

Going On...

with a Nod from God

by Rev Bill Bathman



Frontline Fellowship
Cape Town
South Africa
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on the road to Juba, at the battlefield in South Sudan.

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Foreword

by Kjell Olsen

I do hope that this book will reach far and wide for it contains many precious gems that will enrich every reader. Having had the privilege of knowing Bill and Harriet Bathman for almost 3 decades, here at KwaSizabantu Mission and in their Phoenix Arizona home, I have the highest regard for their integrity in life and words. “Going On . . . with a nod from God” is a record of that integrity over many years.

Bill Bathman has a way with words. “The stars, like diamonds on an ebony carpet” on page 193 is just one of his phenomenal phrases that Bill comes up with. I’ve always known him to be a brilliant wordsmith in his writings and preaching. He is able to come up with crisp, original phrases that you would expect in a poem or best-selling novel.

Having being part of the KwaSizabantu ministry for a long time I can attest to the fact that all that Bill writes about the Mission is true. He writes, for instance: “Their faith is not expressed in slogans and sound bites, but in a life lived circumspectly. Their Theology cannot be confined to a bumper sticker. In short, there is a depth and genuineness of the indwelling Holy Spirit, a lifting up of the Lord Jesus Christ and the adoration of Almighty God, such as I have never experienced before.”

Bill also writes about the Radio Khwezi devotions he did for my programme “A Word for you”. He did many very precious devotions which we have used a number of times to broadcast in KwaZulu-Natal.

Even though Bill ends the book describing the “winter season” that he and Harriet are now experiencing they can enjoy the assurance of the eternal spring that awaits them.

Rev. Kjell Olsen
KwaSizabantu Mission

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Don't ever let anyone tell you that you that you are “too old” to serve Jesus Christ, or that you are “over the hill” and therefore of no further use or that you must retire at a certain age – nonsense! The Hallmark of His disciples – they were faithful until death.

The events recounted in this book took place after we were 50 years old.

To God be the Glory – great things He hath done!

A photograph of an elderly woman with short white hair and sunglasses, wearing a light-colored vest over a striped shirt. She is standing in front of a large, mature tree with vibrant purple blossoms. The tree's branches are thick and dark, and the blossoms are in full bloom, creating a dense canopy of purple. In the background, a white building with a classical architectural style is partially visible. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting a sunny day.

Dedication

To Harriett, my wife of 64 years. Her faithfulness and focused prayers across six decades have been God's enabling gift to me. My vision to launch IN TOUCH MISSION INTERNATIONAL (ITMI), putting American Christians in touch with Christians behind the Iron Curtain, would never have left the drawing board without her medical professionalism and organizational gifts from our Heavenly Father. I have been inspired by her example, encourage by her support and have benefited from her rebuke when it was essential for my ultimate betterment.

Truly, 'two are better than one.' Ecclesiastes 4:9

Introduction

by Rev. Erlo Stegen

This book is well worth reading slowly. Do not flip through it for it contains many precious points that will be a help to anyone who wants to seriously follow the Lord and be able to say at the end of his life, “I am going on...”.

I have to admire the fact the Bill has written this after his “twilight years.” He has experienced more than “three score plus ten” and is still able to produce such a monumental work.

In Zulu we have a saying: “Inyathi ibuzwa kwababambili” which means “ask from the more experienced where the deer can be caught.” Bill’s many decades of service to the Lord teaches many lessons for all those who desire to serve the Lord wholeheartedly.

Bill Bathman has ministered over many years here at KwaSizabantu Mission. As he mentions in chapter 26, he preached at the mission school, college, radio station, and Youth Conferences. He was a favourite preacher with the young people, able to captivate them with his vivid stories and powerful Biblical messages.

His comment on Revival is so apt and true to what we have experienced with the Revival among the Zulus: “Revival is perhaps the most unpredictable and surely the most misunderstood working of God in the heart of man. It cannot be adequately defined. It cannot be catalogued, quantified, qualified or measured in any way. God is sovereign. Revival cannot be contained or confined. It cannot be worked up. I’m not even sure if it can be prayed down, although prayer – sincere, heart-searching, sin confessing and sin forsaking prayer has preceded every Revival I have read about or experienced (southern Arizona 1950, London 1963, Romania 1983-90 and KSB now). It certainly cannot be “turned on” by human bidding, but human bungling, as in Romania in 1990, can turn it off. Revival is usually associated with deep, sincere, unqualified personal repentance. The fire is ignited on the altar of sacrifice.”

May this book be a blessing to many people, so that the Word of God can spread amongst all nations, to bring about a genuine Holy Ghost wrought Revival from above.

Acknowledgments

I want to express my deepest appreciation to my son-in-law, Dr. Peter Hammond, whom the Lord used to inspire the writing of this book in 1999. I was bogged down as to how to finish *Going Through*. I had already written over 250 pages and had not yet left Europe, to begin on South America, Africa, China and India. Peter suggested that I end *Going Through* with the coming down of the Berlin Wall in 1989 and save the rest for a sequel. Bingo! Suddenly there was light at the end of the tunnel. *Going Through* was published later in 1999. Peter didn't stop there. Over the following decade he helped me with many valuable suggestions, picture selection and gems from his own personal experience as a prolific writer with over fifty books in print and thousands of published articles. Thanks my son!

I am also very grateful to Colin Newman for all the typesetting and preparing of this book for publication, to my daughters Deborah and Lenora for proofreading and to my granddaughter, Daniela, for the cover design.

The first edition of this book was completely underwritten by a God-inspired gift from a dear friend.
“The Lord told me to do this,” she said,
“and I’m just being obedient to his leading.”
I understood. It matched the theme of this book as we recount the several times we have been sensitive to His quiet leading as a nod from God.

Preface

When there's a story to tell that will glorify God and lift up the Lord Jesus Christ, then failing to write that story is not an option for me. I call this process, "Bragging on Jesus!" After all, history is His-story. This is our experience of a small part of it.

My first account of His working in my life is chronicled in "***Going Through...Even if the Door is Closed***" – first published in 1999. This is the promised sequel. It deals with the expansion of our ministry to restricted-access countries, both communist and Muslim, from Eastern Europe to Africa and Asia. It is presented in the context of contemporary geo-strategic events that will be familiar to most readers, giving them a timeline with which they can identify.

In order for this volume to stand alone meaningfully, it needs a brief summary of what transpired before, to put the reader *in the picture*. But "how?"

It occurred to me that I might solve the problem by enlisting the aid of my anonymous, unseen Guardian Angel. I'm sure I have one – don't we all? If I wrote the link from ***Going Through*** to this sequel it would be too wordy and you'd lose interest. So I gladly delegate that task to my divinely appointed benefactor who clearly remembers all the pertinent details of my past and is eminently capable of cutting to the chase in closing the link – but, read on and judge for yourself.



Prelude

Part One – Closing the Link

The story is true. This Prelude is imaginatively written in the first-person by an angel, chosen to monitor his human assignment by Jesus Himself, the One to Whom is granted *all Power, in Heaven and on Earth*. So, let's begin:

“It was a special assignment. I didn't ask for it. I didn't even see it coming. When I learned about the circumstances I didn't volunteer. Word got around quickly on the prayer-chain and when a few of my fellow celestials on Golden Street first heard about it some of them rolled their eyes in disbelief, but quickly recovered because that's frowned on around here. We all believe of course, because we want to please Him, and without Faith that's impossible. Our human neighbors here, enjoying their custom-built homes by the Master Carpenter with nail-pierced hands, would never have been able to immigrate without faith – and it's a gift. You don't refuse a 'free gift' from our Heavenly Father without dire consequences.

“What was the problem?” you ask. Well, there was this person that Jesus had called to preach the Gospel, even ordained him before his birth – like Jeremiah. He *knew* full well that he was 'called' but, like Jonah, he ran away from the Father, to do his own thing. We all smiled as we watched him try to stifle the *still small voice* within by putting a cutout 'butterfly' on the exhaust pipe of his hot-rod Model-A Ford, right in front of the muffler. What a roar! He'd fixed a cable to his dashboard so he could by-pass the silencer any time he wanted – which was usually when taking off as a red light turned green, or when he saw a pretty girl walking home from high school.

“The Father got his attention though; washed him over a waterfall while he was climbing in the North Georgia mountains the weekend before joining the U.S. Navy. The water was deepest at the foot of the falls. He bobbed to the surface and swam like crazy, but he'd answered 'the call to preach' before he reached the shore. He was eighteen human years old then, still running from God and looking more like Jonah every day – hence his interest in the Navy!

“Well, that was a start, answering the call to preach. Now we had to get him saved. His initial angel, charged with keeping him alive during those tumultuous teenage years, was exhausted by now. I was assigned to help him find the Way, the Truth and the Life. He needed to find *the* Way, because he was lost. He needed to discover *the* Truth, because he was deceived. He needed to find *the* Life, because he was dead in ‘trespasses and sin.’



“Who was this young man? I read up on him in the Book of Life. He was christened William Ellis Bathman. His parents were Christians; mother was a Presbyterian and father, George Ellis Bathman, an Episcopalian. When they married they decided to join the nearest church to where they lived. It was a Methodist Church. ‘Billy’ was born two years later, and went with his parents to Sunday School and Church every Sunday.

“His mother, Lenora Johnson, came from a family of six children. She was the first to bear her parents a grandchild and her siblings a nephew. There was no television in those days and each Sunday evening the extended family would gather at the Bathman home for fun and fellowship. They doted on Billy and he capitalized on their attention. Using an orange crate for a pulpit he would open his mother’s Bible and recite a verse of Scripture he’d learned that morning in Sunday School. Then they’d sing a hymn, and ‘Church’ was over. Billy was ‘the preacher.’ Even in those early years he was aware that something was going on in his life, but like little Samuel in the Temple, he didn’t know the Lord at that time.

“The only role model Billy had for a ‘preacher’ was the pastor of their church. He didn’t know that the man was very liberal. His theology was more like ornithology – for the birds. Billy didn’t understand anything about liberals or conservatives, but he knew in his heart he did not want to be ‘like *that* man.’



“During his teenage years, as Billy transformed into “Bill” he turned away from God. He began to hang with guys who souped up their hot-rods. Racing stock cars in dirt-track competition was a prelude to NASCAR. The fast-track lifestyle took him further away from the Lord, but those of us on Golden Street knew that our Heavenly Father would never leave him nor forsake him. Still, he kept us on our wings continually and each of his adventures was a constant nail-biting experience – even with all of our resources.

“Having been spared an untimely death at the waterfall, Bill never looked back from answering God’s call to preach. He told his shipmates about it and they understood why he didn’t cuss or get drunk or sleep with girls before he was married. We were sad that he never witnessed to any of his fellow crew about ‘a personal faith’ in our Savior, but he didn’t know the Lord at that time. He missed many wonderful opportunities that he’d regret later on. We had to change that.



“The next time his ship was in port, I conspired together with my fellow celestial who was watching over a cute little Presbyterian girl in New Orleans, to have her meet Bill at a Navy-sponsored dance one Saturday night. She was a nice kid and invited Bill to a youth meeting at her church on Sunday afternoon. They were having a special speaker ‘from a College back east.’ That’s when we got Bill headed in the right direction, although he had a long way to go. It happened like this:

“The visiting speaker was one of our special agents, Vincent Cerver, a student at Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina. Bill had never heard anyone speak like that before, with such power and conviction. Afterwards he wanted to know where Vince had gone to school.



“Bill has written about this experience in his second book, ***Going Through...*** *Even if the Door is Closed*, so I won’t

rehearse the details here. Suffice to say that Bill wound up at Bob Jones University and was saved the first night he was there – September 8, 1948. You’ve gotta believe there was a lot of rejoicing up here.



“I’m writing this introduction for Bill’s promised sequel to *Going Through*, to give it a different perspective. There was so much going on following the Second World War, so much intrigue with the advent of an Iron Curtain across Europe, so much turmoil in the world caught up in a Cold War. Bill didn’t understand it. All he knew, was that he was saved by the Grace of God, and called by Him to preach the Word both at home and abroad. He’d learn about geo-strategic things later on, mainly while he was overseas.

“Bill loved airplanes and wanted to fly as a missionary jungle pilot in South America. He was dedicated, but on his terms: ‘I’ll go where You want me to go dear Lord, as long as it’s to fly an airplane in Your service.’ We were concerned because we’d heard at the Staff meetings that our Commander-in-Chief already had plans for him to minister in Europe. It was my assignment to get him interested in the old country and gently, but firmly, lead him to serve the Master there.

“My plan was to arouse his curiosity in the cultural roots of his family. I began by putting some interesting material across his path concerning needs and opportunities in Europe. Then I whetted his appetite for ministry by providing some opportunities he couldn’t resist. Working closely with other celestials, we set before him an open door that no man could close. If we could just get him *there*, he’d see the needs and opportunities and be more agreeable to follow the One who shoulders governments, whose Name is Wonderful, Counselor and Mighty God. How could he say ‘No’ to that kind of leverage?

“It worked! By mid-term in his third year at university he was ‘cautiously

willing' to consider Europe as an alternative to Latin America. It was a tough call for him. He was savvy enough to know he'd have to trade the cockpit for a pulpit. He *put out a fleece* to test the veracity of the signals we were sending him. If Europe was where the Everlasting Father wanted him to spend his life, then it would not be unreasonable to ask the One who *supplies all our needs* to send him there during the next summer break, still five months away, between his Junior and Senior year at Bob Jones University (BJU). On that basis he was ready to go. Our plan was working!

"We could see him smiling inside. He knew, and he knew that we knew, he didn't have two dimes to rub together. There was no way on earth he could afford a 3-month trip to explore the continent of Europe without some divine intervention financially. He put the ball in our court. Fair enough. We'd already arranged for an *ole* Scottish pastor in Glasgow to cross his path and remind him that, '**God just loves to be trusted.**'

"We smiled at the logic of his *fleece*. Gabriel winked at me, and with an affirmative nod everything fell into place. The money began to flow in from folks we knew were responsive to our nudging, but it was from totally unexpected sources to Bill. By now he was totally convinced of his special call and his obedience was instant. It was his first *nod* from God concerning guidance for his life. From that memorable day on, he set his face toward Europe. Before long, four other young men volunteered to go with him for the summer of 1951.

"They crossed the Atlantic on the MV GEORGIC, an old WWII troop carrier owned by the Cunard Lines. It was an 8-day trip and they held evangelistic meetings on board each night. During their 3-month trek they preached the Gospel through nine countries on the continent, plus England, Wales and Scotland.

"Every answer to prayer increased Bill's faith. We cheered him on with each step of faith he took. That summer was a life-changing experience as our Great Shepherd showed him 'other sheep' not of this fold. But the best was still to come in the summer of '51.

"Within a week of his return to America, Bill was married to Harriett Wilhite, a sweet young lady we'd set up for him on a 'blind date'





Harriett and Bill, September 2, 1951

three years before. I guess you've heard about 'marriages made in Heaven.' Well, the Great Physician provided him with a Registered Nurse! We keep company with the Alpha and the Omega, so we're familiar with the first and the last – the beginning and the end. We knew the kind of helpmate Bill needed for the special work our Lord had planned for him down the road of life.

“Harriett literally fit the Bill. Her heart was set on becoming a Registered Nurse. That week she'd finished an intensive 36-month Nurses Training program at the Georgia Baptist Hospital in Atlanta. Their wedding day was on her 'day off' that week. Two days later they were back in Greenville to begin the fall semester at BJU. It's been like that ever since. Do you ever wonder why we're out of breath sometimes?

“Harriett worked at the University hospital on campus and took several classes during Bill's final year at BJU. Within a month after graduation in 1952 they were on the high seas, headed for Europe to fulfill invitations Bill had from the year before. Now they were a team – tools in the Master's hand and eager to discover what the great Carpenter had in store for them.

“Bill chronicles the details in his book *Going Through*. God confirmed His plan for them to serve in Europe and that became their life-focus for the next twenty-two years. During that time the ministry evolved from Church based Evangelism in Britain, with outreach into coffee bars, the establishing of National Evangelistic Teams (**NET**work), expansion to the Continent (Western Europe) and ultimately to Eastern Europe for a unique ministry preaching the Gospel and helping persecuted Christians behind the Iron Curtain.

“In 1976 Bill sensed the 'Cloudy Pillar' beginning to move. He understood from our Great Shepherd that there were 'other sheep' that He





wanted in the fold, even if they currently lived in restricted-access countries. The Master's words were simple, yet Divine logic: 'As the communist world expands, so does your mission field.' Bill knew intuitively that this would mean leaving Europe.

"By this time in his life Bill was familiar with signs that accompany the opening of a new door, or a change of direction in ministry. However, being so sure of his call to Europe, he argued with the Lord at first – not from rebellion, but to make certain he was hearing correctly. We smiled again because we knew the Almighty would win the argument – He always does.

"The nature of the Shepherd is to lead. *The Good Shepherd knows His sheep by name and they follow Him.* With some serious nudging by the Holy Spirit, Bill was ready to follow, but first he had to *come aside and rest awhile*. We organized a sabbatical in Arizona, where he and Harriett could 'spend the winter in a place that was warm and dry.'

"Bill used the time to recharge his spiritual batteries. He'd been through the *valley of the shadow of death*, now it was time to *lie down in green pastures...beside still waters*. In many ways the latter was more difficult than the former. Working behind the Iron Curtain in the heat of a Cold War was a real adrenalin activator. But the One who looks on the heart, knows what is best for His servant.

"The Great Physician diagnosed Bill's problem intimately and while he was in the green-pasture-still-water mode He blessed him super-abundantly from His Divinely Inspired Word. The result: he had a new appreciation for Grace and a better understanding of Mercy. By the end of his sabbatical Bill was aflame to proclaim the reality of His Mercy (God withholding what man deserves) and the riches of His Grace (God giving man what he does not deserve). We inspired him with the words of Charles Wesley's great hymn:

Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky:
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis **all my business** here below,
To cry, '**Behold, behold the Lamb!**'

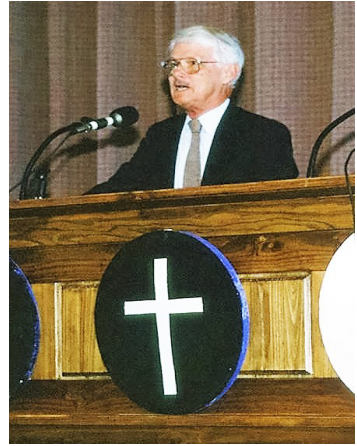
“There’s nothing like a serious sabbatical to humble a man and *revive the heart of the contrite ones*. That’s how it worked in Bill’s case. Isaiah refers to our Commander-in-

Chief as the ‘High and Lofty One.’ Isaiah 57:15 From that exalted perspective He sees the beginning and the end. Now that He had Bill’s full attention He was able to elaborate on His new strategy – ‘As the communist world expands, so does your mission field.’ But what did that mean?

“Back in 1973 we’d exposed Bill to some inter-workings of geo-strategic realities. The Yom Kippur War revealed consequences far beyond the narrow confines of just another Middle Eastern dust-up. Military cargo planes from America, resupplying Israel, had to refuel in the Azores. The Azores belong to Portugal. Portugal had colonies in Africa – Angola and Mozambique. Communism was poised to expand, irrespective of the outcome of the current conflict. Bill was soon to learn that a small role in Africa was part of God’s great plan for him.

OK, that’s the background. I’ve fulfilled my assignment from the Author and Finisher of our faith to lay a foundation for the promised sequel to ‘*Going Through... Even if the Door is Closed*.’ I’ll transform my pen into Bill’s computer keyboard and let him take up the story from here on. Go for it Bill, I’m winging out of here.”

Every story in the Bible is set in the geo-strategic context of that day. Moses, a Hebrew born in Egypt, rescued by Pharaoh’s daughter, educated in the finest schools in Egypt and groomed to be the next ruler of the world’s only superpower, took matters into his own hands one day and slew an Egyptian. He was running ahead of the LORD. Jehovah exiled him to the backside of the desert for the next 40 years. Then, in His time, from the Burning Bush He called Moses and thrust him back into geo-strategic



negotiations with Pharaoh, leading eventually to a mass migration of Hebrew slaves *out of* Egypt, *across* a wilderness and *into* a Promised Land.

It's **HIS**tory, but it's also a picture of our spiritual pilgrimage 'out of' the bondage of sin, 'across' the wilderness experiences of defeat and victory; and finally 'into' His promised rest, that "*where I Am, there may you be also.*"

Consider for example:

- **Noah**, while he *walked with God*, was inspired with a marine-techno operation: build the world's largest boat in the middle of a barren desert, and it wasn't even raining yet.
- **Abraham**, in a foreign country on a transit-visa, fearing for his life, seeking plausible deniability concerning his husband-relationship with a drop-dead beautiful wife.
- **Lot**, his nephew, sitting on the Sodom City Council, dealing with the question of same-sex marriage and longing for the good ole days of "don't ask – don't tell." Things were quieter then, but fire and brimstone was in the weather forecast.
- **Nehemiah**, a cabinet Minister in the government of King Artaxerxes, became involved in rebuilding the walls of his home town Jerusalem – using native labor, thus evoking the wrath of the local Trade Unions headed up by Sanballat and Tobiah.
- **David**, *a man after God's own heart*, destined to be king, but currently a cave refugee in the wilderness, dodging Saul's security patrols.

I could go on, but you get the idea. This book is the sequel I promised at the end of *Going Through*. I will share firsthand reports of actual mission trips to Central and South America, India, China and especially Africa. To put you in the picture, I will intersperse them with commentary I wrote at that time reflecting my take on geo-strategic activity.



"In Touch" Radio

Many of these observations were published in *Global Glance* or **Target Topic** over a period of twenty-two years. Hopefully they will add flavor and understanding as a chronological background to these true stories of God's providential guidance, His perfect timing, His provision of our every need and His protection in times of danger.

Living for Jesus is not something we do in a vacuum. He said, "*You are the salt of the earth – the light of the world.*" As **salt** we should help preserve the world from corruption, we should add a Christian flavor to our environment and most importantly we should, by our lives and testimony, create a 'thirst' for Jesus. His 'salt' does those kinds of things. As **light** we should show the way in a dark world for lost sinners to find the Savior. Face it: we **are** salt and light in a corrupt and dark world. Don't let your salt lose its savor or put your light under a basket.

There's work to do. Let's get busy.

The **past** does not belong to us. We cannot change it – we can only learn from it. The **future** does not belong to us. We cannot rush it or prevent it – we can only prepare for it.

The only point in the realm of time that belongs to us is the **present** – right now, this moment. "*Behold, now is the accepted time...now is the day of salvation.*" [2 Corinthians 6:2]

Each day is a gift from God. That's why we call it the 'present.'



Victoria Falls, Rhodesia, 1977

Chapter 1

The Bridge from Europe to Africa

“Lusaka tower, this is Green Leader, how do you read?”

The pilot’s voice was measured and steady as he flew the British-built Canberra bomber toward the Zambian capital. An operator in the control tower acknowledged the transmission.

“Tower, this is a message for the station commander at Mumba, from the Rhodesian Air Force. We are attacking the terrorist base at Westland’s Farm at this time. This attack is against Rhodesian dissidents and not against Zambia. Rhodesia has no quarrel, repeat no quarrel, with Zambia or her security forces. We therefore ask you not to intervene or oppose our attack. However, we are orbiting your airfield at this time and are under orders to shoot down any Zambian Air Force aircraft, which does not comply with this request and attempts to take off. Did you copy all that?”

“Yes, boss,” the Tower quickly replied.

Green Leader’s response, “Roger, Thanks – Cheers.”

I was sitting in an office at Combined Operations HQ on Jameson Avenue in downtown Salisbury, the capital of Rhodesia, interviewing the Air Vice-Marshal, Chris Damms for my radio program “IN TOUCH” when the lead pilot’s voice came over the Tannoy system throughout the building. It was the “top secret” moment everyone there had been waiting for and the general population had been demanding. Why?

A few days before, on September 3, 1978 Joshua Nkomo’s communist terrorists had shot down Air Rhodesia flight 825, a commercial airliner on a routine flight



from Kariba Dam to the nation's capital. It was destroyed by a surface-to-air missile.

The aircraft was a Vickers Viscount 782D, twin engine turbo-prop, with the registration: VP-WAS. Thirty-eight passengers out of fifty-six were killed in the crash. There were eighteen survivors. Eight of the young people (two parties of four) went in search of help, while the older folks and children remained at the crash site.

Twenty-five minutes later, terrorists emerged from the bush, lined up the remaining ten passengers and shot them dead at point-blank range with their AK-47s. Afterwards they bayoneted their lifeless bodies. Ten innocent human beings who had survived the disaster were massacred at the crash-site by ZAPU communist terrorists.

This callous atrocity was like a Pearl Harbor wake-up call for Rhodesians. It electrified the nation and galvanized them into a determined effort to retaliate against their enemy.

A few days later I traveled by car, without escort or convey, over 150 miles through terrorist infested territory, to interview two of the survivors of that crash, newlyweds Mr. and Mrs Hargreaves, who were returning to Salisbury from their honeymoon at Lake Kariba.

On a subsequent IN TOUCH radio program, I played the tape of 'Green Leader's' conversation with the Lusaka tower to introduce the following interview:

"If you can, try to imagine the shock and trauma of being on board a

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VISCOUNT FROM KARIBA MISSING

PASSENGERS ABOARD FLIGHT 825

Search centres on Karoi area: 56 on plane

Herald Reporter

EARLY THIS MORNING there was still no news of the Air Rhodesia Viscount which went missing soon after take-off from Kariba for Salisbury, or the fate of its 52 passengers and four crew.

The captain of Flight RH 825 sent out a distress call at five minutes after take-off, saying that his two starboard engines had failed. A spokesman for the Department of Civil Aviation said last night that the rest of the captain's message

SHORTLY before midnight Air Rhodesia released the names of the four crew members and 41 passengers whose relatives had been contacted. Efforts continue to contact the relatives of the remaining 11 passengers.

many parts of the country, and as far as south Africa and Australia. Their advice to missing family members was to "stay at home. Try to get some rest. We will get in touch with you as soon as we hear of them."

A spokesman for the group said "We will stay here all night if necessary. When we are able to tell them anything, we will."

SEARCHING FOR THE VISCOUNT



Air Rhodesia Viscount similar to the one which disappeared from radar screens five minutes after taking off from Kariba for Salisbury with 48 people on board last night.

TWO DIE IN

civilian airliner flying between two cities in your own country and suddenly there's an explosion. The starboard engine bursts into flames, the aircraft shudders and begins to descend rapidly. The pilot fights for control, radios his position and instructs the passengers to prepare for an emergency landing.



“On impact the plane breaks in two. The noise is terrific, like a thousand bombs exploding. You're in the back section; dust, dirt and bush pour in through the gaping hole up front as you careen across the land and finally come to a halt. Then – all is quiet.

“You're dazed, shocked, stunned. Next, you hear the screams of those trapped in the front section of the aircraft as it bursts into flames. Will you be next? Miraculously you escape. There are eighteen of you altogether, shocked, dazed, but alive and grateful. Eight young adults in the group volunteer to go in parties of four each and seek help. Ten survivors remained at the crash-site with the plane.

“A short time later, terrorists emerge out of the bush. They are carrying Russian-made assault rifles – AK47s. At first they appear friendly and offer help. The ten survivors are gathered together into a little group and the communist terrorists open fire. Afterwards, they bayonet the lifeless bodies. One is a little girl, four years old. Beside her, a grandmother.

“**Shannon Hargreaves**, one of the eight survivors remembers: –

‘And at Kariba, there was a little girl, she wasn't an especially pretty girl, but this little girl was on the plane with her brother and her granny. And the two children never got out the plane, but their granny did. And she was one of the ladies that was killed in the massacre. And you know, that little girl, she wasn't beautiful, she wasn't anything spectacular, but...to me, she was different, because she was so nice. She had such a friendly nature. She'd go to breakfast in the morning and she'd order her breakfast for herself and little

ROLL OF HONOUR					
VISCOUNT HUNYANI - FLIGHT RH 825					
3 SEPTEMBER 1978					
CREW					
CAPT JOHN HOOD	36	RHODESIA	FRANCIS NICHOLLS	26	RHODESIA
1ST OFF GARTH BRADMONT	31		JOAN NICHOLLS	55	
BRENDA PARSON	23		MARK NICHOLLS	9	
DOUGL ESTERHUIZEN	71		MICHELLE NICHOLLS	7	
PASSENGERS					
HEREMY BULL	22	RHODESIA	PAUL NICHOLLS	30	
KAREN BULL	23		RUTH BAINET	23	
GARY CALLOW	12		ROGER SEATON	32	
WALTER FERRE	57		CHERYL TILLEY	20	
MARGARET FERRE	54		VINA TRINDER	63	
MALCOLM GILLESPIE	22		LIDA VAN BIDDINGEN	24	
RAJESH GULABH	24		MARY VERMEULEN	49	
SHARONALA GULABH	28		PETER VERMEULEN	51	
YEREA GULABH	8		ALLISON VERMEULEN	27	
LEENA GULABH	4		RONALD VERMEULEN	24	
DÄHIBEN GULABH	58		LEANN WILGIE	4	
SURESH HEWITT	64		MATTHEW WILGER	8	
ADREY HEWITT	23		MARGARET WRAY	55	
JENNETE HEWITT	53		ELIZABETH WRAY	7	
FRANBAREN LALLOO	38		JOHN WRAY	9	
BEELA LALLOO	29		DAWN YOUNG	19	SCOTLAND
ROMALA LALLOO	14		WALTER BROWN	50	
DOUGLAS LODER	55		ELIZABETH BROWN	45	SCOTLAND
MARGARET LODER	51		ANNS BARKHUIZEN	48	SOUTH AFRICA
KEITH LODER	14		FREDERICK BARKHUIZEN	47	

things like that, you know and I could remember, when we got on to that plane, what that little girl was wearing. It seemed so unfair to me, that the other children were alive – you know, friends of ours have got children, and it seemed unfair that she had to die and the others are alive. But then, all of a sudden, I realized, well...

God took her for a purpose. He didn't take her for nothing... and where she's gone she's going to be happy. Nothing can harm her again. And, it was little things like that ... the little Indian girls that were bayoneted ... I could remember, they had little yellow dresses on and brown sandals. These little things, they used to worry me so much and then I realized that God saved us because He wanted us to tell the other people what it was like."

Wait a minute. God called me to Europe as a missionary. My focus was on helping persecuted Christians behind the Iron Curtain in communist Eastern Europe. What was I doing in Africa? How did I wind up with a microphone in war-torn Rhodesia?

Good question.

The process began with a technological innovation and grew against the background of a geo-strategic reality. The techno part was prompted by my friend, Reverend John Olsen series of six interviews with me in 1969 for his Trans-World Mission radio program aired on over sixty stations in North America, Canada and the Caribbean area. This became a regular feature in 1970 as I sent him weekly reports from our base in Austria.

We wanted Christians in America to know about the suffering of their brothers and sisters in Christ under the cruel communist regimes in Eastern Europe during the Cold War. My microphone became the means of putting them in touch.

The geo-strategic reality part was a bit more complicated. We had a research room at the *Rosenhof* (our mission HQ in Salzburg, Austria)

with information and data compiled from various intelligence agencies and first-hand reports from the multitude of missionaries using the facility. We kept track of communist atrocities, crimes and persecution during the Cold War. We debriefed teams returning and briefed the next teams going in, on the latest conditions they might expect to encounter. It was a valuable service in addition to our own preaching ministry, Bible distribution and medical aid programs.

Then it happened. The year was 1973 – the occasion, *Yom Kippur*, the most sacred day in Israel's calendar. It was a national holiday. The nation was at rest; shops were shuttered, schools on holiday, public transportation halted, businesses closed and offices empty – even newspapers were unpublished on that very sacred day. Israel was asleep, unsuspecting and unaware.

Suddenly, her Muslim neighbors simultaneously attacked the country from all sides. Before dawn, Syrian tanks had crested the Golan and were descending into Galilee; Egyptian armor was pouring in from the southwest and Jordan. Within two hours Russian Antonov AN-124 cargo planes were landing in Damascus to resupply their Syrian allies. The Yom Kippur War had begun in earnest.

We monitored the BBC on shortwave and watched the war on TV from our mission base at the *Rosenhof* in Salzburg, Austria. Days went by without any support from America. Israel's back was to the sea. The Muslim aggressors were winning. Eventually, after some ten days, the US loaded up their C-5A cargo planes in California and began to resupply our mid-East ally. The tide of war changed immediately.

