit trees: apricot, peach, apple, fig, pear, plum, lemon. Strawberries and three or more other varieties of berries. Eldred had planted vegetables, and there were the perennials, too, including rhubarb. From Texas he had established poke along the back fence; we had poke greens. Spring was pleasant on the highveld. I liked my new employment. We looked forward to visiting the churches throughout the country as a part of that. We ate Thanksgiving dinner with the other Americans – turkey and trimmings.

I turned sixty on November 28. Word from Eldred in America told of the movie being well received. I hoped that Les Massey could continue to show it to appreciative audiences when the Echols family returned to South Africa. The Bob Stephens' were in the States for a visit. Like the McGuffins, they would be back after a month and one-half.

Several local families were away for December holidays. The Al Hornes were. Al, co-founder of SABS, taught Hebrew and other courses there, and was pulpit minister of the Benoni church. Some of the students were filling pulpits for preachers on holiday, here and there in the country. One was teaching first-year Greek to some of the men of the Atteridgeville church, near Pretoria; this is a congregation of native Africans. He reports that some are very adept

at learning the New Testament language.

We had arranged to use the Masseys' furniture in their absence. But we would stay at the Echols' place until that family returned.

When mid-December came we had learned that five new students would be coming to enroll in the school. One of them was then in New South Wales, northern Australia. Another was a young Portuguese, living in Johannesburg, who hoped to become a missionary in either Angola or Mozambique, both former Portuguese colonies.

In Al's absence I was teaching a Thursday night class in the Benoni church, and a Sunday morning class at Boksburg. On December 10 I preached thrice: twice at Mondeor in South Johannesburg, and once in Vereeniging, thirty miles to the south of Mondeor. In that town, one of three forming the populous Vaal Triangle, we assisted the few members in having a regular Sunday afternoon worship. John Dunkin served Mondeor as regular minister; his two young assistants would enroll in SABS in January. On a Saturday night I spoke for an hour and one-half on the Restoration to Colored brethren in western Johannesburg. After that we went to a tea in the home of a member, whose daughter had been baptized at Mondeor a week earlier. An adult man put on Christ at the same time.

News from Uganda informed us that the four American missionaries would go to Kenya. Lacking work permits, two had to go; the others were advised to go at once. On December 17 Amin notified the British that all who wanted to leave must do so that month. All Asians who remained would be sent to Karamoja.

The closing paragraph of my report of December 18 said: "Brethren, thank you for your kind assistance in our work; we could not be missionaries without you. Pray that the work done in Uganda will grow through the native workers we left behind. Pray for the four families of James Moore, Gailyn van Rheenen, Fielden Allison, and Lawrence Barr, now going to Kenya. And remember lonely Tom Reynolds, still in Kampala, whose family is now in Searcy, Arkansas to stay. He hopes to stay until his tour of duty in USAID is completed in mid-1973."

On Monday morning, January 1, I wrote a year-end report to Clarksville and others in the States. I had gathered yellow squash, picked a few freestone peaches, nectarines, and plums. Apricots were now all gone, but we had dewberries and roasting ears ("green mielies" in South Africa). Polly had picked blackeyed peas and would cook them to take for lunch at the Hornes'. Lisa, their fourteen year-old, had just left our place, having come to knock two lemons from a tree here, for the iced tea, an unusual item for this country. But it was a holiday, and Al and Donna were having the Bob Stephens family and the Watsons come for lunch.

Expecting the Echols' back that week, we had moved our few things to the house we would occupy, on Simon Street, about five blocks away. Bob Stephens told us Jane's mother would come with them.

On Christmas day we had the John Hardins and John Dunkins in to eat the noon meal with us. Hardins were veterans in the work in South Africa. One of their six sons, Neal, had been a student at SABS. He had reservations to

leave early in January for further studies in Abilene Christian University. We enjoyed visiting with the Dunkins and Hardins.

On the final day of 1972 I taught an adult class at Boksburg, about seven miles from the Echols' place. That night we drove about sixty miles to worship with the Turfontein church, where Claude Flynn was preaching. It is the oldest congregation on the Rand, the first to have a meetinghouse of its own.

A young couple from England, Maurice and Pam Charlton, had moved to the area, and were converted. From England their mothers came to visit. Their children taught them; I baptized one on a Sunday night, the other at mid-week. On arrival in South Africa they were members of the Church of England; they returned home as New Testament Christians. Margaret Charlton lived in Northumberland County; Lily Haringham, Pam's mother, in Newcastle-on-Tyne. All of this reminded Polly and me of Isobel Taylor, whom I had baptized in Port Elizabeth a few years earlier, and whom we visited in Sheffield, England, on a return trip to South Africa.

These things were a part of my January 1 report. Also, I told of a former member of the Benoni church who committed suicide, using a hose and auto exhaust. And at four a. m. a CID man (equivalent of FBI in America) rang the front doorbell. A few minutes later he and others with him arrested the young Bantu living in the servant's quarters here. Eldred's garden boy; he unlawfully had a pistol. There had been armed robberies and attempted robberies within two blocks of us. They took him, a suspect,

to prison.

I reported also that the Hogs were due back in January, and that school would begin in two weeks. After we helped get the new term underway, Polly and I would begin touring the country, showing the new movie, making more people aware of the work, making friends for SABS.

Tom Reynolds wrote me on January 27 to tell us he had cleared through customs and shipped some of our things to us by air freight, shipping costs paid. He sent radio, clothes, books, papers, sheets, blankets, pictures, and a drum. He reported seeing much air freight there that appeared unfit for shipping, but that ours was inside and would be kept dry. It was due to leave within two days, anyway. (We finally got the drum to the States, making three drums from Africa).

On the last day of January I wrote a report to the States; we were in the third week of the new term at SABS. We had six new students, representing South African, English, Irish, German, and Portuguese nationalities. Somebody suggested we rename the school: International Bible School.

We were beginning a monthly mailer, called "SABS-LETTER," to be sent into Southern Africa and America. We had promised those attending the lectures back in September that they would hear from us. The first issue of the newsletter would be dated in February. I asked the churches in America that received them to please put their copy on a bulletin board.

The four missionary families in Uganda moved to Nairobi, Kenya where they planned to be six months to a

year, studying Kiswahili. Later they planned to go to another area in the country, which by then they will have selected. Idi Amin had said, "Missionary, go home." They went, but not home. The Church of Christ was now officially unrecognized in Uganda. All but about six religious groups were banned in Uganda, according to our information. Muslims could stay (Amin was one), and Roman Catholics, Church of Uganda, a Baptist group, Seventh Day Adventists, and at least one other group, perhaps Pentecostals. Those of long standing could stay. Those that were supplying a social service – either built a hospital, school, or some other institution to serve the people – were given consideration. The church of Christ was barely there, and had built no such institution. We had to go.

Fielden had agreed to buy our car; he got it out of the country. Polly had given her washing machine to one of the missionary families. The office equipment we used while in Uganda they used; whether they got any of that out we did not learn. Clarksville had told us to give these things to them.

I wrote Tom, thanking him for sending the things, refunding the cost of his doing so, and asking him to close our bank account in Kampala, which he had volunteered to do. His letter told of the unemployment of some of the native members, and of the unfaithfulness of some. His family was doing well in Searcy, Arkansas but missed him; he sounded lonely, as well.

During the last week of January Polly and I flew down to Kimberley; Charlie Tutor drove us to Bloemfontein, a little over a hundred miles away, where I bought a

used car. Phil Steyn, minister there, lived next door to the Valiant dealer, and learned of the car. I bought a 1970 Rebel (cheapest model) Valiant, with 64,400 miles on the odometer. We attended the last night of a gospel meeting in Bloemfontein, hearing Loy Mitchell preach. Then I drove my car to Kimberley. On Sunday I preached in Kimberley. Next day Charlie and son, Ned, and I tinkered with the car I had bought "as is." We checked brakes, plugs, points, wheel packs and so on. The car had no radio, no air conditioning. Polly and I waited until the evening began to be cool, leaving about four o'clock. We drove four hours toward home, when the car would go no farther. I did not know what the problem was, but told Polly I would not leave her there, parked on the shoulder of the highway. We slouched down, tried to sleep. When anybody approached, I flicked the lights, letting them know the car was occupied.

One does not leave a car on the side of the road in South Africa. Next day it would probably be stripped of everything that could be loosened and carried away. A headlight would look good as an ornament in a mud hut. A hubcap would make an attractive thing hanging from a tree in an African's kraal. And on it would go, until there would not be much left.

We had stopped at about eight-fifteen the evening before, about eighty-five miles from home. When dawn changed to daylight I found the problem: a nut had been tightened just a little too much, breaking the automatic transmission fluid line. I thumbed a ride, passing a hotel just around the first curve, and getting off at a service station not far away. Buying tape and transmission fluid, I

got a ride back to the car, and we soon were underway, planning to have permanent repairs done later. When we arrived in Benoni we learned from the Echols' that the Tutors had telephoned the evening before, asking if we had arrived. (On such trips, it was standard practice to call to let folks know we had safely arrived). But that time there was no way to call, and all were concerned.

I taught a class at the school – Denominational Doctrines. Specifically I dealt with Premillennialism and Dispensationalism. That course ran for only a few weeks, then another teacher took up with another doctrine.

Polly and I went to Mondeor where I taught a weekly class on Personal Evangelism during February. We visited the Pretoria church at our first opportunity. We then lacked only one in the area we had not visited – Florida, in far western Johannesburg. At last we went there, too. And in my February report I told of a visit Tex Williams made in the country, accompanied on his travels while there by Ian Fair, director of Natal School of Preaching.

I directed a small door-knocking campaign in Mondeor and nearby townships with only a few workers. By the end of the first day, we had set up enough studies for our limited number of teachers. It is a mistake to set up appointments to study the Bible, then not be able to follow through.

Having a sizeable mailing list of people in South Africa we began the monthly mailings of "SABSLETTER." It became a standard mailing continuing to this day.

Polly and I went to Louis Trichardt for the opening of Vendaland School of Preaching. John Hardin had made

arrangements with the 29th and Yale church, Tulsa, Oklahoma to support Allan Kriger in that venture. Polly and I stayed overnight in Hotel Louis; next day, February 27, John and Bessie, Jerry and Ann Hogg, Polly and I witnessed the school's beginning. In the house the Krigers had rented, several Venda brethren, preachers already, were also present.

Sunday, March 11, was a busy day for us. I taught a Bible class in Boksburg at ten a. m., drove to Benoni to preach at eleven-thirty. At five p. m. I preached in Mondeor, thirty miles away; then Polly and I drove to Discovery, on the extreme western side of sprawling Johannesburg, and met with the small European church served by Peter Korsten and Orval Thompson. The latter planned extensive work among Shangaans and Malawians, workers in the gold mines.

I had ended my weekly class at school, and we had visited all European churches on the Rand. This was a goal before going on the road with the new film.

School holidays found SABS staff and students, some of their wives, with the help of others, engaged in a door-knocking campaign in Welkom, in the Orange Free State. Brian van der Spuy, minister there, wrote a full-page evaluation of it, praising all workers, and making suggestions for a few changes. We needed this to get such efforts moving in that country and others around it. Polly and I spent the whole campaign with them; Charlie Tutor worked in it too. The Welkom church cooperated splendidly. Our workers knocked on more than seven hundred doors and set up over seventy Bible studies. Of course, some studies fell

away. Al Horne preached nightly in a short gospel meeting. "We are left with four baptisms," wrote Brian. Of one who was baptized, he wrote: "The mother of this family (of four youngsters) was a Catholic and an ex-nun, and we believe they are going to be a great blessing to the church." Brian baptized others after he and others studied further with people found during that campaign. As tokens of their appreciation, the Welkom church presented the Tutors and Watsons each a wall clock. They are still on our walls.

As a basis for evaluation, I take a typical campaign: Americans going to, let us say, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to knock on doors, set up Bible studies, complete them, and witness some obey the gospel. What are the benefits? Who is helped? How would one change such an undertaking?

There is no set, prearranged plan that will work exactly alike in all circumstances. The plan of a campaign that proved successful in one situation, may not work as well in another. A plan followed one time successfully may need to be changed for a similar effort in the same place at another time. After every such effort, no doubt the director, his assistants, and several workers have suggestions, and could say, this or that is what we should have done.

Who benefits? The **senders**: the individual, or individuals, or congregation giving the money to cover the cost of a campaigner. "It is more blessed to give than receive," said Jesus (Acts 20:35 ASV). The **campaigner**: guidance in personal evangelism, strength of fellowship with other workers, spiritual growth through studying scripture further with prospects, educational value of travel — learning

another culture, seeing other places, making new friends. The thrill of seeing some he or she has taught obey the Lord by being baptized. These are some of the benefits to the campaigner. And **other workers** gain strength from this worker being with them. All are sowing the seed of the kingdom, obeying Christ's will in so doing. Even if none obey the gospel, the sower must sow the seed.

Obviously **the church in the mission field** gains. Although often small, the church cooperates in the effort. And through the combined efforts of the church and her visiting helpers, much good is accomplished. Greater numbers attend services, both during and after the campaign. New converts are added to the church. Members are strengthened, seeing others who have come to help them. Lax members are revived; lives are rededicated; penitent sinners pray. The church is noticed; the community knows it is there.

Those taught by the workers are greatly blessed. Those who obey Christ in baptism have sins forgiven and receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. This is the ultimate benefit; there is no greater blessing a sinner can receive.

The home congregation of the campaigner receives a second blessing when he or she comes back home a more dedicated, experienced worker.

There had been two such campaigns in Port Elizabeth; both before and after them there were about a hundred in attendance there. One asked me what good did they do. In reply I said, "I am going to simply mention two names: Johan and Audrey Smulders." If I said no more than that, it was worth it. These have been dedicated

workers in the Lord's cause from the first. Of course, converts move away, become members elsewhere, start congregations. This is all good. In the first century the whole Jerusalem church, except the apostles, were scattered abroad, and went preaching the word (Acts 8:1, 4). The Lord's cause grew from that persecution. The seed was sown.

The above does not exhaust the list of good things resulting from such efforts. People are sowing the seed of the kingdom in various places on more than one continent because of them. Some became preachers; some helped in beginning new congregations, having moved to other areas. Workers in one or both of them now direct campaigns. Eternity alone will tell of all the good accomplished. May all who participated in any way, and all who benefit from them now, praise God and give Him the glory for it.

In various reports from the campus we noted that one student baptized his mother. That the Boksburg church continued to support the school at the rate of R275 monthly. That the church in Stillwater, Oklahoma gave a new movie projector to the school, to be used in America. And that various students were busy preaching and teaching over the Republic on school holidays, and regularly during school nearer home.

The March issue of "SABSLETTER" began telling specifically about our students. Eddie Baartman's name being first alphabetically, his biographical information appeared, along with that of his wife, Maureen, and daughter, Helen. Converted from denominationalism, the couple met as teachers in the Methodist church. Such vignettes

have been continued in the newsletter.

The Baartmans set up housekeeping in one of the two dwellings on campus, Maureen cooking for young single men students who roomed there. Eddie was in charge of the campus, overseeing maintenance workers on grounds and buildings.

Another married couple on campus during school hours were Bevis and Veronique Hirst. "Bev," was a student; Veronique became a secretary in the school's partially equipped office. Their two daughters were Lianne and Kelly; their son, Norman, came later.

We shall not attempt to name each student, even for that year. During the more than twenty years of SABS history, hundreds of students have attended. At first they were mainly male students, studying to preach. Wives attended special classes, sometimes at night, taught by such people as Jane Echols, Donna Horne, Bessie Hardin. Such courses as "Let's Be Better Preachers' Wives" and "Women of the Bible" were given.

All students and wives were Europeans, although it was the hope of the school's founders that men of all races could enroll. As this is being written (1988) the school is fully integrated. At first government regulations prohibited all but Whites from attending, because the property was in a White area. Over the more than twenty years of our association with South Africa, we have seen many changes.

Al Horne and I were given a tour in a gold mine while on the campaign in Welkom. Properly outfitted in heavy socks and shoes, protective coveralls and hard hats, we were

taken down the lift to the 3,600 foot level. We then rode some three miles on a tiny railroad to an area where ore was being extracted. Our guide used his hammer to chip off ore to give us.

Job states that wisdom cannot be gotten for gold (Job 28:15 KJV). Wisdom personified counsels: "Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold" (Proverbs 8:11 KJV). And the Christian's faith is much more precious than perishable gold (1 Peter 1:7 KJV). We were in Welkom for the ten days to deal with things more precious than gold. And we went to the Cape Town area over Easter weekend with the same concerns.

On the way to the camp the cars from Benoni went via Kimberley, where on Thursday night we attended their mid-week meeting. The Charlie Tutor family housed thirty-six of us on their premises overnight and fed us breakfast. Cape Town Christians hosted that year's camp, directed by Phil Leibbrandt, minister at Rosebank, Cape Town, ably assisted by Conrad Steyn, Allan Fraser and other men and women of the area. The venue: a permanent camp at Glencairn, near Fish Hoek.

We took our car (one of seven vehicles from Benoni, including two VW mini-buses) the one-thousand miles to the Cape campsite. Forty-eight persons went from Benoni, joining the others from various places. "SABSLETTER" reported: "All classes were taught by SABS personnel and their wives or by graduates of the school." Sunday night services at camp were attended by members of congregations of the area. Al Horne preached.

In my report to America for April I wrote: "Picture a lighted, electric passenger train, snaking its way in and out of the coves along False Bay. A full moon shines. Lights of the shore towns of Fish Hoek and Simonstown twinkle nearby, and the road along the shoreline is lined with the special, orange-colored electric lights so familiar to those in this country. A group of Christians, mostly teenagers, stand on the beach, singing hymns. A young minister goes out into the surf, accompanied by two young people, who are baptized into the Saviour of the world." Similar scenes were enacted over and over, night and day at the camp, as nine teenagers were baptized. Four from Benoni were among them, the ones that rode down with Polly and me. Enroute back, the Benoni caravan stopped overnight at Mazelspoort, in the Free State.

"SABSLETTER" for May reported that John Hardin and Jerry Hogg were laying plans for a youth camp for Africans for January, 1974. Such had been begun earlier through the efforts of Simon Magagula, Zulu preacher in the Benoni area, and by Hardin and Hogg. The first such camp, using the big tent, was held in Oskraal, in January, 1971, twenty-five miles northwest of Pretoria. The tent was new then, having been bought in May 1970, and used by John Hardin, Jerry Hogg, and Lester Duncan in evangelistic work among Africans and Coloreds. Tentative plans called for the venue of Umgababa, on Natal's South Coast, for the 1974 African youth camp.



Charlie and Betty Tutor and their children, Tim, Nancy, Ned, and John.



Joe Fred and Polly Watson by the Tutors' home.



The big tent, pitched by John Hardin on the school property for the SABS lectureship.



A special session for the young people at the lectureship.



An evening crowd at lectureship.



Three black preachers who attended the lectureship.

Emblem designed for the school blazer for the students.



CHAPTER 12

“... DO ALL IN THE NAME OF THE LORD JESUS” (Colossians 3:17b KJV)

ON THE ROAD IN SOUTHERN AFRICA

The Charlie Tutor family visited us; it was the first time they had been to see us in that house. Tim, a freshman in Rhodes University, was with them. Charlie, Tim, and I attended the African lectureship held in Daveyton that weekend. Many of the Tutors' friends visited with them and with us. The Tutors returned to Kimberley on Saturday; the lectureship continued over Sunday. Services were in the Zulu language. I taped some of their singing.

Eldred Echols stayed busy while in America showing the movie. On his return, he took his family to Louis Trichardt, holding a three-day seminar on the Book of Revelation at Venda Bible School. The family then went to Cape Town and took a ship to Durban, visiting brethren in Port Elizabeth, East London, and Durban. In each of the three places SABS graduates were then preaching.

Books began arriving for the library at SABS, the church in East London giving several. They arrived in sets and singles from various ones in America also. The G. Leon Hardin Memorial Fund, set up on the death of John Hardin's brother, sent money for books. On the death of

Walter Dove, Durban, books were purchased with funds given in his memory, the books bearing labels to indicate this. Others both in America and South Africa sent books for our growing library.

April 15, 1973, marked the Benoni congregation's tenth anniversary of the use of its building. John Hardin and helpers set up the big tent to be used as dining hall alongside the building. Two hundred sixty-seven attended Sunday morning. An afternoon session of singing continued an hour and one-half. Two hundred sixty came that night. Several SABS staff, students and their families assisted with the day's activities.

Polly and I began a series of tours with the movie, going first in April to Pietermaritzburg on a Wednesday night, then to Durban for Sunday night. We stayed with the Ian Fairs in the former, and with the Des Listers in the latter. I visited the Natal School of Preaching, at Edendale, and preached once in Durban. In May we showed the film in Kempton Park and Mondeor. That month, too, we were in the Eastern Cape, taking Tim Tutor from Kimberley back to school in Grahamstown, where Polly and I spent a night in a motel. Next morning, Sunday, I preached there and drove on to Port Elizabeth, showing the film at PE North church, visiting in PE with the Doward Runyans two nights and with the Colin Kauffmans. I was taken to Kwazakele where I photographed the new meetinghouse of the Xhosa church. Enroute back to Benoni, we visited in East London. I preached on Sunday morning, and showed the film Sunday night. We stayed three days with the Smulders family. Driving homeward, we stayed

overnight in a small motel at Van Reenen's Pass. In early June, Polly and I showed the film to four churches: Kimberley, Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, and East London.

As part of the development of our library, we decided to use the Dewey Decimal System, some of the books received from America being so marked. I visited a school official to learn where card file cases could be obtained. Polly and I drove to Middleburg, Transvaal, having learned a firm there built them. It was an unsuccessful trip. Going to Kimberley, however, we went by way of Vredefort, Orange Free State, where another such factory existed. I learned they made such cases only on special order, but one was on hand that a customer failed to claim after ordering it. Its size being just right, I asked for it to be saved for me; we would pick it up later.

We went to Kimberley, where I left Polly at the Tutors, then flew to Cape Town, staying nine days, showing the movie four times, two of them being combined congregational showings. Brethren in the area lent their projectors and operated them. Although only Europeans could then attend SABS, I showed it to non-Europeans, as well. I stayed with the Allan Frasers. A daughter, Fiona Ray, was born to them while I was there. Allan said, "History was made," as a Christian doctor, Desmond Stumpf, delivered the child of a Christian mother. Besides Allan, a young man whom he had baptized the month before, Paul Brady, also furnished transportation. I saw many friends of SABS in the area.

I proposed to Paul Brady that he consider attending SABS; he did so, completing the three-year program, and

is now a gospel preacher.

Back by plane to Kimberley, from where Polly and I drove back by Vredefort, taking back to Benoni the card file case, still in use in the SABS library. Two weeks of travel covered two thousand miles.

Prospects for a good lectureship appeared, as Lectureship Director Hardin worked diligently. Jimmy Jividen, author, preacher, lecturer, would be main speaker. Phil Steyn, in America, had found new supporters for SABS. And signs indicated a good enrollment for SABS for 1974. Gordon Uys preached in a gospel meeting in East London, where a fellow former SABS student, Johan Smulders served as minister. It was good to see brethren laboring together in peace and harmony, as the Lord's cause grew in that country.

