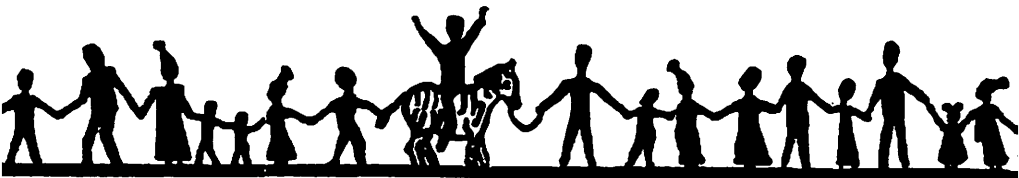


# I WALKED BY HIS SIDE

OUR ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN BUSH

By Claudene Connally



*I would like to express my appreciation to  
Cherry Davis, Rodney & Carol Dauphin,  
and Bruce & Lisha Patterson  
for all their help putting my book together.*

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DEDICATED TO

ANDREW M. CONNALLY,  
MY DEAR HUSBAND  
WITHOUT WHOM THIS ADVENTURE  
WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN

AND TO OUR CHILDREN  
WHO ARE DEARER THAN LIFE TO US

AND TO OUR PRECIOUS GRANDCHILDREN,  
NOW AND THOSE TO COME

JEWELS IN OUR CROWN

## INTRODUCTION

I am very pleased to be given the privilege of writing an introduction to this book. Andrew and Claudene Connally have been very close friends of ours for more than forty years. Andrew, a truly great preacher of the gospel of Christ, died more than three years ago. Claudene has carried on with great strength, spiritually speaking, in spite of a number of severe health problems.

I am very happy to say that this book is, in my viewpoint, a book which if one really "gets into it," he will never want to put it down until he has read through to the very last page!

This book, I Walked By His Side is a book which is, how shall I say it? - so "down to earth," so good at touching the heart of everyone who reads it, so capable of giving insights into the hearts and lives both of those who live in Africa and of those who will merely read about the people there.

In reading of their triumphs and their heartaches, my own heart was touched very deeply. Somehow, I feel rather strongly that you, if you read this book, will also be touched deeply. My judgment is that the message of this book will "stir" the depths of your soul, if you have any "heart" at all.

Andrew and Claudene Connally - what a wonderful pair - how deeply in love the two of them were with each other, with the Africans (little children and all of the rest) and, no doubt, most of all, they were in love with God Almighty.

How daring Andrew and Claudene were to leave home and go to a country, to have a part in the saving of precious souls, which soon was at war with itself (a bonafide civil war).

There are very many things that I could say, but I am going to say very little more, not because I do not want to say a great deal more, but because I want you (the reader) to spend

your reading time in exhilarating your souls by having your hearts warmed by the great stories which unfold with each page which Claudene has written.

May this book and its message strengthen your hearts and lives for what is most valuable to us human beings who live on the earth, as you read these marvelous accounts of "ups" and "downs" (that is, both laughable and sad) of living and working in harmony with the will of God.

All of us must think of the wonderful people who have carried the message of God Almighty to so many of the people of Africa. As you read these marvelous accounts of love and devotion to God and to many of the people of Africa, be thankful for such people as Andrew and Claudene Connally.

Thomas B. Warren, Ph.D



Claudene Connally (While living at Chimala)

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## OUR SPONSORS

- First Tour: Eastridge Church of Christ, Ft. Worth,  
TX. - Tom Warren, preacher
- Second Tour: Parkrow Church of Christ, Arlington  
TX. - Chester Hill, preacher
- Third Tour: Springtown Church of Christ, Springtown,  
TX. - Andrew Connally was the preacher  
and was then followed by Perry Hall



Andrew Connally (while living in Arusha)



## PREFACE

*Before I was able to write this book, Andrew left this life for a better place. I lost my best friend, and am looking forward to a reunion with him after this tour is finished. The following is an article that I wrote after his departure.*

### I WALKED BY HIS SIDE

In 1957, as we boarded the Frank Lykes Freighter in Galveston, Texas along with the ten other passengers, we were headed for the dark and unknown continent, Africa. Andrew was so excited and so happy to be beginning his dream of converting Africa for Christ. I remember he said, "Well, I may not be able to set the world on fire, but I will sure be found lighting a lot of matches." He was never afraid, and I wasn't either because I walked by his side.

During those early months of pioneering in Nyasaland, living in tents and mud huts, killing snakes in the kitchen, doctoring the sick, seeing leopards out the window, trying to patch our leaking thatch roof, swatting mosquitoes, battling through our first bouts of malaria, I was never afraid because I walked by his side. When the first converts were baptized in the crocodile infested river, I was there, happy to be close by his side sharing the joy of it all.

When the riots came, the bridges were torn out and supplies became scarce, I was never afraid because he was not afraid. His faith in the Lord grew stronger and so did mine as I stayed near to his side.

I could go on and on and tell story after story of things that happened in the years that we spent in that wild and primitive country. So many people asked me, "Weren't you afraid?" I can truly say, I was not because his strength became my strength, and his faith became my faith as I followed him

throughout our lives.

Ten years ago, Andrew had a severe heart attack and then had five by-pass surgery. The prognosis was not good, but he prayed earnestly that God would give him ten more years to see our twins raised, so he could do a little more in the kingdom, a little more for Chimala and get things in a little better shape for me. God granted him ten more years, but he paid dearly for them. He was never really well after that, but though one disease after another ravaged his body, I saw his spirit soar and his faith and love grow by leaps and bounds.

He did accomplish in those ten years what he had planned to do. During the last two days of his life, almost the only words he said were, "I love you" as he would slowly recognize a face by his bed. I cannot remember a time when he ever complained about his physical condition, not even the last few days when every breath was a struggle. He was so brave, so generous, so caring and loving right to the end. What a legacy he has left for us.

If you should go and stand by the side of his grave where his old and tired body lies, you will see the inscription under his name, "He fought the good fight", and under mine, "She walked by his side". I was proud to do just that.

Claudene Connally

## A LETTER TO OUR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

Since the time your father and grandfather, Andrew Connally, first began to preach, he had the desire to be a missionary. Perhaps this desire was planted there by our dear friend, Brother Homer Hailey or perhaps Miss Epsa Wells of Polytechnic Church of Christ in Ft. Worth, but nevertheless the seed was planted and began to grow. From the beginning, the place he wanted to go was "Africa". He had this desire all through college and, of course, the idea also grew in me. However, to me, it seemed very far away and much like wishful dreaming. When Andrew entered local work at Hurst, Texas, after college, we began to talk less and less about Africa as we became wrapped up in every day happenings. And there the matter rested until...

September, 1955, we were invited to a dinner at the home of Andrew's ex-school teacher, Sister Vera Mayo of Birdville, Texas. She also invited a certain Mr. Eldred Echols, long time missionary in Africa. I won't say what her ulterior motive was, but we spent a very pleasant evening and were quite taken by this man Echols - enthralled with his stories of Africa.

To make a long story short, we saw Brother Echols many times after that, and our desire was rekindled to go to Africa. Soon we were happily and excitedly making definite plans toward this goal.

At first, our plans were to go to the Union of South Africa, but because of visa difficulties and because we learned of the intense need for work to be done in Nyasaland, we set our hearts and minds to going to Nyasa. It seemed that several years ago, land had been offered to our brethren and there was no one to go. We prayed that the offer would still be open. We applied and feared that if we failed this time to meet the

requirements, the door of opportunity into Nyasaland might be closed for good, or at least for a long time to come. We began to make definite plans, along with our friends, the Gilliams and the Judds. We were confident that together we could begin this work in Nyasa - God being our helper.

(Except for being addressed to our children and grandchildren, this was taken verbatim from my diary, June 1957.)

Note: We were able to take up the land grant after many trials and several months. The Judds also came to the spot we called Lubagha Mission. The Gilliams went to a small town in central Nyasaland, Lilongwe.

We decided to travel over with Guy and Jessie Caskey and their two children, Guy David and Judy. They were going to Ailsa, Tanzania to work in the Bible School with Eldred and Roy and Sadie Echols. Tanzania and Nyasaland (now called Malawi) joined, so we would be "sort of" neighbors. One of us (no one will admit to it now) thought it would be a great adventure and much cheaper to go by ship (cargo) than fly, so this is what we did. Believe me, it was an adventure!

## CHAPTER 1

### ON BOARD - FRANK LYKES - 1957

#### CABIN #1

After waiting several anxious days for our visas to arrive and the ship to leave, we were finally told we could board the S.S. Frank Lykes (actually a freighter taking only twelve passengers.) Andrew and I were so excited that it was hard to keep our feet on the ground. Our traveling companions, Jessie and Guy Caskey and their two children, Guy David and Judy, were pretty keyed up, too, but this was not their first trip abroad as it was ours. We picked up our tickets and luggage from the motel on the beach, last minute emergency supplies (such as cookies and cold drinks), and made our way to the docks. I was standing and staring at the ship, awe struck in my new blue and white checked dress and hanging onto my new straw hat, when a crazy sea gull must have spotted me as a good target. He made a magnificent dive right toward me, and just as I threw up my hands to protect my face, he let go all down the back of my dress. I was so mad and so embarrassed!. With what little dignity I could muster and among peels of laughter from my "dear" husband and "friends", I walked up the gang plank of the ship! What a send off.

We climbed up to the second deck and explored our cabins. And that didn't take long - two bunks, a chair, a table, tiny closet, small chest of drawers, and one port hole. We quickly unpacked (and I had to change clothes) and went back out onto the deck to see what freight was being loaded. Can you believe, it was horses! The whole lower deck was covered with them, not in cages, but side by side. Miles of horses. I can see them yet, but more so, I can smell them. Believe me,

this was not the "Love Boat"! Finally, we were able to embark.

There was the funniest feeling in the pit of my stomach as we looked at the shoreline of our beloved America getting smaller, smaller, smaller, smaller. I felt a lump in my throat and tears on my cheek as the horizon slowly became a straight line and then blended into the ocean. But the tears soon dried as I thought of the adventure that lay before us, and my heart swelled with excitement and anticipation. I could see in my mind's eye Andrew and me walking through the wilds of Africa, Bible and rifle in hand, lions behind every bush, and wearing, well, what else, pith helmets! Actually once there, I saw very few, if any, pith helmets, but bush hats turned up on one side had taken their place, and Andrew looked really smart in his bush hat. But we were not there yet, so we began exploring the ship and meeting our fellow passengers.

There were three Pilgrim Holiness missionary women who wore long, old-fashioned dresses that bloomed out like parachutes on the windy decks and stairs, two single ladies, one who scandalized everyone by making some of the sailors late at every port, the Caskeys, and Sam Metz (originally from Denmark) who lived in McAllen, Texas, a self-made millionaire who was a friend of Eisenhower (well, that is what he said). He could do just about anything, had been everywhere, was stronger than anyone, and was the world's greatest finger wrestler. He was very interesting at first, but after a couple of weeks, he began to repeat himself and we began to hide when we saw him coming. But, I really think there was a lot of truth in some of the things he told. Anyway, it was very funny to see him finger wrestle Andrew, Guy and Guy David down to their knees. He was a rather small but wiry gentleman that would sometime hang by one arm from a bar and chin himself that way while he was talking to you. He must have been in his seventies, and this feat was a bit disconcerting when I couldn't

chin myself even once with both arms and we were in our twenties!

There was no entertainment for the passengers (unless you counted Sam Metz) - a small library that had mostly been left behind by other passengers was the totality of it. Fortunately, we had brought a few games and books of our own. Our usual evening entertainment was playing dominoes, mostly 42, with the Caskeys. Our favorite discussion was the momentous decision of whether we would buy ebony dominoes with ivory dots or ivory dominoes with ebony dots when we got to Africa. To this day the mere mention of ivory dominoes with ebony dots will bring a chuckle to any of us.

The food started out to be pretty good but became rather monotonous as the days rolled by, and I mean rolled by - literally! The constant movement of the boat made one feel slightly nauseous. Even Andrew looked a little green around the gills. But we soon realized that we felt better on a full stomach than an empty one, so stuff it down we did.



Guy Caskey, Andrew, Guy David, Judy, Jessie, Claudene enroute to Africa 1957

## PORTA CABELLA, SOUTH AMERICA

Our first port of call was Porta Cabella, Venezuela, South America. What a lot of excitement to get off that ship and be able to walk around on ground that didn't move beneath our feet. There were interesting sights to see - babies being bathed in buckets - children begging for money - the chatter of a different language. We found a place to eat and went in, but found that we couldn't read the menu. Guy David spoke a little Spanish but couldn't understand the waiter, so after much talking and gesturing, the waiter led David into the kitchen and pulled off the lids and let him look at and sample the food. He returned to report to us and said whatever it was it smelled and tasted good to him so we all nodded "yes" and they brought us our dinner. We never knew exactly what it all was but we all enjoyed the change from ship fare.

The funniest thing that happened there was when Andrew asked for the men's toilet (they never heard of a rest room). They pointed it out and he went in. While we were all standing there waiting, a lady walked in the same room. We all began to snicker and giggle as we realized that they were way ahead of America on equal rights and privileges. About that time Andrew ran out holding up his pants and trying to stuff his shirt in, red faced and indignant. We laughed till our sides nearly split and it almost made up for my incident with the sea gull.

When we returned to the ship, much to our delight the horses had been unloaded and we were looking forward to our next stage of the journey smelling fresher. Were we ever mistaken! As we reboarded the ship, our noses were assailed with an aroma that would have gagged a maggot! What was it! We learned that they had washed the manure off the decks and then swabbed them with rancid fish oil. I lay on my cot for two days breathing through a wet cloth. We longed for the



earthy smell of the horses. Such is man's fickleness.

## TRINIDAD

Our next stop was Trinidad. The island was a delight - beautiful flowers and vegetation of all kinds. The houses were built on stilts. The English speaking people, as well as the natives, were warm and friendly. We rented a taxi and explored to our heart's content. One man took us through an oil refinery and showed us an interesting phenomenon - an asphalt lake, seemingly bottomless.

We were introduced to shrimp curry and believe me, it will warm the cockles of your heart - as a matter of fact, it will also warm your lips, mouth, throat and stomach. It brings tears to my eyes just thinking about it. It also cures all types of constipation. As a matter of fact, I never had that problem again all the time I was away from the U.S.

At Trinidad the ship was not able to get too close to the land and we had to climb down a rope ladder to a little boat. I remember just as I was stepping from the ladder to the boat, a big wave pushed the boat away from the side of the ship. Andrew yelled "jump", and jump I did, right on top of him, knocking him almost out of the boat. Someone had told me I should wear a wide brimmed hat in Africa to protect myself from the African sun. I had been fighting all the way thus far to keep the hat on my head, but that day at Trinidad while hanging on the rope ladder, I took that hat and sailed it out into the ocean because for sure that hat was going to be the death of me. I reasoned that I had rather have a sun baked brain than a drowned soggy body.

## WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE AND HOW THAT BOAT DID STINK!

After leaving Trinidad, we did not see land again for twenty-one days. The weather got cooler; the wind got up considerably. We had plenty of food to eat as less people were eating. The Captain showed us how to keep our balance on deck by slowly bending one knee and then the other as the waves rolled under the ship. It was quite a neat trick. We had to do our own washing and ironing in the hold of the ship, and I got plenty of practice doing the leg trick in front of the ironing board. They put up side boards around our table tops so the food wouldn't slide off on the floor. The Captain kept assuring us that we were having a very smooth trip, but when I could lie on my cot looking out the porthole and see sky one minute and nothing but ocean the next, I really couldn't agree with him.

I wouldn't say that we were literally bored to death that twenty-one days, but I did count 2,064 screws and bolts holding our cabin together.

## CHAPTER 2

### THE ARRIVAL AND TRAVELING UP-COUNTRY

#### CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA

What a beautiful and thrilling sight to see Table Mountain in Capetown, South Africa where we finally landed. I've never been so glad to see dry land again that didn't "move" under your feet. Andrew actually got down and kissed it. We made a pact that next time we would forget "saving money by riding a freighter" and "spend more and ride a plane". It must be worth it.

We met a lot of interesting people in Capetown. There were the British people speaking "real English", and there were the warm and friendly Afrikaaners who were German and Dutch descent. They spoke their own language, Afrikaans. Then there were the Cape Coloreds who were a mixed race who had become a race of their own. Then, the Asians who were originally from India and they seemed to own and run most of the shops and were very accommodative and friendly. They spoke their own language, plus English, plus Afrikaans, plus several of the African dialects, very intelligent and industrious. Then there were the Africans themselves, so interesting and friendly as well.

We were surprised to see the modern cities of South Africa, the tall buildings and paved streets. The food was superlative, especially the fruits, vegetables, jams and jellies. They were second to none that I had ever eaten.

How exciting these first impressions were - the sights - the sounds - the smells of charcoal, coffee, incense, dried fish, bodies. What can I say - all so different!

## THE TRIP UP-COUNTRY

The Caskey's had taken their car on the ship with us, so we drove through South Africa to Central and East Africa where we were to work. At first the hotels and highways were quite modern and traveling was easy and a pleasure, but soon we left the paved highways behind and there were just two paved strips, and cars going both directions traveled on the same two strips. That's when we learned what "playing chicken" really meant. You both stay on the strips until you are face to face and then, just at the last moment, each vehicle hopefully "gives" one strip just long enough to pass each other and then back on again. And, you better remember that you drive on the left and not the right in Africa. It was the first time I had ever been able to stay awake while traveling. With my eyes frozen open, I felt it was my duty to yell at Andrew every time we met a car, "Remember, the right side is the wrong side and the wrong side is the right side!" I don't think he appreciated my humor.

Soon we left the strips for dirt roads. This was even more exciting as everyone drove on the "best" side of the road regardless of where it was. This was okay as long as everyone kept alert and the dust didn't hang in the air too long. Oh, that dust. Our hair and eyebrows and lashes were coated with it. You didn't dare try to brush it off your clothes as it would start a veritable dust storm. Jessie Caskey always wore a scarf tied neatly around her head and when she would take it off, her clean hair was quite conspicuous. I could never seem to manage to keep one on.

The only places you could find to eat were hotels and they were getting further apart and less modern as we went along. Some of these old hotels were made of mud blocks, very quaint with flowers growing around and over the thick grass roofs in wild profusion. Instead of springs there were

ropes to hold up the saggy mattresses. Felt a little like lying in a hammock. All the beds were covered with mosquito nets which were tucked under the mattresses to protect you from the malaria carrying mosquitoes. On the table were enamel wash basins and pitchers of water for washing up. Instead of a private bath, you had a path down the hall to a community bath. You usually had to wait in line for a bath wearing your robe and holding soap and towel in hand. You meet more interesting people that way! You soon learn that the bath contains a bathtub and usually a washbasin, and the toilet is in a small separate room and is marked "W.C.". We tried to guess what "W.C." meant - waste closet? - waiting customer? We finally learned it stood for "water closet". Now, why didn't I think of that! The last hotels we stayed in didn't even have a bath down the hall, but chamber pots under the bed.

They have an interesting custom over there. An African man, a servant in the hotel, has a pass key to all the rooms. So, at about 6:30 A.M. your door opens and in he walks, barefooted, with a little tray with hot tea, strained boiled milk and sugar. The first time this happened, I nearly jumped straight out of my nightgown. I awoke to a fierce looking African standing by my bed saying "Chi, Memsaab" (tea, madam). Then he sits the tray down and pads back out, locking the door behind him. By then you are wide awake and enjoy your cup of tea.

I was really impressed with the wide array of silverware and the starched, cleverly folded napkins (or serviettes as they are called there - the word napkin always refers to sanitary napkins or possibly diapers, but for them it is usually shortened to nappies). You soon learn to wipe sparingly on your serviette and sit at the same place each meal because you will get the same one for three meals before they are washed. Paper products are very hard to come by in Africa. As a matter of fact, I don't ever remember seeing a paper serviette

while we were there and even the toilet paper is scarce and weird. It was kind of slick and was called "Bronco paper". I had a lot to learn.

You don't tell your kids, "don't forget to flush the toilet", but "don't forget to pull the chain". The Asian toilets in Africa are even more interesting. They are flush on the floor with places for your feet on each side. The first time I walked into one of these, I nearly went into shock, and it took me five minutes to figure out how to accomplish this feat. Evidently, the Asian people do not have arthritis.

The barefoot waiters wore long hassocks and fez caps in the hotel dining rooms. Interestingly enough, in those days you could eat anything or everything on the menu for the same price. It was served in courses starting with soup, then fish, then meat, potatoes and a vegetable, a sweet of some kind (dry cake, a pudding, or if you were lucky, a trifle), ending with cheese, crackers, and coffee. If you fancied one course, you could order one course two or three times, which we often did if they were serving the lake fish, tilapia. It was so delicious. Some items you might see on the menu were Shepherds Pie (mashed potatoes with minced meat on the bottom - they never called it ground meat), Steak and Kidney Pie, Monkey Gland Stew, Bubble and Squeek (left over vegetables fried up for breakfast), Mutton Curry, Bangers (sausages) and Eggs, and so on. It was all new and very exciting.

## THE REAL AFRICA

I was round eyed as we drove out of the towns into the bush country. This was the "real Africa" and was fascinating! African men wore ragged clothes and no shoes or if they had shoes, they were tied to a pole and slung over their shoulders to be worn only when they walked through a town. Many of

the women had shaved heads and bare bosoms, babies tied neatly on their backs peeping around their mother's arms, some with plugs in their lips. Some of the men still had filed teeth in those days. Many of the children wore no clothes or perhaps only a little shirt on the boys and beads only around the little girls waists. Some of the Maasai warriors were fearsome, some friendly, but most all of the Africans were curious. They can stare unblinking and love to watch you eat, sleep, bathe in the river, and dress. They love to look in your purse, in your mouth if you will let them look - feel your hair, listen to your watch, and all with such childlike, friendly interest, that you couldn't get angry at them.

After leaving the hotels behind, we would look for a quiet and private place to stop for a picnic with plenty of bushes and trees to hide behind. After we would stop in these "unpopulated" places and would get our food out, we would see heads and eyes appearing behind every bush, observing our every move. We finally got used to this and accepted our audiences. After all, this was their country and they were simply interested in the "Wazungus" (white men). If we had enough food, we would leave them some and always all of our empty cans as they counted them of great value.

We noticed that the villages we passed were swept clean, no grass around their huts (we later learned this was to keep the snakes away) and straw mats were rolled up leaning against the huts (used for their beds). Their washing hung to dry over every available bush. There would be three stones not too far from their huts that were used for cooking. Many would have a crude table to dry their sufarias (cooking pots). These would be washed at the river (if a river was close by) using coarse sand instead of soap. We learned that the women must find wood every day for cooking and they must go to the river every day for their day's supply of water. All this was carried on their heads, sometimes a gourd of water atop of

their wood load. They have remarkable strength and sense of balance.

We also visited their open markets with fresh meat lying on banana leaves, smoked and very smelly dried fish, little piles of beans, bananas, oranges, lemons, coconuts, papayas, avocados, potatoes, tomatoes, lanterns, congas (strips of brightly colored cloth used to tie around them, to wear on their heads and to tie their babies on their backs), jembes (homemade axes), tea, sufarias, blankets, tea pots - all for sale and very reasonable. The outdoor markets are fascinating and an array of color and activity. You bring a basket or buy one there and then join the happy shoppers. And, oh how they love to bargain and chatter. It's their way of life. I never tired of visiting their markets (almost as fun as going to the mall stateside!).

## NHOWE MISSION

On July 27th, we arrived at Nhowe Mission some ninety miles from Salisbury, S. Rhodesia. It was night, and everyone was in bed. We finally located Dr. Margie Sewell's house and knocked at their door, dirty and travel worn. We had heard Dr. Sewell speak several years before at college and told her of our interest in going to Africa. She told Andrew that so many people expressed that same interest but very few ever made it. She looked at Andrew and said, "And you'll never make it either". So Andrew was eager to show her that she was wrong - we did make it! But she spiked his guns, for when she heard him hollering to open up, she said, "Andrew Connally, I knew you'd make it." Dr. Margie Sewell, Ann Burns and Boyd Reece were the only three working at the mission from the states at that time, and they were wonderfully hospitable and encouraging to us. The mission was beautiful, and they were doing a good work with a large congregation, a



very nice school and preacher training, as well as a medical clinic run by Dr. Sewell. Margie took us to her clinic and showed me how to recognize the most common ailments and how to doctor them. Among them were malaria, burns, dysentery, infected eyes, scabies, tropical ulcers, snake bites and pootsies (little worms that got under your skin). She gave me a list of medicines I should get and so helped me to pack my medicine kit. I felt confident and ready. I had a lot to learn!

Andrew preached for the first time with an interpreter. He seemed born to it, and it was like watching a fast ping-pong game. He preached a good sermon and five came to be baptized. We all walked down to the river and watched Andrew baptize his first converts. It was a beautiful sight and very inspiring standing on that creek bank under the bright African sun. I loved hearing them sing the familiar hymns in their own language. I was happy we had come and looked forward to helping begin a new mission in our chosen field, Nyasaland.

We saw our first African wedding at Nhowe, and it was a very moving experience for me. They had decorated the church building with palm leaves and wild flowers. The bride wore a white dress and the groom a black suit, a Christian wedding as they called it. We joined in their feast of rice and boiled chicken. One of the African babies took to me and I carried her around for



Claudene holding baby at Nhowe Mission

most of the celebration. She wore a cap and dress, but no diaper or panties, an interesting custom that saves a lot of washing. (But I was a little nervous about it).

We loved our visit to Nhowe and it was good to see what could be accomplished, but we knew we must push on to our destination.

## LAST PART OF THE JOURNEY

Our next destination was Chimala and then on to Ailsa, Tanganyika (now Tanzania) where the Caskeys were to work at a preacher training school with Eldred Echols and Eldred's brother and sister-in-law, Roy and Sadie Echols. Ailsa was on top of a mountain some 7,000 feet in elevation. The roads continually got worse and dustier. It took us 2 1/2 hours to drive the last fifty-seven miles. Guy's blond hair looked a dusty red, and we were all coated with it.

But, at last we arrived at Chimala Village and Cormack's Hotel which was not far from the foot of Ailsa mountain. We learned from Mr. Cormack that Eldred was expecting us and had gone to their lower farm, Chosi, which was across the road only a few miles away. Keith Cormack, the son and "white hunter" (as they were called in those days) went and got Eldred for us. It was a happy reunion. We all ate together at the hotel and then the men all went back to Chosi Farm to sleep. Jessie, Judy, and I slept at the hotel. How I wish I could describe to you the hotel. It was quaint and picturesque - more like a motel than a hotel, but no such word as motel existed in East Africa at that time. The little mud huts with grass roofs were scattered about with no plan or reason. There were flame vines and bougainvillea growing wildly around and over some of the huts. The main building was whitewashed and had a long screened-in front porch where tea was served (we came to love the custom they have of

servicing tea at 10:00 in the morning and 4:00 in the afternoon with scones and little tomato and butter or cucumber sandwiches or sometimes marmite sandwiches (a salty beef extract). It also housed the living and dining area and one bedroom where Mr. and Mrs. Cormack slept. They had two grown-up children, a daughter and a son. The son, Keith, was a professional hunter. The outside was covered with various horns from the animals that lived nearby. All the furniture was made by hand by local carpenters and though none of it matched, it looked good together. Each dining chair was a different size and height so you could pick out one that matched your size. Quite interesting.

Just behind the main building was the only brick building, a two-story little apartment called the "honeymoon cottage" (why, I don't know). Actually, it was two rooms floor level and then two rooms over that. It had the only bathroom on the entire compound so everyone had to "take turns" using it. At the dinner table that night Keith Cormack told us about a lion they had killed a couple of weeks before and about a leopard they had caught in a trap. As I mentioned, Jessie, Judy and I slept in one of the small grass roofed cottages so we had to walk outside a ways to the bathroom. Needless to say, as I walked through the darkness to the bath, my eyes nearly bugged out of my head and my step was "quite lively". I could see leopards behind every bush as I listened to the night sounds of Africa. I had to pinch myself to believe that this was really me and that I was here at this place so primitive, so full of African history (the gold miners had stayed here years before) and so beautiful. I never dreamed in my wildest imagination that in just a few years Andrew and I would be living in this same place (In 1962 Andrew raised the money for and began Chimala Mission & Hospital at this very place) - but then that is another story for later.

Now the next morning we had to go up that beautiful

mountain that was just behind the Chimala or Cormack Hotel. It is a three mile climb up the bridle path and ten miles by road (and what a road!) and only a four-wheel drive vehicle could make it up. It had 57 hairpin bends in the road, and you had to back up on most of them at least once to get around the curves. Eldred had a jeep, so he filled it up with our luggage, Guy and Judy, and started up to the mission. He said he would return for us or we could walk up the bridle path (I think he must have been chuckling on the inside when he told us "green horns" that bit of news.) So Andrew and I and Jessie and Guy David assured him that we would love the hike up. (And when I say hike up, I mean UP! It seemed to me that every step was up, like climbing stairs). Eldred said that if we made it well to the first plateau we could make it fine. It was very cool when we first started up, but it wasn't long till we had shed everything we could, and I was taking frequent swigs from the canteen of water. When we reached the first plateau, I thought surely death was near as my lungs felt like they were collapsing and my poor legs were trembling beneath me, but I bravely kept these thoughts to myself. On we went, stopping often to pant for breath. I glanced at my feet often thinking surely I had stepped on something that was making my feet feel like they each weighed a ton. The second hour we all, except Guy David, dropped unashamedly to the ground every 12 to 15 steps. In all fairness I must admit that Andrew and I were bringing up the rear as we were both carrying a few extra pounds! Once I remember lying prostrate over a big rock when Guy David "smartly" said, "Now look tired while I take your picture". At that point, I couldn't muster up the energy to even lift my head off the rock. I was carrying the water bottle and I kept having the vision of dropping back, lying down and drinking the rest of the water, but I with great courage and fortitude resisted this temptation. Finally, Guy David offered to run on up, get more water and come back to meet us. We

said, "have at it or get out of our sight or something like that". But, after a good rest, about half way up, we seemed to get our second wind. Soon the air seemed to be getting thin, and once I looked at Andrew and he looked a bit green around the gills again.

Finally, after about 3 ½ hours, we heard voices above us (at first I thought it was God calling me home). It was Guy David and Roy Echols coming down to meet us with water. Roy had brought the jeep to the top of the mountain - how good it was - the water, that is, and how glad we were to see the top and the jeep and Roy and even Guy David (teenagers are half mountain goats anyway!) Sadie and Roy Echols were working with Eldred at the preacher training school on top of this mountain - of all places! Sadie had a wonderful breakfast waiting for us and after three eggs and nine biscuits, I knew I was going to make it. Roy and Sadie were a wonderful couple and were like another set of parents to us.

## CHAPTER 3

### THE MISSION AT AILSA

The mission was beautiful. Eldred was a horticulturist, and I had never seen so many different kinds of flowers and plants. He also had a delightful vegetable garden with the most beautiful carrots you've ever seen. What fun we had exploring the mountain top, meeting the student preachers and their families, seeing their little cottages and enjoying the cooler climate at 7200 feet elevation. We walked up to their water supply head and saw how it gravity fed into the tanks on the mission and then on into the houses. They had a power plant so they had what you might call "occasional electricity". They also had several types of lamps and lanterns which we used when the plant was not running for some reason or another. Generally, it came on at dark and was off by 10:00 P.M. so woe is the man (or woman) who mis-places his flashlight (or torch as it is called in Africa) around ten. You can get caught in the weirdest places when the lights go out.

The church and/or school building was very simple with low benches and no backs. It didn't take long for me to get a backache in that position, and I nearly laughed when I looked over at Andrew and his chin was almost resting on his knees. I think he was glad when it was his time to stand up. He taught the class that day, Guy preached the sermon, and Eldred led the singing. It was again with interpreters and very interesting. The songs sometimes sounded like chants because they use the same songs we sing, but their words have many more syllables than do ours, so several words or syllables would come out for the one note. It sounded very beautiful. Oddly enough, the Africans never seem to notice that there are no backs on the benches and never even squirm around. Of course, the women have their babies hanging on their backs tied on with a conga,

so I guess backs would just be in the way. I learned early on to watch out when you are sitting behind a baby on its mother's back or your feet may get soaked. If the floors are dirt, it soaks in, but if they are cement, the Mama usually throws her leg over the back of the bench, takes her bare foot and spreads it around so it will dry faster. It's rather ingenuous. A chicken came to the church services and walked unconcernedly down the aisle. No one paid much attention to it so I guessed it was a usual occurrence. I heard about one of the "old time" missionaries that picked up a snake by the tail when he was preaching, snapped its head off and kept right on preaching. I was duly impressed and prayed for "simple chicken" visitors.

The Echols had a man that worked for them that quite fascinated me as he had his teeth filed to points. I had heard this was done back when the slavers were capturing the Africans for slaves. They would mar themselves so they would not be taken as slaves. Somehow the custom continued at times even though slave days were long gone. Maybe they had forgotten the original purpose or thought it attractive, but Gideon, for whatever purpose, had the filed teeth. He had a lot of toothaches, but was a very friendly and industrious worker. When I would come into the kitchen or sitting room, he would have the fires roaring to take off the chill of the early mornings and he would have hot tea piping hot. I always loved spaghetti and made it quite often while there, and Gideon gave me my name of Memsaab Spaghetti. The Africans usually give the white people names, sometimes two, one they call them to their face and one they call them to their backs. Very interesting. Eldred was called Bwana Masharuba (the man with the beard because he wore a beard), and they called Andrew Bwana Mkubwa (the Big Bwana - and if you know Andrew you will know why he was given that name). Most of the Africans were small people, and Andrew looked like a giant to them.

One morning Gideon came running out of Eldred's bedroom screaming "nyoka". Well, it didn't take me long to learn that meant "snake". Roy went in and killed it. It was a Boomslang, one of the only poisonous snakes that live at that elevation. Needless to say after that, when I went into my bedroom at night, I took a flashlight and looked under the bed, around the room and even in the bed before I got in it. A few days later, another one was killed in the classroom. Eldred had assured us that he had seen very few snakes at that elevation. Well, I had news for him - two was a lot in just a few days, as far as I was concerned. We also had our share of bats. They would sometimes get in our rooms at night. When they visited my bedroom, I would go down under the covers, head and all and not come out till morning when they would be hanging upside down somewhere out of the way. I wondered where that brave girl was that came over on the SS Frank Lykes!

Guy, Eldred and Andrew drove to Dar-es-Salaam on the coast (and at that time the capital city and the only city of any size in Tanganyika) to get our pick-ups that had arrived there. When they were driving back up the "57 hair pin bend" road, our pick-up broke down on the road. The accelerator broke, it wouldn't kick in 4-wheel drive, and the side was bashed in by a bolder that was in the way as he backed up for



Guy Caskey, Andrew, & Eldred Echols - Ailsa, Tanganyika



one of the sharp curves. Other than that, it got here in pretty good condition (little did we know that little "cab-over" job was totally depraved from the start). Guy David and Andy (I called him that sometimes in those days) went back down the mountain to try and get it up. Andrew drove while David worked the accelerator by hand - I'm glad I wasn't with them to see it. Andrew brought me gifts from the "big city", an ivory necklace, a jewelry box, a primas lamp, a linoleum, a water filter, and a tea kettle, essentials to living in Africa. He had to tie the linoleum onto the side of the vehicle so you couldn't open one door, and I shutter to think of the hundreds of miles we traveled after that with that linoleum tied to the side. But, I was very proud of the linoleum when we built our mud house later in Nyasaland.

While the men were in Dar, they heard that the Asian flu was going round. I think they brought it back with them because one by one everyone started coming down with something - tight chest, high fever, etc. Jessie Lee had brought Penicillin with her, and she told me that it was time I learned to give shots and might just as well start on Andrew since he was very sick. The very thought made me feel sick myself, but I worked up my courage and went into Andrew's bed. One look at me with needle in hand and he began to get better, but I didn't let him get off that light. The first try, I lost my nerve half way in and the needle was just hanging there, half in and half out. Andrew was yelling, "get it out or in" so I got it out and had to start all over again. Well, I finally did it, but decided that shot giving was not one of my talents. Andrew agreed. But, everyone survived and we all got over the Asian Flu, if that's what it was.

About this time the lizards decided to invade, and every time I opened a drawer a lizard head would pop up staring at me with his little beady eyes. I just had to put up with that as I wouldn't try to catch them. Andrew thought it a great joke and

said they didn't take up that much room. I planned to get even with him when he got the flu again.