The Israelis pushed the Syrians back up over the Golan and almost to the gates of Damascus. The Egyptians fled across the Sinai Peninsula with General Ariel Sharon in hot pursuit. Conventional wisdom was that he would stop at the Suez Canal, but his military momentum carried the Israelis across that strategic water link to within sixty miles of Cairo. By now the Russians, who had remained silent while Muslims were winning, rattled their nuclear sabre threatening to get involved if Israel did not stop.

With the communists distracted by the mid-East conflict we were able to get on with our mission work, but I was curious about those C-5As. Their 2,400 nautical mile range would not take them all the way from California to Israel without refueling and the early models did not have mid-air refueling capability. Where did they top-up? On checking I discovered

that they stopped in the Azores, those delightful and picturesque volcanic islands about 1,000 miles off the west coast of Portugal, to whom they belong.

This prompted my analysis that the communists would cause problems in Portugal within the next year. I was wrong. It was less than that.

Within six months there were red-inspired riots in cities right across the country. There was fighting in the streets of some towns in the north and other places in the northwest were under Marxist control. The situation was so desperate that Lisbon ordered most of her military assets in Africa to return and defend the homeland. This created a serious power vacuum in both of Portugal's African protectorates, Mozambique and Angola, which the communists quickly moved in to fill.

The 1973 Yom Kippur War in the Middle East had nearly led to a massive military involvement of the superpowers. President Gerald Ford entered the Oval office in 1974 with U.S.-Soviet relations on very shaky ground. American interactions with the Soviets during the Ford years were a mixture of many failures and only a few successes.

The Portuguese Communist Party (PCP), strongly Stalinist and Moscow-oriented, had a long history of defiance to the Salazar government. Many of the Party's leaders had spent years in jail or exile. Returning in 1974, the PCP's leaders tried to seize power by means of a *coup* – *Revolução dos Cravos* (Carnation Revolution), and there was fighting in the streets of some towns in the north.

Russia rushed in Soviet military personnel to occupy Mozambique and Tupelov transports full of Cuban troops to take over Angola. Both countries fell quickly to the communists. China stepped up its training of terrorists for the ongoing battle in Rhodesia. The seizure of Mozambique and Angola – Portuguese colonies – now formed a pincer movement against **Rhodesia** and **South Africa**, the ultimate strategic prize at the southern tip of the continent.

Thus, the Yom Kippur War was the awakening of my interest in Africa. It would be another three years however before the Lord would show me 'the next step' in my pilgrimage to fulfill the Great Commission. In 1976 His command was crystal clear: – "As the communist world expands, so does your mission field." The details were unclear as to just *how* I was to proceed, but somehow, I knew that it meant leaving Austria. This was the

monumental decision I wrestled with during my sabbatical in Arizona.

It was apparent that the ‘communist world’ was expanding – in Asia, Latin and Central America, but especially in Africa. During the four ‘Carter years,’ between 1976 and 1980, Communism made a quantum leap. Fourteen countries fell to the socialists in that period. But there was another sinister threat, incubating in the desert heat of a country that for many years had been a close Mid-Eastern ally to the U.S. in its struggle with Marxism.

The Muslims, perceiving weakness in the ‘Great Satan,’ invaded the U.S. Embassy in Tehran, capital city of Iran, on November 4, 1979 and held the Ambassador and all Diplomatic personnel captive for the next four hundred and forty-four days while ‘Jimmy Who?’ stood helplessly wringing his hands in the Rose Garden.

“Rick Kupke was busy encrypting classified messages inside the U.S. Embassy in Tehran when the Marine Corps guard yelled over the radio, ‘They’re coming over the wall!’ Hundreds of student protesters were scaling the seven-foot wall around the embassy and making their way into the building through the tear gas being sprayed.

“The administrative officer told Kupke to send a telegram to the State Department saying, ‘Demonstrators ... are taking over the embassy.’ Kupke, a thirty-three-year old communications officer and electronics specialist, sent the telegram, closed a vault door to keep workers in the second-floor office safe and began shredding sensitive government documents – including those about the unpopular Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, who had fled to the U.S. earlier that year to seek medical help.

“Then came the order to ‘destroy all of our equipment.’ After Kupke smashed [the] Teletype machines, he began the first of three trips to the roof to keep rifles and shotguns out of the hands of the Iranians. After his third trip, he became the sixty-sixth and final, American taken hostage that day. He spent four hundred and forty-four days in captivity in what he and others call one of the United States’ first confrontations with terrorism. The hostage takers wanted the Shah returned to Iran; the hostages were the bargaining chip.” Source: Wikipedia

Americans were outraged; there were many ‘solutions’ offered on Talk Radio: “Send in the Marines,” or the “Texas Rangers.” Some suggested we ask the Israelis to use Mossad. The American President was seen

internationally as weak and ineffective. This was a *carte blanche* invitation for Islamic terrorists to launch their worldwide jihad.

Amid the prolific profusion of possible penetrations, I decided to put in my two cents' worth. Remember my account of the Rhodesian Air Force attack in 1978 on the Zambian terrorist base? When I returned to the USA, I played the tape of 'Green Leader's' conversation with the Lusaka tower on my IN TOUCH radio program. It inspired a lot of positive comment from listeners. Now, fast-forward to early November 1979, when the Iranians took U.S. Embassy personnel captive in Tehran, I re-played that program – and then offered the following paraphrase:

“Tehran tower, this is a message for the Ayatollah, from the United States Air Force. We have just entered Iranian airspace. We are coming in to extract our Embassy personnel. This not an aggressive attack against Iran. America has no quarrel, repeat no quarrel with Iran or her security forces. We expect you to have our Embassy personnel assembled and waiting on the tarmac, ready to depart the moment we arrive. We respectfully ask you not to intervene or oppose our extraction operation, which we will conclude expeditiously. However, if so much as one hair of any American personnel is touched, we will consider that as an act of war, initiated by Iran, and it will be met with all the retaliatory capability at our disposal. Did you copy all that?”

The spin-off from *that* broadcast was interesting: one listener in the Washington D.C. area, a Colonel in the USAF stationed at the Pentagon, wrote inviting me to speak at the Pentagon Officers Christian Fellowship. I gratefully accepted the offer.

Footnote to 1979: On the orders of Head Red, Leonid Brezhnev, Soviet soldiers of the Fortieth Army rolled into Afghanistan on Christmas Eve 1979 in trucks made at the Kama River factory – largest of its kind in the world. It was built with American technology and incorporated U.S. computer and laser systems for precise measuring and cutting. Funding for the technology for that factory was part of the price arranged by Henry Kissinger in 1972 to “buy” the US out of Vietnam by reimbursing the Russians for all the military hardware they had given to North Vietnam. Bottom line for the ‘payoff’ was **56 billion dollars**, with the US taxpayer picking up the tab for both sides of that unfortunate war. Continued supply of sensitive technology to Russia is part of that ongoing price.

Part Two – Global Outreach Mission

It was a huge step of faith to transfer our base of operations from Austria, to Arizona. But the Lord had made His plan very clear. The ball was in our court, and it was time to obey. The year was 1976 – America’s Bicentennial – and my sabbatical.

There’s an old saying, “We may not know what the future holds, but we know the One who holds the future.” This was certainly true in my experience. There were certain parameters the Lord had clearly laid out for me which remained unchanged. I was still called to preach the Gospel, to win precious souls to Jesus and to serve persecuted Christians in communist lands. But where?

Now it seemed that the Lord was expanding that call to include restricted-access countries – where traditional missionary work was either prohibited or severely limited – India was among them, along with several in Latin and Central America: countries that lay in the immediate path of communist advance. But how could I reach them and under whose auspices would I serve?

About that time **Global Outreach Mission** invited me to come on board as their representative to the Communist countries. It was a wonderful opportunity for both of us. For Global Outreach it was a pioneer work, as they had not previously ventured into this area and I had free reign to design a program from the outset. Based on my 17 years’ experience working behind the Iron Curtain, I could now raise a warning to countries that lay in the immediate path of communist advance.

This led to my first serious and extended trip to Southern Africa in September and October of 1977. At that time Western newspapers were full of articles critical of South Africa because of its *Apartheid* policy and Rhodesia because of its White minority government. South West Africa (a former German colony) – even though it was governed by South Africa – was somewhat less of a target, because it was due to have free elections soon and become independent Namibia. It was on this trip that the Lord ignited the spark that would set my heart aflame to spread the Light of the Gospel to the Dark Continent. On my return to the USA in November, I wrote the following first-impression account of Africa, including customs and traditions learned from the people I met along the way.



Rhodesia



South West Africa

Chapter 2

Jewel of the Continent

What do you think of when you consider Africa? Wild animals, perhaps? Primitive living? This is indeed a part of the African scene...but there is more.

Come with me on a journey to the uttermost parts of the earth: across the pyramids of Egypt, the deserts of Sudan, over Ethiopia, Kenya and Tanzania's mighty Kilimanjaro. Ever southward past Zambia to Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) and beyond the Limpopo there is a surprise awaiting you in what many call, "the jewel of the Continent" – South Africa.

Together with Reverend Guy Davidson, pastor of Grace Community Church in Tempe, Arizona, I traveled several thousand miles through Southern Africa, visiting missionaries and (in connection with my radio ministry) interviewing people at every level of life. We preached in their churches, stayed in their homes, ate at their tables – and listened to their ideas and dreams. What we heard and saw opened our minds and hearts to some of the problems they face.

Since what I had *heard*, via our own western news media before leaving home, bore virtually no resemblance to what I *found* in Africa, this report (as Paul Harvey would say) "will endeavor to retouch the portrait of Southern Africa, if only to correct some of the shadows that have been exaggerated by poor lighting."

Our first impression was Johannesburg's modern and very efficient Jan Smuts International airport – (now O. R. Tambo International). We passed without difficulty through the immigration and customs formalities. When you fly domestically in South Africa, you simply buy your ticket, select a seat and board the aircraft. There is no security check. This peaceful, almost pastoral atmosphere was the first of many surprises awaiting us.

Judging from what we had heard we fully expected to find a situation bordering on siege. Instead, we met citizens of all races who were well dressed, well fed and glad to live in a country that offered equal, if separate, development and where the standard of living and per capita income for Black citizens was several times greater than that of other Black African nations.

In Soweto, the Black African township near Johannesburg, we visited the Baragwanath Hospital, the best equipped medical facility on the Continent, – in fact in the entire southern hemisphere. It is solely for Blacks, but was built and is totally subsidized by Whites. There are more than two hundred full-time doctors and over twelve hundred nurses.

In other areas where the races meet and mix we were impressed by the concern of many people, especially the Christians, over the problem of *Apartheid* – ‘classification’ of the various races in South Africa. One man summed up what many expressed to us, “We got along without Apartheid before 1948, and we can do without it now.” Another said, “The process of getting rid of discrimination will have to become much more visible.” Both were White. They’re working on it.

Three times the size of California, South Africa sits atop a treasure house of underground wealth. It exports to the rest of the world fifty-four different minerals, including seventy-five percent of all the gold produced by non-communist nations!

Spring comes late in the year to South Africa. On a September day, ablaze with the glory of new life stirring in the earth, you can find children at play in any park, or relaxing beside still waters.

Ultra-modern Johannesburg is bold and busy, minding its own business, and getting on with the job of building a nation in spite of criticism and sanctions from abroad by nations hypocritically concerned with problems they themselves have not solved. I met many citizens who were amazed that the United States would single out South Africa (and Rhodesia) for criticism while elsewhere in Africa and the communist world there is a wide trail of blatant rejection of freedom and human rights, but the U.S. has not applied the same rule to these countries. “Why the double-standard?” they asked.

From Johannesburg I flew southwest, crossing the dramatic profile of the Drakensberg, called “the spine of the dragon” by the early Afrikaners who trekked over this rugged escarpment. Two hours and a thousand miles later I touched down in Cape Town, mother city of the nation, situated in one of the world’s most striking settings.

Some 30 years after the Plymouth Pilgrims landed in New England, Jan van Riebeeck founded South Africa’s first settlement on behalf of the Dutch East India Company as a food and supply base for tradesmen

sailing around the Cape of Good Hope. Today the city serves as the seat of Parliament.

The view from Table Mountain is spectacular. Looking out to sea, where the Atlantic and Indian Oceans meet, I counted over twenty super-tankers making their way toward the United States or Western Europe. These behemoths of the deep blue are too big to go through the Suez Canal. The Cape sea route is their only other alternative. The thought occurred to me, “If the Russians controlled South Africa they would be able, from their newly acquired naval base at Simon’s Town, to interdict the flow of oil from the Persian Gulf to the USA via this vital choke-point.”

Western diplomats and news media continued to insist that the way to encourage ‘liberalization’ among the Marxist regimes was to maximize contact with the people. Having worked for many years in Eastern Europe, I was curious to see how the opposite policies (sanctions and embargoes) could encourage liberalization among the White governments in Southern Africa. Why the double standard?

South Africa is not without its problems. Some of them are serious. There are nine different Black nations living within South Africa. Each one has its own culture, language and tribal traditions. In addition, the Blacks are divided into three basic groups: (1) Revolutionary activists, working hand in hand with communist-trained terrorists; (2) activists who demand immediate radical change, as encouraged by the US State Department, and (3) the overwhelming majority of Black people who are moderate and who desire peaceful and satisfactory solutions within the existing system.

“Every country has its problems,” observed Mr. S. O. Goodwin, speaking to the Mafeking Chamber of Commerce. “We have all the positive factors going for us; labor, mineral resources, agriculture resources, technical know-how and ability.” He said that South Africa was prepared to listen to her friends, but rejected orders. He regarded it as a “gross impertinence” by the rest of the world to dictate how South Africa should be run, especially when they had not resolved similar problems of their own.

The Cape Province is like one big beautiful garden. Here, Proteas bloom – only one of some two and a half thousand varieties of indigenous flowers. Cape Dutch architecture is famous for its gabled roofs. Nowhere is this seen to better advantage than in Stellenbosch, second oldest city in South Africa and seat of the premiere Afrikaans University.

Blacks and Whites live better here than anywhere else on the Continent. Many Blacks own their own homes, while others live in government housing. There are ample opportunities for education for all races and ages, from grade school through university.

The land abounds in beautiful churches and it is estimated that 70% of the population are Christian – which makes it perhaps the most Christian nation in the world. Ponder this: with such abundant natural wealth, and such a high proportion of Christians, South Africa has the potential for world evangelization. Small wonder then that the guns of godless communism are trained in this direction. It is to our shame that we have joined in the attack.

South Africa is now in the spotlight as never before. The attention of the world is focused there and it serves as a convenient *scapegoat* to distract local populations worldwide from domestic governmental sins and shortcomings. One message the Lord put on my heart more than any other, a message I preached in churches throughout Southern Africa from John 15:12, “*This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.*” The world is watching South Africa. If it can be shown that Christians living there can solve their problems through love, Christ’s love, *agape* love – then true Christianity will have been demonstrated to an unbelieving world that it is superior to Marxism or any other “ism.” What an opportunity!

From Cape Town, I traveled some twelve hundred miles north to Windhoek, capital city of South West Africa – soon to be known as Namibia. This former German colony has been governed by South Africa since the end of World War I, under a League of Nations mandate. Windhoek is a modern and thriving economic and commercial center.

In 1976, South Africa’s Prime Minister Mr. John Vorster agreed to the creation of an independent Namibia within two years. Even before this, delegates and representatives from the eleven ethnic groups living in South West Africa began meeting in a picturesque old gymnasium, or *Turnhalle* as the Germans called it. Now, completely rebuilt inside, it serves as the administrative offices for the new Turnhalle Constitutional Congress, the most broadly based and widely representative group in South West Africa.

While the Turnhalle Congress has been getting on with the business of forming a Constitution and building a representative government from

within the country, another group has arisen from outside the country, which calls itself the South West Africa Peoples Organization (SWAPO). This organization began in Cape Town with four white men who were communists. Over the last few years they have spent their time (and the World Council of Churches' money) lobbying – primarily in the United Nations – for recognition as the only representative of the 'people' in South West Africa. In fact SWAPO represents only the communist interests and designs for bringing Namibia under the 'hammer and sickle.'

There is great variety in South West Africa (one and a half times larger than France), in every area; geographical, political and ethnic. It is not, however, a case of the *haves* versus the *have-nots*, or even the Blacks versus the Whites. All races are living together with mutual respect for each other's abilities and the contribution that each can make toward a better way of life for all.

One very practical aspect of this is the all-new and exceptionally well-equipped State Hospital in Windhoek. Dr. David Parsons, Senior Medical superintendent told me the standard of medical services and facilities were superior to anything he has seen in any of the seven Black African countries he has worked in, and that includes Angola, Zambia and Mozambique.

From Windhoek I drove West, past the giant ant hills, across the Namib Desert to the Skeleton Coast, so-named because of the impossibility of survival if your ship went aground here. My destination was Walvis Bay, the most important port on the west coast. Over a cup of tea with the Mayor, Nico Retief, I learned of the strategic role Walvis Bay would have in the rapidly developing geo-political situation – similar in some ways to Trieste.

Later on, Mr. Johan Besseling, Director of Fisheries, told me how the Russian trawlers were depleting the traditional fishing areas off shore, miles within the limits, without any regard whatsoever for re-stocking. "Watch for trouble in this area," he told me.

To sum up: I found that the Black people of South Africa enjoy a higher standard of living, more freedom of speech, greater security of person and property, more and better housing, a higher standard of medical services and more meaningful political rights than any other Black African country – and for that matter more than any country I know of in communist

Eastern Europe. One example: Black people in South Africa own more than three million motor vehicles – more than the rest of Black Africa put together, and more than the entire population of the USSR own privately.



Co-workers at KwaSizabantu Mission



The DSS school choir at KwaSizabantu Mission

Chapter 3

Remembering Rhodesia

From South Africa we traveled north to Rhodesia. September marks the beginning of spring and the Jacaranda trees were in full bloom. Downtown Salisbury was busy and indeed thriving, in spite of ‘big bully’ sanctions imposed on them by the two super powers and the United Nations. Unlike South Africa, Rhodesia does not have the policy of apartheid...even public toilets are not segregated. We mixed with Blacks everywhere.

We visited the unofficial U.S. Embassy, established by Mr. Robin Moore and other Americans concerned for Rhodesia and embarrassed by our shameful treatment of this pro-Western, anti-communist country. Moore, the self-styled American ‘Ambassador to Rhodesia’ is the author of *The Green Berets* and the *French Connection* plus many other books. Together with his actress/singer wife, Mary Olga Moore, they have bought a large double-story Avondale house in Salisbury, which they set up – complete with flag poles – as a privately financed ‘embassy’ for all Americans and foreign soldiers fighting under the Rhodesian flag. There are lots of them!

In his address to the American Bar Association in the Spring of 1968, the late Dean Acheson declared that, *“the imposition of economic sanctions against the state of Rhodesia by the U.S. and other countries at the instigation of the United Nations constituted nothing less than bare-faced aggression, unprovoked and unjustified by a single legal or moral principle.”* Until this year the so-called Byrd Amendment of 1971 at least allowed the U.S. to purchase high-grade chrome ore from Rhodesia to the benefit of both countries: to the United States because chrome is



American volunteer in the
Rhodesian Army

essential to making stainless steel and other high-tech products; to Rhodesia because sale of chrome allows her to earn the foreign exchange she desperately needs to buy arms to defend herself against mounting terrorist attacks.

The terrorists are amply supplied with communist guns and money, which in itself contravenes all principles

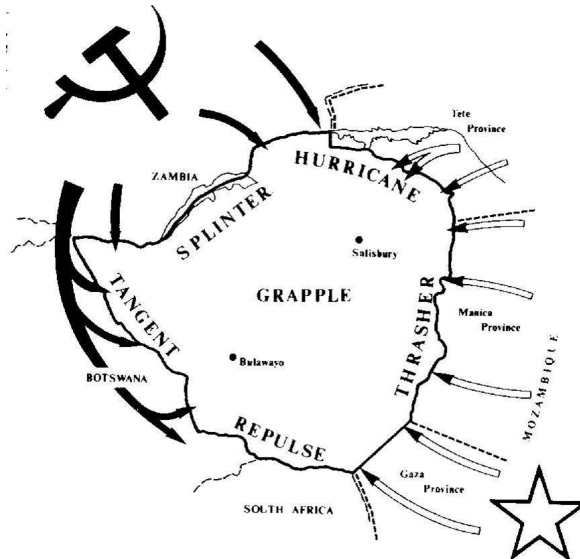
of international law...to say nothing of the U.N. Charter. Thus our present foreign policy puts the seal of American approval on aggression and terrorism in Rhodesia that can only serve the expansionary interests of the Soviet Union.

When Rhodesia declared unilateral independence in 1965, after many years of being a self-governing entity, Great Britain opposed the move. Having no Redcoats at hand to put down the alleged 'rebellion'

(as she attempted in 1776) the whole matter was thrown into the lap of the United Nations – from whose unworkable bureaucratic attention America was mercifully spared. Under pressure from other African states (which by now had communist governments) it did not take the UN long to discover that Rhodesia was a 'threat to world peace' – perhaps



Elephants have right of way



because she had upset the psychology of her neighbors. Hence the sanctions imposed by the UN and supported by Britain and the USA.



However, despite the sanctions and embargoes, Rhodesia has staged a spectacular economic advance, which surprised her friends and aggravated

the envy of her foes. Between 1965 and 1975 Rhodesia's gross national product expanded on average by 7% per year – which is higher than the United States. Today, under wartime conditions, eighty-five percent of Rhodesian children receive at least five years of elementary education. The literacy rate is the highest in Africa (except for South Africa) and there are more Blacks in the University of Rhodesia than Whites. Eighty-two percent of Rhodesia's Regular Security Forces are **Black Rhodesian officers and men, and every one of them is a volunteer!**

Race relations in Rhodesia are among the best I have encountered anywhere. Some discriminatory legislation still exists, so there is room for improvement, but I was impressed with the way the government is working along with other public bodies toward this end.



Rhodesia is not perfect – but where is such a country? It is multi-racial. Everywhere you look you will see Rhodesians, black and white, together...in the shops, offices, hotels and public transportation, in cinemas and on TV, on screen and behind the cameras...at sports grounds, both as



spectators and as competitors.

There are excellent medical facilities available to all Black Rhodesians. There is one hospital bed for every 350 of the population. By contrast, in Nigeria (one of Rhodesia's most bitter critics) there is one bed for every 1,867 citizens. Medical and educational facilities are mostly subsidized by White taxpayers.

Churches of all denominations are multi-racial. I noticed however, that Christians seemed to prefer to worship with other members of their own race, but there were no regulations about this.

One thing the believers had in common, both Black and White, was utter amazement as to why so many of the West's churches, which are supposed to be anti-communist, continue to support the Communist-backed terrorists. Money given by the World Council of Churches (WCC) to various 'liberation' movements and 'freedom fighters' buys the bullets, which have killed missionaries, pastors, priests and nuns, not to mention countless Christians living in the *bush*.

And what a misnomer, "freedom fighter." Freedom does not follow in their wake, but murder, savagery and enslavement. And they are not even 'fighters.' They almost never engage the Army or Security Forces (except



by ambush and land mines). **These** men can fight back, and the 'freedom fighters' might get hurt! Instead they prove their *bravery* by attacking unarmed Black men, women and children – intimidating, torturing, maiming and massacring the innocent with the aim of terrorizing the population into submission.



Convoy escorts protect civilians from ambushes

The more accurate term for these WCC-financed cowards is “terrorist.” They stop children attending school, often abducting them at gunpoint, forcing the boys into terrorist training and the girls to become under-age ‘camp-followers.’ They destroy anything that could bring their fellow Blacks any benefit or progress and often commit acts of armed robbery for personal gain.



Rhodesia is at war - a war she did not declare, a conflict she did not initiate. She is under attack by her neighbors who have been armed by the Russians, trained by the Chinese and to a large extent financed by the World Council of Churches. Rhodesia is the target of the biggest power grab since the communists swallowed up Angola and Mozambique.

We have just returned from the war zone. Pastor Davidson and I had the privilege of preaching in various churches across Rhodesia, as well as ministry with the troops and Security Forces along the front lines, amid the trenches and among the sandbags and barbed wire. In

some cases Missionary Aviation Fellowship airlifted us in – using a little Cessna 180 – to reach our destination. At other times we drove as far as we could on hard surface roads; the terrorists have not learned how to *mine* the asphalt yet. The MAF plane took us over the terrorist infested area to the Mozambique border – Rhodesia's frontline.

Much is made in Western news media about the 'armed struggle' for 'liberation.' In reality it is a group of Black children driving an ox-cart along a rural dirt road and the next moment there is an ear-splitting blast – all that is left is a few arms and legs. Or a White farmer is driving home with his wife and children; a hail of bullets from the bush means the end of a family that has lived and loved together. Or perhaps it's a midnight raid on a lonely mission station. They hit and run. If the Rhodesian Security Forces pursue them over the border into Mozambique or Zambia, then there is an international outcry, and aid pours in from member states of the UN for the 'victims of Rhodesian aggression.'

The suffering of the ordinary tribes-people is insufficiently known in Rhodesia, and virtually unheard of outside the country. We visited a noted missionary doctor on his isolated mission compound and he told us of Mr. Chikombe Mazvidza. On the night of December 3rd 1976, a gang of 'freedom fighters' entered his village in the Mt. Darwin area of northeastern Rhodesia. They were armed with Russian automatic



Prime Minister Ian Smith of Rhodesia

weapons and knives. Chikombe, the nephew of the village chief, refused to give them supplies, so they tied his hands behind his back and beat him mercilessly, fracturing his wrists. Next they cut off his ears, his lips and the flesh of his nose. The instrument they used was a pair of pliers. Then, at gunpoint, they forced his wife to roast the flesh on an open fire and eat it. "I ate it and vomited," she said.

Chikombe and his wife were not the only Black Rhodesians to be tortured by the terrorists that night. His mother was thrown to the ground and her legs forced apart while another terrorist thrust a log into the embers of the fire. When it was red hot he burned the inside of her thighs and her private parts, inflicting 3rd-degree burns. The village chief and his brother were also in hospital being treated for fractures and multiple bruises after being beaten up by the terrorists – their fellow Blacks.

Conclusion – Understanding the Threat

Police begin the investigation of a murder by considering, "Who stands to benefit from this crime?" Applied to Southern Africa, we should enquire, "Who will benefit from the death of Rhodesia and the collapse of South Africa?" The Blacks? No, they will be the first to suffer through unemployment, increased poverty and starvation (if they are not annihilated to begin with by stronger tribes). The Whites? No, everything they have worked for generations to build will be lost. Will America benefit? No, we will be cut off from essential raw material sources and our oil supplies from the Middle East will be in jeopardy. Who then will benefit? Russia and the communist bloc!

If the Russians controlled South Africa, either directly or with a puppet government, this would give them a monopoly on world gold resources. Such an event would tip the economic seesaw in favor of the Ruble. Overnight the Soviet currency would become 'hard' and the already weakened dollar 'soft.'

THINK for a moment what this will mean to world Missions. Without support from America, most of the missionaries overseas would have to come home. Support for indigenous ministries would stop. And in case you're not concerned about foreign missions, remember – with a *soft* currency we would not even be able to buy oil from the Middle East, much less get it around a Soviet controlled Cape of Good Hope.

Our negative foreign policy contribution can easily boomerang one day and we will awake to the fact that we have put the whole of Southern Africa within reach of the *real* enemy. A new imperial presence threatens the whole African continent, and we are looking the other way.

America, it's time to **“Wake up!”**

Addendum

That was Southern Africa in 1977. The bush war against communist terrorists continued in Rhodesia even as Prime Minister Ian Smith prepared the country for a general election and transfer to majority rule. A Christian statesman, Bishop Able Muserewo, a black man, was elected Prime Minister in 1979. However the British Foreign Office and the US State Department, wanting to appease the Russian and Chinese communists, found him unacceptable. The war continued and in 1980 the British handed the country to Robert Mugabe, a Communist trained in Red China, to become the first black Prime Minister – Rhodesia became Zimbabwe.



The following reports on Ireland and Latin America were written during my years with Global Outreach.

Chapter 4

Northern Ireland – Summer of 1978

“Pull it right over now, please. That’s it. Now shut the engine off.”

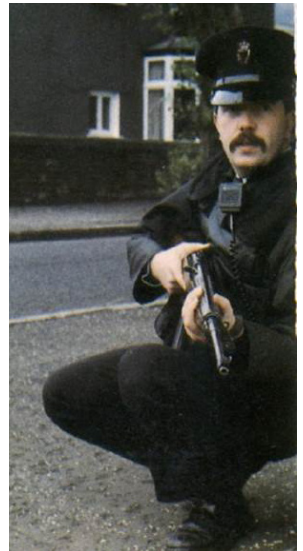
The young lieutenant was polite but firm. We were looking down the barrel of his automatic rifle and our VW van was surrounded by a squad of British soldiers. We didn’t argue.

One of the soldiers had our license plate number written in the palm of his hand. We’d been spotted by an RAF helicopter hovering overhead and had aroused their suspicions when we photographed an area of bombed-out desolation in which the security forces had set up a command post. Although the license plate on our vehicle was from the south of Ireland, we managed eventually to convince them that we were American missionaries and not members of the IRA. They let us move on.

We arrived in Belfast on the anniversary of “internment.” Tall columns of smoke reached skyward from buses set afire by the IRA to commemorate and keep alive the memory of those bitter months.

It was all so unreal. Soldiers in battle dress carrying machine guns, walk in pairs down the street, pause, crouch beside a wall or refuse container, point their weapons, cover one another’s advance, then move on. Meanwhile, mothers push their babies in prams from one shop to another, seemingly oblivious to the war that’s going on all around them. When is a war, not a war? Perhaps when it’s gone on for over ten years and has become a way of life.

Security for getting into the inner city of Belfast is about as tight as boarding a jet for Tel Aviv. Every street leading to the center of the city is barricaded with steel gates. Shoppers must subject themselves to frisking and examination of every parcel they carry before being allowed to proceed into the shopping area. Vehicular traffic is banned. The once busy Corn Market is now a pedestrian mall.



Generally speaking, I found the south more hospitable than the north, perhaps because the Christians are so few and far between. Their numbers are so small and insignificant that they cannot indulge in the luxury of criticizing fellow believers. There was warmth, love and acceptance that were



almost altogether absent in the north. Missionaries cooperated with one another, shared facilities, equipment and sometimes personnel. They supported one another's evangelistic endeavors and appreciated the ministry of Global's "Friends and Followers" Team.

There seemed to be a general feeling of fear among citizens to cross the lines in both north and south. There are no moderates in Northern Ireland. The division is along sectarian lines and the British Army has erected a 'peace wall' separating the Roman Catholic and Protestant sectors.

For a while there was a rash of assassinations. Someone rang your front doorbell and when you answered you were met with a shotgun blast in the face. There is fear in everyone's heart. We were told, for instance, about a Captain Nairaic who was caught by the IRA in a pub. He was tortured, killed and his body never found. The gruesome story is that he was put through a *mincer* and ground to bits.

"Knee-capping is the traditional form of non-capital punishment for minor infractions against terrorist discipline up here," explains Dr. William Wilson, a surgeon at Belfast's Royal Victoria Hospital. "The IRA used to do it with a revolver, but now that ammunition is short they merely hold the victim down, spread eagle him and bore through his leg with a Black & Decker electric drill."

Belfast's biggest hospital, the 840-bed "Royal," has for close to a decade now taken the brunt of the carnage produced in the three-cornered gun fight and bomb throwing horror called Ulster. To date about eighteen

thousand people in the six northern counties have become casualties. Roughly nine thousand of them have come through the swinging emergency room doors into the Royal.

Casualty admitting surgeon, Dr. William Rutherford, says that, “An increasing number of incoming patients have ‘307’ entered against their names in the admittance book – 307 being the World Health Organization’s designation of patients ‘weeping, trembling uncontrollably and unable to remember their names or where they live.’”

Ulster remains a boiling cauldron almost three hundred years after Protestant King William of Orange defeated Irish Catholic forces at the Battle of the Boyne. Religious / political controversy still causes men, women and children to be killed and maimed ostensibly in the name of religion. The IRA uses Russian and American weapons, but in fact the communists are stirring the pot. Both sides seem to agree to this but are uncreative in finding alternatives to the slaughter.

