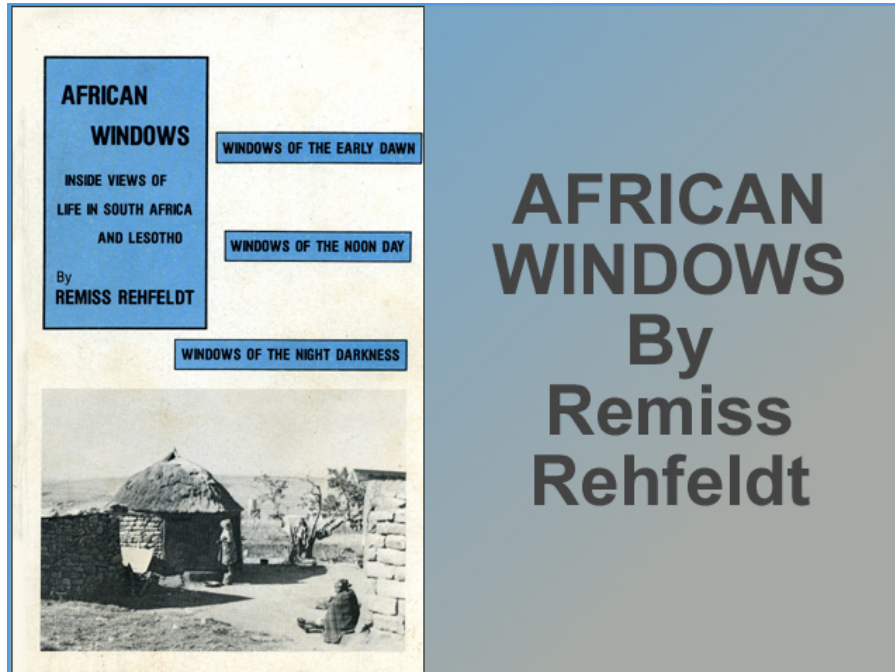


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**AFRICAN WINDOWS**  
By Remiss Rehfeldt



"His windows being open... three times a day" (Daniel 6:10).

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## **FOREWORD**

The trip referred to in this book was my third to the continent of Africa over a period of thirty years. The first visit occurred in 1952 when I spent eight weeks in the Republic of South Africa and Swaziland. The second journey was made in 1975 at the time our son and daughter-in-law, Roger and Sonja, entered the country of Lesotho. The sojourn then was a period of approximately thirty days of supervision. The third visit began on April 2, 1982, and extended over a period of forty-five days.

By action of our General Board in October 1981, an emeritus relationship was established for me as General Presiding Officer. The action freed me from administrative duties and time became available for writing.

AFRICAN WINDOWS has been selected as the title of the first product of a writing ministry in my retirement years. I trust that it will be of some interest, and I pray that it will widen horizons for the faithful supporters of world-wide evangelism.

R.R.

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### **GLOSSARY**

**Apartheid -- The policy of strict racial segregation practiced in South Africa**

**Bantu -- a term designating the people of any of the Negroid tribes inhabiting central and southern Africa.**

**Basotho -- the natives of Lesotho**

**Donga -- a gully created by soil erosion**

**Kraal -- a group of African huts (as used in this book)**

**Roundoval -- a round building or hut**

\* \* \* \* \*

### **INTRODUCTION**

**"His windows being open... three times a day" (Daniel 6:10).**

**No man can pray long without becoming missions-minded. Daniel longed to go: his windows were open toward Jerusalem. The city lay desolate. Three times a day he prayed with intense desire. The desert winds blew in his face as he prayed. Separating him from Jerusalem was a vast desert, uncrossable and dry.**

**In the case of Africa, the separation is not desert sand but foam water. The Atlantic Ocean affords 3,343 miles of water eastward dividing Lesotho from**

America and an additional 7,000 miles southward. It is nearly 10,000 miles away. But this is no problem to faith.

Leaving New York aboard KLM Flight 642 on March 31, 1982, we crossed the Atlantic Ocean in seven hours. After sixteen hours in Amsterdam, the Netherlands, a night flight arrived in the Jan Smuts airport in Johannesburg, Republic of South Africa (herein referred to simply as South Africa), shortly after noon on April 2. A few days later we were in Lesotho--300 miles southeast.

We purposed during the forty-five day visit to look through the eyes of the African people as much as was possible. Praying earnestly for Divine help, we were reminded of Daniel, of whom it was said, "His windows being open., three times a day." Please consider with us a few AFRICAN WINDOWS.

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## **PART I -- WINDOWS OF THE EARLY DAWN**

**Focus: "Windows that open upon the everlasting."**

**Dawn At JHB**

**Sunrise At Ha Matala**

**Daybreak At Mica**

**Breakthrough At Sterkspruit**

## **FOCUS: "WINDOWS THAT OPEN UPON THE EVERLASTING."**

This engaging statement is from an account of the raising of Lazarus by our Lord Jesus Christ. He named His man: "Lazarus." He made His call: "Come forth." He showed His emotions: "Jesus wept." The suggestion was made that Jesus wept at having to recall His friend, Lazarus. These are "windows that open upon the everlasting [eternal]," said the author.

I had pulled a book from the shelves in the study at 42 Orwell Street, Kensington, Johannesburg. This is where my wife's sister, Bess Persson, has lived for many years. She is a retired Methodist missionary-teacher. Our grandson, Philip, who was burned severely at Christmas-time of 1980, lived for awhile with his Great Aunt Bess (great in more ways than one) and attended school nearby. When his mother, Sonja, left him at 4 a.m. to return to Maseru, Lesotho, after our arrival early in April, she left the following note by the daybed in the study: "Bye-bye, Philip. I kissed you on the nose and you chuckled in your sleep. I didn't want to wake you. See you on the 14th. Keep on with the good work and being such a good boy. Love, Mom."

This study, these shelves, and particularly these books are all very meaningful to our family. Missionary J. A. Persson, now in heaven, labored hour

after hour in this room. The book I pulled from the shelf was written by F. W. Boreham, one of my favorite writers.

The circumstance of Sonja's note, the atmosphere of the study, and the statement by Boreham combined to "sweep me off my feet, take my soul by storm, and captivate my whole imagination."

I soon realized that Africa would be full of windows. It immediately became apparent that a process of selection would be necessary. There would be windows of every description: historical, cultural, material, intellectual, medical, political, ministerial, sacrificial, and personal. Views of African life were everywhere, and all of them seemed, directly or indirectly, to "open upon the everlasting."

\* \* \*

## DAWN AT JHB

Johannesburg is a great city. Activity begins early. Shortly after our arrival I was awakened at 6:30 a.m. by a strident cadence. Looking out of the front bedroom window upon Orwell Street, I saw that it was a well-dressed African man who had disturbed my sleep. Shoe heels on the pavement told a vivid story. The street drops gently to Langerman Drive and Rhodes Park one--half block away. In the hazy light of the new day, the man moved swiftly and surely with an umbrella swinging gracefully and rhythmically in his hand. The suit, shoes, and umbrella spoke clearly. The absence of a leopard skin (or blanket), and a knobkerrie or assagai (spear) also gave eloquent testimony.

Another window, and a vastly different picture, immediately formed in my mind. The mind's eye looked beyond Orwell Street and its row of comfortable European homes. I found myself viewing an African kraal as I had known them in past years. The same man moved leisurely about in the early morning light. There were no shoes on his bare feet and no quickened pace told of business in the big city. Three heathen women were grinding mealies (national food). Babies were tied to the backs of two of the women in typical native fashion. The third was on her knees before a large stone. Several huts were scattered in no particular pattern. They had mud walls, thatched roofs, dirt floors, and no furniture. A big black pot was in the center of the enclosure.

To be "eaten alive" by flies, molested by ants, bothered by rats, mice, and lice, or to be endangered by snakes, scorpions, and lizards was the usual life in these native huts. The general impression of the kraal was that of shabbiness and desolation. To think of seeing books was absurd. No system of sanitation, no education (less than 25 percent of the people were literate), no medical aid, and no Christian influence were there. A crude instrument made of flattened spikes fastened to a small soundboard told of a native dance which was held the night

before. The only escape they had found from their miserable existence was drunkenness and dancing.

The paved streets, public buildings, shops, and newspapers of Johannesburg stood in sharp contrast to this primitive kraal. In South Africa one could meet two million people who look the same as white Americans. They have very much the same interests, wear about the same fashions, read principally the same books, and drive essentially the same kind of automobiles. Also, there are some eight million natives, a good many of whom live what might be called semi-civilized lives. A large percentage of these maintain the very same tribal life they lived long before their present generation came into existence -- satisfied with simple food and clothing, possessing a native courtesy, and still under the domination of the witch doctor.

What a contrast presented itself in the early dawn! Had the situation changed so drastically in thirty short years? It was soon breakfast time and I was full of questions to veteran missionary Bess Persson who had lived in the sub-continent for over fifty years. As a key I asked, "On a percentage basis how many natives own cars?" Bess answered: "The mine lots have more motorcycles than cars, but it is a recent development for African miners to own any kind of vehicle in the Jo-burg area." Roger commented, "I do not know an African who owns his own car unless he is either a businessman or a miner." Sonja said, "Ours has been the only vehicle in our village of Matukeng until recently. One miner and one businessman now have cars. Therefore, there are now three vehicles in our village." Although I did not find a percentage level, I concluded that the big city offered more contrast than the village areas. This was to be expected.

Being in the Maseru area over Easter (April 11), and driving through the 8 a.m. traffic of that capital city on April 16, I realized what a drastic change the Basotho people have been through since we visited their country six years before. Along Kingsway, which is the only artery through the city, there were a half-dozen places where policemen were required to direct the flow of traffic. Even though there were stop lights, which they call robots, the police were there to urge the drivers on and to untangle the tie-ups which often occurred. At these six points there were long lines of buses, trucks, and cars. Of course, Maseru is not typical. For example, on April 14 we had been in Morija and Mafeting (which are far from being villages) south of Maseru and experienced wall-to-wall people with horse-and-donkey-drawn carriages of the simplest kind. Even this represented a drastic change from the scene six years ago. And yet, imagine a village such as Matukeng (the site of our clinic) with a car-count of only three!

When missionary Annetta Turner's little Mazda truck would not start at the close of general clinic day on April 15 (because the charge had been drained from the battery), it was necessary to wait until Charles, Matukeng's only businessman, arrived at the close of his day's bus schedule. He could "jump" the battery and start the truck. Charles and his wife operate a small store in Matukeng and he drives a formerly government-owned four-wheel drive vehicle to Maseru and back three times per day when the Little Caledon River can be crossed. Their little girl had

been delivered at our Glendenning Memorial Clinic in the village, so their gratitude for the people and the church responsible for the clinic is genuine and deep. What a pleasure it was to meet them in the May 9 Sunday morning service, which was held in the clinic waiting room for want of a chapel. The plan of the Mission Council is to erect a church building in the neighboring village of Ha Teko. It will serve both villages for worship and evangelism as the clinic now serves them for medical purposes. Actually there are ten villages included in the present outreach of the clinic, but Matukeng and Ha Teko are the most accessible.

To get a picture-window view of the drastic change which has occurred in Lesotho and South Africa among the Bantu tribes, consider the data we heard on a radio broadcast from South Africa regarding the death statistics of the Easter holiday weekend. After giving the number of fatalities, the announcer explained that the problem is not just one of rules and control but is due to youthful drivers and people who are driving automobiles for the first time in their lives. He went into detail and took considerable time to show that the natives are learning to cope with an industrialized society. He also explained that the salaries for the Bantus have been doubling every five years and, hence, more of them are buying second-hand cars. He stated that in the country of South Africa one native in five now owns his own car. Further, he said that seventy-five percent of all vehicles on the continent of Africa are in the Republic of South Africa, the total being four million. The broadcast concluded with the statement that South Africa has the highest accident rate among the western nations ("western" meaning the free world nations).

For another view, visit with me the parking lots of the Eastgate Shopping Center near the Kensington section of Jo-burg (the popular term for Johannesburg). It was necessary for us to go to Lot Seven on the upper level to find a place to park where it was difficult to locate an empty space. Even in Maseru the parking lot at the OK Shopping Center was usually crowded. These are indications of a drastically changed situation in both countries.

There are now enough automobiles in Lesotho that a few car dealerships have been established, tire companies have opened for business, and a salvage yard is in operation. Basotho mechanics are being trained in a capital city trade school. The school's instructor is employed by one of the dealerships (where Roger purchased a used 1976 Volkswagen) as their repairman. Several trips requiring very much time and untold patience were made to this mechanic before the car had to be taken across the border into Ladybrand (South Africa) where a European Volkswagen garage and dealership is located. The national mechanic instructor was a very pleasant, middle-aged gentleman with a lovely family. They lived in a brick home provided by the government for trade school teachers. He and his wife had just been blessed by the coming of a healthy baby girl. Knowing we were preparing the car for a trip to Durban (also in South Africa) and through the Transkei nation, he requested us to bring them a bottle of sea water (see the section entitled "DARK HEARTS" -- later in this book).

Rapid change is dawning. What the next decade will hold for the continent of Africa staggers the imagination. Our last full day before departure on May 14 was high-lighted by a trip around the city of Johannesburg with Burj Persson, a semi-retired Methodist missionary and stepson of Bess. What a city! What traffic! What native areas! Housing developments everywhere! The first view I had received, as the well-dressed native man hurried down the middle of Orwell Street to the urgent business of the day, had been a preview of change -- drastic change! What a window in the early dawn!

\* \* \*

## **SUNRISE AT HA MATALA**

Ha Matala is a village located on the south edge of the capital city of Maseru. After entering the highway leading to Morija and Mafeteng from the traffic circle at the south end of Kingsway, the best way to orient yourself is to look for two round peaks in the mountain range along the left side of the highway. The turn off the highway to Ha Matala is not marked, so this "twin butte" is needed to alert you to be on the lookout for a road leading off to the right. The headquarters building of the Lesotho-Transkei field of the Church of the Bible Covenant is perhaps a quarter mile down this dirt road. If you pass the "twin butte", you have gone too far. It is an ideal location since it is near the north-south highway running along the western border of the country. Present government plans call for the erection of the municipal airport in this general area, and the location of homes for airport personnel will be in Ha Matala. Of course, if these plans materialize our church will benefit greatly.

The mission headquarters building will also serve as an administrative office for Covenant Bible College. It stands as a tribute to the term of missionary service rendered by John and Mae Rossman. With their four lovely daughters, this fine couple (now serving the pastorate in Port St. Lucie, Florida) lived in the Maseru area and erected this building. It will adequately serve the institutional purposes of both the mission field and the college.

There is no view of an early morning sunrise to compare with what we experienced on Easter Sunday. The air was chilly on that early autumn day in Lesotho. As we sat waiting for the big ball of fire to appear over the distant mountains and for the beginning of the Ha Matala Covenant Easter Sunrise Service, topcoats and/or blankets were a necessity. Despite this cold and penetrating situation, we were awe-stricken by the mountains, the rosy hue, and the rising sun.

It was truly sunrise in Ha Matala as elsewhere because of the significance of Easter. I recalled the statement of Ethel Barrett about the priest' who was about to open the temple doors on the first Easter dawn. He called to the watchman on the tower, "Does the sun shine?" The watchman answered, "The sun shineth." "Does it shine as far as Hebron?" asked the priest. "Yes, the sun shineth as far as Hebron,



and lighteth the whole world!" The comment Ethel Barrett made was forceful and pertinent. If he only knew what he was saying!" It marked the beginning of new things. It has become civilization's greatest landmark. I believe the 1982 Easter sunrise in Ha Matala was indeed a landmark for Lesotho Covenanters. As a part of the message, a comparison was drawn between the uncertainty offered by the best of human leaders and the absolute certainty Christ affords. Moses said "peradventure" (maybe) on the mount, but Jesus said "verily" (surely) on the cross. Easter verified His authority. We felt the seal of the Holy Spirit upon our efforts to grasp the meaning of Easter for the Lesotho circumstance and, particularly, the Ha Matala challenge. Make no mistake about it, the sun is rising in Ha Matala.