We of SABS saw South Africa as only one of the countries we served. We were, after all, Southern Africa Bible School. We needed to become involved in Swaziland, Botswana, Lesotho, Rhodesia, and South West Africa.

We showed "Benoni, Son of My Sorrow" to all the European churches in the Transvaal and the rest of the country, except the few congregations that were meeting in homes or hotel rooms; some of these had sprung up in a few places.

While I was in Cape Town, Dr. Des Stumpf told me he heard on the radio two days before that Amin had banned many churches in Uganda. Gailyn Van Rheen en wrote me the next day from Nairobi, Kenya saying the Church of Christ had been banned. It became unsafe for native brethren there to receive mail. So I did not try to communicate

with them. They would worship underground; they would try to survive. We could call on the Lord to be with them, and we did.

Three days before the official beginning of winter, I sent a report to the States. Trying to convey to Americans what the seasons were like in Benoni, I said the latitude was about that of Miami, Florida or Brownsville, Texas. Except, of course, we were as far south of the equator as they were north. A difference: those two cities were about sea level; we were above 5,300 feet. We were inland; they on or near the coast. When summer begins in Oklahoma, winter begins in South Africa. The constellation, the Southern Cross, is made up of only four stars. But if you will imagine the lines connecting them, in the form of a cross, it is plainly discernible. Not visible at all seasons, it could be seen at seven o'clock in the evening on June 18 that year. Another thing to remember about south latitudes: the sun is in the northern sky throughout the day, instead of the southern sky as it is in America.

John Hardin was an amateur student of the stars. His brother-in-law, Ernie Shoemaker, and wife, Bess, who is John's sister, spent a month or more in the country. They toured, seeing Victoria Falls, Kruger Game Reserve, and other sights. They brought John a telescope, greatly appreciated by him. Ernie was an elder in a Fort Worth church. It was always good to have elders visit there. Ed Lowe and wife came a little later. Ed, an elder in the El Campo, Texas church, spent time with the Tutors, as they were supported from El Campo.

Eldred Echols, Jerry Hogg, Greg Woods, and I went

in Eldred's Combi and, clearing through Tlokweng gate, drove to Gaborone, Botswana, where we picked up Patrick Selemela. Patrick, a Tswana, had attended Natal School of Preaching, and was the only native preacher in all of Botswana, which is 83% the size of Texas. At the time of our trip (June, 1973), there were no churches of Christ north of the Tropic of Capricorn in that country. There was a small church in Gaborone, the capital, and scattered converts who had been taught by Patrick and others. Among those Patrick told us of whom he had baptized was a Hottentot chief. He had, said Patrick, a refrigerator in which he kept grape juice for communion, and was proud of that. He had only one wife, whom Patrick had also baptized. In fact monogamy prevailed in the whole country. Chief Khama had been won to Anglicanism by David Livingstone. And Khama had banned polygamy. It was a good place to preach Christ, using the English language. It has a literacy rate of 25%, people who know English. We drove up to Francistown, over dirt roads - the only tarmac in the country then was in the capital. We saw a lorry pulling a good-sized tree along the "highway," grading the loose dirt, raising a cloud of dust. We went to a shop, bought crackers, salami, cheese, oranges, and other "pad kos" (food for the road). Then we headed west to Nata, where we bought petrol. We drove into the night, being stopped at a cattle quarantine check-point. Two natives manned the gate; one asked if we had "pad kos" perhaps taking us for Afrikaners. I handed him an orange which seemed to please. At any rate they opened the gate. The road on to Maun was treacherous. At times we plunged into large,

deep holes, filled with loose dirt. But we got to Maun and claimed our reservations in Riley's Hotel.

Greg Woods would soon be a graduate of SABS. He wanted to look at the possibilities of starting a preacher-training school in Botswana. We were interested in seeing more efforts at preaching Christ in those parts. We looked over the town, getting the combi stuck in the loose dirt of Maun's principal street. It was at Riley's Hotel that I first tried steak-and kidney pie; not bad, but not my favorite. We met people, asked questions. It looked good for mission work. Eldred said he wanted to be there in Maun when the first slide or filmstrip was shown, or no doubt whatever method of teaching would be used.

Khama's son married a white English woman, Ruth Williams. He was permitted to come back to Bechuanaland (now Botswana) in 1956. In 1973 they were President and Lady Khama.

Patrick Selemela had baptized about four hundred persons, but they were not observing the Lord's supper, were not meeting for worship. Much work then remained to be done in Gaberones, the Kalahari Desert, and in the northern parts of the nation, which had a population of more than three hundred thousand. A few Bushmen, a few Hottentots, and members of the several tribes of Tswanas lived there. There were Rolong, Hurutshe, Kwena (made up of Ngwato, Tawana, Ngwaketse), Kgatla, Tlokwa, and Maletete. Bibles in at least one of the Tswana tongues were available. In subsequent years we distributed several of them there.

We returned to Francistown, where we got rooms for

the night, dropped Patrick in a village, and left the country by another route. We went out via Martins Drift and Groblersbrug, passing good farms in the Transvaal.

Since that initial trip, many have gone to Botswana for evangelistic efforts. These have included SABS staff and students, both men and women, SABS graduates, other South Africans, and visitors from the States. Children's classes have been held, doors have been knocked on, Bible lessons scheduled, public preaching done. A team of evangelists is now working in Shakawe, in the far north of Botswana. Polly's grand-nephew, Wyman Walker and family, being among them. Hundreds of people have been baptized, preachers have been trained. Once when a group arrived at Nata, they asked for petrol, but the lorry that brought it had not arrived. Camp was set up and they began teaching there. There are now churches in Nata, Maun, Francistown, and other places. In times of drought food for the hungry has been provided through interested, generous brethren in America.

Women students at SABS have gone along with others on safaris for souls in the country. They liked the experience so well that, back on campus, they began asking, "When are we going back to Botswana?"

At Nata, teaching being done to men, a small boy was serving as camp boy, with responsibilities of gathering firewood, making ready the place for worship, keeping dishes, pots and pans washed, etc. When men began to be baptized, he came to Eldred Echols, saying he had been listening to the teaching, and that he, too, desired to be baptized. Aged ten at the time, as I recall the story, he

later wrote to Eldred. He said all the men had been transferred, and that none were left there but the women and he and another boy. But, he said, "Don't worry, because we are having the Lord's supper; we are meeting for study." He later converted his parents and younger sisters. Back in Oklahoma I visited a church in a county seat town that had dwindled to only a few; they owned a good building. But they had considered simply shutting down. What a contrast. Two little boys and some women, owning no building, having very little of the world's goods, but faithfully carrying on. The lad who wrote the letter became a student in Manzini Bible School, in Swaziland, and later in Fort Worth Christian College, and Abilene Christian University. He, Peter Setimela, was determined to return to his home country to work for Christ, he hoped with a Master's degree from ACU.

Maun today has paved streets. I am told I would not recognize it.

On July 20, Polly and I left for Rhodesia, stopping overnight again at the Lalapanzi, "the Bushveld Inn." Our aim: to show our movie to European churches in that country. We stopped in nearby Louis Trichardt, visiting with the Krigers for half an hour. We crossed over the Limpopo into Rhodesia, going through Fort Victoria and over the new Birchenough bridge to Umtali, where the Loy Mitchells expected us. The next day being Sunday, I went with Loy some eighty miles and we worshipped in a home with about a dozen persons. That night we screened the movie for the church in Umtali. We were with the Jim Petty family, and with Clayton Waller, meeting John

Hansen. We visited the campus of the new Umtali School of Preaching, and drove into the Vumba Mountains. Loy took us a short distance inside Mozambique, to Villa de Manica.

On Monday Polly and I drove to the Inyanga Mountains. We were told we could not visit the American missionaries, the Lloyd Giffords, because they were in an area where our vehicle could not go. We stayed in the plush Montclair Hotel in Juliasdale, it being the only one there. Next night we stayed in a much smaller one, the Pine Lodge, in a rural area; I think we were its only guests that night. Both of those nights were quite cold.

On to Macheke and Nhowe Mission, where the Roy Palmers then served. We showed our movie to three or four hundred, including staff and student body at Nhowe. As my Shona interpreter, I had Patrick Nyandoro, who had only recently returned from a fund-raising tour in America. Next day I visited classes, and had interesting questions from the students, many of them about Uganda. We stayed three nights with the Palmers, visiting Wuyu-Wuyu to see the church building and visit folks there. It was one of the places where the Will Shorts had worked in the early days.

Via Marandellas we drove on Saturday to Salisbury, where the Mark Legg family awaited us. I preached there on Sunday morning, and after Jim Judd's sermon Sunday night, showed our movie. That night, I think, was the time I first met Nigel Hausberger; he gave me money for SABS. He would later become a student and would graduate there. Jim and son, Randy, and their families had lately come from Malawi, and had set up facilities for massive

printing of gospel materials, in the native tongues of Rhodesia. In addition to that they kept busy with evangelistic work in the area.

Mark Legg introduced me to a young missionary of a premillennial Church of Christ, from Dallas, Texas. He was serving in a home for children in Salisbury. We saw some of the African townships of Salisbury, in which are small congregations. On Monday, July 30, we drove to the Bulawayo area, seeing the Matopos Hills, the grave of Cecil Rhodes, and drove into Bulawayo, where we showed our movie to a new congregation, meeting in the home of the Tom Brown family.

"We first met Tom in 1968, when he came to Port Elizabeth and worked with us in a campaign. We enjoyed meeting and visiting, as well as dining with his family. Do you know what a clutie dumpling is? Those Scots had one for dinner. Quite good." So I reported to the States. To tell the truth we both have forgotten, and so cannot describe the dumpling.

Although Tom had told me I probably would not be asked to give a presentation to the Queen's Park church, I called about it from our room Thursday morning. We were playing no favorites; I said I would at least like to offer to show the movie there. He said he would take me to meet Mel Sheasby, an elder of that congregation.

Later that morning Tom came and took me to a photographic supply shop, where Mel worked. After the introduction, I stated my offer; Mel said he would confer with the other elder (their being only two) and call me that evening at the Shewmakers. He also asked me if I would

consider giving the presentation at a young peoples' gathering on Friday night, instead of giving it to the church as a whole. Of course I said yes. Brother Shewmaker had been at the Browns' the evening before. He asked me to show the movie at the Hillside church, and we were invited to spend Thursday night with that American missionary and his wife. He, Will Short, and Norman Flynn served as elders of the latter congregation. In addition to visiting in the homes in Bulawayo, we stayed in two hotels, the Rhodes Matopos and the Carlton. We were glad to meet and associate with the Flynns, having a meal in their home. And our association with the two veteran American missionary families was pleasant. They had properties that adjoined, with only a back fence between, having an often used gate.

Brother Short showed me his library and his "pride and joy," as he called it, a Heidelberg letterpress. A small publication, *Rays of Light*, a product of his mind, his hand-set type, and that press, became well-known. He was a great believer in the power of the press. Letters from many parts of the world convinced him that good came from that work.

Will and Delia Short's son, Foy, also a minister, lived at that time in Gwelo, Rhodesia, as I recall. His stance regarding cooperative works among the churches was represented to me as negative. Foy being in his father's home while I was there, and in the room with us, saw veteran missionary Will Short hand me his check for Southern Africa Bible School. A father is certainly not always responsible for his offspring's belief or behavior.

Invited not only to give the presentation at Hillside, but also to spend Thursday night with the Shewmakers, we did both. We cherish our association with both the Shorts and Shewmakers. Mel called after services that evening, saying the elders of the Queen's Park church decided not to have the SABS presentation "at that time."

Mel and family later went on holiday to Durban, South Africa, talked with Gordon Uys and perhaps others in the church there. They came to Benoni enroute back to Rhodesia, met and talked with Al Horne. Being in disagreement with the too restrictive stance of some of the Queen's Park people, the Sheasbys left that position and place, moved to Benoni, and attended SABS.

Mel and Lois later earned two degrees at Abilene Christian University, and both now serve at SABS, Mel being Lectureship Director, full-time teacher, and an elder in the Benoni church.

We left for South Africa Friday morning, again going by the Krigers' place in Louis Trichardt. We spent that night in the Holiday Inn at Pietersburg. When we got home, we had driven more than 2,100 miles; Loy Mitchell had taken us several more miles, Mark Legg had taken us for others, and I had been gone another two hundred or so with Loy. We had spent time with the chairman of the board for SABS, Roy Palmer, and with others in Rhodesia. And we came back with two hundred U. S. dollars for the school. Many friends for the work in Benoni were found in Rhodesia.

After a week's work in the school's office, I went with John Hardin to Swaziland - my first visit there. On

Sunday morning I preached through an interpreter to the small congregation meeting on the campus of Manzini Bible School, a preacher-training school for Swazis. Jesse Brown and Mickey Figuerido worked with this school, Jesse and family living on campus and Mickey nearby. After worship we went with Jesse to visit another African congregation meeting a few miles away. That afternoon we accompanied Jesse and a young European with whom he had been studying; we went to a river and saw Jesse baptize the young man.

Jim Byrne, a graduate of SABS, then studying the Zulu language in Johannesburg, would soon be living on that campus, serving as director.

Back in Benoni, I preached in some of the area churches, including Daveyton, an African township. Simon Magagula, minister there, interpreted for me. I taped their singing in Zulu, and brought the tape to America.

The Concorde supersonic passenger plane was then being tested for landings and takeoffs at the high elevation Jan Smuts airport. Being very near it, we saw the plane flying low and emitting very black, dirty smoke. Perhaps those tests helped, though, in cleaning up emission as well as in other ways. Later South African Airways purchased an additional Boeing 747, equipped it with extra fuel tanks, and flew it non-stop and without refueling from Seattle, Washington to Cape Town, South Africa. That set a world's record.

Having been in South West Africa (in 1971), in Botswana, in Rhodesia (in both 1969 and 1973), barely in Mozambique, in Zambia (Lusaka airport, 1968), and now in

Swaziland, there remained one country in Southern Africa I had not at least entered. We were to leave soon after lectureship for the States. I told Eldred we say we are Southern Africa Bible School. I had not been in Lesotho, and would like to at least go there once. Neither had any of the Echols family been there. He got in touch with George Raseleso, saying we two families would visit the congregation at Teyateyaneng, Lesotho, on Sunday morning, September 16. I understood that he had been converted and trained by Eldred, and perhaps others, when he lived for a time in South Africa. I also understood that he preached for the only congregation of the church of Christ in Lesotho.

Taking their combi, the Echols family, Polly and I left Benoni. A few miles down the road Eldred said George had asked him to bring matzos, and this request had slipped his mind. We would stop and shop for it. Where did we find it? The first place we searched – in Bethlehem (house of bread), Orange Free State. On to Ficksburg where we spent Saturday night in a hotel, then crossed into Lesotho on Sunday morning, going a few miles on down to Teyateyaneng.

The church met in George's small lounge. Eldred and I were seated on the front row when George came in, saying he wanted one of us to speak on ancestor worship. Quickly turning to me, Eldred said, "That's your subject. I already have mine." Surprised, I said, "Please give me a Scripture." Perhaps it was Matthew 4:10; I do not recall. Anyway, I said a few words about worshipping God and only God.

I recall that in Eldred's sermon mention was made of the challenge that the country of Lesotho represented. The capital, Maseru, and the whole western side, as well as all across the Maluti Mountains, had no New Testament Christians. There were many ancestor worshippers, but no true worshippers of the living God, known to any of us.

A tourist brochure stated that only a few miles from the village where we were, a cave containing human bones had been home for a tribe of cannibals only a hundred years earlier. As a result of our visit John Hardin and others took the big tent to Lesotho later, and preached the gospel of Christ there. It was the first such effort in the history of the church in that country. Later on, missionaries moved into Maseru and did extensive work. A program for training preachers was put into operation, as well. Today in that country, larger than New Hampshire, there are several more Christians.

A little more than a year before that day, I had stated in Uganda that I wanted to go to Lesotho. Papers for cash to take out gave Lesotho as our destination. It had taken nearly thirteen months, but we finally got there. We left the village after morning services, went again through Ficksburg Bridge border post, and proceeded to Golden Gate Highlands National Park, in the Free State. Here, just north of Lesotho, we rested, ate in the modern restaurant, spent the night and drove home the next day.

John Hardin, Jerry Hogg, and Allan Kriger conducted a gospel meeting, using the big tent, in Vendaland. Forty-nine were baptized, including two sons of a chief who had ninety sons. When I preached in Swaziland, a wife of King

Sobhuza II sat in the audience. An aged woman, she was one of his many wives; in fact, his people presented him with another, one each year. A member of the rural congregation meeting at the Manzini Bible School, she had been the wife of the king's brother, who had died. According to their custom she became a wife of his brother, the king.

Reporting to America I noted that Swaziland celebrated its fifth Independence Day, September 10. Among the royal guests were Paramount Chief Goodwill Zwelethini of KwaZulu (part of South Africa), and King Moshoeshoe of Lesotho. Together with King Sobhuza II they made up the three Black Kings of Southern Africa, Sobhuza then being the world's oldest living monarch.

Five days after our return from Lesotho, fifteen people from Benoni went to Grahamstown, for a door-knocking campaign. Eldred went, and Charlie Tutor came over to help. The church in the "City of the Saints" had bought a semi-detached house (duplex), to use as their meeting house. Men stayed in one part of the house; women in the other. Early to rise each morning was Eddie Baartman. He had the coffee ready; bacon and eggs followed soon after.

I recall Charlie's hearty laugh one morning after he asked Eldred how he felt that day. Evidently with a respiratory problem: allergy, hay fever, or the like, he replied, "About like a black wildebeest." Following his laugh, Charlie asked what was the difference between the black animal and any other (the other being blue). Eldred explained that the black wildebeest was the more irritable of the two, having a terribly mean disposition.

We were in Grahamstown when a telephone call reported a storm in Benoni. Our place was damaged; but friends cleaned up, dried carpets, mopped, following leaks from the roof.

“Overseas visitors from Canada and the United States helped swell the attendance and assisted in making the event a success. Jimmy Jividen of Abilene, Texas; and Mark Trussler of Canada and Abilene, spent the week with us . . . Harvie and Celia Pruitt of Lubbock, Texas . . . Eugene Smith, Jr., of Dallas, came with the Pruitts,” stated the report. These all had parts on the program. The Thurrel Chaffins, Detroit, Michigan were there, as were David and Margo McPherson of Vancouver, Canada.

Theme of the lectures was “The Tongue.” Jimmy Jividen spoke on glossalalia; Charlie Tutor and Brian van der Spuy spoke on campaign work; Bob Stephens and I spoke on purposing. Bob and family of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma were living in Benoni; Bob worked on an oil storage project. I was chairman for two panels; Polly served in a similar capacity for two ladies’ sessions. The big tent was on the campus for day sessions. The chapel hall served for the ladies’ classes. Night sessions in the school, as stated. As was said of several lectureships later on, some declared it was the best ever.

More than three hundred attended the banquet on Friday night, held in Modder Bee Prison Officers’ Club. I presented certificates of graduation to three men who had completed their work at SABS, and were already at work in the field: Colin Kauffman, Allan Kriger, and Johan Smulders.

Polly and I gave up the house, stored our appliances and the Masseys' furniture in Eldred's garage and took a UTA flight to Paris, spending the night there, then took an Air France flight to Houston, Texas. From Houston we flew to Austin.

Twenty minutes after landing we went with our son and family to mid-week meeting at Westover Hills church. On November 28, I wrote a report stating, "And every Sunday and every Wednesday night since then, we have presented either our film or slides to some church in Oklahoma, Arkansas, or Texas. In addition to that, Polly has spoken to three ladies' groups, and I have talked to university and college students of Oklahoma State University and Oklahoma Christian College. I have appointments lined up now, enough for several weeks to come, and have promise that from contacts already made there will be some support for SABS. Some of the churches that have been visited and others yet to be visited are working on their budgets for 1974."

The Al Horne family was then in the States, too. We had been in contact with them more than once. Al was doing what I was, but mostly in Texas.

The November issue of "SABSLETTER" featured a lengthy article about the Grahamstown campaign, held a year after the seminar by Tutor and Watson at SABS. Leslie Hall took a week off from work. Assisted by Nancy Tutor she prepared noon meals for the group, served at the Halls' place. Evening meals, prepared by others of the congregation, were brought to 2 Anderson Street, the church property.

Keith Minnaar also came from Kimberley to help. Tim Tutor and Errol Williams, students in Rhodes University, along with the Arthur Weweges, the Eric Halls, Edward Wewege, and Kenny May – all Grahamstown Christians – worked in the effort.

The three teams were headed by Vince Hunt, Eddie Baartman, and Evelyn Mundell. "G'town" was divided into twelve areas. Door-knocking began Monday and ended Wednesday, enough studies being set up to keep follow-up teams busy. To assist local members would be a team from East London led by Johan Smulders and Graeme Calder, and a team from Port Elizabeth led by Milton Wilson and Colin Kauffman. Smulders and Kauffman were graduates of SABS.

John Dunkin and Charlie Tutor had prepared materials used in teaching. Sixteen had come down from Benoni, men, women and children. Charmaine Wewege, wife of Ronald, was baptized. The article stated, "We believe there will be others. We know that all who worked were strengthened, and that includes the local congregation."

Errol Williams asked me to counsel him about his schooling. He was currently following a course leading to his being a social worker. Having recently put on Christ in baptism, he wondered if he should change and attend SABS, learning to preach. My counsel was that he finish his work at Rhodes, become able to support himself, and then attend SABS. He decided to do it the other way. Better than I did, he knew his circumstances. He dropped out and went to SABS. He serves a church in Mutare, Zimbabwe, his home country. As a result of his conversion, his mother and

sister were converted; and Errol married a Christian.

A longer report in the same "SABSLETTER" told of the Seventh Annual Lectureship. More than four hundred filled the auditorium at Northmead Laer School on Sunday night, with a steady attendance of two hundred and more on the weekdays of the six-day event. "To more and more people the annual lectureship at SABS is the highlight of the year," said the article.



The new church building of the blacks (Xhosa); Bentley, the preacher.



Jerry Hogg, Patrick Selemela, Greg Woods, Eldred Echols and a black man whose name is unknown, on way to Botswana.



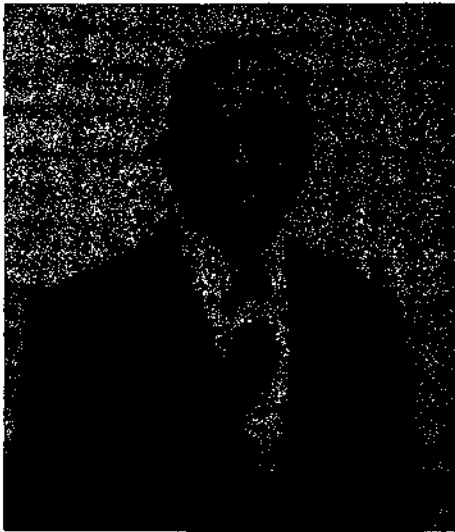
Truck used to go to Botswana to preach the gospel.