George Johnson, a middle-aged Protestant observed, “The bitterness between Protestant and Catholic is on the political end of the scale rather than on the religious end. Generally speaking, Catholics are republican (for union with Republic of Ireland) and Protestants are loyalists (to the Crown).” The general attitude in the south is, “We agree with their (IRA) aims, i.e., unification of Ireland, but not with their methods.”

Belfast’s inner city is decaying while the suburbs are among the most beautiful in Britain. Stanley Moorcroft, a wholesale electrical dealer, told me that there were “More open doors and inroads and progress among Roman Catholics these days. They will listen to you before the Protestants.” His observation was not typical however. Evangelical Protestants living in the suburbs seem indifferent to any kind of outreach among Roman Catholic neighbors.

Hatred can be found everywhere. There is no love lost between the sectarian groups. Our host on one occasion pointed out a cemetery where, “...good Catholics are buried.” I asked him if he thought the only “good Catholics” were “dead ones?” He nodded unabashed. I felt sick inside. Northern Ireland, once a citadel of Faith, now seems, in part at least, a bastion of bigotry.

At what point did Evangelical, fundamental, Protestant Christianity lose its zeal and concern for precious souls? Oh, you can still hear the

Gospel preached in open-air meetings along the Shankill, but few listen. The situation is so saturated that the various Christian factions are fighting among themselves. One says, “I’m of Paisley,” another “I’m of Hale” – referring to Leslie Hale, leader of an evangelist center in downtown Belfast, with an extensive outreach to Catholics in the south of Ireland.

Our Lord said, “*...the harvest is ripe*” and the prophet Joel enjoined us to “*put ye in the sickle,*” but in Northern Ireland the Christians are putting the sickle into fellow harvesters, while the communists laugh and exploit the sectarian differences.

Clearly, Ian Paisley is a controversial figure, but a basic law of physics is: “anything that moves produces friction” – and Ian Paisley is moving Northern Ireland. Whether the direction he is moving is for better or for worse remains to be seen, but in the meantime he merits our prayers, if for no other reason than Romans 13, and the fact that he is a member of the British Parliament representing Ulster.

It was my privilege to have an afternoon with Reverend Paisley and my own personal view is that he is an outstanding man of God. He certainly has a better grasp of the Northern Ireland situation than anyone else I met. Over pork cutlets at the Park Hotel he told me, “We have a feeling that we are being betrayed, the same way as Rhodesia. The British government is trying to weaken the will of the Protestant majority here and trying to divide the Protestants. Then, having divided and weakened them, they will have a settlement to their own satisfaction which will be, in our opinion,



a sell-out of the Protestants in Northern Ireland. The British government wants a settlement in which we will find ourselves a Protestant minority in a predominantly Roman Catholic country. And that’s really the essence of what it’s all about.”

Confident that there could be a spiritual solution, I asked him if he felt there might be a political one. “Well, I don’t think any political solution now is viable,” he said. “We could have a political solution which would help, but I believe the solution to our problem in Northern Ireland is an old-time Revival; a return to the Biblical Protestantism of the



Word of God; a return to Scriptural ethics; a return to conduct in keeping with and in conformity to the will and purpose of God as revealed in Holy Scripture. But I also believe that the British government, if they

want any sort of settlement politically, must come at long last to say, ‘we recognize the ballot box.’”

To Reverend Paisley the hypocrisy of the present British government is apparent. While they have criticized South Africa for its *apartheid* policy (along racial lines) they have created a religious apartheid in Northern Ireland by building the so-called ‘peace wall.’ He continued, “Until recently the British government had been having continual talks with the IRA. There’s no doubt about that. In fact, under Whitelaw they actually gave a British Army officer as hostage into the hands of the IRA, and flew the IRA leader to London by special plane so they could have talks.”

Ireland desperately needs a baptism of love. John puts it plainly in his first epistle, “*This is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.*” It’s not only God’s message, “...*this is His*



commandment.” It is also evidence, *“that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.”* [1 John 3:14]

Ireland needs missionaries. John Mullen, twenty-one-year old university student in Belfast, told me, “Before I became a Christian I thought America was a Mormon country, because the only Americans we ever saw over here were Mormons.”

The tide is beginning to turn. Some of the more mission-minded groups in the north are seeing the potential harvest in Eire. Several Teams cross the border regularly for ministry in the south and are finding the response encouraging. Robbie and Ruth Burns left their beautiful home in Bangor and moved south specifically to be involved in a lay ministry. They now have several Bible studies each week in their Dublin home and in the homes of Catholic neighbors.

When is a war, not a war? When Christians fail to recognize the nature of the struggle. When they become more interested in the temporal than in the eternal; in fighting each other than in fighting the real enemy of our souls. *“We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.”* That is the real nature of the struggle in Ireland today – and elsewhere.



Chapter 5

Latin America: Revolution or Revival?

November 1979

Braniff's flight 921, non-stop from Los Angeles to Lima, was packed. Babies cried most of the night, so I didn't get too much sleep wedged into my narrow seat on the DC-8. The skies over Lima were solidly overcast when we landed. I took a taxi from Jorge Chavez International Airport to Lima's Sheraton Hotel where I had lunch with Manuel Silva. Later that afternoon we rented a VW and drove thirty-five kilometers to Huampani (Wam-pan-ee) to attend the second Latin American Congress on Evangelism – CLADE II.

First impressions are not always accurate, but they are significant. Previously, I've had little or no time for such conferences. They seem to be all 'talk' and no action, no conclusions and very little consensus. The discussion groups are usually dominated by the one with the strongest personality or, in the case of Latin Americano, the loudest voice. The format is to air all the 'problems', which is usually very depressing due to a notable absence of solutions. I believe I can see why the Lord has brought me here however, to observe this very format and resolve not to let that happen to our Central American Pastors Conference, in Nicaragua later this month!

The communists have a very subtle appeal in Latin America. The majority of the population is very poor. Many earn as little as \$60 per month. The communist make promises to these people: better houses, a car, further education and a chance to start life anew. In short, to be born again. To the young intellectuals the appeal is an idealistic one; we can work together to build a better country, we need everyone. In Guatemala the entire country is owned and governed by thirty-two families. "We'll change all that," they promise. "The people will own all the property, not just a select few."

The United States is stereotyped as backing the status quo and thus discredited by both the poor and the intellectuals. Thus, having made their promises, provided the idealistic fuel to reach their goals, they are hard at work to establish a political base for 'reform.'

Once this is done they will need military backing to accomplish their long-standing goal, the 'dictatorship of the proletariat.' Africa is the training ground. At any given time Castro has approximately half of his army of one hundred and twenty thousand involved in one or more of the six hot wars currently conflagrating the Continent.

There's no shortage of 'free enterprise' in Peru. By the time they are old enough to find their way home children are sent out to peddle everything from beads to bananas. While waiting at Lima's airport for my flight to Quito, I must have had a hundred offers to shine my shoes. One little fellow was clomping about in a rundown pair of hand-me-down shoes at least five sizes too big for him. He couldn't have been more than seven or eight years old. Women, young and old, canvassed continually with little baskets of peanuts, chocolates and gum. Their entire inventory could be purchased for under two dollars.

My initial introduction to a series of banana republic airlines was Ecuitoriana – Air Ecuador flight 82 from Lima to Quito. Original departure time was 11:00 a.m. By the time I had made reservations it had been changed to 'noon.' I was told to be at the airport an hour and a half before departure, so I took a taxi. On arrival I was told the flight was delayed until 2:30 p.m. The airline personnel were very courteous, even providing me a complimentary dinner and waiving the mandatory ten dollars airport tax.

One interesting item noted on the menu in Lima was the following: "By official decree no beef will be served during the first 15 days of each month." No wonder my beefsteak tasted more like a pork cutlet. Prices are generally comparable to U.S. restaurants, but don't be shocked when adding up your final bill to find that it is more than you thought it would be. To the price of the food you must add a cover charge, service charge (10–12%) and tax (18%) pushing the total to more than 30% above what you expected to pay.

The Japanese have replaced the Americans and West Germans as 'tourists.' They're everywhere, immaculately dressed, very polite and well-spoken. They often travel as a family. One family of six sat at a table next to me in the airport dining room in Lima while I waited for my flight. They puzzled for a while over the menu and I overheard their nine-year old son rattle off his request. In the midst of what was otherwise indiscernible

chatter, I clearly heard the word ‘hamburger.’ Ah so, I thought, this all-time international American favorite once again requested by this handsome, cosmopolitan child.

Airborne at last, I could see from my window seat on the starboard side the dramatic profile of the Andes. These snowcapped sentinels form the geographical backbone of the South American continent – dividing nations and people. The valleys are decorated with patchwork gardens twisting vigorously along the bank of a tumbling mountain stream. What could live on these barren slopes, I wondered? The llama can!

In ages past Conquistadores came to South America in search of gold, but their riches vanished as quickly as the morning mist before the midday sun. How different, I thought, from the Pilgrims who came to North America in search of God and freedom of worship. Their influence remained and the Lord blessed America more than any other nation in history of man. It poses the question: “God or gold. What are your priorities?”

The temperature was 66° Fahrenheit, (19° *Celsius*) at 5:05 p.m. when we landed in Quito. Not bad for a city on the equator! Sucre International Airport is 9,300 ft. above sea level. I fell in love with Ecuador the moment I stepped off the plane.

College classmate Ben Cummings met me at the airport and took me to his home where Mary Lee had supper waiting. Afterwards we went to the 50th Anniversary celebration of the founding of the (C&MA) Alliance Academy. The student body of approximately five hundred gave an outstanding performance.

Sunday morning we attended the early service at the English Fellowship Church, then went to the jail service at the Federal Prison in Quito. Conditions are very bleak compared with U.S. prisons. Most of the inmates are there on drug-related charges, including Danny Anakalea, a U.S. citizen from Hawaii, merchant seaman, married to a Peruvian girl and father of two children. Danny had a Bible with him at the service that morning and I asked him if he knew the Lord Jesus as his own personal Savior? “No”, he said, “but I’d like to” – and it was as simple as that. I shared the plan of Salvation with him and quietly, but sincerely, he gave his heart to Jesus. I explained to Danny that much of the New Testament was written from prison.

Most of those attending the Prison Fellowship service had found Christ during their confinement. For example Jim Salazar, a Colombian pilot, involved in drug smuggling, had served five and a half years of a six-year sentence. His co-pilot had a five-year sentence and had been released the previous year, but was shot and killed shortly afterwards by the Colombian mafia because, 'he knew too much.' Jim found the Lord in prison, had grown spiritually and earnestly desired to serve Him on his release.

In the afternoon we visited Pifo, 15 miles from Quito, where over 100 acres of antenna and transmitters are located. This is the heartbeat of missionary radio station HCJB, the "Voice of the Andes," heard worldwide.

From Quito I flew to Bogota, Columbia where I met with Lindsay Christie and his wife Denise. They are missionaries from New Zealand and have been in Columbia for many years. Lindsay, among many other activities, is the publisher of *DESAFIO* (Challenge). He told me that Bogota is the Jerusalem of Latin America. The church in Columbia has been bought with blood. Believers lack the background found in other developed countries; pastors, facing death on a daily basis, cannot draw from years of experience, but they have the power and the boldness of New Testament Christians to preach the word.

He told me the story of Eva. In six months she won 60 families to the Lord. She lives and works in Lourdes, a suburb of Bogota. It is so 'criminal' that even the police won't go into the area.

Lindsay says, "The World Council of Churches is a problem in Colombia. It is involved in guerrilla activity and is stirring up the Indians." As a result of this action by 'Christian' groups the government has rescinded the visas of several missionary organizations including New Tribes Mission.

Air Panama's morning flight from Bogota to Panama City was delayed for an hour and forty-five minutes. I spent the time in conversation with the passenger seated next to me, Carlos A. Lopez-Guevara, the Panamanian Ambassador to the United States. He commented on the U.S. retreat from power. "The U.S. was better off with Kissinger and Nixon," he mused. "The present (Carter) policy is unwise." Reflecting on what he'd just said, he added, "I must be careful what I say, because my views are not those of my government."

In Panama, the realities of life are catching up with General Torrijos. His public image has been badly tarnished by two major failures. One is

the inefficiency of President Royo's administration. You may remember that Torrijos gave his National Guard backing to this government at the time. The other failure comes from the negative consequences of his support of the Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua.

Having lost credibility, the Royo government survives because the system does not allow for a constitutional method of change, and no one wants to overthrow the new constitution at such an early stage. His two main problems have been with transportation and education. Strikes in both fields have aroused a great deal of public opinion against him. The general feeling in Panama is that the Royo government cannot survive much longer and it is difficult for the National Guard to continue to support a loser. [You'll understand this much better when you read the paragraphs concerning Nicaragua in this report.]

With the arrival in Panama of Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, the former Shah of Iran, student riots, sparked by Marxist teachers in the university, broke out briefly. They were quickly brought under control by the Panamanian Guard that has proven itself very capable in crowd and riot control. Their balanced use of force resulted in very few fatalities. This is an exception in Latin America and must be attributed to the effectiveness of the U.S. Army training program.

From Panama I flew to San Jose, Costa Rica to meet with Trans World Mission's Central American Director Manuel Silva. That night we went to the Central Christiana. Manuel's vision for the Christian Center is refreshing. He sees it as a training base of operations.

The big meeting on Sunday night draws several hundred people from all over the city and suburbs. This is their moment of challenge and inspiration; then, for the rest of the week, these young people move out across Costa Rica to preach, sell Bibles, hold Bible classes and win souls. It's a dynamic operation cutting right across denominational barriers. No one can say that Latin Americans are not enthusiastic about their Faith.

The next day I met with about forty local pastors at 'Faro del Caribe' (Lighthouse of the Caribbean) a Christian radio station in San Jose. Before the meeting I was interviewed concerning the persecution of Christians in Eastern Europe. After some initial skepticism, the pastors were enthusiastic about the seminar. Our meetings together seemed to resolve their fears.

I learned much from them. For example, the main emphasis at the Latin American Bible Seminary is on liberation theology, which looks for similarities between Marxism and Christianity. I've met this heresy before in Europe and Africa. I'm delighted to know that here is a problem I've already come across on other continents and have some experience dealing with. Secondly, I was surprised to see that students have communist posters in their rooms. Thirdly, many pastors have disappeared in Nicaragua and Costa Rican pastors are very concerned.

There was a large meeting in Nicaragua on October 5, 1979, where Pastors were made to sign a 'confession' that they *now* recognize (1) they had not done anything to help socially or to relieve the suffering of the poor, and (2) that they support without question or reservation the revolution. Words of hymns were changed to support the revolution. Scholarships were given to key young people to study in Cuba or Hungary or East Germany. One young man at the *Iglesia Centroamericana* in Managua was very interested in music and played the piano at his church. He was given a scholarship to East Germany. "The communists are robbing our churches," the pastors say.

To find out more I arranged to set off the next day with Fernando for Nicaragua. I had a cold shower, was dressed and waiting outside Manuel's home at 04:30 in the pre-dawn mist. He arrived fifty minutes late. It took us an hour and twenty-one minutes to complete the border formalities entering Nicaragua by road from Costa Rica.

Not since the heady days of the 'Prague Spring' in Czechoslovakia have I felt such an atmosphere of patriotism. Whether the revolution in Nicaragua is to your liking or not the fact is it has been successful. The people are exuberant. Swash-buckling Sandinista toting a wide variety of weapons from various sources around the world are seen everywhere. Most of the weapons were the well-known FN, made by the Fabrique Nationale D'Armes de Guerre in Herstal, Belgium. It is a 7.62 caliber weapon. There were also American and other western nations represented, as well as the ubiquitous AK-47. Even some of the girls working at typewriters wore side arms.

The general garb was dark-green fatigues. Some of the 'revolutionaries' sported Castro-type beards, although they were not as full and bushy since their revolution is only a few weeks old. Many of the ragtag army

were too young to shave, but what they lacked in beard they made up for in bravado. There was no inhibition to pose for photos so long as their rifle was at the ready.

Five kilometers down the road from the frontier, while negotiating the debris from a bombed out bridge, we hit a rock and tore out part of the transmission. This constituted a major breakdown and delayed us several hours.

While we waited for help I noticed the ground near the bridge was littered with thousands of rifle and machine gun shells bearing the marks of heavy fighting in that area. But the most gruesome evidence was yet to come. Buzzards made lazy circles overhead and the stench of death was in the air. A few yards from the road I came across the skeletal remains of about a dozen men, piled in something of a heap, here a shoe, there a piece of uniform. I'm sure I wasn't the first to discover this grisly pyre but it seemed, somehow, to be mute testimony of man's inhumanity to man. In the wake of fighting there were too many casualties to bother with burying the dead – anyway, life is cheap and *they* were the enemy. Let them rot!

The opposing forces had much in common. The people, for the most part, are Catholic and Nicaraguan, yet they took aim at each other from behind their crucifixes. The communists were not the first to notice the discrepancies but, as usual, they were the most successful in exploiting them. In San Jorge there were mere shells of former buildings, bombed out.

Our road journey ended at the placid shores of Lake Nicaragua. From here we could see the twin volcanoes on Ometepe Island, our destination. Conception rises a mile above sea level while its companion peak, Maderas, is 4,530 feet. The smoke coming from Conception told us that she was still active.

We waited patiently on the dock while they unloaded watermelon. Later, on the way to Ometepe, one of the crew asked me if it was my first visit to the island. "Si," I replied. "You'll like it," he said. "It's very tranquil."

As he spoke, I glanced at the smoke billowing ominously from the top of the volcano and wondered at his concept of tranquility. Perhaps it's all relative, I thought. After the revolution the country has just gone through even the threatening rumbles of Conception seem tranquil by comparison.

Off in the distance to the south you could see the mountains of Costa Rica where the sky was ablaze with thunder activity and lightening illuminating the last bit of twilight. Yep, it's all relative.

The trip across to Ometepe Island took one hour. I stood on the *fócsle* and reflected on what I'd seen earlier in the day. At the frontier, for instance, it was a beehive of activity moving from one line to another where you had to fill out endless forms and pay several different fees. There were pictures and posters everywhere of Augusto Cesar Sandino – *General de Hombres Libres*.

Although the communists are keeping a low profile the tone of the posters seen everywhere reflects the Marxist influence just below the surface. Consider, for example, the text from various posters most frequently seen: “Solidarity of the workers with the new Nicaraguan FSLN (Sandinista),” “More from life through collective production,” “Always implacable in combat and generous in victory,” (there is no “no win” policy here!). “Vote for approval of national reconstruction,” with a picture of hands holding up a spade, machetes and an AK-47. This was sandwiched in between posters condemning smoking and drugs as dangerous to health. Next to that was a poster which read, “Ultimately we are invincible,” picturing an upraised clenched fist. Oddly enough, I did not see a single hammer and sickle.

Perhaps the most serious problem for Panama's General Torrijos is the destruction of Nicaragua's National Guard. It has engendered the enmity of its disbanded officers from Somoza down, including all their ex-associates and friends. To understand this you would have to consider the close, professional ties that bind the military *caste* in Central America. The fact that the commander of one corps has contributed to the destruction of another corps – and thereby deprived its officers of the only method they have of earning a living – is considered a betrayal of the whole military caste.

Members of other military organizations in Central and South America cannot help but think that they, too, could be vulnerable in the future. Simply to overthrow Somoza would not have caused such widespread resentment. It is the disbanding of the Guard that has given it a more ominous aspect. Watch for widespread trouble in this area and remember, the communists are not playing dominoes – they're playing chess!

It was after dark when we landed on Ometepe Island, at the port of Moyogalpa. We followed a little dirt road that circled the volcano to Esquipulas, then on to the tiny hamlet of Los Angeles. Shortly afterwards we opened a creaky old gate and drove down a steep track into the Mission property.

A long, hard day ended with a warm welcome and supper (beans, rice and fried bananas) at 9:30 before going to bed. About the latter I was ready physically, but not mentally. This has to be one of the most primitive accommodations I have ever encountered.

The bedroom was swarming with tiny little flies, not hundreds or even thousands, but tens of thousands. At any given moment my arm was black with them. I could take it until they got into my eyes and ears. A rusty cot-bed had what was supposed to be a mattress. The rats had enjoyed most of it before I got there. The room was approximately 10 by 25 feet, with a door at one end and windows without screens at both ends. The walls were covered with a wide spectrum of biological specimen all very much alive and, by virtue of their multitude, 'unswattable!' Eventually I slept (fully dressed) more from sheer exhaustion than desire.

The next morning we were up at 06:00 and headed for the *banjo*. Our wash place was a little enclave on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, where the day before the women had been washing clothes. The water rivaled the Ganges in pollution content. At this point I chickened out. I would have felt dirtier after the bath than before. Even the thought of Manuel's cold shower seemed appealing to me and I longed to stand, once again, under the cool, refreshing torrent.

At the October 5 'Mount of Olives' meeting in Managua the organizers of the Conference published a 'statement' boasting the support of all 500 delegates. However, most of the pastors never saw the 'statement' and only a few would have endorsed it unconditionally except under duress. So as usual the communists deluded many North American pastors and church leaders around the world into believing that there are 500 delegate pastors to the Managua Conference who are unanimous in their condemnation of U.S. foreign policy when, in point of fact, the Marxist made capital by their attendance at the Conference. Let me illustrate.

If you go to a football game you go because you enjoy the sport. Afterwards, you may be glad because your team won or sad because they

lost. You appreciate the fun and excitement of skillful play, and fellowship with those of like-minded interest. You may not have agreed with all the decisions of the referee but you wouldn't have missed the game for anything!

Now if a small, select group who organized the match was all of some particular political persuasion and they drew up a statement reflecting their views it would be of no interest to you unless they indicated in a subsequent publication that by your attendance at the game you endorse their political view. It would be impossible for you as an individual to refute their claim, now widely published, that you do not personally agree with such and such a point. On the other hand, some *naïve* uninformed individual, living in the suburbs and reading the sports page, might easily think, "My word, the masses are really behind this idea! I'd better not oppose it or I'll be out of step!"

This is a classic illustration of how the hard-core Marxists deceive the masses and give the impression of popular support. Anyway, have you ever heard of 500 pastors agreeing on anything?

The Marxists are working around the clock in Latin America to bring about their revolution. In several places Christians are already feeling the oppressive hand of atheistic persecution. But God is at work too! I saw many evidences of impending revival.

There is a sense of urgency throughout Latin America today. All would agree that time is short.

Our Lord said, "...*the night cometh.*" So I suppose it's only natural as you get a little closer to the 'sunset' that you quicken the pace. The Lord said we must work while it is still day, while there is light to see the task and how to accomplish it. How wonderful to be a co-laborer with Him! Let's get busy!

Your prayers could make all the difference between revolution and revival.

Chapter 6

To Russia, with His Love

Autumn 1980

This year I have ministered as a missionary from Murmansk, Russia at the top of Europe to the bottom of Africa; from Bulgaria in the east to California in the west. This chapter is a report compiled from "... the things we have seen and heard."

In Helsinki I waited in vain for my suitcase to come up from the carousel. In it were Russian Bibles I intended to divide among the team going into the Soviet Union the next day. When the carousel stopped I checked with baggage control and they put a tracer on it. Later they informed me the bag was still in New York and would arrive the next day – thirty minutes **after** our train left for Leningrad (now re-named St. Petersburg)!

The basic objective of my trip to Russia was evangelism. But how? I don't speak Russian. (Many men in the Old Testament complained to God that they couldn't speak either.) After I was there satan hit me with the thought, "You are stupid to come half-way around the world and try to evangelize on my turf; where everyone is an atheist – and you don't even speak the language!"

All I could do was say "Get away from me satan! ... the Lord Jesus has told me to come and I'm here on His orders." Immediately the Lord comforted me from Acts chapter 8, where Philip left the revival situation in Samaria, where "... *there was great joy in the city*" and went down to "*Gaza, which is desert.*" There he met, witnessed to and led to Christ **one** man who in turn led a nation to the Lord! When I worked out the *time* it took Philip in those days to travel from Samaria to Gaza it was about the same time it took me to travel from Phoenix to Leningrad ... and my heart rejoiced.

Actually, we didn't need to look for opportunities ... they looked for us! Anything western is of great interest to Russian youth – especially in the area of clothing, music and literature. Many study English and are eager to "practice" with someone for whom English is the mother tongue. One man I witnessed to exclaimed, "You are a Christian! This is the post-Christian era. How do you become a Christian?" Imagine, asking a missionary, 'how' to become a Christian?

Everywhere we went in the Soviet Union we were impressed by the acute shortages of food and ordinary consumer goods that we take for granted. People stood in line for any single item that was currently available. I took a picture of one such line that stretched halfway around the block. Then as I looked through the window of the shop I noticed the shelves were completely bare. Nothing. I wondered what on earth they were lining up for. Curiosity compelled me to find the object of their patient waiting . . . it was one bushel of apples. They were waiting in line for **one** apple each! I couldn't restrain the tears.

In each of the republics we visited people asked us "How much 'fine' did you have to pay President Carter in order to come to our country at this time?" I explained that there was no fine and that we are free to travel anywhere we choose – anytime. Of course, their propaganda told them that Americans traveling to the USSR this year had to pay a fine, because Carter had demanded the US athletes boycott the summer Olympics.

Their propaganda also told them the American boycott was a failure – that over a hundred nations were represented at the Olympics. True perhaps – nations like Togo, Benin and Upper Volta, whose delegates the Soviets financed in order for them to show up and wave their flag! We were told by a reliable source in Leningrad that the USSR went over thirty-two billion rubles in the red on the 1980 Olympic fiasco.

Despite our arguments with *Intourist*, which could be described as 'an adventure in frustrated bureaucracy,' we enjoyed Leningrad. It was designed and built by Peter the Great in the eighteenth century to be the Venice of the North, with canals everywhere. I still remember eating *kasha* in a *stolovaya*, shopping in the Dom Kneege (originally the Singer Sewing Machine building) and visiting the Church of the Lady of Kazan, which has been turned into the Museum of the History of Religion and Atheism. But the highlight was to share fellowship with believers at the Baptist Church located in a remote wooded suburb.

The journey from Leningrad to Murmansk took twenty-seven hours. Our train looked like something straight out of Dr. Zhivago. There were miles of beautiful forest punctuated occasionally by a remote lake or a cluster of primitive log buildings vaguely reminiscent of frontier days in the Old West. We visited the island of Kizhi and saw the majestic twenty-two-dome Church of the Transfiguration. It is a masterpiece of Russian

wooden architecture built in the seventeenth century with an axe and chisel only – not a single nail was used.

Eventually, the trees gave way to tundra. The Khibini Mountain range was the only relief on the otherwise monotonous landscape of the central Kola Peninsula.

Murmansk, founded in 1916 to give Russia a port during World War I, is the largest city in the world north of the Arctic Circle. It was built with American aid in order to deliver military supplies to our Russian *ally* fighting the Germans. Fishing is one of the main industries as well as the Institute of Polar Research. It is, perhaps more ominously, the most important Soviet nuclear submarine base.

It was eight days before my suitcase caught up with me in Russia. By now we were in Murmansk. When it did arrive, I was the only one going through customs at that time and of course, the Inspector found the Bibles. I could tell by the way he was shaking his head that it was going to be impossible for me to get the Word of God into the Soviet Union this way, that day.

I was taken into custody and there followed a long drawn-out investigation in room 14 at the central customs office. There were fifteen men waiting, members of the KGB, GRU (military intelligence) plus Custom officials and local police. I'm not sure they had ever seen an American before. My interrogation lasted several hours and I was provided with a Russian interpreter. The Chief Inspector was a distinguished individual in his mid-sixties, very polite, although somewhat aloof. I was hoping he would overlook my indiscretion, but his '*Nyet*' was final.

I shared with him that I felt it was a pity these Bibles could not be brought into his country – that indeed his government did not print and provide them for all Russian citizens. He asked, "Why?"

"Because, although this Book was written over two thousand years ago," I responded, "your country is described in great detail. It tells how your country will be '*raised up from the edges of the earth*' (the USSR covers 174° of the earth's surface and spreads across eleven time zones) and how it will become a super power spreading its influence into the Middle East, Africa and beyond." (They love it when an American acknowledges the USSR as a super power.)

I told him, “It also reveals the exact geo-political alignment of nations that will exist in the world at the time your nation is destroyed. And it identifies the exact geographical spot where your armies will be defeated and specific instructions are given for handling the bones for the burial of your dead.”

I am an Evangelist. I had an audience of fifteen men who didn't know the Lord and the Russian government was providing me with an interpreter! I was making it as dramatic as I could because, by now, everyone in the office was listening. When I got to the part about, “... the God in whom you do not believe will *put hooks in your jaws and draw you to your own destruction,*” the official state interpreter paused a moment, took hold of my arm and said with evident concern, “I hope it won't be tonight!”

Unnoticed by the rest of his colleagues, the Chief Inspector slipped one of the Bibles into the side pocket of his coat. I had deliberately neglected to tell him *where* those prophecies are found. He'll have to read the whole Book! Seriously, will you join me in prayer for that man? I would love to see him in Heaven one great Day.

Soviet workers in polar regions earn special benefits including more pay, longer vacations and earlier retirement. Here the land is rich in natural resources. New towns are springing up in many places to mine the minerals and the only apparent reason for the presence of the towns is to exploit the mineral wealth. It is the minerals then that give meaning to life – this then is an end in itself. There is little else to live for other than to work in the mines or factories each day, and drown your sorrows with Vodka at night, and even less to look forward to in this otherwise cold and inhospitable climate.

Not only did we see signs everywhere indicating preparedness for war, the Soviets seem almost resigned to it ... as if it is inevitable. Civil defense-wise they are certainly better prepared than the West. In principal cities their subway system is between two hundred and eighty and three hundred feet below the surface! The waiting area for trains is large enough to accommodate many thousands of people at each station. They could provide shelter for a very significant portion of the population in the event of a nuclear exchange.

The two Olympic cities we visited – Leningrad and Tallin – had been completely renovated for the international games and looked like

something out of a Hollywood movie set. To accomplish the gigantic task of painting five cities the Soviet re-decorators bled the satellite countries of all their paint supplies for the previous four years.

I wish I had the time and space to tell you about the three day “Peace Rally” in Tallin, Estonia. It was my privilege to be the keynote speaker. Naturally, I shared the Good News about Jesus, the Prince of Peace, who said “*Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you ...*” John 14:27

The authorities had granted permission for only **one** service on Sunday. Fair enough. We began at 9:00 a.m., and finished at 8:00 p.m.! What a day! We had nine sermons, testimonies, times of prayer, special choirs and singing youth groups – but when we broke bread together around the Lord’s Table – well, it was like a verse of the hymn that says, “... O what a foretaste of glory Divine!” A good number trusted Christ that weekend and many rededicated their lives to the Lord.

We met with Christians and preached in their churches in Riga, Latvia and Vilnius, Lithuania on the way back to the West. In each place our visit was a surprise, we could not arrange a meeting in advance because *Intourist* would not have approved. But at each overnight train stop we spotted a believer, waiting on the station platform, wearing the recognizable identification and we quietly followed him to his home, where a cup of tea and sandwiches were prepared for us. After the customary greetings and prayer, they sent out word via the grapevine, “Brothers from West are here!” and the Church was full within an hour. It was precious fellowship again and *a foretaste of glory Divine!*

In Warsaw a reliable Polish authority told me that earlier that summer a railway worker in the capital city had noticed a trainload of paint ready for shipment to the Soviet Union. With typical socialist logic he reasoned, “That’s the people’s paint and I’m one of the people and my house needs painting.” So he helped himself to one of the cans of paint. When he opened it at home he discovered it wasn’t paint – but meat; canned meat with a “paint” label on the can.

Naturally, he was furious. Your house can go a long time without paint, but your family needs food every day. He told his comrades and they opened some of the ‘paint’ to find that it was all meat. They immediately welded the wheels of the train to the track and said, “This train isn’t going anywhere.”

The authorities called a meeting of the workers – gave them an instant pay raise and increased the meat allowance for their families – with the understanding that they would un-weld the wheels and keep quiet about the affair. Well, they un-welded the wheels but word reached the shipyard workers in Gdansk. They spotted a suspicious shipment destined for the Soviet Union, discovered it was meat and they all came out on strike.