Of landmarks and/or milestones, Dr. F. W. Boreham says, "History has proudly inscribed these epoch-making dates on indelible record" -- (the first glimpse of the American coastline; the day Paradise Lost was published; the day on which the first surgical operation was painlessly performed). Then he adds, "But these are history's most notable though invisible milestones" -- (the day the imagination of Columbus was first fired by the thoughts of his stupendous enterprise; the day Milton conceived the idea of a massive epic; the day James Simpson dreamed of putting his patients to sleep while he applied the knife). This latter statement is a guide to the firm conviction that the Easter sunrise at Ha Matala on April 11 was a milestone landmark for Lesotho Covenanters.

Shortly after this event the Mission Council approved the establishment of Covenant Bible College and gave assignments to each of its members for particular study and recommendations. Provision has been made for a Firestone Hall and a Phillips Hall to be finished in the near future. A new day is dawning in Ha Matala.

Occasioned by the home-going of Rev. Orville Firestone who pastored the Frankfort, Indiana, Church of the Bible Covenant, a memorial hall is being added to the campus which will be a classroom and chapel facility. We are indebted to Mrs. Firestone and her family and friends for this very necessary building at the Ha Matala location.

Because of the generosity of Bess (Phillips) Persson and Frances (Phillips) Rehfeldt, a Phillips Hall will be attached to the south side of the headquarters-administration building to serve as a dormitory (downstairs) and a library-study room (upstairs).

Another indication that the sun is rising in Ha Matala came on Monday, May 1. Missionary Roger Rehfeldt was on a road he seldom travels when he met the chief of chiefs who is over the entire southern section of the Maseru suburbs and serves on the official court of the nation. There are a number of morenas (chiefs) under his jurisdiction, one of whom guides the destinies of Ha Matala. Another rules the adjacent village of Ha Abia where a request had been made for a site on which to erect the home for Miss Annetta Turner. This paramount chief's name is Seqhobela.

The chief over the village of Ha Abia is a lady by the name of Judith. It seemed "ages" ago that contact had been made with her for the much-needed site. While it is well-known that business moves slowly in Lesotho, the matter was getting long overdue. Whether or not the "chance" meeting on May 1 had anything to do with what occurred on May 9 we will never know, but it very likely was the work of Seqhobela. When Missionary Turner and Moipone (her helper) returned from their Sunday assignments on May 9, there was an official visitor leaving the gate of the headquarters building which was now housing all of the missionaries. He returned when Miss Turner drove her truck into the yard. He was carrying an official letter from Morena Judith. The envelope bore the words "Ts'ebeletsong ea 'muso" -- On Government Service. The envelope had upon it the morena's seal and was dated May 8. It read as follows: "Dear Rev. Roger and Annetta: Sorry to answer you not so late, I'm running up and down with government. surveyors. Any way I've made some arrangements to settle up everything before this coming week-end. Thank You! Yours Sincerely, Judith." The letter was written in English, with which she was definitely having trouble. Since the man was on a horse, we told her the letter came by "pony express." At least some action was forthcoming and Missionary Turner was overjoyed. She had been told that infinite patience would be required. That certainly was proving to be the case, but God was at work through various channels and means. The sun is shining!

Let us go back to the May 1 "chance" meeting on the seldom-traveled road. Morena Seqhobela greeted Missionary Roger warmly. It had been six years since they had seen each other. Through some set of circumstances, Mr. Seqhobela had cooked a meal in the little 8' x 15' trailer Roger and Sonja had first lived in back in 1975 when they moved into Lesotho. They had not known that since then he had become the Morena of Morenas for the area south of Maseru. Two old friends "chanced" to meet on a lonely road. In answer to the warm and friendly "Where have you been?" Roger told of their clinic work in the village of Matukeng. Oh yes, Seqhobela had heard of that clinic. "But why are you in this area?" was the next question. The chief was then invited to Ha Matala for a visit. On the afternoon of May 3 he was there. The visit lasted two and a half hours. He was tremendously interested in what was going on and inquired of various matters relating to the work. Is it any wonder that a few days later action was taken by one of his underchiefs?

One reason the chief's visit lasted two and a half hours. is that a ritual murder had been committed somewhere in the Maseru area and, as a member of the official court, he had been occupied with the case. Ritual murder, of course, has to do with witch doctors and evil spirits. That the crime had come to light and a court case had been made of it was very significant. Usually such cases are never heard in court since people will not be witnesses because of their fear of the witch doctors and evil spirits. Indeed, the sun is rising in Ha Matala

I had been impressed during the Holy Week season with the two contrasts which have definite connections with the human situation and the Divine

manifestation. Jesus said "verily" on the cross, and in His resurrected state said "I am he that liveth and was dead." Moses was the greatest of human leaders, but the best he could say left much to be desired by the human race. Moses said "peradventure" and at the peak of his commission inquired "Who am I that I should go?" Jesus said "verily," but Moses said "peradventure." Jesus said "I am," but Moses said "Am I?" Christ has changed the human "maybe" to Divine assurance and infused the weakness of human nature with Divine energy and power. Not perhaps, but verily! Not death, but life!

Does the sun shine? The sun shineth! Does the sun shine as far as Ha Matala? Yea, the sun shineth as far as Ha Matala and lighteth the whole country!

\* \* \*

## **DAYBREAK AT MICA**

Views of life in South Africa must include the Transvaal region. For this reason a trip was planned by auto to Petersburg, north of Johannesburg and east to Kruger National Park. On April 28 we arrived at the Letaba gate of the game reserve only to find that the lodge and enclosure were already full of visitors and that it was too late in the day to enter the park without an available place to stay. Hence we sought a room among the motels along the edge of the reserve. It began to appear that the only thing to do was return to Jo-burg. A last attempt was going to be made in a motel called "The Hippo Pool" which was about thirty miles north of Acornhoek in the Eastern Transvaal and just south of the little town of Mica. Mica is so small that a store/gas station combination is the only business it afforded. We happened to see a Shell gasoline sign off the road to our left. Thinking it would be necessary to drive all night, and since gas stations in South Africa close at 6 p.m. (and only those who have a special permit are allowed to purchase fuel after that hour) we decided it would be the part of wisdom to fill the tank in Mica. (The 6 p.m. closing of all service stations is the Republic's method of conserving the gasoline supply).

The Shell station was just closing when we pulled up to the pumps. Native men serviced the car while Mr. Arthur Lowe, the owner, waited nearby to lock up for the night. Engaging him in conversation, I explained that I had been in the area thirty years before and had not returned since. Vast changes had taken place. When I discovered that he had lived in Mica about forty years, I asked if he had known Dr. T. H. Jones at the Ethel Lucas Memorial Hospital in Acornhoek. Indeed he had known him! Dr. Jones had performed an operation on his left foot and had been his mother-in-law's personal physician for many years.

Dr. Jones has retired from missionary service and is currently living somewhere in Kentucky. Although of British descent, he has chosen the United States for his retirement years. I believe he had become a South African citizen before leaving the missionary assignment. I told Mr. Lowe that I have a cheetah skin in front of my fireplace in Hilda, Missouri, which was presented to me by Dr. Jones

in 1952. He had killed the big cat in the Acornhoek area. When Mr. Lowe discovered our desire for a room and that our room-finding fortunes had been so poor (although we had been told that there would be no problem at that season of the year), he said they had an empty chalet which his mother-in-law had occupied until her death a few months earlier. He offered to make it ready for the four of us (five counting six-year-old Leanna), should we find the Hippo Pool Motel full. Well, we found the "Pool" deserted. The place had not yet opened for the season and the owners were away for the night -- or so the native men told us.

Returning to Mica, we spent the night in the Lowe chalet, paying them before retiring because we wanted to be up at daybreak for our trip through Kruger National Park. However, there was time for a wonderful visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lowe about previous days and mutual contacts. It proved to be our finest night on the road. The chalet was comfortable and the hospitality was superb. I am anxious to see Dr. Jones again somewhere along life's pathway. He will appreciate the reactions of the Lowes to his kindness and efficiency. We appreciated their generosity and thoughtfulness which were surely occasioned by the influence Dr. Jones had exerted upon them years before. It all made us grateful for the family of God.

As the first rays of light were breaking through the deep African night, we left the Lowe chalet for Acornhoek and the nearby gate into the park. It was our desire to enter the game reserve early in order to have a better opportunity to see the wild animals. I had learned on previous visits to Africa that, by and large, only people are on the roads after the sun is very high. The normal pattern was an 8 a.m. breakfast and a departure by auto about 10 a.m. That would be entirely too late in the morning to see the wild animals. Hence we were on the road early, but Mr. Lowe was awake and out of his home early enough for a good-bye wave of sincere appreciation. Stories related to that section of the Eastern Trans-vaal came to mind as we made our way as quickly as possible on gravel roads which were poorly marked. However, one does not have to wait until he is inside the gate of the huge game reserve to see wild animals. Long before we paid the fee and entered the famous area, we saw numerous animals of various kinds. I recalled how one missionary had related to me his close encounter with lions when he climbed an anthill to survey the territory. Seeing one of the beasts fifty yards away crouching in the grass, he was paralyzed! No, it didn't harm him, but a missionary could have been "missing in action." He wrote me after I had visited his station to state that a lion had been killed the day after we left. We were driving through the same area, and we were not more than six miles from that very station. The anthills were on every hand, some of them standing about six feet high.

One warden of the game reserve, a Mr. Wolhunter, narrowly escaped death from lions. Seized by one of them, he was dragged by his right shoulder a distance of sixty yards and then laid down under a tree for a rather obvious purpose. During the time he was being dragged, Mr. Wolhunter somehow managed to pull out his

knife and prepared himself to make a last desperate fight. Selecting what he regarded as the vital spot in the lion's body, he struck home with his left hand two or three times in rapid succession. Then, springing to his feet, he roared at the top of his voice in a mad effort to intimidate the animal. The lion turned tail, walked about twenty yards, and fell dead. But Wolhunter's troubles were not over. At the time the lion had attacked him, a second lion had gone after other kill. He reckoned that lion number two would be certain to return. With his arm and shoulder badly mauled, he thought the best thing to do was to climb a tree and strap himself there for fear he might faint. He did faint, and recovered consciousness only to find lion number two jumping up at him, once or twice succeeding in touching his feet. Only the constant snapping of his faithful dog, distracting and irritating the lion, saved Wolhunter from being pulled down before a team of natives came to rescue him. Suffice it to say that it was comforting for us to enjoy the safety of the automobile.

Kruger National Park is a game reserve 250 miles long and forty miles wide. There are numerous camps or enclosures within the park where meals and rooms are available. Years ago I had stayed in a camp called Pretorius Kop and had heard a lion roar about 2 o'clock in the morning. It was close enough to take sleep from me immediately and cause instant gratitude for an enclosed camp area.

Since a wild game reserve such as this one exists only in South Africa, it was a pleasure to spend a day within its borders. Although Roger and Sonja have been in Africa almost a decade, they had never been to Kruger National. It was a joy to have them see native life in the Eastern Transvaal and wild life in the famous park. While not totally devoid of the wild animals, Lesotho is virtually free of the terror occasioned by such encounters as Mr. Wolhunter and missionaries I have known personally have endured. It is reported that there are a million wild animals in Kruger National Park, including lions, buffalo, elephants, giraffes, hippopotamuses, zebras, and all varieties of buck. While we didn't see a million, we did see seventeen different kinds of wild animals on this trip. However, we did not see any lions or elephants. This was, of course, a disappointment, but we enjoyed a tremendous day together.

Our son-in-law and older daughter, Rev. and Mrs. Henry Cheatwood, spent two full days in Kruger National Park during a visit to Africa in 1980. They were up at 4 a.m. on February 18 and entered through the same gate near Acornhoek at 5 a.m. Not only did the abundance of wild animals surprise them, but after breakfast at a restaurant in the park they were fortunate to come upon a lion kill. Five lionesses had killed a wildebeest (gnu) and were feeding on it. There were three small cubs under a tree deeper into the bush. After the lions had fed for some time, two jackals started inching toward the scene. They finally succeeded in getting some meat scraps for dinner. Then the buzzards came and finished eating the wildebeest. It was rare to see a lion kill so close to the road. Later that same day, they saw two bull elephants which stood flapping their ears and throwing dirt on their backs with their long trunks. The following day they saw an elephant walking behind a van full of people and noted how frightened the occupants were. They said

of Kruger National Park, "It was a zoo in reverse -- we were the ones in the cages while the animals watched."

Native life in the Eastern Transvaal is as primitive as can be found in South Africa. Approximately 300 miles from Johannesburg and Pretoria, the tribal life is much as it has been for centuries. Having had a twin brother, I became interested in what very likely would have happened to me had we been born in that area instead of in America. I was the second to be born, my twin brother being about one hour older. Since tribal customs have not changed greatly over the years, it is quite certain that I would have been starved to death early in life or left for wild animals to feed upon. A missionary-nurse, Miss Hazel Pass, explained to me one time that a native mother with twin babies had gone through unbearable persecution because she wanted to keep both of her babies and yet the heathen people around her were convinced that the second baby was an ill omen. Superstition and demonism are so deep-seated that years of training are required to change their heathen practices. "Sometimes," said Miss Pass, "the baby is drowned in boiling water or fed boiling milk, but more often it is simply neglected and gradually starves to death." As far as we know, this custom is not practiced among the people of Lesotho. Aside from this, Roger and Sonja were deeply interested in the kind of huts the natives of the Eastern Transvaal constructed, as compared to the ones they knew so well.

Before reaching Johannesburg about midnight, we discovered how wonderful it is to have gasoline stations in America which remain open beyond 6 o'clock in the evening. We had, of course, filled our tank just before the closing hour in South Africa, but we had approximately 300 miles to travel. This, we had learned by experience with the Volkswagen, could be done. But it would be a close proposition. When, on a certain mountain grade we discovered that the engine was excessively hot, there was nothing to do except to return to a station we had seen along the road and hope, though we knew it was closed, that the water had not been turned off for the night. We did get water and all seemed to be well. We could find no leaks in the radiator or in any of the water hoses. What had caused the severe loss of water was a mystery. At any rate, we had traveled twenty precious miles out of our way, and we knew we needed every drop of gasoline to get to the city. We did make the trip without further trouble but not without great stress. The last stretch was made on a prayer. From the crack of dawn until midnight had made a full day, but it had been a long succession of "African windows," and we were content.

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## **BREAKTHROUGH AT STERKSPRUIT**

Two early morning excursions into the Transkei nation quickly became known as "Timothy time." Preceding these two trips and the thrilling experience of "Timothy time," there had been two full years of contacts of an unusual nature with a remarkable man. And there had been two full years of promises which had been sealed to the hearts of the missionaries, including the following, "When thou

comest..." (2 Timothy 4:13), "but I trust in the Lord Jesus to send Timotheus shortly unto you..." (Phil. 2:19), and "now if Timotheus come, see that he may be with you without fear [don't fear to use him]: for he worketh the work of the Lord" (1 Cor. 16:10). The fulfillment of these promises would most certainly constitute a breakthrough for our mission work in Lesotho and the Transkei.

"Timothy time" was a period between April 14 and May 7. On the morning of April 14 we were up at 6 o'clock, and on May 7 it was 5 o'clock. Both contacts with Timothy were at about 8:30 a.m., and both were in the nature of a miracle. That is, the Holy Spirit arranged the meetings without any doubt in the minds of those who were involved, including Timothy. This was a part of the breakthrough. It proved indeed to be "Timothy time."

We had made the trip south from Maseru to Quting (about 100 miles) as a part of Philip's spring break from his school work. He had returned with us to Lesotho from Johannesburg, where he had been in school while living with Aunt Bess. It was our original intention to take him to Durban with us for a holiday, but passport difficulties prevented this. Now we were unexpectedly going south toward the Transkei nation. Quting is so close to the border which marks the two countries that Roger and I decided to leave the family in Quting and try to locate Timothy. It would be most unusual to find him at home on this particular day, but it would be worth the effort. Was it ever!

Timothy was at home. He should have been gone. His schedule called for him to be on the road very early that morning. He told us that he was sure the Holy Spirit had delayed him. There could be no other explanation. This was, of course, music to our ears and it brought excitement to our hearts. You see, our schedule had been altered drastically and we were puzzled. Many efforts had been made to straighten out unreasonable and uncalled-for passport difficulties. Now we knew why. The blessed Holy Spirit was directing. How slow we are to learn! How quick we are to make our own plans! How frustrating it is when they do not work out! But how faithful He is to overrule and direct. Bless His holy name!