## FIRST TRIP TO TOWN

Sadie, Jessie, Judy and I decided to go in for supplies to Mbeya, our nearest town of any size, and also to get the mail. This was my first trip down the mountain and it was an experience I will never forget. Jessie was the brave one so she drove. Believe me, there were 57 hair pin curves because I counted them! You creep up to the edge of the curve and try not to look down at the vast space beneath you, then you back up hoping you don't hit the mountain or boulder behind you. It was a "breath-taking" experience any way you looked at it. We finally got down all in one piece and continued our 50 mile journey on into Mbeya over a wash-board road that could loosen your teeth if you didn't keep a grip on them. It was good to see a town again, and we checked into the Mbeya Hotel which seemed rather modern after our weeks in the bush (although only just a few weeks before it had seemed very primitive). We were in very high spirits that evening during our six course dinner. We decided that the dogs and cats that wandered through the dining room added a lot of "color" to the place. However, one black cat under our table gave me quite a fright when his long tail curled up my leg and lap from under the white starched table cloth. It looked too much like a "nyoka" for comfort. I nearly upset the table! We decided to go to the bioscope (the name they used for movie theater). It was an experience that I will never forget. It had a plank floor and the seats looked kind of like lawn chairs that leaned back with cushions on the bottoms covered with feed sacks. They had two price tickets, and according to the price you paid, you could either sit half way up or half way back and a little fence divided the two. The Usher padded around in shorts and bare

feet. Just as it started, everyone jumped out of their seats, and I thought sure there must be a fire, but realized that they were playing the Tanganyika National Anthem, and we were just to stand and face the flag. I learned that this is always done at the beginning of every movie. They don't have continuous movies, but a time set for "the film". We saw the "Living Desert", and once I looked down and saw a rat running across in front of us. It kind of blended the show in with reality. We learned that if you want candy or a cold drink, you have to go to the bar. We all wanted something, but no one wanted to go into the bar to get it. Finally, we nominated Jessie to go - since she was brave enough to drive down the mountain then we reasoned that surely she would be brave enough to go into the bar. She did, and we enjoyed our lukewarm cokes. When you ask for a cold coke in Africa, they reach back on the shelf behind them, feel of the bottle, and then tell you, "yes, this one feels cold". I am convinced that the word "cold" in Swahili does not mean the same as the English word "cold". We had a delightful evening and felt quite rejuvenated.



Jessie Lee Caskey & Claudene - shopping in African Market

The next morning we did the shopping for supplies. I spent 47 shillings and had no idea how much that was, but I purchased a snake bite kit as everyone said that was a must for living in the bush. After reading the symptoms and instructions, etc., I was not encouraged. It seemed that if you are bitten by a Black or Green Mamba, you have about three seconds to get the serum into your system or you better say your prayers fast. I prayed fervently that I would never need to use the thing.

The only thing that marred my complete happiness of our trip was dreading going back up that mountain, and when the time came, my stomach was doing flip-flops even before we started up. Jessie and Sadie were in the cab, and Judy and I were sitting on the back of the pickup as before. About half way up and as we were getting onto the sharper curves, it happened. We were backing up to the edge of the drop off (I was looking down into the tops of the trees below) when Jessie changed gears. We jumped forward, and the motor died. Jessie put on the emergency brake, but it wasn't holding, and she yelled for us to get out and get a rock. By the time my feet hit the ground, I think I had said the prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep" about a dozen times. Now, why I reverted back to my childhood prayer, I do not know, but I was saying it over and over again. I got a rock, and by this time Sadie was out getting rocks, too. We jammed them behind the wheels. Finally, Jessie was able to get the motor started, and we made it on up the road to the gorge. We only had two planks across the gorge, so I had to crawl across the planks again and direct Jessie so she could place one wheel on each plank. The planks groaned and creaked, and my heart stood still as she crept over, but she made it safely across. We finally arrived back at the mission. My bed felt good that night.

We made one trip up into the mountains behind Ailsa

while we were there. We went up to 9,200 feet, and it was quite cold in the morning. We took a picnic lunch and watched the Colobos monkeys play in the trees. The Africans that live in that area are very short in stature but very sturdy as they would have to be to survive the cold. The road up was terrible, but the sights were something to see. The men fished for trout in the streams, and we took lots of pictures.

### TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE

At our last church service at Ailsa, two of the student preachers preached and did a very good job. One of them preached on Repentance, and one of the illustrations he used was that a man who once beat his wife regularly had stopped beating her - that was repentance. Their illustrations are quite to the point! During the service a rooster, a hen, and some chicks came walking through the building. Andrew got up and, flapping his arms, yelled "shew, shew". He made such a commotion that it was all I could do to keep my composure. He disturbed the service much more than the chickens did. We had a lot to learn!

That night, our last night at Ailsa, Eldred got out some kind of contraption that he had brought over to make carbonated water and made some root beer to drink. It was quite tasty and was a nice going away treat.

It was a sad day when we had to say good-bye to the Caskeys and Echols - almost like leaving home again, but we knew it was time for us to continue our journey to our chosen field of work, Nyasaland. So, we packed up all our gear, linoleum tied on the side, and off we went to our adventure. What lay in store for us, we did not know, but we left it in the hands of God. Our spirits were high.

When we got to Mbeya, we stopped and bought a few more supplies. We left our vehicle that night in the police

compound in hopes that nothing would be stolen. There are no such things as taxis so we had to walk back from the police station to the hotel. It started getting dark, and it was rather spooky walking. I found that I could walk really fast when I am scared. This was one of several such walks, and Andrew could hardly keep up with me. He thought surely that I had grown wings. We got back safely after nearly bumping into some Africans on the road. They were impossible to see. There were no lights anywhere, and the moon had not yet come up. We stayed at the hotel that last night and enjoyed it very much.

## CHAPTER 4

### NYASALAND

We had to go through customs as Nyasaland is a separate country from Tanganyika. I might mention here that we had an African man traveling with us now. Echols sent him along - I think because he thought we were going to be "babes in the forest". Apollo Ngwira spoke about thirteen or so languages and was a big help to us with interpreting. He was a lot of company, too, and we were glad to have him with us. We had a flat at customs, and Andrew and Apollo both got filthy dirty changing it. We were making a good start. The roads in Nyasaland were called "washboards", and you can imagine why. Our cab-over jeep pickup started shimmying on the washboard roads. Andrew tried everything and every speed trying to make it stop. Sometimes he could make it stop by driving with one wheel off the road. I could see that this was going to be a trip to remember. Most of the time I had to put my arm over the side of the window and hang on for dear life to keep my head from hitting the top. The pickup was not a



The totally depraved pickup

three passenger as the engine was kind of in between the two front seats. Apollo sat on it for awhile, but it was so rough that he finally decided to try riding in the back on top of the supplies. It was rough either way, but Africans are tough and they definitely do not complain.

We ate canned meat, peanut butter and rolls that Jessie had made for the trip as there were no hotels in Northern Nyasaland and no place to stop and eat. How we wished for a McDonalds or anywhere to stop and eat and get cold drinks. But these luxuries were things of the past. I remember Andrew used to be fond of saying, "Can you just imagine, there are people back in the states just driving by places where you could get food, cold drinks and ice cream, and they don't even stop! If they only knew!" It was one of our favorite conversations.

We drove to a little place called Chisenga where there was a rest house. The country of Nyasaland, at that time, was a British protectorate so there were a few Britishers scattered around as officials in different realms. These rest houses were built by the British for their officials to stay in when traveling, but if they were empty, any traveler could spend the night there. Usually, they had two bedrooms, occasionally three or four. They had a dining room, usually a porch for sitting and a kitchen out back with a wood stove for cooking or heating your food. There would be an African caretaker, and he would fix you some food, if you furnished it, and even some hot tea. We were always glad to come upon a rest house, and this was the first of many such havens of rest. A young English couple was staying nearby, Ina and Sam Gow. They were delighted to see us and insisted that we have dinner with them. Needless to say, we accepted the invitation with thanksgiving. They were so friendly and hospitable and very religious folk. We had a devotional with them and learned that they had services for the Africans every Sunday. They also insisted we eat breakfast



with them the next morning which we were pleased to do as our breakfast would have been crackers and jelly at best. Sam had our flat fixed for us that morning. We told them good-bye and continued our journey.

As we entered the area of Rumpi where we were to work, we stopped by the road for a picnic. We had about twelve children watch us eat our meager lunch and gave the children each a piece of hard candy. Their intelligent and curious faces took on grins that were hard to resist. We didn't stop at Rumpi as we had to go on to the south of Nyasaland where there are two towns, Blantyre and Zombi. There we had to get permission to stay and work.

We got to the little community of Mzimba that night and found another rest house for which we were thankful. We had bought two cans of spaghetti somewhere, and the caretaker opened them and heated them for us. He served it with the formality of a headwaiter at a nice hotel. We were very tired and hungry when we went to bed that night, but we slept soundly on the hard, lumpy beds. Once tucked into the mosquito nets, we dreamed of hamburgers, malts and french fries.

The next morning, after eating our peanut butter, jelly and crackers, we continued our journey. We passed a store at Kasunga and stopped and bought some more "dog eat" as we called it. Undoubtedly, that canned meat had been mis-marked somewhere down the line. We asked if they had any cold cokes. The African storekeeper took one off the shelf behind him, felt of it, and said "Yes, this one feels cold". So, I took it with my grubby hand - we were covered with dust as usual, and poured it down my dry throat. I had learned another lesson - don't ever say you won't drink a warm coke. One of the strangest things to me was that you could find Cokes and Fanta orange in all the "bush" stores. I hand it to the Coca-Cola company, they have covered the world with their

product. You come upon a most primitive looking store and find a Coca-Cola sign. It brings a touch of civilization as you have one common word in all languages. You may think this a very trivial thing, but somehow that sign "Coca-Cola" was endearing to me.

After some more traveling over the dusty roads and going off and on the road to try and stop the shimmying, we came upon a small thriving metropolis, Lilongwe. They even had a small hotel (not with private baths, but a path down the hall to the community bath). It looked wonderful to us. What luxury! And, they even had electric lights. What a treat. I just enjoyed turning them on and off. Most of the rest houses had lamps and lanterns. The food tasted so good, and it was fun dressing up for dinner. You were required to wear ties to dinner. Can you believe it - in the middle of the bush! The British are very proper, and they love their customs, one of which is to "dress" for dinner. It did not matter how dirty your suit was or how wrinkled or how out of date. The only thing that mattered was if you had on a tie. Later, I came to admire them for maintaining their dignity in the most trying of circumstances.

We traveled on to Zomba, the capital city. We had to cross over a river on a barge that was pulled by cable by hand. That was a stimulating experience to say the least. We left Apollo in Zomba to find a man, Chi Tabu, that we had heard about. He was supposed to be a Christian, converted some years ago by an Englishman.

We drove on to Blantyre, the largest city in Nyasaland. At that time, there were 2,850 Europeans and 270,000 Africans living there. Imagine our surprise to find pavement between Zomba and Blantyre. It was only one lane and swarmed with bicycles, but a pleasant change.

We made an appointment to see the land officer to try and get permission to begin our mission. We were getting

anxious to begin our work.

The weekend was upon us. On Sunday morning, we picked up Apollo. He had gotten directions to find Chi Tabu. It took us off the main road and onto a bicycle path. The going got pretty rough before we found a group of people meeting for church services with Chi Tabu. They were to have ten baptisms that day, and we began a very long walk to the river. Chi Tabu preached a short sermon between each baptism, and talked to the candidate. They then sang a song between each baptism. The whole service took a couple of hours, and the sun was beaming down really hot by noon time. (I thought longingly of my straw hat that I had so carelessly tossed in the ocean). Then we walked back to their mud block, thatch roofed church building and began the service. A man would preach for awhile and then someone would stand up and interrupt by starting a song. This went on until about 4:00 P.M. We learned that the singing during the sermon was to keep everyone awake and alert. Sounds like a pretty good idea, and we wondered how that would go over in the states. He seemed to be preaching the truth although we noticed that the communion was not "fruit of the vine" but looked and tasted more like guava juice. There were very few grapes in the country at that time.

Some of their illustrations were quite interesting. One preacher was preaching on "putting to death our members which are upon the earth, fornication, etc." He said when you bury someone, you do not leave an arm or a hand or anything sticking out, but you bury it all so we should bury all our sins. Well, I would never have thought about putting it just like that, but I never forgot it. I can still picture a leg or an arm sticking out of that grave. He also told his brethren how fortunate we are to have bicycles to ride on as the Apostles had to walk everywhere. I thought about our old shimmying pickup, and was thankful!

We were able to meet with them one more time before we left the area, and they treated us with less suspicion and more hospitality. They even served us hot tea and a piece of dry bread after the services were over. The tea tasted very smoky, but by holding my breath, I was able to get it down. We were very appreciative of them to share their meager fare. One lady gave me three eggs and another a pawpaw (papaya), a very generous gesture.

We met a British couple at the hotel, Barbara and Doug Dickinson and their little daughter, Gillian. This turned out to be a lovely diversion for us as they asked us over several times, and we had them come to the hotel where we were staying to eat with us. I remember their little girl could not say Connally and called us "Golliwog". These nice people helped us pass the time at a very difficult time, as the government officials kept putting us off and off and off. They also took us for a day out to see a tea plantation. It was beautiful - bright green bushes rather flat on top. There were hundreds of acres of this tea, and it was terraced and mingled with big shade trees. On the way there we saw our first witch doctor. He had on a big feathered headdress, and his face was painted with white paint. He was doing some sort of a dance or ceremony right in the road. I wanted to stop and take a picture, but Doug didn't think this wise. I was fascinated.

To make a long story short, it took us about eighteen days to finally get the land grant confirmed. It was a tedious, nerve wracking experience, but they finally agreed that we could have 30 acres on a year to year lease, and if we spent the agreed amount of money on improving the property, we would get a 66 or 99 year lease. We still had to clear it with the District Commissioner at Rumpi near where the property was. It was a happy day, and with much relief, we packed up to leave. What a job that was, as we had collected more supplies to take with us.

The last night we were there, we went up a mountain near Zomba and stayed at a lovely hotel that we had heard about. It had a one way road going to it, and you had to go up on the hour and down on the half-hour to keep from meeting someone. There was a breathtaking trout stream up there, and the water leaped over tier after tier of stair step rocks. From the patio in front of the hotel, you could see all of Zomba.

### FLYING TRIP BACK TO SALSBURY

We had learned that the Gilliams and Judds were to come in to Salisbury soon, so we decided to make a flying trip back to Salisbury as we realized, by looking at the map, that we were closer to Salisbury from Blantyre than we would be from Rumpi.

There are a lot of things that maps do not tell you! We had to go through Portuguese East Africa to get there, and the roads were so shocking that I don't know how to describe them. I again had to clamp my arm over the side of the opened window to keep from being thrown onto the floor. Once, I remember wiping the dirt off my glasses with my sticky, dirty fingers and saw fourteen guinea fowls on the road. Another time I looked up and saw a deep hole in the middle of the road, and realized we were going too fast to stop. Andrew quickly accessed the situation, straddled it, and the wheels dipped in on each edge, but we made it across without mishap. We had to go through customs on the borders, and what a pain! They checked everything. We were very glad that we had left Apollo back at Zomba with most of our goods. It kept getting hotter and hotter that day and dustier and dustier. We had run out of water and only had a hot coke or two and a few cans of food to get us through. I knew we were getting dehydrated, and once I was sure that my eyes were glazing over but found that it was only the dirt on my glasses. I would have given all

my clothes for a glass of cold water. We came into a little town called Tete about 6:00 P.M. And joy of joys, they had a small hotel. We later learned that people in that area used the expression "hot as Tete" instead of that other term that we sometimes use. Believe me, it was hot - even our rooms were hot. But, we dragged our mattresses off the beds onto the balcony and drank water and cold drinks until we could hardly turn over. We left Tete the next morning and, if possible, the roads got worse and worse and "worsen". We had to cross the Zambesi River on a barge, but we finally reached the other side - went through customs again.

We finally reached our destination and waited several days in Salisbury for the Judds and Gilliams. Finally the Gilliams showed up, but the Judds never did while we were there. The Gilliams were undecided as to what they were going to do, but we realized that we must go on back and get to Rumpi and take up the land grant before the government officials changed their mind.

While there, we attended a wedding with Brother Reece again. It was so interesting. It was a "Christian wedding" again, and the bride was dressed in white. The bridesmaid also had on white, and the men all had on black with bow ties (where they got them I do not know). The audience sang as the procession came in. First was the preacher, then the bride and groom and then the attendants. There were strings across the ceiling with blossoms of the lavender jacaranda trees hanging from the strings. After the ceremony, everyone waited in front of the church until the bride and groom came out. Then some African girls danced in front of the bride and groom. The bride and groom were led by these dancers to the village where the "reception" was to be. There was much shouting, clapping and laughing. They insisted we eat with them. They had chicken, tripe, fish, and their typical corn meal mush (their staple diet). The mush is

cooked very stiff, and you eat with your hands only. There are no utensils. You pinch off a piece of the mush, stick your thumb in it to make a dipper, then you dip it into the boiled chicken or soupy vegetable and get some in the little hole in your bite of mush. As I watched, it appeared that they popped it into their mouths and swallowed. I decided to give it a try. I pinched off a bit of mush, stuck my thumb in it, then eased it off my thumb and then into the "relish" as they call it. It wasn't as easy as it looked, and I dripped a bit here and there. I popped it into my mouth and began to chew. The longer I chewed, the bigger it got, and soon I was in an awful mess. Finally, I bravely tried to swallow it, and nearly choked to death. Boyd looked at me sympathetically and whispered, "don't chew it, just swallow it". I had a lot to learn still. They were cooking the mush in a large drum over an open fire and stirring it with long poles. They were serving something to drink that looked very much like the chocolate milk I used to pretend to make when I was a kid by mixing dirt and water. I never got the nerve to try it so I don't know what it was, but I suspect that it was similar to my childhood "chocolate milk". I really didn't want any because right after Andrew took a big gulp of it, Boyd looked at him and nonchalantly asked him if he had his typhoid shots. Of course, Andrew just had to dance around a bit with the dancing girls, and it looked very much like an elephant trying to do the mambo.

## THE TRIP BACK AND ON TO RUMPI

Needless to say, the trip back across Portuguese East Africa was no better than going except that we did know what to expect so we took more water, but there was no way to keep it cool so we ended up drinking warm water, eating hot tomatoes and dry crackers (not saltines!) and "dog food". Oh yes, and we had bought a few sweet biscuits in Salisbury (that's

what they call cookies). Crossing the Zambesi on a barge was just as hair-raising as it was the first time. Our pickup had been worked on in Blantyre and Salisbury, but no one could figure out why it was shimmying. So, we shimmied on across the country until we finally reached Zomba, Nyasaland again and picked up Apollo and our goods.

We left about 6:00 A.M. the next morning because we knew we would have at least two hard days of travel before we reached our destination. We had to cross another river (the Shiri) and again it was a hand-pulled barge that you had to balance your pickup on. They always wanted you to get out of your vehicle and stand beside it on the barge. I guess in case the vehicle slid off the barge you would be free to swim for it. Unfortunately, I couldn't swim, so it was with bated breath that I crossed on these treacherous contraptions. Andrew seemed to enjoy it - why, I don't know. I guess some people just have a taste for roughness.



An African ferry - my favorite way to cross a river!

About 10:30 that morning we had our first flat of the day. Andrew and Apollo changed the tire, and we were on our



way. In another hour and a half, we had another flat. This time they had to repair the tube as we didn't have another spare. In about another hour the linoleum fell off the side of the truck so we had to stop again to fix that. After that the truck started shimmying so badly that Andrew could hardly hold it on the road. We reached Lilongwe township about 3:00 that after- noon and were glad that they had a small hotel and a garage. We left the truck in the garage and went to the hotel. It was wonderful to get a bath and a good meal.

The next day the truck was not ready until 4:30 that afternoon, but we decided to get on with our trip. It wasn't long until we had a flat. You may wonder about so many flats, but if you could see those dirt roads with rocks sticking out here and there, you would better understand it. Right after dark, we had another flat. We discovered that one tire was ruined, cracked all to pieces and one other had a nail in it. Andrew patched the tube, and we started off once more. We drove slowly after this hoping not to have another flat until we reached Mzimba. They had two rest houses, but one was quarantined and locked up. The other only had two bedrooms, and they were both full. We were too tired to go on so we slept in the dining room on the floor. It had unexpectedly turned cold, and we just crawled under a quilt, dirt and all. We slept like the dead, and I decided I must be getting tough as I wasn't even sore the next morning.

We woke up about 6:30 and decided we had better get out of there before someone saw us. We looked absolutely awful. Our clothes were crumpled and filthy (we all had sat in the dirt fixing the flat - I was holding the flashlight). Andrew's bur haircut was growing out, and my ponytail was unraveled and stiff. We took one look at one another and had a good laugh. We ate a peanut butter sandwich on some very dry bread and left for our destination, Rumpi. We checked into the rest house and then checked at the Post Office to see if we had

any mail come in. We had given the Post Office name to our friends back home. And wonder of wonders, we had thirty-one letters. That touch with civilization was a welcome diversion. We finally got all the dirt washed off of us in cold water as there was no hot water in the day time.

The next morning we went to see the District Commissioner, an Englishman (Nyasaland was a British protectorate at that time). He was very nice, but didn't seem to be in any hurry to do anything. He showed us on the map where the land was and said we would have to go and see the chief and sub-chief to get their permission and then make re-application. We were stunned as we thought this was all settled. We learned that nothing is ever simple in Africa.

## CHAPTER 5

### CHIEF CHIKULAMAYEMBE

Andrew's spirit was not dampened. There were two stores in Rumpi, one named Mandala and the other Kandodo. We later learned that they were named after two early white explorers that had come through the country, one wearing glasses and the other one carried a walking cane. Mandala meant the man with glasses and Kandodo meant the man with a stick. So, we went in Kandodo and bought blankets, a lantern, sugar and tea (we had already learned that these were highly prized items). These were to be gifts to the Old Chief. Then Andrew and Apollo began to ask directions to the village of the Chief whose name we had learned was Chief Chikulamayembe. Of course, there were no roads out through the villages, so driving was pretty wild. We finally found the Chief and greeted each other politely. We had at least learned about the greetings. You always greet the person, then you ask how they are, how Mama is, how the children are, how the house is and so on and so on. Then you can slowly come to the point of your visit. This was difficult for Americans to learn as they tend to bluntly get to the point. But, we were learning. The old Chief was appreciative of the gifts we brought him, and told us that he did remember the men who had come years before and asked for a land grant to build a mission. He said the offer was still good. With much gratitude and hand shaking, we left there only to be told by the District Commissioner that we now must clear it with the Sub-Chief who was really the acting chief. When we finally got him located, things got a little more difficult. He said he did not remember the land grant and that we could not come. We later learned that he was a Presbyterian elder convert and thought we had come to steal his sheep. We assured him that this was

not our purpose, but he stood firm. My heart failed within me, but I had still to learn that the harder they made it, the more determined Andrew became.

The next day we went back to the Old Chief and told him our story, and he stood up and said he would go with us to see Smut Mhango, the sub-chief. Well, we found out who was boss around there because we got permission, - Smut or no Smut.



Andrew, Chief, Sub-Chief & Deputy

We still had to make re-application, but we felt the battle was won. Well, Smut went with us the next day to measure off the twenty acres. We were walking single file with the Chief leading. My legs were aching in no time. Boy, can they ever walk! I finally told them that I would sit down under a tree and wait for them. As their footsteps went out of hearing range, I began to hear funny noises, grunting sounds and a rustling of the underbrush. Finally, I saw something that looked gray and big. My heart was pounding, and I wondered why in the world I didn't just keep up with them. I saw a horn and then another horn, and with my back up against the tree as close as I could get, some old gray Zebu cattle appeared in my view. I don't know who was the most surprised. They stood gazing at me and the relief was overwhelming. I immediately

started looking for Andrew and the Chief and the other natives. I decided that I didn't want to take any more chances.

The land was wild and woolly, and there was a river running across the back of the property, including a few hippos and crocs. We learned of an African woman who had been washing her clothes near here recently that had lost a child to the crocodiles. I felt my hair standing on end as I backed off that river.

There was no road into the property so we knew that our first job would have to be making some sort of a road into the property from the main dirt road. We had a lot to learn.

### A TELEGRAM

We went to the Post Office and found that we had a telegram from the other missionaries, Judd and Gilliam saying that they would be at Salima "yesterday" and could we pick them up. There were no phones - telegrams sometimes took longer than letters, so we knew Andrew must take off right away to pick them up, and he knew it would be about a day and a half journey. He didn't have a spare and nowhere to buy one, and the truck was still shimmying, but they would be waiting there at the end of the railway.

We had been staying a few nights at the rest house at Rumpi, but we knew we had to get out as you are only allowed to stay there for a couple of days. We had been sitting on the kondi (porch) of the rest house discussing all this when a man nearby heard us and offered to help. I couldn't go with Andrew as there would not be room for all of us in the pickup. This nice man said that his company, the Wenela Company, had a little house in a village nearby where he stayed sometime, and he was leaving so I could stay in it for a while if I would care to. Needless to say, we said that I would care to. He said there was an African caretaker, and he would apprise him of

my coming. He gave us directions to the house, bid us good-bye, and we never saw him again.

We journeyed out to the village on the edge of town and located the house. Sure enough it was in an African village, had mud walls and a thatch roof, but seemed quite nice (according to African standards). There was a little sitting area and table where you could eat, a bedroom, a kitchen with only a fireplace in it, and the most "modern" bath you could ever imagine. It had a #3 washtub and a wooden seat with a bucket under it. The only light I had was a tiny little lamp. Andrew dropped me off with a few supplies (like tea, a few canned goods, sugar, and kerosene) and left on his journey. The caretaker came in and asked me if I would like him to make a fire in the fireplace so I could cook supper. I said, well, yes, but with not the slightest idea how you cooked in a fireplace. We ending up hanging a kettle over the fire and putting a pot with my canned beans on the coals. The smoke was so thick in the kitchen that I would have to hold my nose, run in and stir my beans and run out. I could tell that the caretaker was greatly amused by the "green" memsaah (or Dona, as the women were called in Nyasa), but at least he didn't laugh out loud. I ate my meager meal and decided I might as well get ready for bed. My new friend brought in some water and poured it into the #3 tub. I quickly washed off (I think it took me about a half minute), got ready for bed and lit my lamp. It was getting dark, and I couldn't think of anything to do with no more light than that, so I blew it out and jumped under the mosquito net and into the bed. Right by the bed was a rather large window, and my eyes seemed locked on that window. I could imagine all sorts of critters coming through the window (they do not have screens in Africa). I was just settling down, wondering how far along Andrew had gotten on his journey, when I heard voices coming toward the house. I sat straight up in bed and felt the hair on the back of my neck crawling

upwards. Someone began knocking on my door, and I was stunned into action. I jumped out of the bed and ran to the door, not daring to open it. I said, "What do you want?" - not exactly calmly. They were jabbering in Chitumbuka, and I couldn't understand a word they were saying. I said, "Can you tell me in English?" Then one voice said, "Yes, Dona, there is a leopard in the garden behind your house - would you please come out and shoot it?"

With eyes as big as saucers trying to see through the door, I said, "No, I cannot come out and shoot it - I don't have a gun. You will have to walk into Rumpi and get the policeman". I got a very disgusted response, but they finally left the door. I climbed back into the bed, and this time, I really couldn't take my eyes off that window opening. Could a leopard jump through the window? I didn't know, and I didn't dare to close my eyes. Finally, after sitting there rigidly for what seemed about an hour, I heard voices again and a shot. I finally relaxed and fell into a deep sleep, dreaming of all sorts of things chasing me. The next morning I never saw the leopard, but found out several days later that the policeman did come and shoot it - but, the "it" turned out to be a cow instead of a leopard and the policeman was terribly embarrassed about it. It was all the same to me that night as if it had been the very devil himself.

## THE CHIMBOOZI

Well, I already mentioned this indoor, outdoor bathroom I had with the wooden seat and the bucket underneath (called a chimboози). Well, the next morning I went in to use it and just as I sat down, I felt a draft. I jumped up and saw a black hand removing the bucket. I stood staring down at this "interesting phenomenon" and then realized that there must be a trap door on the outside wall. Like I said, I still had a lot to learn.

## VISITORS

I had a visitor, a white woman, from Rumpi named Betty Campian. I had been told that it was very impolite not to serve tea when you had a visitor so I thought that I had to serve tea. Can you imagine trying to get a fire going and water boiling in a fireplace. I would run into the smoky kitchen to see if the water was boiling and then dash back out and try to act nonchalant in front of my guest. Then I started looking for three cups (she had her little boy with her). I finally found three cups, but they were dirty, chipped and they didn't match. I quickly rinsed them in a bucket (we didn't have running water). I didn't find a sugar bowl, and I didn't have any milk (the British always serve hot tea with milk and sugar), so I went ahead and prepared the cups in the kitchen and after a very long wait, I finally served the tea. How young and dumb I was. We laughed about it later when we became good friends with Betty and Frank Campian. They were an English couple working for the government there - lovely people who became some of our dearest friends. When we started having services, they came regularly, studied with us and became Christians. They had two children who were irresistible! Although I am jumping ahead, I will never forget when Betty and Frank decided they wanted to be baptized. We went to a river that was very clear and looked like you could see right down to the bottom. Andrew stepped in first and went clean out of sight! Looks were deceiving, and it was only some leaves that had settled down a ways instead of the bottom. It struck us all funny, and we had to take a break, relax and re-think ourselves back into the very happy but serious occasion.

I was invited to supper that night at the Campian's house and met the policeman and another couple that were in agriculture. I learned that there were about five white families that lived in Rumpi, and they all worked for the British



government. The British policeman trained black policemen, and the Agriculture bloke was teaching the Africans how to have better gardens. Then there was the District Commissioner and the game ranger, who were also British. So, life was looking brighter with someone to talk English to (although the British said we don't speak English, but American). After listening to them for awhile, I had to agree. I mean, after all, they called a hood a bonnet, a horn a hooter, a flashlight a torch, a refrigerator a fridge, a man a bloke, a napkin a serviette, a diaper a nappie, and bloody was a curse word. And, I could go on and on, but you see what I mean.

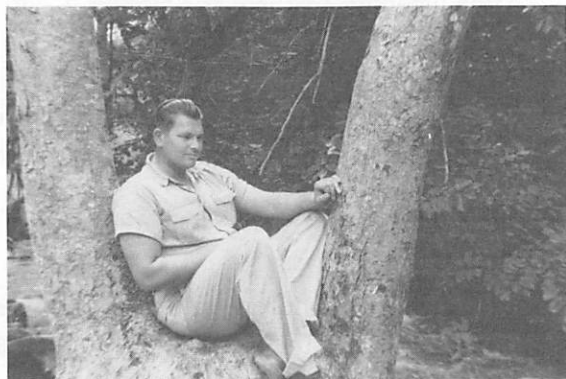
## THE RETURN OF THE WANDERERS

The next afternoon Andrew, Judd, and Doyle returned and was I every glad to see them. Andrew took them out to see the land grant, and they arranged to have three mud huts put up for us to live in. The District Commissioner had already told us that we would not have time to build anything permanent before the rains began. So we decided that if the Africans could live in mud huts, so could we. While they were gone, I got busy in my monster of a kitchen and managed to prepare enough food to keep us from starving.

We picked up Apollo from an African hotel (don't even ask) the next day, and I fixed a picnic lunch and the five of us went out to Lake Kazuni and watched the hippos. Being Sunday, we had church services under a tree, and it was very enjoyable.

Then later, we walked up the Rumpi River that runs in and around the Rumpi area. It was very beautiful and looked clear and cold running over the rocks and boulders. The assistant D.C. came out and the men all went swimming (there are two places that it gets deep enough to swim in). Apollo and I walked up further and sat on a big rock in the middle of

the river and dangled our feet in the cold water. It felt wonderful. It was a hot day, and we were all thirsty and finally succumbed to the temptation of drinking the first cold water that we had since we left Nhowe Mission. It tasted so good. We decided that any water running that fast couldn't have too many little parasites in it.



Andrew gazing into the Rumpi River (to drink or not to drink)

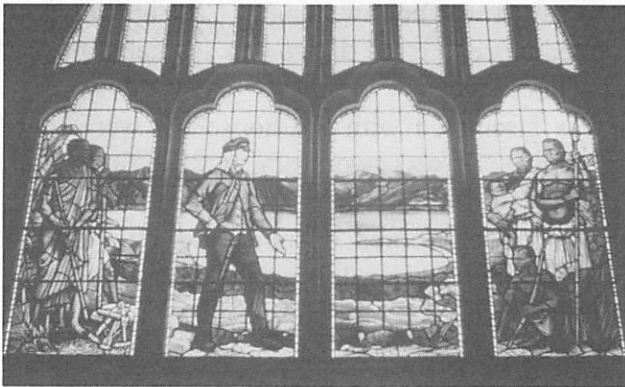
We were getting acquainted with the area and learned that there were two pretty good stores in a nearby community called Ekwendeni. So we went there the next day and bought a few supplies that we couldn't get in Rumpi. They really didn't have much more than we had at Rumpi. But, we loved the name Ekwendeni. Later on, we used to have a good laugh when Andrew would ask me if I would like to go to the Ekwendeni Nightclub that night. Of course, there was no such critter.

Well, the time had come for the men to leave again. This time Andrew was driving them all the way to Blantyre where the other wives and children were waiting. Our time was up for staying in the Wenela house, so we had been inquiring around; where I might stay. We went 25 miles up in the mountains to the famous Livingstonia Mission (a Scots

mission), and they said they had one empty house that we might rent. A family named Bone (Bob and Betty) invited me to stay with them while the men were gone. So, I was to have another interesting experience.

## LIVINGSTONIA MISSION

The men left me at Livingstonia and went on their way. I was accepted with great hospitality by the Scots people. There were several families living there, and they treated me kindly. They showed me around their mission. It was very interesting. The most exciting to me was the stained glass window in the top front of their church building. They had it sent out from Scotland. It was a picture of David Livingstone bartering with the Africans for the right to come in and teach them the Bible. It was so beautiful when the sun was shining through. Besides the lovely church building, they had a school for educating the Africans and a trade school where they taught them carpentry and other things. I was fascinated.



David Livingstone bartering with the Africans to come in & preach

The Scots people had a delightful brogue, and the strange thing was that they thought that I had one. They loved

making me talk just to listen to my "accent". Can you believe it! They especially teased me how I said, "cement", "aigs" and "it's sure good". Believe me, they had the accent! Sometimes I could hardly understand them!

They have afternoon tea like the British and usually they have several things to eat with the tea - you know the usual, like cucumber sandwiches made with butter, scones and crumpets. The first day, I ate delicately at tea time, thinking it wouldn't be long until supper. I was mistaken. Supper was much later, like 7:00 or 7:30, and it was pretty skimpy. Tasty, but slim. Usually it consisted of a one dish or two dish supper. Mr. Bone served our plates, and by the time we all had a little on our plates, the bowl was empty. I learned to bear down at "tea time." One of our favorite dishes was shepherds pie (meat with mashed potatoes on top).

They had a store so I bought a broom so I could begin cleaning the house that they were going to let us rent. But, of all things, the broom didn't have a handle. They sent me to the shop building where they attached a handle on it for me. Needless to say, it was not anything like the brooms I was used to, but looked more like the things you see being pushed down the hall at schools.

I was fascinated with the house we were to rent and live in for awhile. It was two story, but the first floor was as high as a second floor, and there was space beneath it. There were three huge bedrooms upstairs and one downstairs, a living room, a dining room, lots of halls, and a kitchen down one of the halls with a wood stove. They raked around and found us some furniture, not a lot but enough to get by. At least they found us a big table for the dining room and some chairs. With the three families of us, there would be ten of us. The Judds had three boys and one girl.

Some of the African mission children came down and helped me clean the house. It was very dusty as no one had

lived in it for awhile. I remember that there were rats and bats to deal with and white ants in the grass rugs that were on some of the floors. But, we finally got it pretty clean before they all got back again.

It was an interesting experience staying there, and I will never forget the wedding they had at the mission. A young Scottish girl came over to marry one of the single missionaries, and they had the wedding in the church building. The men all wore kilts, which was fascinating in itself.

Bob Bone was always telling me "Scottish" jokes, and I still remember one of them. I tried to decide if you would enjoy it as much as I did, but finally I couldn't resist and decided to record it here. After all, it's my book. Anyway, there was this lady that had a very precocious little girl. She just couldn't keep her mouth shut and always said just what she thought. The lady was having a gentlemen in to tea one afternoon that had a bulbous nose. She had warned her daughter that whatever she did, not to say anything about the man's nose. That afternoon, the gentlemen got there, and she was just about to serve him tea when her daughter bounced in from school. She nervously introduced them, keeping a hard eye on the girl. She noticed that the little girl never took her eyes off the man's nose, but remembering her admonition, she refrained from making a comment. Finally, the lady got the little girl to go on out and play. With a sigh, she turned back to the man and said, "Do you take milk with your nose?" I loved it!

We would go walking in the afternoons pushing the prams (see, there is another one of those words they use). I had a lovely time, but was glad to see the men get back with the wives and children.

We all moved into the big house and started trying to gather enough food to fill us all up. It wasn't easy. The men would go out and kill us a bushbuck occasionally for meat. We

bought a big bag of rice which we discovered had little white worms in it. Well, we had to have something to eat, so Dean, Louise (Judd and Doyle's wives), and I would sit at the table and spread the rice out and pick out the worms the best we could. I will never forget one night we were eating rice, and little Eddie spoke up and said in his slow Georgian accent, "Mama, Mama there's a worm in my rice." And Dean said, "Shut up, Eddie, there wasn't enough to go around." It cracked us all up and broke any tension that might have developed. She had a keen sense of humor which is a necessity in Africa.

While we women were learning to cope and settle into the big house, the men were going down to our property in the Henga Valley below getting our mud houses ready for us to move into. They were having interesting experiences, too. I remember Andrew telling about one night Judd, Doyle, and he had put up their sleeping cots in the shell of one of the houses. There were no windows or doors, just open places. Judd and Andrew had fallen asleep immediately, but Doyle lay listening to the hyenas in the distance. They seemed to be getting closer, and Doyle stepped up on the edge of Andrew's cot that was under the window. He stuck his head out the window to have a look when a nearby hyena let out a blood curdling scream. Andrew woke up, grabbing the body that was over him and thinking a leopard had jumped in on him. He wrestled him down while Doyle was screaming, "It's me!" Fortunately, Andrew realized who "me" was before he stuck his knife in him. We had a lot of laughs over that episode. But we were soon to learn that there is never a dull moment in the bush of Africa.