A group from SABS on safari for souls in Botswana.



House in Swaziland — where Manzisi Bible School is located.



Simon Maqagula, a preacher for colored church and first colored graduate of SABS.



Golden Gate Highlands National Park in the Free State.



Group that went to Grahamstown for door-knocking campaign.

CHAPTER 13

"O THE DEPTH OF THE RICHES AND WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE OF GOD!" (Romans 11:33a RSV)

ON THE ROAD IN AMERICA

The first two weeks we were in the States, I used a car belonging to our son. I showed the movie in Konawa, Oklahoma the first Sunday, and showed slides in Clarksville the following Wednesday night. The next evening John Ballard and I went to Coal Hill, ten miles away, where he had been going weekly, and showed the film. That small congregation, with no resident preacher, began making regular contributions to SABS, and has continued them. The church in Coal Hill is now more than a hundred years old.

Two days later Al Horne and I met with the elders of the Richland Hills church, the overseers of SABS. I called Al twice more, the second time on the day before they left to fly to South Africa. They were in Kerrville, Texas where Donna's parents lived.

I went to Bowie, Texas and showed the movie Sunday night, October 28; then to Antlers, Oklahoma doing the same on Wednesday night, October 31. The next evening Polly and I attended the Bible Chair banquet in Ada,

Oklahoma where she had been staying with relatives. The following day I took Joe's car to Texas and returned to Antlers, where I bought a used Chevrolet Caprice.

We were in Stillwater for Homecoming on November 10 and 11, always happy to be with our principal supporting church. When Oklahoma State University has its annual homecoming, the local church invites all former members to visit them, too, on Saturday and Sunday. It is a good time to see people with whom we had served.

With our own "wheels" we began a continual round of giving presentations about the work in Benoni. Churches small, medium-sized, and large saw "Benoni, Son of My Sorrow" and everywhere they received it well. Other groups, too. Preacher-elder luncheons in Tulsa and Dallas, beginning a longer list of showings to such gatherings. College and university mission-study groups. Mission committees, youth camps, senior camps - we showed to one and all. School classes and combinations of classes were shown slides and sometimes the movie.

Polly had dental surgery in Ada, Oklahoma and spent a good bit of time in recuperation. I made several trips without her. Walking into the big tent at the Abilene Christian University lectureship in February, I was told I had been paged several times. Jokingly the brother asked what I had to pay for such publicity. Going to "lectureship central" in the middle of the tent, I found Margaret Massey, who had learned we were there, and had called for me. Not yet equipped to set up and maintain displays for SABS in such situations at Christian college lectureships, area-wide workshops and the like, I had brought the movie to Abilene.

I showed it to the Westgate church there, and in Roberson Chapel on the ACU campus during lectureship. In an eight-minute spot on "Opportunities in New Fields," I told about SABS. We went to Keller, Texas Les Massey's hometown, just to thank the church for supporting the Masseys, who were to return to SABS later in the year, where Les would teach.

I visited briefly with John Banister, who had just returned from a preaching tour of South Africa. He was highly impressed with SABS and with some of its graduates, whom he had met in their places of service, as he went around the country. We visited with Ivan Stewart, soon to leave with sixty workers on a campaign in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Polly spoke to ladies' Bible classes in various towns, and we showed the film to other ladies' groups. Elders and preachers attended these at times. We ranged west to Albuquerque and Silver City, New Mexico; south to Houston, Bay City, El Campo, and Victoria, Texas; eastward to Minden and West Monroe, Louisiana; to Vicksburg, Mississippi; then up to Pocahontas, Arkansas; and north to Mulvane, Kansas, to name only a few. We showed at Clarksville, Arkansas as our final stop before driving to Tulsa, Oklahoma where we visited the 29th and Yale church, which supported the Hardins and now the Krigers. We left with them the car for the Hardins' use when they would be in the States a little later on.

Almost everywhere we went there were contributions for SABS, usually one-time gifts, both from churches and individuals; we applied these to work/travel funds, keeping

careful records for reports on such. Some checks were sent to Richland Hills, some directly to SABS. A trickle of regular, monthly contributions to SABS had begun as well.

From Tulsa we flew to Louisville, Kentucky showing the movie to the Westport Road church. We had met Don Peden, an elder there, in Scotland; and he had been to South Africa. Polly and I spent a night with the Pedens, and flew to New York.

Wearing or carrying an off-white ten gallon hat, I, along with Polly, got aboard a Swissair flight to Zurich and stayed overnight in a hotel. Waiting in the lounge for transport the next morning, I laid the hat on a coffee table. A couple was descending the stairway to the lounge; seeing the hat the lady said, "Uh-oh, somebody's here from Texas." I was taking the hat to Nancy Tutor in Kimberley; it was a special order.

We boarded a South African Airways Boeing 747, bound for Johannesburg. We were to have landed in Lisbon, Portugal, but a military coup there occurred after we began the trip; so, the flight proceeded to Ilha do Sal, an island in the Cape Verde group, west of Dakar, Senegal. After refueling, we began the long flight to Jan Smuts, where we were met by a sizeable welcoming party, including SABS staff and students.

We arrived back in South Africa April 28. Two days later I wrote the monthly report, stating that more than fifty presentations about SABS had been made during the six months we spent in the States.

Eugene Smith, Jr., told Al and me when he was at the 1973 lectureship in Benoni, that he would be glad to

print brochures concerning SABS and supply them to us as a contribution. He suggested that we furnish pictures and copy. We did that, and for the many years that Polly and I worked for SABS, we had plenty of handouts, courtesy of Eugene and the Gospel Teachers Publications, or G. T. Press, in Dallas. We simply updated the material, using photographs of student body, or beginning class, Al and Donna Horne, the Watsons, SABS school building, men's dormitory, women's dormitory.

Over the years, too, we and others developed other duplicated or printed material we employed to publicize the school in Benoni. Les Massey put together a five or six-page duplicated item, called "The Case for Southern Africa Bible School." Its table of contents listed eleven aspects: background, philosophy of the program, history, authority, human resources, curriculum, commendations, financial data, South African involvement, projected plans and needs, appeal for assistance. I altered it from time to time to include later developments, and used it for many years.

A sheet entitled "The Church in South Africa" told of the beginning of the work there in 1896. I wrote and duplicated this, handing it out to all who wanted the information. As the school grew, I had papers to hand out proclaiming the growth. As we got ideas from ministers, elders and others, we worked up additional handouts. I developed one called "SHOW ME" using an article Paul Johnston put in the church bulletin after I showed the film at the National and High Street church, Springfield, Missouri. It stated: that is exactly what we want to do, **show**

and tell people about the work, letting them decide what, if anything, they want to do about it.

When we went to America in 1973 we stayed six months, establishing a loose pattern of spending time on both sides of the Atlantic. When in America we visited churches, seeking appointments, showing and telling about the church in Southern Africa and about that portion of the world. We were particularly concerned, of course, about Southern Africa Bible School, and the strong program of training there. We used some of our own publications, and we borrowed some from others.

J. Wayne Kilpatrick wrote an article entitled, "The World is Lost." It called on Christians to see their mission in a lost world. It came to my attention; I made copies of it and distributed them. We were and are interested in the proclamation of the gospel throughout the world, not merely in South Africa, nor the continent of Africa. We believe our brethren need constant reminders that it is the mission of the church to evangelize the whole world, for Christ died for the sins of all mankind. Any missionary who thinks the spot in which he happens to be working is **the one place** churches and individuals need to notice, and to which they ought to contribute, needs to get the world view. As lighthouses do not compete, neither do those who seek salvation for the world's lost souls.

Using large letters, on a background of a map of Africa and a Bible, I made a sheet saying: "SOUTHERN AFRICA BIBLE SCHOOL TRAINING WORKERS NOW! DARK AFRICA! A lost continent of more than 423,000,000 souls, in fifty-four nations, speaking 1,500

languages; and occupying a land mass larger than the United States, all of Europe, India, China, and a dozen Japans." On the larger map I heavily outlined Southern Africa, and clearly indicated the place therein where SABS was located. Below this the sheet ended with these words: "Atheistic governments are now in control of much of Africa, having taken over Angola and Mozambique in recent years. Workers trained in SABS are now in countries neighboring these, and are telling benighted souls about the God Who made them, and of His Christ, their Saviour. RHODESIA, NAMIBIA, BOPHUTHATSWANA, SWAZILAND, BOTSWANA, TRANSKEI are close neighbors. In several of these countries SABS trained men are working. Help us train more to go into the 'regions beyond'."

Two children's Bible classes in one of Oklahoma's congregations began giving me their weekly collections. At the time this began two of Polly's sisters were involved in the teaching program of children there. This kept up for ten years, then longer. But after ten years I publicized their loyal, fruitful giving as follows: "TEN YEARS 'The years will tell what the days do not know' is a truth worth repeating. Ten years ago the fourth grade Bible class and the fifth grade Bible class of the Central Church of Christ in Ada, Oklahoma began to give their contributions to me for books for the library of the Southern Africa Bible School. As their pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, half-dollars, and dollar bills were given to me each quarter of the year, the books were bought and mailed to Benoni, South Africa. Each book so bought has a label in it stating which class paid for it, and when it was bought. These classes continue

to so give, and a list of the books requested most recently is on hand; some have been ordered; others await the collection of more funds so that they can be paid for and sent over. We encourage others to follow the pattern of steadfastness in giving that these two classes have followed. In ten years of giving the two classes together have given a total of \$2,247.28 It would be encouraging if brethren would lose whatever degree of negative thinking they have about giving small amounts to worthy works. It surely is Satan himself who leads anybody to think 'I, (or, we) can't give but a little, and that won't do much (or any) good; so, I (or we) just won't think anymore about giving.' Brethren, don't you know two quarters make a half-dollar; two halves make a whole dollar, etc., etc.? Do not despise the day of small things; we can use the contribution of your **congregation**, monthly, quarterly, semi-annually, annually. And the same goes for individuals. Why not begin to allow your dimes and dollars to mean something to the great work of preaching Christ to a LOST WORLD? Save them up and send me a check; I will send it to the Memorial church in Houston, Texas whose elders actively oversee the work of the **Southern Africa Bible School**. Or, you send it there." (I ended the article with "-editor-" in a publication we began later, and when the school's work was under another eldership).

In other places, teachers of Bible classes did the same thing, encouraging their students to give for this work. I often visited the two classes mentioned above, thanking them, showing slides in appreciation for their loyal giving.

Mention has been made of one small church that gave

faithfully. I prepared a sheet on what happened in two other places. I entitled it "A SMALL CHURCH." It stated "SMALLNESS is sometimes confused with helplessness, but it does not mean that! A small person is sometimes a powerful person. Remember David's victory over the giant Goliath? (1 Samuel 17). Remember Shamgar and his oxgoad? (Judges 3:31). If you are a member of a small CONGREGATION, consider what these have done: 1) A RURAL CHURCH IN THE MOUNTAINS OF EASTERN OKLAHOMA, perhaps not then able to support a full-time preacher, having no running water in their old, frame building, WANTED TO HELP GET SOME MISSION WORK DONE. They were shown our movie and a few slides, then began sending twenty-five dollars a month to help train preachers in Southern Africa Bible School. 2) ANOTHER RURAL CONGREGATION, IN EASTERN OKLAHOMA'S COAL FIELDS, having a nice building, also heard and saw this same presentation, and decided to send a hundred dollars each quarter of the year. AS THESE HAVE DONE other SMALL CHURCHES can join with others to support worthy efforts in mission fields. Are you a member of a small church? Or, do you know of a small church that could be participating in the effort to train preachers in the Southern Africa Bible School?" I then listed my address and telephone numbers and those of the overseeing congregation.

At the very bottom of the letter-size page I closed with five quotes from the Authorized Version of the Bible: "And five of you shall chase a hundred, and a hundred of you shall put ten thousand to flight" (Leviticus 26:6).

“Though thy beginning was small, yet thy latter end should greatly increase” (Job 8:7). “For who hath despised the day of small things?” (Zechariah 4:10). “A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation” (Isaiah 62:22). “Having therefore obtained the help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great” (Acts 26:22).

All the sheets I have described were duplicated, multiplied, and used as available enclosures for mailings, hand-outs and the like.

We certainly did not overlook smaller churches. Sometimes big churches have full programs, goals not met, unmade budgets, big debts on properties. Members of small churches have thanked me for coming their way, saying in effect, “Nobody ever comes to tell us about these things; we are glad you came to tell us.” Everywhere we went, without exception, people praised the motion picture. It was professionally produced. Our brethren in South Africa wrote it, directed it, photographed it. It contained background, acapella singing. It was of excellent quality. If I forgot to say, during my presentation, who did the singing, I was sometimes asked that question. Some would guess Harding chorus, Oklahoma Christian chorus, Abilene chorus. No, I could happily state, those were South Africans singing. “Who taught them to sing?” would sometimes be the next question. “John Hardin,” was my reply. Some have countered with, “Well, who taught John Hardin to sing?” And I have replied, “That is like asking who taught Adam to be a daddy.” An elder in Oklahoma City told me that he thought John Hardin was the best song leader, living

or dead, he ever saw.

The "Christian Advocate" continued as the "old reliable" in South Africa and neighboring countries. In fact, so far as I know, it was then the only gospel paper published on the entire continent. Begun in 1950, registered under the names of Guy V. Caskey, Eldred L. Echols, John T. Hardin, and Waymon D. Miller, the latter was its first editor. Others filled that post, and in 1974, John E. Dunkin served as Managing Editor. Polly wrote a few articles for it; I did likewise.

The paper had a wide circulation. Meeting Billy Smith in Tulsa later on, I learned that he, when serving in Japan, used material from the paper translated into Japanese. He gave me copies of the same. Brian van der Spuy is presently (1988) its editor.

"SABSLETTER," the monthly sheet from SABS continued to be sent out to churches in the sub-continent and to supporting churches and individuals overseas. Al Horne now edits this informative publication.

Another duplicated paper, which I started in 1974, I called "MAP MINUTES." I sent it to fifty churches in America whom I had given maps of South Africa. It did not continue many months, but each issue pointed out places to which their attention was called - places having to do with the work being done in the area. I felt then, and still do, that most of us are simply not very good at geography. I wanted to help people see where their money was going, where the opportunities were.

An issue of this told of D. F. Malan's being the first Prime Minister of South Africa; Cape Town's international

airport commemorates his name. It also told of a strong earthquake in southwestern Cape Province in 1971, which destroyed the little town of Tulbagh, and called attention to its location on the map. A commemorative postage stamp, issued in 1974, showed restored buildings.

Long-standing duplicated publications from South Africa then were John Hardin's "White Fields in Dark Africa," and "Die Stamboom," (the family tree), and the newsletter from Al and Donna Horne. We heard comments from several in America who received the Hardin and Horne information. People who report put part of themselves into their writings. The papers found interested readers.

Arriving at Jan Smuts from Zurich and going on to Benoni, we soon went to Kimberley to "collect" (as they say it) our car. After visiting briefly there, we returned to Benoni, and were with the Echols family several days. We had given up our house, remember, before going to the States.

"SABSLETTER" of January, 1974, carried a report on the campaign in Bloemfontein, directed by Charlie Tutor, who did an excellent work. The congregation cooperated wonderfully. Many doors were knocked on, sixty-one Bible studies established. Several continued after the visiting campaigners went home, which included several from SABS. Some residents of Bloemfontein said a later time would be better for a study. The seed was sown. The church advertised. Christ exalted.

A preacher who lived in Nashville, Tennessee went away and preached in a gospel meeting. On his return three men asked him about the effort. One asked, "How much

did they pay you?" Another, "How many were baptized?" The third, "Did you have a good, patient hearing?" Which of the three is best? When saints sow the seed of the kingdom to good listeners, man's work is done. Some sow; others water; God gives the increase (1 Cor. 3:6 KJV).

Also in the school's January newsletter part of the report of the Hornes' return stated, "Al established the Memorial church, Houston (which supports him) as the new sponsor of the school. Memorial church has made it possible for us to have our six new students, and for this we are indeed grateful - thank you so much." The elders of Memorial church, Houston, continue (1988) to oversee this work.

Another item told of the campaign in East London, directed by Charlie Tutor. Part of the report quoted Johan Smulders, minister there, as follows: "Just a short note from East London to say thank you very much for the way in which you sacrificed your valuable time to serve the Lord in our town. Your influence on the Lord's work in East London has been tremendous - you breathed a new life into the members and into me. So far several things have resulted from the door-knocking campaign: 1) The church is better known in East London. 2) Several members taught their very first class, and will never be the same again. 3) We have had visitors from those contacted during the week at every service, with the prospect of many more to come. 4) Several excellent classes are being taught, and we are hoping for a great deal of growth as a result of this."

Charlie was thanked thus: "We say a 'big thank you, Charlie, for all the hard labour and careful thought that you

put into all the campaigns'."

"SABSLETTER" also told of the youth camp over Easter weekend, held that year on the campus at SABS. From twelve congregations in the country, one hundred thirty-one teenagers attended, six were baptized. Eddie Baartman directed the camp. Most SABS students were involved, faculty and past students, preachers and their wives from various places.

We stayed in South Africa this time five months and thirteen days. In 1975, we stayed three months and four days, and in 1976 two months and four days. Each year we were spending more time in America. In 1977 and 1978 I went without Polly, staying less than a month, attending and participating in the lectureship. At our expense Polly went in 1979; we stayed in a small apartment next to the men's dormitory. In 1980 and 1981 I went alone; Polly accompanied me the last time in 1982; we had no expense account that included her air fare for such trips. Each time after 1976 the stay in South Africa was less than a month. Each time the stay allowed my (or, our) being at the annual SABS lectureship.

After the elders of the Memorial church began overseeing the work, I suggested that SABS ought to have a South African director. Our work was informing brethren in America, including setting up and maintaining displays at Stateside lectureships. We could easily spend all our time here in America. Obviously, I could not actually be director of the school from ten thousand miles away. In fact, when we first went from Uganda to Benoni, I always conferred with the staff, and particularly with Eldred

Echols and Al Horne on matters I did not feel capable of doing alone. They had operated the school since its founding, with the help of John Hardin and Bob Cannon, who was director for a short time in the 1960's.

When John and Jerry took the big tent to Lesotho for a gospel meeting, they experienced difficulties. Domestic troubles caused the government to prohibit night meetings, and a meeting on a holiday caused them not to preach on the day they finally put up the tent. But they taught "from house to house," and baptized five persons. They preached for five days in the tent, in daylight hours. During their stay they went to Leribe, 40 kilometers away, and met Rex Phakoe, originally taught by correspondence from Charlie Tutor, in Kimberley, and baptized by George Raseleso on March 7. Rex's wife, Lilian, and his mother were taught and baptized that day. The two physically out-of-shape white men reported that descending the escarpment to the river and climbing out was quite taxing. A business man from Teyateyaneng attended meetings; he recognized the truth and obeyed Christ in baptism. His wife, a Bahai-u-llah (religious group well known there) was also taught, but not converted. Among those spoken to were people of various beliefs: Adventist, Anglican, Apostolic, Baptist, Catholic, Methodist, Zionist. Immediately after that the tent was taken again to Vandaland, where in a gospel meeting forty-six were baptized.

The Hardins left for America for a three-month furlough, leaving us in their house. Dale, one of their six sons, a teenager in high school, stayed behind with us. It was Fall when they left, and when winter came the temperatures

overnight were at times down to twenty-four degrees. The fire in the Esse, their anthracite heater, felt good. Evenings on the highveld at more than a mile high found us using electric heaters in bath and bedrooms.

As I had done at Eldred's house, so did I at John's - enjoy using his study and library. Never a good typist, however, I preferred going out to the school, after hours, and typing my report on the new IBM electric machine. John had a manual typewriter, and was good at typing, cutting stencils, getting out many items in that way.

On May 24 I wrote a report to the churches in the States, saying more about our trip back to South Africa. From Switzerland we landed on the small island of Ilha do Sal. Entering continental Africa's air space, flying above the Namib Desert, called 'the oldest desert in the world,' our Jumbo 747 headed for Windhoek, capital of South West Africa. The captain called our attention to Brandenburg Mountain, where the famous rock painting, "The White Lady," is located. Wiry bushmen as primitive as Australia's aborigines are well known for their rock paintings. Still primitive, a few live in the Namib and Kalahari deserts, of South West Africa (Namibia) and Botswana. Approaching Windhoek, I was reminded of a trip I had made there with others three years earlier, in the interest of getting the gospel into that country, larger than Texas. I wrote, "But to this day we still have no work there, and we know of only one Christian in the country! If you can read this without flinching, Christian friend, you need sympathy, compassion, and forgiveness." Of course the world has many, many such areas.

Many passengers boarded at Windhoek, and we flew over Botswana, perhaps over the supposed ruins of the fabled "Lost City of the Kalahari," built by some unknown peoples in the dim and dead past. We did have one preacher in Botswana, Patrick Selemela. But help would come to Botswana and to Namibia.

The April 25 coup in Portugal left questions about Mozambique and Angola. The vast, mostly primitive territories had been governed for five hundred years by Portugal. There were Christians in Mozambique, across the borders from Rhodesia and Malawi, where good missionary efforts had been made, and where there were churches. Angola had no Christians, so far as we knew.

Winters on the Reef, although "bitter cold" in South African terms, usually have temperatures no lower than freezing. The winter of 1974, later on, was the coldest in fifty years. No antifreeze in car radiators, nor are they drained. White frosts every morning and the grass is brown. The big apricot tree by the driveway shed its leaves, showing up the green leaves of the lemon tree next to it, a few lemons among its thorns. A cup of tea with a squeeze of lemon goes down well on a cold morning.

The school year moved along well, with an all-time top enrollment of fifteen full-time men students. Polly filled in some, teaching the women in night classes. I taught classes on Sunday mornings and at mid-week at various places. I, as did others on the staff, preached here and there on the Rand, once to a congregation of Malawians in a mine compound. They had been converted in their home country.

Over the weekend the Jim Judds stayed with us. They then lived in Salisbury, Rhodesia where Jim had set up printing facilities and was busy turning our gospel literature into native languages. The Doyle Gilliam family came, also. Having come by ship from America, they landed at Durban; they, too, were headed for Rhodesia, where they would evangelize.

A group of SABS-ers was to go into Botswana. We needed thousands of tracts in the Setswana language. Samson Ramulamisi would be helpful as a translator for these, and to go along on trips into Botswana. With the printing, folding – there was a good bit of work to get the group ready to go.

A man that would be helpful in much of this work would be available later. John Hardin, Jerry Hogg, and Charlie Tutor were pitching the big tent in Galeshuwe. A small African of the Tswana tribe arrived at the site on a bicycle. He was Johannes Ohaletse Mamapule, who told Charlie he had been in the Anglican church, the Baptist church, and a Pentecostal group. He disclosed his belief that none of these was the Lord's people. He began making visits to Charlie's study twice weekly, and was converted. Charlie used both his bathtub and a small "dam" in the back yard as baptistries. He thinks it was the dam he used to immerse Johannes, on October 23, 1974.