May I pause to compliment our grandson, Philip. This experience proved that he is really a GRANDson. Instead of complaining, whining, and crying (at age eleven), he was not only understanding but seemed to be having a great time. He had looked forward to going to Durban and had to adjust to the thought of the rest of us going the following week while he would be back into his studies (at which he is doing exceptionally well). Is it all right to say that we were "proud" of him? You will understand!

That we were in Timothy's home on the morning of April 14 when we should have been in Durban, and that Timothy was sitting at the little table in his house with us when he should have been elsewhere to be on schedule, was an exciting experience. Timothy was actually telling us that he wanted to be a Covenanter and carry our credential as a minister. It was thrilling! You would need to see him, to

hear his voice, to feel his handclasp, and to breathe the atmosphere that is generated by Timothy's presence to know something of our gratitude to God. I had just read an interesting statement the day before and felt that it applied very well: "It is worth a mile's walk on a wet day just to hear him laugh." Although I did not have the slightest idea of the person about whom this statement was made it surely did come to mind as Timothy talked and then laughed. Dr. Marvin Powers had met Timothy on the last official trip of mission-field-visitation and had written about his visit as follows: "Brother Timothy is about fifty-four years of age, married, intelligent, spiritual, and aggressive. He speaks seven languages, including Xhosa, Sesotho, and excellent English. The time spent with this remarkable man was the highlight of the Transkei visit.

He may be a key to Covenant outreach and evangelism in both Lesotho and the Transkei; he shows keen interest in the Church of the Bible Covenant" (Journey Into World Evangelism, pp. 41-42).

You can readily see why we felt it was a real breakthrough for the church that Rev. Nahone Zacharia Timothy of Johannesburg, Transkei, should be requesting identification with us. Johannesburg is a small village near Sterkspruit. It is important to know that although the Transkei nation is located on the southeastern coast (Indian Ocean) of the continent of Africa, there is a certain section which extends far enough west to be south of Lesotho. Sterkspruit is located in this portion of the nation. This is an advantage to our work and to the missionaries because it is not necessary to cross the high mountain range or go around it in order to cross the border, pass through immigration, and reach the Sterkspruit area. The work Timothy is currently doing takes him over the southern part of the continent as a representative of Christian World Ministries. However, he is interested in helping to establish a Covenant mission in Sterkspruit while he is off the road from his regular duties. In his present circumstance, people ask what group he is identified with and he wants to tell them of the Church of the Bible Covenant. Who knows what good will develop as a result of these vital contacts? Perhaps the church in America should prepare herself to support beachheads in several of the countries of the subcontinent. It is conceivable that this challenge will be ours in the not-too-distant future. What the General Board and the General Missions Committee will be able to do about such challenges in the tomorrows will depend upon how our people respond to the Easter and Thanksgiving offerings as well as upon regular monthly support for the world evangelism program of the church. Africa is, of course, only one place where the General Church has responsibilities. We are discovering on every hand that tributaries are important.

That is exactly what Timothy stressed. His present work would produce leads and make friends for the church. When asked if the time might come when he would desire to devote full time to our work in Lesotho and the Transkei, he made two statements which I recorded in my notes. One was, "You mustn't drop your gaze into the water." By this he explained that he should continue his present work rather than change the situation now. The other statement was, "I am fifty-six years



of age and will not want to travel around indefinitely." We are rejoicing in the fact of his identification with our church because we share the idea of the importance of tributaries.

The great Mississippi River in the heart of the United States begins as a narrow stream in Minnesota. The "Mighty Mo" empties into the Mississippi at St. Louis, and the Ohio River pours itself in at Cairo, Illinois. One brings many contributions from the Northwest; the other collects waters from the northeast. By the time these waters reach Louisiana, the Mississippi River is a very large body flowing into the Gulf of Mexico.

In his book entitled *Hill Of Destiny*, Peter Becker, who is an authority on Bantu history, languages, customs, and beliefs, mentions the Caledon River on sixty-five separate pages of his treatment of Lesotho history. Thirty-eight additional pages refer to either the Caledon Valley, Caledon River, or Caledon District. Becker is known as Uulindlela by the Bantus. This word means "the Opener of the Road." Apparently this "Road Opener" found the Caledon River in Lesotho to be to this country what the Mississippi River is to the United States -- a river with many tributaries.

These rivers are examples that illustrate the importance of every contribution to the ongoing of the work of the Lord. The flow of hundreds of patients to our medical facility (the Glendenning Memorial Clinic in Matukeng on the banks of the Caledon River), the testimonies of people in the village services, the flow of fuel through the tanks of cars, trucks, or motorcycles, and even the contacts Timothy makes in the subcontinent are indications of progress in the work of the Lord.

On May 7 we were up at 5 a.m. and soon on our way to Sterkspruit with Timothy's credential. The Mission Council had voted unanimously to issue Nahone Zacharias Timothy regional license from their field. I happened to have a few blue regional license cards in my briefcase. A regular license would be cared for after our return to the States. This was done by Dr. Powers in the latter part of May. A warm personal letter from him accompanied the license. It was a thrill on May 7 at about 8:30 a.m. to embrace Brother Timothy and issue his pocket credential. Once again, it was rather an unusual "chance" meeting. Had he been away, we would have delivered the credential to his wife. We were hoping, however, to find him at home. Well, we met him already en route to an assignment. Had we been ten minutes later, the truck he was driving would have been on a different road than the one we were on. We did meet! The credential was issued! Timothy is a Covenantant! The "chance" meeting was providential! It is a real breakthrough!

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## **PART II -- WINDOWS OF THE NOON-DAY**

**Pioneer Days Clinic Days Evangelism Days Development Days**

## **FOCUS: "HERD BOYS, BURDENED-DOWN WOMEN, AND THE RISK OF DYING."**

In a book entitled *African Odyssey*, Joseph Card drew graphic pictures of African witch doctors, African drums, and African roads.

Of the witch doctors, he said that they had been the curse of the African tribes. These "devilish wizards" have been the real rulers, because they have always been at the chief's elbow. None of the chief's family was free from the fear of being "smelt out." Therefore, they did not dare to offend these crafty, "blood-thirsty devils." One great chief admitted, "My people fear the wizards from the bottom of their hearts. When the witch doctor speaks, they believe that it is truly the spirits speaking through them."

Concerning the drums, Card indicated that you will hear their call wherever you go. Whether you are on the veldt (open grazing area), in the jungle, the mountains, or the desert, you will hear at some time or another the beat of the drum, calling incessantly from village to village or kraal to kraal. To the white man it is nerve-wracking. Our grandson, Philip, told me that he had heard the drums many times. He thought they usually called the people to beer drinks and dances; the beat, according to him, sounds like "do-do... do-do.., do-do.., do-do." When we were together in Ha Matala, during his school's spring break in April, he played this "do-do" on a homemade native instrument which came into his family's possession in Matukeng at the clinic. It is made from a crushed cooking oil can with a half-inch rubber band stretched lengthwise around it. With a stick, Philip demonstrated the sound of the drum as he had heard it many times in the village. Nurse Sonja told me that drums were heard frequently in Matukeng. Card called them "the bush telegraph." He said: "It was in existence and just as efficient, long before the white man ever thought of short waves." There are codes in the various kinds of rhythm they use. And, of course, the witch doctors make great use of these drums.

But of the roads, Joseph Card said, "There are no roads in all the world to compare with the 'transport roads' which lead from village to village in Africa. On them one finds herd boys, burdened-down women, and the risk of dying." We definitely found this to be true. Some of the most graphic insights into African life were witnessed on these village-to-village roads or pathways. Quite often we would stop for a picture of the women with great and/or interesting loads on their heads. Pitiful, shivering herd boys were everywhere. Remember that April and May are the months which introduce the winter season to the mountains. It can be bitterly cold, but these boys still tend the cattle in their bare feet. Of the risk of dying you will read elsewhere.

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## **PIONEER DAYS**

**We are beginning to see more clearly the vision of things to come. Windows of the noonday are presenting a vivid picture of what we must accomplish. Our work is cut out for us. There is no turning back.**

**After ten years in the southern part of Africa (three in South Africa and seven in Lesotho) we are still in pioneering days. Entering a country where there has been no holiness work in the past, and with a limited staff of new missionaries, we have gotten started in three important areas of work: medicine, evangelism, and literature. But even in these we are still pioneers.**

**The call is relentless. Beckoning hands and pleading voices disturb the Christian. Complacency is impossible while the call comes ringing, "Send the light, send the light." Ease in Zion is incongruous while men walk the veldt or mountain trails in constant fear of evil spirits. Light! Love! Redemption! These are the things Africa needs most. And these are the very things the church has to offer. Let more workers travel the road of human need with the message of Divine love.**

**I was deeply impressed during our recent visit with a statement I read from one of the books in the study at 42 Orwell Street in Johannesburg. It was entitled The Unpopular Missionary and was written by Methodist bishop Dr. Ralph E. Dodge. He said: "The call to Africa is a call to self-giving, a call to sharing, a call to sacrifice. Modern Africa is critical -- especially of the white man. The waters undermine, the sun burns, the wind chafes, the mosquitos bite, and the cold stare challenges. Africa has become defiant. The African is so fed up with the arrogant European that he will reject any individual who shows a domineering attitude. He who comes to learn as well as to teach will find a warm welcome." In 1952, after an eight-week visit, I wrote as follows: "Undoubtedly the most crucial issue Africa faces is the conflict between the races." A missionary who is well-qualified to speak on African affairs and one whom I have known for many years said: "Africa at this very time is standing at the crossroads. The situation is critical. Never before have such mighty influences and such tremendous problems been fraught with such dangerous possibilities. One gets a bewildering impression as one mingles with the Bantu peoples that there is a growing animosity and a more resentful attitude which borders on an anti-White hatred."**

**What could be greater than to demonstrate the love of Christ in such a situation! Gold and diamonds can never solve this problem. Only a thoroughgoing Christianity such as the doctrine and experience of holiness offers can meet the need. Uncle Bud Robinson used to say, "Holiness seed never rots." There is a confidence in the gospel of Jesus Christ which causes one to realize that his task is the faithful planting of the seed which must be watered by tears from a compassionate heart. This has never failed. I have yet to see true holiness back off the stage of action when it is truly tested. It will win its way. Don't argue. Don't complain. Don't despair. Present the truth and live the life. This always works.**

Viewing Africa through the "holiness window" reminds me of a statement I have recently fed upon. It was made by Joseph Stump. "Viewed as it is in itself, the world would drive us to pessimism; but viewed as a world that is savable, we are led to Christian optimism."

One difficulty with windows is that a clear view necessitates frequent washing. Before reaching Africa I was deeply impressed with the beauty and value of clean windows. En route to South Africa on April Fool's Day, we had a sixteen-hour layover in Amsterdam, Holland. A surprise begins the moment the Royal Dutch Airlines (KLM Koninklijke Luchtvaart Mootschappij) 747 jet touches down at the airport. Amsterdam's superb airport is so spacious and modern you can hardly believe you have arrived in a city of sidewalk cafes and medieval churches. It seems to be all windows. These modern windows stand in sharp contrast to the historic ones to be found in the churches, castles, and cathedrals of the country. Amsterdam itself is a "window" to Europe. Our Flight 642 out of New York on March 31 at 6 p.m. (Wednesday) traveled over northeast Canada and Scotland on a nonstop flight to Amsterdam. During our sixteen-hour stopover, we had ample opportunity to look through what appeared to be hundreds of windows in the extensive airport. The Dutch language is a very important window to South Africa. The Afrikaans of the Dutch vortreckers and their descendants in the Republic of South Africa are basically the Dutch tongue.

As I write, I am seated at a table waiting for Flight 593 to Nairobi, Kenya. From there we will go on to Johannesburg. There are two airport workmen seated some twenty feet away. One is very talkative. His utterances are interesting and explosive. It seems to be "break" time in their day. As I listen to these two Dutchmen, I am looking through windows on every side. A glance back through the window of their culture, and with the background music of their fluent language, I see pioneers' days in the "hollow land" which these people have had to wrest from the North Sea. Holland now has an area of almost 16,000 square miles, which is about 1,000 more than they had a century ago. The Dutch have been forced to fight for this extra land, but they seized it from the sea rather than from other nations. This involved one of the most heroic struggles in our world because the North Sea can be one of the world's most cruel enemies. Holland is low and flat. It is waterlogged. The winds come gusting in from the ocean and the land has to be drained of water by dikes and canals. The "music" is gone now and all is quiet. Our flight is two hours away. There is time to look through another pioneer window.

Mentally washing away the dust that had gathered on an Asiatic window, I began to visualize a metal building on a hot Sunday afternoon. I do not recall that the building had any windows; I'm sure it had no insulation. Brother Jurie Denysschen, a missionary to East Indians from India, and Roger were playing an accordion and guitar duet somewhere in the Johannesburg area. It may come as a surprise to our people in the United States to know that over a million Asiatics from India live within the bounds of South Africa. You will recall that Roger and Sonja found it necessary to spend three years there before God opened the door into

Lesotho. It was Missionary Denysschen and the deep friendship which had developed between these two missionaries that finally proved to be the door opener. Contact with these Asiatics also proved to be profitable. Who was to know that six years after the opening of our work in Lesotho (1975), a Covenanter by the name of Miss Annetta Turner would feel a deep interest in East Indians and be drawn to the southern tip of Africa since the church has no work established in India as yet? And who was to know in 1972 that helping with the missionary work among the East Indians in South Africa would open the door for the Church of the Bible Covenant to be the only holiness work in Lesotho?

After a decade, window washing is necessary in order to view the pioneer work of the church in Lesotho. It has not been easy. Two of the major difficulties have arisen from the "Christianity" already rooted there and the nonChristian native customs of the people. The latter was expected.

The most remote point in village evangelism work is south of Maseru and up into the mountains. The single service each week is held on Saturday. Roger and Sonja use the motorcycle for this trip. On Saturday, May 7, Sonja drove the truck alone and was responsible for the entire service because the men had gone to Sterkspruit to issue a regional minister's license to Nahone Zacharias Timothy (referred to earlier in this book.) The name of the village is Thibatsane. Although we tried to arrive from Sterkspruit in time for this service, we were a bit late and Sonja had already departed. She speaks Sesotho fluently and has no fear of being alone in the villages. Both of these facts are remarkable features of her effective ministry. Roger debated following on the motorcycle, but money for gasoline is very limited. We were told that Sonja had indicated before leaving that the Holy Spirit had given her an urgent message for the people of that village.

The villagers in Thibatsane have been poisoned with the idea that anything other than the Catholic faith is false religion. Even though the Catholics do not currently have services in this village, they want to make certain that no other group will succeed. And their poison is effective. An official meeting of village principals cleared the way for the services to continue, but the people are fearful because they have been told that there would be no one to bury them when they die. Believe it or not, this is a most important item with the Basotho people. Roger has assured them that they would be properly buried, but the poison still works in the minds of many. Pray for this needy village.

Another major difficulty growing from "Christianity," is the result of the work of the LEC (Lesotho Evangelical Church). This is a French-based organization which has been laboring in the country since the 1800's. It offers no more than the already-mentioned branch of "Christianity." There is no personal spiritual experience offered by either group. Holiness is a way of experience. You can see why it is desperately needed in Lesotho. Any village which has an LEC group, however small it may be in attendance, will offer stiff opposition to other churches. Were it not for the clinic in Matukeng, services would be impossible. There is an

LEC church there which operates the only school for the children of the village. While this might appear to be a strangle hold on religion, the clinic has made tremendous inroads and the true gospel has the power of the Almighty backing it. Hence, we do not back away from the scene.

The window of conflict and pioneer labors takes frequent washing because of the gust of wind blowing constantly against it, but God is great and holiness is adequate. A letter from Roger dated May 24 (after our return to America) states: "We met as usual on Saturday morning in front of the huts of the Chief's mother in Thibatsane. As you will remember, the Catholic church has talked to them about our services -- requiring them to stop them. I can say that the message of holiness and salvation is making a stir there for we had a good number meeting with us this last Saturday. There were a good number of men present for that service -- which is unusually nice. The Lord's presence was there and I was helped to preach on the ascension and return of Christ, making mention of the need to be ready. They all listened well. After that service a number came to express their thanks for the messages and tell us that they did not want us to be stopped. They said the messages moved them in their hearts. Praise the Lord!" Roger also said in the same letter, "You will be interested that the old man in Ha Mokhou (another mountain village) asked about you. He wants to know when you are coming again. He also asked me if I would bury them. I assured him that I would. That is really important to them. They have a long way to go, but the Lord will show them more important things than being buried."