The women would often go down to watch the progress of the huts. We were building them in rectangles instead of the more conventional round houses called rondovals. They were to have two rooms each - one for cooking and one for living, eating, and sleeping. I was looking

forward to putting down my linoleum that had been hauled at least a thousand miles. First, sticks were stuck in the ground, then longer poles were put on top to hold up the grass roofs. Mud was applied to the sticks over and over on both sides until a wall was formed. Then thatch was applied for the roof. We used cement to make the floor although the Africans used the hard-packed earth. And when the cement dried and the mud dried, I was able to put down my bright green linoleum. I thought it lent a happy, bright look to my kitchen. It wasn't big enough for the other room. We had bought twin beds that we lined up against the wall and covered with mosquito nets. We had a table made by a local African carpenter and chairs, which were typically each a different size and height. There were two chairs made for the living room, a work table for the kitchen and a kerosene cook stove. We still had no screen netting for the windows (screens were almost unheard of in Africa) and we still had no doors, but we were anxious to move in. This was an exciting time.

During the time these huts were going up, we got word that our goods had come in at the Port of Beira, Portuguese East Africa. When we had looked at the map, it looked closer to go to Beira than Dar-es-Salaam. Well, let me tell you, maps can be deceiving! Judd, Andrew and I set off for Beira (I was determined not to get left behind this time). That was a trip to remember.

Somewhere in the middle of Portuguese East Africa, the roads just petered out. There were no road signs, no people, no one to ask, and we would get out and stare at the marks on the road to see which way looked the most traveled. Sometimes we would have as many as three to pick from. I guess we picked the right ones as we eventually got there or perhaps they all eventually went to Beira. I will never know. When we came to the Zambezi River this time, we had to put Judd's lorry (there's another one of those "English" words

meaning truck or van) on the train. So, we crossed by train. As we continued our journey, we got into a pretty bad storm, and the roads were slick and treacherous. That night we just kept driving as there was no place to stop. We came to a small river. There was a barge just about big enough to hold one vehicle, but no one was around. We saw a rather large house not far off the road. It was evident that it was not an African hut. We drove up to it, and a young Portuguese man came out who spoke perfect English. We told him our problem, and he offered to go back down to the river and get some help for us. He invited us to spend the night, but we stupidly refused his hospitality. So, he blew his whistle and Africans appeared to help us across. We drove our van up on the barge, and the men got down into the water and literally pulled it across with ropes. If I ever saw a snaky, croc infested looking river, that was it! We got across safely, but I will never know how. To this day, I can get chill bumps just thinking about that crossing.

We finally and eventually got to Beira. It was a joy to have clean water and fresh milk. We hadn't had fresh milk for a long time and drank it almost every meal. It tasted so good. We finally found our agent that was supposed to have cleared out goods, and he said our goods were not in the storage house. We insisted that they must be there as we had been notified that the ship had come in. He accompanied us to the warehouse, and we began looking for our boxes. Soon we began recognizing some of them, but the addresses were on the bottoms. Andrew raised one up and said, "See, here's our name". He just shrugged and said, "Well, the name was on the bottom!" The inefficiency of Africa never ceased to amaze us.

We gathered up our boxes, loaded them, bought a few supplies in this somewhat modern city and started the journey home. At least, we knew what to expect so things went a little smoother. Home never looked so good.



## CHAPTER 6

### MOVING INTO OUR HUTS

We packed up, told our Scottish friends good-bye, and moved into our mud huts in the Henga Valley. No electricity, no running water, no indoor bathroom, but we did have a kerosene stove and fridge. It always amazed me that you could light a wick and the fridge would get cold. The Africans also found it fascinating, but they had never had anything cold so didn't really fancy cold things. They thought we were a bit weird drinking all those cold drinks. "Ah, Bwana", they'd say, "it needs the fire".



Our first mud hut - rats, snakes, mosquitoes, rain and all

### SNAKES

It was with misgivings that I climbed into bed that first night and tucked the mosquito net tightly under the mattress. The windows and doors were still just "holes" and the drums in the distance and the night sounds added an eerie atmosphere. I don't think we ever went to bed, living there, that we didn't hear the voices of the hyenas, and I learned why they said hyenas had a thousand voices. They made many different

sounds and the most blood curdling one was when they laughed. The hysterical laugh usually ended with a sound that made me think of a woman being sliced across the throat. We also sometimes heard the grunts of lions and leopards. I used to wonder what they were saying on their drums. I imagined that they were announcing that white people had come to live among them, beware.

The next morning, I carefully climbed out of bed, shook out my shoes to make sure they hadn't been inhabited during the night and went into the kitchen to cook breakfast. I admired my linoleum, found the matches, and leaned down to light the wick on my new kerosene stove. My eye caught a movement, and there, curled up under the stove, was a rather large cobra. Needless to say, I screamed rather like that hyena last night and ran into the other room. As soon as Andrew could ascertain what all the commotion was about, he went in and killed the snake with a big stick. I was hard to pacify, but I remember some such conversation as, "Now dear, that was just a coincidence that snake found his way into your kitchen; I'm sure it wouldn't happen again in a million years". I was not greatly comforted, and with good reason, as the same thing happened the next morning. This time I leaped up on the table until Andrew disposed of this second cobra. I was crying and screamed at the top of my lungs, "YOU TOLD ME THAT IT WAS JUST A COINCIDENCE!" He answered, "Well, I'm not God, you know." "And, anyway", he said, "I forgot, they usually do come in pairs. I'm sure it won't happen again". He took me in his arms this time and comforted me, and if the truth were known, I expect he was just about as scared as I was, but he never let it show.

Well, I didn't find another one under my stove, but we did kill other snakes in the house and yard, and most of them poisonous. We had cobras, black and green mambas, gaboon adders and pythons in our area. The mambas and gaboon

adders were absolutely deadly, and very few people ever lived over these bites unless they had the anti-venom serum in their hands at the time. It was not a comforting thought.

We had to hack a road from the mission to the main road. The bush and trees were fairly thick so this was a good job in itself. I remember the Britisher that was in charge of road maintenance wanted to help us but said he was not allowed to do work for anyone but the government. He kept trying to think how he could help us and finally he told Andrew to send him a note to come by our mission. This he did and Jeff, I believe his name was, came barreling down our road with his blade down to see what we wanted. After we had a good visit and served him a cold drink, he left us, blade still down so we got a good smooth road into the mission. He was a character. He loved to tell the story when he was seeing friends off at the front of his house that a leopard jumped off the eaves above his head. Fortunately, he had a gun nearby which he grabbed and shot it. Everyone living there had their stories to tell. It was never dull.

One afternoon I had been to Rumpi (some eighteen miles) for supplies and was returning down our new road. The Judd children were with me. I looked down the road and saw something that appeared to be a black shiny rubber intertube stretched out across the road - although it was straight instead of round. You could not see the end or the beginning, and as I came almost upon it, I realized that it was a snake. I yelled for the kids to roll up the windows. I was too close to stop so I speeded up and the snake coiled up and struck at the hood (or bonnet) of the vehicle. I ran over it and just kept going as fast as I could. I looked back and saw an enormous amount of coils in the road and my heart was in my mouth. When I reached the mission, I jumped out and told some of the African workers what had happened. They took up sticks and ran back down the road, but by the time they got there, the snake had

disappeared in the bush.

Judd seemed to have an affinity with snakes. He was always having encounters with them. One day he was going down the main road with one of his boys on the back of his motorcycle. He saw a mamba reared up in the middle of the road. He swung to the side in the ditch to try and get by it when the game ranger, who was following him in a pickup, saw what was happening. He quickly pulled up, jumped out and shot the snake with a rifle that was lying on the seat beside him. It was a close call.

Andrew once picked up one of these deadly snakes after it had been shot. He took it just below the head to have a look at its face, when it came alive and wrapped itself around his arm. He began to shake it, squeezing with all his might and was finally able to shake it loose and throw it from him. He said he had squeezed so tightly that he could hardly get his fingers to turn loose. I can believe that!

Pythons were quite prevalent in our area, and we were told that a large python could easily swallow a child. We killed several around our houses. It was not unusual for them to be 6 to 18 feet in length.



Andrew with a python

Andrew had gone out hunting elephant one day and came back with a skinned out python. He told me it was the

elephant's trunk and would I cook it. I tried it baked with lemon sauce and fried. It was rather rubbery in texture, and I was very upset with him when he finally told me it was python. He hadn't even seen an elephant that day.

Well, I could go on and on with these snake stories, but I have veered off from settling in our mud huts.

## A CALL FOR HELP

One evening, soon after we moved into our mud huts, a group of African men came and asked the men if they would come and shoot a hippo out of their garden. This, they were glad to do, so they grabbed their guns and left. Darkness came before they returned, and I lit the kerosene lamp and began pulling the mosquito nets down and tucked them under the mattresses. It always made me feel safer under those nets, and I supposed they would keep out all the small critters like lizards and rats as well as the mosquitoes. It was a very dark night, and I could hear hyenas and drums in the distance. I heard people coming to my door, and I hoped it was the men returning. However, when I opened the door, a group of strange African men stood at my door. They informed me that a woman in their village had been bitten by a snake and would I please come and help her. My first thought was to refuse them, but then I remembered why we were there. Would they listen to us and accept us if we didn't help them when they needed help. I gathered up my first aid kit and the snake serum kit, and we all climbed in our pickup. They directed me through the bush to their village. There was no road, and it was difficult making a way through the trees and bush. By the time we reached the village, my whole body felt clammy and damp, and I was scared nearly to death. They took me to the woman, and I cleaned her wound. After seeing her and her wound, I felt that it must not have been a very poisonous snake

or she would be in a lot worse shape. So, I didn't use the serum, as I was afraid I might do more harm than good. Fortunately, I guessed right, and I later heard that she made a full recovery.

When I started to go back home, I found that the pickup would not start. I tried everything I could think of, but to no avail. I didn't know what I would do. The men were all standing around the pickup watching, and I was trying to look "in control", but I felt anything but. Finally, they offered to walk me back to the mission. We had one small flashlight among us, but I didn't have a lot of choices to pick from. As we started through the bush, I realized that the men had circled me, and I was walking in the middle. This gave me a good and grateful feeling. I wondered how long it would take us to walk it.

We hadn't gotten too far, when I saw lights coming our way. What now? What a relief it was to see that it was Andrew. He said he had gotten home only to learn that I had gone off with a bunch of African men. It was his turn to be terrified, and he had come looking for me. Imagine his surprise when he saw me "walking" in a ring of men. That was a happy reunion for us both. I learned a lot that night. I learned that it is probably safer walking at night through the bush than to walk in the night through the streets of Dallas. Looking back on it, I often thought Andrew could have said something that might have gone down in history, like, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume" instead of "What in the world are you doing way out here in the bush in the middle of the night!"

## AND THE RAINS CAME

The rains began, and we had a whole new set of problems. The roof leaked! It leaked and leaked and leaked all the way through the rains. When we asked the Africans what

was the matter, they assured us that nothing was the matter. The thatch always leaks the first year - it has to swell and settle and then next year, it won't leak so badly. Well, why didn't I know that. I mean, anyone should know that! The Africans just shook their heads as if to say, "Oh, those poor dumb Wazungus". We learned to hang our raincoats over the mosquito nets at night so that the rain would run off on the floor instead of on us.

With the rains, the rats and mice came in. They crawled up into the thatch roof and made nests. They loved to run across the poles that went across the roof. One morning Andrew started laughing and said that two mice were running along the pole when the back one honked, "beep-beep" and passed the first one. Like I said, it does help to have a sense of humor.

Andrew bought me a wardrobe to put our clothes in. We tried to stand it in the corner of the room, but found that our walls were so crooked that there really wasn't much of a corner. Anyway, it was nice to get our clothes out of the suitcases and boxes. One morning I pulled out my drawer of underwear and there stood a huge rat. I screamed and slammed the drawer shut and ran out of the house. After explaining my terror to Andrew (my mother always jumped up on the toilet or a table when she saw a mouse so my terror was quite normal), he went in and eased open the drawer, but no rat appeared. He assured me it was gone. A few days later there was a terrible odor in the house, and I finally traced it down to the wardrobe. I eased out the drawer and found that I had squashed him dead behind the drawer. Wow, I was faster than a speeding bullet! I had folded my extra pair of sheets neatly and put them in the wardrobe. When I got them out the next time, rats had eaten holes down all the corners so when I shook out the sheet, there were about twenty-four neat round holes. My hate for rats grew.

Not only did the rats and mice increase in number, but the mosquitoes absolutely multiplied. We had to wear long sleeve shirts and long pants that we tucked into our socks to try to keep them off of us. When dark came, we would turn on our lamps, climb underneath our mosquito nets and read or write letters till our eyes gave out. With the mosquitoes, came the dreaded malaria.

I guess almost everyone that comes to Africa gets malaria. We were no exception. We were taking Paludrin for preventative but learned later that it did not cover all strands of malaria, and it obviously did not cover the strain where we were. I had a pretty light case of it and was only sick and feverish for a few days. I did have the nightmares with it and remember dreaming one night that I was getting paralyzed. The paralysis started at my feet, and I could feel it slowly working its way up my legs into my body. I was trying to scream for Andrew to help me because I knew that if it reached my face, I would not be able to scream. I woke myself up screaming and crying. It took me several minutes to realize that I was not truly paralyzed. My fever broke that night, and I made a speedy recovery.

It was a different story with Andrew. He was extremely sick and his fever raged. We had the medicine for malaria as it was very similar to what you take as a preventative. I followed the instructions on the box and gave him three of the pills a day. He did not get better, and after several days of this, I began to get really worried. Finally, we loaded him in our vehicle and I took him to Livingstonia Mission where there was a mission doctor. The doctor took a blood sample, and I will never forget what the Scottish doctor said. He came in and smiled and said, "He is just full of those wee beasties." They did have a way with words! Anyway, he said that Andrew was so big that he should take nine pills a day instead of three. So we tried this and Andrew went "out of his



head" with so much medicine, but finally after forty-five tablets, as prescribed by the doctor, he began to recover. The first time he tried to walk outside, he could only make it a short way before he had to sit down beside the road. I had never seen him like this and was greatly relieved when his strength returned. Normally, he was just never sick and healthy as a horse.

The outdoor toilet was my cross to bear. I really hated it. I would peep in and look for snakes hanging from the roof or wherever, and it was all I could do to make myself go in. I developed an awful bladder infection (I thought) and thought I was "losing control". Andrew took me all the way to Edwendeni where there was a doctor to find out my problem. To my great embarrassment, I learned that my problem was fear - fear of the outdoor toilet. I didn't know there was such a disease. I still had a lot to learn.

Our next invasion was these little bore worms that got in the wood poles going across the roof. I would have to turn our plates over when I set the table or they would be full of dust before time to eat. One morning we had a visiting district commissioner come to visit us, an Englishman. I never will forget. It had been raining, and his bald head was damp from the rain. He came in, and I served him tea. The bore worms were busy at work above his head, and as I watched, these tiny piles of fine dirt were forming across his head. I could hardly take my eyes off it, and I wondered if he could feel it. I don't suppose he could because he never mentioned it. By the time he drank his tea and ate his biscuit, the piles were quite high. I was just thankful that a rat or a snake didn't put in an appearance!

We had brought a small generator, and Andrew decided to put electric lights in our mud hut. He had never wired anything before, but was sure he could do it. He strung them along the "much used" poles across the roof. He proudly said,

"Now, watch this!" He went out back and cranked up the generator, and I dizzily watched while each bulb blew. He had done something wrong so had to start all over. After getting some advice from the "experts", he tried it again. Again, he went out back and cranked up the generator. This time they came on, but in only a few seconds the house was filled with flying ants as they call them over there. I ran out yelling, "Cut it off, cut it off." It just happened to be the season for these things to fly and they went straight for the lights. So off the lights went again. We didn't try it again until we got some screens for the windows, and that wasn't easy. We learned that these flying ants were a great delicacy to the Africans. They would find holes where these flying ants would come out and hold baskets over the hole and catch thousands of them. They would painstakingly pull off their wings, sauté them in the oil from their bodies and eat them. Of course, Andrew had to try them, and said they were quite tasty. I declined this opportunity.

When we finally got the lights on, the Africans would walk for miles just to stand and look at the lights. We didn't always have electric lights after that because sometimes the generator wouldn't start and sometime we didn't have any petrol. We still depended on kerosene lanterns, Aladdin lamps and pressure lanterns a lot. Aladdin lanterns were my favorite - they gave a soft light. The pressure lamps gave a much brighter light, but were a pain in the back.

We had a choice. We could either bathe in a big tub or in the river. Andrew usually chose the river (I think because he nearly got stuck in the tub one night) and I usually chose the tub (as you had a little more privacy and there were no crocs in the kitchen). But there were the occasional rats and snakes, so I would make Andrew sit nearby with his rifle across his knees. I'm sure it was a sight to see, but fortunately we didn't get pictures of that! This all took place in the middle of the

kitchen floor. We did have running water - you could run down to the river, fill up the bucket and then run back with it. Or, as we more often did, send our house help to do the running. We got smarter after awhile and had drums (that some of our goods came in) rolled down to the river, filled them up with water and then two people could roll it back up to the houses.

In order to have drinking water, we would set the water out in buckets and wait for some of the dirt to settle. Then we would boil the water twenty minutes and then put it through our Berkfield Filters to take out the rest of the debris. And woe unto you if you forgot to do this every day and sometimes twice. The first time the Africans saw the clean water, they thought we were drinking kerosene. They had never seen water that looked like that. They drink it, dirt, germs, and all. We tried to tell them about the germs in it and that they should at least boil it for the small children, but they just looked at us like we had lost it. After all, you can't see the germs so there must not be any. Remember - this was in the 50's - it has somewhat changed today, not terribly, but some. There were some concepts that just hadn't reached Africa yet. One African who worked for us asked if we had come by boat or did we come footing. We assured them that you couldn't foot all the way from America. We tried to explain to them how big the oceans were, but this was hard for them to imagine. Just as we tried to explain snow falling from the skies. They would smile and say, Ah, Ah Bwana, shaking their heads. They were not always sure when Andrew was teasing them or telling the truth.

## DOCTORING

We soon realized that the Africans expected us to doctor them. I was thankful for what little I had learned at

Nhowe Mission, but soon realized that it was not always easy to determine what was wrong with every patient. Every morning, the first thing that greeted us was a long line of people with sores, diarrhea, scabies, tropical ulcers, infected eyes, cuts, malaria, and you name it. Fleas would get on them at night while they were sleeping. They would scratch the bites and cause sores that would get infected. I have seen babies with it almost all over their little bodies and legs. We would clean them and sterilize their sores the best we could, and if we were lucky and had any antibiotic creams, we would use that, but usually all we had was sulfur powder which did help some. It was an on-going battle.

Sometimes funny things would happen. One day when Dean and I had been doctoring, an African man came up to Dean and told her he needed some medicine for "going to the forest" (this means he was constipated). All we had to give him that day was Epsom salts, so Dean started mixing some up. He said "No, I want pills." She sat the glass down in front of him and said, "We don't have any pills today." He pled with her for pills, but exasperated by this time, she said, "Just drink it!" So he humbly drank it and then said, "Now, can I have the pills". She said, "No, you don't need any pills now." He said quietly, "But it's not me that is sick, it's my wife." We didn't know whether to laugh or cry. So, we laughed, as we could see him running for every bush and wondering what was wrong with those crazy Americans today.

Sometimes when the Africans were very sick, we would carry them to Ekwendeni to the doctor there. I remember one man brought us a duck after we had carried his wife to Ekwendeni. She had to stay in the hospital for awhile, and we had almost forgotten the incident when the man turned up with the duck. I remember Andrew grumbling because the man got out and didn't even say "thank you", but we learned that the Africans have different ways of being thankful. His

was to bring us a gift later.

Sometimes our patients were not people. We started raising pigs for meat, and one day the keeper came running up and said that the Mama pig had stepped on a baby pig's tail and it came off. Dean and I declined this patient, but Judd told us to get a needle and thread, and he would sew it back on. Dean got it, and we watched, amazed, as he sewed the tail back on. It looked pretty good, but we really teased him later when the tail grew to one side. It looked like it was walking on the bias.

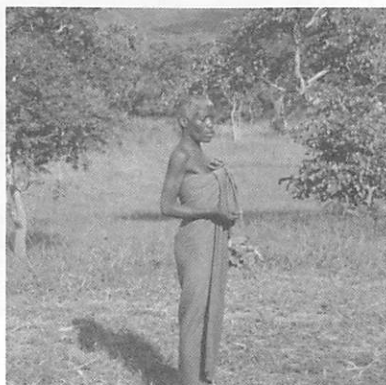


Claudene doctoring the Africans

## BUILDING OUR FIRST CHURCH BUILDING

All during this time, we were teaching and preaching as the opportunities arose. We always had services on Sunday under a tree and had many curious Africans attend. We right away built a pole and thatch building, as we knew we couldn't do any better until after the rains. It seemed quite adequate until one morning, after heavy rains, we looked out and saw that it had fallen in. The Africans gathered around and helped us put it up again. We met here and lived in our mud huts for about nine months until we could build better buildings. We began to have some converts by this time, and one of the first ones was an elderly lady from our nearest village named Mama

Mtete. She had very short gray hair, wore a green conga (a cloth tied around them) and stood very straight. She was a kind and interesting person. The older women have great influence in the villages, so this was a very good thing. We went down to the river for the baptism. It was a beautiful sight. We often shot into the water to scare away any nearby crocs. After her baptism, we asked if we could take her picture. As she stood there having her picture made, a rainbow had formed over her head. It was a thrilling and heart-warming sight. It made us feel that God was blessing our work.



Mama Mtete, one of our first converts

## CHAPTER 7

### THE RAINS END

#### WE BEGIN OUR PERMANENT BUILDINGS

As I mentioned before, we made friends with the whites that lived in Rumpi some seventeen miles from the mission. One man, Frank Campion, worked for the Public Works Department. He showed us how to make and burn our own bricks. This was our first step in getting more permanent houses and church buildings. We used the dirt from the huge ant hills as it was very fine and clean. After the bricks were made and sun dried, they were then stacked into big mounds forming the kilns themselves. They left several openings for the fire boxes. The wood was then gathered, and they start burning the kiln. Andrew and Judd and some of the African workers had to stay night and day with the kiln until it was burned because if the fire is allowed to go out before the kiln is burned off, the bricks will crack. It usually took about five days to burn a large kiln, and they could tell when it was burned off when they would throw dry grass on top of the kiln and it ignited.

Supplies were a problem. We had to order from Blantyre down south. The goods would come by rail to Chipoka, then by boat to Nkata Bay, by truck to Mzuzu, and then by car or pickup to the mission. We had to go to higher ground to find big timbers for the roof. We hired Africans to help do all this building, and though this was a revelation in itself, our houses and church buildings were finally finished and looked quite nice.

## THE MOVE

It was a happy day when we moved from our mud huts into our homemade brick houses. I felt like the third little pig in the children's story and that now no wolf could huff and puff my house down. We had a living room and dining area, two small bedrooms, and a bath and kitchen out back, separated from the house by a covered walk way. This was the custom there - to build the kitchens out back (the reasoning being that it kept the heat and noise out of the main house). Our bathroom was a modern bathroom, but we did not have running water. Water had to be carried in and poured into the bath, and we kept a bucket by the toilet and poured it in to flush. I will never forget when the American Consulate came to see us during the race riots, and Andrew and I argued over who was going to tell him how he had to flush the toilet. But, that's another story that comes later.

We brought our generator with us, of course, so we had occasional electricity, but I had my Aladdin lamps on each side of the fireplace in the living room. We had glass windows that you could shut, but hadn't been able to get screens, so when you opened the windows when it was hot, anything could come in - and often did. One night Andrew and Judd had gone to a village as a leopard had been spotted. After they had gone, and I was getting ready for bed, I heard our two large dogs barking quite loudly. I went to the window, leaned out, and shined my torch onto the dogs. Much to my horror, there stood a large leopard growling and spitting at the dogs. I just couldn't stand there and let the leopard kill our two dogs! We were very fond of them, but Andrew had taken the gun. Anyway, I would have been afraid that I would shoot a dog by mistake. I began going around the house closing all the windows so he couldn't jump in, and I eased the front door open. I called to the dogs and they were only too glad to have



an out. They dived for the porch and into the door! Fortunately, the leopard was not quite fast enough to get in with them. I watched the leopard for a long time, and he circled the house a couple of times and then disappeared into the bush. I heaved a sigh of relief and wondered why Andrew always was gone when I needed him most!

When the men returned without seeing a leopard, they were surprised to know of my visitor. They were disappointed that they had missed all the excitement. Andrew watched in vain the next few nights, but the leopard did not reappear.



Andrew & James Judd crossing river behind our mud huts to preach on the other side



James Judd & Andrew preparing to go out into the villages

## CHAPTER 8

### THE WORK CONTINUES

As we were building our new houses, we also built a new church building. It was quite large and had two classrooms. It had cement backless seats. As was their custom, the men and older boys sat on one side and the women and smaller children sat on the other. I taught the children, all ages, in one of the classrooms. I found the children well behaved and intelligent. They were quick to learn and enjoyed singing and answering questions. The numbers were growing that attended, and many were baptized in spite of the croc infested river. They were used to it and never hesitated to walk down into the river.



New church building

The men began to go out into other villages, and before long, we had eight other congregations started. In one village we met a man named Silas who was a preacher for a congregation of people. Andrew learned that he had epileptic seizures. Silas was converted, and was very excited about learning the truth of the gospel. He immediately started teaching his congregation. His whole congregation was converted, and this was an exciting event. Andrew and Judd

began getting medicine for Silas so that he would not have his seizures. All the time that we were there, we kept him in medication. He was very appreciative to receive this help, and he became a very strong and dedicated Christian.

I want to tell you about some of our converts. I've already mentioned Mama Mtete and Silas Harawa, but there were many others whom I would like to mention here.

### ANGEL MAUNI HARAWA

Angel was a young, serious, gentle and intelligent man when we met him in 1957 in the Henga Valley of the Rumpi District. He was the son of a Headman in his village. He soon became the headman of our mission at Lubagha and studied the Bible faithfully. He attended all the services we held. Still, it took him one and one-half years to decide to obey the gospel. Finally, we were able to put out a tract in Chi-tumbuka, the language there, and after he read this tract, he became a Christian.



Angel Mauni Harawa

On one occasion he went on a trip to Tanzania with Andrew and was introduced for the first time to ice-cream. Andrew asked him how he liked it and he said, "Well, it's good, but it needs the fire". It was too cold for him.

Angel was a tireless worker and helped pioneer the work throughout the Henga Valley, and helped us build the mission there.

When we left Nyasaland to go to Tanzania to build Chimala Mission & Hospital, he was the first to want to go and help us. He accompanied us to Chimala and soon became the Headman of all the workers for twenty-five faithful years there.

His maturity in Christ was recognized by all, and when the first elders of the church were chosen in Tanzania to shepherd the congregation at Chimala, he was one of the three. This is all the more amazing when you realize he was not a Tanzanian where tribalism is still very strong, but Christianity and Angel were stronger.

Finally, after losing his work permit to stay in Tanzania, he returned to his home in Nyasaland (which by this time had become Malawi) and worked there faithfully in preaching and teaching the gospel until he was felled by a stroke in the fall of 1991. He never really recovered, and in March 1992, he went to his reward. His wise counsel, faithfulness, and loyalty to the church, which never waivered, is an inspiration to all who knew and loved him. Truly his death was the death of an Angel.

Andrew and Angel were close in age and close in friendship. Part of the above was written by Andrew after Angel's death. Andrew followed Angel on this journey in June of the same year.

Andrew told me this story about Angel that I would like to relate here. Soon after Angel became a Christian, Andrew jokingly asked Angel if he still beat his wife. Angel replied, "Ah Bwana, now only when she needs it." Andrew was very surprised, but kept his counsel. A few years later, he again asked Angel the same question. Angel smiled and said, "Ah Bwana, you know I never beat my wife." Yes, Angel Mauni was growing in every way.

### MORDICKEN MKANDAWIRE

Mordicken was probably about 17 or 18 years old when we first met him. He loved sports, and his favorite thing to do was to play soccer (which they called football). He went to work for Judd as a worker in the house. Mordicken was

very curious and used to watch Judd as he shaved and fixed his hair every morning. One day Judd called us to come look and see what Mordicken was doing. We peeped through a cracked door and saw Mordicken squeezing out toothpaste in his hands and then, rubbing his hands together, he applied this to his hair. Imagine his surprise when it didn't disappear into his hair. He had confused the toothpaste with Judd's Brylcreem. We all really got a laugh out of that. The neat thing about Mordicken was that he had a wonderful sense of humor and could laugh at himself. Every afternoon he would play soccer and then come back to work. Judd would just hand him a bar of soap and say "Hit the river, Mordicken." He would quite cheerfully go down to the river for a bath.



Mordicken Mkandawire

We sent Mordicken to Tanzania to Ailsa to the preacher training school for we felt that he had good potential. He did become a preacher, and is still preaching near his home at Lubagha. I hear from him regularly.

A few years after he finished the preacher school, he went with us to Arusha, Tanzania and helped us to start the work there. He was a good preacher and was well liked for his happy disposition. We helped him find a place to rent and live in Arusha, and we had our first church services in his house.

One reason that I always had a special place in my heart for Mordicken was that he never complained if Andrew asked him to go to the bush with Memsaab. Occasionally, an African man would not like to go with a "woman" to work and interpret. Mordicken graciously accepted this job. Mordicken was a good friend to me and never seemed to tire of "humoring" the Memsaab.

He now teaches and preaches and helps to train younger men to preach. He has done much good in his life. I was hoping to meet Mordicken at Chimala for a visit in later years, but because of health problems, I was unable to go. Mordicken is making plans to go there anyway, in the near future, for a visit. He was very good with music, and he helped me to translate a lot of the children's songs into Swahili while we were at Chimala together. He also returned to Chimala with us to help establish that mission. The children are still singing the songs that Mordicken translated.

### OSBERT GONDWE

Osbert Gondwe applied as kitchen help when he was a very young man. He was always a happy and cheerful person, and was a delight to work with. We often sang together in the kitchen as we worked and planned the day's work of making bread, making salad dressing, grinding meat (after going to the local butchery - a place where a cow was killed, cut up and spread out on banana leaves on the ground).



Osbert Gondwe

I always said he was a classy looking man. Maybe it was because he wore a ring on his little finger, and you rarely see an African wearing a ring. He worked hard, and he played hard, and we loved his enthusiasm for life.

He married, and about a year later his wife became pregnant. They were so happy and thrilled.

One morning when it was getting close to the time for the child to be born, Osbert came running onto the mission and threw himself into Andrew's arms crying that the child was

dead. We were shocked and saddened when we heard his story. His wife had gone into labor the day before. Her sister had inadvertently come in and seen her. (It is the custom there that if the sister sees her own sister in labor that either the mother or the baby will die). So, the old mid-wives of the village took the baby right after it was born, stuffed dead leaves into it's mouth and laid it in the forest so that the wild animals would find it and eat it so that the mother would not die. We said, "Oh, Osbert, you don't believe that, do you?" And he said, "Oh no, Bwana, but I could not do anything about it and didn't know about it until afterwards." It seems that during childbirth in the bush that the men are not allowed to even be around - only the mid-wives, who are usually the older women of the village. Our hearts went out to Osbert and his wife. We were saddened that we had not been able to teach them about the love of Christ being stronger than their superstitions and stronger than the witch's curse. Too late for this small infant, but we determined that we would try harder, teach more, and try to help these people that had become so dear to us.

Osbert had other children, and he worked for us for all that tour and went with us to begin Chimala Mission later on, but I never forgot that little one left under a tree in the bush. God help us to be better and stronger missionaries and realize the people's needs.

There is one more story about Osbert that has always thrilled my heart. I think it took place after we had moved on to Chimala. Osbert had a cousin named Christone, and Christone's wife was not very well. One day Osbert and Christone came to Andrew and told him that Christone's wife was very sick. Andrew took them to a small clinic some miles away. The man in charge there said she must have blood to live. Well, they don't have blood banks in the bush of Africa, and if someone needs blood they do a direct transfusion. The

medical officer (they are not really doctors) began testing everyone's blood type to see if any of them matched Joanna's blood. Christone's did not. Andrew's did not. Osbert's blood type matched. It was very evident that Osbert was very afraid and did not want to give blood. Andrew said, "Osbert, you know Joanna may die if she doesn't get blood." "Yes, Bwana", was Osbert's quiet reply, his eyes as big as saucers. "Wouldn't you be willing to do this for Joanna and Christone", asked Andrew. Osbert, still looking very stressed out said, "Bwana, would you have given your blood if it had been the right kind?" "Oh, yes, Osbert, I would have been glad to," Andrew answered. So Osbert replied, "All right, Bwana, if you would have given blood for Joanna, then I will do it, too." He lay down on the table and the medical officer made the necessary hook-up between them. Andrew sat by Osbert consoling him and telling him that everything was going to be all right as he could tell that Osbert was shaken. After it was all over, Andrew said, "I will get you something to drink and eat now". Osbert opened his eyes, which had been tightly closed, and said, "Bwana, how long do I have?" Andrew said, "What do you mean, Osbert?" And then the realization washed over him that Osbert had thought that he was going to die when he gave his blood. He began to assure Osbert that he was going to be all right and Osbert was saying, "But Bwana, you can't live without your blood". It took awhile to explain away his fears, but Andrew realized that Osbert had been willing to give his life for Joanna because the Bwana was willing. This touched us all, and it made us love Osbert even more than ever. To lay down your life for a friend! Not many would do that. Not many have ever had the opportunity. Osbert did.

## CHRISTONE WILLINGS

Christone came to my door one day, just a child really,



perhaps twelve or thirteen years old. He said he wanted work so that he could pay his school fees and finish his schooling. His mother was the first wife of a polygamist, and she just didn't have the money to send him. I knew her, as she was a member of the church and came faithfully. Also, she had become very sick at one time, and we had to carry her to Ekwendeni to the little hospital there. She was a sweet and gentle lady. So, I put Christone to work helping me in the kitchen and house. He also loved to sing, and we would sing together while we worked. He would go with me to my classes, and I soon learned that he spoke almost perfect English and could help me with translating. He loved to help in the children's classes, and he soon knew all the Bible stories as well as I did. When he had made enough money, he went back to school and finished as far as he could go there.

Later on, he decided he would like to go to the preacher training school in Tanzania, and we sent him, knowing he would make a good student. He later married a girl named Joanna, and you know the story about Joanna needing blood and Osbert giving it for her.

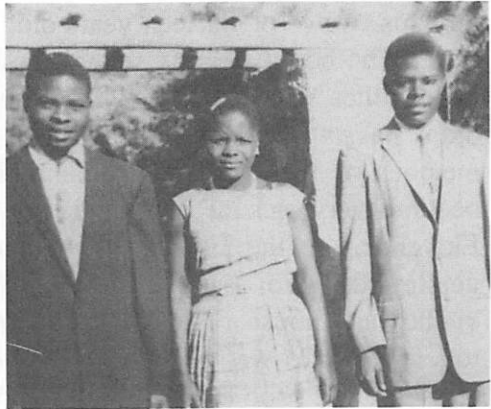
Christone grew into a handsome man, and was a very apt teacher and preacher. I still remember the little boy that was my shadow for a time.

## BLACKWELL NGWIRA

Blackwell was another of the young men that became a Christian at Lubagha Mission. He was one of the smartest persons I have ever known. He seemed to have a lot of natural ability. He had never seen a refrigerator in his life, but he was always the one I would call when my fridge would stop working. He seemed to always know just what to do, even to turning it upside down to get the bubbles out of the line. He could trim up that wick and have it running smoothly in no

time.

One day we received a chain saw, unassembled. Andrew was not very good at putting things together, but he didn't like to admit it, so after he had taken a look at the pieces and the directions, he decided to go to Mbeya. He called Blackwell in and said,



Blackwell Ngwira & Margaret,  
and Christone Willing

"Look Blackwell, I don't have time to put this chain saw together. I have to go to Mbeya. Do you think you could do it?" Blackwell, not even knowing what a chain saw was, said that he would surely try. The last thing we saw, as we drove out, was Blackwell looking at the pieces and pondering over the enclosed directions. When we arrived back several hours later, Blackwell, with a grin from ear to ear, was sawing down a small tree with the chain saw.

Blackwell also went to the preacher training school. His native language was Chi-Tumbuka. He also spoke English perfectly. When he got to Tanzania, they spoke Swahili. Before you could know it, he was translating English into Swahili and Swahili to English and neither one was his own tongue. He translated tracts and even books into Swahili for the school. He never did become a full time preacher, but he worked for Chimala Mission in Tanzania for many, many years. He was the one in charge of all the equipment and tools, checking them in and out and seeing that they were in good condition and working. He learned to drive, and after the hospital was opened, he was sometimes asked to carry a patient on into the hospital in Mbeya for some special

treatment that they had there. One night after he and two nurses had carried a very sick patient into Mbeya, they were returning home. It was dark, and the road was dusty. He did not see a parked truck in the road. He ran into it and killed all three of them. This was a great tragedy. A great loss. The whole mission grieved for them. Blackwell's wife, Margaret, went back to the Lubagha area, which was her home. Blackwell will always be remembered for his great talents and intelligence.