Thus the workers “Solidarity” movement was born under the leadership of Lech Walesa. “That,” my Polish friend told me, “is the reason why the government has caved in to their demands. If this were generally known throughout the eastern-bloc countries,” he continued, “there would be a simultaneous uprising.”



Persecuted Christians meeting in the forest

Chapter 7

Europe East & West

Spring 1981

The Romanian communist border guards were clearly perplexed. We did not have written permission from Bucharest to enter the country with TV film equipment. They were reluctant to say an outright “No” (lest some higher official scold them for passing up an opportunity to have ‘their story’ told in the West) and hesitant – three hours worth – to say: “Yes.” Harriett was a model of ‘cool’ as she made us peanut butter sandwiches and passed around some fruit while we waited.

We had never done anything like this before! It all began last November when PRIORITY ONE’s Director Maurice Mosley phoned to ask if I would consider taking a camera team into the communist world. That required a lot of prayer. Meanwhile, we checked out PRIORITY ONE and found it to be a creditable organization that presents a very balanced view of various mission fields around the world.

We’ve often felt that the story of the persecuted church ought to be told to the widest possible audience in the West ... but how? Some have suggested that I should expand my news and interview radio program IN TOUCH to a TV series. But, so far, the Lord hasn’t led along that line.

In March, I met Maurice and his family in Ohio and plans began to take shape. The operation would involve taking a two man camera team with about \$100,000 worth of equipment into the communist world. The objective would be to interview as many believers as possible and put together a story – their story – in the most realistic way so that Christians in the West could “...***remember them that are in bonds.***”

With uncharacteristic pessimism I warned that there was no way we could guarantee they would (1) be able to get into a communist country with all that equipment, or (2) *if* they did get in that anyone of the believers would be willing to talk to us ‘on camera’ for fear of reprisals; (after all it’s their neck not ours at risk) or (3) if we did get in and tape some interviews that we would be able to get out safely with all the gear. We concluded that if they were going to ask the believers to take risk being interviewed they must be willing to risk having their equipment confiscated. That required a lot of prayer ... but the answer was affirmative.

There, at the Romanian border, we could identify with Peter after he had left the boat and was walking on the water . . . when he began to reckon with the circumstances (*real* waves and *boisterous* wind). We were now in the middle – between Hungary and Romania. There was no turning back. We leaned on the Lord and He heard our prayers! Eventually – almost suddenly – they cleared us. As we drove away from the border I glanced in the rear view mirror and saw the ‘peppermint stick’ dropping back into place. We were ‘in’ – behind the Iron Curtain! Was it our imagination or did we hear Someone say, “...*wherefore didst thou doubt?*”

The churches in Romania are experiencing what local Christians are describing as Revival. Certainly, we’ve never seen anything quite like it in this country, which until recently was bypassed by the Reformation. There is still persecution; quite a number of pastors are in prison; last year eight churches were closed by the authorities and twelve others threatened with closure. Many churches like the one in Gribov have applied in vain for permission to renovate.

The Christian Baptist Church, 106 Mihai Bravu, Bucharest is in a ‘catch-22’ situation. The Department of Cults granted permission in 1972 for the church to purchase property and relocate in Sector III in order to make way for a program to widen the Mihai Bravu Avenue. However, the People’s Council of Sector III has not given its approval. Meanwhile, the road ‘improvements’ go on eating away at the church property and threatening the building. Recently the believers discovered that provision for the building has not been included in the re-planning of the zone. In short, they’ll soon be ‘out on their ear’ with no place to go.

Little is known in the West about difficulties in Romania because there is no organized dissident movement. There’s really no one in sight that could head up such an operation. Josif Tson is being watched increasingly by the state because of his outspoken criticism of official pressure by the atheistic authorities in times past. His papers – widely circulated in the West – have resulted in some relaxation of restrictions against the churches. But there is still a long way to go. Communist bureaucratic persecution of Christians is like the mythological Hydra who dwelt in the marshes of Peloponnesus – chop off one head and two more grow in its place!

“The food situation is worse here than in Poland,” one believer told us. “You must be in line at 4:00a.m. for shops that open at 6:00 in order to get even the basic daily necessities such as bread and milk.” Characteristically hospitable Romanians are frustrated by the shortages. A sister in Cluj apologized for not having any meat. We assured her that we knew God had a better way for her to spend her time than by waiting in line several hours for a small piece of pork.

In Poland the situation is one of growing embarrassment for the Soviets. No amount of cosmetic bookkeeping can cover the economic failure of the system. After thirty-five years of communism the ‘workers’ paradise’ is more like the other place. The entire communist world cannot come up with enough resources to bail out the Red regime and save their image. It is my sad conviction that soon the Soviet Union will crush Poland rather than recognize that the days of communism are numbered ... and they are numbered.

Meanwhile, missionaries we talked with in France are apprehensive about the election of Francois Mitterrand. For the first time in twenty-three years the political left is in control and the new President is on record as favoring the close out of all ‘foreign’ missionary activity in Republique Francaise. Franc-ly that would take a lot of (de) Gaulle.

We were in Italy just before the Pope was shot. Don’t be fooled by media reports that the assassin, Mehmet Agca, was a ‘right-wing extremist.’ Mounting documentation points directly to the Kremlin. Agca was a KGB hit man with a contract for Pope John Paul II. The Soviets wanted the Pope killed because they reckon their problems in Poland sprang from his visit there. But there was more to it than revenge. If the Polish Pope was ‘out of the way’ then he could not mobilize worldwide Roman Catholic opposition to a Russian invasion of Poland.

Analysis

The situation in Eastern Europe is potentially more dangerous than at any time since the summer of 1968 when the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia. There are problems without solutions. Communism has failed. That failure is apparent to a growing number of increasingly outspoken individuals who are not afraid to stand up and say: “... the king has no clothes on!” Why has communism failed? Here are some bare facts:

The collectivization of agriculture

Central bureaucratic planning is insensitive to immediate local needs. Every communist country – without exception – has a chronic food shortage. Before the Marxist takeover most of the countries were at least self-supporting in food production and many like Mozambique, Angola and Zimbabwe exported food to their neighbors. Now they import much of their food and there is widespread hunger. Collective farming is the Achilles heel of the whole system.

The emphasis on heavy industry

This program was doomed from the start due to insufficient qualified workers and a lack of raw materials. Their products are no longer competitive because of inefficiency.

Corruption from top to bottom

We were told over and over again about ‘bribes’ that must be paid at every level of production for procurement of raw materials to transportation of the finished product. The final market price must reflect all these bribes so their merchandise is not competitive on the world market. One brother told us about a metal worker who was constantly called on by his boss to give him some of the nickel bars. To refuse would have cost him his job yet he still had to fulfill his quota. His solution was to substitute some other metal. Result – an inferior product.

A general lack of interest and creativity with everyone

The State owns everything so there is no incentive ... hence, no improvement.

Conclusion:

Our Lord Jesus said: “*In the world you will have tribulation.*” This is the way of life for Christians behind the Iron Curtain. They do not ask that we pray for the persecution to cease, but rather that they will be faithful to God in the midst of their trials. Let us be faithful to “... ***remember them that are in bonds ... as bound with them.***”

Chapter 8

Special Report from China - 1981

RED CHINA – an ominous name. It was my first trip behind the Bamboo Curtain. My longtime friend, Dr. Don Engram, Chairman of the Board of our Mission, invited me to join him in a two-month trip around the world. He arranged meetings in China and India. I was responsible for the East European portion of our journey. Don was also Chairman of International Needs, a mission with similar interests, philosophy and vision as our Mission.

There were several immediate objectives for the trip in addition to the usual, but valid, “fact-finding mission.” We had Bibles to deliver, needs to discover, ways to help, encouragement to give and contacts to make for future ministry. The package that God prepared and put together for us was far beyond what we could have reasonably expected from a first effort.

There were some thirty people in our tour group. On the second day, an American lady identified herself to Dr. Don Engram as having been in his ‘Youth For Christ’ rally in Detroit sixteen years ago! She, together with another Christian lady on the tour, had brought in over fifty Bibles and New Testaments on behalf of a mission they were working with.

At the restaurant on Sunday we found a table where we could all sit together. There were four extra places and we invited a group of four Japanese girls on the tour to join us. When I suggested that we give thanks for the food one of the girls exclaimed, “Oh, that’s a wonderful idea... and let’s hold hands.” These four sisters were dedicated Christians and between them had brought over two hundred Bibles into China! Later, as we all got together for a prayer meeting, the thought occurred to me that this is Psalm 23 all over again, the Lord had literally “...*prepared a table for (us)*” and, given the militant atheistic posture of Red China, it was “*in the presence of (our) enemies.*”

Canton is a city of bygone glory. Most buildings along the Pearl River were built in the 1920s and 30s by the ‘imperialists’ and are in a state of general decay due to lack of maintenance. Elsewhere things seemed predictable – squatting women in black pajamas sorting plums in large wicker bowls; men trotting by with heavily laden baskets bobbing from

shoulder poles; ducks in convoy on their way to market; the river jammed with junks, sampans and fishing vessels.

Sister Esther told me the story of Reverend and Mrs. Wang Ming Dao, a pastor before the Revolution. He was in prison for twenty-two years. She became blind and deaf in prison as a result of malnutrition and was released two years before her husband. They are now living in Shanghai. As elsewhere in the communist world, the greatest degree of unity among Christians was found during the years of greatest persecution. Esther introduced me to one such brother.

He looked out at me from behind thick, dark brown glasses with eyes full of love and compassion. Brother John Li was for three years in solitary confinement followed by five years in a severe labor camp. He was tortured for the first twenty-four hours and routinely thereafter. His daily portion was two meals consisting of a small bowl of rice and occasionally sour cabbage and pickles. Four times a year he had a very small portion of meat. From 1968 to 1976 he was in prison with hundreds of criminals. There was no fellowship with other believers.

Brother John witnessed to everyone about his faith in Christ. The Lord showed him that He had a plan for him, a work for God, and that he was not to worry about tomorrow. He kept thinking "If you really love the Lord, follow Him; He will put opportunities in your way." As a result, he led the prison commissar to Christ. He began to notice that his attitude toward the prisoners was changing. Before he had not regarded them as humans. They were the dregs of society the criminal element. Without love the prisoners were like animals. "Love changes everything," he said.

Today, the China Research Center in Hong Kong, of which John is the Director, studies ways on how to reach China for Christ. A letter received while I was in his office told of three hundred people meeting in a house; ten churches with only one New Testament. John Li estimates there are fifty million Christians in China!

Many people I talked with feel that the next two years could well be the most critical in China's recent history. Seventy-six year old Deng Xiaoping has launched a "Four Modernizations" program which may well be the test of whether he can hold on to the reins of power. Locals in Shanghai identify the four modernizations as a motorbike, a TV, a calculator and a cassette radio.

China does not have the hard currency to achieve modernization overnight. It is a nation of one million villages with eighty percent of its people engaged in agriculture. The sheer magnitude of feeding so many people absorbs the efforts of the majority of the population and the production of consumer goods inevitably suffers.

The expectations of the people are rising faster than the demands can be met. Commenting on this situation Paul Kauffman, President of Asian Outreach, remarked, "The influx of foreigners, the advent of television, the number of students going abroad for study and the years of deprivation now being blamed on incorrect ideology all combine to produce a restlessness that is untypical. Deng may have only two years to achieve a recognizable degree of success in raising the standard of living of a quarter of the world's population."

The future role of the Communist party is definitely on the line. But there are more important matters than the political fortunes of Deng Xiaoping. The church in China has proven itself indestructible. While wishing that the church might disappear, Peking considers it wise to placate the rapidly growing Christian populace in order to achieve modernization.

The reactivation of the Three-Self Patriotic Movement could be interpreted as a signal from the Marxists that they are willing to 'tolerate' Christianity as long as they can control it. Most Christians, however, do not meet in officially recognized churches. The accelerated growth of the house-churches far outnumbers the official churches and is more representative of the majority of China's Christians who live in the countryside.

Since the end of the Cultural Revolution in 1969, the growth of the church in China has been phenomenal. Millions of young people have and are coming to Christ. Young people, born, raised and educated under communism – which is all they have known; have never met, heard or seen a missionary in all their lives; yet today they are coming to Christ in enormous numbers. At the same time the government is trying to control the church as it must control everything. It is the nature of communism. The Marxist government has created a church organization called the Three-Self Patriotic Movement and all Christians are supposed to come under its authority. Many have, particularly in the large cities. Paul Kauffman, veteran missionary to China before the communist take-over,

told me in an interview for IN TOUCH, “there are between a hundred and a hundred and fifty churches open in China now and they are thronged.”

“I was in one city of China recently and I was told that in the villages surrounding the city there are over fifty thousand believers in the communes of that area. We know of many *communes* that are completely Christian. Now a commune could be composed of from fifty to sixty villages all under one leader. And so when you say that a commune is Christian you’ve got fifty villages all saying they are Christian. So it’s really quite a dynamic thing that one can’t credit to any current missionary’s effort but only to a sovereign move of God.”

The Three-Self Movement purports to represent all the Protestant Christians behind the Bamboo Curtain. Remembering similar claims by ‘state approved’ organizations in Eastern Europe I was immediately suspicious. The Three-Self policy demands self-support, self-propagation and self-government. On the surface this sounds good. If correctly implemented maybe an echo of the New Testament Church. It is probably a policy, part of which at least, that helped the Church to thrive in spite of severe persecution. But when policy was translated into a Movement and that movement is officially recognized by the atheist government then it became an instrument of control.

Bob Phillips took us to the refugee resettlement area of Kowloon. “During the 30 years of communist oppression fifty to sixty million Chinese were classified as undesirables by the authorities,” he said. “They fled to Hong Kong from a ruthless atheistic system where the government controls where you work, what you do, whom you marry and even the number of children you have. They control travel; even access to public buildings is controlled.”

How broad is the support for the Three-Self Movement and for whom does it really speak? A church leader we talked with in Guangzhou (Canton) indicated there were one million Christians in China today. His estimate was unrealistically low, perhaps reflecting only those in “officially” recognized churches. In fact, they speak for only a small fraction of the total church. Christopher Morris, of the Chinese Research Center in Hong Kong, believes it is less than twenty percent. Thus, the majority of China’s Christians do not have an official voice.

Many Christians in China say it was the Three-Self Movement, and not the government, that was responsible for the most severe repression of believers during the late 50's and through the mid-60's. The pattern is the same in Eastern Europe. Josif Tson has brilliantly documented the discrepancy between the "official" Baptist Union claims and the actual "facts of religious life" in Romania today. Georgi Vins reveals the Russian version of the same theme. Some would justify their compromise with the motive of keeping the full wrath of the Marxist atheist government from devouring the church. This argument would make all Christians the beneficiaries of their collaboration. That is a subtle part of satan's deception.

To summarize: the Three-Self Movement claims to speak for *all* of China's Christians which may well number over eight million, while at the same time acknowledging only one million. Even so, they have printed less than a hundred and thirty thousand Bibles (offset copies of the 1919 translation with the traditional script, which is no longer commonly used in China), and do not think it's a good idea for anyone else to attempt to supply the need. Paul Kauffman asks, "Should the large number of new Christians in China be denied the '*sincere milk of the Word*' just because the Three-Self Movement says it will 'eventually' supply the Scriptures?"

Young people in China have lost faith in the party and in Marxist ideology. The Cultural Revolution has backfired. Disillusionment is spreading. We may be witnessing the dawn of what might be called the post-Marxist era. This shattered faith in the communist system is resulting in large numbers of young people accepting Christ as Savior. As the atheistic government disapproves and clamps down it is actually accelerating the drive toward Christianity! They were, after all, brought up in an age of Revolution.

Remember when General MacArthur pleaded for missionaries to come to Japan after World War II? The youth were more reachable following the loss of faith in their Emperor. At the same time, in West Germany, we had no problem rallying thousands of German youth to hear the Gospel. But opportunities quickly fade. We may be rapidly approaching China's best hour for Evangelism. We must be ready!

Footnote:

In Hong Kong opinion seemed divided re the Sino-Soviet split. As far back as 1967, when General Ben Partin was still a Lieutenant Colonel at Maxwell Air Force Base, he wrote a position paper for the Pentagon in which he warned, “For military force structure planning purposes the Sino-Soviet conflict must be considered a hoax.”

I agree. The one, single, unifying common denominator among the communists is their undisputed drive toward world domination. For them ‘the end, justifies the means,’ so they would willingly lay aside traditional animosities to achieve their goal. If our military strategy assumes the validity of a Sino-Soviet split, our ‘force structure planning’ would be grossly inadequate to meet the combined challenge of the Marxist powers – China and the USSR.

One curious factor (as far as I’m concerned) is that one only hears in the West of the *alleged* split. I’ve never heard of it anywhere in the Eastern bloc countries or in the USSR or Red China. Russians could well fear the combination of China’s masses, plus U.S. technology now on the increase. Computer experts at IBM’s Thomas J. Watson Research Center have developed a keyboard with a capacity to represent more than two thousand characters. The objective is to bring Chinese data processing up to a *par* with the rest of the world. The Soviets see themselves as playing ‘Russian roulette’ on a technological tightrope. But in their books ideology takes precedent over technology and they may intend to use a combination of both to ‘bury us.’

The Chinese communist leaders are aware of the Western game in which the “China Card” is to be played at the appropriate moment. Although they resent being *used* they have simply been waiting until their own house is in order before playing the game themselves. Following the death of Brezhnev, Sino-Soviet leaders showed more interest in rapprochement between Moscow and Peking. It is generally conceded that the rift is a legacy of pre-revolutionary nationalism and, although these feelings may linger, ideologically there’s hardly a kopecks difference between the two. I have long been convinced that the so-called ‘Sino-Soviet split’ is a hoax.

Meanwhile, World Bank President (A. W. “Tommy” Clausen) wants the American taxpayer to back over one billion dollars per year to finance infrastructure improvements in China, e.g. ports, transportation and

agricultural projects, without so much as a fortune cookie for collateral. With roads and bridges crumbling here in the US, many are wondering why we should build Deng's highway system and reward Marxist failure by continuing to subsidize the repression of China's masses.

Conclusion:

Despite the most horrendous persecution the Body of Christ has ever undergone the Church in China is stronger today than ever before. The most conservative estimate I heard was six million and it ranged as high as fifty million Christians.

The arrest of the "Gang of Four" points up a basic weakness in the whole communist system. "When the Chinese people talk about the 'Gang of Four,' they hold up five fingers," explained Paul Kauffman, "because they know there was a fifth one, and his name is Mao Tse Tung."

In the minds of the average Chinese person the Gang of Four represents the evils of communism rather than four scapegoats. It is the system, not necessarily those four individuals, that is wrong. The trial backfired and there is less confidence in the party today than at any time since the revolution in 1949.



Steadfast in the face of overwhelming aggression

“The Chinese people are going to change communism more than communism is going to change the Chinese people,” Kauffman declares. “The communist regime now has to begin producing for the benefit of the people or the people are not going to lay down and play dead.”

As the disillusionment with communist ideology spreads the Spirit of God is moving in to fill the vacuum. Today, more than ever, China needs and deserves your prayers.



Chapter 9

India – An Account of my First Visit - 1981

INDIA – that vast land stretching from the Khyber Pass to Calcutta... from Kashmir to Trivandrum. The land of the “Sahib” and the sacred cow – those grey skeletal beasts lowing down the street of every city, town and village in India. Here one sees men in sagging dhotis and flapping nightshirts; women in colorful saris, bare arms and feet jangling with bracelets on their wrists and ankles; Sikh soldiers in scarlet turbans; emaciated *sadhus* in orange and yellow loincloth; beggars thrusting out their stunted limbs hoping for a rupee or two. People. People! I’ve never seen so many people in all my life!

Our Anglo-Saxon profiles stood in stark contrast to the darker, more somber Indian faces. I was overwhelmed with the poverty of the most destitute masses on the globe. Dressed in loincloth and sandals, the streets are alive with living successors to Kipling’s *Gunga Din* with “nothing much before and rather less than ‘arf o’ that behind.”

The Christians gave us a royal welcome. The first night of the crusade in Delhi we were garlanded with *leis*. Little Indian maidens hung them carefully around our necks, and then retreated after a polite curtsy. Meetings here in the nation’s capital were among the most fruitful on our entire trip. The place was packed and quite a number of souls came to Christ each night. There seemed to be a genuine hunger for the Word of God.

It is well documented that St. Thomas came to India with the Gospel in the first century. After that, perhaps the best-known missionary was William Carey a converted cobbler who came out from England during the latter part of the eighteenth century. In the meantime, the two major religions to develop on the subcontinent were Islam and Hinduism.

India received its independence from Britain in August 1947. And the long smoldering problem erupted like Mt. St. Helen scattering its fallout far and wide. The root of the problem was the age-old antagonism between India’s three hundred million Hindus and a hundred million Muslims. Unwilling to live as a ‘minority’ group after Britain’s withdrawal, the Muslim leaders demanded an Islamic State of their own.

An Indian Moslem graduate student, Rahmat Au, living in Cambridge, England, first articulated the idea of a separate Islamic State in 1933. He even had a name for the new state based on the names of the provinces that would compose it. Carved out of northwest India, where the Muslims were dominant, the Punjab, Kashmir, Sind, The Frontier and Baluchistan... it was *PAKISTAN* – meaning, ‘land of the pure.’

Failure to give them their state would result in the bloodiest civil war in Asian history they warned. Equally determined to resist their demand were the leaders of the Congress Party representing India’s three hundred million Hindus. To them the division of the subcontinent would be a mutilation of their historic homeland. Britain was trapped between these two irreconcilable demands.

The barrier to Hindu-Muslim understanding is both religious and social. Islam is based on a man – Mohammed – and his text, the Koran. Hinduism is a religion without a founder or “revealed” truth or establishment. For Islam the creator stands apart from his creation...to the Hindu he is a part of it and can be worshipped in almost any form he chooses from animals to ancestors.

Hinduism’s natural form of expression is idolatry and his temple is a kind of spiritual shopping center; a cluster of goddesses with snakes coiling from their heads, six-armed gods with their fiery tongues, elephants with wings talking to the clouds, jovial little monkeys and dancing maidens... the exact opposite of a spare, solemn mosque where idols are abhorrent and the only decorations permitted are the ninety-nine names their god.

The caste system originated somewhere back in antiquity and gave order to Hindu society from Brahmans (the highest caste) to the Harijan – untouchables. By contrast, Islam’s fraternal embrace drew millions of converts to the mosques of India’s mogul rulers. The vast majority were Dalits, ‘untouchables’ seeking an acceptance their own faith denied them until some distant reincarnation. It was among these people that Nobel Peace Prize winner, Mother Teresa (born Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu), labored for Christ.

A cherished conviction shared by every Englishman in India from the highest to the lowest – from Viceroy to batboy – was that he belonged to ‘a race, which God had destined to govern and subdue.’ The loss of eight hundred and eighty thousand members of that race in the trenches of

World War I wrote an end to that conviction. A whole generation of young men who might have controlled the frontier, administered the lonely districts or galloped their polo ponies was left behind amid the poppies in Flanders Field.

There are seven hundred thousand unreached villages in India. Hinduism teaches that the poor will always be poor – it's their fate. While our Lord Jesus said they'd always be with us, He did have a special blessing for the poor and gave them hope – a hope we longed to share with India's masses.

David and Mary Lamb in Calcutta share that vision. It was my privilege to spend a couple of days with them and to preach to their young people. They have a multifarious program including a school, clinic and church all designed to reach people for Christ. Together they feed over three hundred children every day. David requests prayer for a co-worker for his fifteen-hundred-student work; someone to work with young people to disciple them. He said there is trouble with the bank; money sent from the States is not being released.

To make sure I would never forget the spiritual needs of his beloved Calcutta he took me to an area called Tangara. We visited the Kaligat Temple, named for Calcutta's 'patron saint' Kali, the Hindu goddess of destruction – a fiery-tongued ogress garlanded with coils of writhing snakes and human skulls.

Here over three million human beings live in a chronic state of undernourishment – existing on a daily caloric intake inferior to that of Stalin's death camps. They live on the streets – I mean by that they have no other place to live. Every bodily function necessary to life, from eating to defecating, is performed in full view of other miserable wretches sharing their circumstances. I believe it is impossible to visit Calcutta and come away without a broken heart.

When our Lord wept over Jerusalem it was their spiritual poverty that He was concerned with. You get the same feeling in India today. One veteran missionary told us that, "beneath the polished halos of outward piety there beats a stubborn heart of obstinate intransigence. This is due in part," he said, "to the *caste* system from which they have not been emotionally emancipated."

David MacNaughtan, an Australian missionary living in Bangalore and

working with Gospel Recordings, told me, “Money has corrupted things here in India. The Bible Society is being torn apart by embezzlement. There are cases of swindling and problems of immorality.” Commenting on the overall situation he observed, “the task is so big ... what we need most is prayer.”

Many Christian leaders feel a growing concern over the lack of integrity – how to get Christians to be honest. Muslim and Hindu have no tradition of integrity. One Christian national told me, “You don’t understand. After almost two thousand years of Christianity we are basically still Hindu.”

Part of the problem is an acute lack of teaching Biblical principles to new converts. Rajah Theyagaraj, evangelist with Global Outreach, feels there is a “great need for follow-up. We need a van,” he said. “With it we could double or triple our outreach.” The van project would cost approximately \$15,000. It would carry nine people and equipment and go a long way toward solving the problem of follow-up.

Rajah has recently purchased 4½ acres of land southwest of Madras for a Global Outreach Bible Training Center. At the moment they have two families for staff. Target date to start classes – June 1983.

After the meeting in Bangalore one evening I counseled a man who came forward. His name is Devanbu, his job – Superintendent of distribution of food and grain for India. “I should have done this years ago,” he said. “I’ve had such a burden of sin.” Pray for him; he could be a key instrument in the hands of God.

There were lighter moments, too. On the first night of the Bangalore crusade the first one forward at the appeal was an old hound dog. Against the background of “Just As I Am,” he came – fleas and all! The next night he was back again, this time on the platform with the choir, at the feet of Bill Williams the director. It’s always encouraging to see ‘new converts’ getting involved but the best was yet to come. He turned up on the third night and brought a friend! Together they trotted down the aisle at the invitation. Given the Hindu belief in reincarnation we wondered if maybe he’d missed his opportunity in some past life and was making amends in this one!

As we landed in Bangalore I noticed Russian MiG fighters parked on the access ramp. The handiwork of Mikojan-Gurewitsch, the Russian aerospace aircraft designer was evident even here in the Garden City. It

was a graphic reminder of India's close ties militarily with the Soviets. Given Russia's covetous eye on Indian Ocean seaports, which led to wooing India with military aid, and couple that with the traditional animosity between 'Hindu' India and 'Moslem' Pakistan and you have a ready-made script for a grand Soviet adventure on the subcontinent. It also brings into focus the anti-American mood in India, because of increased US aid to Islamic Pakistan.

Conclusion – A strange world mingles here; snake charmers and fortunetellers, beggars and tourists, the destitute and dying of a cluttered metropolis. David MacNaughtan is right: the task is so big; what India needs most, is **prayer**.

PART 3 In Touch Mission International

At the turn of the decade into the 1980s it became obvious that working with Global Outreach was not a practical arrangement due to the great distance between Buffalo, New York and Phoenix, Arizona and the difficulty of transferring funds for overseas trips in a timely manner. We mutually decided it would be best for all parties concerned to part company, which we did in an amicable manner.

I was still reluctant to begin another mission organization. Overcoming the initial inertia and organizing the multitude of small details of such an endeavor is monumental. Of course God had all that in mind when he gave me a wife whose "gift" is organization. Harriett and I share a common burden to serve persecuted Christians in communist countries. Putting them in contact with Christians in America by telling their story of victory in Jesus Christ over ruthless oppression was a worthwhile goal.

At the 'burning bush' in the wilderness, God answered Moses' reluctance to return to Egypt and his various objections of inadequacy with a question: "*What is that in your hand?*" Exodus 4:2 It was a simple shepherd's rod to prod wayward sheep. What was in my hand? It was a simple microphone to record the testimonies of those tortured for Christ.

A vision began to take shape. It was another definite nod from God. There would be two more in the next 28 years. The Lord had put it upon my heart to launch ***In Touch Mission International***, (ITMI) named after my daily radio program ***In Touch***.



Oradea, Romania

Choosing the Altar

The Lord's timing and testing are marvelous in our eyes. One month after launching ITMI, with a gala Inaugural Banquet in Tempe, Arizona, we were in Canada for an eight-day, pre-Easter Missions Conference at the Bethel Baptist Church in Calgary, Alberta. Harriett and I had driven up from Arizona at the invitation of Pastor John Tiebe, whom I'd met five months earlier on a mission trip to India.

We arrived in Calgary mid-afternoon on Saturday and checked in to the motel where our friends had arranged hospitality. Shortly after I awoke on Sunday morning, crushing chest pains dropped me to my knees. Harriett recognized the seriousness of the attack and reacted instantly with a life-saving phone call to the paramedics. Within three minutes they were there, attaching monitor leads and starting medication, then I was on my way to the hospital just over a mile away.

The next four days were a blur. I remember doctors and nurses almost constantly at my side; oxygen tubes in my nose, IV's in my arm, monitor hookups taped to my chest...and my darling wife, always there. She read from Romans 12:1, "***...present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service.***"

Every sacrifice must have an altar. I remembered Josif Tson's words to me after his long ordeal with the communist police interrogation in Ploesti, "...we are God's army of lambs." Then Harriett came up with the crown jewel: "Honey," she said, "we can't always choose where the altar will be."

That was it! Obviously I would not have chosen to drive three days north to be put on an altar the first day of a mission conference to which I'd looked forward so eagerly, for so long. Nor could I have chosen a better place! Foothills Hospital is one of the largest teaching hospitals in Canada, well known for superior cardiac care and the Church had arranged hospitality for us in a motel just one mile away. This was the Lord's doing.

Now, one week later, it was Palm Sunday. The temperature in Calgary, Alberta was 2° Fahrenheit, with several inches of fresh snow and partly cloudy skies. From the Intermediate Care Unit of Foothills Hospital, I

looked out the window in my room on the tenth floor at the handsome city spread out neatly below. I had been transferred the day before to this room from cardiac care, where I had spent the previous week. It was the first positive signal of my improvement since the massive heart attack hit me unexpectedly one week ago.

Unexpectedly? Perhaps, but the Lord had been quietly preparing us even during the three days as we drove north. Harriett read aloud to me from Exodus 18 the part where Jethro, Moses' father-in-law, urged him to delegate responsibility. We'd also been listening to some tapes about the U.S. Constitution by Freeman Institute's founder, W. Cleon Skousen, in which he quoted the same passage to support the foundation for our nation's most important document. We both agreed that I should pay closer attention to this Biblical principle.

Palm Sunday marked our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. Before Him was Calvary – an altar He had not avoided. Palm Sunday 1982 found me in Calgary, on an altar He had graciously arranged both for my good and for His glory. It was a triumph too as the prayers of many Christian friends prevailed. The extensive damage ruled out by-pass surgery. In layman terms there was only half a heart left. I determined then and there, with God's help, not to do things half-heartedly.

Even though we cannot 'choose' where the altar will be, it is our privilege to be 'living sacrifices' and we agree that it is a 'reasonable service.'



With Ian Smith, the Prime Minister of Rhodesia

His Touch

Following my heart attack in March 1982, the road to full recovery was longer than I anticipated and severely tested my patience. I had no alternative but to “wait” on the LORD. It was the waiting that helped me to focus solely on God and to see more clearly the new plan He had for my life.

The Apostle John, cut off from Christian friends and exiled to the Patmos Gulag, saw Jesus, but not as he’d known Him before. He was different now; white hair, blazing eyes, feet of hot glowing bronze. This was a far cry from the One who’d taught them about God as they strolled the Galilean shores...who’d taken little children into His arms and blessed them. And the face – the face John last remembered was bruised from Centurion blows; the beard was partially plucked out. Blood from thorn-wounds ran down His face and mingled with the sweat from Golgotha’s heat and the spittle of a mocking crowd.

John remembered the tenderness in His eyes and the softness in His voice when, from Calvary’s elevation, He made provision for Mary. “***Dear woman, here is your son.***” Now the eyes were on fire. Now the voice was like a trumpet blast and flowing like rushing waters.