Pioneer windows, whether in Holland, South Africa, or Lesotho, need constant washing because we must never allow ourselves to forget the cost of establishing a strong holiness base against the world. History records that when the first World War was in progress, Germany sent quislings into Holland to bore holes in the dikes and let the North Sea rush in and thus weaken the nation. There is nothing worse than for this generation of holiness people to undermine itself by boring holes in the walls our forefathers constructed against the world. Those rugged pioneers knew that what they were doing was vital to the success of future generations.

In order to establish holiness mission stations and make inroads into the devil's territory, missionaries of the past have lived in stick-and-mud houses without benefit of running water or glass windows. They have used a bucket perforated at the bottom for showers. They have gone to town for groceries and mail once a month. Water has been hauled from the river. The children have been taught at home. The nearest doctor has been 100 miles away. These things we must never forget.

Our own missionaries in Lesotho are still in pioneer days. They do have running water at last. They have enough fuel each week to run the generator and have lights the first three days. Thereafter they use candlelight. Opposition is subtle, but it is intense. The strain takes its toll. In the night hours I have thought

and prayed about their struggles, and I have been reminded again and again of "The Upper Window" which God told Noah to make in the ark: "A window shalt thou make to the ark, and.., finish it above (Gen. 6:16). The song by that title says, "When it's dark and lonesome, you'll see Me standing by."

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## CLINIC DAYS

It is our purpose to look through three windows in this chapter. The schedule window, the medical window, and the marriage window. All of these views of missionary life in Lesotho are related to the clinic.

This clinic is known as the Riley Glendenning Memorial or Matukeng Clinic. It is, of course, located in Matukeng, but serves ten surrounding villages. The initial gift which made possible the first clinic unit was presented to the church by Rev. and Mrs. Clifford Richards of Peoria in honor of a fine layman they had served in a Galesburg, Illinois, pastorate. Mr. Glendenning's daughter, who is a nurse, entered wholeheartedly into the idea of a memorial for her father. Hence, the clinic became a reality when, in our pioneer days as a church there was no money available for such a project. The entire endeavor in Lesotho has benefited so tremendously by the success of this clinic operation that we will forever be indebted to these wonderful people for such a grand beginning.

Let us first take a look through the schedule window. In order to pray effectively for our missionaries, it is beneficial to follow them through a normal week of activities. Sunday for Roger and Sonja means three services and approximately two hours of difficult traveling, A good breakfast must sustain them, with the aid of an en route sandwich and chips lunch, until late evening. Ha Teko and Matukeng are adjacent villages at the base of Qeme Mountain. They require two separate services. The first is in a rented home; the second is in one of the clinic buildings. Rushing is necessary in order to be in Ha Mokhou for ,the next service at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. For Annetta and Moipone it is likewise a heavy day of travel and ministration to the spiritual needs of the people. Both of them rise early in order to prepare for the trip to Ha Mafoka in Annetta's truck. Together they teach, train, and inspire the young and old alike. It is an inspiration to see and hear the people sing as Moipone directs the group. Annetta's illustrated stories and messages are very effective. Also her pre-service accord ian music is greatly enjoyed. Sparkling eyes observe every movement of the instrument and follow all ten of her fingers as the cadence swells some grand song of the church. The instrument must be laid aside when the service begins because Sesotho singing is so very different. At 2 p.m. the entire staff meets in the village of Ha Mokhou for a Bible Hour session and a full service which enjoys a wonderful attendance. The day ends with the trip home and an evening meal in the Ha Matala headquarters. Monday should be a day of rest, but there are duties such as house cleaning, washing, house repair, vehicle maintenance, letter writing, sermon preparation,

language study, translation work, stories and materials to arrange, and supplies to obtain. There must be some time for the ever-pressing building program. Monday soon slips away. Tuesday is maternity day at the clinic. In order to open the doors at 8 a.m., Sonja, Annetta, and Moipone must leave Ha Matala at 7 o'clock. This means they must be up before 6 a.m. Roger tries to leave maternity day to the two missionary nurses and their helpers because errands and contacts of various kinds demand his attention. Lunch at the clinic is usually native style. What an array of people and villages! Wednesday is the day to catch up for the whole week on items which are carried over from Monday. It is the last chance because the rest of the week is packed to the limit. A dozen things cry for attention. This is their big grocery shopping day. Translating and printing leaflets in Sesotho must be done sometime. Literature is such a vital part of the work that necessity is upon them. The generator for the lights is old and breaks down. Of course, it must be repaired. The vehicles travel rugged roads and must last at least a term of years before replacement. Thursday is general clinic day. More than a hundred patients will be seen by the three missionaries. What an host of diseases! The daughter of the chief (assistant nurse) had problems she could not handle. The government doctor is scheduled to be present. A full day. Friday there is preparation for and travel to three services. I found Roger up at 4 a.m. studying his Sesotho sermons by candlelight. Up into the mountains go Roger and Sonja via motorcycle to Popanyane and Nkoeng. The latter is so inaccessible that they must walk several miles. With little or no time for supper, all of the staff go to Ha Mafoka for the evening service. Saturday is the day of the steep climb. The service in Thibatsane requires a long trip as well as a sharp ascent to the village. Saturday, April 17, was unusual because there had been a death in the village and the customary feast was in progress by which the people pay respect (if not reverence) to the dead person before the funeral service. During this time there is no labor which requires working with the soil. While there would be no regular service on this day, the presence of the missionaries was full of significance for the village. The second service on Saturday is in the village of Ha Tlali. Where is there preparation for Sunday?

The medical window is not a large picture-window because it is purposely kept rather small. In its beginning days it demanded much attention, but it was never the intention of either the General Missions Committee or the Lesotho-Transkei Council to see it enlarge itself beyond the clinic or dispensary stage. For that reason the missionaries have refrained from building a facility in which surgery could be performed. However, the Government Health Department has authorized and certified Roger Rehfeldt to perform as a doctor to the limit their facilities will permit. The people call him "Nocka Roshia" (Dr. Roger). Basotho helpers have been trained to carry on much of the incidental responsibilities. Young people tend to leave for government positions or for other fields of labor when they are trained, but much good has been done for them spiritually while they are in the process.

While our missionaries were on furlough in America an interested person asked one of them, "What is Lesotho's chief crop?" The answer given was "Babies." Hence, it is important to note that Sonja has qualified herself to deliver



the babies and has done so for hundreds of mothers. Because of the physical demands of the clinic, it has become necessary to restrict regular visits to Tuesdays and Thursdays. For evangelistic reasons, this is a wise decision. However, the medical ministry has a very important place in the work.

Consider an incident which occurred on April 14 when we were in Quting near the Transkei border, some 100 miles south of Maseru. Gas stations are not plentiful in Lesotho, so it was deemed advisable to have a full tank of fuel. Pulling into the only station available, we were told by the Basutho woman operating the pump that a permit from the police would be required. While Roger went to inquire further about the matter, an incident occurred which became a window through which to view a sideline value of the medical work. I suddenly became aware of a delightful conversation going on between Sonja and a young lady. They laughed and talked as warm friends of long standing. The young woman had seen Sonja in the back seat of the car from a distance and came running to meet and greet her. She was the daughter of the chief in Ha Teko, the village adjacent to the clinic. She had married and moved south to Quting. When the chief's daughter spoke to the pump woman, things became entirely different. She was ready to fill the tank with fuel without hesitation or question. However, Roger had returned and indicated that the station proprietor had insisted on a trip to the police. But the pump woman said she was in charge of the pump and would fill the tank with fuel. Knowing nothing of what had happened, Roger was hesitant, although greatly surprised. "Are you sure?" he ventured. The tank was soon full and we were on our way. The pump woman knew about the clinic many miles away. And she was convinced that the occupants of the car were beyond question. While we drove north, Sonja explained to Roger what had happened. It seems that the whole country knows about the clinic.

It is unfortunate that clinics cannot be established in every area where the church goes with the gospel. The work in Ha Mofoka has suffered a tremendous setback because of a misunderstanding along this line. A seven-week tent campaign, with its unusual conversions during the initial revival season in this village, became a sufficient reason to erect a prefab chapel. However, the people thought they were promised a clinic as well as a chapel. When this did not materialize, they refused to accept the explanation about a misunderstanding and, to this day, it is difficult to interest adults in the church services. We believe the picture is changing as the missionaries continue to serve in spite of this handicap. A change of missionary personnel made the situation more complicated and the Council did consider moving the pre-fab building to Ha Mokhou where adults are definitely interested and a chapel is urgently needed to hold the crowds. However, the Council is reluctant to take this step. Please pray for the people Ha Mafoka. It is, of course, impractical to establish more than one clinic in Lesotho at this stage of missionary endeavor in the country.

The marriage window will take us back to the Glendenning Memorial Clinic in Matukeng and its staff of workers. There are currently three Basotho ladies who

serve respectively as assistant nurse, dispensary nurse, and clinic clerk. Talane (daughter of the chief in Matukeng), Myho (Gift), and Ma Sam (Mother of Sam). Talane is a single lady and the other two are married women. However, Talane would have been married against her will and contrary to her desire had her father and brothers been away on a certain day when she was stolen by a suitor. On this day she was forced to accompany some man who insisted that she become his wife. The custom requires that she must be rescued within twenty-four hours. If she is not, the man will pay the necessary number of cows and she will be his wife. Talane's father and brothers rescued her and she has remained single. Myho was not so fortunate. Although the missionaries say she is like an elephant in doing as she pleases, and though they could not imagine anyone stealing her against her will, it did happen one day and there were no rescuers who followed after her. It was necessary for her suitor to get a friend to assist in accomplishing his purpose. She did not appear for clinic duty one morning and the missionaries found out later what had happened. She still serves as the dispensary nurse, but she is handicapped because her husband lives in a different village. To continue her work, she must be in the clinic during the days of the week with the exception of Sunday. Ma Sam was apparently the willing captive of whoever became her husband.

In other sections of Africa the marriage customs are entirely different. For example, in the far Northeastern Transvaal of South Africa I found an interesting case in the lives of Sokoneza and his sister, Milandu. As one of a gang of little boys, Sokoneza was always hungry and on the lookout to get food by fair means or foul. Undisciplined, he was a law unto himself. Soon he became expert in the art of making traps for field mice or small birds. Fat and juicy worms, flying ants, locusts, and beetles were all something to satisfy his gnawing hunger. No man sought to train him. As the years went by, the devil himself seemed to take it in hand to teach him all that was evil.

The birth of Milandu caused great rejoicing. A son would eventually go off and get himself a wife elsewhere, but a girl baby meant another pair of hands to help carry water and pound meal for the family. Then, when she would marry, still another pair of hands would join the household to help in the upkeep of the huts and gardens. When she grew older, Milandu learned the ritualistic customs of her people -- a handful of meal thrown out before the porridge was cooked, and a little water tipped from the drinking gourd before it was raised to the lips. This was for the spirits, she was told. When beer was fermented, some must be put under the little spirit huts which stood on the platform at the hut door of the chief woman. By such countless small customs the spirits of the ancestors were remembered and honored. Had not the terrible sickness spread through the village because the spirit of So-and-So had been offended? Tembe had been struck by lightning because he had not observed one of the customs. And what fun it was at the ceremonial dances: hand-clapping and stamping and singing, strangely spiced with fear! Yes, the spirits were as real as any of her people, and fear of them was woven into her very being.

When Sokoneza became fourteen years of age, he must secure himself a wife. Why should his mother feed him longer? He was a man! One of the elders told him of Beto, a comely lass, and after interviewing his mother and sister, handed Sokoneza a grass ring in the presence of witnesses. The transaction was complete, and he set to work putting up their mud and pole hut in the village of his mother-in-law.

It is evident that marriage customs throughout Africa differ, that superstitions are strong, and that spirit worship prevails. The people are in spiritual darkness and in the vice-like grip of death. Divine miracles are required to deliver them. What a challenging situation for holiness evangelism! It is also evident that the clinic is a door opened for the people who otherwise would have no contact with gospel-oriented missionaries or gospel messages and materials. It goes without saying that no patient leaves the clinic without having been given the gospel in one form or another by those who have helped meet physical needs. This, we believe, is a winning combination. The clinic is in the noonday period of its operation and evangelism is feeling the impact. Please look intently through these windows and pray earnestly for the missionaries and especially for these precious Basutho people.

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## **EVANGELISM DAYS**

The window of evangelism finds us looking at the very heart of genuine missionary endeavor. While it is true that all three missionaries in Lesotho are qualified to do medical work, this is not the primary purpose of their activities. Evangelism is paramount. These "angels of mercy" travel thousands of miles over rough mountain roads to carry on the evangelism -- related health program. In addition to the patients they see in the Matukeng clinic, they often spot serious physical needs and get people to the government hospital in Maseru. However, direct and intensive evangelism outreach is ever kept in sharp focus.

Our church has been referred to as a life boat. In the earliest days, someone called it "four men in a tub." This reference was to the four stalwarts who formed the "steering committee" before there was a Church of the Bible Covenant. The idea of a life boat is proper as a symbol of missionary evangelism.

While we are thinking of a window through which to view a life boat, let us pause to consider the "boat man" of the Bible and the song entitled "The Upper Window." It's first verse and chorus read like this:

When God spake unto Noah,  
And told him build the ark,  
The Lord knew well the vessel  
Would cheerless be and dark.

So God said, build a window,  
With outlook toward the sky,  
That when it's dark and lonesome  
You'll see Me standing by.  
The storms will come, but fear not  
O Noah I am nigh,  
And through the upper window  
You'll see Me standing by.

To succeed in the work of evangelism in a country like Lesotho, the "upper window" is an absolute necessity. As two teams of workers start out for a weekend of eleven evangelistic services, it is with the consciousness that Divine aid is essential. Without this the situation is hopeless.

In the early part of our work, when there seemed to be no country in Africa which would open its doors, Roger finished a letter with a meaningful quotation which he knew would speak volumes to our hearts. The quote was a bit of verse which I had taught him when he was a boy. He wrote: "I want to let go, but I won't let go."

The poem had come from a veteran missionary whose wife and three daughters were desperately ill. He had every earthly reason to quit his work and go home. Authorization for his return to America had been granted and funds were available for the plane fare, but he completed his contract term of service anyway. When he returned, I heard him give the following quartet of verses:

I want to let go, but I won't let go.  
There are battles to fight for God and the right  
By day and by night,  
And I won't let go.

I want to let go, but I won't let go.  
I am sick, 'tis true, weary, burdened, and worn  
Through and through,  
But I won't let go.

I want to let go, but I won't let go.  
What! Lie down on the field  
And surrender my shield?  
No! I will never let go.

I want to let go, but I won't let go.  
May this be our song, midst legions of wrong,  
Oh God, keep us strong,  
That we may never let go.

However well we do in constructing a life boat of lifesaving organization, it will "cheerless be and dark" at times. The temptation to let go in such times and the "logic of termination" can be so convincing that God knows the "upper window" will be the Christian's only hope. The perspective changes when we see God standing by. It is precisely this outlook which keeps the missionaries in Lesotho driving ever deeper into the remote mountain villages. "The smoke of a thousand villages" beckons them on. These villages cry, "Come ahead -- on!"

In order to understand evangelism in Lesotho, the transportation window must be considered. The Matukeng road is a good example. Running south about five miles from Ha Matala on the black-top road where a right turn is made on to the Matukeng dirt road. The ten miles from that point to the twin villages of Ha Teko and Matukeng are difficult at best and impassable at times. When the road condition is at its best, it is necessary to drive in first gear most of the time. Once in awhile second gear may be enjoyed. Not only is the road slippery when it is wet, but there are four dangerous dungas to traverse. The first one is passable unless there is a flash flood because a bridge of sorts has been constructed. The second and third dungas are wide and the sources of the water are not in the high mountains. However, the fourth can easily become treacherous. The source of the water for this one is in the high mountain and the dunga is narrow. Therefore, when it rains the water is deep and swift. If the water is not too deep or swift, its steep and muddy banks become a challenge to even a four-wheel drive vehicle. Gasoline is so expensive that the four-wheel drive vehicles are out of the question for our missionaries. Either the risk must be taken or the day's work put aside.