### MACKSONE GONDWE

Macksone came to us very young, also. He became a Christian and wanted to work for awhile for us. He brought the sunshine with him wherever he went. He was always smiling and cheerful. We came to love him dearly. He spoke English quite well and was always wanting to learn some "American expressions". One day Andrew taught him the expression, "Well, that's the way the ball bounces." Macksone liked that one and waited for an opportunity to use it on us. He had failed to remember how to do some chore we had given him, and when we questioned him about it, he said, "Well, that's the way the ball bumps." We all dissolved in laughter and decided his way sounded better anyway.

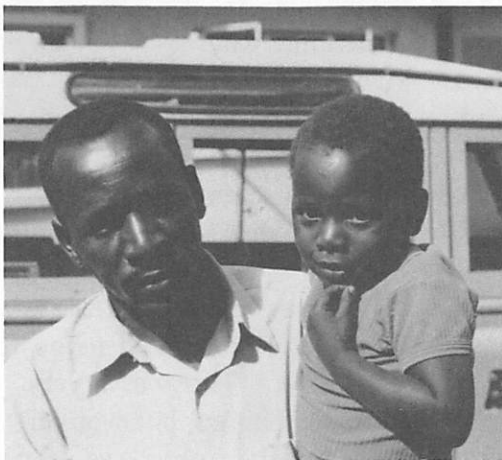


Macksone Gondwe

He was ambitious, and he wanted to go to Lilongwe and learn to be a truck driver. This was a very good job in those days. We hated to see him go, but wouldn't stand in his way of "progress". We told him good-bye, never dreaming what would happen to him there. But, that is a story that I

would like to use as my conclusion to this first book. We will never forget Mackson. He had a tremendous influence on our future life.

There are so many more that I could tell you about. One of the greatest Christians I ever met was Linkoss Mkwama. He is a quiet, unassuming man, but a leader because of his steadfastness and worthiness. He is now the head of the preacher training school at Chimala Mission. What a giant of a Christian. And then there was Frankie. I believe he was the one that gave the interpretation of James 2:26 that inspired Andrew to work up a special sermon that he has preached many times. He was thinking in his own language, Tumbuka, he was reading out of a Swahili Bible, and he was interpreting it into English. It actually says, "...Faith without works is dead...", but when he interpreted it, he said, "Faith without the doing, it is nothing." Andrew said when he heard that, he didn't hear anything else for a long time for he thought that was the best interpretation he had ever heard. So came the sermon, "Faith Without The Doing, It Is Nothing."



Linkoss Mkwama

## CHAPTER 9

### LAUGHTER, THE BEST MEDICINE

A lot of funny things happened while we were in Africa. Teaching the Africans to help in the house in those days usually ended up being humorous. Our thoughts and ideas just did not always coincide. I remember teaching one young man to help with the cleaning. We were making up the bed. He pulled the blanket and sheets so that they were uneven. I asked him if he saw anything wrong with the sheets? He looked for spots or tears. There were none, he said. I straightened it up and asked him if he could tell a difference. He wasn't sure, but I thought he was getting the point. I told him to check the other side of the bed, so he walked across the clean sheets to have a look on the other side. He couldn't figure out why I was upset about that.

Next I showed him how to use just a little soap in the washing, but not too much. And then I told him, please don't rub my good clothes on a rock as it might make a hole in the cloth. I then showed him how to hang clothes on a clothes line using clothes pins. This was really new to them as they hang their clothes over bushes to dry. I felt he understood all that so I left him to finish the washing. When I went back, he was carefully pinning the pins on the lines and then laying the clothes over the pins. The next day I put on some tennis shoes that he had washed and set out to dry. While I was out for my walk, it began to rain. I looked down, and my shoes were bubbling soap with every step. He figured if a little soap would do good, then a lot would do even better.

The Africans loved to hitch a ride with you. One morning Andrew was going into town, and an old man held up his hand to stop him. He stopped, and the man said he would

like a ride. Andrew said, "Where are you going?" Typically, he said "That side". (And if you ask them where they have been, they say, "This side. ") Andrew agreed for him. to ride, and told him to get in, but he could not figure out how to open the door. Andrew got out and opened the back door for him. He already had a passenger in the front. The old man was barefoot, and he poked his head in the back trying to figure out how to get in. Finally, he stooped way over, stepped up on the seat and walked across it and then crouched there on the seat. Andrew told him to please put his feet on the floor and started to shut the door. The man signaled for him to wait. He had not mentioned that he had a wife with a pot of homemade beer, a basket of chickens and a baby that wanted to go, too. They stepped out from behind a bush about that time. So, in they got, but the chickens wouldn't fit so they had to be tied onto the top. The beer made the whole car stink, and Andrew got back in in a very bad mood until he finally saw the humor in it.

Once when we were leaving Ailsa, it had been raining and the roads were very muddy. I didn't want to leave, but Andrew assured me that he could make it down fine. As we started down, we began to slip and slide sometimes right up to the edge of the precipice. I was terrified and told him that I had rather get out and walk than go over the edge with him in the truck. He told me to just feel free to get out and walk down if I wanted to. After a few glaring looks, I got out and started walking. But what I didn't realize was that I was not much safer walking. I immediately started sliding, fell down on my back and began sliding on my back with my heels and head digging into the mud. I slid right up to the edge of the drop off grasping wildly trying to grab a big rock or bush. Andrew was very amused when I got back in the truck covered with mud. Oh, how I would have loved to rub my muddy hands and feet on him, but didn't dare. I thought surely that someone of us was going to get killed on that road, but thankfully no one ever

did, not any of the missionaries anyway. This was not funny to me at the time, but in retrospect, I find it very amusing.

It was always amusing when the Africans stopped to try and help you when you were having car trouble because many of them are just not mechanical in the least. One day Andrew was broken down by the side of the road and had been trying in vain to get the vehicle going again. He was in quite a sweat and had tried everything he could think of. An African man was standing nearby watching all these proceedings and finally came walking over to offer his help. He looked into the motor and then back up at Andrew and said, "Have you tried hooting your hooter?" Andrew stared at him for a minute or so and then said, "well, no I haven't tried hooting my hooter but I will surely try that." We dissolved in laughter for he was dead serious.

Our nearest white neighbors were from Britain, and she told me an experience that she had. She was having company for tea at 4:00 in the afternoon. She had told her house-helper to prepare the tea and bring it in when it was ready. She looked everywhere for the tea strainer so that she could strain her boiled milk that they served with tea. She couldn't find it, and when her company came, the houseman said not to worry, he would find it. When the tea was served, she saw that the milk had been strained. She said, "Oh, I see you found the tea strainer." He replied, "No, I couldn't find it so I used the fly swatter." She screamed, "What - you used the flyswatter?" He could not figure out why she was so upset so he hastened to tell her that it was okay, he didn't use the new flyswatter, but the old one. You never know what to expect.

Our neighbors that I mentioned above were Gill and Vernon Gifkins. He was a fish farmer, working for the British government, teaching the Africans how to fish farm. His wife was a lovely lady, and we became good friends. They had three children that were a delight to be around. One day Gill

and I had been talking about the Bible and about religion. She told me that she was a member of the Church of England but had found big discrepancies in what she read and what the Church of England taught. This opened the door to many discussions, and it was not long until she was baptized. She began to attend services at the mission. Later, when they went back to England, we heard from her, and she had found a Church of Christ in England to attend. We were so happy and thrilled to be a part of the providence of God. She was definitely seeking, and we were blessed to help her find.



Which triplet has the Toni?



## CHAPTER 10

### THE RIOTS

We had been there about two years when a great unrest came over the country. Nyasaland was still a British Protectorate and Britain had set a certain time that they were going to give the country back to the African people, but the Africans got in a hurry and were in no mood to wait any longer. Fighting began to break out in many different places. Almost overnight the bridges were torn out so that traveling was almost impossible. One day, when the men went into Rumphu, our nearest town, the Bomar (equivalent to our court house) had been burned down. All the whites had moved together into the police compound. The only way the men could get in was to carry large timbers with them to place across the openings where the bridges had been. One of them would then walk across the timbers and direct the other to drive across with one wheel on each timber. It was a scary thing, but we did it many times during the nine months of siege. Not only were the bridges torn out, but road blocks were placed across the roads, such as felled trees. I remember one time the men said there were seventeen road blocks and bridges out between us and Rumphu. We felt we had to keep pretty close contact with the whites in Rumphu as we were the only whites left in the Henga Valley. Our nearest white neighbors had moved out, and one of the two houses had been burned down. If the whites pulled out of Rumphu, we felt we would have to leave, too. There weren't but about a dozen or so whites left in the Northern Province of Nyasaland. We kept boxes packed with food and emergency supplies and had made our plans to escape over the border, going through the bush country, if it became necessary. The other white people in the district had told us that usually it was the ones who worked for you that betrayed

you. We didn't want to believe this, as we were very close to our helpers and had confidence in them. Still, we knew of several who had been betrayed by their servants.



Road blocks during the uprising

The workers on the mission, and many of the Christians, seemed to be very nervous. One day, when we returned from Rumphu, they were all standing out on the mission road waiting for us. When we stopped among them and began to talk to them, we realized something that had not dawned on us before. They were being persecuted along with the whites, and they were afraid of the trouble makers even more than we were. They were afraid that we had left for good, and they didn't know what they were going to do if we did not return. Fear was in their eyes and voices, and we realized that we must stay with them, for their lives would be in dire danger if we left. We also knew that all the work we had done among them would be for naught if we forsook them now. We assured them that we were not leaving, and they finally went back to their homes, some relieved.

Dean Judd was pregnant with her fifth child and I with my first. This rather complicated the problem, but Dean was a very level headed and strong person and was willing to stay.

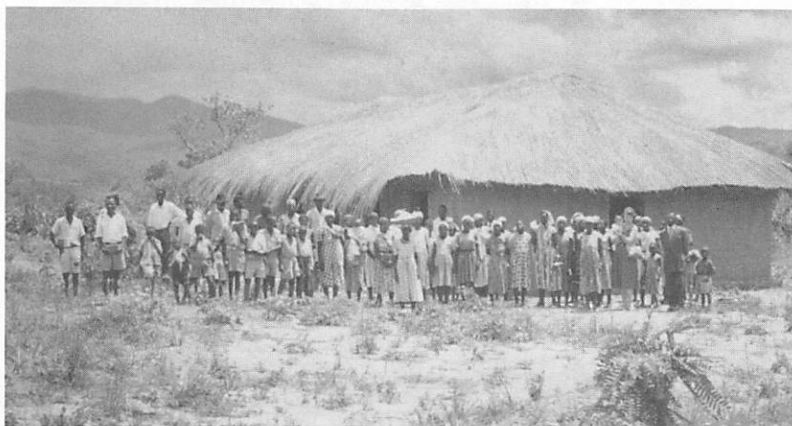
When the men would leave us alone on the mission, we would stick close together, and I would wear a gun under my loose maternity smock. Whether I would ever have used it remains a mystery to this day as I was never put to the test.



Claudene, Dean Judd & children

Troops were sent in from Rhodesia to help keep the riots under control. We met many of them, and they were very nice people. Most of them were white Rhodesians, but some were Africans. Andrew came in very amused one afternoon. He said that the soldiers had stopped along the road and were brewing up their tea for tea time. We learned that each battalion had a tea set and would stop at tea time and brew up. It reminded us of a cartoon that we had seen just before leaving the states of Robin Hood and his band. They would be fighting away and then, all of a sudden, Robin would stop and say in his British accent, "I say there, it's tea time." They would all stop fighting and brew up their tea and then they would start fighting again. From then on, we often said, "Ah Robin, it's tea time" and it will still bring a chuckle from all of us. The troops often went up and down our roads but headquartered in Rumphu.

One of our church buildings down the road was burned, but the strange thing was that the work began to grow as never before. We continued to go out into the villages and teach and preach and have our services on the mission. During that nine months, there were 300 people baptized - more than at any other time. I had heard the expression that persecution paves the way for proclamation, but I learned what it meant in Nyasaland.

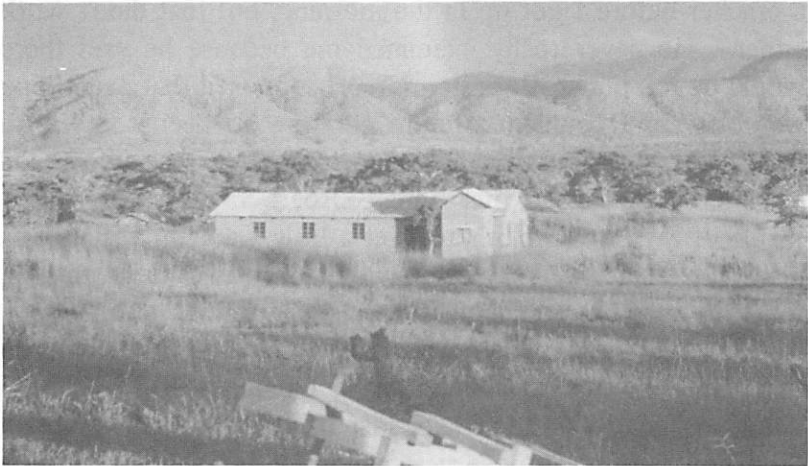


A village church

This time of siege and unrest lasted nine months. There were times that I was uneasy, but as usual, I had the utmost confidence that Andrew would take care of everything. He never seemed afraid so it kept my own fear in check. I think the same thing was true with Dean - she had great confidence in her husband to handle everything.

One afternoon when the men were returning from Rumphi, they found that all the road blocks they had worked their way through had been put back up. At one of them, they saw several Africans standing around the block. They didn't know if they were the ones that had just put it back up or not. Judd and Andrew got out and started walking toward them.

They had decided among themselves that if a fight started that Judd would take the ones on one side and Andrew the other. Just before they reached them, both of them tensed for a real fight. Just as the tension was almost unbearable, one of the Africans said, "Bwana, can we help you move the tree?" I think both of them nearly collapsed. This is the way the entire nine months went. It seems the providence of God was watching over us, and we never had to test what we would do if they attacked us. They never did, although there was fighting, at times, all around us. God was so good to stand by us and by the new converts to Christianity. Our faith grew by leaps and bounds. By this time we had eight congregations of people meeting in the Henga Valley. Believe it or not, the sub-chief that gave us so much trouble, was converted and was preaching for one of the congregations.



Church Building at Lubagha

## CHAPTER 11

### THE BLESSED EVENT

As I mentioned before, I was pregnant with our first child. It was an exciting time for we had been hoping for this the seven years we had been married. There were no doctors near us, but a traveling doctor came through every month or so. We would try to save up any illnesses we had till then. He always came out to the mission and asked me how I was feeling. I was fine except for the nausea. That was the way I first realized I was pregnant. I went out to the kitchen one morning and smelled the milk to see if it had gone off, and it had, and I did! I mean I did start throwing up then and that continued for about five months. The doctor said to try eating a cracker before I got up in the morning, but that didn't work either. He never really examined me because he said there would be too big a risk of germs, so I supposed that everything was okay, if I could just figure out how to keep some food down. I spent more time behind the kitchen throwing up than anywhere else during that time. Osbert, my kitchen helper, would always wet a cloth and get a little water in a glass and meet me behind the kitchen. I will forever be grateful to him, for that little bit of kindness seemed enormous to me then. Andrew could just sit there and keep eating. How he could do that, I will never understand. Well, I finally learned that if I would eat again as soon as I lost it, I could keep it down. Somehow I survived those sick five months.

As it came close to my time, we began to make plans as to what we would do. Andrew decided that about a month ahead, I could go to Mzuzu and catch the plane for Mbeya, Tanzania where there was a small hospital. He would get in the car and start driving to meet me there. He figured I would never make it driving on those dirt bumpy roads. It would take

him all day to make the drive so he left first. I went to Mzuzu to catch the plane. It was a three passenger plane, but I was the only passenger. I was horrified when the pilot got out a scale and told me to get on it. Can you believe the indignity of it! Here I was, almost nine months pregnant, and had to weigh publicly. He said he had to know how much weight he was carrying. I finally got on and looked the other way. I've never been so humiliated.



Claudene going on plan to have baby

We began our flight, and I realized that the pilot was quite nervous about something. I hoped this wasn't his first flight. Finally, I realized that it was me he was nervous about. He just knew I was going to have that baby in the air. I was really amused and thought about faking it, but thought better of it. We landed at a little town and had lunch. I can't remember where exactly. We then took off again and landed at Mbeya. Sure enough, Andrew was there to meet me, and was I ever glad to see him (so was the pilot).

The airport at Mbeya was slightly more modern than the one at Mzuzu, but not much. They did have a small building there. At Mzuzu all they had were two tiny outhouses and

a drum of petrol. We checked in at the hospital to meet the doctor. He was an "old" German doctor who had been there since World War I, when "Tanganyika" (as it was called then) had been a German Protectorate. I remember his name, but I don't know how to spell it, so he won't go down in American history, although I feel sure he did in the German history, as we heard he was the doctor to some of the famous or infamous German leaders. He told me that I seemed fine and was progressing nicely, so we decided to go out to our mission at Ailsa with the Caskeys and Echols. I definitely was not looking forward to going up the mountain with the 57 hairpin bends, but we were looking forward to seeing our friends again.

We made the trip to Ailsa safely and enjoyed a week's relaxation with the Caskeys. By this time, Roy and Sadie Echols had returned to the states and there was another lovely couple working there, Al and Donna Horne. Al Horne was a South African that had been converted by Eldred Echols. He had gone to the states to a Christian college, met and married Donna, and they had returned to work at the preacher training school. It was fun being with "home folks" again.

Andrew was getting a bit nervous by this time and decided that we ought to make the 50 mile trip back to Mbeya to see the doctor again. So, we packed up and came down the mountain once again and drove over the washboard roads to Mbeya. By the time we did this and checked into a small hotel there, I began to have contractions, although I wasn't sure that's what it was since this was the first time I'd had them. Andrew wanted to go on to the hospital, but I refused and said I wanted to eat supper and wash the dirt of the road off my body and hair. I bathed and washed my hair and noticed that the contractions were getting about eight minutes apart. Andrew panicked and called the lady in who ran the little hotel. She had, at one time, been a nurse. She made me lie down and



felt the contractions. She said, "I think you better go to the hospital if you want to have the baby there." So, off we went. It was about 7:00 or 8:00 P.M. by this time, and the doctor was not there. There was one white nurse and a few African aids. She let me come in and lie down in one of the rooms and told Andrew that the doctor was at a party. She gave him directions, and he went to find him. The doctor reluctantly returned with Andrew, and it was evident that he had a few too many beers at the party. He took one look and said, "Oh, this baby won't come till morning. I am going back to the party." He told Andrew to go back to the hotel and he would see him in the morning. As soon as the doctor left, I told Andrew I would kill him if he left. By this time, the contractions had turned into pains, and they were getting closer together all the time. Wide eyed, he agreed to stay. I was soon yelling with each pain, heedless of the nurse's admonition to be quiet that I was disturbing the other patients. By this time I could have cared less about the other patients, and I told Andrew that I was going to have the baby and he better do something.

Andrew ran to the nurse, and she took one look and said, "You better get up and go into the delivery room". I looked at her unbelievably and told her that I could not now walk because I could feel the baby's head so low that I was sure I would crush it if I tried to walk. Andrew took things into his hands and literally carried me into the labor room. The nurse told him to go and find the doctor again. By this time I was begging for some pain medicine from "nurse-zilla". She said, "Oh no, we don't give anything for pain. We want you fully awake so you can help with the birth." Being a spoiled American woman, I really panicked, but didn't have too much time to think after that. The pain was so bad that I did not even remember why I was in the pain. I guess I thought I was dying. I could hear the muffled voices saying, "Push, push, if you would just push harder, it would come!" Well, I did and it

did and I heard the first cry from those small healthy lungs. It was like a miracle then, for I remembered what all my pain was about. It was 12:50, just after midnight, and I had only been in labor for about three hours. The baby boy was beautiful, strong and healthy and weighed in at 8 lb. 14 oz. I felt myself tear, so I wasn't surprised with the doctor said, "Bring the cat gut" or something like that. They didn't give anything for that pain either, and I yelled at each stitch and he cursed as the old "cat gut" broke almost every stitch. Anyway, I lived over it, and we were the proudest parents you ever saw. Andrew sent my parents a telegram that morning, and my mother said she wasn't the least surprised as she had birth pains all night long, too. If you could have known my mother, she was the last person to be imaginative. I really believe she was having sympathy pains with me that night. The baby had come two weeks early.



Mama Claudene with firstborn Charles Wayne

## CHAPTER 12

### WINDING DOWN

When we got back to the mission, we gave a big party in honor of our new son. We killed a cow and cooked pounds of cornmeal mush. Africans came from far and wide to help us celebrate. They gave the baby a spear as a gift. It was a happy time.

Dean had gone to Rhodesia, I believe, to have her baby and they were back, too, so we enjoyed pushing our babies around the mission in their prams.

We had a well dug, and for the first time, had clean and running water. It was wonderful. I just went around turning on faucets and flushing the toilet. I had forgotten how great it could be.

There was a rabies epidemic that year, and we lost our cat. One afternoon, just as I stepped into our back door, a mad dog threw itself against the door behind us. We supposed it had been following us for some time. We saw a number of animals with this disease, and Andrew had to shoot several of them.

I was beginning to think it must be time to return home to the states. Our four years were coming to an end. The work was progressing in a good way. Our building was done, and we had gotten everything paid for. The Judds left first, and we were to wait for replacements.

### THE GRAVES OF BANDAWE

On one of Andrew's trips to other villages, he came upon a sight that touched his heart and my heart in turn. When he got back, he sat down and wrote an article about what he saw. He told it so well that I am going to quote it here instead

of trying to tell it myself I believe it will touch your heart as it did ours.

"On the western shores of beautiful Lake Nyasa stands a sobering testimonial to the faith and sacrifice of some twenty-three missionaries. These are the graves of Bandawe."

"A few days ago, as I stood among these graves, my thoughts went back some seventy-five years when these men and women left their homes in Scotland with high hopes of dedicating their lives in service to the Africans of Nyasaland. No doubt their enthusiasm was great and they were eager to begin their new life in another world. Perhaps their good-byes and farewells were saddened as some realized that they were seeing loved ones and families for the last time. Africa, then, was virtually unknown and unconquered. Slavery, disease and war were rampant, yet these men and women went willingly and courageously with a firm faith in God and their mission. They spent months traveling to their destination, enduring untold hardship and danger to press on to Bandawe, the chosen site for a new Church of Scotland mission.

"Dr. Laws, later the founder of Livingstonia Mission, was a man among men and an able leader in every respect. Under his direction, houses were built, buildings erected, and a church begun. In the years 1896 and 1897 this church was finished. A school was begun and hundreds of Africans were converted to their beliefs. Their work was a success. Yet, as always, a price had to be paid. Malaria and Blackwater fever, two of the most dreaded diseases of the tropics, were making themselves felt. First one then another of these young people began to die. In a scant few months and years, twenty-three men and their wives and children paid the supreme price. These people were in the beginning of their lives, their early and latter twenties and early thirties. As one gazes at these graves, he is filled with emotion realizing the heartache and sorrow that was suffered here and at home as word finally was

received that another had passed on. One small grave bears but one word on the marker, "Baby". What joy and expectation this little one must have brought as he came into the world, and what heartache and longing must have been felt as he was laid to rest, surrounded by those just recently gone. The oldest one who was laid to rest in this graveyard was thirty-three years of age.



"What spark of fire was kindled in the breast of these souls that led them to such sacrifice that cannot be rekindled in us today? Why would they leave all they held dear to spend and be spent in their devotion to their cause? What excuses did they overcome that we cannot overcome in matching their faith? What type of love did they have for their lost fellowman that we cannot have today? What had Christ produced in their hearts and lives that He has not produced in ours. What possible influence was brought to bear to bring them willingly to such an untimely end. What singleness of purpose caused them to persevere in spite of the chilling hand of death that turned these young lips to clay? What vision of tomorrow made the trials of today so easy to bear? What hope of future blessedness robbed death of its sting? And, O Lord, what did they have that I lack and what were they that I am not!"

By Andrew Connally

Even today as I read these words and remember those graves with the grass growing up around them, I am deeply touched, and my heart beats faster to think of the faith and love and sacrifice that these young people manifested. When I hear some of the excuses that our young people make today for not going to foreign fields to spread the good news, I hang my head in shame, for even when we went things were so much better than when those folks went. We at least had medicine we could take for malaria and antibiotics to fight infection. Today, it is still better for our missionaries. And, have we forgotten that God has promised to go with us wherever we go. Oh, God, help our unbelief. Help us to take the great light to the people who still sit in darkness this day.

Those Scottish missionaries did not die in vain, for today you can walk by their church building and listen to hundreds of African voices singing praises to God that before had worshipped their ancestors. They did accomplish their mission. And, we can too - with the same vision and faith.

### A MOMENT OF INSPIRATION

Our first tour was coming to a close. It was time for us to return to the land that "flowed with milk and honey." I had been sitting on a backless mud church bench for over two hours holding our little son, and my back was hurting in the worst way. The village church building floor was cracked, and the sun was shining through the thinly thatched roof. The African Christians were singing, "Jesus Lover of My Soul", but it sounded more like a chant in their native tongue. My mind drifted back to the many problems we had encountered in bringing the gospel to this primitive place. I remembered the almost insurmountable problems of obtaining permission from the government to work there, the sense of loneliness we felt as we realized no one in the whole country really cared

whether we made it or not. I remembered our life in a mud hut infested with rats, mosquitoes, and occasionally snakes. There were the endless rains that brought us our first bouts with malaria. The race riots caused us to be discriminated against because of our color. We were cut off from supplies and in the very midst of this fighting and killing, our first child was born in a "bush" hospital with no anesthetic.

Yes, it would be good to get back to our own people, our own families, to worship in air-conditioned buildings and to unite our voices with English speaking brethren. Oh, yes, my heart yearned for home after four years in the bush of Africa. I longed to see my Mama and Papa and all my family. As I reflected, I wondered if it was worth all the effort and were the Africans really converted? Yes, I was at an all time low. But something was soon to happen to change my whole outlook.

On the way to the plane, some five hundred miles away, we stopped to see one of our dear African friends who had been in an accident and was in a small government hospital. You will remember Mackson Gondwe, the young and happy Christian, one of our early converts. When we arrived, we learned that he had only a short time to live. He was paralyzed from the chest down and had a large hole in his back. I felt this to be one more terrible and painful blow. As we walked to his bed, his eyes lit up like a child's at Christmas time. Tears ran down his cheeks as he grasped our hands and thanked us over and over for coming to his village. He reminded us that we had brought Christ to his people and had taught him the truth so that he could be saved. We had already heard that he had been teaching all the people in his ward and that some of them had been converted to Christ and were ready to be baptized.

We began to talk, and Mackson told us that he knew he was not going to live, but that he was not afraid because he was a Christian, and he had the promise of heaven. He begged

us to return to Africa so that more of his people could have the opportunity to become Christians and be saved, for he knew he would not be able to go back and teach his people, but that we must return. I looked into Mackson's fevered eyes and realized that here was a young man, who had never been married, never had the joys of having a child, at the prime of his life who was to die too soon, but who had great faith and great wisdom. I looked down at our hands clasped together, and our tears mingled together and fell on our hands. My heart filled with love and emotion. I felt the weight that had beset us lifting, and the toils and problems we had faded into insignificance. Even though he knew, and told us he would not see us again on this earth, he made us promise to return to Africa. We promised gladly. I knew it was what I wanted to do.

As we told him good-bye, I realized that I had a different perspective toward our entire work. The inconveniences faded away, and I remembered how God was with us through it all. I thought of how he had helped us through our problems and protected us through the riots. He had led us to the right people at the right time. I remembered how the gospel had changed so many in the Henga Valley. I was beginning to understand how wonderful it is to be a small part of God's great plan for the salvation of the world. It was truly a moment of inspiration.



## EPILOGUE

Andrew took me to the plane. Charles, our son, was one year old the day I left, and I was seven months pregnant with our second child. I could wait no longer, for the overseas airlines would not let you fly after your seventh month, but Andrew could not go with me as he was still waiting for a replacement. I had to leave my Bwana's side for awhile until we would again be re-united in America. It was a difficult flight for me as the baby had just learned to walk, and it was difficult for me to keep up with him carrying a small suitcase with clothes, bottles and nappies for the baby, plus a coat for each of us. Not to mention that I was seven months pregnant. We had a lay-over in England, and the airline asked me if I would like to go to a hotel and rest for the afternoon. I was afraid to leave the airport, but decided I needed the rest, so I went. The baby and I slept the afternoon away and woke up much refreshed. I loved the hotel. It was an old one and very quaint. The cleaning ladies spoke with Cockney accents. I was much relieved when the airline vehicle came to pick me up to take me back to the airport. It was a propeller plane that took us across the ocean to New York and took about fourteen hours. When I arrived in New York and went through customs, they said they had lost my luggage and that I was too late to catch my connecting flight as they had booked me to leave at a different airport which they shouldn't have done. I sat down, bewildered and near to tears. Finally, I had presence of mind enough to go back up to the desk and ask them what they were going to do about my predicament. They said, "Oh, well, we can put you on another flight from this airport." Why they didn't tell me that to begin with, I'll never know. They booked me on one of the new jets, and I would be arriving home, the Ft. Worth/Dallas Airport (Love Field in those days), sooner than I would have on the propeller job I

had been booked on. I realized that I must let the family know that I would be arriving earlier. I went to a phone, and much to my horror, I had forgotten how to use a phone. I hadn't seen one in four years. Now I know that sounds far-fetched, but it was true. My mind just went blank. I was too embarrassed to ask someone how to do it, so finally, I went to the desk that said telegrams and sent them a telegram. Fortunately, they got it in time, and our family and friends were there to greet us. It was a happy reunion, even though my luggage was gone. It didn't arrive for another week. Everyone looked different, and I suppose I did, too. My mother-in-law looked horrified at my round toed shoes and said they must get me to a shoe store immediately. I thought she had lost it, but soon learned that round toed shoes were out and pointed toe shoes were in. It took me several months to "care" at all about style, but eventually I got into the swing of American living again. I pronounced judgment on my friends, when I saw them throw a whole bag of flour away just because it had a tiny worm in it. But, that soon wore off, too, as I got the most shocked stares that you can imagine. I was just having reverse culture shock.

By the time Andrew arrived home, I was getting Americanized again, and when we met him at the airport, I thought he really looked dirty and scruffy so I then realized how I had looked to everyone else when I arrived. No kidding, his overcoat looked as if it had been worn by a bear and dragged behind a truck.

We began to make plans to go back to Africa. We had planned to go back to Nyasaland and start a preacher training school, but Eldred Echols wrote us and told us that if someone didn't come to Tanganyika and start some kind of social work, they were going to get kicked out of the country. The Church of Christ was not a recognized religion in Tanganyika, and our missionaries were in there as farmers. The government knew

full well they were not really farmers, although they were doing some farming with hopes of pacifying them. So, Andrew changed gears and started raising money to build a clinic, or a school, or an orphanage, or something to get church recognition for our missionaries. Echols had told us that the old hotel at Chimala was for sale and would be the ideal place for this work. We got a price on the property and Andrew, in three days, raised the money to secure the property and we were off again. He also raised enough money to get whatever started that we were going to do. Little did we know at that time that a hospital was what was needed. We realized that soon after arriving on the field. So, that is how Chimala Mission and Hospital came to be.

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## BOOK 2 - SECOND TOUR

### CHAPTER 1

#### CHIMALA, HERE WE COME

If you read the end of the last book, you will know why we were going to Chimala. Echols had contacted us at home and asked if we would consider coming back to Tanganyika instead of Nyasaland to help them gain church recognition. We understood the importance of this, and we were excited that we could have a part in accomplishing this. Some social service had to be done for the people before we could have church recognition and then, only then, would our missionaries have the freedom to come and go as we needed and wanted to do. The Echols and Caskeys had come in as farmers, and they were working hard to actually farm the land in order to be able to stay, but the government was getting pesky about this as they had come to know why they were really there.

So, Andrew set his mind to raising the money to buy the land that joined the Preacher Training School up at Ailsa and Chosi, their farm that was across the road. We were going to buy the land between the two. Mr. Cormack, who had been a soldier during World War I for the British, had been awarded this land for his service when Britain won this protectorate from Germany. Ailsa and Chosi had also belonged to Cormack and had been bought by Echols, Caskey and Martel Petty several years before.

We packed our bags and left by plane - NOT BY SHIP! We had two children by this time, Charles and Marianne. Marianne had been born shortly after I had arrived home from Nyasaland. She was in diapers, and I can still see her now with those paper diapers hanging down around her

knees. This is when they had just started making them, and they hadn't perfected them as they are now. They were stiff, scratchy and droopy. The children were just at the age that every time we walked in an airport (or anywhere else for that matter) they had to visit the toilet. We would always be in the toilet when they called our plane to leave. I can still see Andrew standing at the door of the ladies rest room, holding the door open, yelling, "Claudene, get yourself and those kids out here - the plane is leaving!" He could never understand how we could always be in the "John" when they called us to board.

We had just settled down in our seats and gotten the children settled when Andrew decided he wanted something out of his briefcase. He asked me to get it as it was under my feet. I leaned down and opened it up, and to my horror, seas of foam started rising up out of it. I slammed it shut and asked him what he had put in his briefcase? He answered that he had put his shaving bomb in at the last minute because it wouldn't fit anywhere else. I told him the news, and he said, "Well, dear, just get up and take it in the toilet and clean it out." Since I was a dutiful (and naive) wife, I got up and lugged the heavy briefcase back to the toilet. Well, if you have ever been in a toilet on a plane, you know about how much room you have. When I opened it up again, it was still spewing, and soon I was about ankle deep in foam. I was at a loss, but began filling the sink up, the trash can, the toilet. Soon the whole room was full of foam. I took paper towels and tried to wipe it up - that didn't work. I tried washing it down with water. That only made more foam. On top of everything else, I was getting airsick standing back in the tail of the plane. I thought - this can't be happening. But, it was, and I stayed in there fifteen or twenty minutes methodically using up every paper towel and all the toilet paper. I tried to push as much of it as I could into the trash collector. Finally, I realized that I

had done all I could do so I peeped out the door, and when no one was looking, I sneaked back into my seat. Looking holes through Andrew and wishing I could wipe that smirk off his face, I told him he could get whatever it was he wanted out of his briefcase next time. I can just imagine what the next person thought when they went into the bathroom! I personally held it the rest of the way and never returned to the scene of the crime. I know you are wondering why I didn't ask for assistance from the stewardess. I, too, have wondered the same thing. I never even thought about it.

## CHAPTER 2

### SETTLING IN

It was an exciting time when we arrived at Chimala. As I mentioned before, we had stayed in this old hotel just a few short years before, never dreaming that we would later buy it for a mission. It was very picturesque. The buildings were old, and they were made of mud blocks and had thick thatch roofs covered with bougainvillea and flame vines. The buildings were whitewashed and shone in the sun. The largest building was in the center at the entrance and consisted of a long living and dining room with one bedroom at the end, shotgun style. It also had a screened in front porch where they served tea. Just behind was the only brick house, four rooms, two upstairs and two downstairs. At the end of this building was the only bathroom. It hadn't changed much! Then the other rooms were scattered out around these two buildings. Some of them were one room, some two, a few three. There was running water only in the bathroom and in the kitchen, which was built out in the back of the main building.



The main building



At the entrance was a beautiful flower garden with several variations of flowers and also some banana plants. It was the first thing you saw as you entered the property, and it was a very pleasant sight.

It didn't take long for the Cormack's to leave as they must have been about packed up before we arrived. The mother and father and their daughter left with only a few problems, but their son, Keith, who had married an African girl, stayed behind and we became friends. Keith and his wife lived in Chimala Village, and he continued his profession as a hunting guide. Some of his croc hunting tales could raise the hair on your head. The only other thing they left behind was a small white monkey, and he lived with us for awhile. Of course, they did leave the furniture and some of the kitchen utensils, pots and pans, that hung neatly on the wall in the kitchen.

We moved into the big house at first, sleeping in the bedroom at the end. We located two baby beds in some of the rooms, and we moved them into our bedroom for Charles and Marianne. That first night we slept there felt a little strange, and I pulled the mosquito nets tightly over the children's beds and tucked them under the saggy little mattresses and hoped they would keep out any little "critters" that might be skulking around. Little did I know how many "critters" were actually around!

### THE HYPNOTIZED RAT

I had to walk across to the brick house to bathe the children and myself, and I kept an eye out for any "stray leopards" or "sneaking hyenas". After I got the children settled in, Andrew decided to walk across to take his bath. Just after he left, I heard a rustling noise near the baby beds. It sounded like it was on the bookshelf by their beds. I only had a small

lantern lit so couldn't see across the room. I picked up my torch (flashlight) and shined it toward the noise. I froze in my tracks, and my hair felt like it was rising off my neckline. There on the top of the bookshelf was the biggest rat I'd ever seen. As I stared at it in horror, I realized that it was not moving but was staring at the light. I leaned a little to the left, and it leaned to the left. I leaned a little to the right, and it leaned a little to the right. It was evidently hypnotized by the light. My mind began to work, and I knew I must stand there with the light on the rat until Andrew returned so he could kill it. Otherwise, it would get away and maybe crawl into the beds with the babies. So, I stood there minute after minute trying to remember how long it usually took for Andrew to take a bath. The sweat was running off of me by this time. I didn't dare move but kept my light and my eyes on the rat. I began to think that Andrew must have taken a walk, but finally he opened the door. I quickly told him what I was doing. He assessed the situation and quickly took off one of his shoes and whacked the offending culprit. I was never so glad to see anyone. We soon learned that the house was full of rats. We were getting off to a good start. Fortunately, the kids slept through it all.