He became quite useful as a translator and interpreter when Setswana was needed, accompanying various groups into Botswana for evangelistic work. At times he rode the train from Kimberley to Johannesburg overnight to be on hand for the departure of a group into that country.

On one trip into Botswana, at a military road block, a soldier with a rifle appeared at the open door of the truck, Eldred Echols inside. On being asked what he was doing there, Eldred asked the Tswana if he would like to have a Bible correspondence course in his own language. The tenseness eased, and the evangelists were allowed to proceed.

We went by Kimberley to get some of our students and on to Port Elizabeth, where we conducted a campaign July 11-17. From Benoni, we took young Jeff Stephens along. Workers knocked on twelve hundred doors, one bakkie, and one manhole cover. More than seventy studies were set up, and we taught about thirty of these. We left continuing studies for local people, several of whom helped while we were there, including teenagers. Colin Kauffman attributed three baptisms to the campaign. One lady returned from the anti group, another was expected shortly.

The Port Elizabeth church had a good supply of tracts on various subjects, supplying door-knockers some to hand to contacts. One young teenage boy, noticing a tract entitled "Birth Control," put one in his pocket. He knocked on a door, and asked if he might leave a tract, holding out that one. Noticing the title, he quickly withdrew it, saying, "No, not that one," and substituted another.

Charlie Tutor went and worked hard, as usual. Polly and I were glad to be back where we had spent nearly four years. We had put 1,892 miles on the car for the trip and use while in PE, with that church paying for about two-thirds of the cost of petrol. Al Horne was there and preached in a short meeting prior to the door-knocking.

We saw the new building in Gelvan Park, meeting place for the PE North church. Philip Kivedo and Les Williams served as ministers of the congregation. I visited with these two men, and with Bentley Nofemela. The work was growing among the Africans and among the Coloureds. This was commendable when one considers that there were more than 3,500 "Christian" sects in the country. We, incidentally, made contact with others than Whites during the campaign, although our work that time was mainly with Europeans.

Such activities were engaged during short breaks at school. During that one Eldred, Al, Paul Brady, and Roy Lothian went to Maun, Botswana taking the new vehicles, hundreds of tracts on the church, in Setswana. They were laying the ground work for many more treks into that country. An earlier break that year found John Hardin teaching a singing school at Nhowe Mission, Rhodesia; and both he and Eldred taught seminars at Manzini Bible School, Swaziland.

About this time printing equipment, used first in Pietermaritzburg, was acquired by SABS. Our people set it up in a small building on the property of the Benoni church (formerly a horse barn – the main building having been a dairy barn). Some of the SABS folks would get printers' ink on hands unused to it, and would never be the same again, an old saying being true.

An item in June's "SABSLETTER" entitled *Courses Now Taught* gave them: "Homiletics, General Epistles, Old Testament Survey, Hebrew I, II, III (Horne). Ezekiel, Hermeneutics, Systematic Theology, 1 Corinthians, Greek I,

II, III (Echols). Archeology I, Synoptic Gospels, Biblical Geography (Hogg)." From the very first SABS was strong in Biblical languages, offering three years in Greek and three in Hebrew. To aid students and staff in all these courses, churches and individuals in the States continued to add to our library. The Highland Street church in Abilene, Texas gave us seventy-five black-and-white films that had been used in the Herald of Truth program. Les Massey obtained them for us. John Paul Jones, of Oklahoma City, sent us five sermons by Jimmy Allen on cassette tapes. Jule Miller, of Houston, gave filmstrips for use in the bush. In lieu of flowers for funerals, people were giving books for the library, or giving money into the general fund at SABS. Benoni, Boksburg and churches both near the campus and far away, have been generous in seeing that the school had needed items. Leslie Hall and Carol May and perhaps others in Grahamstown knitted by hand a good number of wool jerseys and sent them for children of students at SABS. Jerseys, dresses and material collected from members of the Durban church were sent to SABS for use by student families. We thanked Joey St. Arnaud and all who helped. Abe van Wyk gave us a new copy of the film, "Benoni, Son of My Sorrow." I would take it to America.

Our son and family moved from Texas to Villa Park, Orange County, California. He worked in Anaheim; they were members of Northside church, Santa Ana. We would have another thousand miles to go to visit them. But, in making contacts for SABS, perhaps on such a trip I would get some appointments in California.

Rex and Ida Harris of Davenport, Iowa; Leo

Richardson and Wayne Burger spent a night with us, en-route for evangelistic work in Luanshya, Zambia. Loy Mitchell and family spent a night, too. The Charlie Tutor family also spent a night. They were seeing Betty Jane off to the States for a visit with her mother and others. We had taken Betty to Jan Smuts to catch her flight. They found mechanical problems, and the loaded plane returned to the gate. Passengers deplaned, waited for another plane to be serviced and brought around. After a long wait it came, and passengers got on board. I suggested to Charlie that we had better wait to see if **that** one took off. No, he thought it would surely go. We went to Benoni and all went to bed, and soon were soundly asleep. The plane did not go. Rather than take the bus to a Jo'burg hotel, Betty wanted to go the other way, to Benoni, and be with her family that night. But we did not hear the telephone ring. She finally called Al Horne. When they came to the house, it was only with great difficulty they awakened anybody. She flew out the next day.

Each edition of "SABSLETTER" that winter publicized the eighth annual lectureship. Our lectureship director, John Hardin, had done most of the work prior to his going to the States. They had left with us a son, Dale, who followed them in two weeks. And Gary returned shortly before they did.

The Masseys were due back soon after nearly two years in Texas. Polly and I had work to do before they came. We wanted to set up their furniture in a house, rather than for them to return to find it dusty and in storage. We arranged to rent a small house in Impala Park,

occupied by the Chalmers family. Mrs. Chalmers, a member of the church, asked me if we had any missionaries in Lae, Papua, New Guinea. I said that we did, and mentioned Joe Cannon's being there. Mr. Chalmers, an airplane engine mechanic was to be employed by the national airline in their new home.

In the States later I received in the mail a report from a church in Tennessee of Ray Lock's work in Papua, New Guinea. I had not known until then that he was there, but had known him personally for several years. I wrote the address given, asking Ray if Mrs. Chalmers had found them. Yes, and she was a faithful member. We learned later, however, that they returned to England.

The Hardins returned; we had the Masseys' furniture and appliances moved to the house in Impala Park. We had been there a week when two elders from Montgomery Boulevard church, Albuquerque, came for a meal. They were Arlie Reed and Coleman Richardson. In the country checking on mission work, they were staying with the Echols family.

The Masseys came back, and lectureship time was nearly upon us. I went with Eddie Baartman to Swaziland to bring back a small tent for use during the event. Polly ironed curtains for our new place and for the office at school. We bought groceries for ourselves and the company we would have.

The eighth annual lectureship was reported as the biggest and best. We had up to five hundred for night sessions in the laer (primary) school auditorium, and three-hundred eighty for the banquet afterward. Visitors from

America, participating in the series included Lindsay Garmon and Hugh McGuire, preacher and an elder from Marshall, Texas. Also Darrell Rickard and Wade Felps, preacher and an elder from Richland Hills, Fort Worth, Texas. Others from that church were there, too.

Rorey Massey, a young married Rhodesian living in South Africa, had made arrangements to enter SABS as a student in January, 1975. He and family, including his parents who had come from Rhodesia, were attending the lectures. On the closing night, however, Rorey suffered a heart attack. With friends they were driving home, but the group returned to the lectureship site after the attack occurred, knowing Dr. Desmond Stumpf was there. Being alerted, he rushed to the gate and tried to save Rorey's life, but it was too late. Rorey, with a history of heart problems, was pronounced dead. Somebody observed that he was simply spared three grueling years of study. ". . . much study is a weariness of the flesh" (Ecclesiastes 12:12 KJV).

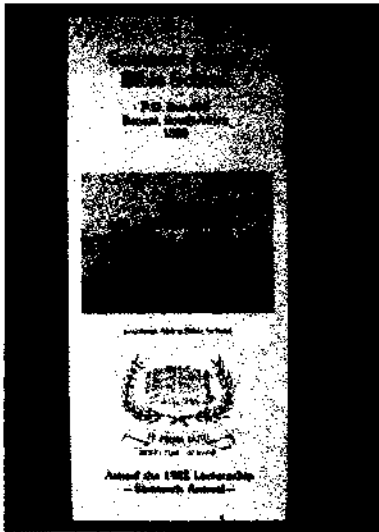
Since South Africa is an international crossroads, events in other places affect people there. War erupted in Cyprus, and the parents of one of our students were there on holiday. Word came to Chris Savides, however, of their safety.



**Women of Windhoek, South Africa,
in native dress.**



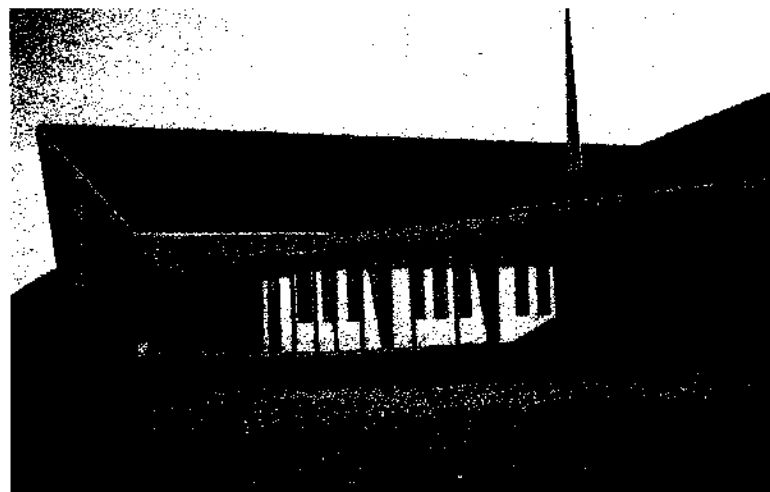
**Philip Kivedo and wife — colored
preacher.**



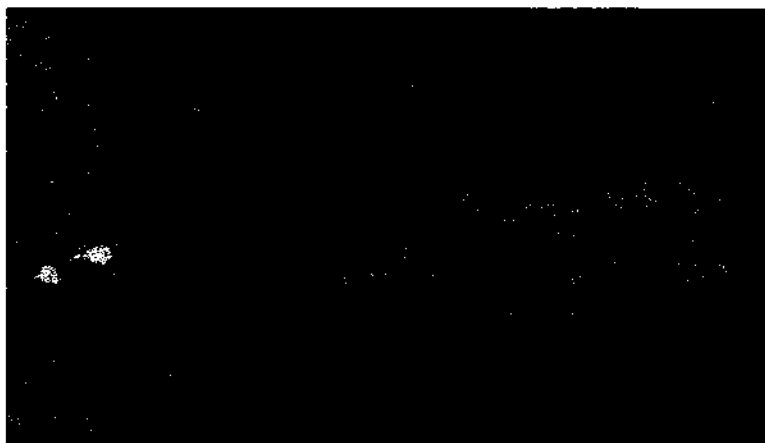
**Sample of the brochures of SABS
that Eugene Smith printed for us.**



Elders of the Memorial Church in Houston — which oversees the Southern Africa Bible School.



Church in East London, South Africa.



New church building in Benoni opened in 1976 and used for the tenth annual lectureship for SABS.



Les Williams, wife and children, colored preacher.



Group of students and Christians at East London campaign.



African township just out of East London on the ocean.

CHAPTER 14

**“ . . . MAY THE GOD OF PEACE . . . EQUIP YOU
WITH EVERYTHING GOOD . . . ”**
(Hebrews 13:20, 21 RSV)

ON THE ROAD AGAIN IN AMERICA

Taking a South African Airways flight October 11 from Jan Smuts we landed in New York, then flew to Tulsa. Getting the car, we began right away filling appointments to show the film and acquaint churches with the program at SABS. We were shifting into a routine of spending more time Stateside and less in South Africa.

To list churches we called on and tell something about each place, each time, is not my purpose. This would be more than boring. But, I am glad to report, it was not boring for us. We met new people, saw old friends. We got to know where the meeting houses were, and began to look at church auditoriums as to how well, or how poorly, they were planned for screening pictures. We learned that meeting times make a difference. Daylight saving time makes a difference. Whether the projecting is to be on Sunday night, or on a mid-week night is a matter of concern. To whom are we to make the presentation? Just adults? Youth included?

How much time are we allowed for the presentation?

How much do the elders want to learn about Southern Africa, and about the Bible School in Benoni? Do they think that "after services" is all right for a presentation? I don't. Of course, if all is ready (and all **should** be ready) we could even show a few slides and the 20-minute movie in a thirty-minute period, and have done so, on the nose. But given more time, not rushing it, we could do a better job in forty minutes, or forty-five.

At a congregation in a town near the town where we were living a minister made contact with me, saying they wanted a presentation after a regular service. I objected, in a Christian spirit. Once the "amen" is said, people scatter. Get the hour over, and they leave. Especially if we had driven two or three hundred miles, or even fifty miles, and be expected to spend fifteen minutes "after services" was, we felt, an injustice to the work we represented. I often carefully explained that there was no way I could shorten the motion picture; it took just so long to screen it. I could, however, alter the amount of time used with slides, which we usually showed before we did the movie. A presentation could be tailored for a given time, as short as twenty minutes (movie only), and up to forty-five minutes, or longer.

Back to the church mentioned at the beginning of the above paragraph: I wrote the minister, saying that I saw their work there as a quality work. I said we have a quality work in Southern Africa Bible School. And that the presentation is a quality presentation. (Various ones had said the motion picture was the best thing they had seen on mission work. It was professionally done, in every way.

And, although now old and replaced by one that better depicts the present work at SABS, it is still a good movie, and useful as an item belonging to the history of the school). Well, we got a better time for our presentation. No "amen" was said before we began. And we had a longer time to give it.

Anybody referred to as a "missionary" has certain problems in the States. We have brethren that simply are not interested in preaching the gospel away from home. They are not concerned with the lost millions. And some shepherds of flocks, having man-made "budgets" to meet, are afraid somebody is going to want to send a little money out of town. They, therefore, are quite wary about having anybody come to suggest that money is needed elsewhere.

So, it is hard, particularly in some places, to even get an appointment to show and tell about what is being done in other places in the world. There are preachers who want the congregation to see and hear, but elders who do not. And the roles are sometimes reversed. Ministers have told me, "The church I serve has X number of dollars in the bank, and I am concerned about it. You need to come tell us about the work over there; we need to get into something, and put that money to work." That is all well and good, provided the shepherds are not too "protective" of the flock. I have wanted, on many occasions, to go tell a certain church about the work in Southern Africa, but got no invitation.

Suppose we got an invitation. It is announced that a missionary is coming. That will keep a certain kind of member away. Suppose it is stated that he is from Africa;

another sort of member will not come. Then (of all things!) say he is from South Africa, and a certain mind-set keeps still others from showing up.

A large part of our work, as it turned out, became the supplying of information about Africa, in general, and Southern Africa in particular. (At a Webb Chapel Forum in Dallas I represented the continent of Africa; once I wrote a two-page "Field Facts" sheet on South Africa for that annual event). There are those who think they know about Africa, and especially about South Africa, who do not want to hear further. Isn't Africa a hot place? A lady said, "Now, where is it you are going?" I said, "To Africa." "Oh, I wouldn't want to go there; too hot!" All desert, isn't it? No. All Blacks. No, but if it were, they need to hear the good news about Jesus, and some never will, due to the obstinacy of **some** American brethren.

There are those who have swallowed slanted news about South Africa in recent years, asking themselves, perhaps unconsciously, "Can any good thing come out of there?" Or: why waste our time and money in a place so bad? I have spent some of my time as a lad with his finger in a hole in a dike, stemming the flow, reassuring brethren that their money is not wasted, that immense good is being done as people are trained to be soul winners and better workers in the Lord's vineyard.

Once I mentioned to a lady interested in travel to see if a travel agent of her acquaintance might want to get a group together to tour South Africa. She did so, reporting to me that he said he "wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole." Why? Others have, and reported to me, "Joe, it is

everything you said it was and then some." One of the very best things is to go and see. There is a travel agent in Oklahoma, through whom I had bought my tickets to South Africa more than once. He called one day, asking questions about the place, at last getting a group of forty to go with him; they toured the country. That agent has been back, more than once, has taken his wife, and wants to go again and again.

But tours sometimes do not make up, and planned tours need a minimum of travelers to allow them to break even. It perhaps is as hard for an agent to make up a paying tour there as it is to get an appointment to inform folks about the Southern Africa Bible School. We did not merely tell of the school, but first wanted to show them where Africa is, where Southern Africa is, where South Africa is (and the difference between the last two named). Sound too simple? Sound like a waste of time? Believe me, these days, many people know so little about the world, that one needs to spend time this way. We have had people come to our display on a Christian college campus, look at the map of Africa, and ask, "Now where is it that fellow Jim Jones and all those people died?" And if we, ever so kindly, explain that the tragedy they mention took place on another continent, South America, they sometimes think we must be wrong. (Even Hal Lindsay placed British Guyana in Africa, *The 1980's: Countdown to Armageddon*, Bantam edition, 1981, page 137).

There are good people, New Testament Christians, who simply have not gotten the message that it is the responsibility of the church to take the message of Christ's

saving gospel to the world's lost millions.

We have not only lived to see many changes in South Africa, but we have seen American Christians' attitude toward mission work change; thank God! An elder told me, "You will just have to talk to somebody else about that; I'm not interested." Then, later, the man made trips out of the country to participate in works overseas, in more than one place. Another said he was in the service during the war, stationed overseas; he'd seen all he wanted to of other places. Yet, later on he traveled out of the country, learned about still another part of the world. He is today very interested in people from other countries who are in America. He and his wife assist them and are doing a great work as missionaries right at home.

Americans do not know geography, that is, many, many of them do not. They are "down on what they are not up on." They do not care much about learning it. But we tried to teach, attempted to inform them about some of the world's geography.

We are eternally grateful that some people do care about saving the lost everywhere in the world. We are thankful that there are elders in the Lord's church who care, and who make trips to see other parts of the world, and the needs existing there. Nothing, absolutely nothing, will take the place of elders visiting efforts they help support in other parts of the world. A long list of benefits could be made, but I shall not make one here. But, elders, go, so you can come back and tell. An elder said his fellow elders and he felt that money spent for travel to go and visit these works is the best money they could spend.

To show how some folks' ignorance of geography affects their requests: Leonard Gray, in South Africa, said he got a letter from an American, asking him to visit, or at least to check on, a certain fellow in Tripoli, Libya. Leonard wrote that the person should make contact with one of our missionaries in Italy, for he was much closer. It is 5,000 miles from South Africa's tip to Tripoli, which from the tip of Italy's boot is about 400 miles. I once was asked by a preacher I know to go by and see some fellow in Nigeria, on my way back to South Africa. Knowing there were many Christians in that country, and some of them American missionaries, I said I had not planned on going near there. He was very disappointed, acting as if I was uninterested in visiting his contact, saying to me that if I named somebody anywhere in New Mexico and asked him to visit him, he would try to do so. But there is no equality of requests here. That preacher lived in New Mexico. If I lived in Nigeria, which is more than twice the size of that state, I might consider honoring the request, but where I worked was 2,000 miles away from that country, and my route did not take me by that way.

If you have carefully read the above, you can see why we wanted time to give presentations, time to show and tell something about the world and its continents, time to let good people know about the world's needs. One remark an elder made to me I have never been able to figure out. I asked to give a presentation to the congregation. He said, "No," and that he wanted to protect me from the congregation. Protect me! Protect me? I am afraid that he was woefully ignorant of the situation where SABS is situated;

he perhaps thought I might get embarrassing questions. I do not know. But of this I was and am sure, I needed no protection from Christians.

Once a black man, seated on the back row, after I had shown slides and the movie to a predominantly white congregation, asked a question. I asked him to please come down to the front where we could all hear him; he did so, and his few questions were answered, evidently to the satisfaction of all. Many Americans give no credit to the South African government for spending millions of rands on the natives, for housing, for education, and for many other things. They think all is oppression for Blacks there. A case in point: when he was working in Tanzania years ago, Eldred Echols had a black student come to him and say that the natives there thought of him as underprivileged because Whites were in control in South Africa, his home country. He was dominated by Whites. But he said, "They sit in front of their mud huts and brag about uhuru; I'd rather live in South Africa and have my own flush toilet." ("Uhuru" conveys the idea of freedom, of independence). But political independence is not the only kind; consider financial independence. Three hundred thousand miners work underground every twenty-four hours in South Africa's gold mines alone. From where do they come? Many of them from the poorer "front-line" countries surrounding South Africa. Why do they come? Because they can earn more money (and send most of it home) than they could earn if they had stayed at home.

Not only that, but workers in South Africa can obtain more goods than they can in a neighboring country.

I saw a lorry load of workers in Kruger National Park, headed for home in Mozambique; aboard also were large bags of grain and other supplies they were taking out of the country. Going to South Africa in 1972 from Uganda was quite an experience. From a land of scarcity to a land of plenty. No wonder third world people want to live there.

We went to the Owasso, Oklahoma church and gave the presentation in 1974. Six years later a check came to me from them. I wrote, thanking them, and saying we hoped this would be a regular, monthly amount. The preacher's reply was affirmative; he said he thought I had been written about it. The church had become able to put some money into a mission project, remembered the presentation and sent the money. When we gave a presentation to a church, we put it on the mailing list for whatever publications we had at the time. At that time this church had been receiving "SABSLETTER" monthly for six years.

A church in Magnolia, Arkansas let the Clarksville church know it wanted me to come there; the letter was forwarded to me in South Africa. I notified them we would be coming to the States, and that I would get in touch with them. In America, I telephoned; talked with the preacher's wife; made an appointment. Polly stayed with her folks in Oklahoma, while I made the trip. It was the Emerson Street church, a congregation of Blacks, whose minister had a secular job for support. Following the presentation the men got together and talked it over, evidently lacking elders. They gave me a check for a hundred fifty dollars, saying they were glad somebody was doing the work over there; they could not personally go. That, too, was in 1974.

All through the worst news times from South Africa, these brethren kept up their contributions, not regular, monthly amounts, but lump sums, as they could afford. They had questions; and they wrote me at times. I was able to keep them posted, showing them that, yes, Blacks were being trained over there, too, to preach Christ. Of course I was glad to let them know when Blacks were accepted in SABS. Just as soon as the government permitted it, they came and were trained.

I visited at a congregation in Oklahoma. A minister was conducting a gospel meeting there. He had recently conducted one in another town in the state, and I asked him about the meeting. He said they were doing well, had a nice, new building, and that he had shamed them for spending all their money at home. I said I needed to go visit them. I did so, got an appointment and gave the presentation. The elders responded positively that very night, and soon a regular contribution began and has continued through the years, they voluntarily raising it when this could be done. The first congregation mentioned above also had the presentation and has given liberally and faithfully through the months and years since.