On Mother's Day, May 9, we traveled this road for a 10 a.m. service in Ha Teko and an 11 a.m. worship hour in Matukeng. It was a beautiful fall day. The seasons are the reverse of those experienced in America. The road was dry, though rough. This, however, is not always a guarantee that the fourth dunga will be passable. I made inquiry about the various dungas and found that Roger and Philip had nicknames for each of them. The fourth they had named "Muddy Deep." The third was called "Slippery Rock" because there was a certain rock you must stay above or the vehicle will slip off into deeper water. On May 9, when we were crossing Slippery Rock, I breathed a sigh of relief since it was such a nice day and everything was going so well. Roger began to tell me that dunga number four, Muddy Deep, could be bad even on a day such as we were enjoying. The reason for this is that the rain may be falling miles away and be running so rapidly that by the time the slow vehicle gets to Muddy Deep, the passage may be filled with water. On one occasion he was on the hillside going down into this dunga and an impassable situation developed while he was getting the vehicle down the steep incline. The water is this fast-moving.

When the clinic was first established in Matukeng, some seven or eight years ago, Rev. Scott from Welkom (South Africa) attempted to reach the village in a four-wheel drive Land-Rover. Before reaching Slippery Rock the four-wheel drive unit became defective. Roger was expecting the guests at a given time, so he started

looking for them in his truck. Although it was very slick, he was able to cross Slippery Rock where he found them stranded. He had, of course, also crossed Muddy Deep. But from the time he had crossed the dunga until his return with Rev. Scott, the water had risen to the point of making the crossing impossible. His only alternative was to let Rev. Scott use his truck for the trip back to Welkom while he himself spent the night in Ha Matala with fellow missionaries and waited for the waters to recede.

In the meantime Sonja, knowing of the dire situation, gathered a group of young people in Matukeng to assist if possible. They drove a two-wheel drive truck across Muddy Deep to the village side of Slippery Rock. (Muddy Deep had not yet filled with water, though it was wet and slippery). The going had been most difficult. When this load of helpers failed to find Rev. Scott and Missionary Roger, they decided it was time to return to their village. Upon reaching Muddy Deep, they discovered they were too late. The swift waters from the mountain had filled the narrow passage and the dunga was impassable. They sat in the truck (with its canopy of youth) and sang hymns and choruses. There was nothing to do except wait for the cessation of rain and the waters to recede. However, the men of the village took action when their youngsters did not return for the night. Forming a human chain across the dunga, they made it possible for those stranded young people to make their way to the other side and to their homes. The waters were too swift for any one person to risk his life and too deep for a car to traverse, but the chain of men made a "wall of defense" against any loss of life. All came out well. Rev. Scott made a later trip and visited the work in Matukeng. But this experience will show us what the transportation window reveals. In case you are interested in the names given dungas number one and two, they are Bridge Dunga and Crab Dunga.

Despite the constant risk of dying on the primitive roadways of Lesotho, the inroads to the minds and hearts of the people make the truth window of extreme importance. The Basotho are starving for saving truth. Few people in the whole country seem to know anything about either the saving or sanctifying experience. There is much awareness of the spirit world, but little or no personal knowledge of the Holy Spirit. Our difference in Lesotho from other religious groups is not medicine. It is not talent. It is not strategy. It is in the Message! Abstract truth will not suffice. Experimental truth is our secret. Ours is a way of experience. Let it ever be remembered that the Covenant way is a way of experience. This is our hope in Lesotho -- as elsewhere.

Since the religion of the Basotho is the worship of deceased ancestors, one young lady in Ha Mofoka asked the missionary, "Can I still pray to my ancestors if I become a Christian?" In answer to this question the following Scripture was read: "For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a

portion forever in any thing that is done under the sun" (Eccl. 9:5-6). She accepted this as her answer and gave her heart to Jesus.

Thus far we have endeavored to view evangelism in this chapter through the windows of transportation, truth, and the experiences of Divine grace. Let us conclude with the windows of language and holiness. These also have to do with effective evangelism.

The language of the Basotho is called Sesotho. To speak the language of the people is a giant step for a missionary. Most of our readers realize that our forty-five day sojourn in South Africa and Lesotho was totally on the basis of visiting. This gave us an excellent opportunity to observe the missionaries at work. One of my pleasant surprises was to hear Roger and Sonja conversing and preaching fluently in Sesotho without the aid of interpreters. In fact, they were deeply immersed in Sesotho preaching and Bible Hour story telling. Of course, missionary Annetta Turner is at the beginning end of language study and is doing exceedingly well. We heard her pray and testify in the language of the people. This is great! There is no end of appreciation from the people when missionaries are able to speak fluently in their language. One government official said to me, "Your son is a Basotho." What a high compliment! Beyond the thrill I felt at the moment was the blessing I received while listening to the gospel message in Sesotho.

The language window is important, but the holiness window is the most vital of all. It is the holiness window which gives the African people a clear view of our great God. This idea came into sharp focus on April 22. We were privileged to be in the Durban area on a trip from South Africa into the Transkei nation. It was unthinkable to pass through Durban without contacting the Bedwells who are dear friends of long-standing. Kenneth Bedwell (along with his son, Philip, who is a mature married man and president of a Bible college in the area) was cordial and responsive. We learned that our nephew, Rev. Gene C. Phillips, who pastors in Chariton, Iowa, had just sent from that church \$2,000 for a transport vehicle for students. This family connection and the warm friendship across the years were welcomed double blessings. Rev. Bedwell, Sr., had suffered a severe stroke, so we confined our contact to a phone call. He gave us directions to the college where its president left his evening meal to show us the campus, although we insisted to the contrary. The precious memories of those moments of phone conversation and personal contact were not all we carried away from this experience. We obtained a copy of Brother Bedwell's latest book entitled *The Greatest Doctrine of Holy Scripture*. On page sixty-one an unusual suggestion is made, namely, that God's people must sanctify God. There, these words appear: "We cannot make God holy in the sense of cleansing Him. Perish the thought! He is holy in absolute perfection eternally, but we can defile the good name of our God by unholy living. We are the WINDOWS through which people get their view of God. If the glass is distorted or dirty, the vision of God will also be distorted or blurred. God is always dishonored when a Christian sins. We sanctify God when we truly represent Him by our godly

lives." If Africans are to receive a clear view of God, there must, therefore, be some holiness windows.

While trophies of this grace are not plentiful as yet in our Lesotho work, we are happy that there have been a few persons who have become holiness windows -- cleansed and purified by the Holy Spirit. Of course, there have been many converts, but unfortunately some have found the Christian way too much of a costly proposition and have turned away from the holiness window.

But this is not the case with Moipone, who is the helper and interpreter for missionary Annetta Turner. She is also the translator for the mission and a resident-student at the headquarters location in Ha Matala. She is from a better-than-average home. Her father is a printer and her mother operates a brick yard (see the later reference in "DARK HUTS"). Moipone's mother is also adept at sewing and has other skills. At age twenty, Moipone is anxious to train herself for a life of service. What better person could she associate with than Missionary Annetta Turner? What a wonderful opportunity, with her background, to serve as mission translator! How marvelous that her heart has been open to the message and experience of holiness!

An unforgettable night of evangelism occurred on Friday, May 7. It was my third visit to Ha Mafoka. For several weeks the missionary had been presenting messages and illustrating them with blackboard drawings, sketches, and diagrams. Adults were seldom present. The temptation was to feel that very little, if anything, was being accomplished. However, Moipone was listening intently. On this particular evening, the missionary requested her to summarize the lessons of the last few weeks for a crowd of adults that happened to be present. It turned out to be a great holiness rally, with many persons seeking God for His experiences of grace. Moipone became a bright, clear, and beautiful holiness window.

Each morning at 8 o'clock Moipone is at the desk in the administrative office working on some kind of translation into Sesotho. You may be sure that I deeply appreciated the translation of a tract the missionary had requested me to write on the theme of holiness that was entitled "The Story of the Crow." In substance it was an account of a crow that wanted to be a dove. So he studied the doves and fixed himself to look like them. Then he practiced until he could walk like them. Next he changed his voice and practiced until he could talk (coo) like a dove. Finally, however, he was forced to the conclusion that what he needed was a change of nature. If this tract in Sesotho produces any holiness windows, Moipone will receive much of the blessing.

I thought of a chapter I wrote some years ago which was captioned "Holiness in Heathen Lands." It was part of a book entitled So Shall We Reap. This book fell into the hands of a young Methodist girl in West Virginia and that chapter changed her life. She reasoned, "If God can sanctify a heathen heart, He can cleanse my heart also." And He did!



Holiness will produce great Christians whether in America or Lesotho. It has never been forced to back off from the scene of action. Therefore, evangelism days in Lesotho are tremendously important days.

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## DEVELOPMENT DAYS

There is a place in the Eastern Transvaal of South Africa called God's Window. It is located in the mountains about 100 miles northwest of Acornhoek. From this point it is possible to see Zimbabwe, South Africa, and Mozambique. Members of our family have been there and have told me about it.

It has often been said that once you have visited Africa you always long to return. I have been on the continent three times and I know this to be true. Although I have been in the Acornhoek area two times, the visits being separated by thirty years, it has never been my privilege to view the countries mentioned from the vantage point known as God's Window. However, I have seen enough to know that the beauty of the landscape and its silence demand a poet's description. I can only hope that the windows we have been discussing in this book may give some insight into the real life of South Africa and Lesotho, their variety and vastness, and the strange magic that works so powerfully on the visitor.

Looking from God's Window near Acornhoek, one must be impressed with the fact that he is viewing a "land of the sun." It is distant enough from the equator to have a climate that is agreeable to all who live there. Most of the area has all of the Mediterranean virtues of temperature and light; the soil is fruitful and the landscape has splendor and grace. There is a mountain range that runs southward and parallel to the Indian Ocean. Lesotho is located in the central portion of this range of mountains.

But there is another place each one of us can visit which I prefer to call God's Window. The Apostle John must have been there at one time. He testified to being "carried away in the spirit to a great and high mountain" (Rev. 21:10). Since John did not actually climb a high mountain to see "the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God," it is likewise not necessary for us to climb or travel to the African God's Window to get a glimpse of developments in the country we have under consideration.

Most of our people will never set foot on African soil, but sitting in the front room easy chair with the Bible and African Windows in hand, a view of "things to come" can be seen. The Holy Spirit is well able to carry each one of us to a high vantage point.

The idea of a living room view is not unscriptural. Halford E. Luccock has a chapter in one of his books entitled "Parlor or Living Room." It contrasts the old, sedate, and unused parlor with the newer well-used, and highly activated living room of today. Making a spiritual application, Luccock exclaims: "What windows open out from the living room of the gospel!" This is not unscriptural because Jesus invites us in when He says, "Abide in My love" (Jn. 15:10). God offers the spacious hospitality of His truth and Himself to the whole race as a "living room." He is really saying, "Remain always in My love. Let My love be the four walls of your life, close, and dear, and intimate enough for a view through God's Window." May the Holy Spirit grant us 20/20 vision and noonday clearness for a perceptive and profitable look.

On May 6 I sat in the living room of the mission home in Matukeng where Roger and Sonja lived until 1982. It is their desire, and the Mission Council's plan to move this pre-fab home to the Ha Matala headquarters location near Maseru. I was there alone. Roger, Sonja, Annetta, and their helpers were absorbed in their "clinic day" activities.

This aloneness not only offered a good prayer time, it became one of those occasions when "the heavens were opened." Intercession is so essential to missions development that I would like to give all of the emphasis of which I am capable to a view through the prayer window. For instance, I know of a humbly inexplicable revival which broke out unexpectedly in Gazaland because of faithful intercessory prayer being offered to God from a room in a parsonage in Chicago, Illinois. The two scenes were separated by 10,000 miles, but distance is no barrier to our great God. The missionary in the heart of the devil's territory felt the impact and rejoiced in a gracious revival throughout his area. People walked for miles to be where the glory was falling and the fire was burning. This is our only hope in Lesotho. Again, I have a personal friend with whom I attended college four consecutive years. He was serving as a missionary when his ten-year-old daughter became violently ill. The doctors in the capital city, ninety miles from his mission station, diagnosed her sickness as terminal. There was no hope on the horizon. Fellow missionaries anointed with oil (James 5:14, 15) and prayed earnestly. There was no immediate healing. One day the missionary stood by his dying daughter's bedside in the fifth-rate hospital of his adopted country. The little one said weakly, "Daddy, pray." He had prayed himself out and fought the feeling that there was nothing more he could do or say -- or even pray. Then a thought passed swiftly through his mind which inspired his faith and brought gradual healing to his daughter. Across the ocean was a whole nation called "Christian America." There were hundreds of Christians who knew where he was serving the Lord. He thought of state stacked upon state across the nation, each with numberless Christians. Surely a network of prayer was back of him and God would find a way to work out His will through that network. The daughter is alive and well today -- thirty years later. Knowing that this actually happened on the mission field, it is impossible for me to "laugh" off the prayer and fasting period each week and excuse myself from

participation in the Meals for Missions program. How do we explain the fact that so few really cooperate?

When Christians make progress in their prayer lives to the point of intercession, the devil trembles -- even in a land where he is feared and revered. It goes without saying that prayer is the greatest need of the hour. As never before we must realize the truth of what the Psalmist said, "Our help cometh from the Lord" (Psa. 121:2). Both the Bible and Christian experience prove that Divine help comes through the channel of prayer.

True praying will include petition, communion, and intercession. Praise, adoration, worship, and fellowship are embraced in communion with God through prayer. It is when we reach the intercession plane that we become truly Christlike. Preeminently Christ is our Mediator, our Advocate, our High Priest, and our Go-Between (1 Tim. 2:5; 1 Jno. 2:1, 2; Heb. 4:15, 16; 7:25). He is our Intercessor at the right hand of the Throne of God (Heb. 9:24), and He wishes us to come to that stage of prayer life that we become intercessors. We are then in a very true and real sense Christlike.

The Meals for Missions program is designed not only for giving the price of the uneaten meal to missions but for intercessory prayer. The beautiful part about it is that it works. The meal you miss will be a constant reminder for a five hour period each week that there is a reason for the forfeited meal. That period of time will be packed with prayer. Even if they are simply sentence prayers, the network will be formed back of our missionaries. If you get a headache because you missed the meal, remember that it broke the heart of Jesus to provide an answer to the sin problem. Therefore, rejoice in the discomfort. Try it! I plead that every Covenanter will look intently through this window and beyond it to the results which will assuredly be forthcoming.

The Lesotho work of the Church of the Bible Covenant is an answer to such praying. It was the intention of the General Board and the General Missions Committee to establish work in Malawi, Central Africa, but God had a country of a million and a half people waiting with no holiness mission within its borders. In addition to this opportunity and responsibility is the adjacent new country of Transkei with its three million Xhosa people. Permits were sought and granted shortly after Transkei became an independent nation. The prospects for development are limitless.

The Mission Council of the Lesotho-Transkei field is planning for a plentiful harvest of souls. These plans include Covenant Bible College in Lesotho and the translation and production of literature in both the Sesotho and Xhosa languages. Thus the education and literature windows are opening and the four winds are converging to bring the blessing of high heaven upon this work.

The education window is fitting into place by natural sequence. Young people who are converted and called to special Christian service must be nourished and trained or they will soon be lost to the work. Missionary Annetta Turner is especially gifted and experienced along this line. In addition to being a qualified nurse, she is prepared for Bible College work, having been on the staff of Covenant Foundation College in Greenfield, Indiana, prior to her departure for the field. A letter from Roger dated July 13 says, "Sister Turner is really good about developing the school program. She has worked out our classes in accordance with other schools and the needs. Great!" A letter arrived in October, 1982 indicating that January, 1983 was the target date for opening the college.