John didn’t recognize Him at first. When Jesus appears without the familiar characteristics – the stereotypes we think of – the Revelation to us can be a knock-out blow. John fell down “*at His feet as though dead.*” But John soon knew the touch of His right hand. It was the same familiar hand that had broken bread and fish to satisfy the hungry multitude, or stretched out to still the angry waves, or gently touched a leper to make him clean or a blind man to give him sight. That same right hand that was pierced to purchase our pardon. And now, that familiar voice, “***Do not be afraid. I am the First and the Last. I am the Living One. I AM!***” Fear is always banished with His touch.

The first seven weeks following my Calgary hospital experience were like that. Sometimes His touch came in the form of a visit from the pastor, or a phone call. It often came in the form of a card or letter and sometimes with a gift to “help with the extra expenses.” Each time it was unmistakably

His touch and we were unimaginably grateful to each friend who allowed his or her hand to be His.

Results of the first stress test were “fair” and showed “limited effort tolerance.” My cardiologist wanted an inside look and ordered a cardiac catheterization. The verdict was “surgery not indicated.” Once again, I felt His touch!

A significant period of recuperation lay ahead, but the tide had turned. Overseas mission trips were put on “hold,” but projects were promoted from our Tempe base.

When the disciples saw Jesus, walking on the water, there was no shore in sight – no apparent goal. The only resource they had was the absolute assurance that He was there with them in the midst of the storm. He shared their difficult circumstances; everything else was all right.

A physical storm hit my life in March. Prior to that I thrived on fourteen-hour days. Now, by mid-August, it was difficult to manage four straight hours, and there was still the same amount of work to do as before. I had to rethink my priorities. It was difficult to see anything but the waves that threatened to overwhelm me. Then, in my mind’s eye, I saw Jesus – walking on the water. I felt the wind of circumstances and looked at the waves of opposition, but Jesus was absolutely on top of everything and in control.

The very thing that threatened to be over my head... was already under His feet!

His voice: “*My sheep hear My voice.*”



Remote airfield in Eastern Slovakia

Chapter 12

The Falklands War

What was happening in your life at this time? Do you remember the events of March and April 1982? To help jog your memory [unless that was before you were born], here's an historical bookmark and my 'take' on the events as I contemplated them from my hospital bed in Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

In Bible-speak the situation would read like this: *“In the fifteenth month of the reign of Ronald Reagan, President of the United States, Margaret Thatcher being Prime Minister of Great Britain, François Mitterrand the President of France and Helmut Schmidt the Chancellor of West Germany, Leopoldo Galtieri, President of Argentina, gathered all his forces together – warships and aircraft – and besieged Port Stanley and made war against the Falklands.”*

That was the geo-political line-up in April 1982. The context of the Falklands war was set amidst international intrigue. The highly selective application of President Carter's "human rights" policy had pushed a politically unstable Argentina toward the outstretched arms of the Russian bear. With some eighty percent of her exports going to the Soviet Union, one expected to see Marxist influence increase in the Argentine.



HMS Ardent takes a direct hit from the Argentine Air Force.

Earlier that year President Reagan had given Argentina a chance to redeem herself by supporting a covert operation in communist Nicaragua, thus taking some of the pressure off El Salvador. The Soviets saw an opportunity and jumped at it. Kibitzing their latest Latin partner in the international chess game, they suggested a move against the Falklands for which there was a longstanding claim by the Argentinians.

The implication was that Russia would back Galtieri. In reality, the Kremlin wanted to draw a major part of the Royal Navy eight thousand miles away from its maritime commitment to NATO, thus making it easier for Soviet subs to interdict western sea-lanes around Europe. This would be an incalculable advantage to the Warsaw Pact armies should they decide to move west in the spring of 1982.

In the final analysis, the only ones to benefit from an all-out war between Argentina and Britain would be the communists. An Argentinian victory would demoralize Britain, bring down the Conservative Party and weaken NATO. A British victory would discredit the Argentine military *junta* and give added strength to the local underground communist movement. As one observer put it, "Russia doesn't have to take sides in order to win this inopportune crisis."

It was a classic Moscow move: attack, seize control and then show a willingness to negotiate. The standard communist philosophy, "What's mine is mine and what's yours is negotiable." Meanwhile, the Kremlin reasoned that Reagan could hardly denounce Galtieri for overt aggression in the South Atlantic while counting on him for the covert kind in Central America.



Confronted with such difficulties as supply lines stretched across a third of the world, Whitehall must have weighed up the alternatives to an all-out war. Britain could have announced a sea 'blockade' and maritime insurance companies would suspend coverage of all commercial

shipping in and out of Argentine ports. This would have brought the country to its economic knees without firing a shot. They could have destroyed the primitive airstrip in the Falklands, cutting off supplies for Galtieri's army. Remote parts of the Island could have been secured by the highly trained SAS troops to give the Brits a base for their jump jet aircraft.



Just prior to all of this, an off-the-record remark by a British government official, suggested that his government was “not interested in the Falklands, that they were a political and military embarrassment and that the sooner the problem was out of the way, once and for all, the better.” This unfortunate ‘leak’ dramatized how disastrously out of touch the British Foreign Office was with the Prime Minister and the House of Commons. The Argentine government totally misread the British position. Nor did they anticipate the ‘Iron Lady’s’ mighty military move.

This bungle led to the resignation of the Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, which was probably the best thing to come out of the short-lived war. Carrington, remember, was the betrayer of Rhodesia in the late 1970s, along with the US State Department, to Zimbabwe’s Robert Mugabe and his Chinese-trained Communist comrades.

Acting on this disinformation, Argentinian military forces landed in the Falkland Islands on April 2, 1982, capturing the British owned territory in two days. In response, the United Kingdom dispatched a naval and amphibious task force to the area from ports in England and Gibraltar, probably with regrets for having previously abandoned their magnificent naval facility in Simonstown, South Africa. The initial phases of the conflict occurred mainly at sea between elements of the Royal Navy and the Argentinian Air Force.

The Falklands are an important South Atlantic gateway guarding the strategic Cape Horn chokepoint at the southernmost tip of South



HMS Sheffield struck
by an EXOCET missile.

America. This incursion took the British by surprise, but plans had been underway in Buenos Aires for some time to *liberate* the disputed territory they called Islas Malvinas, and had claimed for many years.

Winston Churchill once said, “There is no such thing as ‘friendly nations’ – only those with mutual interests.” Did the mutual interest of the United States and Britain extend to the uttermost corner of England’s anachronistic empire? The U.S. was bound by its NATO agreement to be ‘in’ from the start if one of the European allies was attacked, but did that coverage extend beyond the European theater? If so, why didn’t we help France in Algeria, or Belgium in the Congo, or Portugal in Mozambique and Angola?

Many felt that the United States could have played a much more useful role to both Britain and Argentina by remaining truly neutral. By coming down firmly on the side of a European colonial power the United States succeeded in furthering the long-standing Communist objective of ‘isolating’ this country from the rest of our Latin America neighbors in this hemisphere.

Viewed from my hospital bed in Canada, I reasoned: “Winter is coming on in the South Atlantic, and with it, sixty-mile winds and thirty foot waves. Both sides will weary before long, but ‘Limey’ morale is more likely to endure and my guess is the *gauchos* will get up and go.” And that’s what happened. It just took a little longer than I expected.

Footnote: When the full record of what happened in the Falklands finally came to light it revealed that Britain was very rapidly running out of steam. There were less than six rounds of ammunition per rifle when the UK and Argentinians faced each other to sign the cease fire. The British were so anxious that there be no last minute delays they agreed to the Argentinian request of “no photographs” at the signing in Port Stanley. (BBC)

Chapter 13

Visit with a European King in Exile

March 1987, Harriett and I arrived in South Africa for two months of meetings, Dr. Ed Cain met us at the airport. On the way home to Pretoria, he handed me a copy of the itinerary he had arranged. I noticed we were booked for “tea” one afternoon with “King Leka and Queen Susan of Albania.” I asked Ed, “Is this a joke?”

“No” he said, “I met them last month at a Conference of leaders here. They were exiled from Albania when the communists took over in 1946 and are living Bryanston, southwest of Pretoria now. They were lucky. Several Royal families were executed. There are more Albanians living abroad in exile than in Albania. King Leka is their recognized leader of opposition to the communists. I told him of your visit this month and of your twenty-six years of ministry in Eastern Europe. He expressed a desire to meet you, so I set up an opportune time on your itinerary.”

I had never met a king before, although I’ve been a believer in and follower of the King of kings since September 1948. During the next few days I boned-up on the proper protocol for just how to address a monarch. “Your Majesty,” was about as much as I could manage without being disrespectful.



Queen Susan and King Leka

On the appointed day, we arrived at the Royal Compound and were greeted by five very serious boxer dogs and two Thai, Gurkha-type guards. They were courteous and thorough as they checked our identification, then with broad smiles opened the gate.

King Leka and his beautiful Australian-born wife Queen Susan received us graciously, even warmly and completely disarmed us of any preconceived notion of not being genuinely welcomed. It was extraordinary how quickly we bonded and astonishing what a multitude of things we had in common – not least of which was a personal experience of living under communism.



King Leka was slim and regal in height, one inch under seven feet. It was impossible not to look up to him. Queen Susan was the perfect hostess, politely dismissing the servants after they brought in the refreshments, and then pouring tea – first for the guests and then for her husband and herself.

“Afternoon Tea” is traditionally at 4p.m., lasts from thirty to forty-five minutes and usually consists of polite chitchat about trivia. I fully expected that to be the limit of our visit. After what seemed to be ten minutes I noticed the sun had settled on the horizon and was about to disappear. I glanced at my watch, it was 6p.m! We had been seriously engaged in two hours of in-depth, geo-strategic conversation about world affairs.

Thinking perhaps we had long overstayed our invitation for ‘tea.’ I made an apology and appropriate body language to signal our departure.

“Must you go now?” the king asked. “We have only just begun. Perhaps you have another engagement this evening?” I assured him that we were free for the evening, but did not wish to trespass on his gracious hospitality.

“Nonsense,” he replied, “we are delighted you’ve come. Please stay, and may we dispense with this ‘your Majesty’ business; I’m ‘Leka,’ may I call you ‘Bill?’” We were, in a very real sense, first name friends from that moment on.

Later, in response to my enquiry concerning his religious faith, he said, “Susan is Anglican and I am Muslim, but not a serious one. Many years ago, when the Ottoman Empire swallowed up Albania, we were told that if we converted to Islam we wouldn’t have to pay taxes.” He paused for a moment’s reflection. “I guess you could say that I am just a ‘tax-dodger.” All four of us exploded with laughter.

In royal protocol I suppose it’s up to the regal host to indicate when a visit has concluded. It was around 9p.m. when King Leka tactfully said, “Before you go, let me show you my office.” It was full of the latest high-tech means of

communication. He was in constant contact with all the Albanian leaders in *diaspora* around the world. Thousands lived in Boston, and many in the Far East. I noticed he had a Tele-type machine and made a note of the number.



Queen Susan, King Leka and Queen Mother Geraldine of Albania.

As we left, King Leka insisted that we come again at the end of our two-month visit to South Africa. “We’ll have a *braai*,” (African equivalent of a cook-out) he said. “I’m quite a good cook you know.” We all laughed and agreed on a mutually suitable date.

When we got back to Ed’s home in Pretoria later that evening, I asked him if I could use his Tele-type machine. I wrote a “Thank you” note to our royal hosts in appreciation for their gracious hospitality and our sincere pleasure in getting to know them. I closed by saying, “Harriett and I both agree that you are the most delightful tax-dodgers we’ve ever met!”

This was the first of many visits with King Leka and Queen Susan on subsequent trips to South Africa. On one occasion the king had other visitors he wanted me to meet: some top SADF (South African Defence Force) military personnel from Pretoria.

It was rumored at that time that South Africa had developed and tested an atomic weapon. I wondered if it was true, but you can’t just go up to a military leader and bluntly ask, “Has South Africa got the bomb?” My curiosity trumped inhibition and I asked one of the Generals, “Sir, it’s common knowledge that South Africa joined with Israel in developing a nuclear weapon. I’m curious as to how you tested it.” I was ready for some plausible denial, but his response was startling: “It wasn’t easy,” he said.

He explained that the test had to be in the atmosphere, preferably during an intense thunderstorm off the coast from Cape Town. “We knew the footprint of the American Vela 5A satellite in north-south orbit

around the earth and calculated the exact time it would be overhead, but it needed to coincide with a Cape storm while the Vela was on the opposite side of the earth.” He went on to confirm, “We were ready 24/7 for several weeks for that strategic combination of circumstances.”

Patience paid off. When the time was right, the test was made near South Africa’s Prince Edward Island in the Indian Ocean, some thirteen hundred miles southeast of Cape Town. The Vela picked it up and within an hour the Pentagon was in touch with Pretoria, “What’s going on?”

They replied, “Yes, no there’s a big electrical storm in that area just now!”

“Roger, thanks, just checking.” They probably knew, but looked the other way.

Footnote: A few years later in early 1994, before the elections in South Africa that handed the country over to the communist ANC, the white government in Pretoria dismantled all six of the SADF’s nuclear weapons in their arsenal and destroyed all the plans and equipment used to manufacture them.



Chapter 14

The Betrayal of South Africa

It was during the latter stages of *apartheid*. After years of media slander and lies about South Africa, the U.S. Congress finally passed a bill in 1986 to put ‘Sanctions’ on our beleaguered ally in two World Wars and unquestionably our best friend on the Dark Continent. President Ronald Reagan promptly vetoed the bill when it came to his desk for signature. It was the right and noble thing to do although he didn’t get the Nobel Prize for doing it.

The press went berserk. A campaign was mounted to denigrate any Republican who dared to oppose the unjust bill. Eventually, through constant intimidation, a sufficient number of RINOs (Republicans In Name Only) were persuaded to sign the bill and it went back to Reagan’s desk with a veto-proof majority. The swing vote was cast by Arizona’s Senator, John McCain, who crossed the aisle and voted with the Democrats.

It was October – springtime in South Africa. The jacaranda trees were in full bloom in Pretoria. I was serving as a missionary in South Africa and in that nation’s capital at the time. I knew what this meant to the ordinary common man-on-the-street. Later that same month I was in our nation’s capital and visited the office of Senator John McCain, on Capitol Hill. I’d known him for several years, having met him at our church in Tempe. I asked him, “John, why did you cross the aisle and vote with the Democrats to override your President’s veto?”

His response, “Well Bill, they’re just not moving fast enough [to abolish *apartheid*].”

“John, that is nonsense. They’ve made more progress in race relations during the nine-years I’ve been working there than we have in the past twenty-five years since the Civil Rights movement began. The US should send a delegation to Pretoria to see how they do it.”



President Ronald Reagan

Turns out, Mr. McCain had never been to South Africa (at that time) and was therefore at an informational and experiential disadvantage.

“Your sanctions John, will not seriously disadvantage one single white man in South Africa,” I admonished, “but hundreds of thousands of hardworking black men, each of whom has on average ten mouths to feed, will



Fidel Castro of Cuba

be out of work. You don't have to live with the consequences of what you advocate, John – they do. And that's immoral.”

What if...

- Politicians were held responsible, accountable and liable for decisions they make?
- Congressmen and Senators were *not* immune from their legislative action / follies and had to live with (under) the consequences of policies they advocate?
- Politicians faced legal action for failed policies, un-kept promises + outright lying,
- ... and therefore had to have malpractice insurance?
- We the people could file a 'class action' lawsuit against – Obama, Pelosi and Reid for destroying our economy, for bankrupting the USA and saddling our grand-children with an unbearable debt load that will make them slaves of the state.
- Politicians actually read the bills before cramming them down our throats? What a novel idea! O happy thought.

A Letter that changed our lives, Forever

Around that time we received a prayer letter from Africa via a mutual contact in London, England. Lady Elizabeth Arbuthnot was on the mailing list of a missionary by the name of Peter Hammond and sent me a copy of his Frontline Fellowship newsletter. My secretary, Judy, read all my correspondence that came in each day and sorted the letters in appropriate stacks for my attention. When I arrived at the office that morning Peter's letter was on the middle of my desk with a little yellow post-it note by Judy which read, "Must read." So naturally that was the first thing I read that morning. When I read the adventures and the faith of this young man in his missionary outreaches to the countries in Africa, I wept. I didn't think there were missionaries left anywhere, with that kind of sincere dedication to our Lord Jesus Christ. First of all I wrote to thank Lady Arbuthnot for forwarding the letter and then requested Peter Hammond to put me on his mailing list. This began a correspondence that lasted for several years until I was actually able to meet Peter on his home turf in Cape Town, South Africa.

Little did I know at that time that just a few years down the road, not only would Frontline Fellowship become a sister-mission to In Touch Mission International, but also that I would have the privilege of welcoming Peter into our family as our son-in-law. My daughter Lenora's trek from Austria to Africa and how she met her future husband, Dr. Peter Hammond, is 'a book' in itself.



Peter preaching in Jamba, Cuando Cubango, Angola



Timisoara, Romania, after the Christmas Revolution, 1989



Bulgaria: "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism" "God is love."

Chapter 15

Lenora's Introduction to Africa

Lenora and I left for South Africa on February 9th 1988. A last minute schedule change by SAA (South African Airlines) resulted in our flying to London rather than Frankfurt. To compensate, SAA up-graded us to Business Class, which was very nice considering it was a seventeen-hour flight from London to Johannesburg, including a refueling stop in Abidjan, Ivory Coast.

Ed Cain met us at Jan Smuts International Airport and took us to his home in Pretoria, where we recovered from the jet lag and had ministry over the weekend in local churches. Our itinerary for this trip was arranged by Reverend Harold Peasley, director of Evangelism Explosion III.

Our schedule included a week at Etembini, in the Orange Free State. We worked with the Baptist WOW (Win Our World) Team in preparation for their nationwide ministry in the winter – June, July and August. The meetings were blessed of God, and on one day there was a real outpouring of His power. The meeting continued long after I had finished speaking, with young people testifying to things put right in their lives and a general spirit of re-dedication. It was mealtime, but no one wanted to go to the dining hall. Testimonies were spontaneous, prayer extemporaneous and then suddenly they would all break forth in song. It was quite moving and very sincere. This was part of the Holy Spirit's preparation for them to move out across Southern Africa with the only message that can change lives and resolve the complex problems of a multi-racial, international country.

Next followed a weekend of ministry back in the Transvaal before going on to KwaSizabantu in Eastern Natal. This is the epicenter of the Revival that Dr. Kurt Kock documented in his book, *“God Among the Zulus.”* We had approximately twelve hundred in attendance each night at KSB, with the message interpreted into Zulu and German. (* For more about KwaSizabantu: Please refer to insert at the end of this chapter.)

During the week we made treks to outposts of the mission in Tugela Ferry, Efaya Sandspruit and Mtunzini. I was amazed at how successful the communists have been at infiltrating these remote areas. Many told

us of the extravagant promises made. “That farmhouse will be mine after the revolution!” one man told us; not realizing the same house had been promised to a hundred others. “I’ll drive a Mercedes, and shop for free at the grocery store,” another confidently affirmed. My heart was breaking. They were truly “*as sheep without a shepherd.*”

The Lord gave me a message on 2 Peter 2:19, “*While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the (slaves) of corruption.*” You could literally see the people turn from darkness and lies to light and truth. One tribal Chief testified publically, “Now for the first time I can see that Christ is The Way.”

Next we ministered at the Durban Bible College. The students were very receptive. After I expounded the Word in a devotional time, they asked me questions relating to communism and the threat it poses to South Africa. I shared with them our experiences in Eastern Europe. The Principal has asked me to return next year for their annual Bible and Mission Conference. It is a great opportunity. These young people are literally the future hope of the nation.

Lenora drove most of the way back to the Transvaal – just over five hundred kilometers (three hundred miles). I wanted to be sure she was comfortable driving on the *wrong* side of the road! The only thing she complained about was the awkwardness of shifting gears with her left hand.

We had a full day of ministry to the military in Heidelberg. In the morning I spoke to some six hundred officers on “methods of communist infiltration.” During the Q&A session that followed I was able to present Christ as the answer to false ideology. We had dinner at the Officers Mess and afterwards the Base Commander presented me with a Regimental tie. In the evening I preached the Gospel to over two thousand new recruits (troopies) in the Protea Football Stadium. Many of these boys (average age nineteen) will see action in Angola, and some will never make it back home.

The next five days were booked with meetings in and around Johannesburg.

On Saturday afternoon we were invited for “tea” with King Leka and Queen Susan – exiled monarchs from Albania. Harriett and I visited them twice last year. Lenora and Queen Susan got on like a house on fire. They

invited us back for a *braai* (cookout). They are very interested in our work in the communist world.

From Johannesburg we flew to Windhoek, SWA/Namibia. Our long-time friend Herman van Wyk met us at the airport. He had arranged a full, action-packed week for us in South West, which included four days of ministry on the Border in Ovamboland, next to Angola. We ministered in several places including Ondangwa and Oshakati, where SWAPO terrorists had blown up the First National Bank (with the loss of twenty-seven lives) the week before.

My ministry was principally among the 53rd South African Infantry Battalion involved in *grensdiens* – border duty. These were the men who soundly thrashed the more than one thousand Russian troops in Angola just days before our arrival. Again, the Lord gave me such a heart to reach these young lads. I preached as a dying man to dying men.

From the operation zone we drove cross-country, stopping overnight at the Etosha Pan game reserve, to Swakopmund on the Atlantic coast. It's a delightful little town, built by Germans during the days of empire. Most of the people still speak German. We worked with Youth for Christ here and the Director wants Lenora to return and minister among the German-speaking youth. She is prayerfully considering this invitation, and plans to spend the last month of her current trip there.

We phoned the Mission office in Tempe from Swakopmund, and talked with Judy and Harriett. It was felt that if at all possible, Bill should abbreviate his trip and return early to Tempe, due to Harriett's health. He put the plan in motion immediately. Telephone calls were made to Cape Town, Johannesburg and Pretoria to cancel meetings and flight schedules were altered to move the trip forward by one full week. Lenora remained in Cape Town and covered one of the meetings that would otherwise been canceled.

Airline personnel were very understanding at every point along the way. No one charged the customary extra fee for rewriting the ticket, changing reservations etc. The TWA representative in Frankfurt upgraded me to "Ambassador Class" all the way back to Phoenix. This was very much appreciated after being up all night on the thirteen-hour-twenty-minute non-stop flight north from Johannesburg to Germany.

Lenora stayed in Cape Town, working with the Gospel Defence League, before going on to Namibia to fulfill her promise to YFC in Swakopmund.

KwaSizabantu (KSB) mission is approximately three thousand one hundred feet above sea level and twenty-five miles inland from the Indian Ocean. The mission station covers almost nine hundred acres of rich farmland previously used to raise sugar cane. Today there is a large community of buildings for housing, feeding, working, education and administration for the several hundred co-workers who live permanently on this mission station. There is a hospital without doctors, nurses or medicine. The Gospel is preached twice each day to the patients and there are some remarkable healings. There is no anointing with oil or laying on of hands. Those who are healed are not paraded out for inspection by the astonished masses. There is no ego-trip for the one who preaches. It's the Great Physician who heals in response to the proclamation of the Word of God.

They raise most of their own food from the crops planted along the gentle rolling hills overlooking the Tugela valley. They raise dairy and beef cattle. There is a chicken farm and a trout stream. There are approximately twenty-five agricultural projects here. Last year they exported almost thirty tons of kiwi fruit, five tons of honey and over twenty thousand boxes of avocados. They supply some of the large chain stores in South Africa with peppers (one ton a week), baby cabbage, spinach, broccoli, cauliflower and various kinds of jam. They wholesale fresh flowers to local florist's shops and supermarkets. In addition there is a dairy, a bakery and confectionery store, a noodle factory, a pottery shop, a carpenter shop, a machine shop, a print shop, a plant for bottling water for nationwide distribution and an air strip where small planes land and take off frequently, bringing visitors and sundry dignitaries to KSB. But most importantly, there is Revival here and it has been active since the mid-1960s.

Each night there is a service at 7 p.m. for the co-workers and visitors. The numbers attending vary nightly from five hundred to twelve hundred depending on the shifts being worked or the amount of visitors. The sermons are most frequently in English or Zulu and are translated by interpreters into German, French and Afrikaans.

Wedding Bells

Peter and Lenora – having heard so much about each other from mutual friends (who knew of the background and interest both had in the communist world) – **finally** met at a Missions Conference in Kimberley in March of 1988. Their friendship was instant and in time matured into love. Peter popped the question in November 1988, Lenora answered, “Yes!” and wedding bells rang on March 25 of the following year.

After ministering in Pretoria, Durban and the Transvaal during the spring of 1989, Harriett and I jetted to Cape Town to assist Lenora with wedding preparations.



The ceremony included hymn singing and preaching of the Word. Nuptials were concluded in the quaint little chapel of the Bible Institute at Kalk Bay, overlooking the beautiful Indian Ocean. A friend, who has a rose farm in the Cape Province, donated over four hundred long stemmed roses.

There was a strong feeling, shared by all, that God had prepared and kept these two young people to become one, and labor together in South Africa.

Going On . . . with a nod from God



25 March 1989

Chapter 17

Peter's Capture by Communists in Mozambique

Bad news is never welcomed. We prefer to live in a no-risk environment, wrapped in cotton wool and isolated from real world trauma, but the *real* world came crashing into our lives on Friday morning October 27, 1989.

It was 6:20 a.m. in Phoenix. I was engrossed with Jeremiah and only half way through my first cup of coffee when the phone rang. Our daughter Lenora was on the line from Cape Town, with the shattering news that Peter, her husband of six months, had been captured by a communist military patrol. He was on a mission with a group of six American medical personnel and his South African colleague, George Bezuidenhout.

The mission had been planned for several months at the request of David Courson, Director of Christian Emergency Relief Team (CERT), a California-based medical mission. Peter had been to Mozambique just two weeks prior to CERT's arrival to make final arrangements for setting up medical and dental clinics. The plan was to meet in Lilongwe, the capital of Malawi, a neutral land-locked country which borders Zambia, Tanzania and Mozambique.

It was Peter's understanding that the team would be composed of younger doctors and medical personnel who were physically capable of the arduous demands imposed by such a trip, which involved hiking long distances with heavy packs. The American team was made up of Dr. Fred Leist, a surgeon and his wife, Lucille (a nurse) from Washington State; Dr. John Cannon, a sixty-nine-year old dentist from Iowa; paramedics Steven Sherill (Pennsylvania) and Carol Roberts from New York. As they disembarked in Lilongwe, Peter realized that these dear people would not be able to walk into Mozambique.

Plan "B" was to minister in Malawi, especially in the camps near the border, where thousands of refugees from Mozambique had fled to escape the ravages of civil war. When communists control a country, people want to leave and they vote with their feet.

On Tuesday October 24, while engaged in humanitarian activities and meeting the needs of desperate, hurting people inside Malawi, the team were suddenly confronted by armed soldiers of Frelimo (Front for the



Liberation of Mozambique) the military wing of the communist government of Mozambique. They violated the sovereign territory of Malawi and abducted all eight missionaries at gunpoint.

Needless to say, Lenora's phone call changed our lives. We first of all called on the Lord, and asked Him what we should do.

Time was obviously of the essence. Everyone was in danger, but we felt the Americans would be released eventually when international pressure was brought to bear on the Mozambique government.

For Peter it was a different story. He had traveled often and widely in Mozambique as a missionary and had seen first-hand the unbelievable destruction and slaughter brought on by the Marxists. He had written honestly about what he had experienced. The authorities were furious that 'the truth was out,' and vowed to get him. He was traveling on a British passport and we were praying that the authorities would not put two and two together. He could easily be framed on a trumped up charge of "spying" and sentenced to death by firing squad. Literally his life was on the line, and the clock was ticking.

The next six days were a blur. By mid-afternoon Friday we had made and received over a hundred phone calls, printed a news release, been interviewed on radio, contacted Senators, Congressmen, the media and had mailed over a hundred and thirty-five letters requesting prayer for the team.

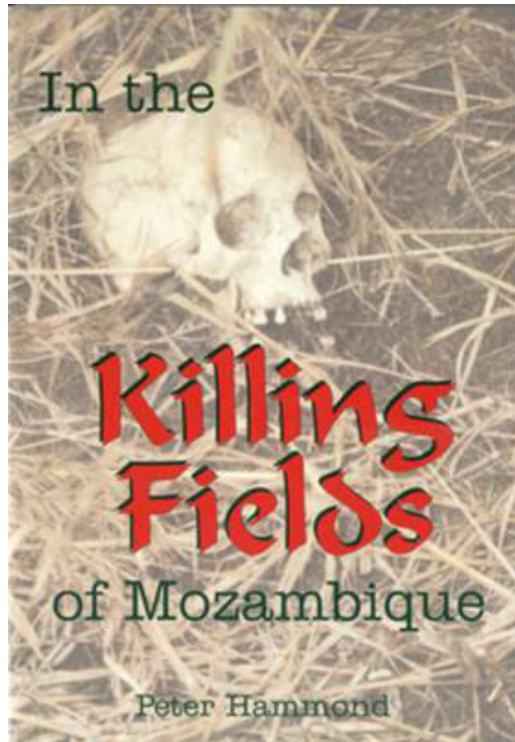
Momentum began to build. We worked closely with CERT to coordinate our endeavors. By Sunday the story had made the front page in many major newspapers. All four national networks carried details on TV.

Newspapers and broadcasts from neighboring communist countries like Zimbabwe, labeled him a spy and hailed the capture of Peter Hammond a great victory for the Marxist revolution. The heat was on and pressure building.

Meanwhile, Soviet military aircraft moved the team from Tete in the north to the infamous Machava prison in the northwest suburbs of Maputo, the capital of Mozambique. They were put in solitary confinement (in filthy, stinking, vermin-infested cells where rats – the size of cats – came through the bars) and interrogated separately. Their treatment was shameful and degrading, although this is denied by the communist government (naturally) and by the U.S. State Department who chose to believe the Marxist lies. (Whose side are you on guys?)

After interminable delays, the U.S. Ambassador, Melissa Wells, was eventually able to talk with the prisoners and secure their release. The team was then split up according to their nationality. After seven long and exhausting days in captivity, Peter was turned over to the British embassy and managed to get out by small, chartered plane only hours before the story broke as to his identity. The atheist communists are embarrassed when the spotlight of truth is turned on their dirty and shameful deeds.

Peter has repeatedly turned on that light.



SA Missionary in Angola

"God preserve us from shortsightedness"

As an one willing to shoulder the risk of a long and arduous journey to South Africa in 1982, a missionary from the United States of America, Dr. Peter Hammond, is now in Angola on a mission to evangelize the people of that country.

There was some opposition to his going, and having spent a considerable amount of time in the Congo, he is deeply disturbed by reports in the press - Angolan communists and

Rev. Hammond, founder of Fellowship which is a new movement that serves as a "arm" of Southern Africa, does not believe that the fact that UNITA has been the force of change here

Rev. Peter Hammond with UNITA leaders in Angola



Evidence of horror in Mozambique.

Missionary testifies to Frelimo slaughter

Witnesses have testified to the horror of the Mozambique slaughter. The Rev. Peter Hammond, a missionary from the United States of America, has testified to the horror of the Mozambique slaughter.

Disclosures of Marxist mass murders in Mozambique

The following is a testimony by a pastor in the Midwest area. In the beginning of July 1980, a pastor in the Midwest area testified to the horror of the Mozambique slaughter.

Ex-soldiers 'well suited' to tough missionary work

Ex-soldiers are well suited to tough missionary work. The Rev. Peter Hammond, a missionary from the United States of America, has testified to the horror of the Mozambique slaughter.



Rev. Peter Hammond

Missionaries detained by Zambia preach to MNR

Four missionaries were detained in Zambia and preached to the MNR. The Rev. Peter Hammond, a missionary from the United States of America, has testified to the horror of the Mozambique slaughter.

ABDUCTED

Missionaries taken over border at gunpoint. The Rev. Peter Hammond, a missionary from the United States of America, has testified to the horror of the Mozambique slaughter.

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captured by Frelimo

Soldiers seize missionary team. A missionary team was captured by Frelimo soldiers in Mozambique.

Bid to free missionary

Baptist minister is Frelimo's top captive. A Baptist minister is the top captive of Frelimo in Mozambique.