## ZEBRON

The first morning I went out into the kitchen, I had another surprise. The fire was going full force in the wood stove and the water was boiling for tea. An African man was standing by the stove looking a bit apprehensive. I said, "Who are you?" He said his name was Zebron and that he lived there and had lived there since he was a "Mtoto" (child). So, I introduced myself. I was delighted to have some help as I still found wood stoves to be very aggravating. I learned that he had been the cook for the hotel for many years. I felt very

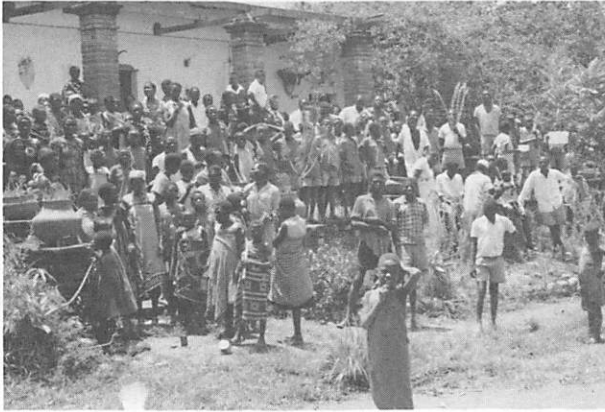
fortunate to have inherited Zebron. He turned out to be a good worker, a fine cook, and, believe it or not, he is still living and working at the mission some thirty years later. He could cook some very interesting dishes like a stew served with rice, and banana fritters that were very good. I taught him how to cook some American dishes like coconut and chocolate cream pies. We got along very well. He spoke very little English, and at that time, I certainly did not speak very much Swahili (they did not speak Swahili in Nyasaland). But, we helped each other with our vocabularies in each other's languages. I remember going out in the kitchen one day and picking up a skillet and asking him what this was in Swahili. With a dead pan face, he said, "frying panni". That really cracked me up. If they did not have a Swahili word for something, they used the English word and added a vowel as all of their words end in a vowel.

There was a couple living at the old hotel that stayed on for awhile. Their names were Edith and Ed Mancaster. He was a lot older than his wife, and he talked of the old days when they were mining for gold in the area. Edith and I became good friends, and little by little, we taught her the truth and she was baptized. Eventually, they moved to South Africa. We only heard from her once, and she said she had found a church down there to attend. They were greatly missed after they moved away.

We began having church services in one of the double room houses, but soon realized that we needed to move to a different place and use the big building we were living in for the church building.

For our own home, we picked out a house down at the end of the property that actually had three rooms in it, and the thick grass roof was covered with flame vines. We built a small kitchen out back of it and later a small office for Andrew out to the side of it. This is where we lived the rest of that

tour, although we eventually built two more rooms on the back of one side for the children's rooms. It was quite riddled with



The church meeting at the big house

white ants, and one morning when we got up, the ceiling board in the dining room had fallen down. But, it was repaired and was quite a pleasant place to live. We piped water to it and built a bathroom on, so it was quite adequate for our needs. We also built an African type hot water heater behind the kitchen. This consisted of two 50 gallon drums, one on top of the other. It had a fire box underneath. The water was put into the bottom drum and then a fire was built to heat the water. When the water got hot, it pushed itself into the top tank and then gravity fed into the bathroom. Very ingenious in a primitive society. The water was pretty muddy at times, and we still had to boil and filter all our drinking water.

We lived in this house the whole tour and became quite fond of it. I hired an African girl to help watch the children when they were out playing because we were plagued with the occasional snake. One morning, just after Marianne had climbed out of her baby bed and come into the dining room for breakfast, our Aiyah, Trulalumba, came running into the dining



Our House

room yelling that she had seen a snake under Marianne's bed. Sure enough, when we went in there, we saw a huge cobra coiled up under her bed. Evidently, it had been in there all night. We kept the doors open during the day, but, of course, closed and locked them at night. Andrew killed the snake, but I was a very nervous Mama for awhile, and checked carefully under the children's beds each evening and morning. I was never sure whether the snake had come in during the day or squeezed itself flat and came in under the door at night.



Marianne & Charles

It was a wonderful place for the children to play - warm sunshiny days, plenty of shade and water furrows to play in. We had lots of lemon trees, papayas, banana and avocado trees. The children had pet monkeys, dogs, goats, birds, and Charles had a donkey for awhile. But, one night we had an unwelcome visitor that killed his donkey and several of our cows. Leopards sometime kill for the joy of killing, and that is what happened one night on the mission.

Bryan Patterson was an Englishman that had been hired by Echols to take charge of Chosi farm. He was a very nice man, and one afternoon he came up telling us about a hippo

that had come up into the garden. He had to kill it so we all went down to have a look. Of course, the children had to crawl up on it's back so we took a picture of that. Bryan had a lot of interesting stories to tell that happened on the farm. One day he had driven up near his house and saw his two large Alsatian (or German Shepherd) dogs that had a



Scott, Charles, Sandy & Marianne

couple of black mambas cornered up against the barn. He took out his rifle and tried to line the snakes up in his sight as they were reared up as high as the dog's faces. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, both dogs fell to the ground. He said the snakes struck so fast that he never saw them strike. Both dogs died immediately. He then killed the snakes, but was very upset to lose his good dogs. Good dogs are invaluable in Africa as well as being good friends.

He had a young African man that drove one of his

tractors for him. One afternoon when he was out in the field with the tractor, he looked back and saw a black mamba chasing him. He opened the tractor up and went full blast ahead, but the snake was gaining on him. He felt the snake catch his shirt that was flapping in the breeze so he shed the shirt and snake and got away from it then. We all listened to these stories wide eyed because we all knew the dangers of the mambas in our area.

We all had healthy respect for the snakes, and Trulalumba saved our children from walking into one on the mission road one day. They were walking right for the snake when she spotted it. She grabbed the children up and got them home safely. We felt she was worth her weight in gold that day.



Africa is a great place for children.  
Little Charles and his parrot.

## CHAPTER 3

### THE WORK BEGINS

We began having services in the large building (where we first lived) in the center of the mission. It made a nice church building and was always fairly cool because of the thick mud walls and thick thatch roof. It wasn't long before we had quite a large number of people meeting, and many were baptized and became faithful members of the mission congregation. We used the river behind the mission for baptisms. It was a beautiful sight - a very nice place for baptisms.

An Englishman, Ken Postlethwaite, had come up with us from Nyasaland to help us with the buildings. He had formerly worked for the British government, but decided to come with us for a tour. Later, his wife Sheila and children, came to Tanganyika to be with her husband. Both Ken and his wife were converted and were an asset to the work.

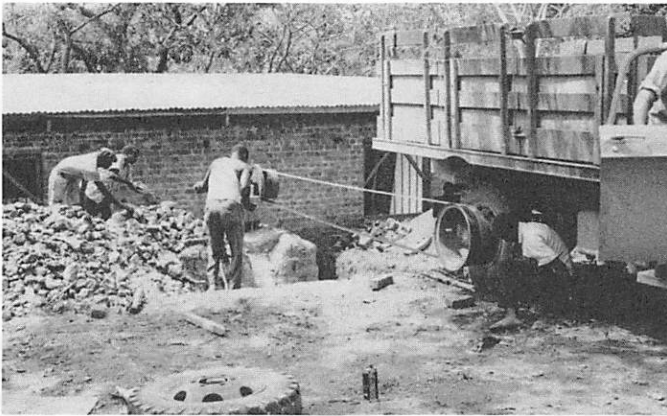
### THE HOSPITAL

After much consideration, it was decided by all that a small hospital was what we really needed here, and we felt this would certainly satisfy the government in regard to church recognition. So, Ken and Andrew began visiting all the hospitals they could locate within a few hundred miles. They were either mission hospitals or government hospitals. They noted all the pros and cons of the facilities and began to draw plans for the hospital to be built at Chimala. They decided that it would be good built in the form of a square with porches going completely around the inside of the square. This way the doctors and nurses could walk from ward to ward without getting wet during the rains. Also, this would give a lot of



light and air coming in from windows on each side of the rooms.

As usual, building supplies were a problem. Many of the supplies had to be hauled back all the way from the coast, Dar-es-Salaam. We began hiring Africans to start making brick. The foundations were dug (and as Andrew was later told, they were deep enough for a three story building). We had to go to the river to find rock to go in the foundation. We had a rock crusher that we had bought from a defunct mine, but we didn't have any way to run it. Andrew had the ingenious idea to jack up the red truck, take off the tire and hook a belt around the axle and then on to the rock crusher. It worked, and the African's cheered when they saw it working. Where there's a will, there's a way.



Rock Crusher being run by "Big Red"

We had to go into the mountains behind us (near Ailsa) to get timbers long enough to span the hospital buildings. I always dreaded those days when Andrew took big Red (a Dodge truck bought for us by the Breckenridge, Texas Church) up that treacherous 57 hairpin bend road. It was really difficult to get it around the curves, but Andrew was a

very good driver and managed to do it. I remember one night it got dark, and Andrew still had not returned from the mountain with the timber. Osbert was working for us then, and he stood with me in the yard that evening watching for the lights coming down the mountain. Finally, we saw the lights coming down, but then they disappeared for a long time. We were afraid he had gone over the side, and we did a lot of praying, but finally we saw them again a lot lower. We realized that he had just gone out of sight of the mission. Andrew and the Africans that had gone with him were a welcome sight when they finally arrived at the mission. He told us that one of the bridges had broken through when they were trying to cross it, and they had to unload all the timber before they could cross it and then had to reload it. It seemed that everything was a challenge in Africa!



"Big Red" bringing timber from the mountains

Andrew had been writing home to the religious papers trying to get a doctor to commit to coming to Chimala to work, so even before the hospital was started, a house was started for the doctor. It was a fairly big house with a living room, dining area, and four bedrooms (a couple were pretty

small), but all in all, it was a nice and adequate house. At the back was a patio. Then, after we got it started, we began the hospital building.

We also built a shop building to keep the tools, engine and generator for electricity. This was a very important building and used daily. We would have electricity about three hours a night, if the engine wasn't broken down, and if we had the diesel. I always dreaded it when Andrew would go out to start the engine because he had met hyenas several times. They are ruthless beasts and much feared by the people. I had known a few Africans that had a foot or hand bitten off by hyenas while they were sleeping. We had a lot of spotted hyenas in our area and, from a distance, could be mistaken for leopards.

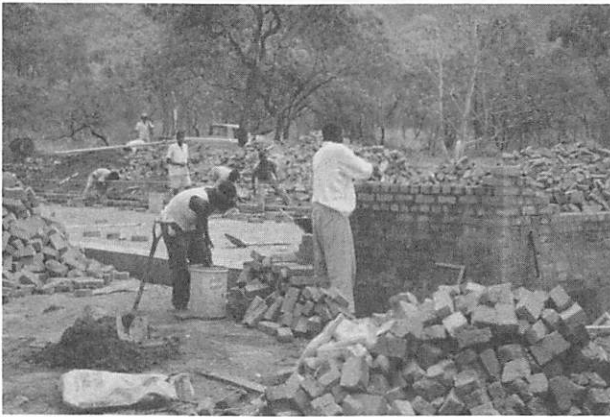


Building the doctors house

Andrew finally realized that it was going to take us an awful long time to burn enough brick for the hospital, so he changed over to cement blocks. The cement blocks were a lot larger than the bricks, and we didn't have to burn them (the burning took a lot of time and a lot of wood that had to be cut off the mission). Also, we learned that the brick layers would

lay almost as many cement blocks a day as they would bricks so the building started going a lot faster. So, if you were to peel off the plaster from the hospital, you would find part burned brick and part cement blocks. Strangely enough, we were only able to obtain one mold for the cement blocks so literally those blocks were made one-at-a-time.

Each morning Andrew would get up about 6:00 A.M. and go out and get the jobs lined up for the day and see that all the workers had jobs to do. Then, about 7:30 he would come



Building the hospital

back to the house and we would have breakfast. Breakfast was my favorite meal, and we had papayas and fresh pineapple, fresh squeezed orange juice followed by eggs and homemade bread of some kind. The children would get up for breakfast, and since neither were school age, they would begin playing outdoors to their heart's content. We had brought a swing set and the whole mission was a wonderful place for them to explore and play. It is true we had to worry about snakes, but we taught the children as best we could to watch out for the snakes just like you teach your children to watch out for strangers and cars. Strangers in Africa were not a problem as

Africans love children, and I have never known them to do any crimes against children. Well, I did hear of an African publicly whipping his son for burning down their hut, but maybe that doesn't count.

Our son, Charles, would often go with his dad after breakfast to get loads of rock or timber or into town for supplies. He had no fears and would stand up in the seat of the big red truck, tucked in under his dad's shoulder, and sing while they were going up Ailsa Mountain. He would always say the sun was looking at him when it got in his eyes going up the mountain. Life was wonderful for children in Africa and especially for boys.

It was so much fun each evening after our evening meal to go around the mission to see how much was accomplished for the day.

## NEW CLASSES BEGUN

Not only were we building the mission, we were holding numerous classes every week. These were not only on the mission, but in the surrounding villages. Soon we had a number of congregations in the outlying areas. Opportunities were all around us, and we were never without plenty to do.

I had been given a number of hand-turned sewing machines which we brought with our goods. I began several classes for women, including Bible, hygiene, cooking and sewing. It was a very fulfilling time.

All the ladies made themselves dresses from material that the ladies classes sent us from the states. They were very proud of this accomplishment. Although the African women do not have ovens, I thought it would be fun to show them how to make bread. We all went into our kitchen for that and used our wood stove. One of the cutest things was to see the ladies kneading the bread. They would almost always have a

baby on their back, and the baby would stick its head around the mother's arm to see what was going on. After we baked the bread, we all got around the table and had tea with jam, butter and freshly baked bread. I think the ladies looked forward to these classes as much as I did. During this time, I also taught them how to make the bread for communion in a pan over an open fire because I knew I wouldn't always be there to make it for them. This was a new experience for me, too, but after I taught them, they improved on the method and did a better job than I did.



Claudene teaching Vacation Bible School

After our first doctor came, his wife, Shirley Mays, and I, held the first Vacation Bible School for the children. We wanted to have refreshments for them so we made cookies and had lemonade. We couldn't get paper cups over there but could get cokes, so we gathered up all the coke bottles, washed them and filled them up with sweet lemonade. They loved it - the sweeter the better. We taught them games at recess, but they enjoyed the Bible lessons just as much. Sometimes we would have children come that were so sick that they would have to lie down in the classroom, but they didn't

want to miss it. I remember one little child had infected eyes, and they were almost swollen shut and had flies stuck all over them. I had to get some boiled water and wash his eyes and put medicine on them before we could start class.

I would also go out into the surrounding villages to teach classes and doctor any sick ones that I could. I always took medicine for sores, infected eyes, coughing, headaches and malaria. I remember one day when I had been doctoring for a good while, that our little son, Charles, kept bugging me that he wanted some - some medicine - some band-aid, etc., etc. I was getting pretty tired and hot and bothered when I turned to him and said, sure have it, have all you want and stuck the quinine tablet in his mouth. I said, "don't say a word, you wanted it!" The poor thing chewed up the tablet and swallowed it with the most pained look on his face that you can imagine, but he didn't say a word. I don't know how I could have been so mean. They had to take the quinine anyway to prevent malaria, but we bought the syrup for them that had cherry flavoring. Not that it helped much, but it helped a little. Little Marianne could not even take the syrup without throwing up. Andrew would have to hold her by the shoulders and say, "Now don't you throw that up or you will have to take it again." He would sound so mean that she would gulp and usually manage to keep it down although you could hear her stomach rolling. It was one of our most unpleasant tasks, giving the children their medicine for malaria prevention.



Marianne in front of  
poinsettia tree

I would take flannel graph stories out in the bush with me sometimes, but they would usually blow off or the whole stand would fall over, so I began painting stick figures on tag board that you could hold in your hands. Once, one congregation in the states sent me a lot of old, used flannelgraphs, and I glued them on the tag boards to use to demonstrate the lessons. That worked very well.

Andrew was holding a lot of classes, too. I remember at one time he had thirteen classes a week going. These classes were both on and off the mission station, but many hours a day were spent in supervising the building projects, gathering supplies and actually at times helping in the building. I think he was the happiest he ever was during this time. He loved being outdoors and loved the actual physical work as well as the teaching and preaching he was able to do.

## VISITORS

There were all kinds of wild animals and birds in our area, and we had some people come from overseas to study the birds around the mission. We let them stay in one of the cottages on the mission while they were there, and it was always nice having visitors. As a matter of fact, we had a lot of visitors as it used to be a hotel there, so many travelers would stop, thinking it was still a hotel. We would offer them refreshments and a place to sleep, if they needed it, and we met a lot of interesting people that way. One night a young man stopped and said he was traveling (by foot) to Spain to study the guitar. It seemed a bit out of the way to me, but I think he was an adventurer. He entertained us that night with his guitar in exchange for a meal and a bed for the night. We stayed up that night late listening to him play. It was a pleasant diversion,. I always wondered if he made it to Spain, but we never heard from him again.



Sunday lunch we usually managed to have several guests. I remember one Sunday that I looked around the table and noted about six nationalities, American, British, German, Italian, Asian, and African.



Six nationalities for Sunday lunch

One man, Bill Garland, and his wife came to our area to study the Wanji tribe that was up on the mountain behind us. He was a college professor from Michigan. They built them a little hut up there and lived for several months, but would often come down to visit us. Their company was greatly appreciated by us, and we became quite close. He came down the mountain laughing one day to tell us that his neighbor had gotten really upset that he had moved in beside him. He went to the chief and said he wanted another plot of land and that he was not going to live by a white man. I guess people are a lot alike the world over. Prejudice knows no bounds.

We had too many visitors to list them all or even to remember them all, but I especially remember George Bailey and the John Hardins' visit. Brother Bailey couldn't stay but a very short time and wanted to see some animals. Andrew took him up and down the roads that night, and they saw several

animals. Brother Bailey enjoyed that second only to eating our sugar bananas. He thought they were the best he had ever tasted. The John Hardins were missionaries in South Africa and were a delightful family. John and Andrew had the reputation of being able to snore louder than the lions roar. Now I didn't say that!

I remember another visitor that we had from he states that couldn't stand to hear the tree frogs that came out at night. We were used to them, but he couldn't sleep so took his gun out one night and shot no telling how many tree frogs. We really got a laugh out of that. He wanted to see and possibly shoot a lion above all things while he was there. One night, the night watchman came to the door and said that there was a lion nearby. A lion on the mission can be a dangerous thing, so Andrew and our visitor grabbed a gun and went out the door. They got into some tall grass so they couldn't see the lion, but they could hear him. Andrew whispered to his friend to climb up on his shoulders so that he could see. He did this and then got a shot at the lion. But when he shot, he flipped backward off Andrew's back and fell to the ground. They were really in a mess scrambling for the gun and trying to see through the bushes to see what was happening. Finally, they decided he had missed and that the lion had gotten away. The night watchman was really disgusted with the Bwanas that night.

I think hospitality is an important part of being a missionary. I suppose it is important for a Christian anywhere since the Bible says that we are not to be forgetful to entertain strangers for some have entertained angels unaware. Well, I am not sure if we ever entertained any angels, but I do believe we "let our light shine" in this way and met a lot of interesting people.

At this time the Caskeys and Echols had returned to the states and Tom and Patsy Dockery were working at Ailsa. We didn't get to be together a lot, but it was always a pleasure

when we could get together for a visit. I can remember Patsy and I would both talk at the same time we would be so hungry to visit with a fellow American.



Tom & Patsy Dockery, Dr. Jerry & Shirley Mays,  
Claudene & Andrew

## CHAPTER 4

### OUR FIRST DOCTOR ARRIVES

Andrew only received a few responses to his call for doctors to come to Africa. This was the first hospital, to my knowledge, that had been built by Churches of Christ. I remember one letter that we got from a doctor that stated that he thought Andrew quite presumptuous to ask a doctor to give up his patients who need him in the states and to give up their good salaries to go and work in such a primitive place. His suggestion was that Andrew should return to the states and become a doctor himself and then go back to the mission field. Thankfully, all doctors did not have such an attitude. Because soon after this letter, came a letter from Jerry and Shirley Mays of Lake Jackson, Texas, saying that he would be coming soon. What wonderful news. They arrived long before the hospital was finished, but this did not dampen Jerry's enthusiasm for the work. We put up a little tin building for him to use, and he doctored many hundreds of patients out of this. He handled all types of diseases and injuries under the most trying of circumstances without ever a complaint. We had tried to get the doctor's new house finished before they arrived, but were unable. I remember we were very proud of it and were amazed when Jerry said he really didn't want to live in that house. He had thought he would be living in a most humble hut and had his own ideas of mission work. So, we put him in the old two story house with four small rooms and a bath. He liked it there, but did consent to move into the other house when it was finished. We all laughed about it later. I guess everyone has their own preconceived ideas about mission work. The Mays were very nice people and we enjoyed working with them. They had two beautiful children, Scot and Sandy. They were just the right age to make good playmates with our two,

Charles and Marianne. Sandy had long blond hair, and Charles, who was about four years old, fell madly in love with her. He thought she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. There were our builder's children, too, and they were British, so our children grew up quite cosmopolitan. Their playmates were American, British, Asian, African, and even one family we were friends with were Italian. There was never a dull moment, and we loved hearing them mix their English and Swahili. They would slip from one language to the other with the greatest of ease.

When the Dockerys returned to the states, the Echols and Hornes returned. Donna Horne was pregnant at this time, and I will never forget when she was bitten by a bat. They brought her down for Dr. Mays to have a look, and he told her that she must have the rabies shots. We all quelled within our boots when we heard this, but Donna bravely had her nine shots in her stomach. She was so brave, and had our admiration. She survived this ordeal and later had a healthy baby.

Jerry doctored hour after hour out of that little tin hut. Sometimes he would send for Andrew to assist him in some difficult "minor" surgery. I remember one baby that had infection in and around his stomach. Jerry had to draw this infection out, and he asked Andrew to hold a pan underneath. Andrew came home looking a little sick himself, but with great admiration for the doctor.

One afternoon the missionary children were playing under a tree. Two of the children had a spitting cobra to spit into their eyes. Jerry didn't know for sure what to do, but he finally decided to dilute the snake serum with lots of boiled water, and then he washed their eyes out with this. I guess it was the right thing to do for they all seemed to be all right after that. It's hard to be prepared in Africa because you could never guess what might happen. It's a new experience every

day.

Dr. Mays and Shirley and their family stayed about a year, and following them were Dr. Ron Huddleston, his wife, Maxine, and their children. Also coming to work on the mission with us was Guy David Caskey and his wife, so there were always changes with people coming and going. By the time the Huddlestons had been at the mission for a short time, we had one phase of the hospital finished so that he could use it for the out-patients. This made it a little better for all concerned. They were very dedicated Christians and did a lot of good work while they were there. We hired a few Africans and trained them to help with the medical work.

The patients we saw those first few years would tear at your heart. They had never had a hospital or medical assistance, so they would sometimes wait until it was almost too late. Sometimes, it would be too late. Small pox was still very prevalent. When Dr. Huddleston would see a patient with small pox, he would just stop what he was doing and vaccinate everyone in the waiting room that day. Hepatitis was also rampant, and the doctor would give us shots to help ward off that disease. I remember Jerry used to fuss at Andrew all the time for eating the roasted peanuts that the Africans would sell along the roads. They rolled them in newspapers into cone shapes and were quite tasty. But Jerry reckoned that eating them was a good way to get hepatitis. I guess Andrew was immune as he never got that disease and he dearly loved peanuts - the only thing being better in his opinion was peanut patties. Malnutrition, malaria, tuberculosis, ruptured navels, you name it, we saw it. I remember one African man was brought in who had his nose bitten off by a witch doctor. Sometimes birthing would be very difficult as the African women are very small. There is no doubt that these doctors had great challenges presented to them every day. I was so thankful to have this work put into more capable hands than

my own. All the doctors that have gone, and will ever go, are to be highly praised. Life and death are put in their hands every day, and with only the most rudimentary supplies and equipment. May God bless each one of them.



A sick & malnourished woman patient

A child with small pox



## CHAPTER 5

### HAPPENINGS AROUND THE MISSION

We had quite a scare one night. We had shut the dogs up in the kitchen, and we heard them begin to bark. It was not an ordinary bark, but was a hair raising frantic bark. Andrew and I both sat straight up in bed, bright eyed and bushy tailed, so to speak. I took my flash light out from under my pillow, pulled up the mosquito net and started to step down on the floor. But something was not right, and the floor seemed darker than usual. I turned the light down on the floor and it was literally covered with safari ants. We had heard many stories about the safari ants, the latest being about a man who had been tied up waiting to be taken to the police the next day. When they went to get him, nothing much was left but bones as the safari ants had come through and he could not get away from them. So, I told Andrew the news, and he said not to worry, he would turn them. "Turn them, turn them - how are you going to turn them!" He didn't take time to tell me, but just told me to stay up on the bed with the mosquito nets tightly tucked in. He reached for his shoes which were covered with ants, but he just roughly shook them off and stuck his feet in them. I knew he was being bitten, but he didn't stop to worry about that. He grabbed the flashlight and disappeared into the yard. First he went to the kitchen and opened the doors. The dogs took off running as fast as they could go hitting the ground and rolling at intervals. We didn't see them again until the next day, but they survived this ordeal. Andrew then opened the door so the monkeys could get out and went to the shop and got a gasoline flame thrower. He lit it and began to burn the ants and turn them away from the house. They were making a path about fifteen feet wide and were going right through the house, in the back and out the front as



they could find ways out.

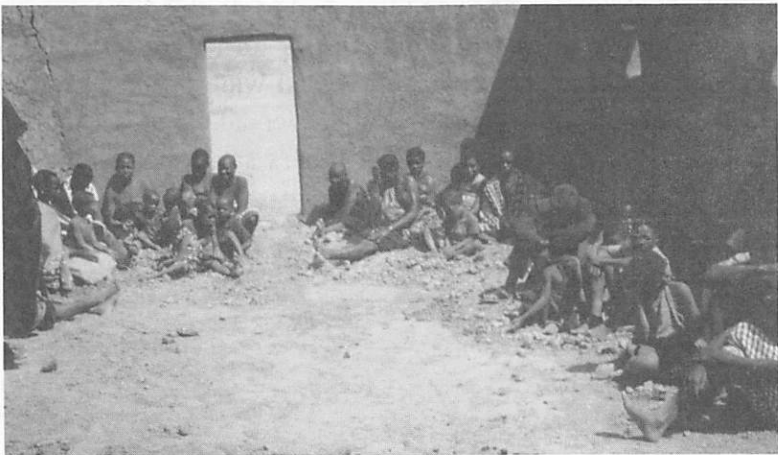
But, Andrew got them turned away from the house where they would be going around the house instead of through it. He killed many of them, and a lot of them died in the house. A lot of them just found their way out. It was a wild night to say the least. Andrew had a lot of ant bites, but no real harm came to him. The next morning we began sweeping the ants out and away from the house. The dogs came back with swollen eyes, but they recovered.

Andrew used to say that some of the Africans suffered from pyromania as every year they burn off Africa, or so it seems. I used to dread those times because sometimes the fires would get out of hand. One night we awoke to that feeling of foreboding. We began to hear voices of Africans running and crying out. Smoke was faintly in the atmosphere. We knew the fires were upon us. Again Andrew jumped up, put on his shoes and clothes hurriedly and ran outside. The fires were coming toward the mission and in particular getting close to the shop building that had diesel and gasoline stored inside and near by. With the help of the other men and the Africans, he began to beat back the fire and they had to do this for a number of hours before they got the fires out or turned away from the store house. After that episode, we had wide fire lanes cut all behind the mission. No one would ever admit to setting the fires. Some say it hurts the land, others say it helps, but one thing I know, it happened every year.

## CHAPTER 6

### GOING ON SAFARI

We often went out on the Usangu Plains. We started churches out there. It was, and I think still is, a very primitive area. I especially remember one congregation that we started. The people were very receptive and several wanted to be baptized. We had to take them a long way to find enough water for baptizing as it was the dry season. We left the people working very hard to build themselves a mud church building. We told them we would be back soon to visit them and left them a Bible and a Song Book. But the rains came early that year, and we were not able to get back until after the rains ended. There are no roads out there, and the elephant tracks are so deep that it makes traveling hazardous. When we finally got back, we could hear the Africans singing, and they were singing the same song over and over, "Mungu ni Pendo" - "God is Love". They were sitting inside the walls they had built for a church building, but there was no roof. We learned



They were singing "Mungu ni Pendo" - "God is Love"

that they had not been able to find any trees tall enough to span their building. We also learned that not one person in the village could read or write even their own language. So they had sung the song they remembered, said their prayers and repeated what we had taught them. Our hearts were touched and one of the African preachers that had come with us offered to stay with them for awhile and teach them how to read and write. We also brought in timber for them and tin for their roof. The last thing I saw as we left that day was the preacher teaching them how to read and write. He had scraped off a clean place on the ground and with a stick he was writing the ABC's on the ground. The children were sitting on the ground first and then the parents and grandparents were just behind them learning together the things we take for granted. God, make us thankful for our blessings!

One trip, I remember, Dr. Mays, his wife and children, Andrew and I and our children, David Caskey and his wife, and another visitor plus several Africans were all camping out on the perini (plains). We had two vehicles between us, and if one vehicle was out past about 5:00 p.m., the other would start looking for them because no one would on purpose be out after dark. It is most difficult to find camp in the dark. Even the Africans seem to lose their sense of directions at night. Well, the other vehicle had not returned so Dr. Mays and his family and our family started out to find the tardy travelers. The sun was getting pretty low when we finally found them, but they were in a dire predicament. There was a swamp between them and us and where there was not a swamp, there were fires. They were surrounded by either fires or swamp. They were on this little island of ground beating back the fires. We got out and started across the swampy area on foot to see if we could at least talk to them. They started waving their arms and yelling some unintelligible noises. We were too far away to understand the words so the men kept going through

the tall grass trying to get a little closer so that we could hear them. They looked as if they were doing some kind of wild pagan dance, and we wondered what the problem was. About that time the word "lions" came drifting across to us. Everyone froze, and we began to hear rustling in the grass and began hearing a low grumbling sound. I made a run for the landrover as did Shirley and all the children. Jerry, Andrew, and Keith Cormack, who was with us, were about thigh deep in the grass. They realized they were about to be surrounded by lions. Lions make a low, deep noise before they roar, and the sounds were making vibrations in the earth. We could even feel them in the landrover. It was an awesome sound and feeling. The men had to kill two of the lions to be able to get back to the landrover. This scattered the others for a while at least. The ones in the other landrover were finally able to make us understand that they thought they would be all right. They would just stay with the landrover and keep the fire back and hopefully could get out before morning. They knew the women and children were in our landrover and that we needed to get back to camp before dark.

It was beginning to get dark, and we knew we must find camp soon if we were to find it at all. Keith sat out on the front of the landrover, and he said he would direct us. The grass was getting so high that we could not see where or how to drive. We knew we were not returning the way we had come. Keith, sitting on the front, would point the way he thought we should go. Evidently, he couldn't see over the grass either because all of a sudden we pitched over the side of a ravine. Andrew slammed on the breaks, and we were hanging over the side with the front wheels going down into the ravine. They had put the dead lions in the back of the landrover so they slid onto the kids, and the kids slid into us. We were in a mess. The lions smelled so badly that the kids were all sick at their stomachs. Andrew was literally standing

up on the brake, and there we hung. He told us to open the doors as gently as we could and to get out. We all carefully crawled out, fearing that the landrover would at any moment fall on down into the ravine, but it did not. Andrew said he was going to take his foot off the brake and let the vehicle roll on down into the ravine as it was about the only option he had. But, when he took his foot off the brake, nothing happened. He crawled out, and by this time Keith had climbed back up to the top of the ravine, having been pitched down when we stopped. They got down and looked under the landrover and realized that we were hung on a big rock. It wasn't going anywhere. The men tried to lift the landrover up and off the rock, but it was too heavy and they couldn't do it. Finally, Andrew said, "Let's unload the lions, then I think I can lift it over the rock". So, they pulled the lions out the back of the landrover, and Andrew lay down underneath the back of the landrover and with his legs, he lifted the landrover off the rock and it rolled on down into the ravine. I never would have believed it, if I hadn't see it. He was very strong. We all slid down into the ravine and got back into the landrover. Keith said, "Let's just keep going because sometimes these ravines flatten out and maybe we could drive out of it further down". Just as we got started, someone remembered that we had left the lions back at the top of the ravine. They wanted the skins, so Keith and Andrew walked back to get them. They were very heavy and difficult to handle. Keith was a small man so he told Andrew that he thought he could carry one of them if Andrew would lift it up and put it around his shoulders. This he did, and Keith started back down into the ravine. Andrew tried and tried, but he could not get the other lion around his shoulders. Finally, he picked it up and carried it in front of him like a baby. We all nearly died laughing when we saw them coming like this. Andrew was laughing and staggering under the weight of it and saying, "Abilene Christian never prepared

me for this!"

They piled the stinking lions back into the back of the landrover, got in, and we started on down in the ravine. By this time Keith and Andrew smelled almost as badly as the lions! But, instead of widening or flattening out, the ravine got narrower and our wheels were having to climb the sides to make it. Soon we could go no further. What a predicament! Keith said, "Give me a gun and the torch (the only light we had), and I think I can find camp". He told us to climb up to the top of the ravine, and if we saw him returning, to light a fire so they could find us. Andrew and Jerry began gathering dry weeds and brush for a fire. They got it up between them to tell us that they only had one match and then to let the wind blow it out. They did this, and we nearly killed them when we found out what they had done! What a time to be playing jokes on us! But that was Jerry and Andrew for you.

Keith did find camp because one of the Africans that had stayed at camp had climbed a tree and put a pressure lantern up as high as he could climb. Keith spotted it and made it back. He and the Africans at the camp gathered up shovels and came back to find us. When we saw a light, we lit the fire and they found us. With the shovels they dug the side of the ravine down as much as they could and then told Andrew to get back in and dig out with all the power he could muster. So he revved up the motor as high as he could, dropped it into low gear, and gave it the gas. He literally leaped out of the ravine. It was a sight to see - a flying landrover! When he landed, he broke a few springs, but we all cheered at his success. We finally got back to camp all in one piece, and those cots felt good that night. After we had been asleep for a few hours, the other landrover finally showed up, too, so it all ended well.

We nearly always had to cross rivers when we went out on the Usangu Plains. The men had learned that usually they

could get through all right if the water was not too deep. They would just drive in and keep a steady pressure on the gas pedal and not hesitate. But sometimes this theory failed. One sunny day we were crossing a particularly deep river to get to a village on the other side when the water began cresting on the hood. I don't know if Andrew eased up on the gas or it was just too much for our faithful landrover, but the motor died right in the middle of the river. Andrew opened the door, and the water came rushing inside the vehicle. He said, "Well, I will just walk on across and find a tree to fasten the winch to and we will winch it out". Since it was the only option we had, he stepped out, but as luck would have it, there was a deep hole beside the landrover and he went clean out of sight! I scrambled across the landrover seat and looked down into the water, but it took awhile for his head to bob up again. He came up spitting, and was not particularly amused by my hysterical laughter. But, it was a funny sight. He got on across, found a tree and winched it on across. Many years later, when I saw the movie, "The Gods Must Be Crazy" and a similar thing happened, I found it very entertaining and was grateful that our landrover didn't get winched all the way up in the tree like theirs did.

## SAM JOHN

We did quite a bit of teaching and preaching out on the Usangu Plains, and it was one of the more primitive areas. There were no schools, churches or hospitals out there. Echols and the ones working the preacher training school at Ailsa also sent some of their trainees out on the plains to work among the people there. I remember one in particular that he told us about. His name was Sam John, and he was quite old. He wanted to come to the preacher training school. He said he knew he didn't have a lot of years left, but that he wanted to

spend them in teaching the "good news" of Jesus Christ. He didn't even read and write very well, but the other students would stay up at night with him drilling the information into him. He was most receptive.

On their first holiday, the men went out to use what they had learned. Many of them returned to their home villages. Sam John went back to the area where he had come from. He was able to start a small congregation in his village, and when he returned he was so happy to report the happenings. Then after another term at school, they had a holiday and he returned to his village again. But when school started, Sam John did not come. A day passed and then another. At first they thought he was just going to be late, but finally realized that something must be wrong, so they set out to see if they could find him. When they reached the village, they learned that Sam John had died. He was a very old man - no one knew exactly how old, but Sam John had left a number of Christians behind that he had converted to Christ. The people in that village will never forget Sam John and his dedication, and neither will any of us. He left us a wonderful example.

Camping out on the plains was quite an experience. We would try to get close to water, but sometimes it would be impossible, and we would have to carry water with us. We slept in tents, and it was wild and woolly especially at night. Many times you could hear the crocs slapping their tails on the water or hippos making their funny noises or lions roaring or hyenas howling. It was always comforting to reach across to the other cot and clasp Andrew's hand. He seemed never to be afraid, or maybe he just hid it from me. The children grew up in this environment so thought it all quite natural. I was really never afraid either as I had the utmost confidence in Andrew that he could handle any situation.