For several years Elia Lefa Makatjane (simply call him Elia) helped in our work. He is a young man of twenty-five years and is not married. The desire for Bible college training caused him to discontinue his efforts with our mission activities so that he could earn money to apply toward this training. The July 13, 1982, letter from Roger carried this news: "Elia came to visit and wishes to keep his membership." It is our prayer that college-level classes will be started soon enough to meet the needs of this young Basotho preacher.

It is immediately apparent that there are certain vital areas of the Lesotho-Transkei work which have, of necessity, remained in the embryo stage. This is true because of a lack of time as well as finances. However, these areas cannot be postponed indefinitely without serious damage to the development of the field.

One glimpse through the production window will convince you that something more must be done. My first good look occurred when I walked through the door of the translation and production room in the Ha Matala headquarters unit. It is definitely a makeshift arrangement until an adequate facility can be erected. While this project is still in the future, it should be a matter of prayer concern today.

The Sesotho tract ministry is full of possibilities. Some time each day is allotted to the translation of worthwhile material into the language of the people. Other workers qualified along this line are desperately needed and supplies should be obtained. There is certainly much to pray about regarding this aspect of the mission.

I was greatly impressed by the eagerness with which the people along the roads ran after leaflets which were released from the car window. It was so great that caution had to be exercised lest an oncoming vehicle would endanger their lives. Several times I heard a warning sounded along this line. The printed word is a ministry which is a great tributary to the work.

Can you imagine a million and a half Sesotho-speaking people with no holiness literature? Is it possible for us to grasp the significance of the fact that God has placed three missionaries of the Church of the Bible Covenant in the midst

of such a challenging situation? It is my conviction that God, the Holy Ghost, has opened to our church a people who desperately need the holiness message -- NOW!

The Xhosa tract ministry is just now developing. It is a must! In the Transkei nation there are three million people. Their hunger for truth is insatiable. When translation and production work is done and cities and villages of the Transkei are visited, there will yet be the Siskei nation to the south where a million more Xhosa-speaking people need the message of heart holiness.

Siskei attained full sovereign independence as a nation on December 4, 1981. At the stroke of midnight the thunder of a 101-gun salute and the full-throated singing of "NKOSI sikelel AFRIKA" ("God bless Africa") signaled the ceremonial raising of the blue and white Siskei flag. There were 35,000 Siskeians present in Independence Stadium at Bisho. President-elect, Dr. Lennox L. Sebe, lit the independence flame and a white searchlight beam shot out from the summit of Ntaba Kandoda, the Siskei national Shrine of Remembrance.

Hence, the translation and production of Xhosa holiness literature opens "a great door and effectual" to the church. It would be worth every dollar the church is investing annually if the missionaries did nothing more than visit cities and villages with Sesotho and Xhosa holiness tracts and give their testimonies to the individuals they meet. This, of course, is only a part of the vast challenge these developing avenues of service open to anxious and eager Covenanters.

Development stretches It is an uncomfortable experience. There are no easy and quick solutions. Strategy must be planned and provisions arranged. Direction and wherewithal must be analyzed. Compass must be taken and adequate resources arranged. Give up? No! Quit? Never! Plan? Certainly! This is a time to pray definitely and earnestly for our three missionaries who are stationed in the middle of all this need.

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### **PART III -- WINDOWS OF THE NIGHT-DARKNESS**

#### **DARK HUTS DARK VILLAGES DARK RELATIONSHIPS DARK HEARTS**

#### **FOCUS: "A PICTURE OF THINGS THAT DRIFT APART."**

Being separated from America by 10,000 miles and the Atlantic Ocean, imagine my surprise to find a handbill on the book store counter in Johannesburg announcing the presence of Dr. Stephen F. Olford April 27 through 29. And I discovered the handbill by accident on April 27! Furthermore, this would be our only opportunity to hear Dr. Olford's message on "Evangelism Challenge!" I had heard him last in the NAE Annual Convention in Washington, D. C. in 1981. I thought he was many miles away, that we had "drifted apart."

That night in Central Methodist Church in the downtown part of that great African city, Dr. Olford spoke on the subject, "The People for Evangelism," using Isaiah six as his scriptural base. A man is prepared for evangelism, said he, when he has seen a Divine vision, found a Divine victory, and is willing to share a Divine venture. But the Church has drifted far from this ideal and needs reviving. The word she has to proclaim is "a hard word," as was Isaiah's. "America, Great Britain, and South Africa," said Dr. Olford, "are under the judgment of Almighty God. There will either be revival or bloodshed." But he encouraged the remnant to "hang in there," because God has a work to perform and uses the "relative few" to accomplish His purposes. The "drift" is great, but there is hope for God's people.

I had taken the Boreham book referred to earlier with me from Johannesburg to Maseru, and, by candlelight one night, found myself gazing at "a picture of things that drift apart." Dr. Boreham was presenting the case of Abraham and Lot. By contrast he drew a word picture of David and Jonathan. Then came this statement: "If they are a pair, all the oceans of the world may roll between them; they are united still. If they are two, there is no Union... there is cleavage: social, intellectual, and moral." That set me sailing!

Things were woefully apart in New Testament days. But God found a few people who would obey Him. It was not easy. Someone has said, "New Testament Christians were whalers, not anglers." This occasions the whaler's strenuous struggle, not the angler's dangling line. "The Kingdom... violence... by storm." Whales are not caught with fishhooks. Gold does not lie about the street corners. There is a certain proportion between the end one desires and the means one employs. One can't earn Sears (corporate) profits on Rehfeldt (personal) capital. There must be togetherness. This involves great faith and terrific conflict. Let us beware lest "things... drift apart."

When the night separates from the day in the natural world, we are reminded that things have a tendency to drift apart. This separation of the night from the day certainly opens a window in Africa. It has been known as the Dark Continent. It is "the world's zone of pagan darkness." For some reason it has "drifted apart" from the Christian world for centuries and today lies in spiritual darkness.

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## **DARK HUTS**

Think of living in a one room house. Try to imagine what it is to have no windows and no lights in your one room home. The darkness is penetrating. It chills all activity and heightens every kind of anxiety.

All of our services in the mountain villages of Lesotho are held in huts at the present time; more than that, the meetings we attended were in windowless huts. The Basotho people like to close the doors at prayer time, shutting out all light

during daytime services. At best it is dark in the windowless huts, even with the door open and the sun shining brightly outside. When the door is closed one experiences night darkness. This must be custom because it happened so often that it could not have been a happenstance. This is simply to let you know that we were impressed with dark huts in Lesotho.

Of course, not all huts in the country are windowless. The front cover of this book shows a hut in the kraal of the chief of the village of Matukeng. There is one window -- if it would qualify as a window. Actually, it is a slit in the mud wall near the roof. There was a time when a door was considered too much of an opening. No doubt there is a connection between the fear of evil spirits entering the hut and the number and size of the openings. I have seen pictures of African huts with the only opening being a hole through which one must crawl to get inside.

Since there is no electricity in the huts, when evening darkness falls the home becomes extremely dark. This is probably part of the reason why the people are out on the dirt roads at night in great numbers. It is much lighter outside in whatever degree of moonlight is available. People will walk in groups and make driving at night a hazardous proposition. The vehicle is upon them so quickly that extreme caution must be exercised. They seem to be "cut out of the night."

As a generalization, one would have to conclude that Lesotho is a country of windowless huts. We are speaking, of course, of the average mountain village situation. It is known as a land of mountains and huts. A few cities have been formed, but the country is largely made up of native huts and villages. It is widely acclaimed for its beautiful mountains and typical native customs. It is, therefore, a country of dark huts. This is also the case in the truly native situations in the Republic of South Africa, although "untouched" conditions are more difficult to find. The level of living there has certainly been raised. For example, the Transkei nation enjoys a level of existence which is much higher than that of the adjacent nation of Lesotho. Having been in and out of Lesotho's capital city of Maseru for a ten day period (April 7-17), with a more or less complete round of missionary activity with the people and their village life, we made a trip through the Transkei nation and stayed in the capital city of Umtata on April 23.

During this trip we were involved in reading *Drawn In Color*, a book by Noni Jabaviu about her Xhosa people in the Transkei. Noni's sister had married a government official in the country in Uganda in Central Africa. The Boer and British rule, with its apartheid policy and agricultural life -- as contrasted with the Africans of Uganda, where an all-African rule had been experienced -- has produced a striking contrast in the level, style, and manner of life of the people. This marked difference is evident between the Xhosa and the Basotho, the Transkei and Lesotho.

In a chapter entitled "Ganda and Xhosa," Noni Jabaviu says: "Traditionally in Ganda society offenders would be fined so many women, so many shells or other

currency . . . Women humbly sank down or knelt before men, yet inwardly despised these men in the very act of humoring them... What man's daughter among the Xhosa people could be thought of as an object to pay a fine with?... I could just imagine the reaction of even a blanketed pagan: 'What, a person's daughter? The beautiful vessel of the family's honor, whom the land resembles when the rain has come?' Oh my, the thing was inconceivable."

Something commendable must be said for the Boer and British influences upon the various nations of Bantu peoples (numerous tribes) which have resided within the borders of South Africa. One trip through the Transkei nation is enough to prove to the most skeptical that there is a sharp contrast in the homes of the native people. It was revealing and important for us to follow some of these contrasts with respect to unfamiliar aspects of their life and thought through events and individual relationships in the writings of Noni Jabaviu. The contrast between the Xhosa manner of life and the total circumstance of the Basotho village life and condition became very marked. Lesotho, however, offers a great challenge. The people are rugged and lovable. They are not without real strength.

Home life is very primitive. Herd boys, for example, furnish a window through which we may view the situation. They dream of a blanket to replace the dirty cloth barely covering a shivering body in freezing weather. Most of the herd boys have never known what it is like to own a pair of shoes. In America or Great Britain the boys dream of the time when they can change their heavy leather shoes of winter to a pair of light tennis shoes for summer play. Some time ago, I glanced at an article in which the words "the midnight window" caught my attention. The scene was on a street in some great city like New York or London. A boy had seen on display a pair of tennis shoes. It was the month of June and long past time for buying a new pair of the special shoes that "were quiet as summer rain falling on the walk." His winter shoes must be laid aside. Somehow the people who made tennis shoes knew boys. The lad was walking between his mother and father down the street when he saw "the midnight window" with just the tennis shoes he must have. The experience was following an evening out. The hour had gotten late but not too late for the boy to be greatly aroused by what he saw. When the subject was brought to his father's attention, he was told that last summer's pair would have to suffice for another season. The article ended with the account of how the boy ran errands for the store operator in order to possess that particular pair of tennis shoes. In Lesotho, the contrast is as great as the fact that in that country June is the beginning of winter. The seasons are different and the dreams are of another nature. Boys do not have toys. There are no tricycles or bicycles. It is primitive! Home life is simple! The huts are dark and small. And there is no hardwood floor. However, the cow dung is surprisingly clean and polished.

There are three huts along either side of a dunga just south of the Ha Matala headquarters building. They are not the customary mud wall and thatched roof variety. Neither are they arranged in the usual kraal fashion. The roof lines are flat or shed-like, whereas the typical roundoval has a tepee-type roof. The reason for



this is that they are the western type buildings; yet they retain much of the African styling. Another reason is that the three families that live there operate brick yards. Therefore, the dwellings have brick walls and are built hut-style into a square room. By hut-style I mean that they are the one room variety with one opening, and cow dung floors. The roofs are corrugated metal and are held down by many large rocks which are plentiful all over the countryside. The brick yard activity is interesting to observe. Many early mornings were spent on the back porch or at the sink-window of the kitchen, looking south at the dried cow dung breakfast fires of the women and the bustling activities of the men already at work on their brick making procedures. The process is so long that each week produced a different kind of activity.

One morning I saw a man and his son carrying the clay, water, and cinder combination in molds which I judged would hold a half-dozen brick-sized formations of clay. These molds were turned upside down in neat rows on a flat-top surface just outside the Tamil hut. They were left to dry in the sun for perhaps a week.

On another day I observed the usual breakfast fires and a sifting process for separating small cinders from larger ones. Then there was a breaking procedure and a sifting again so as to have a supply on hand for the clay brick mixture. This went on for several days.

Unusual activity meant that the clay-bricks, which had dried in the sun sufficiently long, were being stacked into a unique pattern which would finally be about the size of the family hut. Much running, arms loaded with clay-brick, produced a stirring scene. The stacking was carefully done, one clay-brick at a time. The spaces between the clay-brick must be just right because the fire and hot smoke must pass as evenly as possible into every crevice of the hut-like structure.

The days of the firing were the most interesting of all. I could never understand how the hot pieces of dried cow dung could be so arranged up the wall and across the top of the structure so as to "burn" the innermost clay-bricks. I learned later that there was no degree of evenness in the "burning." The firing procedure was repeated many mornings.

Finally, the day came when the firing structure was taken very carefully apart, brick by brick. A selecting process resulted in three stacks of bricks. The best were those which had received the most firing. They were a darker hue. The next stack was a lighter color, and the third was made up of the most lightly colored bricks.

With three huts, three separate family brick yards, and three different stages of the procedure transpiring before my eyes on a day-to-day basis, you can be sure that those early mornings (before our normal day would begin) were times of absorbing interest. The brick yards of Lesotho are, therefore, family projects, operated right in people's own front yards.

For the most part the lads of Lesotho are herd boys. There are very few fences in the country, but thousands of cows and herd boys exist. The cattle must be watched constantly, lest they stray to grasslands allotted to other villages or persons. There are more fights over this matter than any other, unless it would be over cattle stealing. The boys learn to fight with their walking sticks. More will be said about these fights in another chapter.

While the place of abode for the family is primitive, the mud and cow dung mixture makes a surprisingly durable substance for the walls and floors of the ordinary hut. You will observe in the picture on the front cover of this book that a new covering is being applied to the outer wall. The dark color is not a shadow. It is a new layer of this unique mixture. In many instances designs will be made by some process of coloring the mixture and applying it by hand in such a manner as to produce a multi-colored wall. Whether the huts are mud, stone, or brick the most outstanding feature is that they are dark, even in the daylight. How favored we are by comparison!

And speaking of comparisons, let it be remembered that our yards are vastly more decorative than the areas surrounding the huts of Lesotho. Of course, the contrast is as great in other countries. While we were in Amsterdam, Holland, on our return trip, we carried away a newspaper clipping concerning the beauty of the homes and yards there. The author of the clipping expressed his belief that the beauty revealed much about the city and its people. Every window seemed to be daintily framed with white laced curtains and filled with plants. Colorful window boxes graced the tall, narrow fronts of many homes at every level. Even houseboats on the canals were bedecked with pots of flowers. What a contrast to the typical dark huts and unkempt yards of the Basotho.

Around the capital city of Maseru the situation is rapidly changing. The hut is disappearing in favor of a more western-style dwelling. Even in the countryside one may see a family sitting in front of a semi-western, one room, square house. The man of the home has been to the mines of South Africa. He is sitting in a chair, wearing trousers and a shirt rather than the typical blanket. He has on a pair of boots and a radio is on the ground beside him blaring forth its meaningless beat. His wife and children are poorly dressed, the younger children having no clothes at all. The missionary's comment is that they buy foolish things when they get money to do so. They move to the city and become de-tribalized. They build square houses. It is westernization without Christ. This usually means immorality, drinking, and irresponsibility.

Dark huts are a tragedy. The home must become a place of light and love. And Christ makes the difference! The family units are strong in Lesotho, but they oftentimes drift apart into hostile villages or the family itself drifts apart because of the absent husband who is far away much of the time in the mines of South Africa. Dark lives result from this combination.

By contrast, let us look through the window of a Covenant home. The characteristics of such a home are found by studying the history of the Ark of the Covenant (1 Samuel 4:1-5; 2 Samuel 6:9-15). The Ark was taken from the Holy of Holies into battle, and it was lost to the enemy. To them it was deadly, because God will not dwell in worldly circumstances. There were grievous plagues until the Ark was returned to Israel. Twenty years of sorrow for the BethShemites and twenty years of shame for Israel were followed by a period of real blessing for Obedom in whose home the Ark was lodged.

An unknown poet has penned the following words based on 2 Samuel 6:11 --  
"... And the Lord blessed Obedom, and all his household."

The house of Obedom, where safe the Ark abode,  
While there were wars and fightings on every mountain road;  
While men engaged in battle in every valley fair,  
The house of Obedom had peace beyond compare.