Missionaries tell of chilling week as war prisoners

Missionaries tell of a chilling week as war prisoners. The Rev. Peter Hammond, a missionary from the United States of America, has testified to the horror of the Mozambique slaughter.

ster ant

ster ant. A word or phrase that appears to be a typo or a fragment of text.

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in one of his Frelimo Fellowship activities. He has been captured by Frelimo soldiers in Mozambique.

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Chapter 18

Velvet Revolutions in Eastern Europe

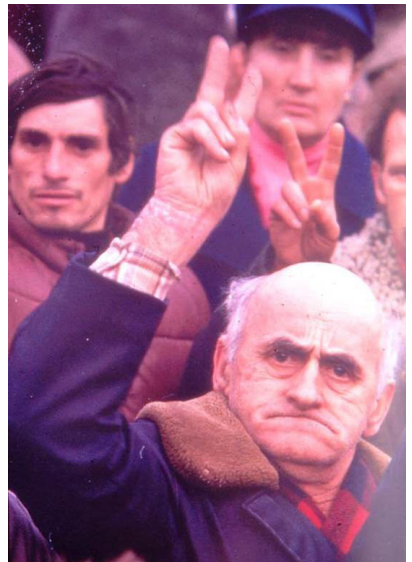
... what it teaches us today

1989 was a momentous year. Across the world, from Trafalgar to Tiananmen Square, voices long repressed began to be heard. Unrest became pandemic. Nation after nation began to shake off the shackles that had bound them and asserted their human rights. Those were *heady* days – at the close of the 1980s.

It is important to remember Mao Tse Tung's 'Doctrine of Contradictions,' which outlines the relationship between pressure and release. Pressure: the hammer swings down for contact with the nail. Release: the hammer is raised again in preparation for another blow. In the geo-strategic world of the Cold War these upward swings had popular names, like *détente*, *perestroika*, and *glasnost*. But they were part of the ongoing process of driving home the nail.

There was unrest in nations from the Baltic to the Balkans. Early in the year Yugoslavia showed signs of coming apart at the seams. Labor unrest and out-of-control inflation coupled with ethnic rivalries created widespread dissatisfaction with government. 'The land of the South Slavs' was created after World War I from leftover remnants of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It consisted of six republics, five nations, four languages, three religions, two alphabets and one political party – Communist. Dictator Josip Broz Tito was the glue that held it all together.

Mikhail Gorbachev signaled a warming trend in the Cold War as McDonald's opened in Moscow on Gorky Street. Accordingly he was the new darling in Western diplomatic circles. "He's a man I can do business with," cooed Margaret Thatcher. Gorbys' new word was *glasnost*.



Romania, December 1989

By March 1989 even some Russian citizens were beginning to believe the disinformation. Critics emerged from the underground ventilating unorthodox views and even organizing unofficial groups that could challenge the power and influence of the Communist Party. They made headlines in the western press, but at home their names were noted. They were brave souls who knew from experience they would be the first to disappear into a remote gulag when the hammer fell again.

Nationalists agitated in the Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. An unofficial movement called 'Memorial,' designed to document Stalin's atrocities and commemorate his victims, spread right across the USSR with chapters in a hundred and ten cities and towns. It became a platform for all manner of unrestrained discussions on public affairs.

By late spring the rising tide of dissatisfaction became a tsunami.

Some peaceful protests were brutally crushed. In the picturesque old Georgian capital of Tbilisi, along the gracious tree-lined Rustaveli Prospekt, *Spetsnaz* troops (select commando forces) were sent in the early morning of April 9, 1989 to attack unarmed demonstrators. Scores were killed and over seven thousand injured. French doctors from the respected *Medecins sans Frontieres* group confirmed, on the basis of 16 autopsies, that



Leipzig Prayer Vigil, 1989

the Soviet troops had used toxic CS gas (a suffocative vapor developed for battlefield use) to disperse the demonstrators. Tbilisi was then closed to foreign journalists and became a forerunner of Tiananmen Square two months later.

It was a long, hot summer. There were mass demonstrations from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Miners went out on strike across six time zones from Siberia to the Ukraine. Estonians joined hands with Latvians and Lithuanians to protest the illegal Hitler-Stalin pact of 1939 which handed their countries over to the Red Czar.

In East Germany (DDR), two-thirds of the *volk* watched West German TV every day. In late 1988 voices were heard demanding what President Reagan had earlier challenged, “Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this Wall!”

The Czechs were skeptical at first. They reasoned, “If *glasnost* is for real, let Gorbachev rehabilitate Alexander Dubcek, (architect of the ‘Prague Spring’ in 1968).” By October 1989 we were caught up in the euphoria of crowds demonstrating in Prague’s Wenceslas Square. Workers in Czechoslovakia poured into the streets in support of students protesting communist abuses – not exactly what Marx had in mind when he said, “Workers of the world unite!” It was all very exciting.

By November Communist governments were toppling like dominoes. People power seemed to be back on the cobbled streets of East European capitals. By mid-month the Wall had cracked and there were the media anchors, Jennings, Rather and Brokaw all doing stand ups against the background of a human haemorrhage breaching the Berlin Wall.

Solidarity leader Lech Walesa was in America with both hands out. The MILWAUKEE JOURNAL headlined (in Polish), “Nasza ziemia znów w potrzebie” – our homeland is again in need. Gorbachev was hoping that his Christmas stocking would be stuffed with American technology and long-term low-interest (never-to-be-repaid) loans.

We worked behind the Iron Curtain in most of the East European countries during 1989, but Romania was our principal focus. My son-in-law, Dr. Peter Hammond, traveled with me in November that year. Together we preached the Gospel and saw first-hand the building of tension and growing expectations of the people.



Lenin idols dismantled

In many ways Romania’s former dictator Nicolae Ceausescu was like king Belshazzar. He lived in a palace, like a king, when all around him there was poverty and privation. He knew about God, but did not honor Him. Pride caused him to “set himself against the LORD of Heaven.” He surrounded himself with the *Securitate*, a

highly privileged clique of thugs, sworn to defend him until death. Together they feasted while the majority was hungry. They drank wine and praised the gods of materialism.

Unlike Belshazzar, the tyrant Ceausescu did not see the handwriting on the wall. If he had, no doubt he would have canceled his state visit to Iran in December 1989 and stayed home in Bucharest. The rest is history.



Romania Revolution 1989

The demonstrations began in Timisoara, the Garden City of western Romania. Ceausescu instructed his troops to maintain order, then he left the country for a three-day State visit to Iran. So conditioned to following explicit orders from the dictator, no one seemed to know quite what to do in his absence during the rapidly deteriorating situation.

Previously the communist government had told the pastor of a very large church that he was fired and must move to a small village several hundred miles away. In response the congregation surrounded the church and refused to let the authorities in to arrest and evict him. By the third night of this standoff the authorities were so furious that they threatened to open fire on the people protecting the premises.

One man lit a candle and passed the light to the next person. Slowly the crowd of around three thousand began to disperse and march down the street toward the main public park in the center of town. People, carrying lighted candles, poured out of their apartments in the side streets along the way and joined the march. Soon there were over ten thousand candle-bearing citizens converging on this central public target.

Reaching the main town square someone smashed the windows of a government bookstore. The crowd rushed in and pulled out all the books by Ceausescu and set them on fire. One prominent pastor commented, "Now for the first time, the writings of Ceausescu provide light!"

By now there were a hundred thousand people in the Town Square

shouting, “Down with Ceausescu” and demanding “What’s in the dollar shops, not in our shops” – a reference to the select stores where goods could only be purchased with foreign currency.



Street fighting in Romania, December 1989

The beautiful old Opera House dominated the top of the Town Square. From its balcony the pastor of Bethel Baptist Church led the massive crowd in The Lord’s Prayer.

As the situation got out of hand, Elena, the tyrant’s Jezebel-type wife and First Deputy Prime Minister, ordered the total annihilation of Timisoara, a city of over three hundred thousand inhabitants. The Army refused to carry out the order and many soldiers were shot by the Securitate, who then commandeered army tanks intending to crush the crowd. Because Ceausescu did not trust the Army he had kept them low on both ammunition and fuel. As the Securitate drove toward the center of town the tanks ran out of diesel and stopped.

Just before Christmas 1989, plan “M” was activated. It was a senseless insane idea to punish the entire nation if ever the nepotistic Ceausescu family were about to topple. The total destruction of Timisoara was an example. Another plan was to poison water reservoirs to kill entire populations. A group of terrorists were killed near Cluj-Napoca as they attempted to blow up a dam that would have virtually destroyed that beautiful Transylvanian university city.

It was important that justice be swift in the trial and execution of the Ceausescus. Every moment’s delay increased the risk of rescue by the Securitate, who were homing in on a radio signal emanating from his wristwatch. As long as he was alive the awful slaughter continued. As soon as the word went out along with pictures of his death the killing virtually stopped.



Celebrations in the streets

Romania was the last Eastern European state to change. Their Miracle Revolution took place in mid-December and Nicolae Ceausescu was executed on Christmas Day.

You can imagine the peasants' joy in villages earmarked for destruction under the Ceausescu regime. For some the reprieve had come just hours before the bulldozers were to begin their awful task. For the village of Vladiceasca, and several hundred others, it was already too late. Today there is only a barren snow covered field where for generations a thriving little community had lived and loved and worked together.

We had not scheduled our mission to Romania in January, one week after the revolution. God had. We did not have the means to go. God did. Absolutely everything fell into place. When the Lord gave us the green light, we hit the throttle. There was still sporadic gunfire in Arad, two streets over from where we were staying, but it soon finished.

We had a harvest of souls everywhere we preached. There was a sense of urgency to the hour. Many Romanians said, "It is now or never." We met with officials in the "new" government, some of who had heard me preach in local churches over the years. One Governor said, "You have been our friend in the dark days, we will not forget you now."

Before the dust settled when the Berlin Wall came down in November 1989, I wrote these words in *Global Glance*: "Islam will become increasingly militant. It will eventually replace communism as the great threat to freedom and could well be one of the 'hooks in the jaw' to bring Russia to her doom."

This is not the time to disarm; if we prematurely *beat our swords into plowshares* we may wind up plowing for those who kept their swords.

Three Trips in One

The old saying, “There is safety in numbers,” is true in many aspects. On each of my trips to Eastern Europe I traveled with a carefully selected team of pastors, Christian businessmen, fellow missionaries, media or medical personnel, or persons with special skills that could be helpful to Christians living in communist countries. This is the story of three trips in one during the Autumn of 1992.

The adventure began in late September as TWA flight 740 lifted off runway 8R in Phoenix and headed east. For me, it would be East all the way for the next few weeks.

My initial destination was Frankfurt, Germany. I managed to catch some sleep on the way over from New York and the Captain’s voice awakened me with the announcement that we were forty-five minutes out of Frankfurt. I looked out of my right window and in the predawn darkness saw the outline of south coast English towns six miles below, their amber street lights strung together like some exotic necklace. The fascinating sight brought a flood of memories rushing back to the days I used to drive along those very roads in my Vauxhall Victor.

Thanks to a prevailing tailwind we landed about thirty minutes early in Frankfurt. I picked up my luggage, cleared customs and went to Hertz. They didn’t have a Ford *Sierra* (which I had ordered) but upgraded me to a new *Scorpio* at no extra charge. Thank You Lord! You knew we needed this extra room and comfort for such a long and exhausting trip ahead. His promise: “***Before they call, I will answer,***” came to mind.

I drove south from FRK to Kaiserslautern, to meet Doug Wamble and his family with whom I stayed for the next few days. It helped me to get over jet-lag, meet with key people from Faith Baptist Church – a ‘sister Church’ of Second Baptist Church in Oradea, Romania – and do some last minute local shopping for trip supplies.

On Friday evening October 2, I had a meeting with about fifty present at the Simbach Bible Church, about five minutes from Doug’s house. Randy James, leader of the group, is the son of Huston and Betty James with whom I had hospitality during meetings in the Detroit area – small

world! They are really a very precious couple. I spoke for over an hour and afterwards they took up an offering to send along with me to Eastern Europe.

By the weekend jet-lag was a thing of the past. I drove to Frankfurt to meet Don Christensen's plane at 09:30. Don is an expert in financial matters and has been a vital help in assisting Christians in the East to establish for-profit businesses by which they can become free and independent, self-supporting productive citizens empowering them to employ fellow Christians. He had been my team-partner on several previous trips to Romania and Poland. His plane was early and by the time I found a place to park he was waiting outside the customs area. Perfect timing! We left immediately for Salzburg.

It was one of those glorious October mornings and the countryside looked freshly manicured. There seemed to be more traffic than usual on the Autobahn, but we weren't in a big hurry. Lots of cars passed us, but mind you, they were BMW's, Mercedes, Porsches and the like. We cruised at a steady 150k's (94 mph) and reached Debbie's house in Salzburg, by 3:15 p.m. Debbie Pelzmann is our oldest daughter, and this is her birthday – October 4. [For details of that special day, see *Going Through*, page 90-91.]

Debbie had brownies and freshly brewed Austrian coffee waiting for us. Later that evening she served us a fabulous *fondue* dinner. There were three different kinds of meat: chicken, pork and beef all cut up in little pieces which we placed on the long, *fondue* fork and dipped into the pot of oil cooking on the Bunsen-burner in the middle of the table. All this was accompanied by salad and various dips.

The next morning Don and I headed east on the autobahn to Vienna, to meet Carol Veenstra's group of nurses (from Grand Rapids) and shepherd them across Hungary and on to Oradea, Romania. They were on a medical mission trip sponsored by Calvary Church. Both of our vehicles crossed the Hungarian border at Hegyeshalom in just under four minutes, a record for eastbound travel.

Eight hours later Dr. Nelu Dan met us at the Romanian border and whisked us through customs and immigration without us having to pay for our visas. We delivered the letter from Doug Wamble to Dr. Nick Gheorghita. Carol and the nurses had accommodation in nearby Felix.

Wednesday October 7
(*Yom Kippur*) I awakened shortly before my alarm went off, so I began writing on the November edition of *Global Glance*. Later we had breakfast, outside under the grape trellis, warmed by a bright October sun and cheered by a clear blue sky... and black coffee.



It was a day that only the Lord could have put together. We had decided to leave for Arad when we'd finished everything in Oradea – probably around 4 p.m. First we delivered medical supplies Harriett had organized for the new Christian Medical Clinic. Dr. Joseph told me they had examined and treated three thousand, six hundred and twenty-six patients in the first six months since they opened. Then it was on to the Baptist HQ building, which is now a Christian High School with over three hundred students.

At the old hospital (where the surgical team that Harriett arranged in May had operated), we caught up with Dr. Negrini and he signed the receipt for the EMS Davol 2000 we took him in May and delivered the cautery leads he'd asked Dr. Obregon for.

After that we dashed across town to the Baptist seminary. I needed to see Radu Gheorghita and finalize the dates for Dr. Peter Hammond to speak there later this month – when our Second Team comes. Then it was upstairs to deliver the electric skillet (220volt), a gift from Doug Wamble to Mary Lu Johnson, an American now living in Oradea and working in the seminary library. I told her I had an aunt and a cousin in North Carolina with the same name!

With everything completed that we needed to do in Oradea, we left for Arad at 1 p.m.. We took it easy, 80 to 100k's and, I'm embarrassed to say, made it in the same time we usually do when I drive 120 to 140k's.

The gas (petrol) situation is really critical. The lines are longer than ever; over one mile, and the nationals are not so tolerant when foreigners (with hard currency) go to the head of the line, because since the Revolution

they have foreign currency now too. In one place, customers waiting patiently in line turned a car over that had gone to the front. I drove as though there was an egg under the gas pedal. Not much fun, but good mileage.

Our base of operations in Arad was the home of Rev. Titi Bulzan and his dear wife, Ligia. The next day after breakfast, I spent many hours writing the November edition of Global Glance (G2) and Target Topic (T2). Don worked on the Seminar he was scheduled to begin at the weekend. Later in the afternoon I filled the tank for my trip tomorrow. Went to two different stations before I could get gas and the whole operation took about an hour. What a hassle!

Friday October 9 I woke up at 05:00 and put the finishing touches on G2. That's a big load off my mind. After breakfast Don and Titi left for Church to begin the weekend Seminar. I set off for the South to visit pastors in our Mission's Pastor Support Program (PSP).

First stop, Resita. Pastor Ioan Popescu does not speak English, but he had an interpreter with him, Stefan Szabo, a very precious brother and himself a lay pastor. Both men are "Timothys" of Titi. Together we went to Brother Popescu's home for lunch. As usual, they live on the top floor (up fifty-four steps). His wife, Rodica, had prepared a fabulous Romanian feast.

Ioan is "John" in Romanian and his nickname is Nelu. He has been ordained one year. There are two hundred registered members in his church. Both Nelu and Stefan attended the Cincinnati Bible Institute at *Haus Edelweise*, near Vienna. The area where he ministers is now wide open to the Gospel.

After lunch I gave Nelu the funds for seven months and he signed a receipt. Nelu wanted me to preach that night in his church, 80km (50 miles) south near the Bulgarian border, but I had regretfully to decline and press on to Caransebes. I spent some time in prayer with both brothers, then took pictures of the family, said "goodbye" and headed East again at 3:30 p.m.

It was one of those glorious October afternoons. Multicolored autumn leaves carpeted the winding mountain road through the Banats from Resita to Caransebes. I had never traveled that stretch before and each new turn offered its own reward. My only regret was that there was no

one with me to share it. Don was teaching a Seminar in Arad. Harriett was being grandma in Tempe. Such beauty is too rich for one old man. I thought about how good the Lord was to arrange such an extravagant display. Then, He whispered softly, "I am here with you – we can enjoy it together." The Lord and I had a wonderful trip!

On arrival in Caransebes I drove straight to the Charisma Restaurant. Mitruts was there and we had a couple of very profitable hours together. Afterwards I visited Brother Belciu, another pastor in our PSP. He wanted me to stay the night with him, but Ioan, Mitruts' brother was expecting me and Pastor Belciu doesn't speak any English.

I stayed overnight with Ioan and Ana Stiopu and their four children in a tiny apartment on the top floor (up sixty-four steps). There was no running water in the apartment, which was par for the course in communist countries. The little one, Cosmina (age four) climbed up in my lap while I was writing part of this log. I held her hand and put her finger on the keys and she "typed" for me. That little doll could steal anybody's heart.

Saturday October 10 Got an early start from Caransebes. I was due in Timisoara at 10 a.m. and I wanted to stop in Lugoj to see Pastor David Nicola. David wasn't there, but some of the deacons gave me a grand tour of the Church. It's beautiful. They are planning to dedicate it toward the end of November. Frankly, I think that's pretty optimistic. There's a lot of work to do still.

It was about 10:20 when I reached Timisoara. Pastor Jonika Bukstan was waiting for me at the Peco (gas) station on the edge of town. Jonika pastors three churches in rural areas and is the youth pastor at Second Baptist Church in Timisoara. We talked at length about his future plans while strolling in the park, pausing to drink refreshing mineral water from the artesian well. It was delicious. His wife, Doina, prepared a sumptuous lunch for us before I had to leave for Arad.

Don, Titi and Mitruts were conferring together in the upper room at Titi's home when I arrived in Arad. I'm so happy for this meeting. Don and Mitruts hit it off very well. In the evening I reviewed my message for Sunday, washed some clothes and wrote a little before turning in around 11 p.m..

Sunday October 11 I was up at 05:10 and writing again. Listened to the 06:00 news from the BBC on my short-wave Sony. Titi asked me to preach

and serve communion in Golgotha's mission church in a village twenty-five kilometers away. Don preached at Golgotha.

We left immediately after lunch for Oradea. They now have two evening services at Second Baptist Church. Pastor Cornel Iova asked me to preach at 4 p.m. and Don at 6 p.m..

Monday October 12 My alarm went off at 04:45. Don was already up and washing in the refreshing ice cold water. Cornel came in with coffee at 05:15 and we left a few minutes later for the 05:30 prayer meeting at Church.

Now I know why there is such power there and why the Revival has spread from the Second Baptist Church right across Romania. To hear those precious people pray for "Fraterle (Brother) Bill and Fraterle Don" was very moving indeed.

We were on the road toward the border at Bors by 06:50 and by 07:00 we were into Hungary (which was now 06:00 Central European Time). We stopped for breakfast at the Pelikan Hotel in Szolnok, skirted Budapest, crossed the border into Austria at 12 noon and by 1 p.m. we had reached the Novotel at Wien (Vienna) airport.

This concluded Part One of the current odyssey. We had traveled 1,925 miles so far.

Trip Log – Part Two (Journal format)

TEAM: Peter Hammond, Russell and Betty Lou Mills, Bill Bathman

Monday October 12 I left Don Christensen at Vienna's airport Novotel and proceeded at snail-pace across the city to the West Bahnhof. Parking is always a problem in Vienna. I had specifically asked the Lord to have a place waiting for me and as I turned into the bahnhof complex there was one place left. It was the first place in line. Thank you Lord!

The *Franz Liszt* express glided alongside platform 7 at exactly 18:05. You could have literally set your watch by its punctuality. If we can put a man on the moon and bring him back and watch the whole thing in living color from the comfort of our living rooms, why can't Amtrak run on time?

Russell and Betty Lou were the last off the train (for a while I thought they'd missed it) but Russ had to find a cart for all their luggage. We found

our way onto the Sudaubahn and forty-five minutes later arrived in Guntramsdorf at International Teams Mission HQ.

Cyndi Bloski had a nice dinner waiting for us. I sat next to Art Moore, director of IT's ministry in Albania, and learned all I could from his recent experience there.

Tuesday October 13 Breakfast with Russ and Betty Lou plus some of the other missionaries. Took the car through a wash tunnel (so we could make a clean start for part II) and went straight to the airport to meet Peter's plane. Filled the tank for our trip at Schwechat on the way. LH flight 40 from Frankfurt was twenty-two minutes late. I redeemed the time with a frankfurter, roll and mustard for lunch.

Peter looked really beat when he walked through the automatic sliding doors from the customs area into the international arrival hall. We loaded his things into the car and headed back to International Teams HQ. Along the way he briefed me about his adventures on the US portion of his trip. We decided it would be best for us to stay overnight at IT's hospitality house so Peter could get a good solid sleep. He was in bed by 5 p.m.

Russ and Betty had some last minute shopping to do and we were just walking out of the house when the phone, in the hallway by the door, rang. It was Harriett phoning from Tempe, Arizona with a message from Corina Gheorghita (in Chicago) that Radu had phoned her from Oradea, Romania with a request for some magic-markers for a white board to be used at the seminary. Literally, if she had called fifteen seconds later we would have been gone. We're leaving early in the morning before the shops open. Within thirty minutes of the phone call I had purchased the needed items. The Lord's timing is perfect.

Wednesday October 14 Russell brought us a cup of tea at 04:30. We had repacked all our luggage Tuesday and loaded the car, so after a nice breakfast we set off at 06:10. By 07:30 we were through the border at Hegyeshalom and eastbound toward Budapest. We skirted the divided city and headed southeast along the A5 toward Szeged. Shortly before Mako we filled our tank (last chance for *bleifrei* – unleaded), put on the Red Cross signs and arrived at the Romanian border by 12:40 p.m..

[**Note:** we had three big magnet signs (white with a red cross) for the side doors and hood. With medical supplies on board it allowed us to have priority crossing at international borders.]

We ate the nice lunch Cyndi had packed for us and set our watches forward one hour to local Romanian time. The Lord got us through within thirty minutes and we didn't have to buy Romanian visas. It was 3:40 p.m. when we arrived at Titi's. Not bad, considering I'd told him we'd plan to be there mid-afternoon.

We went to the apartment, changed clothes and left for an evening service at Golgotha Church. On a back road leading to the church I missed a 'Stop' sign and very nearly collided with a car coming from my left. It was only the Lord that preserved us in that moment. I had specifically prayed, before we set off, for the Lord to keep us from carelessness, both my own and that of other drivers. I praise Him that He protected us from my carelessness in this case.

The evening service was a blessing to all. The people wanted more of Russ and Betty's music, and more of Peter's preaching. It was truly a feast of good things.

Later that evening, reflecting on the week past, Titi said, "The impact of Don Christensen's Seminar in Arad was so great that even the newspapers were writing about it." Our policy of *putting American Christians in touch with Christians in Communist lands*, is alive and working well.

From Arad we went on for ministry at the Baptist Church in Caransebes. The service opened with a time of prayer and then they turned it over to our team. Russ and Betty had a fifteen-minute package. Betty shares the story behind the song she's written. The people loved it. Of course the violin speaks every language. It was interesting to see so many people watch with fascination and glistening eyes as Russell sawed away on an instrument of which he is so obviously a master. Peter spoke for twenty-five minutes on the three dangers facing Africa; Islam, witchcraft and Communism. They were really with him and appreciated his insights. I closed with a message from John 21, "How to love Jesus."

Friday October 16 Next country on our itinerary was Bulgaria. With such an arduous journey ahead and the unknown problem of how long it would take to cross the Danube at Calafat, I wanted to be rolling at 08:00. The pastor wanted us to see (and take pictures of) the new church and we needed to go by the restaurant office and get the X-rays of Mitruts to send to Dr. Obregon. It was around 09:00 when we finally left Caransebes and headed south. These precious people don't like to say "good bye."

There was a detour shortly before we reached Calafat that brought us into town from another direction and I had a little difficulty finding the road to the ferryboat. When we got there the line was backed up almost a mile. I estimated it represented at least thirty to thirty-five hours waiting time (the boats can only carry about twenty cars at a time). We prayed.

With the Red Cross emblems front and back, I drove slowly down the side of the vehicles all the way to the head of the line, then around the corner across the break to the tail end of the cars waiting for the next boat. Three guards came up and said I'd have to turn around and go back. I spoke only in English, showed them Maria's letter in Bulgarian (inviting us to visit the hospitals), and said, "I must get on this boat."

The guards did not understand English nor could they read Bulgarian. Two shook their heads while the third said I'd have to see the officer in charge. I smiled, nodded my head, pulled forward behind the last car and shut off the engine.

We got out our lunch and began eating while waiting. After about twenty minutes the third guard came up to remind me kindly to see the officer in charge. I nodded agreement, picked up my passport (and Maria's letter) and started walking forward towards the single story customs and immigration building.

I went in the first door and down a long corridor to the last room on the right. The door was open, but I knew immediately that I wasn't supposed to be there. It was the officer's lounge – and that's exactly what they were doing. One man jumped up and waved me 'out,' but I smiled and asked, "Where is the toilet?"

Following his directions, I walked out the door, turned right and up the stairs to what passed for a public facility. Later I returned to the car, quite sure that somewhere along the line I'd *seen the man* I was supposed to see. No one said anything else.

Half an hour later they started loading the boat. The seaman in charge, seeing the Red Cross sign, motioned for me to pull around and come to the front. We were the second car on. The first was stuck in a corner at the bow, and it was obvious that he'd have to wait on the other side until others had driven off. We were placed next to him, but right in the spot to be first off!

When we reached the Bulgarian side of the Danube and drove off the boat, I went into the building with my passport and the letter. The man who dealt with us last May, when Harriett and I were there, read the letter, looked up and with a broad smile said, “Welcome to our country.” He took the passports and green insurance card, filled out the visa forms for us and we were the first one away. Total time since arriving at Calafat on the other side was about three hours. A record! That could only have been the Lord to lead, guide and intervene at every step.

Fifty kilometers or so south of Vidin (the port where we entered Bulgaria) we saw a petrol sign and followed it to a little station. At first we thought it was closed because there was no queue of cars. We pulled in and the attendant directed us to the unleaded pump. That was more than we expected.

It was about 7:45 p.m. when we arrived in Sofia, the capital. MariAnne was not home, but there was a note on the door saying ‘the keys are next door’ and for us to make ourselves at home. We did. After unpacking we went out for a casual and relaxing dinner, mainly to unwind. It had been a long, hard, but wonderful, day.

On Sunday October 18 we left the house at 08:30 with Dr. Detchko, picked up Riana and drove to Kostenetz for morning and evening services. Russ and Betty’s music was greatly appreciated. There were tears in many eyes. East Europeans love good music. Peter preached on “The Rich Young Ruler,” from Mark10:17.

We had dinner at the pastor’s house. Went to the village home, where Detchko grew up, for *banitza* and coffee in the afternoon. Russ discovered a Hammond organ in the corner and took us on a delightful trip down memory lane.



Dr. Detchko told us that Article 13 of the constitution says that Bulgaria is traditionally an Orthodox country. This has been the basis for persecution of Evangelical Christians across the years. At the moment the Orthodox Church is

split into two Synods and cannot pay attention to Protestant activity. Evangelicals are taking advantage of the distraction. Baptist, Pentecostal and other groups are growing and there are scattered signs of revival in Bulgaria. Religious instruction in the public schools is both allowed and encouraged by the Ministry of Education. The Children's Bible has been translated into Bulgarian and printed in full color, with the title, "The Way of Life."

Over the communist years more than two hundred thousand Bulgarians left (escaped) the country. "This has been a real brain-drain," noted Dr. Detchko. He has been involved (among many other things) in distribution of Christian books and videotapes. "Now is harvest time in Bulgaria," he says, "and we need workers."

Monday October 19 We left Sofia around 1 p.m., heading for Macedonia. We filled the tank eighty kilometers from the border.

There was approximately a one-kilometer line at the border. I turned on my lights, drove slowly along the side of the line right up to the front. The Bulgarian guards read Maria's letter, took our passports and checked us out of the country, shook hands and one said to Russ, "Goodbye and God bless you." Then he walked ahead of our car to show us a way around the big lorries blocking the way and pointed to the 'dip trough' we needed to drive through into Macedonia. What could easily have been a seven-hour wait was completed in less than ten minutes. Dear Lord Jesus, Thank You so much!

On the Macedonian side it was all smiles and friendship. They have a new Republic and a new flag and are all very proud – glad to no longer be ruled by former Yugoslavia. It was easy to catch some of the patriotic feeling they exuded. We took pictures at the border! What a change.

It's about a hundred kilometers from the Bulgarian/Macedonian frontier to Skopje, the capital. We picked up the *autoput* about forty kilometers out. Soon we came to a tollbooth and I had no dinar. I explained to the attendant, he smiled and waved me on. I thanked him with a pack of chewing gum. The sun was easing noiselessly into a saddle of the mountain silhouetted behind Skopje as we drove into town. Total driving time from Sofia to Skopje: four hours and thirty minutes.

Our main objective in coming this southern route was to make our first mission into Albania. None of us had been there before. Under

Communism, during the Cold War years, the country was totally isolated. Christians were severely persecuted, pastors killed, churches destroyed and Bibles were banned and burned if found.



Wreckage of Yugoslavia

We were just passing through Macedonia, but wanted to visit some long-time friends we've worked with over the past 30 years.

First stop was Ivan Grozdanov's home (because it was so easy to find and Bore Blazhevski has moved since I was last here). Slavica was there and welcomed us warmly. Ivan arrived about an hour later and we invited them both to dinner. We checked into the hotel, met them in the lobby and proceeded to the dining room.

Over *shish kebabs* and salad we talked about a wide range of subjects. Macedonia is roughly divided seventy-five percent Orthodox and twenty-five percent Muslim. Of the Orthodox only a handful actually go to church. It is part of the tradition. If you are Macedonian you are Orthodox. You may be an atheist, but you are Orthodox. The Church provides salvation. You can go when you want to, burn a candle, say a prayer and cross yourself...that's all you need to do. You're baptized, married and buried (hatched, matched and dispatched) by the Church and that's it.

The Pentecostals have a growing work. They have five couples and one single person working full time (with a congregation of twenty-two people in attendance) but they get a lot of outsiders through their constant visitation. I tried to get a question in about whether or not Dr. Pinkerton had been back, but interrupting Ivan is an exercise in futility.

The European Community (EC) has not recognized Macedonia because of Greek opposition, yet Macedonia is the only place in what was previously Yugoslavia that has peace.

We had breakfast the next morning with Bore Blazhevski. Peter, Russell and Betty Lou really liked Bore. "He's such a genuine, honest-to-

goodness Christian,” they agreed. We helped to put Bore and his bride, Rule, through Bible School many years ago. They have faithfully and humbly served Jesus Christ ever since. They are now working with Every Home Crusade distributing literature door-to-door and pastoring a Church Bore planted.



Albania - A once closed country

We left Skopje after trying unsuccessfully to get gasoline. It is rationed because of the embargo on Serbia and the lack of recognition of Macedonia. About twenty kilometers from the border we managed to get a twenty-liter coupon and find a station with twenty liters for our tank. Then it was on to an unknown land shrouded in mystery with a dark history.