We saw a lot of sick people out there for there was no



medical help. One day we saw this little baby that was obviously suffering from malaria. Andrew gave the baby some medicine for malaria and told the mother and father that the baby should be much better by tomorrow. But the next day when we went to see the baby, they were preparing it for burial. We were shocked because we knew the people responded readily to medicine, especially for malaria, as they never had it. The African that was with us just shook his head and told us that the witch doctor had told them that the baby would die, and then we told them the baby would not die. He said, "I am afraid the witch doctor felt that it was a test between you and him". The witch doctor had obviously seen to it that the baby died. He did not want to lose face among the people. So, in our ignorance, we had done more harm than good. Sometimes we had to learn very painful lessons. We grieved over this unnecessary loss.

## THE TELEPHONE

It was getting close to the time when twelve young men were coming to visit Ailsa and Chimala to do some mission work. Echols thought it would be a good idea to have a telephone between Ailsa and Chimala in case of emergencies and for our convenience. So he proceeded to obtain some telephone wire and telephones, and with the help of some of the Africans, he strung it all the way from Ailsa down the mountain to Chimala. It was so exciting to be able to talk to each other in this primitive country in such a modern way. The Africans were also very excited about it, and we let them talk to each other. It was funny to see them yelling into the phone as they thought this necessary in order to hear each other. This lasted about three days when the phone went dead. We discovered that the line had been cut so it was repaired. After this happened about three or four times, Echols decided to try

and find out who was the culprit. He sat watches on the mountain, and we learned that it was the monkeys playing on the wires. They evidently thought that this was some new invention just for their enjoyment. We finally had to give up the idea of telephones between the missions. Africa was just not ready for telephones at this time.

We also had problems with the monkeys and wild pigs playing in and sliding down our water furrows to and from our water system. We always knew when the water quit coming to our water tank that the pigs had diverted the water with their fun and games. It was funny to watch them squealing and sliding with glee and difficult to get really angry with them. After all, they said they were there first!

## CHAPTER 7

### SAFARI FOR SOULS

Eldred Echols thought up the idea of having a Safari For Souls. He invited some college boys to come over for a campaign. Each of the boys had to raise their own support, and they were to come for about six months. We were all excited about this, and knew that this would be a big boost to the work, and would also inspire some of these young men to be missionaries. In the end we had twelve young men and a chaperone to come. It was most successful. The boys worked at Ailsa first and then came down to Chimala. Then together we took them out on the Usangu Plains where we all lived in tents. It was a wonderful experience for each of the young men, and we had several hundred baptisms during these campaigns. Feeding them was a big job, but all the missionaries pitched in and it was a lot of fun, too. I would like to list all the boy's names, but it has been so many years now that I would be sure to forget some of them. Several of them went back to Africa as missionaries, such as Dale Dennis, Mike Fortson, and Sonny Guild. There may have been some others, but my memory fails me. They all worked hard and ate heartily! I would cook four chocolate and four coconut pies at a time and got quite proficient at it. I taught Zebron how, too, and he would help me. I also made fireman pies out on safari that became quite famous. We used heavy iron skillets that had indented lids and put charcoal on top. I dumped in flour, sugar, baking powder, milk, eggs, and canned fruit and stirred it up. Amazingly enough, something tasting quite good would result. My father had been a fireman, and he had taught me how to make these in the oven and we improvised for outdoor cooking. Wild guineas and quails were plentiful on the plains so they were added to our menus.

The Africans were curious and interested in these young men and would walk for miles just to see them and listen to them speak. They took small generators and slide projectors and showed religious slides which fascinated the people who had never seen such modern and weird "goings on".

The thing that I remember the most was when the boys would come back to camp at night full of stories and excitement. We would sit around the campfire and talk for awhile and then inevitably we would start singing. The boys taught us "The Lord Will Find A Way For Me". I had never heard it before, and now every time I hear that song, it conjures up a picture in my mind of us all sitting around the fire under a beautiful African moon and the brightest stars that you can imagine. It was a good time to be alive.

During the time the Safari boys were there, Dr. Mays was the doctor and David Caskey and his wife were working with us. The young men helped in our building project, hauling sand and bricks for construction. While Dr. Mays attended daily to an average of seventy-five patients, the young men held devotional and Bible classes among those coming for treatment.

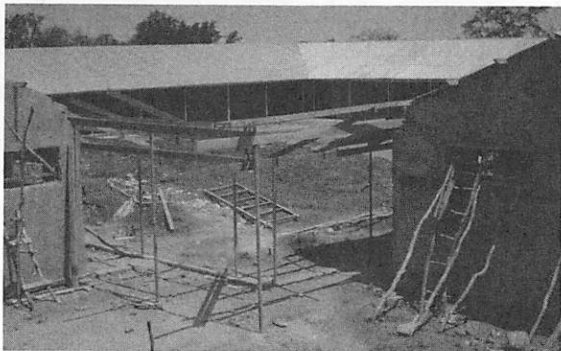
During the afternoons they visited local villages and markets and preached as they had opportunity. They showed slides at night, answered questions and held a four day gospel meeting with people coming from miles around. There were ninety-six baptized while they worked in the Chimala area bringing the total conversions to 619 for the Safari boys.

So the Safari For Souls was a huge success. The boys stayed six months and one stayed longer. Perhaps if we had more of these "Safari For Souls" in different parts of the world, we would have more missionaries willing to go to the fields that are truly white unto harvest.

## CHAPTER 8

### HOSPITAL NEARS COMPLETION

The outpatient block of the hospital was completed first, and this is where Dr. Huddleston began his work. He hired African medical assistants and nurses, and it was wonderful to see this in operation. A dream was realized, "A Balm To Heal The Sinsick Soul". For the first time our missionaries were granted missionary visas to work in Tanganyika. Then in December of 1963 church recognition was granted for our religious work.



Hospital nearing completion

As it was nearing time for us to go home from this tour, we contemplated what the Lord had done with us and with our fellow workers and the brethren at home that supported us and the African work. A hospital was nearing completion in the middle of the African bush. We saw little children receiving medical help, help that they had never received before. The doctor's house had been completed and another missionary house. The shop building had been built. Two store buildings, a wash house and power plant room were completed. Four staff houses were built and others were renovated. Four new

rooms were added to two existing houses while porches were enclosed, kitchens built, and a bath installed. Two thousand feet of four inch pipe was removed from a defunct mine and installed for our water system. Three hundred yards of two inch pipe were installed and two hundred yards of three-fourths inch pipe was laid. A water pump capable of pumping 36,000 gallons of water per day was placed in position. New roads were built and maintained. Fire guards were cut, and twenty acres of land was cleared and gardens planted. Over 500 three and a half foot pipes, nine inches in diameter were made by hand and installed for drainage and sewage lines. Some 100 loads of stone were hauled and



Hospital ward while still new

crushed for foundations and over 250 tons of stone were hauled for sewage lateral lines. About 1,000 tons of sand were hauled from the river for building purposes. Three hundred and seventy thousand bricks were made and burned and some four thousand cement blocks were made for use in the construction of the new buildings. Thirty thousand linear feet of timber were hauled out of the mountains for roofs and shelves. Thirteen trips were made to Dar-es-Salaam for business purposes, and about seventy thousand miles were traveled altogether.

Around 20,000 or more people were treated during this time. We were privileged to participate in the Safari For Souls. We had a part in establishing some eight new congregations and worked with the preacher training school at Ailsa as time would permit. We also helped train eight young men by being

with them on the field in and around Chimala. We helped to baptize about 450 people, among them three of our white friends and one Hindu young man. And too many Bible classes and worship services to number were organized and held by all of us working together.

We counted it a privilege and honor in that we were able to share richly in all the good things that went on and believe that all honor and glory should go, first, to God who made it possible and secondly, to our fellow-workers both on the field and at home.

After our return to the states, the hospital was completed and the President of the nation, Julius Nyerere came and did the honors of officially opening the hospital.

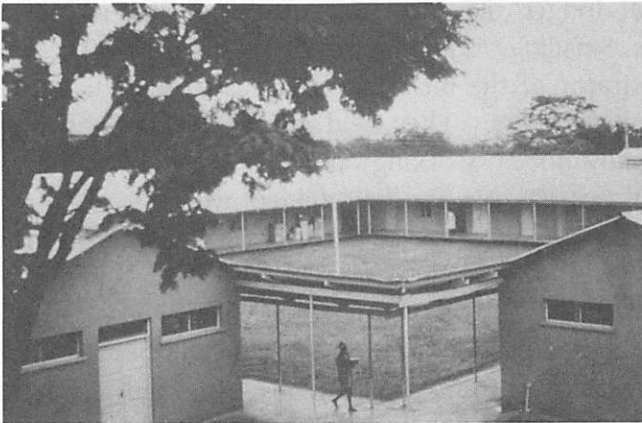
I am not going to even try to give a history of Chimala Mission and Hospital. I couldn't even list all the people that have worked there in the last thirty-some years, for this is simply a story of our experiences in Africa. But I must mention one other family who worked at Chimala Mission & Hospital longer than any one else and that is Wayne and Florene Smalling. Flo is a nurse and Wayne a preacher and administrator of the mission. They came after us and stayed many, many years. They held it together in good times and bad, many times working alone. They have my sincere thankfulness and love for their diligent work.

I would also like to mention the doctor that followed Dr. Huddleston, and that was Dr. Raymond Wheeler and his lovely wife, Leona and their children. They stayed a number of years and made a lasting impression on the peoples of Africa. Going with them were their friends, Ann and Gene Budock. After this, I would not be able to give a complete list of the personnel that followed.

In about 1989 Andrew took over the administration of the work again from state side with the Seagoville Church of Christ as the sponsor. He made many trips to Chimala during

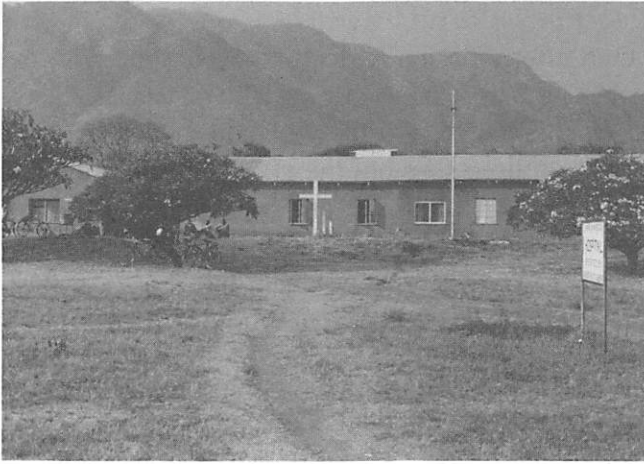
this time period with James L. French accompanying him. Since that time, many new buildings have been built on the mission, including several new missionary houses, some African staff houses, a dormitory for preacher students, a school for children, a shelter for patient's families, a preacher training school and print shop, plus an addition to the hospital. The work has flourished. At Andrew's death in June of 1992, James French took over this work still under the oversight of the Seagoville elders, and the work is continuing to grow and produce much fruit. The preacher training school is now producing their own missionaries who are being sent out to surrounding towns and cities in Tanzania. This was always our dream and is coming true today.

It is a wonderful thing now to see men preaching and teaching in the preacher training school and being leaders themselves that we have known since they were just small children who had never heard the truth of the gospel of our Lord until the mission came into existence.



Hospital just after completion





Hospital from the front after completion



Church building built by the Smallings

## EPILOGUE

One afternoon an African came to our door. It was evident that he had walked a long way. He was dusty, tired, hot, and troubled. He said his wife had given birth to a child and it had been three days but the afterbirth had not come. The men jumped in our landrover and went back with him to his village which was a good distance. Soon the landrover could go no further so they walked with him the last few miles. When they reached the village, the mother was in dire straits. They put her in a blanket and carried her back to the landrover. She was then taken to the hospital. But even with all the doctor could do, the lady died. Our hearts were heavy, and we thought this was not a story with a good ending. We expressed our sorrow to the husband, and he returned to his village.

But, this was not the end of the story. A few days later a group of men came from the village and asked us if we would go to their village and teach them the true gospel of Christ and help them to start a church there. Our hearts were warmed, and we went back there and started a work among these very receptive people. I am reminded of the verse in Matthew 5:16:

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven".

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## BOOK 3 - THIRD TOUR

### CHAPTER 1

#### THE TRIP

While living at Chimala, we made a trip to the Northern part of Tanzania. It captivated our imagination. The beauty of Northern Tanzania is striking. The twin towns of Moshi and Arusha were bustling with people, and to our knowledge, not a single New Testament Christian lived in the Northern Province. A new challenge, a new adventure tugged at our hearts. Arusha had a cooler climate because of the elevation and was on the slopes of a beautiful mountain called Mt. Meru. Moshi was warmer but had the distinction of being on the slopes of the tallest mountain in Africa, Kilimanjaro, over 18,000 feet in elevation. We didn't return as soon as we had planned, but on June 15, 1971 we departed for our chosen field, Arusha, Tanzania. Our plans were to do more printing this tour and to establish the church in Arusha as well as the surrounding areas.

I had begun to realize by the resounding evangelistic sermons that Andrew was preaching that it was about time to pull the suitcases out from under the bed again and start packing. Andrew said that we had a nice neat little family that would fit in any vehicle, two in the front and two in the back, and it was time for us to "go" again before we got any older. Well, that was well and good, but we had a surprise visit from the stork which delayed our leaving and much to Andrew's consternation, the Lord blessed us with two at a time this time. We had twin girls, Carol and Holly. Would you believe, now we needed a three seater!

## THE TRIP OVER

We waited until the twins were 8 months old hoping that Holly would get over the colic, but finally decided that we might just as well leave and hope that we could find her "soy bean" milk all along the way. Andrew had promised to stop in Ireland and hold a campaign at the church there. So, it was going to be a long drawn-out trip. We had a big crowd at the airport to see us off, and a lot of the "mamas" were shaking their heads and wondering at our audacity of taking two 8 month old babies on this long trip to the "disease-ridden" Africa. After having to pack for a family of six to travel to our new home in Africa and deciding what to ship, what to sell, and what to store while caring for two babies, I hardly had time to think about it. I felt as if I was in some sort of vacuum from that time until we finally got a house in Arusha and settled in. Mostly, it was just a matter of survival through each day and not thinking about tomorrow. I don't recommend traveling overseas with two eight month old babies!

The babies did very well on the trip to New York. They seemed to enjoy it, and there was plenty of room on the 747. It was not crowded so we could lie the babies down on some of the extra seats. We stayed in New York a couple of days, and were able to rest a little after the hassle of leaving. Carol crawled for the first time in New York, and we took a ride through Central Park in a buggy drawn by horses. This is about all I remember about New York. We didn't do a lot of sight-seeing as we were really too exhausted.

The next stage of the journey was a little harder. We had a night flight, and it seemed as if we had just gotten the babies settled in their cots when the sun came up and it was morning. We ran our watches forward six hours during the night. So, in fact, it got dark about 8:30 or 9:00 p.m., and a little after midnight, we caught up with the sun and dawn

arrived. So, there was very little sleeping that night.

## IRELAND

We had to stop in Ireland for close to a week as Andrew had agreed to hold a campaign at the Glencairn congregation there. We were met in Ireland by the Jack Stevenson family, and stayed with them while there. Jack was the preacher then at the Glencairn Church, and they were very hospitable. It was fun seeing how the Irish live. Every afternoon they had tea time about 5:00 p.m. After that we would go to the church services and after church was over (about 9:30 or so) we would go back home for supper which was usually about 10:00 or 10:30 p.m. We got to bed about midnight. The sun went down about 11:00 p.m. and came up again about 4:00 a.m. The babies did not sleep well nor any of us for that matter. A lot of time the men would go "visiting" after supper, and I couldn't figure out when and if the people there slept. Maybe that's why they fight all the time. They were bound to be exhausted. There was a lot of fighting going on while we were there and several bombings. One girl at the church had been in a bombing that had left her crippled. Most of the people were very friendly to us, but there was an undercurrent of tension all the time. They seemed to have accepted it as a way of life.

We did a little sightseeing and visited one castle that was fascinating to me. There were some American campaigners there when we first arrived, but they left before we did, and we hated to see our "fellow-Americans" leave.

Our little Holly had to have soybean milk as she didn't seem able to digest anything else. Her pediatrician in the states assured me that it would be available anywhere. I don't know where he had been all his life, and I should have known better having traveled overseas before. We started having trouble in



New York finding soy bean milk, and then when we got to Ireland, it was even more difficult. Andrew walked all over the town and finally, about the time he had given up, he found some in a health food store. We bought all they had, and packed it in a box to carry with us. If we had only known how hard it would be to find the milk, we would have left my clothes behind if need be - on second thought, Andrew's clothes - and carried a suitcase full with us.

We flew on to London after the campaign was over and spent a day and a half trying to re-organize ourselves. We stayed in a quaint hotel on the outskirts of London. We were on the third floor, and had to walk up narrow winding stairs to get to our room. I stayed turned around all the time I was there. Charles and Marianne thought it a great joke they had to lead me back to our rooms every time.

While in London, Marianne got very ill with chills and 104 degrees fever. We had to have a doctor in to see her. He advised that we not move her for several days as she had some kind of virus. That was not what we wanted to hear as we were booked to leave that night and had sent telegrams to Nairobi and Dar-es-Salaam of our arrival times. What to do! I remember Andrew taking little Marianne by the shoulders and looking into her eyes. He said, "Honey do you think you can make it if we go ahead and leave?" And, what do you suppose she said? What else could she say with that 6'4", 250 pound man looking down at her expectantly? "Yes, Daddy, I think I can make it" came from her feverish lips. She was very brave. So, we decided to take a chance, and we left that night. As luck would have it, we got lost in the airport (actually we were sent to the wrong terminal and gate). When we arrived, it was deserted, and we really panicked as we didn't have any spare time. Andrew rushed to a phone and asked for further directions. We were a long way from our plane by this time! Carrying babies, soybean milk, diaper bags, brief cases, we

literally ran back through the airport and barely made it before the plane took off. By this time Marianne was looking like a little sick ghost. I was afraid she was going to collapse. Both the older children got sick and lost what they had eaten. As a matter of fact, Marianne was standing in the aisle looking deathly when the stewardess asked her if she needed an "urp sack". She said, "No, I don't think so", and then lost it (without the sack). There was one baby cot, and we put baby Carol in it as we usually had to hold Holly anyway, but Holly was evidently tired of being held. She cried and twisted until 4:00 a.m. By then I was about to cry, too, and finally a steward found another cot and put it under my feet, leaving it sticking out into the aisle where everyone had to step over her. Anyway, it worked, and she finally settled down and went to sleep.

By the time we finally got to Nairobi, we were all beat. Both babies had developed diarrhea and were cross as little bears. It took us about an hour and a half to get through customs and immigration, but finally we got to a hotel and all collapsed into bed for the rest of the day. The next morning we were all somewhat revived and ready to press on to Dar-es-Salaam, at that time the capital of Tanzania. Marianne was still very pale and unable to eat (she didn't eat for three days) and I was very worried about her.

### DAR-ES-SALAAM, TANZANIA

The flight on to Dar was to be a short one, but the plane was two hours late so it stretched out a bit, too. Abdul Haji, an Asian friend that we had met the previous tour, met us at the airport and was able to get us through customs and immigration quickly. He took us home with him where we met his wife, who oddly enough was also named Claudene. I believe she was from Sweden, if I remember correctly. They

had a beautiful home on the beaches of the Indian Ocean. They insisted we stay with them rather than going to a hotel, so we enjoyed their hospitality for several days while we recuperated from the trip over. It was a pleasant interlude.

We had the opportunity to meet with the church in Dar-es-Salaam that had been started by Dale and Elnora Dennis. The congregation had about 80 members and a very nice church building. There were two other smaller congregations in the city and several African evangelists working there. By Monday, three of our African friends arrived to go with us to Arusha to help begin this new work. They were Brothers Mordicken Mkandawire, Edwin Tuskelege and Wiseman Mbukwa. Later on, after Brother Tuskelege left, another African joined us, Brother Iskaka Chando. Brother Chando is still there even up until this date. We had known all these Africans previously, and it was good to see how they had grown and become preachers and leaders in the church. We had known Brother Mordicken since our first tour, having met and converted him in 1958 (you might remember him, if you read Book #1).

I still have two letters, one from Brother Mordicken and one from Brother Mbukwa that I will quote here to help you to know these fine men a little better. The first is from Brother Mordicken Mkandawire. He is an outgoing, friendly, and large man according to African standards. His letter was addressed to our elders and said:

"Dear Elders,

I am very grateful indeed to write you this letter for the first time. I know that you may wonder how I have come to know you. It was last week when I heard from my brethren that you have already planned to send Brother A.M. Connally to come here in TANZANIA to preach the gospel. Frankly speaking, I would like you to know that we are very happy indeed, and that we are going to welcome him with two hands

and with many kisses and hugs. And, I give praise to the Lord for your decision to let him come.

I would also like you to know that I was converted by Brother Connally in the year 1958, when he was in Malawi (Nyasaland) and then in the year 1959 he sent me to the TANZANIA BIBLE SCHOOL, and we last met in 1960.

I came here again in the year 1965 for refreshment courses, and now I am here at Matamba preaching the gospel, and in this congregation there are 49 Christians. But, the people around here are still primitive and their language is very hard for me to learn and up to now they do not have the Bible translated into their mother language so I find much difficulties but anyway I am trying to do the best I can for the Lord.

Finally, may I use this time again to let the Lord ascent more blessings on you all and be used as vessels of service to others. I and my wife wish you a very nice welcome in our hearts and pray the Lord to richly bless you all. Please let us hear from you as you have opportunity to do so.

Thank you, Mordicken B. Mkandawire."

The other letter was addressed to us from Brother Wiseman Mbukwa. Wiseman is a very humble, kind and small man physically, but big in spirit. His letter follows:

"Dear Connally,

I am very glad to write you this letter. God should bless you and lead you to come back to Africa and do the Lord's work. So, we pray for you to come on your safe journey and teach us. The command of our Lord is important which said go ye therefore unto all nations to make all people be the Lord's disciples, by baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son, and the Holy Spirit. His word was right but if we do not do it, we are against the command of our Lord Jesus Christ.

This will be your third great missionary you will make. And we shall need another one equal to Paul's journey a good

Missionary and Dr. David Livingstone, the first missionary in Africa who made their four journeys to fulfill the purpose of Jesus. So we want you to do just as they did. They taught, healed the sick, preached the gospel and many other good things they did.

We consider you to be one of those great men.

We have opened our wide doors and our hearts for you to come here and do what the Spirit tells you to do.

Matt. 28:18-20

Matt. 10:5-10

We are all in good condition in my house and we give our best greetings too all in your house.

Your brother, Wiseman Mbukwa."

I think these letters give you a little insight into the hearts of these men, our co-workers.

It will mean more to you if I tell you how we first met Wiseman while we were living at Chimala.

Andrew looked out of his window and saw a very small ragged man, gaunt from hunger. Wiseman came in and asked for a job. Our elders had just told us to cut back on all spending and fire all workers on the mission as soon as possible and definitely not hire any more! Money was short! So, with this letter still lying on his desk, Andrew told him we had no work for him, but would give him some food to eat to help him along his journey. Brother Wiseman, with all the dignity a ragged, hungry man could have, politely refused the charity. He turned and walked back down the hot, dusty road. And, as Andrew watched his retreating forlorn figure, his heart wrenched within him, and he called to him to come back. We asked Wiseman if he could work a garden, and the answer was in the affirmative. He went to work at once and cultivated the best garden we had ever had. In just a few months Wiseman obeyed the gospel and brought his family up to live on the mission. He asked if he could have the old chicken house to

live in. We told him that it was not fit for people to live in, but Wiseman said if we would let him have it, he would clean it and make it livable. He did, and lived there for several years. Shortly after his conversion, he was asked to wait on the Lord's table and shocked us all when he preached as good a short sermon as you could imagine. He continued to work at Chimala and preached as he had opportunity. Then he wrote to us when he heard we were in Arusha and asked if he could come and be a preacher there. And this was the rest of the story. The providence of God? I think so.



Wiseman Mbukwa & Family

## CHAPTER 2

### ARUSHA AT LAST

We bought a Peugeot Station Wagon in Dar-es-Salaam, told our friends good-bye, and started on the last part of our journey to our destination, Arusha. We did not know anyone in Arusha personally, except for Keith Cormack and his African wife (and this was a different African wife than the one we knew) and the Regional Commissioner (kind of like a Governor) of Arusha. He had been the Regional Commissioner of the Chimala area when we were building the hospital there.

The trip was hard. It took us all day long and into the evening and the roads were dusty. There was no place to stop on the way, so we stopped and had a picnic beside the road but with the babies eating dirt and the ants eating us, it didn't take long. We asked for directions to Keith's house as he had invited us to stay with him until we found something. Unfortunately for us, we learned that Keith was on safari, but his African wife did know of our coming and invited us to come in. She led us to a rather large bedroom with nothing in it but a couple of iron beds and a baby bed. It had one "lone light bub", as we say in Texas, hanging from a long wire from the middle of the ceiling. She showed us the kitchen and told us to use it if we would like. The kitchen consisted of a table and one primas cooker, (this is like a one burner camp stove). There was a faucet near the floor in a small room where we could wash up and a stone nearby in case we wanted to wash our clothes. We thanked her and promptly went to bed, deciding that we would "cope" tomorrow. The next day Andrew went to the store and brought in some food that we could cook, which I did, the best I could, on the one burner stove. It was the kind you could pump up and get it hot

enough to pop popcorn in three seconds if you so desired. Marianne and Charles were hungry for spaghetti (I had raised them on it) so they begged me to try fixing it. The tomato sauce was very "kali" (strong and sharp tasting), but with onions I managed to make some sauce, set it aside and then boiled water for the spaghetti. It had a very odd taste, but we all ate it just the same. But, Marianne was still not "up to par" and was not able to keep it down. She was having a rough time adjusting after her illness.

We began looking for a house. We went to the Regional Commissioner, but found that he was out of town. Rent houses were scarce and had been taken over by the government. They called it "nationalizing". Anyway, you had to get on a waiting list for one. We were beginning to feel a bit desperate when we ran into some fellow Americans, (Baptist Missionaries), who told us about a house that was empty for two months just 7 miles out of town. It seems that when people go "on leave" in Africa, they get someone to house sit their house. We jumped at the chance and drove out to see it. It was very picturesque, on the side of a mountain that was an extinct volcano overlooking a beautiful crater lake. The house was comfortable, and the grounds were simply gorgeous with all kinds of flowers and flowering trees, poinsettias higher than your head, bougainvillea, roses - just all kinds of greenery. It had rock terraces and flower gardens part way down to the lake, and the rest of the way down looked like jungles with huge trees and vines of all kinds. There was a big rock verandah on the back of the house overlooking the lake. We were delighted, and eagerly moved in. We enjoyed our stay there very much and were thankful for the interlude. On a clear day (there were not too many of them at this time of year) you could see Mt. Meru that was just outside Arusha and Mt. Kilimanjaro that was about 40 miles away, near the town of Moshi. Our "eagle-eyed" son, Chuck (he was called this now)



was the one who first saw Mt. Kili. It was a beautiful sight. When we moved in, we found that there were plenty of animals to enjoy. The people who had owned the house had left an African caretaker to care for the animals. Besides two big German Shepherds (Alsations), there were two serval cats (they looked like small cheetahs), hundreds of guinea pigs, and one cat. The kids loved it. The serval cat's pen was attached to the house right by a window. Little Carol's bed was in front of the window. When I would go into the bedroom, many times the serval cats would be sitting on the window seal staring in at Carol, and Carol would be standing in her bed staring back at the cat. They were so close together that it kind of gave you goose bumps!

The verandah was a lovely place to have tea. One afternoon we were having tea, and I was sitting on the low wall of the verandah holding Holly. Chuck's sharp eyes spotted a snake working it's way out of the rocks near my legs. Thanks to his quick thinking, he got us away from the snake before it struck. There are a lot of spitting cobras in the area, but I was never sure what kind of snake that one was. I didn't stay around to see.

## THE ZOO

We were told about a zoo just down the road from us, and one Saturday afternoon we took the afternoon to go and see it. We found a very quaint, small hotel, and they had a private zoo which was very interesting and was open for anyone to see. There were quite a few animals, some in cages and some loose. A camel was in a cage, but with very low walls. It looked as if it could have stepped over it. When Marianne passed by the camel (she was lagging behind) he bent over and grabbed her hair with his mouth. We looked back to see her hair standing straight up as she let out a blood curdling

scream. I guess the scream scared him, as he let go of her hair. We really had a good laugh. We teased her a lot and especially after the chimpanzee spit at her. An African drove a little cart around (donkey driven) with food for the animals, and a chimpanzee sat beside him on the cart. It was a sight. There were some huge bald headed Maribou storks just walking around loose. Chuck just had to pick at them, and then we had a good laugh at him when the storks started chasing him and picking back. The children got to play with a baby lion. It was a very fun day.

### A HOUSE AT LAST

The Lord blessed us, and it didn't hurt to know the Regional Commissioner, but finally we were able to rent a house. It looked better on the outside than on the inside, but with a little cleaning and painting, it was quite nice. It had a small kitchen, living room and dining area together, one bathroom, and three bedrooms. To say that we were thankful was putting it mildly. I was ecstatic to at last feel like I was putting down some roots. We bought some second hand furniture and had some built by African carpenters (which is always interesting). The master bedroom had a sink in it, which was different. Marianne and the twins had one bedroom, and Chuck had the third. We used mosquito nets as Arusha had a rather damp climate because of the elevation, I suppose. I hired an African woman, named Mariamu, to help me with the children. All the washing had to be done by hand, and with all the diapers, that was a job in itself. She was an absolute jewel and became part of the family. I don't know what I would have done without her. She was so good with them, and it left me time to be Andrew's secretary, typing newsletters, etc., and also gave me time to go into the villages and hold ladies' classes. Sometimes, Mariamu would go with

me, and we would take the children, but sometimes it was too far, and I would go alone or with Mordicken. Andrew didn't like for me to go alone, and anyway, many times I needed a translator. There were at least two languages spoken in the area, KiArusha and KiSwahili. They were similar, but not identical. Many of the WaArusha people were Maasai who had settled down in one area. Usually the Maasai are nomadic.



Andrew & twins in front our house

Anyway, to get back to the house. It was on one of the main streets in the town called Hailie Salasie Rd. The yard was the best part of it. It was big and lovely with many flowering trees and plants - an ideal place for the children to play. My favorite trees in the yard were the frangi-pangi trees. They had big waxy flowers that smelled wonderful. We were near to town. It could be walked in 15 or 20 minutes. Down at the end of the street, you could look up and see Mt. Meru. And, we had electricity and a phone (which almost never rang). It was great, and we enjoyed living there very much. The yards were so big that you didn't really have close neighbors, but next door to us was a Hindu family and down the street and across were Americans, Baptist Missionaries. They were very

nice and good friends. Chuck became good friends with the Indian boy that lived next door. They spent many happy hours together.

Although we hated to leave the beautiful house we lived in by the crater lake, we were more than happy to have a place of our own where we could hang up our clothes and begin our work.

## THE WATINDIGA

Just south of Arusha was a drought stricken area. Water levels had dropped some 20 feet, and there were whole villages without water. They had suffered crop failure which meant starvation for many. Andrew went to the Regional Commissioner and asked him how we could help. We gave them about \$800, and we had crates of clothing sent from the states (used, good clothing). Blankets were also desperately needed. This was a wonderful opportunity for the church to become known. Mr. Mwakang'ate made our gifts known on the radio and newspaper, so this was a good start for the church in Arusha which brought us before the general public. God works in mysterious ways.

## SETTLING IN

Just as we were settling into our new house, we had visitors - missionaries who were working in Dar-es-Salaam, but from America. Herb and Ethel Phillips, and their three boys, were welcome guests. It is always fun to have guests, especially Americans, to visit.

We had been trying to find a building downtown to rent so we could use it for a church building, but at this point had not been able to acquire one. So, we were meeting in one of the African evangelist's house in one of the African villages. It

was not very big so it was crowded, as we had several visitors, and the Phillips were still there. Ethel and I were sitting on one of the beds, which was more like a hammock. I remember that our chins were nearly touching our knees, and it was difficult holding the babies. We did about anything to try and keep them quiet in such close quarters, even feeding them cookies and bananas. They discovered that it was more fun rubbing the bananas up and down our arms than eating them. It was a pretty awful experience, and I got green with envy remembering the nice padded benches back in the states. And, if you had to take one of the babies out, you had the decision to make of whether to leap quickly past the preacher or crawl slowly in front of him. We really needed a church building!

Our goods had arrived from the states, and it was just like Christmas opening all the crates. The first crate we opened had the babies' high chairs in them, and it was so nice to have a place to sit them while they ate. It was so good to see our books, the children's things, my cooking pots and different clothes to wear besides what we had brought in the suitcases. It also made the house seem a bit smaller trying to fit all our "blessings" in the rather small house. But, we managed.

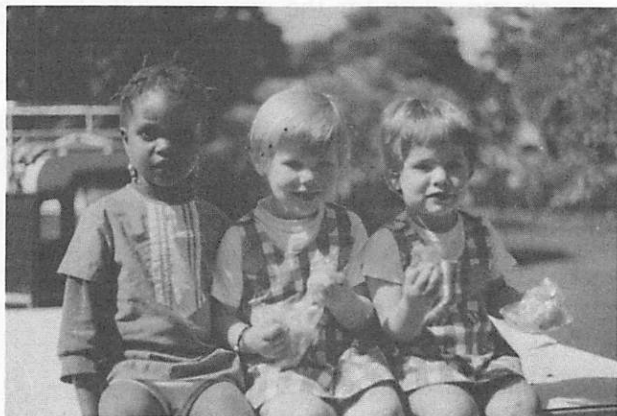
We soon learned that it was different living in a town rather than the bush. Thieving was worse in the towns (although in years to come it got just about as bad in the bush). We had louvered windows all across the front of the house in the living and dining room. It was great for seeing out on our beautiful yard, but it must have been good for people to look in, too. For one night when Andrew was very tired, he forgot and left his good watch and ring lying on a little table by his chair. Usually, he put them up. That night, someone either reached through or climbed between the horizontal bars and took the watch and ring. It was very disconcerting to say the least. But, we decided that they must have reached in because

they would have to be awfully thin to slide through the bars that were on the windows. But, just to be on the safe side, Andrew took out his pistol and laid it beside his head on the night stand. I hoped he kept his head, as I still had to get up with the babies several times a night. Well, the next morning when we woke up, the pistol was gone from beside his head. Someone had slid through the louvered windows with the horizontal bars, come into our bedroom, and taken the pistol, no doubt standing over us with the loaded pistol in hand and then slipped back out. We had heard nothing. We felt it must have been the young man (very skinny) that worked in our yard, but we could never prove it. We let him go, and we didn't have any more thefts, at least for awhile. Meanwhile, we put vertical bars up, leaving squares that surely no human could creep through.

Someone lived in our attic. At night you could hear them romping around with great gusto. They sounded very large, but there seemed to be no opening into the attic so we never knew for sure who or what it was. We just gave them the attic, and we took the downstairs. But, I didn't feel very good when we began to see large rats downstairs, especially when the locals told us that one year they had an epidemic of pneumonic plague (similar to the bubonic plague). We sent back to the states for rat poison and put it out, but for awhile they were everywhere, especially at night. They were so bad in one of our neighbor's house that they had to move out for awhile. They were running up and down the curtains. I woke up one night and heard one of the big ones staggering around the room like a drunk man (he evidently had eaten some of the poison). I jumped out of bed and dropped a huge book on it and jumped back into bed. I left it that way and let someone else clean it up the next morning.

## THE CHILDREN

The babies were getting old enough to play outside now, and they loved playing under the frangi-pangi trees and rolling in the sweet smelling flowers that were continually falling off. Mariamu helped me keep an eye on them and often brought her own little girl to work with her to play with them. She was a little older than the twins, and her name was Tabu (which means trouble in Swahili). The twins loved her, and she taught them to play African style. As they got a little older, you would see them all with their dollies tied on their back playing "mama". They looked so cute.



Tabu, Carol & Holly

The babies had some illnesses those first few months. I guess they were just getting acclimatized. They would have fever and vomiting or diarrhea. Once Holly really gave us a scare as she went into a convulsion. There were three doctors in town that we had heard of, an Asian, a German, and I can't remember what the other one was. We took her to the German doctor as he was nearest. She was coming out of it by the time we got there, but it really gave us a scare. The

German doctor was quite brusque, and later we found out that he was very much a Naza sympathizer. The Asian doctor committed suicide when he got mixed up in some kind of fake money scam, and the other doctor was really hung up on malaria. He always said you had malaria, no matter what was wrong with you. But, later on we discovered another doctor there, Dr. Mandelea, who was quite good.

We found that the school in Arusha went through the sixth grade only. It was an interracial school and had an Australian headmaster. They tested the children and put them both in the sixth grade. One of them had an African teacher, and the other had an Asian teacher. They had to wear uniforms, green and white for the girls and kaki for the boys. The school was very old fashioned looking, one you might expect back in Tom Sawyer's time. They even had pens and

inkwells that they dipped them in. The kids thought that was really neat. They came home everyday with some new and exciting experience. They cooked nutritious meals for the kids from the local gardens and required that the students must eat some of everything on their plates. They learned to eat all kind of things that they probably never would have eaten otherwise. They taught them horseback riding



Chuck with his Singh friend

(English style - no western saddles). So all in all the older children were well pleased with their lives. Marianne made friends with an African girl and a Dutch girl. Chuck had African friends and his Asian friend (who was a Singh and had long braids pinned across the back of his head - and when they



got older, they wore turbans and never cut their hair). Chuck loved eating at the Singh's house as his mother made the most delightful Asian food, chapatis and honey being Chuck's favorite. Chapatis are a type of bread, but it is made different ways and theirs was a fluffy variety.