After supporting us through our stay in Uganda and some two years beyond, the Clarksville, Arkansas church notified us they would no longer be doing so. So, in 1974, I wrote the Stillwater, Oklahoma church's elders, asking if they would be our overseers in seeking support to continue working for SABS. The feeling prevailed there if we were worth overseeing we were worth supporting. They arranged for a house for us, just across the street from the

meeting house. We would live there, I could have access to the office machines, and a secretary when needed. But on weekends and at mid-week I could be away, doing what I had been doing. Up to that time, we had simply stayed with friends and with family members here and there, including Polly's mother, who lived in Konawa, Oklahoma.

I flew to Austin, rented a big U-Haul truck, went to a storage building, and, working alone, loaded our things. Worn out by then, I went to a motel, had a bite to eat and went to bed. After breakfast next morning, having telephoned ahead, I drove a few miles to a house where our dining room suite had been used by friends, and loaded it. I then went to Plano, Texas, stopped at a relative's place, picking up a chair and other lounge furniture, a breakfast suite, and a bedroom suite. Then I drove to Ada, Oklahoma, getting other things from a sister of Polly's, then across the South Canadian River to Konawa, getting other items at Polly's mother's place. Having collected household furniture, appliances, and other things at five places, putting the scattered items together, and using a range lent us, we started housekeeping in Stillwater.

We were having appointments right along, and making friends for SABS. For the Christmas holidays our son and family flew from California to Longview, Texas where we were with them at Glenda's parents' house. Joe had broken an ankle in a fall from a ladder at home, but managed well in a cast with his office job. Polly and I took our car and drove them to their home in California. (We had sold the old one to an international student at Oklahoma State University, and had a new one).

On a Saturday afternoon Joe came home from work. He wanted to drive us around the neighborhood. I had told Polly that the flowers I saw there reminded me so much of those in South Africa. Joe wanted to show her. John went with us, with Joe driving. We kept going, Joe finally saying he had wanted to drive to the top of Saddleback Mountain, so we went that way, soon getting on gravel roads. We had reservations somewhere to eat seafood that evening, and we were to get back home by five. We got to the top of the mountain, where Joe thought we would be able to telephone Glenda, saying we would be a little late. But there was no telephone available.

Going a little farther, this time over the mountain, we could see lights in the valley, perhaps at Lake Elsinore. Thinking it would be nearer back home, and on better roads, we started that way. We had not gone far until the small car, Joe's work car, an Audi Fox, hit a high center, losing its oil. I walked ahead, to see what the road was like down that way, as darkness crept on. There was too much uphill for us to try to push the car, I reported. My son with his leg in a cast, my wife, and our seven year-old grandson. Who was left but me to walk out of there?

Starting down that mountain, on its other side, where none of us had ever been, I noted that there was a light on a tower we had just passed, atop the mountain. I did not know how far I would have to walk, but got started, without a flashlight. But there was a half-moon, and I could see the ground under me. Coming to a place where a choice had to be made as to which way to go, I opted to go left, staying with the mountain on my left.

And, too, home was around that way. I sat down once in the road to take pebbles out of my shoes. But the next time I sat down I could not get a pebble out. Why? It turned out that it was a huge blister on my heel. (I said later that the only way I could have had a larger blister on that heel would be to have a bigger heel).

I heard rustling in the bushes a time or two. I repeated some of the Twenty-third Psalm, meaningfully. I finally came to a paved road, and chose to go left on it. Crossing over to the right-hand side, I thumbed a ride on about the second vehicle to come along, noting carefully landmarks where I came to the highway. It was a young couple, to whom I told my story. They asked me to spend the night with them, once I took care of our problem. I thanked them but said we would go to a motel if we could not go home to Villa Park. They took me to Corona. I had walked eight miles, and ridden fifteen with them.

The young couple let me out at the first filling station, where I saw a sign saying they had 24-hour wrecker service. It was about 9 p. m., and the two young men there said they were about ready to close. One said they intended to go up to Bear Lake and shoot some pool. I said, "There will be no pool for you tonight; I have a job for you." I called Joe's home, he having asked me to call Glenda as soon as I could. Charles McCord, son of Hugo, answered. The McCords are friends of Joe and family. Telling him we were all right brought great relief there. I had asked about places in Corona open all night; the young men mentioned Denny's; I suggested that somebody meet us there, but that it would be hours before we arrived. One

of the men asked me if I saw any snakes, telling me there were some where I walked. I may have heard some, but could not see much. They also told me that it was a wonder I was given a ride, for a hitchhiker had killed a motorist out that way a few days before. I took the fellows to the car, I riding in a pickup with one of them, the other driving the wrecker.

Charles brought eight year-old Bradley with him, and we met them at Denny's, Joe leaving the car at the filling station to be picked up, with new crankcase cover, later. We got home about two a. m.

That night, Sunday, I gave the presentation to the Northside church, Santa Ana. And while we were in the area, I did the same for Westside church, Bakersfield; Buena Vista (preacher-training school); two congregations in Anaheim; and the Culver-Palms church, where Frank Pack ministered. The Packs know the Al Hornes well, he having taught Al at Abilene Christian. Frank, sometimes with his wife, made several trips to South Africa where he conducted seminars at the school and appeared on lecture-ship programs. While we were there, Polly spoke to the women's class of the Northside church in Santa Ana.

Returning by way of Eunice, New Mexico, we gave a presentation there. We next projected the movie for the second year during the annual lectureship at ACU, in Rober-son Chapel. We were busy with such showings in Oklahoma and Texas, and with one in Arkansas, until we were ready to return to South Africa. The last ones were at Electra, Texas; Sharpstown Road Church, Houston, Texas; and a private showing in the Ken Rhodes home. Ken then served

at Westbury.

Jane Echols had written; Eldred had also mailed us a letter. There had been great success in a long effort in Botswana, and the campaign in Benoni had resulted in many being baptized. Eldred said they needed us; much work awaited us overseas.

Ken Dye and Wayne Matthews were serving in Stillwater as ministers. The June 6 special issue of that church's bulletin, "Stillwater Sonshine," featured our being supported by them. Articles by Ken and Wilson Duncan, the church's treasurer, informed newer members and others of our former work with SABS. The importance of communication between church leaders and the congregations they serve can hardly be overemphasized.

Dan McCaghren then served as minister to students at Oklahoma State University. That was the position I had occupied for nine years, 1956-1965. But there had arisen a good many members in Stillwater "who knew not Joseph" (Exodus 1:8 ASV). Nor did they know his wife and son, nor the work the church did in those years. Elders felt it needful to bring us back into the picture there, to let the church know we had been among them before.

Such letters as we got from Mack Lyon, preacher in Wewoka, Oklahoma spurred us on. We had given a presentation to that church. Among other things he wrote: "It may not help your funds any but may help your feelings some to know that you may be partially responsible for the recent decision to assume about one-half the support for Harold Kimrey. We are thrilled that we have been able to get some mission activity started here again . . ." If a

missionary presentation reminds brethren of our great responsibility to preach Christ to the world, that presentation was successful. Churches with which we were associated – Stillwater, Memorial, some if not all those seeing and hearing our presentation – accepted that responsibility. Supporters and overseers were pleased when we helped stir up churches to get involved away from home, any place there is a need, where a good work is being done.

Leaving our car, loaded with two projectors, movie, slides and screen with Ken Rhodes in Houston in mid-July, we boarded a plane at Houston Intercontinental for overseas. When we had been in Benoni three days I reported thus:

THREE DAYS IN BENONI
A REPORT FROM THE WATSONS
July 21, 1975

Today is Polly's birthday. Five American women surprised her with a tea and gifts.

We've been in Benoni three days now, with today being the first school day at SABS for me in nine months. There is much to do in the office, and some traveling, also, very soon. I hope to get out the July "SABSLETTER" in a day or two. I've already been assigned a fill-in spot on the lectureship program. Our ninth annual lectureship is to be conducted September 27 - October 4. Bill Hatcher, of Florida, U. S. A., is featured speaker this year.

I'm still getting used to sitting on the right-hand side of a (borrowed) car and driving on the left side

of streets and roads. We are about to become used to the fact that it is winter here and to the eight-hour time change, and about to get over jet lag

A great year is in progress at SABS, and we have a few prospective students for '76.

The political situation in some of South Africa's neighboring countries is in some cases "a bit dicey" as they say here, particularly in Angola and Rhodesia.

This is being written while a night class for women is in progress. Polly is there. She has assignments for the lectureship, too. Thanks to each of you for helping in any way.

Later Polly reported to Stillwater in part as follows:

When we left the States we flew non-stop to Paris where we spent the night in a hotel, and left the next day. After a long night of flying, with one stop at Brazzaville for fuel, we landed at Jan Smuts the next day around ten a. m. When we landed, we were met by several Christians. It was good to see them and to know that we were safely here. We had a scare when we landed. On the trip from Paris we were seated in the tail section of the plane. As we were coming in for the landing, all those in that section were told to go forward to the center of the plane, as the tail was too heavy. We went, and the plane landed without mishap.

Joe Fred preached the first Sunday here in Benoni. The next Sunday he spoke in Kimberley.

The next Sunday we visited the Bloemfontein and Welkom churches. Yesterday he preached here in Benoni again and we visited the Boksburg church last night. So, we are getting around to the churches here.

The Echols left Friday and we are settled into their house. Next week we will go to Kimberley to help with the campaign. Last Monday we met a plane to greet the McDaniel family. They have come to South Africa to work in Kimberley with the Tutors. Ernie McDaniel is a graduate of the preacher-training school in Louisiana.

After the campaign we will settle down to get ready for the lectureship. This is always a highlight of the year, but it takes lots of work to get ready for it. We expect a large crowd for it.

South Africa is changing. It is very different today from what it was when we came to Port Elizabeth ten years ago. Today when we shop, we go to a mall or supermarket and find most anything we want.

Please continue to pray for us and the work here. We appreciate so much your help and concern. Our best wishes for all of you.

(s) Polly

I sent a short report, too; in it I told that the McDaniel family was overseen by elders of the Northridge church, Shawnee, Oklahoma. And that Eldred Echols could be reached through the Richland Hills church, Fort Worth. I reported that John Hardin and I had been to Pretoria

working for visas that would permit James and Rita Carley and family, then in Cameroon, to come and visit us. As it turned out they did not come, perhaps due to difficulties in delay of completed forms.

I reported, too, that I had been assigned two articles for future issues of "Christian Advocate," and that I was on the Board of Trustees for this paper, and chairman of its editorial committee. And on top of a stack of work for me was a new catalog for the school. We would be busy.

We worked in the Kimberley campaign. The McDaniels family arrived only a few days before it began, and worked throughout it. Gladys Reed, self-supported, retired school teacher from Ada, Oklahoma arrived during the effort. She would work in Kimberley and later in Benoni. A good number from SABS went, too. The local congregation cared for us superbly well. One said it was a fifteen pound campaign - that every worker would gain that much weight during the effort. "The Kimberlight," Kimberley church's weekly bulletin, issue of August 24, praised all there and all who came to help. Headquarters for the campaign had been the Scout Center, on Regiment Way, then used by the church as a meeting place. Because we were still hearing of results from such an effort in East London eighteen months earlier, we expected to hear of "visible results" in Kimberley.

I gave news they probably had not heard in America. Refugees fleeing from war-torn Angola to South West Africa, some drowning in the Atlantic in the attempt. Reports from us appeared in the "Stillwater Sonshine."

We flew from Jan Smuts October 22 on Iberia to

Madrid, Spain, spending two nights in a downtown hotel. Polly's air trip left her feeling not up to it, but I walked several blocks to tour the Prado Museum. We flew on the 24th to JFK, New York, were there only about two hours, taking Braniff flight No. 019 to DFW, where Eldred and Jane Echols met us. Next day, I proof-read a pamphlet for SABS publicity, rented a car and drove to Stillwater. I bought a car there, as Eldred was still using the other one I had. After a week there, I drove to Quanah, Texas where I joined him for a trip to the Texas Panhandle. Sunday morning we visited the Canyon, Texas church; that night the Central church, Amarillo. On Monday night we talked with elders of the Central church concerning Manuel D'Oliveira, SABS student soon to finish his work in SABS. Central's elders were overseers of a preacher-training school in Brazil. We desired to know if they wanted to send Portuguese-speaking Manuel there to teach. He already had support to go into Swaziland as director of Manzini Bible School. But would he be more useful in Brazil? No, they did not want him. God had other plans for the D'Oliveiras, even after their work in Swaziland, to be revealed later on.

I gave presentations of our movie and slides at a few churches in Oklahoma in December, and visited other churches, seeking appointments. We met our son and family at DFW, when they came for Christmas in East Texas and Oklahoma. Ringing down the curtain on such activities for the year, Tuesday, December 30, I gave a presentation in Del City, Oklahoma.

A primary reason for the work Polly and I were doing

was this: when Al, Eldred, and John, regulars at SABS, came to the States on furlough every three years or so, their time was taken up. They visited supporting churches, overseeing elderships, and family. All of this was normal, to be expected. But they had no time to make contact with **additional** prospective contributors. The school in Benoni continued to grow, and to grow much faster than the ability of South African churches to support it. New contacts were needed, new givers needed. In order to get them, the story needed to be told to others. Eldred once confided in me that just before each new year began he was quite nervous. Two things he wondered about: how many new students would we have, and would enough money be received to furnish bursaries for those needing them? Those able to support themselves through three arduous years of study, or those whose folks could support them received no financial help. A few went through SABS that way; most needed support – money from America.



Flower garden in front of the capital in Pretoria.



The Voortreker Monument in Pretoria.



Map of Southern Africa, showing South Africa.



The Echols' house — used as a single boys dorm for SABS when the Echols left South Africa.



Eldred & Jane Echols and their children, Cherry, Steve, and Cindy.



The church building at Kempton Park.



Dwelling bought in Benoni and used for girls dorm.

CHAPTER 15

**“ . . . TO HIM BE GLORY IN THE CHURCH
AND IN CHRIST JESUS TO ALL GENERATIONS,
FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN.”
(Ephesians 3:21 RSV)**

OUR UNUSUAL WORK

The January 9, 1976, issue of the Stillwater church's bulletin was a special edition on missions. Articles dealt with World Bible School; The Carleys' work in Cameroon (they had returned to Stillwater); Oran Keirn's work in Zambia. There were two articles about our work. Pictures accompanied some of the articles. I told of the opening of a new year at SABS, and called attention to a planned tour to Africa and Bible lands, to be led by Harvey Porter, of Albuquerque.

“Joe's Journeys” began to appear in the bulletin, to help keep members aware of our goings and doings. It was in 1956, twenty years earlier, that we had first moved to Stillwater to minister to students, and all knew us. But this time we lived there but we were away at nearly all worship times, visiting other churches, giving presentations. At times I ran into an elder or somebody else at the church building on a week day; he would be surprised to see me, saying, “Well, look who's here!” It was then time to

explain that I came to the church building many days other than Sunday, for we got our mail at that address, and I used office machines there.

On March 26 my column told of Wilburn and Susie Hill spending six days in Benoni. He was Stillwater's preacher in the 30's and 40's. While in Benoni he lectured and preached. I reported showings of movie and slides in several places, and that we had been to lectureships at Oklahoma Christian, Freed-Hardeman, and Abilene Christian. Too, that we had rented space in the International Petroleum Exposition building, Tulsa, for a display at the International Soul Winning Workshop. My column a week later told of that forum for putting the work of SABS before the brotherhood. And a week after that it promoted the proposed tour again.

A showing of our movie and a few slides took place in Stillwater May 2, at the evening meeting. Showings there gave new students, year by year, opportunity to learn of needs for the Lord's cause in Africa. Now (1988) former students and others who lived in Stillwater are missionaries in Africa. On May 7 my column reviewed our activities since we arrived in the States, projected other work, told of our leaving again in mid-July.

The May 28 column told of showing the movie to students at Preston Road School of Preaching, Dallas. Eldred Stevens introduced me. After seeing the movie he expressed his surprise about how modern South Africa was. He also said, "I want the whole congregation to see that." My response: "I do, too." We scheduled for a Wednesday night, giving a thirty-minute presentation. Robert S. Bell,

elder, said, "That's the best thing I've seen on mission work." He and his wife had been to South Africa, visiting work there supported by that church. Also reported were three letters from three countries: Egypt, New Guinea, and South Africa. Herman Burrough, then in Cairo, invited us to visit him and family there. We planned that on the next trip.

June 11 column called attention to articles in "Christian Chronicle" that reported on the work at Nhowe Mission, Rhodesia, and of a Safari for Souls into Botswana, in which Eldred Echols reported fifty baptisms. Youth Camp, in Port Elizabeth that year, resulted in twelve baptisms. And Abe van Wyk, maker of our movie, was in Texas for three weeks, working on films for special projects among our brethren.

Abe told me that I got him started making commercial movies. The one he made for the campaign in PE in 1968 began it. He then made one of the church in general in South Africa. When asked, I told Cline Paden in Lubbock who made our movie. He made contact with Abe, who later made films for Sunset School of Preaching, other campaigns led by Ivan Stewart, and for others in the brotherhood. He made most of his commercial films in South Africa, but also came to America to film others, making several trips in so doing.

Nearing the end of that stay in America I reported in the July 17 column our two appointments before leaving for Africa. We were to show in Burlington and Drumright (Broadway), Oklahoma. A few lines about our usual work when overseas, the significance of our lectureship to people

in Southern Africa, the tour, and the company we expected in Benoni in late September.

We kept the appointments and boarded TWA flight 464 July 23 in Tulsa for New York. We flew to Rio de Janeiro for overnight, having a little time to go to Copacabana Beach, and enjoy the beauty of the bay. Taking a Varig flight next day, we landed at Jan Smuts July 29, were met and put to work.

Days in the office, staff meetings, trips to Pretoria and Johannesburg. I found time to teach a short course at SABS. During a short break I flew to East London to assist students and others in evangelistic work. A well-planned missionary trip to the bush in northwest Botswana almost had to be called off, due to a death in an African translator's family.

The Tutors had left Kimberley in June that year, returning to America. Contact was made with Eddie Baartman, a graduate of SABS, then located in Kimberley. We arranged for Johannes Mamapule to come by train overnight to Johannesburg. He replaced the other translator for the trip and the work done in Botswana. They reported thirty-nine baptized.

Prospective students in Rhodesia needed a visit. In parts of that country motor travel was then only with military escort. I flew to Bulawayo, speaking thrice on a weekend, meeting some of the prospects, and the wife of another who was in the service. Back in America I reported to Eugene Smith on that trip. He said, "Now, that's something you just cannot do, according to the news we've had here - fly to Rhodesia."

We were extremely glad to have James Carley and John Streatly, of the Stillwater church, as visitors to the campus during the lectureship. Dr. Carley appeared on the lectureship program, and both he and John Streatly led prayers at the banquet.

Visitors there from the States included several from Fort Worth. Polly and I kept Dr. Raymond Henry and wife, Lee Goodman and wife, and the two men from Stillwater at Al Horne's place, where we were house-sitting. Donna Steward, who had been in Benoni on the campaign the year before, spoke in a series for women at school and at the lectureship. Roger Johnson and Wade Phelps, Leonard and Marguerite Gray were there, too. Some of these were on the program.

We stayed in South Africa that time only two months and ten days. It was the last time we stayed that long. Each trip after that found me, or us, in the country less than a month, but each time to be there during lectureship. Polly went only twice after that year, in 1979 and 1982; I attended all lectureships through the one of 1986, with the exception of the one held in 1983. My last trip there was for the 1986 lectureship.

We took James and John to Jan Smuts to catch BA flight 010 at 6:45 p. m. October 1, bound for America. We flew from there October 7, changed in Nairobi and flew to Cairo. Spending six days there with Polly's nephew, Herman C. Burrough, and family, who had a flat in Maadi, in extreme southern Cairo. We saw Memphis, Saqqara, and points of interest in Cairo, including the Egyptian Museum. The first evening, we sat in the moonlight near the Great

Pyramid, eating Kentucky Fried Chicken, bought in the city across the Nile. That is bringing together the ancient and the modern. That pyramid was there when Abraham went to Egypt.

Harvey Porter, who participated in the SABS lectureship, and his group went before us to Cairo. He informed our relatives we were coming. By way of company mail pouch, Polly's sister in Oklahoma had also notified them of the date and flight of our arrival. The regular post could not be trusted. Two notices of our arrival had reached the Burroughs; our own airmail letter sent directly to them had not arrived.

A small group of American Christians were meeting for worship in the Burroughs' apartment. I preached there on Sunday, October 10. We understood that another group, native Egyptians, met somewhere nearer the airport.

Two mosques were included in our personally guided tour. The huge Mohammed Ali Mosque is said to have been constructed out of the facing stones of the Great Pyramid, the exterior of which is now rough stone. We had a good clean place to stay and good cooking while in Cairo with relatives. We were sorry we could not see Luxor. Harvey Porter told us to be sure to go if we could, but the flights were booked. We are thankful we had such good guides and saw as much as we did.

Taking TWA to Rome and on to the States, we got to JFK October 16, flew to Philadelphia where Dan Rhodes, Polly's nephew, met us. Dr. Dan Rhodes, Chairman of the Bible Department, Columbia Christian Collge, was then preaching at Pitman, New Jersey, and working on his

doctorate. We had brought a new copy of our movie from Africa; we showed it to the Pitman church Sunday night, the 17th. From Philadelphia we flew to an old airfield in Baltimore, where we were met by Jim Wiser, an FBI agent, whom we had first met when he was a freshman at Oklahoma State University. He took us to his home in Bowie, Maryland, where we stayed a short time. We screened the film for the church in Bowie, and Jim's wife took us to see Annapolis. We flew from Dulles International to get back home.

Home again, we continued to show slides and the motion picture. As for slides, we made new ones each time we went over. We were able to give a brief showing of them prior to showing the movie, which made (as we continued to be told) an interesting and informative presentation.

In "Joe's Journeys" of November 5, I reported that "some seventy Americans" were at our lectureship in Benoni that year, and that Southern Africa Bible School was making a great impact on the subcontinent. We had "growing pains," needed more buildings and other things. I asked for readers of the church bulletin to let me know of interested individuals, elders, churches, whom we could inform of this work.

We screened the movie in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, and in four places in Texas closing out the year: Fritch, in the Panhandle; Lewisville; Paris; Greenville.

When I could do so I attended "preachers' and elders' breakfasts," as they were called. Also luncheons for preachers, elders, and others who wanted to come. In that way I kept up with what was going on in Oklahoma City, Tulsa,

Dallas, Fort Worth, Amarillo, and certain other areas in Texas and Oklahoma, in particular. Several times I showed slides and the movie at such. A few places in Kansas saw the presentation. More than one time I have shown the movie to couples, in their home and elsewhere. Contributions have resulted, as have other presentations and interest.

In 1977 we showed the movie fifty-five times, and by the end of the year had shown it two hundred times in twelve states in America.