I first saw the mountains of **Albania** thirty years ago in 1962, from a distance through a window in a room where I was a ‘guest’ of the communist government of Yugoslavia in one of their detention facilities. I prayed, “Lord Jesus, will You ever let me take the Gospel to that dark land?” This trip in October 1992 was His answer to that prayer.

We arrived at the frontier between Macedonia and Albania at 3 p.m. Someone had told us that visas for US citizens were free, but for British subjects they were \$50. Our initiation to Albanian hospitality was the young Immigration Officer who insisted on buying Russ and me a cup of coffee and then gave us all a gratis visa, including Peter, who was traveling with a British passport. We got underway at 4 p.m. It was forty-five minutes before sunset and we had at least a two-hour run to Tirana, the capital, over unfamiliar, un-signposted and dangerous roads with unexpected hazards.

Darkness rushes swiftly into the deep mountain valleys of this ancient land. A Mercedes with Tirana plates passed us. We assumed that he was going to the capital and unless we saw a sign to the contrary decided to follow him. Very soon he realized we were following and began giving helpful signs like indicating when it was safe to overtake a horse-drawn wagon with no lights and slowing down to wait for us when we questioned one particular junction.

Finally, to make certain we weren't following him on some wild goose chase, I turned my lights off and on and indicated we wanted to ask him a question. He stopped while I pulled alongside and asked, "Tirana?" He affirmed that was his destination and motioned for us to follow him... which we gladly did. On arrival in the capital he took us straight to the Hotel Tirana. Quite honestly, we all felt that the Lord had sent His angel to guide us over some pretty impossible roads to a destination we might otherwise have missed. We had not seen any other vehicle since leaving the border. Thank You, Lord!

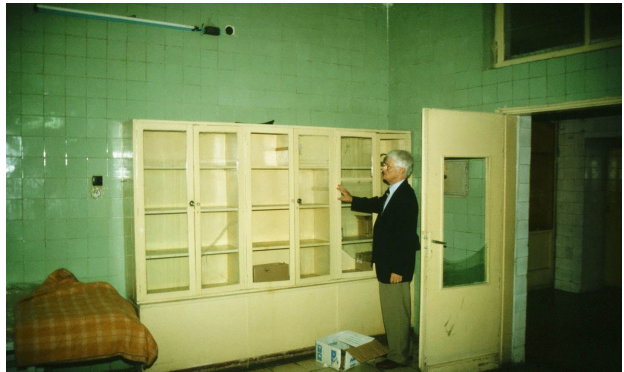
Tirana. People everywhere. Not since India have I seen so many people in the streets. Albania is truly a different world.

After breakfast we set off to find the orphanage. We knew it was directly opposite the American Embassy and we soon found that. At the orphanage we met Patrick Dickens and his wife Susan. Peter delivered the package he'd brought from their mission (Hope for the World) in Florida. I gave them two big jars of peanut butter, from the PX in K-town.

The orphan children were precious. One little guy, Besmer (six years old) with jet-black hair and dark brown eyes, took up with me. I gave him a hug and he pinched my cheek then kissed me where he'd pinched. The ten-year old boy who opens the main gate asked me if I had any (AA) batteries for his radio. I told him, "Yes" and that I'd bring them tomorrow. For the rest of the afternoon he kept saying (in English), "Tomorrow. Don't forget." You could very quickly lose your heart to these little people.

At 4 p.m. Emin Tord, a seventeen-year old Christian boy who speaks fluent English (and German), took us on a tour of the National Museum.

It was very interesting. However, there seemed to be an obsession with revolutions throughout the history of the country. There was, for example, no mention of the deposed King Zog [King Leka's father], or photo of any royalty. A very significant



Tirana Hospital dispensary in Albania

portion of Albanian history was conveniently overlooked.

Thursday morning we visited the University Hospital of Tirana, one of six hospitals in the capital city. My only previous frame of reference for East European hospitals was Poland and Romania. This



Tirana, Albania

facility made Romania look really good. There were flies everywhere. A cockroach marched boldly up the IV stand in the ICU. Everyone was smoking. Debris covered the floor, most of it tracked in by unauthorized visitors. Patient's relatives looked after the patient while nurses stood around doing nothing.

One man with a fever of 104 was being cooled with damp rags administered by his pistol-packing brother. I was especially interested in the surgical ward. There was one ancient cautery machine from Czechoslovakia. There was a ventilator that didn't work, which had been cast off along with some other equipment from East Germany (sent to Albania by a new and unified Germany). The operating table was probably fifty years old. The lights overhead were made in China and only four of the nine bulbs worked. They were inadequate for reading, much less for surgery.

When I told our hospital guide, Dr. Roland Xhaxho (jaah-joe), that the reason we were interested in helping to provide medical supplies and equipment was because we are Christians, he brightened up immediately and said, "I'm a Christian too! A Baptist!"

We could hardly believe our ears. We questioned him to see if he simply meant that he'd been baptized (probably as an infant in the Orthodox Church). No, he was a true "believer in Jesus Christ." This man and his family had been virtually underground all these years. He told us there were other believers in Albania too.

When I told him about our team he immediately invited us back into the hospital where we sang, gave testimony and prayed in several wards. Russell's violin could be heard throughout the hospital.

Friday morning we were up by 06:00 in order to meet the Vice-Minister of Health, Dr. Besim Nuri, M.D., at his office by 07:00. On the way we picked up Patrick at the orphanage and arrived at the same time Dr. Nuri did. Together we climbed the eighty-eight steps to his office on the fifth floor. He received us graciously and was very interested in what our Mission had done medically in Poland, Romania, Bulgaria and Greece.

After breakfast we left for **Durres**, principal port city on the Adriatic, to visit an orphanage Patrick was interested in. It was quite clean and efficiently well run. The children were beautiful. In the room for nought to three month olds there was one little guy with dark brown eyes and a mass of jet-black hair already 3” long. He looked at me and smiled. My heart melted.

The next room was full of little ones four to fourteen months old. They were all just precious. In the last room the children were toddlers, fifteen months to three years old. They were clean, well-behaved and lively. One little sweetheart with long curly hair and a bright smile caught my eye and ran to me with outstretched arms. I caught her up and hugged her. She pinched my cheek and then gave me a kiss. Thereafter she wanted to hold my hand wherever we went. She called me, “daddy” and captured my heart.

Several of the children, both boys and girls, called me “daddy.” Oh, if we could just bring some (or all) of these little ones back with us! There would be no difficulty at all finding them a good Christian home. They were beautiful children and seemed in better health (and certainly better cared for) than in Romania.

Later that day we drove along the coast and up the winding road into the old royal compound. The grounds are beautiful, with trees still standing as if waiting patiently for King Leka and Queen Susan (the exiled monarchs now living in South Africa) to return. We drove past one set of guards who barely noticed us. At the top of the hill, guarding the castle was another group of guards. They greeted us warmly and opened the barrier for us to drive right into the grounds. We shook hands and gave them a couple packs of gum to enjoy while we scouted around and took pictures.

The building is now used as a reception and dining place where the President entertains visiting Heads of State. Some of the full-time staff

came out the front entrance to see who had arrived. We were on the steps taking pictures and I turned to see the door open. I went immediately and spoke to the female staff member at the door, asking if I might just go inside for a brief look. She didn't speak any English but understood my intention. She nodded her head. I smiled and walked straight in.

Affirmative and negative head movements in Albania are exactly opposite to American gestures. Shaking the head is 'yes' while nodding the head means 'no.' I interpreted her gesture the American way, but *knew* I had only a brief moment to take in as much as I could.

The entrance hall was beautiful. Large Persian carpets spread out magnificently across the broad marble floor. A marble staircase ascended to the right. A huge crystal chandelier hung luxuriously from the ceiling overhead. To my left was an enormous carpeted room with gilt-edged tables and chairs. The walls were decorated with tapestries and oil paintings full of historic significance.

Just then I felt a rather timid tap on my shoulder. I turned to see a young soldier imploring me to please leave. He crossed his hands at the wrist to indicate he would be hand-cuffed if I should be discovered inside. I understood, smiled and obliged him by leaving straightaway through the front door. There is something wonderful about these good natured, kind and hospitable people that endears them to you immediately.

Once outside on the terrace it was back to jokes and other means of communication. I admired one of the soldier's belt which still had the communist star on it. He offered to exchange it for my belt. I didn't think that was a bargain. Then I fingered the button on another soldier's jacket. When he looked down I tweaked his nose and everyone exploded in laughter.

When it was time to leave there were handshakes and hugs all around. In my wildest and most extravagant moments of fantasy (or while looking out of my prison window in Yugo slavia thirty years prior) I could never have imagined laughing and joking with ex-communist soldiers in the royal gardens of an exiled Monarch. It was *unreal*.

On Sunday morning we went to the International Church in Tirana. The service was in English. Perhaps seventy-five percent of the congregation were Albanians. The 10 a.m. service was special in that the pastor was handing out baptismal certificates to all those who had been baptized that week. Each one gave a testimony as they collected their certificate.

Jeff, the youth pastor, had given us free rein for the 4 p.m. service, so we planned it with more content. I preached a Gospel message in between musical packages from Russ and Betty Mills and Peter closed with some very solid teaching from Romans 12:1 & 2.

There were no road signs or route numbers in Albania. Since we had arrived after dark we weren't quite sure which road to take out of town when it was time to leave. Tirana was like a big village, so it was hard to go wrong. The roads themselves were the worst in Europe. The hills had been denuded of trees. This caused erosion and mudslides that covered the road in many places. We were impressed with the extraordinary number of military pillboxes that dominated the countryside. Folks told us that Envar Hoxha, the communist dictator, could have built a house for every Albanian family with the concrete he used for all this excess of fortifications, and for what?

Driving cross-country through the villages was like negotiating an obstacle course; weaving past donkey carts and horse-drawn wagons, overtaking a team of oxen, slowing down for a flock of geese meandering casually (and with great pride) across the road. Here was a broken down bus, its passengers standing patiently by the side of the road while the driver made repairs. There was a big truck, stopped right in the lane while the driver took a nap.

Couple all this with the fact that Albanians are not accustomed to motorcars and have no road sense whatsoever. They walk (or ride bicycles) right in the middle of the road. The few who have managed to acquire a car have very little experience driving and take unbelievable risks, passing a cart in the face of oncoming traffic or on a hill or curve.

Add to this the children along the road who beg for candy or cigarettes. When they see that you are not going to stop they throw rocks at the car. One big rock hit our car and it was a miracle that the windshield was not broken. In the smaller villages they spat on the car and hit it with sticks as we drove past. Communist propaganda suggested that all foreigners were evil capitalists and should be accosted. The three-hour drive from Tirana to the border was a nightmare of running the gauntlet.

At the border I spotted my friend who had bought me coffee on our way into the country. He remembered me and brought our car right up to the front of the line, even making two big eighteen-wheelers back up so we could squeeze past.

Then it was across no-man's land and into Macedonia. We already had our visas and were soon on our way. The trip across Macedonia was beautiful. Fresh snow had dusted the mountains on either side and the hills were a palette of autumn color. As we crossed one mountain pass there was a magnificent rainbow spread out in divine splendor across the valley. We took it as a promise from our Heavenly Father, and perhaps a sign that we would visit Albania again.

Some stats –

Distance from Tirana, Albania to Sophia, Bulgaria (by road):

575 km – 360 miles

Driving time: Tirana to Sophia:

9 hours 25 minutes including border crossing(s).

This was my initial trip to Albania and the final target country for Part II. Now we were headed back to Vienna with stop-over ministry along the way.

From Albania we drove straight through to Sophia, Bulgaria and spent the night there.

We left Sophia the next day at 08:30, retraced our route north, crossed the Danube at noon and made it to Arad by 8:50 p.m. Tuesday evening. Titi wasn't expecting us although we'd told him there was a high probability that we'd be there. We phoned Cornel in Oradea to confirm Peter's lecture schedule at the Seminary. He said they were expecting him to be there Monday night for the Youth Meeting and for a Chapel service at the High School on Tuesday morning! Oh the joy of mix-ups due to all that is lost in translation. That's probably how wars are started. There is no way we could have driven all the way back from Albania for a Monday night meeting.

Wednesday October 28 Peter and I left at noon for Oradea in time for his 3 p.m. lecture at the Seminary. I headed back to Arad, arriving around 4:40 p.m.. It was light drizzle most of the way. The roads were pretty treacherous with much mud brought on by farm vehicles coming straight out of the fields.

We had an evening service at Onisim's church. He interpreted for me and did an excellent job. The people are very musical and really appreciated Russ and Betty's presentation.

A realistic analysis. We learn something every time we come on these trips. We started in May (when Harriett was with me) preparing for this one. I wrote it out and went over the plan carefully with Dr. Nick in Columbus, Ohio when I met him there in August. When I phoned in September (a few days before leaving) to confirm meetings, Titi tried to change the dates but it was too late. Everyone seems to be spinning out of control. Things are left (at best) to the last minute, and (at worst) undone.

There is a proliferation of foreigners, mostly Americans, stepping on each other to get their ego massaged. I deeply love Romania and had invested more than twenty-seven years of my life serving the Lord here. It saddened me to see this happening. The Revival in the mid-eighties has fizzled out. Albania, do I hear you calling?

Sophia, Bulgaria to Arad, Romania 400 miles. Driving time (with ferry x-sing) 12 hours.

Sunday morning was our last meeting in Romania for this trip. The car was loaded and we were ready to leave after the service. Arad's Bethel Baptist Church was packed when we arrived. People were standing all around the sides and down the aisles. Russ had difficulty setting up the equipment because of having to step over bodies!

After the two-and-a-half hour service we went to a very simple peasant home for lunch. The brother built a fire to keep us warm, and talked non-stop in Romanian. We didn't understand a word, but kept smiling. He seemed so pleased that we were there as his guests.

The drive north to Oradea was a delicate one. Roads were wet and slippery under a drab dull grey sky. Long lines of abandoned cars were adjacent to the infrequent petrol stations along the way. Again I treated the gas pedal with great respect since the gauge was barely hovering over 'empty' and we had a hundred kilometers to go before the station in Hungary.

In Oradea I met Leighton Ford, whom I had not seen since Seminary days. He preached the first of the afternoon services and I preached the second. There were a good number of precious souls that trusted Christ in each service.

Oradea is about five miles from the Hungarian border. We were driving on fumes when we got to the gas station. We tanked up, then drove on to Szolnok and spent the night.

Monday November 2 Drove to Budapest and did a bit of sightseeing with Russ and Betty Lou. Unfortunately it was a very dull grey day and visibility was minimal. We had goulash soup in a little restaurant on the mount quite near the St. Stephan's Cathedral. Then it was on to Gyor, half way to the Austrian border. We got the car washed for the next part of our journey and visited McDonalds for a Big Mac and chocolate shake.

The border crossing into Austria was effortless. We hardly stopped the forward motion of the car. It started to drizzle again but stopped before we reached the International Teams HQ. Cyndi had a nice supper waiting for us and we debriefed about our trip.

Later I talked with Pavel Steiger by phone and confirmed our arrival tomorrow for meetings in Czechoslovakia.

Tuesday morning we had breakfast, packed the car and debriefed with Art Moore on our trip to Albania. I promised to send him a copy of my daily Trip Log for that period.

Cyndi kindly offered to take Peter to the airport later in the afternoon for his trip back home to South Africa. That was a big help to me as there was simply not enough room for all of us *and* the Mills extra luggage, which we had left at International Teams HQ while we were on the way South. In future I must remember to give specific guidelines (limitations) on the amount of luggage that can be accommodated.

Mileage for Part Two: 2,694 miles or 4,310 kilometers.

Trip Log – Part Three (Journal format)

TEAM: Russell and Betty Lou Mills, Bill Bathman

Tuesday, November 3 We left the International Mission HQ and about 1:45 p.m. and headed toward Bratislava. Filled the tank just before the border and had no trouble entering Slovakia. We skirted Bratislava and pick up the autobahn to the northeast. We arrived at the Steigers around 5:45 p.m.. Klara had a fabulous dinner waiting for us and we talked till after 11 p.m.. I washed a shirt and some underwear, which I'm sure will last me till I get home.

Wednesday, November 4 Switched on the BBC first thing this morning to discover that Bill Clinton had won the US Presidential election yesterday.



After A good breakfast I showered, wrote for a while then went for a walk through this beautiful village with Russell and Betty Lou. Klara was our guide. We drank the waters from the famous spa and stopped for coffee in

a little café. We had leftovers for lunch then left mid-afternoon for Zlin (formerly Glottwaldov) to do some shopping before going to the Baptist pastors house for supper.

The pastor is Jan Titera, Pavel Titera's son. His wife remembered me from Brno. She said that when she and Jan were courting, Pavel didn't approve of her, and that I had said, "She is really a good girl for Jan." After that I was 'number one' in her book. I can only barely remember all that.

The service was packed with young people. They really appreciated Russell and Betty Lou's music and listened with interest to the message. Four young people (a 22 year old man and three teenage girls) trusted the Lord. I counseled them afterwards. The blessing of being involved in ministry here in Czechoslovakia again is almost overpowering. I really love this country.

Pavel suggested that maybe we should swap homes next year sometime. They need to come to Arizona for two or three months. 80% of their support is here. We could tie it in with a medical-mission trip to Romania and then concentrate the rest of our time on Czechoslovakia. It's a sound idea and something to pray about.

Thursday November 5 We had devotions after breakfast with Pavel and Klara, took some pictures and said goodbye. They are a very precious couple. It was an hour and a half drive to the Polish border. It took us about 40 minutes to get through. Our visas were free and we didn't need photos. That was a first!

We drove to Wisła (pronounced *veez-wah*) and visited the new Baptist

Conference Center under construction. They had put the new roof on and it was really taking shape. Pastor Tomasz was in hospital and unavailable. I phoned Pastor Stefan Rogaczewski (pastor of the Baptist church in Katowice) and he invited us to spend the night there. The church has an apartment for guests. There are two bedrooms, a bath and kitchen.

Before leaving Wisła we went by DEO Recordings to see Dr. Henryk Krol. Russell and Betty Lou had been there before and made a number of recordings for them. He was glad to see us. We had a fabulous dinner with him at a local restaurant and then got on the road around 4:45 p.m..

It was dark and drizzling rain when we arrived in Katowice; not the best introduction for my friends to this polluted industrial city. I had some difficulty finding the church because we approached the town from a different direction. Brother Rogaczewski welcomed us and gave Russell and Betty Lou a grand tour of the church that we had helped to build. In return, they gave him a mini-concert, which he appreciated immensely.

Later that evening I phoned Piotr Zaremba in Poznan. They are prepared for the weekend crusade. They have posters all around town. Over 500 personal invitations have been distributed.

Alice, the Pastor's wife, prepared sandwiches and tea. We talked till 10 p.m.

Friday November 6 We said our farewells after breakfast and Brother Rogaczewski led us across town to the road for Poznan. Leaden skies followed us all the way, punctuated with alternate drizzle and downpour. On arrival in town we spotted the Poznan Hotel, an Orbis landmark, and phoned Piotr. He was expecting our call. Twenty minutes later he arrived and took us to his tiny 2-room apartment for dinner. From there we went to the Baptist church and changed clothes for the evening service at 6 p.m.

The church is really into outreach. They had distributed hundreds of handbills and put up posters all around the area. The team of young people had prayed and gone all out to publicize the special series of weekend meetings. Three precious souls came to Christ tonight.

After the service we drove across town to the apartment where we will be staying while in Poznan. It is the home of Boguslaw and Olga Barna, a very precious Christian couple. They do not speak English or German so communication is sparse, but it's amazing what gestures, pointing, smiling and lots of love can accomplish.

Saturday November 7 We all slept till we awoken, which for me was 9 a.m. It was a measure of our exhaustion. This has been the most strenuous trip in many years, perhaps ever. It has also been one of the best. We've led people to Jesus Christ in seven countries so far – and all the while very conscious of being in the right place at the right time and in the center of His will.

After breakfast we discussed plans for the future. Russell and Betty Lou are thinking ahead. Yesterday, on the way over from Katowice, Russ mentioned something that caught my imagination: United World Missions-West. What a great idea! We discussed it at some length this morning and were all surprised when Betty Lou announced, "Piotr will be here in 10 minutes!"

We had invited Piotr and our host and hostess for dinner today. To our astonishment it was the first time in 30 years that this dear couple had been to a restaurant! We choose the dining room at Poznan's Merkury Hotel. They were obviously nervous and must have felt a little out of place. Piotr said it was a real cultural shock to them, especially the prices on the menu. We told them not to look at the right-hand margin but to simply order whatever they wanted. Generally they followed our lead; appetizer, soup and main course. Six of us ate a delicious four-course dinner for 770,000 zlotys (\$50. US or \$8.33 per person). Admittedly this was over three times what we would have paid three years ago, but still cheap by Western standards. Russ put it on his Diner Card.

The evening service was not quite as well attended as last night's but there was real liberty in both music and message. Two responded to the appeal. Afterwards we talked for about half an hour with various young people. Then came back to Barna's for supper and more discussion.

Sunday, November 8 Our last day of meetings in Eastern Europe for this time. I parked the car in a secure and guarded area last night. It was safe from the robberies that frequently occur in this part of the world. Unfortunately it was also 300 yards from the entrance to the apartment block, so I got soaked on the way. Once we got to church I took my shoes off and put them on a heater to dry out and propped my feet on it so my socks would dry while Russell and Betty Lou were singing.

The service lasted over two hours. They were really attentive. Although most of the people there were Christians (and my message was devotional exposition), I put the Gospel into the final portion and several responded. This is a measure of Piotr's outreach to the community around the church

and his great heart to reach lost souls for Christ.

In the afternoon we drove to Gniezno (ancient capitol of Poland) for a 4 p.m. service in the Cultural Hall. Piotr began this work one year ago with five people and now the large Hall is over half full. There was no piano or organ, so Betty sang with a tape-recorded background while Russ played his English violin with a German bow – in ‘Polish.’ The people loved it!

In the evening we packed for the start of our journey home tomorrow.

Monday November 9 We awakened it to a beautiful sunrise over a thin layer of smog. In fact, as I looked out our 8th floor window smog was just about even with the 7th floor. Olga made breakfast for us and we said our goodbyes at 07:00. It took time to scrape the ice off the windshield and windows and load the car, but we were rolling by 07:23. I took it easy until the sun was well up because of the scattered patches of ice on the road.

We made the German border in just less than two hours, which included a stop for *benzine* (gas). It’s considerably cheaper in Poland; \$1.95 per gallon versus \$4 in Germany. We stopped for lunch near Magdeburg. By the time we crossed what had been East Germany, south of Berlin and Potsdam, Russell was beginning to feel unwell. When we arrived in the Frankfurt area he was running a low-grade fever.

We found two rooms at the Novotel in Eschborn not far from Frankfurt’s Rhine/Main airport. Since I had an early morning flight out of Frankfurt and the Mills were going to rent a car and stay on for a few days of vacation, I offered to bring all of their things in from the car so they could load their car at leisure tomorrow.

I had prayer with Russell before turning in. “Thank You Lord, for all Your blessings on this complicated trip. Thank You for keeping Your hand on the vehicle and protecting us from any harm and theft or vandalism. Please work healing in dear Russ’s body and bless them during the next few days of rest and recreation. Thank You for the 3,862 safe miles through nine countries that we’ve shared together these last weeks and thank You Lord for upgrading us to a Ford *Scorpio* for a more comfortable trip. Amen!”

Tuesday November 10 My alarm was set for 06:20 but I was wide awake and up by 05:45. I showered, finished packing and went down for my last Continental breakfast for a while. It was a spacious buffet style

with everything your heart and tummy could wish for. I especially savored the coffee. No one, but no one can make coffee like the German-speaking Europeans. Three cups later I was ready to face the long day that lay ahead.

I went to Russell and Betty Lou's room. Russ's temperature was 102° and he thinks it might be a bout of hepatitis. He first picked it up in India and it recurs occasionally.

"Not to worry," he said.

Betty was ready to go with me to the airport so she could pick up the car they are renting for the rest of their trip here. I was concerned about whether or not she could find her way back to the hotel through all the maze of roundabouts, clover leaves, *krutzungs* and *umleitungen*, but then I remembered that she has driven on the left-hand side of unmarked, primitive roads in northern India, all by herself.

My macho protectionism was assuaged.

It was pouring rain as we left the hotel and pulled out into the stream of commuter traffic flowing into the Frankfurt area. Road works seem to be a part of the landscape. It took about 15 minutes to reach the terminal at Rhine/Main airport and return the car to Hertz.

Ever since the downing of Pan Am 103, Frankfurt airport has been very security conscious. At check-in they ask more pointed and specific questions, even about the kind of work I do. Thumbing through my passport they wanted to know where exactly I had been in Romania, and why I was in Bulgaria, Argentina and South Africa. I gave him my business card and told him I was the Director of an International Mission, which necessitated extensive travel.

Next came the carry on luggage security check. Last time I had to have a special check for my laptop computer. This time it was the same with a very special check and attention to each detail. Then the manager took me to TWA Gate B 48 and told the person in charge that he had examined the computer, but could not verify what was inside. They wanted me to put it through the x-ray machine, but I refused because it could wipe out all my programs and data. I appreciate the need for security (and feel better for it) but this is getting ridiculous. I had cashed in 100,000 frequent flyer miles for a first-class round-trip ticket and didn't want to miss this flight. I must check with Apple Macintosh to be sure it's x-ray safe.

Flight 741 backed away from the gate right on schedule. Equipment used for this off peak season is a Boeing 767 instead of (my favorite) the 747. Frankfurt airport is 346 feet above sea level. We lifted off at exactly 11 a.m. and headed northwest out over Holland and the English Channel. From my perch at 35,000 feet I could see the Forth Bridge and Edinburgh as we crossed to Scotland. We cleared the British Isles west of Glasgow and began our trans-Atlantic crossing. Eight hours and 22 minutes later we landed at JFK in New York.

I'm always amazed at what a rinky-dink airport JFK is compared to Frankfurt's Rhine/Main. You have to carry your baggage down steps (right next to an escalator that never works). Hallways are narrow and New Yorkers are rude. What an impression this must make on first-time visitors to America!

After clearing customs I went to the TWA Ambassador Lounge (more, 22 in fact, steps to climb) to wait for my connection to St. Louis. I phoned Harriett to see how she is and tell her I'm back Stateside and safe.

Flight 847 for St. Louis left the gate on time, but turned around at the end of the taxiway and return to the gate. Apparently there was a problem with the de-icing mechanism on the wing. Knowing this would delay us at least an hour and with a tight connection in St. Louis for the Phoenix flight, I asked to be transferred to the nonstop JFK-PHX flight 731 that was scheduled to leave at 5:59 p.m.

After several trips up and down long corridors, ramps and not a few steps they finally made the change. I phoned Harriett again and told her of my new ETA. It was a much smaller plane, DC-9 and the flight was 5 ½ hours. My seat wouldn't go back because there was a bulkhead there, so I couldn't sleep and I was too tired to work. It was 10 p.m. when we touch down at Sky Harbor Airport. Home at last! Thank you Lord Jesus!

Trip stats:

Miles driven in Part I	1,925 miles driven
Miles driven in Part II	2,694 miles driven
Miles driven in Part III	1,181 miles driven
Total miles driven:	5,800 miles.

General impressions of Romania – November 1992

With the new freedoms since the Revolution in 1989 everyone wants to catch up immediately with the rest of the world. For over 45 years they were under a dictator's hand and their life was not their own. Now they're not quite sure what to do first. Everyone seems to want instant wealth and success. I can't blame them for this, but it's very sad. Materialism is not the answer.

For the Christians the first order of business is to build a new church. In most cases they need it, but not in all cases. New churches are under construction in every part of the country. Most seem to feel that somehow the Americans will come to the rescue and bail them out if they overextend – and most are seriously overextended. The shortsighted ones failed to see that, "*the brook is drying up.*" They are the ones that will be hurt the most.

My principal concern is to explore ways for Romania to become self-sufficient and independent of a financial umbilical cord attached to the United States. This would also enable the church in Romania to become a mission-sending church. I have been challenging them with a vision for Albania and Moldova for starters. If materialism continues to spread at the current pandemic rate Romania will lose the spiritual power she had during the dark days and the 'revival' will be finished.

British evangelist Eric Hutchings once observed, "The Welsh Revival of 1909 began to wane as the Great Western Railway ran 'excursions' for people to *see* the Revival."



2nd Baptist Church, Oradea, Romania

Join me for a Trip to Eastern Europe

Many friends and prayer partners on our support team have said “I’d like to go with you, Bill, on one of your trips.” Well, I’d love to have you. But since the sand in the hourglass of my time machine is beginning to run low, I might not get around to taking everyone. Therefore, I have decided to take you on a ‘grand tour’ by means of this journal. I will go into much more detail than usual, so you can feel what I felt and see what I saw. So fasten your seatbelts and join me for an autumn trip to Eastern Europe in 1993. We are In Bucharest, Romania.

Rodica Cocar, Pastor Talos’ secretary asked me if I would like to visit the Peoples Palace, grandiose home of the former dictator Nicolae Ceausescu. At first I thought she was just being ‘touristy polite’ and I wasn’t interested, but she explained that two other Americans had arranged a private tour. There was room for one more. I agreed to go and I’m glad I did.

The building, said to be one of the largest in the world, is a monstrosity. It is larger than any palace of European royalty and is richly decorated with parquet floors, wood panel walls and gold leaf inlay. All the reception rooms and several banquet halls have native marble floors. Some rooms are larger than a football field and boast 100’ ceilings with two-ton crystal chandeliers, each with several hundred lights.

The rest of the city could have ‘brown-outs’ or be without electricity for several hours a day, but the lights in Ceausescu’s house could burn day and night. (I remembered how mean and petty this two-bit tyrant had been to fine citizens who wanted to enclose a small balcony 3’ by 10’ just to have a little more living space.

In his zeal to finish the palace he bankrupted the Communist Party treasury and spent seventy-five percent of Romania’s GNP to move it toward completion, so he could occupy it in 1990. He was tried and executed on December 25, 1989. Now Romania is left with this monument to the monumental ego of Nicolae Ceausescu.

I returned to the Baptist Union office, sent a fax to Tempe, and waited for Rodica who had invited me to stay with her family. She lives with her 80-year old father in a small but efficient three-room apartment on the

11th floor. She arrived with the announcement, “There is a problem.” The elevator was out of order. So I left my luggage at the office and walked to her building five minutes away. I climbed a hundred and ninety steps up to the eleventh floor. Rodica immediately set about preparing something to eat: bread, sheep cheese, tomatoes and tuna salad all of which we washed down with 7-Up (something new in Romania). It had been ten hours since I had eaten breakfast in Arad.

Later we walked along to the Baptist Church for the Friday evening service. Pastor Daniel Maris interpreted for me. It was a large church. I remember preaching here before but it was many years ago. I preached on David’s lament upon learning that his friend, Jonathan, had been killed in battle (II Sam. 1:17–27). Afterwards Rodica said she’d never heard a sermon on that text and that they seldom hear a message from the Old Testament.

The elevator was working when we returned so I didn’t have to carry my luggage up a hundred and ninety steps.

Bucharest has seen better days, and I don’t mean the recent past. From my balcony window on the eleventh floor I looked out on a sprawling ghetto of small houses. They were mostly single story dwellings. The few two story houses had turn-of-the-century architectural character. One such home had ‘1898’ embossed on the front. They had all been built when Romania had a king. I was reminded of all that as I looked out over the rusty metal rooftops a hundred feet below and saw the maze of cobbled streets.

Women made their way home with plastic sacks full of vegetables from the open market two blocks away. An auto mechanic revved the engine of a Dacia he was working on in a small repair shop that boasted a “Shell” sign. Children played in the warren of narrow alleyways to which the sun was a seldom visitor. Despite vociferous objections, a father administered corporal punishment to a disobedient six year old. A squad of mangy dogs patrolled the area and a forlorn feline searched with success for a mouse. An old Dacia, with a canvas cover to protect it from the ever-present dust, deteriorated slowly under a tree. There were only a few trees and they looked sad.