The kin of Obedom are on the earth today.  
In the house of Obedom your family too may stay;  
If, more than all the treasure for which men toil and plod,  
You prize the Covenant blessing, the Ark, the Christ of God.

What are the characteristics of a Christian Covenant home? We learn from this biblical account six facts: (1) We cannot summon God to serve us; (2) we cannot put God in competition with other gods; (3) we cannot subject God to idle curiosity; (4) we cannot live in secular indifference to God; (5) we cannot forget God's absolute authority; and (6) we cannot forget our utter dependence upon God. From a positive standpoint, all of this means that God must occupy the central place in our homes.

Without doubt, God wants every mountain hut to become a Covenant home. Without doubt, Christ does make the difference. Without doubt, the possession of a truly Christian home surpasses every earthly blessing. Without doubt, the homes of God's people are important. "Is there, in truth, any blessing which is more beautiful, more worthy of our warmest gratitude than the possession of a home, where goodness, kindness, and joy are the daffy inmates; where the heart and eye may sun themselves in a world of love; where the mind is clear and elevated? See how, within the good and happy family, each member finds his life, each power its development, each feeling its reception and its return, and each pure pleasure its expansion. Behold how the tears are like heaven's dew, the smiles like the sun's light, which call flowers into life; and love from which all germs of goodness and joy spring gloriously forth... life in a happy family is a perpetual development, a continual spring day" (The Adams and Gray Bible Commentary).

**A Christian home is committed to the task of training children for future service in the kingdom of God. To accomplish this goal, the parents seek to "secure their affections -- maintain authority -- keep them out of temptation-impart saving truths -- furnish good examples-cherish good habits -- offer earnest prayers" (Ibid.).**

**But Lesotho is far from this ideal! "We are reminded of the English garrison, during the Indian Mutiny, that was besieged at Lucknow, and was momentarily expecting the fall of the city. A sick woman started up from her slumber, crying, 'We're saved.' Don't you hear the music? They're coming! They're coming! No one else could hear that music; yet, in a few hours, a relieving force arrived, and the garrison was saved" (Ibid.).**

**Although the cities are experiencing great changes, the Lesotho Mountain Kingdom is still full of families in windowless huts. They are like shipwrecked souls clinging to planks in the midst of the sea. There is no safety for them where they are, and they find no safety in themselves. From a distant land, some 10,000 miles away, vital Christian help is being extended for the rescue of these souls. The only holiness mission, so far as we know, at work in Lesotho is that of the Church of the Bible Covenant. What a privilege and a responsibility! And the promises of God are the music of the coming salvation!**

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## **DARK VILLAGES**

**Lesotho is a country of hundreds of villages. By contrast, there are 833,000 villages in the country of India. Bishop Thoburn said that had Jesus gone to India when He came to Palestine, and had He visited the villages of India long enough to give each an adequate understanding of the gospel, He would still have untouched villages although He would have been at the task for 2,000 years. Lesotho does not have this vast number of villages; perhaps there are no more than a thousand villages in this small country.**

**The villages of Lesotho are dark because there are no street lights. In fact, there are seldom any streets. Since there are no lights in the huts, it certainly should be understood that there are no street lights in the villages. The moon and stars are, therefore, the only source of illumination, unless a fire is kindled to celebrate some special occasion or to worship the ancestral spirits. In the Mountain Kingdom, spiritism is known and felt. The Basotho are deathly afraid of spirits. Yet they are compelled, by a force which they do not understand, to worship these same spirits.**

**I soon discovered that the only nighttime service the missionaries conduct is on Friday in Ha Mafoka. This is also the only village which has a chapel in which to worship. It is lighted with a kerosene lantern. At the time of this writing (October, 1982), the chief of the village is requesting that the portable chapel be dismantled**

and removed from his village because he says a clinic was promised" and none is in operation. He knows of the clinic in Matukeng and wants one for his people. While this is commendable, it is at this time an impossibility. The missionary writes that he is requesting the privilege of meeting with the chief and his leading men to discuss the matter of having a church in his village. He does not intend to argue the question of the clinic, but rather to reason with the village authorities concerning the needs of a spiritual nature. He has requested prayer for the success of this encounter. Fortunately, the building is a pre-fab structure so that the only loss of materials would be the concrete slab on which the building rests.

However, there is a great loss was we of another nature. One night when the moon full made the regular weekly trip to Ha Mafoka and had an unusual service. As we drove the mission truck from the chapel, we came upon a huge fire and a large gathering of people. There is no way to prove what was transpiring, but in Africa a full moon has long been associated with Satan worship.

I was reminded of my favorite passage of Scripture. The great majority of times, across forty years of ministry, when I have been requested to sign my name in personal Bibles, this reference has been affixed. It is 2 Corinthians 4:6-10: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." The first verse of this passage from the Apostle Paul refers to God calling light out of darkness. It is a clear reference to the hour of creation. One would naturally think that when nature is at its fullest light, man would worship the God of all creation.

However, the reverse is true. Man's fallen nature is so perverted that he does the opposite of what he should. I have known missionaries who have heard the beating of tom-toms during the full moon season and who have observed men beating themselves on the chest in rhythm with the resounding tom-toms. It is Satan worship. This has characterized Africa for centuries.

During our forty-five day sojourn in the area, there were several visits to the night services in the Ha Mafoka village. Only this one time did we see any spark of light in the village darkness. The moon was beautiful and we worshipped the God of creation with renewed inspiration. The service was really unusual. But most of the villagers had built a huge fire during the full of the moon and had gathered in great force to worship Satan and the spirits of their ancestors. How dark it is in Ha

**Mafoka! Please pray that the church may remain, or return at a later date, to do its work as outlined in 2 Corinthians 4:6-10.**

**The African's plight in the darkness of Satan's grip has been illustrated by the cry which arises out of the night. I listened intently as one missionary from Africa spoke on the subject, "Cries in the Night." Another referred to the darkness when she stated that the only bit of dread connected with returning for another term of service was the dread of the darkness. This was, of course, a reference to more than physical darkness. The people are without hope, so the cry the missionary hears in some unusual event is one of despair. For example, a rancher who was a Christian but not a missionary, heard the cry of an entire village which was in the grip of a devastating flash flood. He said, "They cried in the night! They perished in the dark!" The rancher lived in a protected place on the high bank of the river. Directly across the river on a low lying, fertile, almost encircled piece of land, was a native village of several hundred members. The white man on the high bank and the African man on the low bank were fast friends. The white man owned a raft made of mahogany logs. This was his only means of crossing the river when he visited the native village.**

**The villagers assumed that the crocodile-infested river would continue to flow peacefully by as in other years. But one night between 8 and 9 o'clock it suddenly rose seven or eight feet. Before the people became aware of their real danger, the swollen waters had crept up around the huts on the outer rim of the village. Along with the rising water came the crocodiles. They snatched away sleeping children as well as some of the aged and sick people who reclined near open fires. Piercing shrieks rent the heavens.**

**At 10 o'clock the men were calling across the river, but it was too late to offer any help. The rancher went to the river and knew that no living being could cross the terrible torrent that night. At 11 o'clock the whole village was shrieking, sobbing, moaning, praying -- praying to the black man's spirits. Their prayers and their pleadings were in vain. At 12 o'clock the housetops, rocks, and trees were full of clinging dark forms. A sudden scream -- a splash-and one after another was pulled or fell from his rock or tree. Frightened cries echoed back from down the dark river as frail huts and fallen trees moved out into the current, carrying their clinging forms to certain death. Finally there was a hopeless, desperate moan. Before 2 o'clock in the morning all was silent.**

**Give this picture of despair some spiritual meaning and you will begin to realize something of what the missionary dreaded to face. Everything would be utterly hopeless without the power of the Almighty. The missionary must not only show the people how to live in the midst of a troubled society, but also how to die with hope and confidence in the never-failing Christ.**

Stepping out of the darkness which is interwoven with village life requires a miracle of God's grace. Charles and his wife are taking such steps. We were delighted to meet them in Matukeng. How different they look! How radiant!

One day we came unexpectedly upon Charles in the busy streets of Maseru. He was driving a large bus loaded with passengers. His instant, glowing smile told a marvelous story. Charles operates the only transportation system between the Matukeng-Ha Teko area to the capital city. He also maintains the only store in the twin villages. Because of the bus schedule, most of the store operation is left to his wife. What a fine couple -- thanks to Jesus Christ!

Africa's darkness is indescribable. Not only is this true from a physical standpoint, but the intellectual, moral, and spiritual darkness is appalling. The darkness is deep where the devil is worshiped and his power unchallenged. The night is filled with many voices. This is because, to the people, there are evil spirits about them everywhere. Evil spirits are in the air they breathe, in the people they meet, in the rocks of the brooks, and in the leaves of the trees -- evil spirits are everywhere! Gigantic evil spirits walk the trails to harm them, wait to push them over precipices or into the waters, and peek through the cracks in their huts. These seemingly real specters must be driven off. Therefore, the people wear charms and use medicines which they have obtained from the witch doctor.

Hundreds of dark villages in Lesotho are desperately in need of gospel light. If we believe that in Christ alone is found the truth that satisfies the intellect, the power that regenerates the life, and the hope that illuminates the future; if we believe that to man's need of Christ there is no exception, and to His power to save there is no limit; if we believe that He is the gift of the Father to all, that He died to make atonement for the sins of all, that He has been lifted up to draw all men unto Him -- then we must believe that our first duty is to give the knowledge of this Saviour to every village. The magnitude of this task is astounding, and the realization that not one lone soul can be saved by human effort alone adds a great prayer responsibility to the task. Just as Moses stood in utter helplessness before the task of delivering the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage, so human wisdom and ingenuity stand in confusion and despair in the face of world redemption. Schemes of a clever head and the sympathy of a burning heart may be used, but the people will still be in bondage. Conditions in Lesotho indicate that a superhuman factor is a necessity.

On November 11, 1952, I experienced a "thrill of a lifetime." It was preceded by a journey through many dark villages; it has bearing on the same kind of a thrill I enjoyed on May 7, 1982 -- thirty years later. The two experiences were very divergent, but the thrill was the same. The first was in the village of Stegi in the country of Swaziland; the second was near the village of Johannesburg on the open road in the country of Transkei. My records concerning the first experience read as follows: "In a short time the evening service began with the district elder, Phineas Dlamini, in charge. It was inspiring to watch this seasoned native leader.

**His wisdom and stature in matters of discipline and spiritual perception had won the confidence of the people**

**Nothing could be more thrilling. Concerning the journey through many dark villages, the record continues: "Four experiences during the journey made a lasting impression: (1) The conversation regarding the effectiveness of the holiness message; (2) A Swazi man running across the mountains; (3) Drakensberg Glory; and (4) the kraals which dotted the countryside."**

**While many interesting subjects were introduced during the day's journey, the most outstanding and thrilling bit of conversation concerned our central message. Its effectiveness in heathen darkness was of special interest. "We must have a gospel that works," a veteran missionary said. "What hope has ordinary religion against the odds of heathendom?" A gospel that works! I was made to thank God anew for the holiness message.**

**The steady gait of a Swazi man as he runs through the mountain trails is something to behold. Even, powerful strides which are continued for hours carry these men thirty miles in a single day. Of course, there were many men, women, and children along the way, but one does not always see a runner who is making a long journey in typical native style. He is a picture of endurance.**

**Drakensberg Glory! Tugela is the word the Zulus gave the highest peak in the Drakensberg of Dragon Mountains. The word means "startling."**

**The most characteristic feature of the landscape was the cobweb system of paths which spread out in every direction. One cannot think of Africa without these paths. They have been called the nerve system of African society. We could see them from certain vantage points in the mountains. Some of them were worn deep with the pattering feet of hunters, warriors, traders, women, and children going from one village to another. The kraals, or villages, dotting the countryside contained hundreds of native huts.**

**Embracing Nahone Zacharia Timothy on May 7, 1982, was akin to the same experience with Phineas Dlamini on November 11, 1952. The conversations with burdened missionaries during the two journeys were equally thrilling. But these villages! Little wonder that Jesus was moved with compassion as He went through the villages of Galilee (Matthew 9:35-38). Christ's answer to the needs of the villages was to send forth laborers into the harvest. And this is what occasioned the thrills separated by thirty long years. Two stalwart Christian workers in the midst of Africa's dark villages! They are typical of hundreds of others who are being used by the Holy Spirit to bear the message.**

**In this chapter we have endeavored to view African village life through the windows of Satan worship, spiritual darkness, and natural tragedy. Now we will turn our attention to the window of relationships to see the prime factor which causes**



villages to drift apart. Before we do, however, let us consider a window through which we may see ourselves. "We are a small global village," said a current politician as he sought votes through a primary presidential campaign speech. Perhaps it is this concept which caused him, as a state's governor, to refuse residence in the new governor's mansion, to refuse the purchase of \$153,000 worth of brief cases for state bureaucrats, to refuse transportation in a Cadillac limousine in favor of a 1974 Plymouth Satellite, and to refuse personal comforts in favor of a modest apartment. We may not agree with the positions of this politician, but we must agree that his concept of living in the light of "the global village" in which we find ourselves is worthy of consideration.

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## **DARK RELATIONSHIPS**

April 15, 1982 was clinic day. Roger came home during the supper hour to the Ha Matala headquarters near Maseru with a report of a man calling urgently to his wife to bring his walking stick quickly. "They are taking our cows, bring my stick," he yelled. This had happened in Matukeng during the afternoon. "Did he really go off hurriedly with his stick?" inquired Sonja. "He most certainly did," was Roger's response. The conversation which followed gave indication of the fact that the twin villages of Matukeng and Ha Teko had frequent fights among the men over cattle stealing. During the fall of the year (March, April, and May) the herd boys fight when the grass supply is short and tempers are also short. It seems that cattle stealing between villages, and even nations, has been an age-long problem.

In his book *Hill of Destiny*, Peter Becker tells of the raids made by the Basotho for the purpose of cattle stealing. He writes as follows: "Incessant bad weather in July and August (winter) compelled the postponement of the cattle raid they had planned into the Cape Colony. But at the first sign of spring in September, the raiders proceeded southwestwards through Mafeteng, Zastron, and Herschel districts, and threading a trail along the Strornberg range, in the vicinity of Dorbrecht, stole into that part of Xhosa territory. Learning of the approach of the raiders, the local chief went into hiding with his people in some bush-clad hills overlooking the Great Fish River. Moshesh and his raiders looted the deserted kraals, and finding the hill slopes and valleys teeming with cattle, goats, and sheep rounded them up. The raid lasted five days, and on the sixth Moshesh led his men back home. The customary thanksgiving sacrifices were conducted on the hilltop, followed by feasting and dancing. Finally the captured cattle were fumigated against the influence of evil spirits. Warriors bearing lighted branches, slowly encircled the beasts and then, bursting into song, they capered round and round until eventually the herd was concealed by a cloud of smoke. After the cattle had been pronounced purified by the witch doctors, they were distributed among the dignitaries of the clan" (pp. 72, 73).

This account describes a raid against a neighboring nation when vast numbers of people were involved. Having just read this bit of history, the conversation between our missionaries had real meaning. I learned that this goes on between villages within the Basotho nation. Roger excused himself from the dinner table and soon returned with broken walking stick. About one-third of the stick was missing. It had been broken off in a fight between two village men over cattle stealing. Both men were injured severely. One of them left his broken stick at the clinic. Roger presented it to me and, of course, it is among my mission field trophies. The stick is about one inch in diameter, so the head wound and concussion suffered by the victim was a serious matter. There are beads of various colors woven into a beautiful pattern in three distinct sections along the stick at equal intervals. It had been a fancy and highly-prized walking stick. Both men had sympathizers from their separate villages. The tension was tremendous within the walls of the clinic. At times entire villages fight with each other, usually over cattle. The problem is compounded by the fact that an evildoer from a certain village causes the men from the offended village to vent their wrath against every man they meet from the evil-doer's village. It is vicious!