We continued to see the value of displaying at the Christian College lectureships and brotherhood workshops. In January, 1977, I screened the movie in Hardeman West auditorium, during the Oklahoma Christian College Lectureship. We developed a display and used it at that lectureship; at Freed-Hardeman College; Harding; David Lipscomb; Abilene Christian University; once at Pepperdine in Malibu, California. We took it to workshops in Tulsa, Oklahoma; Wichita, Kansas; Dallas, Texas; St. Louis, Missouri; and to some of the lectureships of preacher training schools. At times we simply showed to staff and student body at such schools. It was at one such display that Cline Paden said I had the best of two worlds, visiting South Africa annually, and working in the States.

Our display at Oklahoma Christian College, Freed-Hardeman College, and particularly at Abilene Christian College, served as a gathering place, or a note-leaving place for South Africans, some of whom were studying in America. Former, present, and future missionaries in Southern Africa, and former and future campaigners there also came. Those going over to do secular work came also, asking

questions, being shown slides, given brochures.

In the next ten years we ranged from Tacoma, Washington to Atlanta, Georgia. Then from Houston and Irving, Texas; and Shreveport, Louisiana to Hibbing, Minnesota and Pontiac, Michigan, screening the movie, showing slides, setting up and maintaining displays, literally coast to coast and border to border. We showed the movie well over five hundred times, in at least twenty-one states. We even had invitations to come to Ghana and to Nigeria to show the film, but never got around to these. In late 1986, when we, for health reasons, at last resigned from this work, we had invitations and appointments we had not met. We let Memorial in Houston know about them.

The year 1977 proved a very busy one, with our giving more presentations than in any other year we did this work: fifty-five showings of the motion picture, besides representatives of the Stillwater church and the Memorial church, sorting out our work, seeking job description and proper handling, as well as support for the work. Two of these took place in Houston, one in Stillwater. The missions committee of the Stillwater church submitted thirty-one questions to the Memorial church relative to their plans for SABS. My input included furnishing a list of twelve items setting forth work to be done in the States by a representative of the school in Benoni.

The meetings took place July 24 and November 19 in Houston, and December 3 in Stillwater. I attended the lectureship in Benoni in the time between the two meetings in Houston. Al Horne came alone to the States for a few weeks. A meeting held at a resort in Texas, attended by

elders and others from Memorial, also found Al and me present. I attended the second meeting in Houston, which was also attended by six brethren from the Hillcrest church in Abilene, Texas, including Jerry Hayes and Jim Petty. The latter two were being sent and supported by Hillcrest to be teachers at SABS, in 1978. Petty would do administrative work also.

On December 12 the elders of the Stillwater church met and discussed the work for SABS. One of them called me, saying the Stillwater church would continue its support, and that he would call an elder in Houston to report the same. I wrote Memorial the next day, asking for instructions, specifically concerning a monthly newsletter they had suggested, to be edited by me. As a part of clearing the air about our work, Al Horne came to Stillwater to speak to the congregation about it.

I sent a prospectus to Houston, setting forth my concept of a newsletter, title and all. Coverage was a major item, too. It would not be limited to news about SABS, but include other items of interest about Africa, and Southern Africa. There would be motivational material, challenges to do more world evangelism. Memorial concurred, and I drove to Plano, Texas to enlist the help of Rick Sutherland, a graduate of Oklahoma State University. He designed a logo. I talked with a printer in Stillwater. I wrote to South Africa, asking for a flow of pictures for use in the publication.

Arriving in South Africa for the 1977 lectureship, I flew down to Durban, visiting two churches there at mid-week, on Wednesday and Thursday nights. Then I flew

on down to Port Elizabeth, visiting churches, and with Bentley Nofemela, before going to Benoni.

The new facilities of the Benoni congregation had been put to full use during the 1976 SABS lectureship. The largest auditorium belonging to our brethren in all of Southern Africa holds up to six hundred with extra seats. With the older auditorium and the church's new classroom block, it became the annual venue for the lectureship.

Surprise visitors from America for the 1977 lectures were Virgil and Dorrace Poe. An elder of the Memorial church, an overseer of the school, and member of its Board of Trustees, he gave "one of the outstanding lectures at SABS this year," as Al Horne expressed it in the November, 1977, "SABSLETTER." As chairman of that session, I recall that I said, following his lecture, that as long as such elders were overseers of the school, it would not go astray.

After the lectures I flew over to Windhoek to visit Greg and Helen Woods and daughters. They were there as the first European missionaries since the Henry Ewings had gone there. I preached to the small group assembled in their lounge.

The Echols family and the Hardin family were planning to begin residing in America. The Hardins were turning their work over to others, but Eldred would retain his position on the SABS staff, continuing to make at least annual trips to South Africa. He also purposed to be involved in the evangelistic efforts into Botswana.

He had a set of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, in good condition, which he wanted to leave in Benoni for the school library, but wanted me to replace it. These sets in

English were out of print, to be found, we understood, only in Ireland as used sets. Was it by chance that, while thinking of this assignment, I met a young American missionary to Dublin, when I attended the Webb Chapel Missions Forum in Dallas earlier that year? He told me he knew of a set I could get, but I wanted to see it, to assess its condition.

Consequently, when I left Windhoek I flew to Frankfurt, boarded an Aer Lingus plane for Dublin, and claimed my reserved hotel room. I got a cab that Sunday morning, October 9, to the place of worship at 69 Leinster Road, and found Betty Byrne and children there. Jim was just getting over flu and had stayed in bed. Betty said she had a chicken in the oven, and asked me to go home with them. We were glad to find Jim feeling better, and I enjoyed seeing those former Benoni folks.

I saw the books and asked that they be sent to Eldred at Michigan Christian College, where he had begun teaching. He later told me he was pleased with the exchange. We had added to the growing library at SABS.

My visits with graduates of SABS was a bonus, I suppose, a part of my having the best of two worlds. I came home having been with the only gospel preacher in a country larger than Texas (South West Africa). I had also seen an Irish peat bog, and had a full understanding of why that island is called "the Emerald Isle." The short, low flight from Dublin to Shannon allowed a good view of the small, irregularly fenced farm plots. They were of one color that October: green, but of several shades.

Bob Holcombe and family were temporarily living in

Birmingham, Michigan. An employee of Borg Warner Company, due to the influence of Doward Runyan, he and family were in America at the company's request. He wrote, saying he planned to come to Oklahoma, having speaking engagements with some of the churches interested in the work in South Africa. He wanted me to accompany him to make introductions.

I had arrived in Oklahoma from overseas October 11 and drove to Ada, where Polly had stayed part of the time I was away. We visited Central church there on Wednesday night. That weekend we were in Stillwater; it was Homecoming weekend for Oklahoma State and for the Stillwater church. I screened our movie for the Carbondale, Tulsa, church, Sunday October 23. That church became a regular, generous contributor to SABS.

Bob arrived on TWA at Oklahoma City's Will Rogers World Airport Wednesday October 26. I took him to Bartlesville for an appearance that evening with the Limestone church; they supported Philip Kivedo in Port Elizabeth. Enroute we stopped for Bob to photograph pumping oil wells, a sight with which he was unfamiliar.

I had prepared handouts on South Africa for our use at the Missions Forum at Oklahoma Christian College for Thursday through Saturday. Ralph Burcham, having seen our display, part of which was a large map of Africa, had asked me to set it up at the entrance of the section on Africa. This annual forum moved around the Christian College campuses; we attended other sessions of it afterward, held on other campuses. Bob preached in Stillwater Sunday morning and spoke at Perry Sunday night, showing

a good set of slides; we accompanied him. We took him to Oklahoma City to emplane for Dallas. He and family were soon to leave the country.

At another time Maurice Charlton was with me on the campus of Oklahoma Christian College. America had only recently celebrated two hundred years of independence. In showing differences between America and South Africa, he told the college students, "You have been out from under Great Britain two hundred years; we in South Africa have been out from under her rule for eighteen years; give us a little time." These are but two of several such opportunities to be with people from South Africa, who helped me inform Americans about their country, the church, and the school in Benoni.

On November 9, I went to Mulvane, Kansas to show slides. These were of South West Africa, for they were supporting Greg and Helen Woods in their work. Then I went to Pontiac, Michigan for a stay of a few days.

The rest of the year we met appointments, made visits, being at Memorial church in Houston to show the film on Sunday night, November 20. We were in Longview, Texas on Thanksgiving with our folks, visiting the Alpine church on Wednesday night, November 23. That church had a long history of interest in the work in South Africa, particularly through supporting the Lowell Worthingtons. We were in Austin, Texas for Christmas with our son and family and the Truman Carters, Glenda's parents. Everywhere we went we visited churches, leaving SABS literature. In Austin we visited Westover Hills Sunday morning, and University Hills Sunday night, December 25, then Highland

Village Wednesday night, December 28. I was away from Stillwater a hundred fifty-four nights that year.

In 1978 much took place. Our SAC publication was begun with the April issue, and continued through Volume X, Number 1, January, 1987. To adequately tell the good this accomplished in our work would take too many pages and be too much reading. We built up and kept current a mailing list for it, sending most into Oklahoma and Texas, but to other states as well. Memorial's elders requested that I send it to the trustees of SABS. I sent air-mail each quarter, three at once, to save on postage. I did the layout work, making the copy "camera-ready," using several pictures, and enjoyed the work. Polly proofread for me, and helped with preparation for mailing. We purposely had extra copies each month, and used them to distribute in various ways. We also used the standard pamphlet Eugene Smith kept making for us.

Anybody who has a job on the road tries to line up his visits, stringing them out for best coverage. We made trips, short and long, stopping in towns to go by church buildings, leaving material. Keeping a record of places where this was done, when we got home, I would write a form letter, enclose a pamphlet, saying we had been there, and would like to return to show and tell more. Unbelievable as it may seem, in that way we got a few appointments, gave some presentations, and enlisted some regular contributors to SABS. Several places we visited gave one-time contributions, both from individuals and from congregations.

We displayed in early 1978 during lectureships at

Oklahoma Christian College, Freed-Hardeman College, Abilene Christian, and at the Tulsa workshop. We did the same at Pepperdine, in Malibu, California. On such trips we stopped for appointments or visits going and coming.

My custom on an ordinary Sunday morning, or Saturday afternoon, was to simply drive somewhere we perhaps had never visited before, simply show up for worship among strangers. On making acquaintances, we could tell of our work with SABS, and ask about returning to show and tell about it. We have been successful in getting some appointments, some contributors in that way.

Then that evening, show up somewhere else, and repeat the approach. We never exerted high pressure, were never "pushy." Low key, honest, informative presentations, with careful explanations, are appreciated by most Christians. We were given opportunities to correct many false notions about Africa, and about South Africa. We told them about the excellent program at Southern Africa Bible School. I even developed a sheet entitled "Pledge," in which I solemnly promised not to high pressure, not to attempt to hard sell, but merely to inform, to educate, and promised it would be interesting. It may have been hard for some brethren to believe, but I kept insisting that even if they had no money for SABS, I still wanted to come and give the presentation.

Such presentations helped those viewing and hearing them; through them I was serving those brethren. I sometimes handed out one cent pieces from South Africa to the children, as a preliminary to the regular presentation, having brought back a few Rands worth from over there. I told

of the two birds on the coins, an interesting story for both young and old, showing them a color picture of the bokmakkerries on the screen. My thoughts were that perhaps one or more of the children present that night just might "get the bug" then and there to one day be a missionary. The people were made aware of a part of the world most of them had never visited, and never would. There were surprises for one and all. And they were made to think of Christ's command to preach His gospel in all the world. I would show countries on the map where He was not being preached, and where none of our brethren had ever lived to proclaim His name. Memorial was supplying travel funds, motel expenses. If need be, we would take longer trips, spending a few days on the road, making contacts farther from home base.

When going to Tennessee to display at Freed-Hardeman, we made contact with churches in that region. I was almost always given a spot on a missions forum session to ask for appointments, too. In later years Norman Hogan was in charge of these sessions; he was always gracious to our plea. Of course, we knew a few people around West Tennessee, particularly, people known to us from former days, places where we had lived and worked. We visited a few towns and even rural churches because of such connections. We made presentations, got contributions, both one-time and continuing ones. Across Arkansas we stopped at many churches, taking different routes to Tennessee or to return home there. Stopping at church buildings, we left materials, writing later, getting appointments, and sometimes seeing a church become a regular

contributor. We did the same in Texas, Missouri, and whichever way we ranged away from home in our travels.

Today, as I write this, it is November 19, 1987, and is "The Great American Smokeout," or "cold turkey day." People are being asked by all those aware of the dangers of smoking cigarettes to quit smoking, at least for one day. Just see that if they can get by without this habit for one day, they can for two, and so on. Quit, "cold turkey," all at once. That's the way I did it, more than fifty years ago, and have never been sorry, but always glad I did. Besides, I have saved thousands of dollars and, rather than burning them up, have put them to better use. I have saved my lungs and the lungs of those about me; have not caused our house nor car to stink. Since quitting, have never given my clothing nor hair that stale odor, nor set my clothing nor my bed afire; nor started a fire that destroyed our house; but have perhaps helped influence our son and his children not to smoke.

I have influenced others not to smoke. When I first met a young man in Cape Town, he was smoking a cigarette. He had been baptized a short time before that. His preacher told me that I ought to try to get him to go to SABS, and I suggested it to him. He did go, taking his family up to Benoni with him. Now, one of the requirements of those who accept bursaries from SABS, is that they do not use tobacco. So, he quit smoking, studied under the men of SABS for three years, and is a gospel preacher.

Another case involved the wife of one who had applied for admission at SABS. He did not smoke, but his wife was a cigarette sucker. In a staff meeting, this was

brought up. The regulations said nothing specifically about this. Wives of students, however, were expected to take certain courses. "How to be Better Preachers' Wives" was one of them. We decided that if SABS gave a bursary to that man, his wife ought not use tobacco. I said I would talk with her about it, which I did. She simply said, "I'll have to quit." They are the better for it. Her influence is better, too, as a gospel preacher's wife, and as a mother and Bible teacher.

One of the items on my list of "to do" things was to furnish pictures and articles for gospel papers in America. As I write this I am looking at a copy of the "Firm Foundation," the issue of January 31, 1978. On the front is a copy of a photograph, measuring greater than five to seven inches. It shows the student body of SABS for the year 1977, sixteen men and one woman. Beneath are six short lines of explanation.

Editors and publishers of gospel papers will often give free space for such, when they can. We of SABS were indebted to several papers in America for publicity of the school, of its annual lectureship, of youth camps, evangelistic safaris, and of needs for the work. Many of them included pictures we furnished.

Our regular tour for displays had us setting up each year for the lectureships at Oklahoma Christian College in January, the Freed-Hardeman College lectureship in February, and later that month at the Abilene Christian University lectureship. In March we set up for the workshop in Tulsa; we were there for its first session, and displayed there, with one exception, right through 1985. These were

the "big four" for us, but we also displayed at other places, such as at the Brown Trail church in Fort Worth for a few times for their annual lectureship; and at Webb Chapel church, Dallas, for their mission forum. We displayed at Harding University, too, but the time for their annual lectureship conflicted with my (or, our) being in South Africa. I showed the movie to classes at their preacher-training school. We displayed at David Lipscomb College one time for a missions forum. At several brotherhood workshops we displayed once each: Houston and Irving, Texas; Shreveport, Louisiana; Manchaca Road, Austin, Texas. At each of the annual Wichita, Kansas workshops we displayed; and twice at St. Louis, Missouri. At various preacher-training schools, Bible colleges, I set up and displayed and sometimes also screened the motion picture. I had an invitation to do so at one of these when I resigned from the work. Sometimes we set up a display in foyers of church buildings in whose auditoriums we also showed the movie. We made an extra trip one year, displaying at Pepperdine University's annual lectureship, Malibu, California; we came back by Blythe, California, to show the movie and slides. One year, having appointments in western Oklahoma; Morenci, Arizona; and Walnut Creek, California, to screen slides and movie, we kept these enroute to Tacoma, Washington to display at the Greater Northwest workshop. We came back home by way of Kinnewick, Washington giving the presentation to that church. Polly's great-nephew, Henry Walker, was their minister; one of the elders had lived in Houston, knew Memorial's elders, and knew of SABS.

The trip through the San Joaquin Valley was our first, and was an eye-opener as to that area's productivity. It was Jimmy Smith who got us to come by Walnut Creek. We had met him first in Honolulu in 1965. I had seen him on a plane bound for South Africa, and had been with him over there another time. He was, also, a graduate of Oklahoma State University. A fruit, nut, vegetable specialist; competent to advise growers in everything from preparing soil, planting, growing, shipping, marketing. He had clients in South Africa. A faithful Christian, he knew about SABS, and had seen good works in South Africa at first hand. One of his clients over there was a grandfather of Audrey Smulders, Johan's wife. To a banquet following a lectureship, he brought a few pounds of macadamia nuts, which I distributed, one to a plate, around the tables. The nuts were grown in South Africa.

We tried to get at least twenty to go on a tour with Bill Hearn and Harvey Porter to South Africa and Israel in 1978, but failed. Charles Prince made one of his several trips over there that year; his wife accompanied him on this and other visits to the country, where he lectured and taught. John Banister made his second preaching tour of the country in 1978. Joe McKissick went over for a preaching tour, to be joined later by members of his family; they remained for lectureship.

Les Williams and family were guests of the Perry, Oklahoma church which supported them in their work in the Cape. We had them to come down to visit us in Stillwater. Les was back in the States a few weeks ago (1987); he and Perry's preacher came to Ada to see us.

In the second issue of SAC (*Southern Africa Connection*) we featured the Central church, Ada, Oklahoma which was a regular contributor as a congregation; two of the children's classes were giving, too. In the same paper we had pictures of the Petty and Hayes families, telling of their going to Benoni, which they did in June.

I had sent monthly reports and cover letters to a small mailing list, comprised of missions committee people and elders associated with missions programs in two congregations: Memorial church, Houston; and Stillwater, Oklahoma. I sent them copies of newspaper articles, items from *South Africa Digest*, projected our itinerary when possible, showed where we had been in the past month. Reported one-time contributions; sent checks given to SABS; listed new regular contributors; told of prospective showings of slides and movie; relayed information about SABS; sent copies of articles brotherhood papers ran about the school, sending copies of pictures used. We were not only "chosen of the churches to travel" and to do this work, but also wanted to let responsible persons of the two congregations know what we were doing, and what was going on at SABS. We aimed at ". . . what is honorable not only in the Lord's sight but also in the sight of men" (2 Corinthians 8:21 RSV). As for being "chosen" or "appointed by the churches" we certainly were chosen and **supported** (mainly) by two churches, Memorial and Stillwater. (2 Corinthians 8:19 KJV and ASV).

When we first began to show our movie, we got a king-sized bedsheet, desiring to have as large a screen as possible. I climbed above steaming baptistries, taped the

sheet to brick or stone walls, thumb-tacked to wood. But we got a five-foot, portable, roll-up, beaded screen, on foldable tripod, measuring just under sixty-seven inches in length when rolled in case, with tripod folded. If started in at the proper angle, it will fit easily straight across the back of the trunk of the older make, standard-size, Chevrolet Caprice or Impala. We bought those cars, one after the other, so that our screen could be taken along. We left it, the 16-mm movie projector, carousel slide projector, slides and two copies of our movie in the trunk. The width of the trunk dictated how wide to make our folding, stand-up, center, display piece, when a permanent one was constructed. We changed pictures, lectureship dates and such like on that, of course, from year to year. And we kept current slide pictures, for we went yearly to South Africa, taking pictures.

Sometimes we would visit a church on Sunday morning, and be asked to give a presentation there that night. If we had no other appointment, that was done. It paid to have things along for the show and tell session. Among the things we had were bundles of the standard handout, and copies of the latest SAC.

Jesus taught persistence in petition; the widow came often to the judge (Luke 18:3ff). Just because we failed to get an appointment once, twice, did not keep us from asking again and again. We represented a good work, believed in it, contributed to it, and wanted to tell others about it. We liked our work. Going to different churches two or three times a week allowed us to hear many preachers, meet many elders, deacons, teachers, and other

Christians. We said that "On the Road Again" was our song, just the title.

Although I was careful to tell brethren we had a 16-mm motion picture, with sound and color, some would advertise that we would show "filmstrips." We always suggested that a building be left unlocked, or asked for phone numbers, in case nobody was around. We wanted to get there early, say no later than 4 p. m. for a seven or seven-thirty showing; if a mid-week appointment, that would do it.

Brethren would usually comply. We would have ample time to set up, go eat a bite, and be ready to project at the "proper time." If it was a Sunday night showing, we asked the time of their services, and did accordingly, eating later if they met at six o'clock. If we were already familiar with the building, that was good; we could find the light and power switches. If not, we wanted to get there earlier, to take care of any adjustments necessary to have the best presentation possible at that place.

If we projected in older buildings at six in the evening in summer, during daylight saving time, we would sometimes need black trash bags taped over windows to keep out light. We had bags and tape with us. Newer auditoriums often presented such problems before sunset. I have climbed tall ladders, hung strips of trash bags, taped bags to all sorts of openings in doors and windows. Worst of all are big, high windows above pulpit areas, with windows to the west, in late afternoon. I have worked on Sunday afternoons, climbed on the outside of buildings to cover such areas, in preparation for slide and movie

screenings. We dealt with the Lord's work. We did not want to give a presentation unseen or poorly seen due to bright sunlight. Doing all we could, at times there was simply too much light for people to see well.

When possible, I wanted to fill the screen horizontally with the picture, both for movie and slide. We wanted all to "get the big picture." If brethren already had a three-by-four or four-by-four foot screen set up for me, I simply put up ours, giving a larger picture, even for small auditoriums. Some had screens larger than ours, but far back, behind the pulpit. If our screen, closer up, gave the audience a better picture, we generally used it.

Most of our older buildings, and many of the newer ones, were built with little or no thought for projection of pictures. Many of our older church buildings were built with almost no provision for parking space. Across from the court house, on the corner - that was the best location in the small town, at one time. Perhaps a dozen or two dozen cars could park at the curb. Today, with more personal cars, and less mass transportation, and members living far from the building, no good planner would think of building without parking space. Plan for projection, too, when designing auditoriums, brethren. Have blackout shades if nothing else, and a **BIG SCREEN**, rolled up, out of the way, when not in use. I went to a church building in Arkansas to project, asking the secretary about a screen. In the windowless, large auditorium, she walked to the back wall, switched on light in the pulpit area, flipped another switch. Down rolled a huge screen. Perfect: no windows, so no light problem. Big screen in place; I could

then find out exactly where to place my two projectors to fill up that big screen.

This all has to do with showing and telling the entire church, or at least those in the auditorium at the time. For a screening to a few people, such as a small missions committee, or two to twelve elders or so, a small room and small screen would do. Or with a large screen television set, one could use a video tape. But we wanted to educate, to inform. Our approach was to the churches. We wanted not only the elders and missions ministry people to see and hear; we wanted all to do so. Then ask questions if time allowed.