Chuck and Marianne had very interesting science classes, and they spent a lot of time outdoors exploring. There was a river that ran through the school grounds, and the classes would walk down this river to collect specimens of different things. Somehow on those days, Chuck always came back with very stiff shoes. Undoubtedly, he walked in the river instead of beside it! I guess that is just one of the differences between boys and girls.

Chuck and Marianne both had a very bad bout with malaria that year and had to miss some school. The malaria prevention medicine was pretty awful, bitter as could be. One day, when we moved Marianne's bed away from the wall, we found a number of those pills that she had disposed of rather than taking. They always made her sick at her stomach, and she would do anything to get out of taking them. I think she eventually developed some immunity to malaria, as she didn't have it very much after that, despite the fact that she had all sorts of ways to get out of taking the medicine. I finally caught on to her story about the school giving them tablets at school. She was telling the school that she took them at home. Chuck didn't mind so much taking the pills, and was pretty healthy most of the time, if you don't count diarrhea. He had that the whole four years



Marianne, growing up in Africa

we were there. We tried everything to help him but to no avail. I guess it didn't hurt him as in later years he grew to be considerably over 6 ft. tall, and looked the specimen of good health.

While we were all settling into our new life, we had not forgotten why we had come.

## CHAPTER 3

### OUR FIRST CONVERT

We had been meeting outside in one of the villages for a number of weeks. We had outgrown the evangelist's house and were having around forty in attendance. I started a children's class and had about twenty in it from ages 2 to 12. We had to sit in the hot sun, but no one seemed to mind. It was good to be teaching again. Many of the people had shown great interest in what we had to say and, finally one day, one of the men decided that he wanted to be baptized and become a New Testament Christian. It was a happy day, and I will quote an article that Andrew wrote about the baptism.

#### IN THE SHADOW OF MT. MERU

"As we gathered in the evening twilight, Mt. Meru thrust majestically high above us like a towering Monarch of the plains, somber, purple, and altogether lovely. The last rays of a setting sun inflamed the heavens to the west in brilliant orange hues. The air was clear and crisp. The coffee garden in which we stood was quiet and cool. The mountain stream at our feet was cold and noisy as it dashed over and between the boulders and rocks scattered throughout its length. The moment was tense with anticipation, for history was about to be made! For, in the midst of this serenely beautiful setting a man was to be baptized into Christ for the remission of his sins. As far as we know since the history of the world, no living soul had ever witnessed such in this entire region.

Our first convert was baptized. Amid shouts of "Thank the good Lord", "I'm so happy", "We praise God" and many others, the church of the Lord enlarged it's borders and a new soul was born into the kingdom of God. Years of planning,

tens of thousands of miles and thousands of prayers, sacrifices and dollars lay behind this wonderful moment! As we walked along the winding path after the service, I could not resist looking up at Mt. Meru, shrouded by darkness, crowned by myriad's of twinkling stars and saying, "For the first time in thousands of years you have stood, and among the countless dramas and tragedies you have witnessed, never before have you seen what you saw tonight." And it seemed to me as if old Meru was a little more serene than I had ever seen it - thanks be to God." Andrew Connally

This man's name, the first convert in our area, was Eneah L.N. Nkwama. Imagine our concern and disappointment when he told us that he was moving back to his home. We had already learned that many come to the towns only to return to their home villages after a year or so. Anyway, our hearts were saddened to see him go, and we wondered if he was rooted and grounded enough to remain faithful and would he be able to find some Christians in his area. We knew he lived in the vicinity of the Ailsa Bible School, but by this time, it had closed down and had moved to Dar-es-Salaam. But, to our joy, we soon received the following letter:

"Mr. & Mrs. Andrew M. Connally  
Arusha, Tanzania  
Brother,

Today, I am very happy to send my greetings by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom you have preached to me as I heard and believed, repented and was baptized. And now, I am a Christian because of your teaching which saved me. I believe that many are going to be pulled by truth same as I was pulled there at Arusha and I was baptized. Now, I am preaching about Christ without fear or shame.

My journey, I arrived safely. I stopped at Chimala and spent one night with Brother Angel Harawa at Chimala Mission. They were very kind to me. Also he was very happy

to hear that I came from Arusha and that I was baptized there in the Lord's church.

From Chimala I went straight home when I reached home on Nov. 3, 1971 and on Sunday when the church met I was there and I made my introduction that I am a member in the Church of Christ. They were very happy to hear that now I am a member in the church and they came one by one and shake my hand. After shaking my hand we have joined together on Lord's supper. After we were through with service they spoke about the sorrow which they have. They said since they have moved the students and the Bible school not one evangelist have visited us up to now.

This village at Ng'onde it has over 40 Christians who are attending services every Sunday. The big problem which we have is we are not visited. We ask and welcome you to come and visit us soon as you get a chance.

Many greetings from me and all the brethren from the Church of Christ at Ng'onde. Eneah L.N. Nkwama, Church of Christ, Ng'onde".

Our fears were groundless as Brother Nkwama seemed to have an excellent grasp of what being a Christian is all about.

It was not many weeks after this first baptism that we had five more, all grown men and one a Maasai.

To our knowledge, this was the second Maasai to be converted, the first one being at Chimala. All of these men were very dedicated and studied diligently. The baptism sight was very beautiful with large shade trees and banana groves. A baptism service in Africa is different than in the states. We all walk and sing to the river, then we have a short sermon before the baptism, then there are prayers and more songs between each baptism. It is very impressive, if lengthy.

We still had not been able to rent a building or office for church services, and I had to be very careful that the babies



And 5 were baptized that day

did not blister in the hot sun. They loved going to the river for the baptisms, but really wanted to get in the water. There were ladies washing their clothes near where we were having baptisms, but they politely stopped and watched what was going on.

One Sunday I met a very interesting African lady. She had come to services and asked me to go home with her for a visit which I was very glad to do. We immediately took a liking to each other, and she took my hand and led me down a dirt path to her cottage. We passed several African huts, and went through a corn patch with the corn higher than our heads. We stepped into a clearing, and there was her house, distinguished from the other huts by a pretty flower garden of periwinkles in front. We stepped into a tiny living room with a bench to sit on and lots of pictures on the wall. Some were of her, and she had on a uniform. I learned that she had been a policewoman in her younger days. We called her Mama Mkubwa (meaning large and she was very large for an African woman and was also large in spirit and character). We stayed good friends throughout that tour in Africa. She was a very

interesting and unusual person.

We had three African evangelists over for supper and their wives and nine children to talk about the work. I fixed Swiss steak, rice, and home made cinnamon rolls. It was a good time for all of us, and a uniting of our spirits and goals.



Mama Mkubwa, Mama Claudene, Holly & Carol

## CHAPTER 4

### THE WORK CONTINUES

Finally we were able to rent a building downtown to be used for a church building. This was a real blessing. It was actually a shop at one time, and the front was solid glass. It was a temptation to watch the people go by during the services, but we finally got used to it. We kept it open all day, every day, and had many people passing by who stopped by to visit. We averaged passing out about 200 tracts in Swahili each day. Printed material in Swahili was one of our main projects that tour, and we had many books and tracts translated into Swahili, printed and then distributed to Swahili speaking areas where works were going on.



The shop building that was our first church building

We had a new evangelist to come and work with us, Brother Lincoss Mkwama. We knew him before at Chimala and worked with him the last tour. Brother Lincoss is a fine man and excellent teacher and personal worker. He was a real asset to the work at Arusha.

Having a place to meet and visit was a boost to the work, and the crowds slowly began to pick up. It was a good



ways for some of our regulars to come, but most of them continued to come. My friend, Mama Mkubwa turned up in the new location, and I was so glad to see her.

## THE WACHAGA

One of the largest tribes in Tanzania are the Wachaga. They number some 350,000 and live on the slopes and foothills of Mt. Kilimanjaro. We have great hopes of being able to work with this tribe.

One day, shortly after we were able to rent our office/church building, a very impressive young man selling Bibles, stopped by. He was a Wachaga from the Moshi area 50 miles east of Arusha. He discussed the Bible with us and planned to return for services on the Lord's day, which he did. After hearing the sermon, he was very impressed and asked if we would consider coming to his village to preach. We assured him this would be our great pleasure. The arrangements were made, and the next week, Brother Jim Morrow (who was visiting us) and three of the African evangelists and Andrew made the journey to Moshi and his village. The area was beautiful. It lies about 1,000 feet above the valley floor on the slopes of Mt. Kilimanjaro. It nestles in the midst of coffee plantations and huge trees and flowers grew in profusion everywhere. The first visit was a resounding success as he had people prepared and ready to hear us. The men preached, passed tracts, and made arrangements to return. The next week, when the men returned, they had their first baptism. The first Wachaga was baptized, and that at least was a beginning. By the end of the month, nine men had been baptized and the church was established. But, the Wachago tribe was scattered over a very large area, and we had just touched the hem of the garment.

## SA'ME

We were having baptisms regularly now, but not all our converts stayed in Arusha. As I mentioned before, people in the towns are very transit. They come into town to try and get jobs, make a little money, and then very often they returned to their villages. This was good and bad. It was bad for the growth of the Arusha church, but good in spreading the good news to other places.

One of the new converts was from Sa'me (pronounced Sah-me), a large area some 175 miles east of Arusha on the road to Dar-es-Salaam. He came into the office/church building to study for weeks and then decided to return to his home to try and plant the church there. He asked for two of the evangelists to go to Sa'me to help him start this work. So, we sent two of the African evangelists to go back with him to his village. They took turns going there each week, and at the end of the month, they had 150 people assembled to listen to the "good news". Several were baptized, and the new convert wrote to us every week asking Bible questions, and he was eventually able to carry on this work himself. This is how the work began to spread in our area.

## MAASAI LAND

In the heart of Tanzania lies millions of acres of primitive bush. This is the home of the dreaded tsetse fly, the rhino, the buffalo, the elephant, and the Maasai. It is arid, heavily eroded and contains impenetrable thorn bush. It was, and probably still is, raw, rough, and barren. The temperature goes from extreme to extreme. Andrew and our son, Chuck, went there to visit for five days. They had wanted to go into this area and see this mysterious land for themselves. For hundreds of square miles no church, hospital, or school was to

be found. The people were illiterate and destitute. Every disease imaginable was found in this inhospitable environment. At night, as they lay in their tent, they listened to the hyenas, jackals, and lions as they stalked their prey and fought for survival. They walked and drove over much of this area, sometimes being stopped by thickets that were impregnable. On the open savanna land, they thrilled to see buffalo and herds of hartebeest, impala, kudu, ostrich, and wart hogs. They said the bird life was thrilling to see.

They were impressed by the terrible poverty and ignorance of the inhabitants, the Maasai. They said that the people were very colorful and interesting in custom and life, but no formal education, medical facilities - and no Christianity. They existed on one meal a day consisting mostly of blood and milk mixed together. Sometimes they would have cornmeal mush and a piece of goat to round out their fare.

This was a sobering and heart rending experience for Andrew and Chuck for they realized that it would take a hundred missionaries and mission stations to reach this large area, and they realized that generations could pass before this came to pass. It made us all count our own blessings and pray for more missionaries to answer the call that is ringing throughout the world.

## USA

The first time I saw this sign (USA) on the road, it was night and we were driving to Arusha from Dar-es-Salaam. I had been sleeping and drowsily opened my eyes to see our car lights shining on a sign by the side of the road with USA written boldly on it. I jumped up excitedly thinking we were back in the good ole U.S.A. I quickly came down to reality and later learned that it was not pronounced U.S.A., but "Ooosa".

USA was about fourteen miles from Arusha, and this is where we began our 4th congregation. We found the people very responsive and interested in learning more about the Church of Christ. Later on, after two of our African evangelists had returned to their homes, another African evangelist, Iskaka Chando, came to help us and became the preacher for the Church at USA.



Chando teaching in a village

## WORKING WITH THE AFRICAN EVANGELISTS

Andrew would go into different villages with the African evangelists and pass out tracts and "feel out" the people to see if they seemed responsive and whether they thought it might be a good place to try and start another congregation. Many times, if they could get a crowd, they would begin preaching to the people. One such day, Andrew came home laughing and told me about one of the African evangelist's sermon. He was preaching on polygamy. The evangelist said, "God has said, we should not serve two masters." Andrew and I had a good laugh over that argument against polygamy, and then thinking about some families we knew, decided that it may have been a pretty good argument.

Sometimes the illustrations that the Africans give don't make any sense to us, but then I imagine that some we give don't make any sense to them, either. I remember in later years, Brother Louie Woodall was talking to or preaching to the African evangelists at Chimala. He was trying to encourage them to take more initiative and be more aggressive about the work of the Lord. He was a rancher, and he said, "Now, you need to take the bull by the horns". The Africans were very shocked and puzzled by his suggestion.

### BABATI AND THE TRIP HOME

Another village that the men went to was Babati, some 100 miles from Arusha. After passing out tracts most of the afternoon, they started for home. Soon, they had their first flat. After using the spare, they got back on the road. Then, after about ten more miles, they had another flat. This time, the tire was ruined, and they had to repair the first flat tire. It took four of them to get it off the rim and two hours of work. By then, it was getting close to dark. As they started off again, one of the wheels started wobbling. There was nothing to do but leave the African evangelists with the vehicle, and Andrew hitchhiked the last twenty-five miles on to Arusha. The man let Andrew out in town so he had to walk the rest of the way. It started raining, and it wasn't even the rainy season, so he came in wet and very weary. I had been very worried about him being so late and was glad to see him. He ate supper, and I fixed food for him to take back to the Africans. He went by and told their wives what had happened and drove back to the site. They agreed to sleep in the landrover that night, and Andrew drove back, showered and slept a few hours, and early the next morning he returned with a wrecker.

Traveling in Africa, to say the least, is exciting. Gas stations are few and far between and "service" stations are

practically nil. I remember one trip that we took when a rock had knocked a small hole in the gas tank. We would stop every few miles and Andrew would crawl under the vehicle and rub Sunlight soap on the hole to stop it up "very temporarily".

## CHAPTER 5

### FAMILY LIFE

#### LIVING CONDITIONS

Living conditions began to change as the government was taking over more and more of the businesses. The butcheries were taken over by them, and the Asian butchers simply left the country. Some of them stayed open, but the meat was inferior. We got less and less imported food and even less from our neighbor, Kenya. We could no longer get milk or cheese or bread so we had to begin making our own bread. The flour was dirty looking, so breads and cakes came out a muddy tan. And the sugar, when we could get it, was very coarse and would hardly dissolve. The children would say, "What nice heavy cakes, Mother", and truly, they were. We began to rely more and more on fresh foods that could be grown locally. Healthwise, it was probably good for us, but the kids did long for catsup and bologna sandwiches on soft bread. We certainly did not suffer, but we did miss the convenience.

Even the children's school was changing. The Australian Headmaster was replaced by an African, and teachers seemed to come and go. But, they still seemed to enjoy school, especially the sports. They had a sports day occasionally, and the families were invited to come and watch. Both Chuck and Marianne were in the relays, high jumps, sack races, etc. It was a fun time for them.

#### MOJELLA GAME PARK

Wherever we lived in Africa, we always looked for the fun things to do there. We felt this was important to our own

well being and happiness, as well as for the children. One of the most fun things near Arusha was going to the Mojella Game Reserve. It was beautiful, with large trees looking very jungly in places. The animals, of course, were not in cages or fenced in. It was just a designated area for the wild animals to run free and protected. We always saw lots of animals, including giraffe (they looked like large rocking chairs when they were running), wart hogs, buffalo, water buck, elephants, antelope of all kinds, monkeys, and lots of bird life. Andrew was standing on the road taking pictures when a big elephant came into sight. Andrew jumped into the landrover to change films, and the elephant just kept coming. He stepped just behind the landrover and up on the hill behind us, and we could just see his belly. The twin's eyes were as big as saucers, and I suspect we all looked that way. Elephants have been known to charge cars, but this one only seemed idly curious.



Picnicing in the game park with the Hestands who came later

We took a picnic of homemade bread and tuna fish and homemade cinnamon rolls. While we were eating, we could see more elephants playing in a small lake nearby. While we



were enjoying that sight, a troop of baboons began playing in a tree, even closer to us. We decided they were too close for comfort so we quickly finished our food and got back in the landrover. It started raining on us on the way home, and we looked back to see it snowing on the top of Mt. Meru. How beautiful it was, and how strange to see it snowing on the mountain top and yet warm down below. We had just recently learned that Mt. Meru was not an extinct volcano, but a dormant one. We hoped and prayed that it stayed dormant, but in the next years to come we often felt tremors and even the pictures on the wall sometimes would shift and move.

## MT. MERU

We drove up the side of Mt. Meru several times as far as we could drive. It was a beautiful and fascinating drive. Different kinds of trees would grow at different levels and the tree line was a beautiful sight. We also took picnics on these trips as there were no "McDonalds" along the way. As a matter of fact, there was nothing on the way except beautiful scenery. There were not even any villages on the side we went up.

A lot of people like to climb Mt. Meru, and there were African guides who would go with you. Some of the Baptist missionaries who had guests from the states decided to climb it. They had a couple of children with them. The tale they told us when they finally got back made my hair stand on end, and somehow I never got the "bug" to climb it myself. When they got to the top, it began to rain and clouds came down on the mountain top, and their vision was almost nil. They quickly decided they had better get started down so they could get home before dark. They climbed down about five hours, and began to realize something was wrong. It did not look or feel right to them. The clouds and fog were very thick, but they

finally began to realize that they were climbing down into the crater instead of the outside of the mountain. They began to climb back up, and it took them a good while to locate the top and to feel sure they were climbing down the mountainside. They knew that if anyone fell or got hurt, they were going to be in big trouble. But, even the children held onto their senses, and they were able to get down. They had to climb the last part in the dark, and those waiting below were very grateful to see them all in one piece. Quite an experience!

## ILLNESSES

As the government was taking over more and more, some of the doctors left Arusha. About the end of the first year, little Holly became very sick. We finally found a doctor to take her to, but we did not feel good about him. His office was dirty, and he had all sorts of pickled things just sitting around in his office....and, I mean pickled things like gall stones and even tiny babies. She did not seem to be getting better so we decided to make a trip to Nairobi, Kenya where there would be better medical care. The doctor there put her in the hospital for 2 1/2 days. I stayed with her, and the rest of the family checked into a family hotel. It was hard to leave little Carol, but I knew the rest of the family would take care of her. Then, right after we got home, Carol, Holly's twin, came down with a really bad case of malaria. We decided to try the only other doctor that we knew that was left in Arusha. He plainly told us that she might and she might not get over it. His "bedside" manner was not quite what I needed. She wouldn't eat for five days, and all the malaria medicine was very hard on her, but she finally pulled out of it. I held her most of those five days, and her fever was very high. We were very thankful and grateful to God that she finally made a full recovery. Holly's weakness seemed to be her chest and ears, and Carol's

problems were usually malaria. But, eventually she seemed to build up some immunity to it, but Holly had trouble off and on that whole tour with her chest and ears.

## THE MORROWS

We were very happy that about the end of our first year there, the Morrows came to work at Dar-es-Salaam. He had been one of the "safari" boys back when we were at Chimala. Jim, his wife Linda, and their three children, Lisa 4, Lana 2, and Jim Earl 10 months, along with a friend of theirs, an elderly lady named Sister Stellars came up and had Christmas with us. We had a wonderful time together, and it made the holidays so much more pleasant. The weather was warm, but we managed to "get the spirit" with all of us together. We didn't have time to get too homesick with so many children in the house. We managed to find a turkey, so we had turkey and dressing with all the trimmings. And, thanks to some of our friends back in the states that sent us pecans, we had pecan and mincemeat pies. We had gotten quite a few Christmas cards from home, so we strung them up around the room to make it more festive. We cut down a cedar tree and decorated it the best we could. All in all, it was a very nice Christmas.

As I mentioned, supplies were getting difficult, but we managed to find a few toys for the children that had been shipped in from China. I remember we found two dolls for the twins, one in blue and one in pink. They had big button eyes, and one of them had one button partly broken off. When the twins ran in to get them, Carol ran up to the one with the broken eye. She quickly leaned over and took the one in front of Holly, and Holly leaned over and took the one in front of Carol. We thought it very amusing because we had learned that little Carol noticed everything and was pretty much a perfectionist, and Holly never noticed details and could care

less anyway. They were so different, but both precious in their own ways.

We enjoyed those little twins so much, toddling around everywhere - one brunette and the other blond. What joy they brought to all of us. It was almost like they had two sets of parents, one old and one very young. Chuck and Marianne were about 11 and 12 by this time.



Jim Morrow, Anna Stellars, Linda Morrow, Claudene, Chuck, Marianne, Lana, Jim Erl, Lisa & the twins

The Morrows stayed with us for about a month after Christmas as they did not have a house yet nor a vehicle. You had to get on a waiting list with the government to get a vehicle. Anyway, they were planning on going to Nairobi by the first of February to go to language school. Sister Stellars was to go with them to watch the children so they both could go to school. Andrew and I had been studying Swahili with an Asian lady, but he decided to take them to Nairobi each week and go to school with them. I stayed home with our four and kept studying with the Asian lady. It worked out better for me, and the kids and I took the opportunity to really enjoy doing things together. I was still young enough to enjoy playing games with them.

We all looked forward to the weekends and being

together again. Andrew would always come home with interesting stories to tell, especially about the Swahili lessons. He told us about one missionary that got his words mixed up (which is very easy to do in Swahili). The words for little potato and moderation were very similar, and the man was preaching on "moderation". But, as luck would have it, he was using the word for potato so he was saying, "We should use a little potato with everything we do, when we eat, when we drink, when we work, when we play, even when we make love to our wife - we should use a little potato". As you can imagine, the Africans were rolling in the aisles before that sermon was over. Once, when Andrew was practicing his Swahili during one of our classes, the teacher broke out laughing and told him that he had just said he was going to put salt in his underwear instead of the bottle, the difference being chupi or chupa. It made life more interesting to say the least.

While the Morrows were with us, we took them on the trip up to Mt. Meru. We went higher than we ever had gone, past the tree line. It was something to see, but we had a bit of bad luck and fell partly through a bridge. It was very scary, but Andrew, Jim, and Chuck finally managed to get us on across. We found a beautiful place for a picnic by a gorgeous waterfall. We saw a beautiful herd of giraffe that seemed not a bit afraid of us. There was not another way down the mountain so we had to re-cross the bridge, but the men did some work on it before we crossed and we managed to cross back over it safely. We were very thankful as it would have been a long walk and would have been difficult with so many small children.

## SEASONS

The seasons were interesting in the Arusha area. They were reversed from those in the states. December, January,

and February are the hot season called Kiangazi, then comes Masika (heavy rains), then Kipupwe (cold season), and Vuli (light rains). It was always a pleasant surprise to get rains in the hot season, but we did, several times while we were there. It made everything so beautiful and green, and our yard would be spectacular. It was the custom there (because of the British influence) to have teatime in the afternoon about 4:00 p.m. We would sometimes invite people over and have a "teatime" in our yard. It was a very pleasant past-time.

Right in the middle of the yard was a mulberry tree (I think it was supposed to be a bush, but it grew as big as a tree). The twins and their Aiyah, Mariamu, loved that mulberry tree and would stand under it eating mulberries and have their own teatime. They would come in with purple feet and hands.

Little Carol always loved animals, and located some hedgehogs in our shrubs. They looked like small porcupines, and she would carry them around in her hands and bring them in the house. Holly was afraid of them. I would make Carol take them back out and put them under the hedge at night. They had other pets, too. They had baby goats and Alsatian dogs that were so big they could ride them around. They had very happy times while we lived there.

## NEW FRIENDS

Andrew discovered a "hamburger stand" in Arusha. Of course, he stopped and had a hamburger. They were different from hamburgers in the states, but good. The man that owned the kiosk was ChaCha Keshavjee, and we became very good friends with this family. His wife's name was Sugra, and they had three children, Naaznin, Karim, and Anise. We often had them over to teatime in our beautiful yard, and they had us over for wonderful Asian dinners. Sugra was an outstanding

cook, and she taught me how to cook some of the Asian dishes. We loved going to their house and eating the delightful dishes that Sugra would make. As supplies got harder and harder to get, ChaCha would help us locate some of the necessities. They also would go with us to the game parks, and Sugra would make Masala steak sandwiches on flour chapatis (chapatis are Asian bread similar to flour tortillas).



Marianne, the twins, Claudene, Sugra, ChaCha, their children, Naaznin & Karim, Chuck and John Phillips

They were always fun to be with, and were our best friends in Arusha. In later years, they came to see us in the states and moved here for awhile when we were living in Springtown, Texas. They opened a small restaurant there, and served curries as well as hamburgers. They made quite a hit. We have kept in touch with them through the years and are still very good friends. They now live in Canada, but come down occasionally to see us.

### A SAD NOTE

It was into our second year at Arusha that I got word that my father had passed away. This was a very sad time for

me. Andrew said I could go home, if I wanted to, but that they all couldn't go as it would be too expensive. I thought about it and cried about it, but decided that I could not bring myself to leave the twins who were still just babies. I was able to reach my mother on the telephone, and the connection was very good. I hated to tell her that I felt I couldn't come and leave the babies, but she said she understood. I learned the hard way why we have funeral services. Because I was not there to go through everything with the family, I never could put a conclusion on losing my Dad. It was very hard to accept the fact that he was really gone, and that he would not be there when I got home. I grieved off and on the rest of that tour, and it took me several years to really accept his death. I think if I had it to do over, I would have gone home even though it would have been really tough leaving the babies. I have gone through my mother's death and my husband's death since then, and have come to realize that funerals do help. At least they helped me. There is something strengthening about all your friends and family (or most of them) to help you to grieve and lay your loved one to rest. The ceremony itself helped me, and the singing. When I was younger, I thought that funerals were a little barbaric, but I don't feel that way any more. At Andrew's funeral, and especially when that great host of people were singing Andrew's favorite songs, I felt the strength flowing into my body, and though the tears ran down my cheeks, my heart was overflowing with the love that was passed from heart to heart in those songs.



## CHAPTER 6

### CHIMALA HOSPITAL CRISIS

One week we had some visitors from Chimala Mission. They said that Chimala Hospital was being closed and turned over to the government. It seems that the missionary and doctor there thought that it was not worth the effort, time, and money it took to run it. I felt like my heart was turning to stone, and I could not believe my ears. We were so stunned that we didn't even argue with them about the wisdom of their decision, but after they left (and they were going back to the states) Andrew and Jim Morrow started making plans to go to Chimala to assess the situation. When they arrived at Chimala, they were met by the American nurse in the hospital, Ethel Fant. She just threw her arms around Andrew and said, "You are an answer to my prayers." She had not agreed with the doctor or the missionary about closing the hospital, but didn't know what she could do so she prayed that God would bring a solution. Andrew and Jim talked to the people and to the officials in and around Chimala and found that most were very upset about the prospect of the mission giving up the hospital work. They assured the people that this was not going to take place if they could do anything about it, and they thought, with the Lord's help, that they could.

They immediately traveled to Dar-es-Salaam and asked for a meeting with the government officials and the Minister of Health. The Minister of Health told them that they had received a letter from the missionaries and their sponsoring church that the hospital would close June 30, 1972. To say the least, the Tanzanian government was "highly displeased" with this decision. They also stated that this action would "tarnish the name of the church" and "will not fail to bring about a wide political repercussion." The government also stated "At a time

when the Ministry is actively striving to restore lost confidences in voluntary agencies which have been fed on the unfounded rumor that their hospitals would be taken over by the government....and that the government had no intention of taking over churches or mission hospitals, the decision by the Church of Christ to withdraw and hand over Chimala Mission Hospital, can only quite understandably, cause a lot of concern to the government." Quoted from a letter from the Ministry of Health. Another letter was given to Andrew that read:

"I believe that the Mission Hospital has been playing a very important health service to some 80,000 people - people who would be deprived of medical care if the church withdraws its hospital services at Chimala. The church itself has made an impact in the lives of the people at Chimala and has, until now, enjoyed the deep respect of the Government. Withdrawal by the church of the medical facilities there can only be translated by the people as an act of the church running away from it's obligation and responsibility. It is my hope that the church will not shirk it's responsibility and fail 80,000 people in this remote area of the Republic.

Yours sincerely,  
Dr. S.E. Mdachi  
For Principal Secretary  
Ministry of Health, Tanzania"

Andrew immediately began to write letters back to the states to try and get another sponsor and personnel to go to Chimala to continue this work. Needless to say, he and Brother Morrow were successful in their attempt to save Chimala as evidenced that the work there is still being carried on to this good day.

Dr. Jerry Mays, the first doctor at Chimala, made a trip to Tanzania and investigated himself and found what we had learned to be true. The Springtown eldership took up money to help Chimala Mission Hospital to remain in operation while

we were looking for a new sponsor.

Our hearts were thrilled when Brother and Sister Wayne Smalling, who were then working in Kenya, decided to move back to Chimala to help the work there continue. The Smallings had worked there before, and this began a long period of time for them to work at Chimala again. We were thankful to them for going when someone was so badly needed.

So, through the providence of God and because enough people cared, Chimala was saved.

## CHAPTER 7

### CLOUDS OF WAR

During our second year in Arusha, a war broke out between Uganda and Tanzania, mostly along the border towns. General Amin of Uganda accused Tanzania of sending over 1,500 men and took over some of their border towns. According to Tanzanian reports (which we believed to be true) these were really Ugandans who had fled to Tanzania when Amin took over Uganda some four months previous. These Ugandans were loyal to the previous government. Amin bombed two Tanzanian towns and killed hundreds of people. President Nyerere of Tanzania said that their troops were not involved. But, things did not look good for the peace of these nations. We knew the dangers involved as we had gone through a war our first tour.

Our two older children, Chuck and Marianne, were going that year to Moshi Boarding School. They had finished the school in Arusha as far as it went, and they didn't want to do correspondence so we had decided to let them try boarding school as they could come home every weekend. Anyway, it made me very uneasy to have them 50 miles away from us during this time of turmoil. We had gotten word that Amin was going to bomb Arusha at noon on a certain date. We did a lot of praying and sure enough, about noon of that day, planes flew over Arusha very low. I gathered the twins in, and the Aiyah, and we continued praying for our safety. No bombs fell, and we were very thankful. But, I then went to the telephone and tried to call Moshi to check on the older children as the planes were headed in that direction. Just as I got the children on the phone, the static got so loud that we could hardly hear them. But, God blessed us, and the bombing did not come. How thankful and grateful we were that we were

allowed to live and work another day. Such happenings made each child seem more precious and made our house look like a palace. I often thought of the song, "Leaning On The Everlasting Arms". What a "glory divine" to be spared the ravages of war. God was so good!

## PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SAKE

While wars and rumors of war were taking place in our country, there were other kinds of persecution going on. Every Thursday the men would go to our fifth congregation, established on the mountain slopes. In this congregation was a young man named Musa. Musa was our second convert in this area, and he was still going to school. The school where he went had a Lutheran preacher to come to teach them Bible. One Monday, after his conversion, he went to his Bible class at the school. The preacher-teacher was terribly angry when he learned that Musa had become a member of the Church of Christ. Musa returned to us, having been severely beaten over 90 percent of his body. Musa was brow-beaten, intimidated, and threatened, as well as physically beaten. The preacher said he was going to drag us before the Northern Tanzanian Lutheran Synod to answer charges for baptizing one of their members. We hoped that they would. God bless the Musas in this world! But, we have seen it over and over that persecution brings growth and strength.

It was about this time that we had our first confrontation with three Moslim missionaries. Islam was very strong in Tanzania, and Andrew had been studying their religion vigorously so he was "ready" for this onslaught. It was a very interesting discussion. Moslims believe that Jehovah and Allah are one and the same and that Jesus and Mohammed were both prophets of God, but that Mohammed was the last and final prophet. And yet, the Bible and the

Koran are diametrically opposed. How they could both be from the same God is a very strange notion. Some of our good friends were Moslims, and were very good people. We tried to convert them, but they were very tied to their religion. They went to mosque every evening, and sometimes put us to shame with their devotion. Can you imagine what response our elders would get if they decided that we need to meet every night! I never heard them complain about going every day. It was their way of life.

## BOOKS AND TRACTS

Andrew was still having books and tracts printed in Swahili. By this time, the first book on the Fundamentals was out, and they were working on the second book. Thousands of tracts were coming off the press and were being used in the work in the villages as well as being passed out from our "office/church building" downtown. Andrew got a lot of satisfaction out of seeing this material coming out in Swahili.

## HUMOR IN THE CHURCH BUILDING

I am afraid I am one to see humor in lots of things - things that maybe some others do not see the humor. One Sunday, after the church service was concluded (Andrew was at one of the outlying churches), an African man stood up, and with a long and sad face, was telling something. My ears picked up when I heard the word "cho", which means "toilet". It seems that after he had gotten paid his wages that week, he had gone to the outdoor cho. When he dropped his pants down, he said that his money fell out of his pocket into the cho hole. He tried to fish it out, but was unable. Well, you know how things can strike you funny at church when you are not supposed to be laughing. This story struck me funny, and I

was shaking in my chair trying not to laugh out loud, when I looked back and saw Chuck's red face about to burst. Well, we shouldn't have looked at each other because then we both started laughing. The Africans turned and looked at me with very disapproving eyes. I was very embarrassed, as well I should have been. I tried very hard to control my mirth. I finally got it under control, but you know who, was still laughing. I could kind of tell that the members were not leaning toward helping him, so to redeem myself (and anyway I thought we should), I raised my hand. When called on, I suggested we help him out from our contribution. This turned the tide, and we helped him. I thought, "only in Africa" could such things happen.

## LADIES CLASSES IN THE VILLAGES

I began going into the villages to look for places to have classes for the African women. My friend and brother, Morkicken Mkandawire, usually went with me as Bwana did not really want me to go alone and many times I needed him for an interpreter. I always took a medical kit, and many times, did some doctoring in these villages. I went from hut to hut inviting the women to Bible class and offering what medical help I could. I had a lot of takers right off on the medicine offer. There were a lot of sores, coughs, and malaria. There was one very old man sitting on a rock, and we went up and spoke to him. He had seen me doctoring the women so asked if I had medicine for dry and itching skin. I helped him with this problem, and he offered to let me have a Bible class near his hut. So that day, instead of five, I ended up with twenty women to listen to the lesson. I was amazed to learn more about the Mzee (old man). Through the years, he had some twenty different wives. He had seven at this time. Some had left him over misunderstandings, some had died. He had seven

huts in a circle for his seven present wives. The wives took turns being with him in his hut. The old man had a considerable amount of land, so each wife had a plot for a garden and another larger plot for growing coffee, the cash crop. So, the Mzee sat on his rock and watched his wives work and the children play. I asked him how many children he had. He scratched his head and gave that some thought. He finally answered that he thought he had around sixty. He was quite old and feeble, but I noticed one of his wives looked to be about twenty. They all had children and seemed to get along fine. I suppose he had it made with all those women to support him. It's a unique setup to say the least. Several of his wives came to my class.

One week Marianne was out of school for a holiday, and she went with me to the village. I took her up to the Mzee to introduce her. Much to my amazement and Marianne's consternation, he spit on her feet. I guess Mordicken could see the shock on my face for he reached over and touched my arm and whispered in English, "That was a blessing". I was really thankful for Mordicken that day. Mordicken told us that the older men blessed the children by either spitting on their head, chest, or feet. Marianne promptly stated that she was thankful that she got the foot blessing instead of one of the others. We got a big laugh at that and agreed with her.

The village was very beautiful with lush vegetation. Sometimes the path would be so narrow that I would have to push back the bushes and limbs to get by. The banana trees grew very tall there, and the coffee berries were very colorful, red and green.

One week I was asked to go to a hut where there was a very sick lady. I followed them in, and the smell was so bad that it took your breath away. There were no windows, or at least if there were, they were covered over. It was pitch dark as I entered in from out in the sun. I stood still, trying to let



my eyes have time to adjust, but I could see a fire in the middle of the room and several people huddled around it. I drew near and greeted them. They gave me a low stool to sit on. I sat down, and I felt something wet and cold press itself against my arm. I took a deep breath of that unhealthy air and tried to convince myself that it was not a snake - surely it could not be a snake! Finally, as the "thing" again nuzzled my arm, I realized that it must be a cow or a goat. I knew that many of the Africans let their cattle come into their huts. After my eyes began to adjust, I saw a woman lying on banana leaves across the other side of the fire. I crept around the fire to have a better look at her. She looked very ill to me, and seemed to have a lot of congestion in her chest. I begged her to let me carry her to the hospital, but she consistently refused saying that she had been to the hospital and they made her leave to let someone else have her bed. I doctored her the best I could, then I went to the local chemist shop (drug store) and consulted with the pharmacist. I then took her more medicine. I was very apprehensive when I went back the next time, but happily enough, she was sitting up and seemed much better.

I finally had to move my class site in that village because I began to realize that I was by a beer hut, of all things. I kept noticing people going in and out of the hut while I was teaching. Then, I began to notice that they came out looking different than when they went in - and it wasn't for the better. I had two young men, who were drunk, cause me a lot of trouble so I had to move on to another spot.