The tank standing on a wooden structure, which is in the background of the picture on the front cover of this book, is located on the grounds of the church's Matukeng Glendenning Memorial Clinic. It is the result of much effort to secure an adequate supply of water for clinic work. However, the well yielded only one tank of water per day. What is important to us in a chapter of dark relationships is that water could have been enjoyed at much less cost and in abundant supply from the mountain by use of plastic pipe. But the government authorities said this would only cause hostility. People would tap the line even if it were placed underground. Instead, a central water system under government regulation was promised which would supply the needs of the clinic and both villages. Several years went by, but the day finally arrived when the pitso was called. This is a gathering of the people of the area. Government representatives were present to discuss the water problem and a future central water system. The villagers of both areas had requested the missionary to represent them to the government. Not trusting his ability with the Sesotho language for such an important occasion, the missionary asked for an interpreter to translate his English into the language of the people. His speech not only presented the need for water, but reminded the people of the two villages that it would be necessary for them to cooperate with each other and with the government. He told them that even God refused to give them garden vegetables without their cooperation. The government authorities enjoyed this emphasis so much that, in the middle of the speech, a request was made to have a change of interpreters. The people were not getting the full impact of what the missionary was saying, and the representatives from Prime Minister Lebolo Jonathan wanted to make sure they understood properly. It was decided that any family which cooperated with the construction project by digging for the pipeline or carrying rocks and gravel would enjoy free water; where there was no cooperation a yearly fee would be charged for the privilege of water use. The point of all this is that water could have been supplied to the clinic much sooner and at much less cost, but the

fear of hostility and the possibility of dark relationships was so great that it was deemed impractical. Men fight over the slightest things because small advantages are important to their primitive existence.

A banking experience will illustrate another source of dark relationships. We were in Ladybrand, South Africa. What happens in Ladybrand has bearing on the situation in Maseru because they are only fifteen miles apart, although they are cities in different countries. In spite of this close proximity, the circumstance for the Basotho is vastly different. Those Basothos who live in the vicinity of Ladybrand enter the bank through a side door. They stand at a different counter. There is no service rendered them until all the people at the front counter have been served; when there is no business from those who enter by the front door, attention is given to the Basotho.

It is different in Maseru. One would think that in retaliation there would be a front door for the Basotho and a side counter for other people, so that when inside the bank building one might expect to see a front counter and one off to the side. Those at the side might be expected to stand for long periods of time while only Basotho are served. This is not the case. All people enter at the front door. Everyone stands in line and everyone waits his turn. There are lines which form, to be sure, but all are served on a first-come, first-served basis. And there are many others besides Basotho people who do their banking in Maseru. This system of equality is commendable.

While sitting in the Ladybrand bank waiting for our missionary to make a deposit in U.S. Dollars and withdraw money in South African Rands, I had opportunity to see quite a few transactions made. We were at the front counter in the main lobby. The side counter and aisle had lines all the way to the side door toward the rear of the building. I told the missionary that I could not, in all fairness, condemn the Basothos if they should treat others the same way in their bank in Maseru.

As an indication that the relationships between South African citizens and the Basothos are not good, consider the experience we encountered on May 6 while driving a car with South African license plates on the front and rear bumpers. We had driven Aunt Bess Persson's car on our last trip into Lesotho. Roger said it would make a difference if we would drive the car into the interior of the country. The people of Maseru are more or less used to seeing such license plates, but deeper in the country fewer South African cars are seen. However, a trip in this car was necessary, so we drove south from Maseru some 200 miles in order to cross the border into the Transkei nation to meet with Brother Timothy. En route, Roger noticed the facial expressions on drivers as we passed on the highway. He said that it is even possible to be abused by drivers-driven off the road. We stopped in Mafeteng for gasoline and were immediately accosted. We were in the Mafeteng Service Center when a van-type vehicle pulled up on the other side of the pumps. Someone addressed me in Sesotho from a distance in a loud voice. It was the driver

of the other vehicle who was on the opposite side of his bus. Roger recognized that the man was calling me boss. He began using this word at the beginning and end of each new outburst. Roger answered the aggressive man in Sesotho and told him that he was from Ha Matala and that I was his father, visiting from America. The car, he said, belonged to someone who lived in South Africa. The license plate (TG 20704) had caused tempers to rise in the adjacent vehicle which was loaded with Basothos. This became quite a window. The man's conversation changed drastically and it turned into a friendly chat. Roger explained to me later that the people of Lesotho are surrounded by South Africa territory. Hence, they feel that they are in a situation they cannot do anything about. The frustration of being pinned in could cause a mob psychology attitude in which not only words but worse could be thrown at one for being light skinned. This frustration can produce violent tempers. He told of two cars on their Ha Matala junction curve which collided head-on when the cars swerved at each other because of lights not being dimmed. Anger!

"It is too late in Lesotho," Roger told me one day. The abrupt statement caught me by surprise. It was a summation of the current African situation and man's efforts to ease the tension. "People are not yet throwing stones, but they are casting hard looks," he continued. These statements were not made with the work of the gospel in mind, but rather against the background of present developments on the entire continent. It was simply a realistic evaluation of what missionaries are facing today. The prejudice has already moved beyond the point of finding easy and quick human solutions.

There is a biblical picture that is a window through which we get a full view of how, and with what rapidity, deterioration occurs among men. Christ is announcing His Messiahship in His hometown of Nazareth. He employs two illustrations taken from the experiences of Elijah and Elisha, the great Old Testament prophets. The effect of these examples, suggesting that Gentiles were more receptive and exercised greater faith than the people of Israel, was immediate. The mood changed from kindness to hostility, acceptance to opposition, and tolerance to rejection. Violence was averted only by Christ's departure from the scene (Luke 4:16-30).

How do dark relationships develop? Why is it so difficult to maintain good attitudes? Where is an adequate answer to be found? Is there any reasonable ground for hope? It is time now to focus our attention on the windows of heart need and Divine redemption. Of course, the presence of God is the answer to dark relationships among men. The Psalmist in speaking of God's presence said, "Even the night shall be light about me" (Psa. 139:11).

Africa is well-acquainted with dark relationships. The clash of color has its parallel in the struggle between exploiters and helpers. The centuries have told a bitter story of strife. From slave traders in the days of David Livingston to gold diggers and diamond seekers in more recent times, the spectrum has been woefully dark. Africa's history proves that the conflict with darkness is a Titanic struggle.

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## **DARK HEARTS**

**Our last service in Lesotho and the third in the mountain village of Ha Mokhou was on May 9. Since it was our third visit to this remote area, there had been a little more contact with these people than in other villages. Therefore, we assured them of our continued interest even though we would be leaving for America on Thursday of that week. A promise was made that their visage would be brought to the attention of Covenanters in the United States.**

**To our great surprise, at the close of the service they requested us to remain for an official farewell from their village. They even gave individual offerings toward our trip expense. I will always cherish those four "precious" coins from their extreme poverty. They are in a special display-holder in my study. A glance at them brings a warm remembrance and a fervent prayer to our Heavenly Father in their behalf. Cakes and tea were served, but it was the request of the lady who spoke for the entire village that fastened itself upon us and lingers in our memory with an ever-increasing impact. "Please remember our village," she pled. Then, taking a larger sweep to include the whole nation came the statement: "Basotho people are weak. They have very great needs. They fight." Of all the conversations, appeals, and statements we heard, this stands out as the most penetrating and challenging. Those last two words tell a sad story -- "they fight." This is the reason this last chapter is captioned DARK HEARTS.**

**Of course, we know that dark hearts resulted from the fall of man and the consequent depravity of his nature. But the Basotho do not know this, and they are far removed from the experience of God's grace which is the only remedy for the dark need deep in their hearts. How far removed they are will become known as we view some of the superstitions which grip them and their people for generations past.**

**Toward the very beginning of our visit in Lesotho, we had been given a window through which to see the futility and emptiness of Basotho superstitions. The instructor at the Maseru Trade School made an unusual request: "Please bring me a little sand from the seashore and some sea water. You see, we are having our new baby baptized today at 4 o'clock." We were scheduled to make a trip to Durban which is located on the southeast coast of Africa, and this instructor-mechanic in Maseru had been working on the 1976 Volkswagen to bring it to a state of readiness. This occasioned several trips to his home on the outskirts of the city.**

**The Basotho have many age-old superstitions. One drop of sea water per day on a newly born baby will surround the child with an atmosphere of happiness and assure its well-being. "This is our custom," said this mature gentleman who teaches mechanics in the Maseru Trade School, "and I believe it works." We made**

the trip and, of course, brought back some sand and sea water. However, his need is not sand and sea water, but the living Christ. Dark hearts produce strange customs.

The blanket of darkness and superstition is treacherous, as two innocent missionaries found out a few years ago. They had camped near a village through which they took a stroll after dark. One of them, a builder interested in the construction of the village, stopped to draw a plan on the ground with his stick. Unfortunately, this action was observed by some wakeful person. The next morning there was a hubbub. The two missionaries were arrested and taken before the chief and charged with bewitching the Queen, whose village it was. It was useless for them to protest. Had they not entered the village after nightfall? Had they not done precisely what a sorcerer does near to a man's house? Sorcerers draw circles on the ground saying, "Here! and Here!" He means, Let the man's funeral fires be lighted here! and here! By this act he predicts and produces his victim's death. The missionaries had been doing it! Suddenly the people rushed forward and seized the two men, dragged them away face downward midst frantic yells to the river banks -- "To the crocodiles!" By some miracle the two missionaries escaped and were spared that ghastly death.

Roger told of a statement he made while preaching in one of the villages. It was innocently made, but it could have given him no end of trouble. A severe storm was raging and Roger paused in his preaching as a bolt of lightning struck close by. He commented that such a bolt could have caused someone's death. Of course, it would be a common thing in America to warn people of sudden death and the necessity of being prepared at all times. However, in Lesotho it would have meant that Roger had bewitched the person had there been a death as a result of the lightning that night. God's providence overshadowed him and there was no such occurrence.

Any consideration of the darkness of Africa would be incomplete for this writer without some mention of that which surrounds the birth of twin babies. It most certainly springs from dark hearts, because it is so irrational and inconceivable. This first came to my attention in 1952 when I was requested to speak concerning my own experience as the second-born of a set of twin boys.

After the dark superstition of the African natives had been explained to me, a missionary nurse asked me to tell a heathen mother how happy and normal my life had been as a second-born twin. Because the second-born is considered a beast and an ill omen, the native mother would be under pressure to let her second-born twin starve or be killed. The nurse had spent much time trying to convince the mother that both babies were healthy and that neither was a beast. A letter from this missionary since that time indicated that the mother followed her advice for a time, but the persecution from others became so unbearable she felt there was no alternative to following their dark custom.

The "twin-window" makes it very evident to me what would have happened had I made my appearance into this world in Africa instead of America. However, I rejoice in the fact that the gospel of Jesus Christ makes a difference, even in dark Africa. In October, 1982 a missionary I know extremely well presented two pictures which stood in sharp contrast. One showed a Christian mother with her set of twin girls, and the other picture was of a smiling Bantu lady with a little boy, her third child. This lady's name is Mrs. Esther Ndlovu. She lives in Welverdiend, South Africa. She not only survived, thanks to the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ, but she is a happy, fully committed Christian mother of three children.

From Esther Ndlovu's testimony we are given a glimpse into the darkness. This "window" has to do with the power of charms and necklaces. As a young girl she had been told by her pastor in Islington (South Africa) that faith in demons and trying to keep the spirits of her ancestors happy was useless. Therefore, she removed her charms and hid them so that she could go to church without them. After church she would put the charms on and return to her home. This went on for a time. One Sunday Esther could not remember where she had hidden her necklace. After a fruitless search she had to return home and face the wrath of her witch doctor mother. Finally, the day came when Esther returned home without her charms because of a genuine Christian experience rather than merely to please the pastor. She was severely beaten and chased out of her village so she could go and find the charms. She received shelter in the pastor's home until her family allowed her to return home. Time passed. Esther grew, married, and moved away. Twenty-eight years later the missionary came into contact with Esther in Welverdiend.

We have, of course, been looking through the "window" of redemption. What a glorious view! Let us take a final view of redemption's power. We were in Ha Mafoka for the regular Friday night service. Moipone preached with great anointing. The missionary was very conscious of unusual conviction and the mighty impact of the truth. For several weeks a teaching ministry along the lines of human need and the greatness of the atonement of Christ had been presented. There were blackboard diagrams to illustrate the truth. On this particular night it was decided to ask Moipone to summarize the last few weeks of lessons. It immediately became an evangelistic service. At the close of the message, the missionary went to the pulpit and extended an earnest invitation. The front of the church was soon a scene of eager seeking and fervent praying. The testimonies which followed were thrilling. Hearts had been cleansed by the blood of the everlasting covenant. This is the only satisfactory answer to the dark hearts of those people.

Upon our return to Johannesburg and thence to America, we had a frightful experience on May 2 in "the golden city." We looked upon the scene of a near-drowning in the middle of the lake which graces the park in Kensington (a suburb of Johannesburg). About fifty people stood at the water's edge. A middle-aged man had been operating a radio-controlled boat which was about three feet long. Its motor was activated and then turned off, allowing the boat to drift. On the second thrust of the motor, the boat lodged in the reeds on an island in the lake. Try as he

would, the operator could not dislodge the boat. The people cheered as a fourteen-year old girl went into the water, fully clothed (including her tennis shoes), and dislodged the boat. No doubt the effort tired her more than she realized. Soon the motor stalled with the boat in the middle of the lake, and the same girl went into the water after it. But this time she had gone too far and expended too much energy. Her cry for help was followed by gurgling sounds as she went under. The crowd of people stood by in shock, but a young man finally went to her rescue. After a tremendous effort and much struggling the girl was back on the shore. But while she was calling for help and struggling in the water the crowd became deathly quiet. Suddenly a shout was heard above the frantic cry for help. It was the alarmed voice of the girl's mother. "You can make it. I am praying for you. God will help you. Don't panic!" I doubt if the girl heard her mother at that distance, but I certainly heard it and have not forgotten the urgency in it.

Africa's dire need cries for help. The people may not be calling, but their drastic need of spiritual help lifts a frightening cry. I cannot forget the pleading voice of the spokeslady in the village of Ha Mokhou -- "Basotho people are weak. They have very great needs. They fight." The trouble is that they have dark hearts.

But having a thoroughgoing message like genuine heart holiness, the future is bright with promise. Holiness is the only doctrine of salvation that offers a solution to the sin problem, a standard of godly conduct, and true motivation for facing dark situations. People do not need to understand it with their minds in order to enjoy the blessing of this experience in their hearts. One gifted evangelist put it as follows: "If you will get your head out of the way, God will spill something down into your heart. Then your head will come along by slow freight, trying to understand what God has done in your heart." A missionary who had taken the gospel of heart holiness to five African language groups said, "When the heart is open and the mind unprejudiced, the people walk right into the experience of heart holiness." Isaiah said: "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein" (Isa. 35:8). He was speaking about the way of holiness.

On two occasions, while traveling mountain roads in Lesotho, we witnessed the sign of the bright covenant in the sky. These rainbows were so distinct and beautiful that there was no way to miss the significance of the bright hope offered by God's unfailing promises. Someone has called the rainbow "a fragile arc of wondrous span." Yes indeed, it has wondrous span. Although as a miracle of nature it is fragile, the promise in God's word which it signifies is more dependable than the famous rock, Gibraltar. There is an answer for the dark hearts in Lesotho.

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## CONCLUSION

The qualifications for an effective witness are outlined for us in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John. They are as follows: certainty, unselfishness,



and authority. The Apostle John gave ample evidence of all three of these admirable qualities: certainty -- "that which we have seen and heard" (v. 3); unselfishness -- "these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full" (v. 4); authority -- "the message which we have heard of Him" (v. 5).

If I am qualified to be a witness, I would like to assure our people that genuine progress is being realized on our Lesotho-Transkei field. If twenty-six years of missionary supervision, literally hundreds of thousands of miles of country-to-country travel, exchanging ideas on missionary methods with hundreds of mature missionaries representing some fifty different countries, sitting with missions executives for many years in the Evangelical Foreign Missions Association meetings in America, and being a full time holiness minister for the past forty-five years, are adequate qualifications to produce some certainty, unselfishness, and authority, I will offer a judgment. Great missionary work is going on. True Christian devotion is in evidence. The fields of operation are worthy of your prayer backing and financial support. These fields now include Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, the Philippine Islands, Papua New Guinea, and the Lesotho-Transkei area in Africa. This might be thought of as a view of world evangelism through the supervision window.

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THE END