Often there were individuals who, once they saw and heard, desired to make contributions. At times elders would announce that if any wanted to, to please give. At one such place, I stood in the foyer after the presentation, giving out materials, and accepting checks in varying amounts from a few, as people left. There, as everywhere, people expressed their thanks, and often, very often, their surprise at what they had seen and heard. When most had gone out, I returned to the movie projector to rewind the film. An American Indian lady walked up, checkbook in hand, and asked how to make it out. I replied that she could make it payable to Southern Africa Bible School, showing her a pamphlet with that name on it. On receiving the completed check, I noticed the amount: five hundred dollars. I was almost taken aback, and thanked her profusely. She and her husband made contributions after that, too. Of course, their names were added to our mailing list for the SAC newsletter, and I asked that

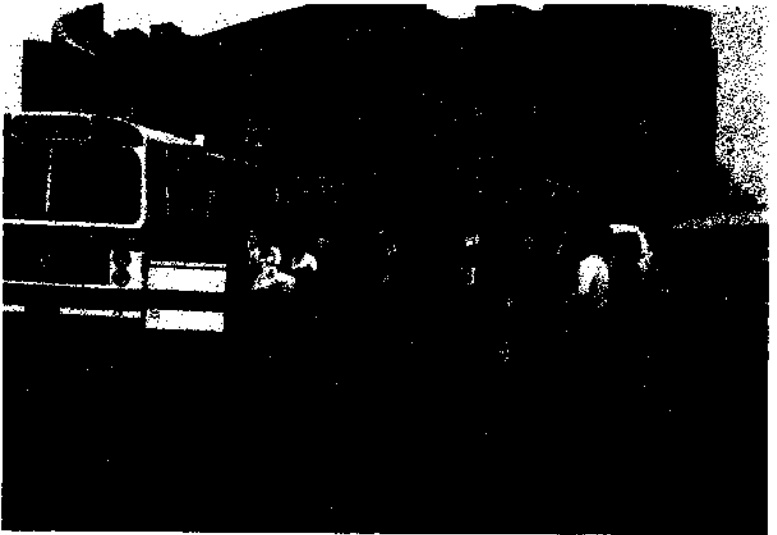
"SABSLETTER" also be mailed to them, and others who gave, both churches and individuals. Al and Donna Horne got out a monthly newsletter that some learned about and requested. It covered their entire ministry, with the Benoni church as well as with SABS. Memorial, once that church took their support, had the mailing list for that; I requested they send to those who asked for it.

When elders did not invite, of course we did not go, did not show. But the church is deprived of learning some things, kept from knowing about a good work. Christians need to be taught "to be ready to every good work" (Titus 3:1 KJV). But if they do not know about them, if they are ignorant of them, they will not want to contribute to them. Some good-hearted, generous brothers and sisters will give for a good work if they can learn about it.

God's way is best, in all things. Elders are in charge. I respect that, and them. If they requested no asking for money, that's the way it was. Not mention it; just show and tell. At one place one elder looked over the standard pamphlets I had ready to hand out, or make available. He noticed that it had in it an appeal for help, a form to fill out and send in, an address to which a contribution could be sent. He did not want it used. It was not used. On the movie's sound track, however, was an appeal for help. That church gave a one-time contribution, and supported other efforts, too.



Sign on the street by the church in Benoni.



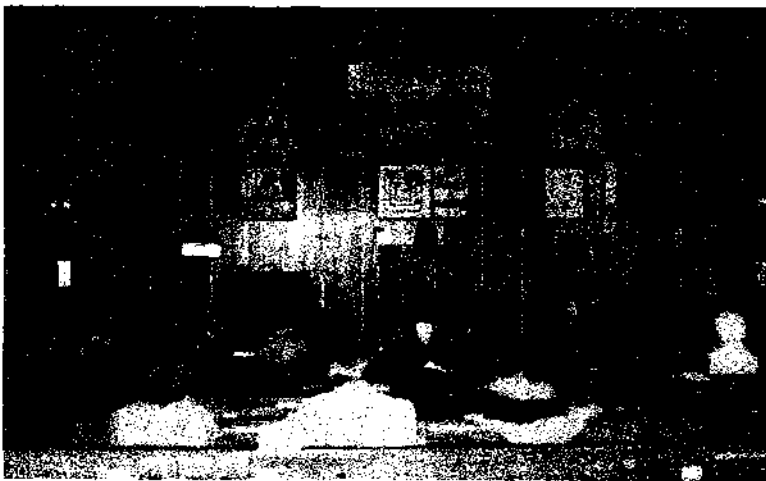
The new church building in Benoni. Will seat six hundred — used for SABS tenth lectureship.



Bus that came up from Cape Town to bring Christians to Benoni for the SABS lectureship.



Tent on the church grounds used for tea, coffee and snacks during lectureship.



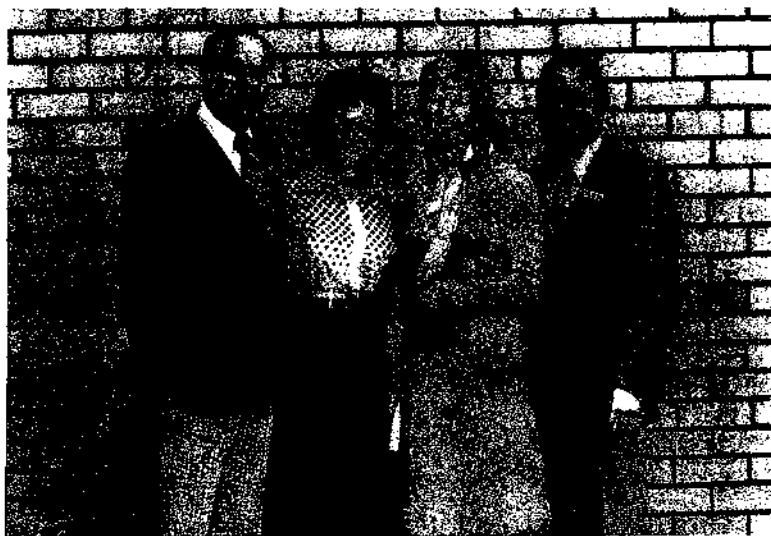
Inside the new church building a class during lectureship.



Display used at lectureships, etc.



Joe Fred and Polly in front of a lectureship display.



Virgil and Dorrace Poe, an elder from Memorial Church in Houston and Donna and Al Horne of Benoni. Al is the director of SABS following Joe Watson.



Student body of 1977 of SABS.



Student body of 1983.

CHAPTER 16

"THE LINES ARE FALLEN UNTO ME IN PLEASANT PLACES" (Psalm 16:6 ASV)

The final 1977 issue of *Christian Chronicle* had on its front page an article by me about SABS, and three pictures. My February, 1979 SAC newsletter showed a picture of that front page, and announced that in March, 1979, a special issue of the *Chronicle* would feature South Africa. Editor, John Beckloff, offered the space; I wrote preachers in South Africa for items about the churches, with pictures; nearly all compiled. Most of the paper dealt with the Lord's cause in that land. Lectureships, youth camps, preacher-training schools, churches among all races, evangelistic efforts everywhere – the whole, larger picture was presented. I wrote an editorial and other articles. Many pictures were included in the paper. Proof-reading went begging to some degree, however, and I prepared a page of *errata*, sending it out with a copy of the paper to my mailing list. Southern Africa Bible School was seen in its context. It was good publicity.

Other gospel papers continued to carry pictures and articles about SABS. We thanked them all, and still do.

One year Polly and I had set up at ACU to display during lectureship. I saw Don Brown, who manned a

bookseller's booth near ours. He told me he had a book for SABS, out in his van. He and I went to the van, which was parked south of the big tent, and got the book. About that time Nancy Tutor, then a student in ACU, who was walking across the parking area, spied me and called out my name. We hugged, and I walked off with her. Don went back into the tent and told Polly she had lost her husband; he was with another woman. Polly asked Don, "Is she pretty?" Don answered in the affirmative. Polly surprised him with the remark, "Well, good! I wouldn't want him going off with some old hag."

Life in the big tent during lectureship was not always uncomplicated. The weather in West Texas in late February is a mixed bag. ACU officials used to say they had five seasons: spring, summer, fall, winter, and lectureship. Hot in the tent at times; roll up the sides. Windy - put secondary tent poles in the trash barrels, for they pump up and down, and can mash toes. Rainy, snowy - wrap up well; put materials above the tarmac floor, on your table. For rain blows under the tent sides, puddling under your table, in the aisles. Polly wore warm boots. One day I was gone in the car, her boots in its trunk, so she stood in a cardboard box to have dry, warm feet.

Before Freed-Hardeman College's spacious new building was erected, in which we began to display yearly, they used a small tent. Not so much wind there, but miserably cold, rainy or snowy days. Materials became soggy, books became water-damaged. Sometimes booksellers lost heavily. Even plastic sheets over materials failed to save them. But

it was only at ACU that we always tightly fastened down our big display board, affixing brackets to its back, and using C-clamps to fasten those to the back edge of the eight-by-four plyboard display area. The wind might blow, and probably would gust strongly sometime during the four days, but it would not badly harm the display. Once Alvin Jennings, whose company printed many gospel tracts, said he got the best tract distribution ever, due to the wind the night before.

At one time there, after the Echols family had moved back to Texas, I was in the process of working with the Pine Tree church in Longview, Texas which was planning to support the Mel Sheasbys as teachers at SABS. Mel and Lois had come to ACU, were getting Masters' degrees then. Years before I had baptized a young teenager in Canyon, Texas. He, Don Duncan, was a deacon at Pine Tree. And Eldred Echols knew personally one of the elders there. I saw Jerry Davis and Bill New, each an elder in Richland Hills church, where Eldred served as a minister. A Sunday at Pine Tree was planned, and I wanted Eldred to be with me there. Both of the two Richland Hills elders, and others of them, had been to South Africa, and knew well about SABS and its needs. I was assured that Eldred could be with me at Pine Tree. Eldred was at the Holiday Inn, Longview, when I called from Daingerfield, Texas on the Saturday night prior to the Sunday in Longview. Eldred later said he had not heard of Daingerfield, Texas; the only one he had heard of was Rodney. All went well in Longview. Pine Tree supported the Sheasbys for several years

at SABS.

Certain ones there were put on our mailing list. I insisted when seeking addresses, that we be given personal, home addresses. None of this business of sending something only to a church address. The wastebasket gets much of that. But a mailout, somewhat unusual in appearance, on paper of a color not generally employed, folded differently, with pictures, may get somebody's attention. And if mailed to an elder, deacon, missions committee member, minister, at his home address, he may look at it. I had learned long before that there is no substitute for communication. They must hear from us.

Yearly at the J. C. McCurdy home near the ACU campus, Monday night of lectureship week was "Africa Night." Missionaries and others, former workers on that continent, future workers - all were invited to the McCurdys' that evening after the main lecture. J. C., an elder of Hillcrest church, had been to South Africa and Rhodesia; the Hillcrest church had supported Nhowe Mission and Umtali School of Preaching for many years. When we visited Roy and Jaxie Palmer at Nhowe, they showed us the McCurdy building. "Africa Night" at McCurdys' place was a good time to mix with others who had been bitten by the African bug. The McCurdys went all out to make it a good time for all.

When Polly and I set up displays, our prime job was to be there, to maintain the display, meeting and greeting those who came. In case some came early, before we arrived each day, we had a registration tablet. We had notes

indicating we wanted folks to "sign in." They often left messages, phone numbers, addresses. Some asked to be put on our mailing list. We sometimes made contacts at these displays that resulted in appointments, showings of the movie, contributions for SABS.

Either Polly or I manned the display. We did not normally attend any of the daytime lectures or classes, but "kept the store." Sometimes, she would take in a ladies' class. I stayed. If I went to a selected lecture or class, she stayed. We both were at the table often, too. If we wanted to go out to eat with friends, prospective contributors, or people who might get us an appointment, we could sometimes recruit a person or a couple to man the table in our absence. At more than one lectureship we asked Brian and Diane Lister, there in school from South Africa, to do this for an hour for us. Such people always did a good job. Now and then, the table would lack personnel; we simply could not be there at all times. When the main evening lecture was over at ACU, we did not normally go back to the tent and the display. After all, by the time we were there last I was seventy-three years old. Enough is enough. We had worked hard, and by the time for evening events, we wanted to walk off, get a soft seat in the coliseum, enjoy the singing, and hear a good lecture. Besides, we sometimes found people we had not seen in the tent. Even when I left our display to tour the tent at ACU, or the big building in Tulsa, I made contacts I had not made at our table.

There was a regular group who followed, circus-like,

the lectureship circuit. Certain book and Bible firms, publishers, authors, children's homes, camps, congregational projects, campaigns, radio and television evangelistic works, mission efforts of many kinds, homes for aged, preacher-training schools, medical missions, hospitals, travel agencies, builders, money lenders, adoption agencies, Christian colleges and universities – all these and others had representatives making the rounds. Perhaps never the exact same group at any two lectureships, but a core of them came to several, and we got to know many of them.

There were clearing houses – preachers looking for a place to preach; churches looking for preachers. But that was usually not in the lectureship display area; that was elsewhere on campus, if we were on a campus. There were buses for sale, in the big building, in Tulsa. And, especially there, quartets from various places sang here and there over the place, albums by them for sale, and puppets for sale at various stands. The women's group supporting OCC had coffee and doughnuts and perhaps apples for sale. Then, at the concession stand, hot dogs, popcorn, barbeque sandwiches, coffee, tea and soft drinks were available.

At one display session at OCC, students from other Christian colleges were on campus. I had only recently returned from Benoni, having attended the lectureship, making pictures. Rob Thompson's daughter asked, "Do you have a picture of my father?" Rob was a missionary among black Zimbabweans (former Rhodesians). His daughter attended Harding University. I told her that I saw him there and visited with him, but did not take a specific picture of

him, but that his picture could be in a group or a random shot. I flicked a few slides through the projector, their images appearing on the big screen. In silhouette, there was Rob in the tea tent, having a cup of tea. The sight brought tears to her eyes as she exclaimed, "There he is!" Father-daughter love, ten thousand miles apart; no wonder the tears.

At Freed-Hardeman College not so long ago, I had set up our display in the spacious basement, and glanced at a table set up in the eating area nearby. I recognized some of the faces, and began to come up with names for some of them. They were from New Albany, Mississippi, where I had preached many times, and had lived there one summer, working with the church. I went to them and we all visited. I got an appointment to show and tell about SABS.

Having an appointment at Eden, Texas in November, 1980, Polly and I went by Abilene, Texas to visit briefly with the Sheasbys and the Hardins. Mel and family were due to return to South Africa in December. We ate lunch with the Hardins; I told John we were going to Eden, where Gary Lowe, son of the Ed Lowes, of El Campo, was then preaching. John said, "I want you to ask that preacher if the 'garden' is around there somewhere." After telling Gary what John wanted to know, he replied, "No, but the serpent is still quite active."

While in the heart of Texas we spent a few days with our son and family in Round Rock, then made a wide swing to the west, giving presentations in Anton, Texas and to staff and student body at Sunset School of Preaching,

Lubbock, Texas, at their Monday morning chapel.

In February, 1979, Polly spent several days in a hospital in Stillwater; for two Sundays and two Wednesday nights I stayed in town. Charlie and Betty Tutor came by, heading for the lectures in Abilene; I sent our display down by them, and picked it up later.

We took our display to the York Christian College lectureship in April, that year, then drove to Pontiac, Michigan, displaying on the Michigan Christian College campus. We showed the movie and slides to four congregations in the area, thanks to appointments set up through Charlie Tutor: at University Drive, Waterford Township, Sylvan Lake, Royal Oak, setting up displays also at three of these. The Tutors took us to see some of the sights. We also visited in the nearby Eldred Echols family home.

It must have been at the Oklahoma Christian College lectures in 1981 that Vurel Vick asked me to consider attending the European Lectureship that year, and have a part on the program, telling folks about the work in South Africa. I decided I would and began working toward that.

On the day in August when I had a reservation on Braniff to fly out of Tulsa to DFW, their pilots struck. The news was that some flights would be cancelled and others later that day. I liked to originate a trip from Tulsa, for I could leave my car at my sister's place. The way it turned out, however, I took Polly to Ada to be with her folks, planning to drive to Tulsa on the day of my flight. That morning I phoned a travel agency in Ada, asking that my flight from Tulsa be checked on. Sure enough, it had

already been cancelled. I was to fly from DFW later that day, also on Braniff, but overseas flights, I understood, would not be affected. Thinking that a later flight from Tulsa might also be cancelled, I drove to Dallas, parked the car at DFW and got my flight to London.

The royal wedding of Charles and Diane had taken place not long before, and that was still the "big news" over there. A bus driver, taking several of us to the lecture-site from the airport, gave us a sample of his British humor, saying "Di" might already be thinking "the king and Di."

I took twelve slides with me, to tell about the overall work, including Southern Africa Bible School. Time came for my part, and I had not paid much attention to the name of the man who would introduce me. In his English accent he began by saying when one introduces another, he is supposed to know something about him. I fully expected his next words to be that he had never met me, never laid eyes on me before, and knew practically nothing about me. I was, however, genuinely surprised, when he said he had met me in Cape Town when I went there to show and tell Christians gathered in the Rosebank building about SABS, eight years earlier.

Tex Williams and wife, Reuel Lemmons, Leonard Gray were there. I was not among total strangers. Andrew Gardiner from Edinburg had a part on the program, too. Tom Rubel from Oklahoma City; Coco Francesco from Rome; Jack Strachen and John Rennick from East Kilbride, Scotland; Mel Brooks of Bartlesville, Oklahoma; American

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missionaries from the Continent and from elsewhere in the British Isles were present. The lectureship site was Furzedown College campus, in the southern part of London. During the lectureship, we stayed in dormitory rooms.

One day about noon, the morning programs being over, I walked a few blocks to a business area, where I saw the "Star of India" restaurant. I paused, read the menu on the door, and noted they would be open from twelve to three. Killing time, and already tasting a good curry, I saw three women in a shop. They had also come from the lectureship venue. One from Oklahoma City, one from California, one from Texas. They asked me if I would eat with them, to which I answered I would if they would eat where I wanted to.

Shortly after twelve we went to the Indian restaurant; they were all unfamiliar with curry. So I advised them not to order a hot dish, which I ordered. They complied, but one wanted iced tea. That is usually good for some sort of scene overseas; this was no exception. "Why, honey, (the lady said to our waiter, a dark skinned young man from Bangladesh) just bring me a big glass of ice and some hot tea, and I'll show you how to make iced tea." She seemed pleased with her accomplishment; the waiter, I think, was unimpressed. I later told Reuel Lemmons about having some good curry; he said he wished he had known I was going, that it had been a long time since he had eaten good curry.

When lectures were over we had to move out of the dormitory, but had to stay a few more days to make our

excursion tickets valid for return. Tom Rubel, Coco Francesco, and I were taken to a house where we got a one-room apartment for a few days. We walked to a business area and entered a restaurant. Coco demonstrated to me the proper way to eat spaghetti. We shopped for fresh fruit and snacks, and walked back to our room. The green, seedless grapes looked good to Coco; he sampled one, and exclaimed, "Mama mia! That's sour." I had heard the expression before, but never from an Italian, and never with such feeling.

Gary Kelsey and Steve Watson and families were American missionaries living in the southern part of London. The two served the Ilderton Road church of Christ, one of two in South London. A "continuing campaign" being in progress in London, Americans were coming and going. Two elders from the Tuscumbia, Alabama church were there with their wives. Wilson Bright and his wife from Snyder, Texas were there also.

Two staff people from Freed-Hardeman College, brethren Hogan and Johnson, brought a group by for a visit to the lectures; they were enroute to Dunoon, Scotland on an evangelistic effort. Billy Wayne Hinds and his Lubbock Christian Chorus, which had been on tour on the Continent, came and sang there, too. We had known his father and the family when we lived in Canyon, Texas at which time they lived in Amarillo.

On Sunday we were taken twice to Ilderton Road for worship. Their building had an interesting history. Originally belonging to a Baptist group, one of its buildings had been destroyed in the blitz of London, in World

War II. That was the "church hall" or fellowship building. The old auditorium was not hit, and was not being used by the church we visited; they used the newer part, which had been rebuilt by the City of London. A plaque told the story, and gave a Scripture reference: Haggai 2:9 KJV.

We had dinner with the Steve Watsons. He took us to see the building where Charles Haddon Spurgeon preached to six thousand Londoners on Sundays. It, too, had been damaged by bombs, but had also been restored. In 1981 it was being at least partially used by a small Baptist group.

On an off day I went with another to the British Museum to seek for a book in the British Library: a 1909 version of the *Scofield Bible*, which I had never seen. Upon learning at the tiny front office that the library had the book, I was issued a library card, having my picture taken for it, and entered the huge, wonderful, stories-tall, round room; I filled out a request card, turned it in, and went back out to browse through the museum at least for a few minutes. After lunch in the museum's restaurant, I returned to find the book awaiting me. I pored through it, making a few notes, knowing that I was now at long last back to the first of Scofield's efforts at writing a "Bible" with his notes occupying so prominent a place.

Back in the States, I made contact with the Oklahoma State University library to see if lending library privileges were still mine there. "No," was the official and proper answer; I had been a registered student there, but was not at the time. One had to be a current student to

have the library request a book for him. But the Payne County Library got me one, property of the University of Virginia, which I examined for a few days. I am still looking for a copy I can buy.

European Lectureship over, we flew back to DFW, I got my car and drove to Oklahoma, paying no more for covered parking at DFW than I saved by not using the Tulsa-Dallas leg of my proposed flight.

Not long afterward I flew to Jan Smuts, Johannesburg, to attend the lectureship in Benoni. I specifically took a tape of Juan Monroy's speech at the European lectures concerning the church in Spain and Portugal. Juan, as many know, has been used mightily by God since his learning the truth at the New York World's Fair. What he said about Lisbon caught my attention: that in spite of the fact that American churches had spent "dollars and dollars" in attempting to establish the work in Lisbon, "There is nothing to show for it. And when I say 'nothing' I mean **nothing**," said Juan.

Born in Lisbon, Portugal, as a young teenager Manuel d'Oliviera had come with the migrant Catholic family to Johannesburg. His home country was, and perhaps still is, more largely Catholic than is Italy. Manuel was taught by other young Christians on the Reef and elsewhere, and became a Christian. He married a Christian girl, and completed work at SABS as a good student. He furthered his education through Unisa (The University of South Africa), the world's largest correspondence university. Prior to 1981 he had been Director of Manzini Bible School, Matsapa,

Swaziland.

Dr. Thomas Cunningham and wife, Doris, of Stillwater, Oklahoma and Dr. Kenneth Dye, former Stillwater ministers, attended the 1981 lectureship in Benoni. The two men appeared daily on the program. Accompanying Ken was Junior Hillenberg, of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. All enjoyed their visit to South Africa. The Cunninghams went on down to Cape Town where Thomas spoke to combined congregations. I had been trying for some years to get these men over there. By the time it was worked out, Ken had moved from Stillwater and had become minister at Broadway in Lubbock, Texas. Christians in South Africa highly praised their contribution to the lectureship.