My Aiyah invited me to hold a class in her house, and she would invite her friends. This turned out to be a very profitable situation. Her house was on the side of a mountain, and I took the landrover as far as I could. We would then have to walk the rest of the way. Her house was a mud hut, but had several rooms and was nestled into the side of the mountain. It was very attractive. We had to walk through a banana shamba

(garden) and then over a stream of water using rocks for stepping stones. The twins went with us to this class, and they always wanted to stop and play in the water. Mariamu had chickens, and she always gave the twins eggs to eat for their breakfast. I think I enjoyed this class the best of all my ladies' classes.

We had two conversions from these classes, and I began to also hold classes for children. This was fun, and I drew pictures on tag board to illustrate the stories and taught the children the songs that Mordicken had helped me translate into Swahili. The children were a delight to teach as they were very attentive and responsive.



Claudene & Mordicken teaching children in the village

I was also having a class in Mama Mkubwa's house, and I felt she was very near to becoming a Christian. She was a widow, and had two boys still at home. One day when I went to her house for the class, she was crying. I asked her what was the matter, and she said her thirteen year old son had not passed his exams for the 7th grade. Parents had to pay for their children's schooling through the 7th, but if they made it through the 7th, then the next few years were free. If they failed, they did not get to continue schooling. She said that the

only way he could continue to school was to change his name, start back in the 6th and then try again. My heart went out to her. I was amazed to hear this story. And we think we have problems! There are more students than there are schools, so this is their way of weeding out the poorer students. It didn't seem fair, and was very sad.

We had a new Christian named Brother Nda. His wife was not a Christian and only came occasionally, but he was very faithful. We were proud of him because on his vacation he traveled up to 50 miles away to preach to some people he knew. He preached in every village through which he traveled, and was rewarded by making a few converts whom he baptized himself. He came home very elated telling the good news. Our hearts were filled with love and thanksgiving that he would want to spend his holiday working for the Lord.

We were having many baptisms each month, in and around Arusha. I remember one month we had twenty-seven, which was one of the best months. It is a rewarding work in Africa as you can almost always get people to listen and find honest hearts.

## CHAPTER 8

### OUR SECOND CHRISTMAS

Our second Christmas was about due. Andrew and Chuck went to the forestry department and got us a tree to decorate. The older two children were home for most of the month of December. As usual, it was hard to imagine it to be Christmas time in the middle of summer. We had Christmas dinner with just our own family, but that afternoon the Smallings came in from Chimala. As always, it was wonderful to have visitors from the states. It was a nice ending to Christmas day. We had found two big toy bears in town for the twins, so they were happy.

The twins were both learning Swahili and English at the same time. They seemed to know who to speak which to, and it was fun listening to them switching back and forth. Holly had the habit of dropping the first syllable off her words which amused us as well as the Africans. Instead of Sabuni mkono, she would say buni kono. (This meant she had washed her hands). She would tell everyone to Basi, baby which means to stop. Her Aiyah told her that a lot, so she thought she should tell everyone else to basi, baby. Carol was always fascinated by animals, and when she would come to the table and look at the meat, she would say, "Mbuzi? Ngombe? Kuku?" She wanted to know if it was goat, cow or chicken. For a time she wouldn't eat meat if she connected it with an animal. We would have to tell her that it was roast or ham or hamburger meat. She would then eat it.

### EARTH TREMORS

Just a little after Christmas that year, we began to have a lot of earth tremors from Mt. Meru. One night Andrew's bed

was jiggling and moving around. He asked me if the twins were under the bed. He was just sure they were under there playing, but they were fast asleep. Sometimes the pictures would fall off the wall, and we got a few cracks in the cement floor. Thankfully, no real damage was done, and the "old man" in the mountain finally settled back down.

## PNEUMONIC PLAGUE

We were very concerned because an epidemic of the pneumonic plague broke out not far from where the children were going to school. I wanted to take the kids out of school, but Andrew, as usual, told me to "be anxious in nothing". We kept hearing of outbreaks in different areas around us, but finally it began to die down and the disease seemed to be under control. We were so thankful as we had heard that in a previous epidemic, many of the schools and stores were closed and the people were afraid to even get out of their houses. God was good to us. I guess our troop of rats in the attic had it too good to get out and get exposed.

## MAMA MKUBWA

I was still having classes with Mama Mkubwa, and I knew she understood the truth I was teaching her. I couldn't figure out what was holding her back. Finally, she told me that the Lutherans were so strong in her area that they persecuted and laughed at anyone that changed their beliefs. Finally, she invited one of the Lutheran elders in her village to come with her to church services. Much to her surprise, he said that he did not think we were false teachers after all and that it was a shame that we had not come to their villages many years ago and established the Church of Christ in their village instead of the Lutherans. We had many discussions with the Lutherans

about infant baptism and burial of babies in what they call "sanctified ground", but it is very hard for the Africans to go against the majority. They would just shake their heads and say, "Where were you 20 or 30 years ago?" This was a question that was very hard to answer satisfactorily to them and even to myself. Where were we?

At any rate, Mama Mkubwa then overcame her fear and said that she wanted to become a "Christian only". It was cool and misting rain the morning Mama decided to be baptized. We had to climb down a very steep and muddy embankment to the water for the baptism. I was afraid she would become discouraged, but once she turned and gave me her hand to help me down. A warm look and smile passed between us, and I knew that nothing was going to discourage her. I was so glad that I was there "by Andrew's side" that day.

## A TRIP TO MALAWI

It had been twelve years since we had worked in Malawi (formerly Nyasaland), but we still kept in contact with some of the Africans and the work going on there. The Malawians were a very industrious and dedicated people. We had sent some of our young converts to Ailsa for training at the preacher training school. Many of them had returned to Malawi and were teaching and preaching in the villages there. They seemed to be capable of carrying on their own works, and held meetings and training series on their own.

Three of the preachers we knew and had taught in years gone by, wrote us and asked Andrew if he would please come and visit them and see the work they were doing. Andrew asked Jim Morrow if he would like to go, and he readily agreed and said he was very interested to see the work there. So Andrew, Jim, and Mordicken Mkandawire loaded up supplies

and started on a 3,000 mile trip. After getting through customs and immigration, they drove into the Northern Province of Malawi where we had lived and worked. Little had changed in this area. The roads were still dirt. The people still lived in their little mud huts. Agriculture was still the foundation of their economy. Finally they arrived at Lubagha Mission in the Henga Valley, and this brought back many memories of our life and work there. Nothing had changed much. There were no new buildings, but, of course, the buildings looked a little older. We had helped begin numerous congregations and helped to baptize some six or seven hundred people while living there. It was good to see that many of the Christians were still there and faithful members. Many of the old faces happily greeted them, and old relationships were renewed.

Brother Christone, one of the men who had written, wanted them to go on to the Mzimba district where he was working. So, they continued their journey some 100 miles to the Mzimba area. The farms and family plots seemed to be larger and better cultivated in this area. Brother Chirwa was there to greet them when they arrived at dark. We learned that these two preachers had helped to start nineteen congregations and baptized over five hundred people in this area. Some of the congregations had built church buildings and preachers' homes. They had converted many of the leaders and older men in the villages which added stability to their work, and they had held training series for leaders in these congregations. Christone had taken on teaching a school for children with about sixty children who would have been without a school otherwise. They were hoping to build a dispensary and hoped to hire a Christian to work in it. The men received a tremendous welcome and were duly impressed with their work. All in all, they had a very good and enlightening trip. Linda and I were happy to see them home safely. Traveling in Africa can be very hazardous and dangerous, and there are few places

to get any kind of food or lodging. Even finding gasoline can be very difficult.

## POLITICALLY SPEAKING

Arusha was a popular place for political meetings. We tried to keep up with the politics while keeping out of it as well. New politics and laws were continually being brought out and we knew some of them could effect our work. They called these meetings in Arusha the East African Summit Meetings. About this time, President Nyerere of Tanzania, President Mobutu of Zaire (formerly the Congo) and President Kaunda of Zambia met in Arusha to make plans for these nations. Ian Smith of Rhodesia had closed the border between Rhodesia and Zambia, causing a great political upheaval. As I said, we kept completely out of the politics, but we spent a lot of time praying for the peace of these nations. We had been through one civil war in Malawi and didn't want to go through another. Uganda was in a turmoil. Our missionaries had to leave as well as many others. The Asians were also run out of the country. We had refugees crossing the border into Tanzania constantly. General Amin of Uganda was giving everyone a headache, and no one knew what he would do from day to day.

## TRAINING FOR LEADERSHIP

Andrew decided that it was time for us to have our own Training for Leadership series. We invited any of the men who would like to come from all the congregations that we had begun in and around Arusha. We had six congregations going at this time. We arranged for them to stay the week in a local guest house and take their meals together. This provided a good time for fellowship as well as learning. We had five



classes each day. Andrew taught some, and the African evangelists taught the rest. The classes were designed to give them some basic knowledge about the Bible and the fundamentals of obedience and worship. Tests were given, and we were delighted that it was obvious that they were understanding the lessons as most of them made 80's, 90's, and a few 100's. They asked intelligent questions. One question they asked was "When can we do this again?" It was a huge success.



Mordicken, Andrew & Lincoss with some of the men & their families

## UJAMAA VILLAGE WORK

In February of that year, Andrew, Jim, and five of the Africans went to the Central area of Tanzania on a preaching safari. A new congregation had been begun in an Ujama Village with 65 new Christians. They went to teach and strengthen these new Christians and to take tracts in their language.

The roads were unbelievable at that time of the year. It took eight hours to travel two hundred and seventy miles by landrover. Landrovers are terribly strong vehicles. A car

would have shaken to pieces over such a road.

The Ujama Village concept was relatively new in Tanzania. The government had started this program and would provide a school, store and dispensary, and water, but the people would have to move from their villages to these specified areas. They would own no land. Everyone would work for the common good of all. All marketing would be done through the government, and after the expenses were paid, the profits would be distributed among the people. In order to visit these villages, you would have to get written permission from the Area or District Commissioner. With the people so poor and many villages having no water in the village itself, you might think this sounds like a great idea, but I never met an African that liked it. In some instances, the government forced the Africans to move into the Ujama villages, and the people hated it. I think, basically, that the government was trying to help the people, but it simply did not work. The people had rather be poor, dirty, thirsty, and free. So, the theory of, "I am doing this for your own good", went over like a lead balloon. The men were only able to stay three hours in the village when they were asked to leave by the village chairman. Such is progress!

## THE CHILDREN

Marianne and Chuck were doing well in boarding school. They adjusted faster than we did. I remember the first weekend we went to pick them up, we got there 2 1/2 hours early (not that we were anxious or anything). We drove around town for a while and then went and sat in front of the school while the kids were eating lunch. We were never really happy with boarding school - too many outside influences. I don't think I would do it again, if I had the chance to choose, but the children loved it - especially Marianne. Marianne was

in all their musical plays. She was Marie in the Sound of Music and also had a leading roll in Bye-Bye Birdie. They put it on at the Little Theater in Arusha, and we were very proud of her.

Chuck was full of life and enjoyed whatever he was doing. I remember on his birthday that he was at school, so he celebrated it the weekend before and the weekend after. He had four friends over for his birthday, one Persian, one British, one African, and an



Marianne, Chuck & John Phillips at boarding school

American from Minnesota. His gifts were sort of interesting - a flashlight, a knife, a volley ball, and an ostrich egg.

After Chuck's cookout for his birthday, we found that the water was off. This was a regular happening at Arusha. It often went off for several hours a day, usually in the afternoons and especially in the dry season. Well, this time it stayed off till night and was still off on Sunday. We couldn't figure it out until finally someone had the bright idea of going out into the yard and checking the meter. Sure enough, it was turned off at the meter. It was a great mystery until I remembered how Carol loved to turn knobs. I casually took her for a walk outside beside the meter. Sure enough, when we went by the meter, little Carol got down on her knees, reached in and turned the knob. We had our culprit! Chuck said, "Oh that greedy, beady-eyed kid."

Holly always had her eyes peeled for a "grandmother". We had some missionary friends come to see us, the Merrits,

that brought "grandparents" to see us. She would sit in the evening and read to her own little grandchildren. Holly watched very intently and finally went to her room, gathered up all her books, and gave them to the grandmother. We really got a laugh out of that.

Andrew had a seesaw and a double swing built for the twins. They could sit side by side in it and looked so cute. They called the swing Shikam. We couldn't figure that out until we realized that shika in Swahili means to take hold of or to push.

We took our guests, as usual, to the nearby game reserve and saw so many animals. We saw a lot of baboons with their babies on their backs. The twins were so excited about this. Right in the middle of their prayers that night, Holly stopped, and with shining eyes said, "Babies - mama's back". She just couldn't get over it. We rounded one curve and almost ran into the biggest elephant we had ever seen. It scared the twins so badly that they threw themselves in the floorboard of the landrover, and we had to pry them out. From then on, every time we would meet elephants, they would promptly jump down in the floor boards. On one occasion, when the Sonny Guilds were visiting us, we had a similar occasion arise. We saw this big elephant, not far away, facing the landrover. Andrew and Sonny got out and walked away from the landrover to take pictures of the big tusker. All of a sudden, the elephant threw up its trunk and started toward the landrover. Now an elephant can turn a landrover over, so it was not a good feeling. Andrew and Sonny started running toward the vehicle as fast as their legs could carry them. They jumped in and started the motor, but I could see that there was no way we could get away before the elephant reached us. Thankfully, for some reason, the elephant stopped and circled the landrover and then started again from the other side. This gave us time to get away from him. It was a close call and

about did the twins in as far as viewing the elephants! From then on, when we would spot them, they would make a nose dive for the floor and stay until we gave them the all clear signal.



Elephant and game park in Arusha.

## CHAPTER 9

### VISITORS

In the beginning of our third year, we had an uncommon number of visitors. It was wonderful as we had been working there two years alone. As I've already mentioned, the Morrows came and brought his parents. Hilton Merrit came and also brought "grandparents". Then Sonny Guild and his wife came. The Morrows had met a young couple from the states living and working in Dar-es-Salaam, the Myricks, who were members of the church. They were a delightful young couple who also visited us. Then, the Gaston Tarbets came. Mike Smalling came several times. It was wonderful to have all these young couples to come and see us and the work at Arusha.

On one occasion, Hilton Merritt asked Andrew if he remembered the African that had been baptized in Arusha that had moved close to Kakamega, Kenya. This was where the Guilds, Merritts, and Tarbets worked. Well, we did remember, and Andrew had told the African to be sure and look up our missionaries there. Brother Merritt said, "Well, he did contact us, and he has forty people ready to be baptized in his village." We had not heard from him, and this was wonderful news to us. The providence of God was surely working all along. What a blessing!

One day when Andrew was in town, he met an American named Albert Hagan from Columbia, Missouri. He was a professor at the University of Missouri and was working with the Tanzanian government relative to an agricultural program. But, more importantly, he was an elder in the church. He brought his wife to see us, and they were delightful people. They visited all the works in Tanzania, Chimala, and also the Dennises, the Morrows and the Myricks who were

working in Dar-es-Salaam. The Africans were so happy to meet an elder. They knew about them, but had never met one. He taught some lessons to the young men at the Arusha church, and they hung on every word. It was touching. They were a great encouragement to us, and we were grateful again for the providence of God for bringing us together.

Another young couple that visited us, missionaries also in Kenya, was Richard and Cindy Chowning. They were a devoted and wonderful young couple from California. Richard helped in the second leadership training school that we had. He was well liked by the Africans. We enjoyed their fellowship very much.

Another visitor was Tex Williams from the Sunset School of Preaching in Lubbock. This was an exciting time for us, and his visit meant a lot to us. He was visiting most of the missions in Africa, I believe, and some in India. He was vitally interested in training missionaries to go to the fields of the world.

I'm sure I have forgotten a lot of visitors that came that year. It was a great year for Christian fellowship.

## FAMILY VISITS OR WALKING ON AIR

This was our third tour in Africa, and none of our family had ever visited. You can imagine our excitement when Andrew's brother, Charles and his wife, Barbara, came to visit us. We were so excited that we could barely keep our feet on the ground when we went to the airport to meet them. We longed to share with them our life and work in Africa. Although Barbara was sick for the first week they were there, I think they truly enjoyed their visit. I think some of the things which most amazed them were the modern (at least on the

surface) city of Nairobi, Kenya where they landed in Africa, the poverty of the average African family, then the slums of Dar-es-Salaam and the lush, green beauty of Arusha and the majesty of Mt. Meru overshadowing our town, the excitement of seeing so many wild animals even along the roads as well as in the bush and in the game parks, the Maasai people who were completely unchanged by civilization and who still wore a single cloth tied around them and carried spears wherever they went, the work and the progress of the work in Arusha and



Charles & Barbara Connally, Chuck, Claudene, Marianne and the twins

environs, and maybe most of all, by the conditions of living in a socialistic country, the lack of security and fairness. The feeling of oppression and fear could even be felt by our visitors. We had grown used to it and didn't think so much about it. They weren't too happy at Customs when soldiers stood guard with rifles pointed at our bellies. They could go through our things, dump out our suitcases at will and take what they wanted to, but usually Andrew's friendliness got us by without incident. Also, the empty shelves in the stores and lack of supplies amazed them. Charles quickly picked up on this underlying fear and anxiety in the hearts of most of the Asians and Europeans. It was strange to us when he expressed



this fact, as we had come to accept and tolerate this way of life. In the following years, and after we had returned to the states, things changed, and living in Tanzania became much more pleasant. There were just a few years in there that were like this.

We took Charles and Barbara to Dar-es-Salaam, and Charles and Andrew went on to see Chimala so they really got a good look at the country. Charles visited with the African evangelists and preached for some of our congregations and was well received by the people. Their visit meant so much to us and was the high point of that tour. The happy days and peaceful nights slipped away all too quickly, and we hated to put them back on the plane for the states, but it seems that all good things do come to an end.

### OUR ELDERS VISIT ARUSHA

Although this visit came about a year later, I am going to tell about it here while I am talking about visitors. There is no way to express our thankfulness and appreciation for two of our elders to come and visit the work. This was another first. For them to take this much interest and time and money and effort were a real encouragement to us. The two elders that came were Derwin Lancaster and Leroy Sturdivant from our sponsoring church at Springtown, Texas. Brother Sturdivant brought his wife, my dear friend, Bobbie. How wonderful for me to have Bobbie come. Also our dear friend, a preacher of the gospel, Gus Eoff came with them so there were four of them in all. It was with great Christian love and overwhelming joy when we greeted them at the airport in Nairobi, Kenya. After their arrival, we went back to the hotel room and visited all afternoon. I will never forget the excitement when they opened their suitcases and had all sorts of presents and goodies brought for our enjoyment. I will never forget Brother

Lancaster's suitcase. My eyes nearly popped out of my head when he started pulling out bag after bag of Fritos. Imagine that - Fritos in the middle of Africa! I always loved Fritos and Dr. Peppers, neither of which you could get in Africa, so this was a very great treat.

The trip back to Arusha was a real introduction to Africa. We had to ride in our landrover as it was the only thing big enough for all of us. It's kind of like riding a bucking horse along dusty trails. And, of course, we had to have a flat tire on the way, and they got introduced to all the red tape at the border, but we got through without mishap (at least no one got shot).

The next night we invited all the African evangelists over with their families to meet our guests from the states. There were thirty-six of us, and we had a hamburger cookout. So, they got to get acquainted with our co-workers, and they also found out what African burgers taste like. Believe me, they are quite different with homemade buns and very lean meat.

The next day we took them up Mt. Meru to see the waterfalls, rain forests and animals. We had a picnic and ate our Fritos with relish. It was a lovely day and enjoyed by all.

The next day was Sunday, and we had a record crowd. Brother Gus Eoff preached. The Africans really loved his enthusiasm and friendliness. Afterward we had "dinner on the grounds" for all the members. We had hamburgers again from the local hamburger shop, African donuts and hot tea. It happened to be Saba Saba day (7th month, 7th day) which is Tanzania's independence day, so we went out that afternoon to see the celebrations. We had rented a booth there and passed out tracts. That evening, Brother Gus preached again.

The following week Andrew took the men out to all the other places where we had works for classes and for just meeting the people. I took Bobbie with me to one of my ladies

classes, and she was shocked to see the lady sitting quietly in the middle of her little hut with her hands folded waiting for us. Bobbie asked me why she was just sitting there. I told her that the woman did not know how to read or write or sew, and she had gotten herself all cleaned up for the class and was simply waiting for us. When the other ladies came, we had a class on the church. Later, I had a class with the children in the village and again Bobbie was shocked to see how dirty and ragged they were and all of them barefooted. She was very quiet on the way home, and I knew it had hit her how really poor these people were. When we got home, she went in her room, and I heard her crying. I understood because I had been through all that myself. It is hard to see their poverty and ignorance. It tears at your heart, and you feel so helpless to do anything about it. I gave her what comfort I could. Most of the people are happy in spite of their poverty, and they have never known anything different so they don't miss it. There is no way that we can turn the tide for a whole country in poverty. We help where we are and when we can, and provide what medicine we can. Most importantly, we try and teach them the truth of God. It's the best we can do. I knew what she was feeling as I felt that way many, many times myself.

When the men got home, they had some interesting tales to tell us. One of the villages they had gone to was far, far out in the bush. The people were so glad to see the "Wazee" (elders) from America that they prepared a feast for them. This was a great honor, but was rather traumatic for those fresh from the states. They prepared a sheep stew that was cooked in water and rancid coconut oil. It looked to have a lot of black pepper on it, but on closer observation they realized that it was ants. They were able to get a little down to be polite, but it was hard for them. Of course, in retrospect, it was very funny. I wish I could have seen their faces when they saw the stew. On the way back, Andrew gave them some

bananas and bread that he had taken and told them to eat it as it would help settle their stomachs. Now, I am not sure that works, but it was always Andrew's theory.

We took them to the game park as this was the usual entertainment for our guests. On the mountain road we got too close to the side and began slipping down the side of the mountain. There were a few fearful moments, but the vehicle finally hung on a fallen tree and we all piled out and eventually got the vehicle back on the road. We saw lots of game and an uncommon amount of elephants. The men got out to take pictures of a baby elephant when the mama took offense and began to huff and puff and scared all the Wazungu (white people) nearly to death. They all made a dash for the land-rover, and we got out of there just in time. It gave them something to remember!

We also took our guests to visit Chimala Mission and then to Dar-es-Salaam to visit the missionaries there. It was a great visit for them and for us.

## CHAPTER 10

### CO-WORKERS ARRIVE

About the time that Andrew's brother, Charles and his wife, Barbara left Africa, our new co-workers, Joel and Carolyn Hestand and their two sons, Danny and Randy, arrived. They were old friends, and we had worked together at Springtown, Texas. We were so thrilled to at last have some co-workers to fellowship with and share the work. They were delightful companions and dedicated Christians.



Carolyn, Joel, Randy & Danny Hestand

There were no houses available so they moved in with us for a couple of months, and we loved having them. Also, it took about the same length of time to get their own vehicle. Vehicles were rationed in those days, and you had to get on a list to get one.

Carolyn started going with me to the village classes, and it was so good to have another woman to work and visit with. I remember taking the twins to one village where we went to try and set up classes. Carol was a bit shy, but Holly

was like a public relations person. She hung out the window of the landrover as we traveled slowly down the paths, hung her head out, and told everyone we met "Jambo" (hello). She would stretch her hand out the window and touch the hands of all the people we passed. The Africans were delighted as they all love children. When we got to the village, Holly ran around kissing all the babies and inviting everyone to meet her Mama. She made quite a hit, but we realized that we had best leave the twins home next week when we came for the actual class.

### MAMA GETS SICK

Even before our last guests from the states left, I had begun to feel very tired and had no energy. The last few outings that we took our guests on, I begged off as I felt like I could have been like the Africans and could just lie down beside the road and sleep if someone would just stop the vehicle and let me out. I was thirsty all the time and drank water by the quarts. When I went to the doctor there in Arusha, he said that it sounded like I had diabetes, but that he had no way to check me nor was there any insulin in the country of Tanzania if that is what I needed. He said I must go to Nairobi to be checked, and he gave us the name of a doctor there. By the time we got to Nairobi, I could barely climb a flight of stairs, had lost about fifteen pounds, and my mouth stayed as dry as a bone. We left the children with the Hestands, who were still living with us. It was hard leaving them, but I knew the Hestands would take good care of them. When I went to the Nairobi doctor, she put me in the hospital immediately, and they began to check me over. Sure enough, I had a good (or bad) case of diabetes. They tried me on the pills to no avail, and I will never forget when they gave me my first shot of insulin how I felt. It was like a dark cloud was lifted from my head, and the thirst was soon gone. What utter

relief. I had to stay in the hospital a couple of weeks to get regulated and until I could give my own shots. I remember the first time I gave myself a shot. I propped pillows all around me, in case I fainted, but much to my disappointment, I didn't faint (just kidding, of course). But I did have an unreasoning fear of having to give myself shots, and it took me several months to get over it. I asked Andrew if he would give them, and he refused, saying I had to learn to give my own. I thought he was so mean! But then later, I realized it was the only way. I even asked him if I could go the doctor every morning when we got back to Arusha and let the doctor give me my shot. He just looked down his nose with a most disapproving look. I knew I was fighting the inevitable, and really and truly, it was not that bad after I finally got used to it. We returned to Arusha with a large supply of insulin as we knew it would have to last until we could make another trip to Nairobi. How good it was to get back home to the children and the Hestands.

### **POLITICAL SITUATION WORSENS**

The government was clamping down on everything and everybody and forcing many of the non-Africans to leave the country. Many of the Asians had lived there their whole lives and were now being forced out. The first thing that happened was the banning of all hunting for six months. This forced all the professional hunters to leave the country. Many of the businesses run by Asians were taken over forcing them out. Then large numbers of soldiers were sent to all the towns. Road blocks were set up on all the major roads, and the soldiers searched the people as well as their cars, sometimes even taking the wheels off the cars to see if something was hidden inside the tires. Soldiers went through many homes, especially the ones where Asians lived. They would go

through every drawer and closet leaving things in utter chaos. It was a scary time. They even made new laws concerning dress for both men and women, and as you can imagine, this had been the main topic of conversation of all the peoples of Tanzania. There were to be no mini skirts, no tight pants, no bell bottom pants for men or women, no wigs, no excessive makeup, no kangas (African cloth) tied over mini skirts, and dresses must cover the knee or one inch below. Men's shorts must come to their knees, no rubber shoes (and most of the Africans that had shoes wore "Arusha to Moshi" shoes as they were called made out of old rubber tires). Men were not to wear blouses or tight fitting shirts nor long hair, and on and on it went. More and more freedom was being taken away from the people. The soldiers who were enforcing the law were instructed not "to kill or injure" any violator. Some of the penalties included dismissal from work, eviction from rented houses, licenses for shopkeepers revoked. There were fights in the market places regularly and sometimes the clothes would be torn off the offender. Chuck had been given an elephant hair bracelet by his friend, whose father was a hunter, and he was wearing it in town when he got picked up by the police because he could not show a permit. He had on bell bottom pants, as that is all he had in those days. This was when all of this was just starting, and we had not fully understood the seriousness of the dress code. Chuck was taken to the police station, and I had to follow the police car (with Chuck in it) to the station. It was a harrowing experience, and we were required to sit in a row of other offenders. I felt like we were in the "line up". We received a lecture and shown pictures of the dress code. Chuck had to sign a book, and we were required to go home, change clothes and report back to the police station before we were dismissed. Believe you me, I got out needle and thread and straightened out all those pant legs. We took all those new laws very seriously after that, and as a



matter of fact, most non-Africans just tried their best to stay off the roads and highways until things kind of quieted down. Such is life in a socialist country.

Because of the government taking over so many business and houses, it was very difficult to find any land or building for sale. We looked in vain for land and/or land and building to buy for a church building. We were not able to buy anything, and this was a big disappointment to us. We had to continue to work and worship out of our rented office space downtown. We were having as many as 75 in attendance now, and it was getting very crowded. We had a very small area partitioned off to use for the children's class room, and Carolyn and I took turns teaching it. Sometimes the classroom would be three deep, but it couldn't be helped. Nothing, and I mean nothing, else was available and we were lucky to have what we had. We were still having the training series regularly, and they were a huge success. The classes out in the other villages were going well, especially the one at USA.

## AN ACCIDENT

Chuck had elected to do correspondence the year when the Hestands arrived. So Carolyn Hestand taught her two boys as well as Chuck. Marianne elected to go back to boarding school.

I got a call one day that Marianne had had an accident. The men were gone to one of the villages to work, so Carolyn and I took off for Moshi to see about her. They were having a sports day at school, and while doing the long jump, Marianne had twisted her ankle and broken it. One of the teachers took her to the Moshi International Hospital to have it seen about. You have to take whatever doctor is on duty, although they have several doctors their of different nationalities. An African doctor was on duty, who evidently had not been properly

trained, and they had put a short cast on Marianne's ankle. Just as she was hobbling out of the hospital, a Danish doctor was walking in. He took one look at her leg and asked who had put that cast on her leg. She told him, and he told her to come back in. He said that if that short cast was left on her leg, she would be crippled for life. He cut it off and put on a long cast all the way above her knee. About that time, Carolyn and I arrived, and we were thankful to see that it had been properly cared for. She came home with us and had a very painful and trying recovery. Fortunately, it was almost time for the school break so she got to stay home about three weeks. When she went back to school, she was still wearing the cast. The day I went over to pick her up to have the cast removed, I found out that Marianne had been sick all night throwing up. The house mother thought it was just because she was nervous about getting her cast off, but I was not sure. I took her on to the hospital, and after they removed her cast, they began to check her over and found that she had acute appendicitis. Fortunately for us, a British doctor was on duty that evening as they said it would be necessary to operate immediately. We had always said we would not have any surgery in that hospital, but would go to the more modern hospital in Nairobi. However, we didn't have much choice. He said that he thought it might burst before we made the trip. I had been trying to get hold of Andrew and finally was able to reach him so he came on over. Carolyn went back to take care of the twins. We had some very anxious moments and did a lot of praying. Marianne went into surgery that night at 7:00 p.m. She was out by 8:00 p.m. and had a good recovery. We were so thankful and grateful to God for watching over all of us through this ordeal. Marianne was very brave through it all.

Chuck was doing fine with his correspondence and had converted one of his African friends that had been coming to church with us. His Dad had bought him a motorcycle which

he rode around the circle where we lived until the neighbors practically quit speaking to us. He loved that motorcycle, and seemed to be an extension of it when he was riding.

### LAKE NAIVISHA RETREAT IN KENYA

We were invited to a retreat by the Kenyan missionaries. Or, as Andrew called it, "An Advance". It was about a half day's drive from Nairobi and was a gorgeous site. The other missionaries had asked Andrew to do the speaking as he was the "Mzee" (old man) of the bunch. Most of the missionaries in Kenya were in their 20's or early 30's. I couldn't believe we looked that young when we had first come to Africa. It was held in a YMCA area, so we had a little protection from the occasional rains. There were two shelters built from bamboo and thatch, one for eating and one for meeting. It was a very refreshing and inspiring experience and something that I will never forget.



Andrew preaching at the retreat at Lake Naivisha in Kenya

## CHAPTER 11

### PAUL OF THE WACHAGA

Mashoya Natai was a third year Lutheran seminary student in an area where the Lutherans were predominant. Somehow he came across some of our tracts that we had published, and began to read them. His honest heart found something that he had been looking for. He contacted us and said he wanted to talk with us. The men went out to the Seminary to visit with him. They found his house and met his wife and waited for Mashoya to come from his class. After talking with him for just a little while, he said, "I am ready to be baptized. I was sprinkled as an infant, but have never been baptized as the Bible teaches." They talked some more, and it was evident that he had studied deeply and understood the Bible's teaching. He was overjoyed as he felt that he had found the "pearl" he was looking for. He said that he wanted to return to his tribe and family and teach them the truth. They were all Lutherans. Mashoya was so enthusiastic over his new found knowledge, and we were impressed with his sincerity and his ability. After the men took him and baptized him, he expressed his desire that they would come to the Seminary to teach his friends. He was eager to share his new found knowledge with his friends. The men assured him that if they were willing to listen, they would be most happy to go. He went to the Principal of the Seminary and got his permission for this meeting, but when Mashoya and the men arrived for the class, not one person came. He had presented his Professor five questions on denominationalism at the same time he had asked for the meeting. None of his professors could answer the questions, and he assured them that Brother Connally could answer them. He learned the hard way that not all hearts are as honest as his was. After he realized that he

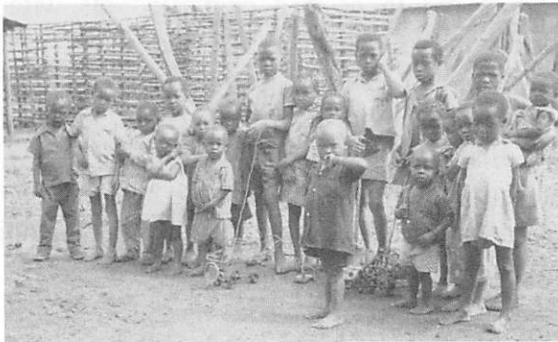
could not reach or teach anyone in the school, he asked if he could study with Andrew until he felt he was ready to return to his village and try to teach them. We were thrilled at his zeal and truly felt he was a "Paul of the Wachaga". Mashoya first went back to his tribe and told them of his conversion to the gospel and his plans to establish the New Testament church at his home. He invited the men to come and meet his people. They made the trip and spent the entire day in giving God's answers to all their questions. Their reception was spectacular, and we were so happy to have our foot in the door of the Wachaga tribe which number one half million and live on the slopes of Mt. Kilimanjaro. They are the most progressive and well educated tribe of Tanzania. This began weeks and weeks of intensive training for Mashoya. Every day Andrew and Mashoya studied together the word of God. We were only too aware of the pitfalls and dangers Satan could sling in this man's path, yet hope springs eternal in the hearts of missionaries.

Within a month he had converted his wife and had begun teaching in his village. He had many interested in learning the truth, and said his sisters were just about ready to be baptized. He and Andrew continued to study about four hours a day. His wonder and joy at each new truth he learned was refreshing to behold. Although we had done some work with this tribe in another area, this was the real beginning of the work among the Wachaga tribe.

## A MUSLEM VILLAGE

Along about this time, I had started a class in a Muslim village. The first class I had fifteen Muslim women to attend. I was very excited about that, but the next week when I went, no one showed up and they were all hiding. It was very disappointing, but they had closed the door, at least for the time being, to hearing the gospel. I decided to try for a

children's class and was able to get a large group coming for that. They soon learned who Jesus was and began learning the songs that I taught them. The only complaint I got was if they thought the lesson was too short. It was a very poor village, and our hearts went out to them. They lived in very humble stick and mud huts. Their clothes were very ragged and almost none had shoes. The only toys you would ever see would be one that they had made themselves, and some of them were quite ingenious. They would make little cars out of wires and the wheels would really roll. They called them gali motos. One week, I was teaching them, and it began to rain very softly. I noticed that not one child moved or even acted as if they noticed it was raining, so I ignored it, too. We all sat there in the rain singing and telling the stories of Jesus. It was very touching to see their rapt attention. No one minded that we were all dripping wet when it was over. The children really pull at your heart strings.



Children in village with homemade toys

## WITCHCRAFT & SORCERY

Witchcraft and sorcery were rife in the African countries. Almost all of the Africans that we met believed in

witchcraft, demon possession, and had many superstitions. The average African relies on "signs", "charms", "rainmakers", and "spirits". It is a long time after they become Christians before they stop believing in their superstitions. Usually, one by one, they lay aside these beliefs after they are converted to Christianity. We would see many of them wearing something around their necks, and we would ask them what they were. They would tell us it was something that would keep away an evil spirit or some illness. They believed that the mentally ill were demon possessed. That, no doubt, explained why they often abused these people. It was very sad, and we tried to teach them that this was not so and that they should be kind to these mentally ill people. Some accepted this and some did not. It was their way of life, and they liked to blame the spirits or demons for everything that happened. If they were late, the demons had made them late. If they have a headache, the spirits are in their head. If a cow dies, the spirits were in them and made them sick. Andrew worked up many lessons on witchcraft. The younger people were more willing to give up these beliefs, but the older generation clung to the old beliefs and customs of the fathers. This is a problem that plagues missionaries in Africa and probably in other primitive countries.

### IMANUEL TSOLO

Immanuel Tsolo was formerly a Catholic priest who was converted to being "just a New Testament Christian". He had great zeal and was a powerful preacher. He spoke perfect English as well as several African languages. It was thrilling to see a man of such education and background to be moved by the simplicity and purity of the New Testament truths. He studied with us about a year before making the change. He did not take the truth lightly, but he grasped the truth quickly which showed the honesty of his heart. On the other hand, he

wanted all his questions answered and never accepted anything until he truly saw it himself in the Bible. He was earning his living with his hands when we met him, and only wanted to share the "good news" with others and help them to see what he had seen. Converts like him make it all worthwhile.

## PRISCILLA

Priscilla was Mama Mkubwa's daughter. She had been living in Kenya. She was in her third year of nursing training when she married and was not allowed to finish her training. Her marriage was not good. Her husband beat her and was cruel to her. They had two children, two and four, when she came back home. On top of all that, her husband was not faithful to her and eventually got put in jail for something he did. Priscilla left her good job in the bank and returned home to her mother's humble house where she could have some peace. She spoke very good English, and we became friends. I began teaching her the truths of the Bible. One day she came to me with tears in her eyes and said, "I have so many sins. I want to be baptized now." It was a beautiful and touching statement. This was on a Sunday, and the congregation was gathered so we all went to the river and she was baptized into Christ. Mama Mkubwa and I stood hand in hand and watched her daughter be baptized. It was a happy day.