Well, I asked Manuel if he would move to Lisbon; he said he would. "Good," I said, "now we have to find some support for you." But I did not need to bother, for when Eldred Echols found out about it, he worked that out through the Richland Hills church, Fort Worth. Manuel and family went there for a period of more than a year, and were sent to Lisbon as a part of a team that had been formed in the States, unknown to me at the time I was in London and South Africa that year. While in Fort Worth Manuel learned to use a computer and did work on a new translation of the New Testament into modern Portuguese. When they went to Portugal they took this in manuscript form.

Polly and I "hit the lectureship trail" in the States early in 1982, as usual, setting up on January 9 to display at the Fort Worth Lectures, Brown Trail church. We were

on the campus of Oklahoma Christian College to display at their annual lectures, January 24-27. We took the display to Henderson, Tennessee to display at Freed-Hardeman's annual lectures, visiting two churches enroute there. We were in Stillwater Sunday, February 14, and I gave a report there that evening. We displayed at the Abilene Christian Lectureship February 21-24, and visited the Elgin, Oklahoma church the night of the 24th, where we saw Stanley and Billye Mae Sayers. The latter is Polly's niece. Her husband, Stanley, ministered to the church in Elgin; they commuted from Duncan, Oklahoma for this work.

Displaying at the Tulsa Workshop was routine, as we spent a busy March visiting churches and showing movie and slides in Oklahoma and Texas. To these we added Arkansas and Tennessee in April, for we displayed and showed the motion picture on the campuses of David Lipscomb College and Harding University. We set a record: five showings of the movie in one week. In May we worked in Arkansas and Texas as well as in Oklahoma; in June we worked in Kansas as well. We were in Ada, Oklahoma for the Rhodes family reunion, Polly's people, on the weekend of July 4, but at Richland Hills church, Fort Worth, Sunday night. Screenings of the movie and slides and visits at various places took us into Missouri and Kansas for the week of August 15.

It was at the workshop in Wichita, Kansas where we displayed, that I learned from A. C. Williams about the missionary team planning to go to Lisbon. I wanted Manuel to know of them and wanted them to know of him. I made

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contact with the church in Oklahoma City that would be sending at least one family, and visited services there. Polly and I drove to Houston to be with the Memorial church August 29 as they observed their twenty-fifth anniversary. The remainder of the year was routine for us, except that Polly accompanied me to South Africa. We stayed fourteen days. That, I think, was the time we house-sat for the Keenans, a young Benoni couple; Neville, Daphne and family were away while we were in town.

That year SABS had a record first-year class of sixteen. The class, beginning in January, had the school's first native Black South African, and helped make up the school's top total enrollment, setting three records. And prospects for 1983 by lectureship time, in 1982, were quite good. Al Horne planned being in the States in December, 1982, and elders of the Memorial church planned to be in attendance at the 1983 lectureship. The elders of that church actively oversee the work, screening prospective lecturers and all else. That is as it should be. They are interestedly, efficiently involved.

Polly and I were busy all through 1983 with usual activities, but neither of us went to the annual lectureship that year. We had an appointment in Emporia, Kansas and in Hibbing, Minnesota. Leroy and Patricia Murphy, long-time friends from Freed-Hardeman days, worked with the church in Hibbing. They took us to see Flaming Pine Youth Camp, near the Canadian border. We drove to Duluth, across a strip of Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, crossing Mackinaw Bridge and going down to

Midland, where we stopped for about an hour to visit with Charman Bennett and baby, Stephanie. Mrs. Lyle Bennett is a daughter of the Herman C. Burroughs, and related to Polly.

We arrived in Pontiac, and, going in their car, accompanied Charlie and Betty Jane Tutor on our first trip, and theirs, to New England to see the fall colors. We four enjoyed good fun, good fellowship, safe travel. We visited churches in Niagara Falls and Oshawa, Ontario on Sunday, and on Wednesday night at Concord, New Hampshire. We barely got into Maine, but saw New Hampshire's Great Stone Face and sights of New England in its fall glory.

Back in Pontiac by Sunday, I spoke there that morning, and Polly and I visited the church in Findlay, Ohio Sunday night, as we began our return home. We also went by to visit briefly with Jane Burchett, Polly's niece, in Fairborn, Ohio. Her husband, John, was at work at nearby Wright-Patterson Air Force Base.

At the lectureship in Henderson, Tennessee that year, I made arrangements to display and give a presentation in greater Atlanta in November, at Forest Park church's building. Polly and I went, and returned by way of Demopolis, Alabama where I served full-time as minister, forty years earlier. We enjoyed seeing at least one couple we had known in those days, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Newhauser. When we lived in Demopolis the church was meeting in an upstairs hall, belonging to a lodge. Forty years later we found them occupying a nice, modern building in another part of town.

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Always looking for appointments at places where we had not been – turning new ground, we went to places in Arkansas and Texas. Visiting our son and family in Round Rock, Texas, we drove to Johnson City, Texas for a Sunday morning worship, then to Kerrville to give a presentation that night. Donna Horne's parents lived there. Olden Cook, an OSU ex, was their preacher. They helped support Des and Lisa Steyn, teachers at SABS. Not that year, but the next, Olden made a trip alone to South Africa, participated in the lectureship, and joined me for a good visit in "the fairest cape in all the world" afterward. We stayed in the same downtown hotel in Cape Town, drove to Cape Point, returning a different way, on Saturday. We visited the Bellville and Athlone churches on Sunday, each of us speaking at both places. On Monday, Dr. Desmond Stumpf took us for a tour of the Cape's "wine country," which is indeed a very lovely part of the Cape. Olden's flight took him to Jan Smuts and out of the country. I visited brethren in Kimberley on Wednesday and Thursday before I came home, having dinner both evenings with Roy and Tina Minnaar. I found Kimberley changed quite a lot from the days the Tutors lived and worked there.

In May, 1985, Polly and I moved to Ada, Oklahoma buying our first house ever in America. Polly's mother turned ninety-three years of age that year, and Polly wanted to be in Ada to help her two sisters, turn-about, in caring for their mother. We talked it over with the Stillwater elders; they knew we could do our job as well from Ada as from Stillwater, a hundred miles to the north. In fact, it

gave us more ready access to the northern part of Texas, and there were many churches in those areas we had never visited.

The venue for the annual workshop in Wichita, Kansas was downtown, near the confluence of the two Arkansas Rivers. A spacious, modern convention center, with all amenities. A. C. Williams, in promoting the first workshop there, said they wanted to make the Bible Belt a little wider – extend it, that is, to the north. At each of their annual sessions we had our display.

We had appointments in the Sunflower State, too. The Emporia church saw the motion picture and became a regular contributor. I showed the film and slides to some of the Wichita churches and to others over the state: Mineola, Liberal (Western Avenue), Winfield, Arkansas City, McPherson, Caney, Sabetha, Pittsburg. The church in Emporia called me back a few times to bring them up to date on developments at SABS and in South Africa.

One day at the Wichita workshop Kermit Webb, who lived in Denver at the time, I think, came to our display, asking if he could borrow a Bible. On the table stood a row of six black, clothbound Bibles between bookends, Bibles from South Africa, in the Afrikaans, Zulu, Southern Sotho, Tswana, Tsonga, and Xhosa languages. I selected the Afrikaans Bible and handed it to him; he walked off with it. A visitor, with whom I had been talking, stood at the table with me. I suggested that he walk to the end of the row of displays where he would have a good view of Kermit's face when he opened that Bible. He did so, returning at once

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and saying that it "was worth the money" to see his expression. Kermit soon returned also, asking if I didn't have another Bible he could use; I said I did, handing him the Zulu Bible. Allowing him to walk only a few feet away, I called him back, saying he would not be able to read that one either. Kermit said, "Don't you have a Bible in English?" I did not right then, so could not fill his need.

Once we had been to the Texas Panhandle; we had an appointment in Emporia, Kansas for Monday night. We cut across the country, stopping for Sunday morning worship at Arnett, Oklahoma. For some time I had wanted to visit again the St. Johns, Kansas church, since they had occupied their new building. We made our way there to arrive, we thought, in time for their Sunday evening meeting. A sign in the front listed the times of meeting, they met at four o'clock, as I now recall, on Sunday afternoons. Well, we had never visited the nearby Stafford church, so we went there in time for the six o'clock services.

Even before the meeting began the young minister and his wife graciously invited us to spend the night with them, and we accepted. But Leroy Murphy's mother and brother, Darrel, lived there; when they arrived a few minutes later, we spoke with them. Mrs. Murphy, who lived alone, insisted that we stay with her. We made it all right with the preacher and his wife, changing our plans. When her son took her home, we were to follow the car, to know where we were to spend the night.

It was raining hard when services were over. A car drove away from the building and I followed it, but it was

the wrong car. I thought Mrs. Murphy lived in town, but the car ahead of us kept on going out into the country – eleven miles into the country. By then, of course, I was fairly sure I had followed the wrong car, but wanted to learn from its driver where I should go. Its driver sped up, and I sped up; he slowed, and I slowed. He was sure he was being followed – and he had the contribution! At an intersection he pulled over and stopped; I stopped and got out, and was recognized as one of the visitors at services. He asked, “Were you supposed to go home with us?” I explained the situation; he pointed to an outdoor light a quarter mile away, saying that’s where they lived. He said he would telephone the church building when they got home, to tell whoever was there of our mistake, and that we would soon be back. Darrel awaited us; we apologized, and went to the right place, and had a good overnight visit with Mrs. Murphy. Oh, yes, that Sunday was April 1, 1984!

The Brian van der Spuys of Welkom, Orange Free State, South Africa, were supported by the Granny White Pike church, Nashville, Tennessee. Brian asked me to go there and show the motion picture. I asked for an appointment, got it, and planned the visit for the Wednesday night of the Freed-Hardeman lectureship that year. Brian was editor of *Christian Advocate*, member of the board of trustees of SABS, minister of the Welkom church. All such ties as we could strengthen we desired to do so, and wanted the appointment, despite the fact their budget was full; we expected no contribution, and got none.

But a brother who sat beside me on the front pew

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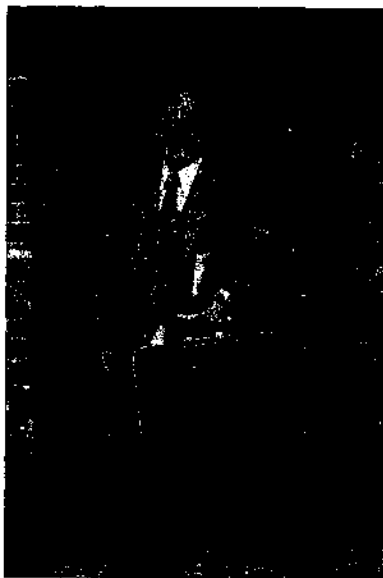
asked if I made visits to small congregations, too. Of course the answer was affirmative. He had commuted from Nashville for several years to preach for a small, rural congregation several miles away. Correspondence followed, and we made a special trip to the Allisona church, College Grove, Tennessee to give the presentation. The church became a regular contributor to the work in Benoni.

Our trips across Arkansas helped us get more than one screening to churches in Searcy; to the College church, Conway; at Huntsville; Mountain Home, near Huntsville; Northside, Blythville; Charleston; and Ozark. Also Johnson; Farmington; Pocahontas; Nashville; and one in Fort Smith. We showed also at Portageville, in Missouri's Bootheel; Northside in Springfield, Wheaton and Nevada, Missouri. In Tennessee we added to our list of viewers: Ro Ellen church near Dyersburg; Martin; McConnel; Bethel; Gardner; East Chester Street, Jackson; Estes church, Henderson; Lexington. Some became supporters of SABS; we visited some of them the second and third times.

By adding a few miles on trips to Abilene, Texas we included such places as Paint Rock; Eden; Highway 36 church (Abilene); Coleman; Dublin, and dozens more in the Lone Star State, seeking appointments for presentations. We included showing at luncheons in Dallas, Fort Worth, Waxahachie, Denton, Gainesville, Houston, Longview, and perhaps others.



New printing plant at SABS.



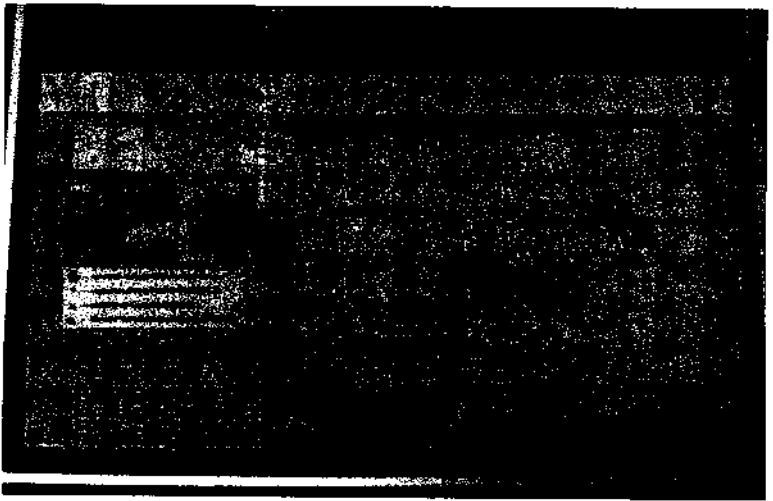
Eldred Echols — one of SABS founders continues to go to South Africa even though they moved back to the States and Jane died.



Student body at SABS for 1986. You can see it is integrated.



Delbert and Sybyl Burkhart, and Dorrace and Virgil Poe, elders of Memorial Church in Houston, which oversees the work at SABS.



A map of Oklahoma showing places Joe and Polly visited and told about the work in South Africa.

CHAPTER 17

"I WILL LIFT UP MY EYES TO THE HILLS" (Psalm 121:1a RSV)

CONCLUSION

When the final chapter is written about preaching Christ to the world, service men from the United States will figure largely. And vocational missionaries will, too. In October, 1966, the Doward Runyan family arrived in Port Elizabeth and became vital members of the Pickering Street church. Men with experience as church leaders are a great help in such situations. Men whose Bible knowledge, godliness, dedication, and drive prompt them to be leaders in a foreign scene, are helpers of missionaries over the world. Often their earnings allow them to be generous contributors to whatever good work is afoot. And they are often fortunate to have wives of like-strength and character, helpers in all that is good. Lena Runyan is one of them.

An engineer, Doward's first love was and is the Lord's church. He helped convert people, leading them to the Lamb of God, and sometimes he helped them get positions in his company. He continued this love and life after they moved from Port Elizabeth, relocating in Benoni, in December, 1973. He was chosen to serve as one of the Benoni church's first elders. They continued to live there until

July, 1977, when they returned permanently to the United States. Having left the states in July, 1966, to spend three months in Sydney, Australia prior to going to South Africa, eleven years of vocational missionary work accrued to their credit. The Runyans have five daughters, one of whom is married to a preacher.

The Stuart Jones family has been mentioned. They left New Jersey and moved to Cape Town in 1965. The family spent nearly fifteen years inside South Africa. Stuart published about fifty articles in *Christian Advocate*, served as trustee of that publication, and of Southern Africa Bible School, and Good Hope Christian Youth Camp. He conducted Science and Religion meetings in four cities; participated in Science and Genesis discussions on South African national television. Taking the pro-creation side he was heard in a ninety-minute radio discussion on creation versus evolution. For ten consecutive years he spoke on the SABS lectureship program. He was a trustee of the Plumstead church, Cape Town, and preached and taught classes throughout that area. The family returned to America in 1982, but the couple took a tour group to South Africa and Zimbabwe in 1985. Their three daughters and one son are all in Texas and all active in the church. Stuart and his loyal companion, Cecilia, live in Beaumont, Texas. Cecilia was active in women's classes and rearing her children as Christians. They plan to write a book, however, and we shall allow them to tell their own story.

When I first visited Uganda, it was because of a vocational missionary family in that country. Tom Reynolds, an agricultural specialist, lived in Kampala, and worked

throughout the country, training native Ugandans to advise local farmers. But Tom and his wife, Letha, were first of all Christians, and helped promote newspaper advertisements telling of Bible correspondence courses. Through this they made contact with persons interested in obeying the gospel. A small congregation was begun, meeting in the Reynolds' lounge. There were problems, of course, but they overcame them, sought assistance from workers in neighboring Kenya and from churches in the States and got it. The story of my visit there with Leonard Gray and others has been told. The Reynolds' were there when the church began in Uganda. Eternity will tell of the good they did.

We moved back to South Africa, and found the Bob Stephens family in Benoni. Bob worked for an American firm, doing a job that from the first was not talked about; information concerning it was classified. Before many months, however, we knew that South Africa was forming its own oil fields. Lacking oil of their own, they were preparing storage cavities left after coal was mined. They used concrete bulkheads and plastic coating, then pumped huge quantities of crude oil from Durban and perhaps other ports, through large pipelines to these man-made, underground storage areas. There were, of course, untold quantities of oil for sale. Add to their expertise in storing oil their large fuel-from-coal projects (in which they still lead the world), South Africa is well oiled, and well fueled.

Bob worked in that preparation, serving a company in the Tulsa, Oklahoma area. Their home was Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. Bob and Doris had sons but no daughters, four sons in all. Bob taught classes, and appeared on

the SABS lectureship. He was selected to serve as one of the Benoni church's first elders and served until the family returned to America in 1975. Doris was his faithful companion.

Gladys Reed, widowed and retired school teacher, of Ada, Oklahoma went to South Africa, at her own expense and support. She first assisted in the work in Kimberley, later going up to Benoni, to help in office work and in the library at SABS. There have been other women who went to serve, too, some as dormitory mothers for women students at SABS. We simply name Gladys as an example.

We have told of our visit with Herman C. Burrough and family in Cairo, Egypt. Vocational missionaries in several places before they arrived there, they assisted churches in Western Canada, Australia, Indonesia, and wherever their employment led them, they have been promoters and supporters of gospel preaching around the globe. Others of the vocational missionary families we have known have crossed trails with them in Australia, where Herman served as song leader and teacher.

Godly children among missionary families and vocational missionary families have served well to lead others to the Lamb of God. No missionary story is complete without them and their influence. May their tribe increase.

In the February, 1980, issue of SAC, the appointment of Al Horne as Director of SABS was announced. Al and Donna and their assistants continue to do a commendable work in their respective roles. John Hardin served as Lectureship Director from the beginning of that annual event, then Jerry Hogg, then Mel Sheasby. Housing among

Christian families in the Benoni area has been a major factor toward the success of the lectureship. Jerry and Ann Hogg and others have served well in this. All those couples and families who have kept visitors have made their contributions. We, and sometimes only I, have stayed with various ones during three or four nights of the program, sometimes longer.

Malcolm and Ruby Fisher have most often been my host and hostess, and my most recent ones. Their home at 85 Whitehouse Avenue, Farrarmere, is quite close to the Benoni church's property, which was, in the later years of my ministry with SABS, the venue for the lectures. They wanted me to come and go as I pleased, and as my need of rest dictated. They were truly hospitable, exemplifying the spirit and letter of Hebrews 13:1. I enjoyed being in their home, and in the homes of the others.

We pray for SABS, for the annual lectureship, for the men and women who go out from there well-trained to teach and preach God's eternal truths. May it continue to serve the church in the subcontinent, in all of Africa, and the whole world.

To God be the glory both now and for evermore.

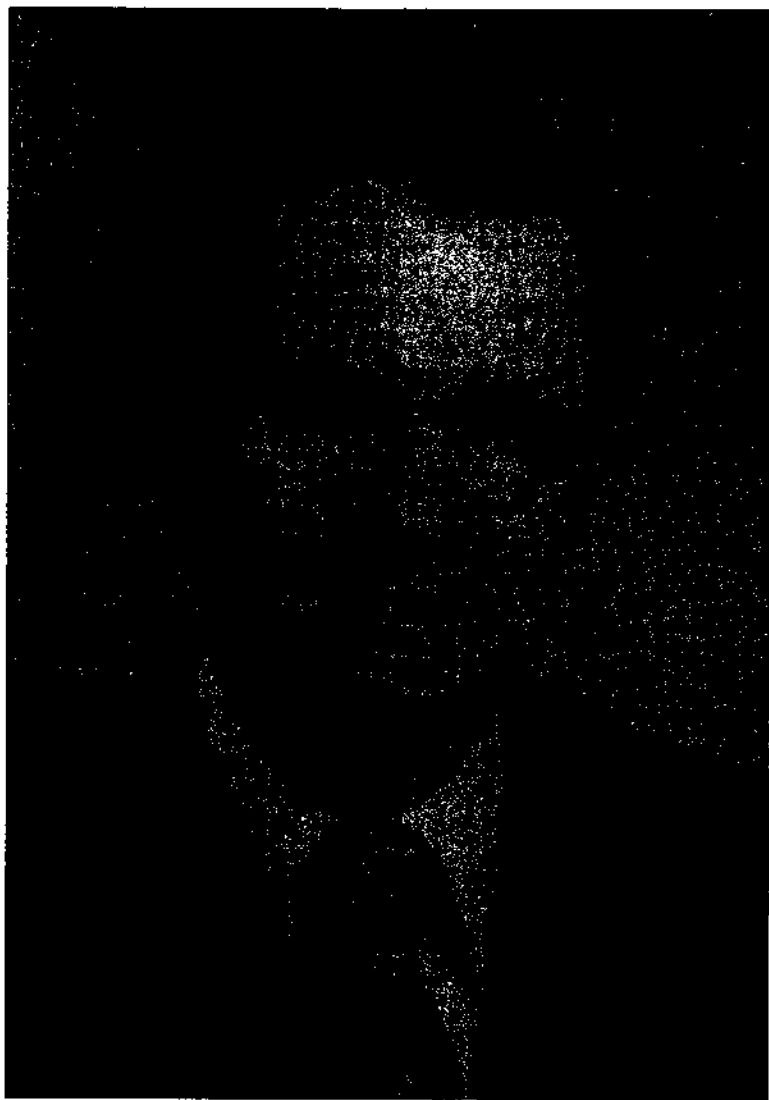
EPILOGUE

A few days after completing this manuscript, as if according to plan, Dad won his struggle with cancer. Yesterday, Mother and I, assisted by many dear friends and beloved family members, laid his body to rest, his spirit having returned to God who gave it on Friday, February 12, 1988. It was only fitting that several of those whose lives were a part of this story were able to be with us.

Three African Drums is not a complete life story, but it is a story from a complete life, and it would be the final volume if the complete story were to be written. Charlie Tutor, upon learning the news of Dad's death, said that he thought of David's words concerning Abner, "Do you not realize that a prince and great man has fallen in Israel this day?" Eldred Echols mentioned that Dad had left his footprints on the sands of two continents, and this story is about those left while bringing light to the Dark Continent.

A man could not ask for a more wonderful earthly father, and I will always be grateful to God for what he taught me and for the example of his life of service. As Eldred said at the graveside, we did not bid him "Good-bye" but rather "Goodnight, we will see you in the morning."

W. Joe Watson
Ada, Oklahoma
February 16, 1988



Joe Watson