During the communist era private homes that once lined the broad avenues and boulevards were torn down and replaced by tall, prefabricated

concrete (flats) apartment buildings. The entire square kilometer inside each of these high-rise perimeters was left to decay. To show that he was a man-of-the-people, Ceausescu moved out the original owners (many of whom were thrown into prison) and replaced them with Gypsies from the countryside. They brought their rudimentary (and sometime criminal) culture with them and, as we say, “There goes the neighborhood!”

Various strains of ethnic music emanated from opened windows while a variety of smells from a multitude of kitchens reached my nostrils on this eleventh floor perch. It was enough to start my digestive juices flowing but it would be 10 a.m. before my hostess called me to breakfast and I savored my first cup of coffee.

The Saturday evening service was in Betania Church. It is sometimes called Popa Rusu after the street on which it is located. The room was packed. I preached on Proverbs 29:1. There were a few who responded.

Sunday morning one of the deacons from Vasile Talos’ church picked me up at 8:15 a.m. I was all packed and ready to leave because I was to stay in the pastor’s home Sunday night.

They had double Sunday morning services. The first was at 8:30 with about five hundred present and the second at 10:30 with about six hundred and fifty attending. I preached from I Kings 17. Vasile was very pleased and said it met a real need. He had been challenging them to get out into the community and get involved. My message endorsed that.

I had lunch mid afternoon with Vasile and Cornelia Talos. Soon it was time to leave for the evening service. It was youth night. The emphasis was on college age young people. They put on a wonderful program. Preaching was easy after that. I spoke on “Opportunities” and used Bible illustrations of people who had taken advantage of their opportunities and those who had not. Quite a large number responded to the invitation to receive Jesus Christ.

Afterwards they had a snack (bread, cheese and grapes) for all six hundred and fifty young people gathered there. I talked with some of them about ministry into the area. In Bucharest they have a weekly outreach from the church to passengers on the metro (subway). “Our people have respect for God,” said Vicky Catana (twenty-three) a student and apprentice journalist for *Voice of the Gospel* in Bucharest, “but they don’t know Him or have a personal relationship with Him.”

Monday morning my long journey back to America began when my alarm brought me to reality at 5:40 a.m. The reality, that, in effect, this was the end of my journey. I had reached the uttermost distance in miles from our Tempe HQ base. I had concluded the preaching portion of my ministry for this trip. God willing, by Friday I would be home with Harriett. In the meantime there's much to do and "miles to go before I sleep." Today I must fly to Arad, repack my suitcase, load the car and drive to Oradea, confer with Dr. Nick, meet Peter Hammond and leave for Austria.

It's difficult to decide which is the most harrowing experience: (1) a mad dash to the airport through the cobbled back streets of Bucharest in a dilapidated Dacia, or (2) climbing to a cruising altitude of twelve thousand feet to clear the 8,000 foot Carpathian Alps in a tired and worn out Russian-built AN-24 operated by TAROM.

The first horror ended uneventfully as the driver dropped me at the entrance of the departure terminal at Bucharest's Baneasa Airport. I showed my ticket and the agent gave me a boarding card. From there I proceeded to the departure lounge and waited for them to call my flight.

TAROM launches early morning flights almost simultaneously to every major city in Romania. Passengers for Bacau and Iasi were first, followed by Satu Mare and Timisoara. Finally they announced "Arad and Carenebes." I moved toward the door, then outside onto the waiting area. The little flock of passengers must all walk together across the asphalt to the waiting Antonov.

The boarding card simply assures you a place on board. There are no assigned seats and I prefer a window, so I walked briskly and was the first to board. I placed my carry-on under the seat in front of me and my briefcase in the overhead rack. There are no compartments, just an open shelf slanted toward the outside of the fuselage. I wondered if all the things would stay in place if there were any turbulence.

I knew we were in for trouble when the hostess announced, "Ladies and gentlemen this aircraft is equipped with air-sickness bags located in the seat pocket in front of you. In case of use please return them to your stewardess after the flight." Thus reassured that any premature regurgitation could be adequately accommodated I settled into my seat.

It was a simple, narrow utility device without means of adjustment; *one size fits all* sort of thing. My knees touched the back of the seat in

front of me and I could feel the passenger behind me poking my posterior. Procrustes would have been pleased. His iron bed was, I'm sure, the inspiration for Antonov's design engineer.

After strapping myself into this inflexible instrument of torture I looked out the window. The left tire on the landing gear was literally bald. This observation alone did wonders for my prayer life!



With Dr. Nick Gheorghita

The Lord answered those prayers. How else can you explain our safe arrival in Arad? Daniel met me at the airport and took me back to Titi's house. Ligia fixed me some breakfast while I repacked the things I had left there and loaded the car. I left immediately for Oradea, glad to have my feet on the ground or at least on the familiar controls of a decent car.

Dr. Nick was waiting for me. We had only two hours together but managed to cover all the points outlined by the Mission's Project Director, Harriett. For example: the **Bethesda Medical Center** must move out of the 3rd Baptist Church by July '94. New premises have been purchased but need to be renovated. The 'Pastor Support Program' is moving along on schedule. Rebuilding the **Orphanage** at **Prilipet** is on course.

By the time we finished talking, Peter Hammond arrived from his morning lectures at the Seminary. He was packed and ready to go. We said goodbye to Dr. Nick, left for the border and drove across and into Hungry by 3 p.m. local time.

We arrived in Budapest in time for supper at McDonald's. As a precaution against theft, we parked the car on the sidewalk just outside the window while I wolfed down a Big Mac and Peter checked out the grilled chicken. He drove from there to Austria. We stopped in *Bruck an der Leitha* and stayed overnight at the hotel Ungarische Krone.

The next morning we slept till about 06:30, then shaved, showered and had breakfast by 8 a.m. Afterwards we left for Salzburg. The heater didn't

work in the car and we were frozen by the time we reached the city of Mozart.

We arrived by five at our daughter Debbie's home on Hammerauerstr. She had some of her delicious homemade brownies waiting for us and later we enjoyed a wonderful goulash soup and salad dinner.

Next morning at 7:50, I took Peter to the airport. He was the first to check in and they checked his bags all the way to Albania. We prayed together and I said farewell to my son-in-law. Minutes later he jetted to Zürich, and then on by turboprop to Tirane, capital of Albania. I finished writing the Ministry letter and faxed it to Tempe from the Postamt in Wals.

I purchased some Austrian coffee at the Interspar and then drove four hours to Aschaffenburg, Germany and stayed in a small hotel just off the east exit of the Autobahn. I needed to be in easy range of the Frankfurt airport for my flight the next day and it's about 30 minutes max to Rhein/Main.

I awakened to a cold and wet day. Never mind. I left the hotel just after 5 a.m. Not much traffic this time of the morning. After turning the car in at the airport, I had *Frühstück* with my last cup of real coffee for a while, and checked in with TWA for my flight home. With my Frequent Flyer Gold Card TWA upgraded me to Business Class all the way home. Thank you again, Lord!

Strong Atlantic headwinds restrained us all the way. It was 8 hours and 15 minutes across to JFK from Frankfurt. I wrote on the plane until my computer batteries were down, and then read.

All I had with me was carry-on so I breezed through customs and immigration at JFK. I found a place to plug in my computer and wrote for another three hours until they called my flight to Phoenix.

It was headwinds again all the way. The flight time was 5 hours and 10 minutes, but we arrived on time. I couldn't help but think, at the turn of this century, when my Dad was born, this leg of the journey would have taken 30 days. We have come a long way! Still, after each trip I wonder just how much longer I'll be able to keep up this pace. Thank You, Lord Jesus – You know – and that's enough for me.

Chapter 21

Medical Mission to Romania

Spring 1994

Dr. Ray Kauffman was a great encouragement to the Christians in Romania this spring. At the request of our Mission, he spent two weeks in Europe on a special medical mission.

Our friends at Faith Baptist Church in Kaiserslautern, Germany, coordinated with HQ US European Command to obtain surplus medical supplies from a military warehouse.

Colonel John Siler described Dr. Ray's role as 'crucial' in selecting appropriate equipment to meet Romanian surgical needs. Dr. Ray has operated in several Romanian hospitals.

In keeping with the policy we set up in 1984, all the equipment was given to the Second Baptist Church in Oradea for use by the Bethesda Medical Center, which our mission established in 1991.

The equipment filled a 40' semi-trailer, which our Mission rented for the transportation. It included new hospital beds, new exam tables, X-ray machines, dental chairs and lights, patient scales, steam sterilizer, respirators, stainless steel tables for surgery, centrifuge, newborn isolates and plenty of new blankets, sheets, towels and surgical gloves. Our cost for this operation (including renting the truck) was \$3,500.



Dr. Detchko helps unload Bibles we took for his church in Bulgaria



Romania border crossing



2nd Baptist Church, Oradea, Romania

Relax Mom, it's Africa!

This is a chronicle of our missionary adventure to Southern Africa in November and December 1994. Inspiration for the title came from a remark our daughter, Lenora, made when her mother was exasperated due to some cultural difference over which she had no control. It had something to do with the time it takes to get some things done. We soon discovered that Lenora's wise and pragmatic solution is the secret of coping.

Have you ever watched how people in the movies or on TV pack for a trip? They simply open a dresser drawer, pull out some underwear, grab a handful of socks, dump in a shirt or blouse and slam the lid on the suitcase (usually with something protruding) and dash out the door into a waiting taxi that rushes them to the airport. The next scene is a jumbo jet lifting off the runway and climbing in a slow gentle turn out of the local traffic pattern. It's all symbolism obviously for the real thing and we accept it as part of our entertainment. Anyone who has traveled very much knows it's not that easy.

Some things do become routine with the passage of time. Experience, of course, is a great teacher. I used to begin packing with the thought, "I might need this and I might need that" and consequently wound up taking two big suitcases and a carry-on with me. Then, on the trip, I would analyze exactly what I had used so that all non-essentials could be left behind the next time. Nowadays I can pack everything I need for a two-month two season (winter/summer/winter) inter-hemisphere trip into a carry-on case that will fit under the seat in front of me or into the overhead compartment. Everything else that I check through can be an assortment of medical supplies and equipment for the mission I am serving.

With over 120 intercontinental flights behind me and *'in journeying oft'* through some 100 countries, I still feel that I have just only 'scratched the surface' traveling in the 49 years since I first left home to join the Navy. In recent years it has been necessary to establish a 'countdown' procedure to facilitate our departures. Otherwise, at our age we might forget something important.

We began our countdown for this trip in September. Admittedly we thought that was a bit early, but I had planned to be in Eastern Europe from mid-September to mid-October. To leave two weeks after returning from Europe for two months in Africa was not very wise, particularly since I had promised to be in Calvary Church on the middle weekend. The trip to Europe did not work out. Dr. Bidwell was unable to go with me.

Preparation for departure and countdown began as Harriett organized medical supplies to be sent to Tempe, literally from all over the States. Actual packing of boxes began two weeks in advance, and our suitcases the day before we left.

Sunday Nov.13 Our clock radio awakened us with the news at 4 a.m. I am not usually interested in the news at that time of the morning, but this was different. We needed to leave for the airport in an hour and fifteen minutes. Clyde had helped me load our truck the night before with the four big boxes of medical supplies and our two suitcases. There were just a few last minute things to put into our carry-on and we'd be ready.

We said our goodbyes to Clyde and Lila and left the house at twenty past five. Judy had offered to take us to the airport, but we couldn't possibly get everything into a car, so we arranged to pick her up at 5:30 a.m., take her with us to Sky Harbor and then she'd bring the truck back to our house later that day. As we drove away from the house Harriett looked in the back of our 4-runner and then asked, "Did you leave room for Judy?" I suddenly realized that the entire back of our vehicle was loaded to the gills and that there was no room for Judy to squeeze in. Bless her heart, she slipped in beside Harriett and sat sideways to the airport. Thank you Judy for getting up so early to assist us in the way you did! Hope you have forgiven me for not saving you a place to sit!

When we checked in at American Airlines they didn't question the amount of baggage plus five carry-on items we had. I didn't know it, but they allow three bags per passenger. We were booked on AA from Phoenix to Miami and then on South African Airways to Cape Town. I asked to check it all the way through to Cape Town. Neither the lady nor I knew SAA's baggage allowance, but I told her that I'd flown SAA before and they didn't seem to mind as long as we were bringing things that would help their people – medicines, etc. The AA check-in lady said, "Fine" and

booked them all the way through. We didn't have to pay excess baggage. Praise the Lord ... that was a definite answer to prayer!

The AA connection was very tight in DFW and it was a long way between gates. When I checked the TV monitor to find out the correct gate for our Miami flight, it was already flashing "BOARDING." Harriett's knee was hurting somewhat (it was less than three weeks since her operation) so we couldn't walk very fast. We managed to hitch a ride on one of the electric carts and were (I think) the last ones on. We had a 3½-hour layover in Miami, so there was no rush to deplane. We had the luxury of sitting and watching everyone else push and shove, then we quietly got up, gathered our belongings and walked calmly off the plane. It was great!

In Miami we disembarked at gate 7 in Concourse "E" and enquired about check-in for SAA. It was Concourse "C" (quite a long way and we had to leave the secure area). It took us about half an hour to get there, all the while pulling our carry-ons plus computer, cameras, etc. We declared our baggage that had been checked through (otherwise they might have not loaded it) and got our boarding ticket. "Your flight leaves at 6:05p.m., Mr. Bathman, from gate E8." Yes, that's right. Exactly opposite the gate where we had arrived! So we began our long trek back through the milling multitude of multi-cultural migrants managing magnificently in Miami.

South African Airways uses the latest model Boeing 747 jumbo jets and the aircrew is very polite and professional. The seats are comfortable, but the rows are so close together my knees touched the seat in front of me. While we were eating, the passenger in front of me let her seat back and knocked over things on my tray table (that's how close the rows are). Our travel agent had booked us some good seats (position wise), but in a row where the armrests would not raise up.

Fortunately the flight was not too crowded, so just before they closed the door we got up and moved to a row in the center section and established ourselves on the aisle seats. After dinner we flipped up the armrests in the center section and spread out some blankets across the four seats so Harriett could stretch out. I put a blanket and a couple of pillows on the floor and could also stretch out. We took some sleeping pills and slept for about seven hours. So the usual eastbound jet-lag was not as bad as we expected. I was kinda stiff when I woke up and the rows were so close I couldn't get up off the floor, so I checked both directions (to make sure I

wouldn't be run over by a beverage cart), crawled out into the aisle and then stood up.

The crew served us breakfast at 37,000 ft. The outside temperature was -67°F. and our speed was 611 mph. Back in Miami it was 6:30a.m. Our bodies were still on Phoenix time, 4:30a.m. Local time was 1:30p.m. Soon we began our long descent to Cape Town's D.F. Malan airport.

Monday, Nov. 14 We arrived safely in Cape Town shortly after 3p.m. We had left the USA late Sunday afternoon in wintertime. It was now mid-afternoon on a summer Monday. The over water trip was just under 14 hours and we had covered 7,680 miles since leaving Miami. I'm told it is the longest non-stop over water flight in the world. I can believe it. Peter, Lenora, Andrea and Daniela Hammond were there – along with Miriam Cain - to meet us.

Everything arrived safely including the four big boxes of medicine, however they wouldn't let us bring them through without special clearance. Evie had inventoried each box as we packed it at the Mission office. That proved very helpful. I simply handed the inventory to the customs people and they went through the list line by line. They were really interested in the xylocain. Initially they said we'd have to transship everything on to Zambia (or wherever). Peter talked with them and finally they agreed to check with their 'boss' who'd gone for the day and call us 'tomorrow.'

Harriett had insisted on packing a sweater for me. "It's summertime ... and it's Africa", I protested. She is so stubborn she brought it anyway. I'm wearing it right now and very glad for it. Cape Town summers are like Phoenix winters.



Wednesday, Nov 16 The custom's authorities phoned us this morning regarding the medical supplies. Anthony, a big blond-haired Afrikaner with an infectious smile and one of the newer members of the Frontline Team, took us to the airport in the white Toyota bakkie (the one our Mission purchased in 1993) to clear as much as possible. At first the customs people were stiff and formal, but soon warmed up. They even brought us tea and coffee mid-morning. They were very interested in what we had and made some suggestions about repacking.

Anthony was a tremendous help. He had been interested in medical things for a long time and spoke of perhaps studying medicine someday. He and Harriett calmly sorted everything out. They put all the antibiotics and medicine into two boxes and kept most of the sterile bandages, needles, syringes etc. for the team to take when they left the next day. I promised to write a letter of appreciation to the customs officer, Mr. P.J. Jooste.

Today was Lenora's 34th birthday. We helped her celebrate with a wonderful seafood dinner at The Ritz, a revolving restaurant 22 stories above beautiful Cape Town. From our lofty perch we watched the afternoon sun ease noiselessly into it's western bed in the South Atlantic and the lights begin to turn on in the city spread out below us. The long evening shadows of Table Mountain extended toward the Indian Ocean. Cape Town is one of the five most beautiful cities in the world. I hope it can stay that way.

Thursday, Nov 17 From our 'mountain top' experience last evening it was back to work this morning. I'm trying to do some serious writing, at least in the mornings while I'm on this trip. We had mid-morning tea with Mrs. Ingrid Packard, with whom we'd stayed back in 1989 before Lenora was married. It was the same room where we'd enjoyed two very special hours with Rhodesia's former Prime Minister, Ian Smith. In the afternoon I spoke at the Rondebosch Boy's High School. What a pity we have lost the freedom to minister the Gospel in public schools and do this kind of thing in the mission field of America!

Saturday Nov 19 We had a very special time with Peter and Lenora. We drove along the windswept De Waal Drive, which clings precariously to the side of Devil's Peak, on the way to Table Mountain. Peter is a member of the Cape Town Practical Pistol Club and wanted us to visit the range. We spent about an hour and a half testing an assortment of 9mm automatics (Smith & Wessons, Glocks and Rugers,) with various types of ammunition.



My son-in-law is an expert marksman. I wouldn't want to be the bad guy if he was chasing me. Lenora drove us to the range while Peter was in the back seat loading magazine clips. When we parked, she asked Peter if she should put the 'Club' on the steering wheel. We glanced around at the large number of burley citizens who had come out to hone their skills at all sorts of targets on this delightful summer afternoon. No one in his right mind would try to steal a car parked in this area!



Tonight we had 22 people over for a *braai* (cookout). They were Frontline staff, field workers and personnel getting together to (1) celebrate Lynne's birthday, (2) to prayerfully send off the field team to Zambia and (3) to welcome Bill and Harriett back to South Africa. Of course it doesn't take too much of an occasion to get South Africans together for a *braai*, but this was special. We are over the jet-lag now and ready to start work.

Sunday Nov 20 I had been scheduled to preach at the Baptist Church in Simonstown and two of the girls from the Frontline office, Lynne and Tonya, picked Harriett and me up to take us there. The pastor is a long time friend, Errol Wesson, whom I'd met back in the early '80s when he was pastor of the Florida Baptist Church in Johannesburg. We had a great time. The power of the Lord was present in the service and many hearts were touched as we sought to "Understand the Hour." I can always tell a difference when Harriett is in the congregation. She is praying constantly for me and I am aware of an anointing that is often missing when she is not along.

Simonstown has the best facilities of any naval base in Africa, south of the equator and possibly anywhere on the continent. It was built by the British and turned over to the South African government in 1961, when the Brits pulled out. It centers around a natural niche carved out of False Bay which leads to the Indian Ocean. During the previous week a US

Navy cruiser and destroyer paid a courtesy visit there on the way to the Gulf and a large number of sailors came to the church last Sunday. It felt good for this ole ex-swabbie to be around a gang of mariners again.

Monday Nov 21 There are a lot of things to finish before I leave for Zambia tomorrow. George needs a letter on Mission stationary to explain the medical supplies he's taking to Angola. I need to confirm my flight (CTP/JNB/LUN) and advise the Customs officer of my flight numbers so he can have the two big boxes loaded on the aircraft for me. Later I pack for the bush: mosquito spray, net, malaria tablets, sleeping bag, pillow and flashlight plus power bars and trail mix. The usual things. I have a home Bible study with Michael Bains' friends tonight as well.

Tuesday Nov 22 Spent the morning packing and repacking I couldn't get everything into a carry-on bag, so I borrowed Lenora's Samsonite case, added Peter's sleeping bag and Harriett's small pillow. Most of the time missionaries sleep on the floor in African homes and especially in Zambia.

Because the flight involved two different airlines, Comair from Cape Town to Johannesburg and Zambian Airways from there on to Lusaka, we had some problem arranging for the medical supplies to be transferred without having to pay excess baggage charge. The lady at Comair was very helpful, even telephoned Zambian Air in JNB and got clearance from them. Later, as I walked through Gate 8 to board the plane, the person checking the list of passengers entered the code on my boarding card and there, scrolled across the screen were the words, "humanitarian excess baggage."

Making my way from the domestic terminal after arrival at Jan Smuts airport in Johannesburg, I was surprised at the less than halfhearted security in the international departure area. I put my camera on the belt to go through the x-ray and told the man I had a computer that needed to be hand checked. I just barely opened my briefcase to take out the computer when the man said, "That's fine, you may pass." I had all sorts of other things in my briefcase including Bible, notebook and toilet kit. I could have had several guns and a hand grenade, but I never put the briefcase through the x-ray.

After check-in at the Zambian Airways for my flight to Lusaka, I walked along the corridor and saw two other places, wide open with no guards or security, where one could come straight in from the street without

any check whatsoever. I passed immigration control and they cleared me without ever asking about a firearm. Now, in the general departure area I spotted another security checkpoint. A white lady officer was giving instructions to the security people at the x-ray machines and I thought, "Ok, now comes the real security test."

When they called my flight I went up to the security area, put my camera bag on the belt and my briefcase on the counter. I emptied out all my change, money clip, pocket calculator and anything else that would set off the buzzer and walked through the screening door. I turned to retrieve all my pocket things and the guard asked to see my boarding pass. I handed it to him, replaced the various items in my pocket and he simply handed back my boarding card and turned to the next person. He never asked me to open my briefcase nor did I volunteer.

Pastor John Jere met me at the gate in Lusaka, whisked me through on a special pass and took me to the V.I.P. lounge. We bypassed all the lines and other formalities. A gentleman took my passport and \$20 for a visa and returned shortly. Another helped me fill out a customs form to get the medical supplies into the country, and that was it. It's nice to be back in Zambia.

Pastor Jere had organized a big Toyota Land Cruiser to transport the boxes to his home in the township of Kalingalinga, where they will await further distribution by the Frontline Fellowship team. It would also be my home for the next week. Later, after supper Pastor Jere showed me to my room. There was a bed there! It was the only bed in the house. The men from the Frontline Team, Charl and Fanie, slept in the next room in sleeping bags on the floor. Pastor John and his wife slept, I think, on the couch in the living room. Apart from the bed there was no furniture. The floors and walls were bare, but I found a nail in the wall to hang something on.

All the way around the room there were chalk lines on the wall and the doorposts. Pastor John explained that this was a special kind of chalk they get from China to keep out spiders, cockroaches and lizards. About that time Charl walked by with an 8-inch lizard he was reluctant to share his sleeping bag with and tossed the intruder out the front door. I dispatched a 2½-inch cockroach before going to bed. Two failures out of three aren't bad I guess when you are dealing with Chinese preventions. It wasn't until the next day that I saw the big spider. OK, so nobody is perfect.

Thursday Nov 23 and Friday Nov 24 Pastor John had arranged a full evangelistic program for me during those days in Lusaka. The basic routine was lunchtime meetings with different firms or businesses then an evangelistic crusade meeting in the evening in satellite suburbs. We also met for an hour each with three cabinet ministers: the Deputy Minister of Education, the Deputy Minister of Finance and the Deputy Minister of Youth and Sports. At the end of each appointment we had prayer with the respective Minister and each in turn told us how the President and Vice President host a prayer meeting every morning with the entire Zambian cabinet.

The Minister of Education urged me to send Christian businessmen. He said that 75% of the businesses are owned by Muslims. Transportation is another need, especially big lorries (trucks). I tactfully explained that they would need to dramatically improve the infrastructure of roads because the present system will not carry the heavy weight of an 18-wheeler.

Each evening Joyce prepared a different kind of Zambian dish for us. There is of course the staple mielies in the form of *nishima*. Tonight she prepared a big dish of kapenta. Kapenta is an interesting little fish about one inch long, with one very big eye that stares unblinkingly at you. You may wonder how such a tiny morsel could become a meal. The answer is volume. The fish are caught by the millions with a very fine net, dried in the hot African sun and sold by the kilo in the dusty market. At home the wife washes and fries them in oil. One tablespoon would contain perhaps 100 kapenta. That meant I was swallowing about 35 to 40 little fish with each fork full.

As I chewed them the grainy sand grated between my teeth. I overheard John ask Joyce, "Did you wash these?" I didn't feel so bad when even he noticed the grit. "Yes, five times" she replied, "but you bought them!" We all cracked up laughing. It is well known that men are not good shoppers in Zambia (probably why I feel at home here). Joyce would have known how to buy the best ones.

Having asked the Lord to bless the food I was trying hard to be thankful for it. Then I suddenly remembered: today is Thanksgiving in America. I thought about that for a moment and then concluded, "It is not difficult to be thankful when everything is smooth, comfortable, convenient and delicious. The real test of thanksgiving is in the difficult times." It was easier after that.



On ZNBC Lusaka, Zambia

Friday Nov 25 After meeting with Herbert Makota at 10a.m. to record a sermon for radio, ZNBC, I spoke to the Lunch hour Christian Fellowship there and then went immediately to the TV section for an interview on the Nightline program. Since ZNBC is the only radio and TV in Zambia these are good opportunities to literally reach

the entire nation. As Pastor Jere said, “Everyone has a little radio even if they don’t have a TV.”

After the evening service at 17:00 hrs the local pastor invited us to his home for a meal. It is traditional for the guest to be entertained in such a way following the preaching of God’s Word. The cistern, that collected rainwater from the roof for drinking, was just outside the front door. There has been little rain recently and on my way into the house I noticed that it was almost empty. This meant that the various collection of items that had fallen (or been tossed by children) into the cistern were clearly visible. It was an interesting assortment: one old shoe, a wheel from a tricycle, some plastic bottles and the odd tin can plus the usual flotsam of cigarette butts, used band aids and a popsicle stick.

The water was grey. Before serving dinner the wife brought in a tray with six glasses of grey water. I glanced at Pastor John Jere. He shook his head.

Then she graciously handed me a plate full of food. My eyes surveyed the dish in a clockwise movement. I recognized rice. Next to it was what I believed to be cabbage. Then there was a medium helping of noodles and spaghetti sauce. So far so good. It was the last and most bountiful item that puzzled me. It looked like brains. I knew the folks in these parts were fond of monkeys and all their parts. Could it be? I decided not to enquire. My Bible says, “... whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience sake.” I Cor. 10:27 It would be better for me not to know. I did, however, suffer great remorse for all the times I had insisted that my children must join the “clean plate club” when they were small.

Now I must be brave. In went my fork. It felt funny. Charl and Fanie were shoveling everything down like there was no tomorrow. I wondered if I'd ever see another tomorrow. I lifted the fork to my mouth and tried to think of something else as I put the modest load between my teeth. To my great relief it really wasn't bad. It tasted remotely like scrambled egg. Egg? Brains? Then I remembered that public service announcement on TV, "This is your brain on drugs" and the egg is cooking in the frying pan. Afterwards, on the way home, I asked Pastor Jere, "What was that we had for supper tonight?" His answer was simple: "Scrambled eggs." And I didn't have the brain to ask!

Saturday Nov 26 In the afternoon we went to the Lusaka Central Prison for an evangelistic service. There were 1,057 men interred there. I spoke on selected verses from I Corinthians 15 concerning the hopelessness of life without Christ and the new life with him. In the course of my message I picked up a copy of Peter Hammond's book, *Biblical Principles for Africa* and used it as an illustration of what one former prisoner in this very prison could do. The men broke into spontaneous and sustained applause.

Sunday Nov 27 An evening service in a large Apostolic Church in Lusaka concluded my ministry (for this time) in Zambia. I packed my suitcase and got everything ready for the next day's flight to JNB.

Monday Nov 28 I needed to be at the airport at 7a.m. Pastor Jere had arranged for V.I.P. treatment again and it was really nice. They directed us to a very comfortable lounge; we had soft drinks (Coke) and did not have to go through security. So I made this entire round trip to Zambia without once opening my computer for inspection.

Ed Cain was waiting for me when I arrived in Johannesburg. He was the first person I ever met in South Africa back in October 1977. I wondered how many hours he has spent over the years, driving to the airport, parking, coming inside, waiting and then driving back with me to his home ... and then taking me back to the airport when I had to leave. I'm so grateful to God for friends like Ed and his wife, Deanna.

Tuesday Nov 29 and Wednesday Nov 30 ...were days to write, catch up on some reading, get clothes back from the cleaner and prepare for the meeting in a Dutch Reformed Church in Pretoria on Wednesday evening.

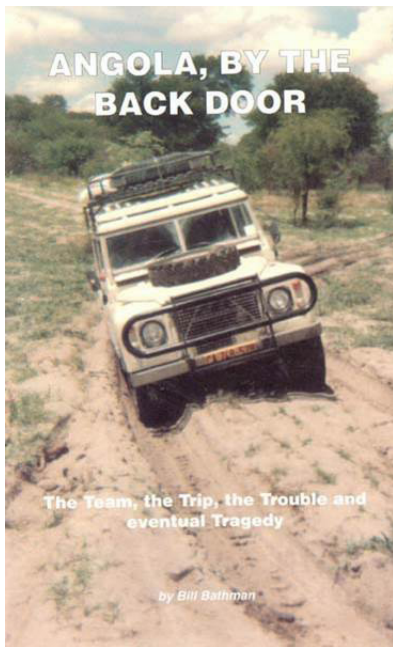
Thursday Dec 1 Ed and I left at 8:45a.m. for Jan Smuts airport in Jo'burg to catch my flight to Durban. At about the same time Harriett

and Andrea were leaving Cape Town to fly to Durban so we could be together at KwaSizabantu Mission. Sindi was waiting for us there, having arranged a surprise birthday celebration. Lenora had mentioned to her that I had admired their Zulu shields. So Sindi went all the way to Durban and bought a beautiful Zulu warrior shield for my birthday.

Saturday Dec 2 till Monday Dec 12 We ministered and had fellowship at KwaSizabantu Mission and met with the new Premier for KwaZulu-Natal. It's hard to describe the sheer joy of non-commercial Christmas preparations and the difference of a summer Christmas – but that's Africa. Sometimes life in this culture is frustrating. Things may seem disorganized to us, but they are not ... at least to the Africans. Lenora had the best advice when she said, "Relax, Mom, this is Africa!"

We returned to Cape Town after 12 wonderful days of blessing in KwaSizabantu again and to see the Lord working in such a remarkable way.

Wednesday Dec 14 ... brought shattering news. Word had come to the Frontline office that one of the teams returning from a field trip to Angola had been involved in an accident. Details were sketchy at first then after about an hour the picture became clear. They had had a head-on collision with another vehicle. Fanie was in hospital with semi-serious injuries. Anthony had been killed instantly.



Angola, by the Back Door The Team, the Trip, The Trouble and eventual Tragedy is a 36-page booklet I wrote telling the story of the Frontline Fellowship mission project to Angola and Anthony's tragic death after successfully delivering a tonne of Bibles and medicines to the beleaguered Christians in Southern Angola. The team was ambushed, captured and imprisoned on the return trip.

Chapter 23

Jottings in an African Journal

April 1999

It was an unforgettable experience for me to travel a few days with Bill Larkan, a man well known and respected for his knowledge of Zulu history and culture. At 75 he still lives in Tugela Ferry among the Zulu, his 'adopted' people.

The following *Jottings in an African Journal* is taken from my notes on that trip.

Bill Larkan, historian and Council member of the KwaZulu Monuments Council, picked me up at 06:45. on April 15. We had a big Sizabantu breakfast and set off with a packed lunch to explore the great Zulu battlefields. We headed toward Kranskop and shortly before Greytown turned east and took the tar road toward the Mooi Valley. Along the way we drove past fields of sugar cane and through forests of black wattle trees. The bark is used for tanning and the wood is ground into pulp for making paper.

After crossing the Mooi River the road winds up a small mountain. We topped the Edwaleni (Rock shelf) and in the distance we could see Job's Kop, the highest point in Natal. The view overlooking the Tugela Valley is spectacular! The morning mist was just burning off the lowland areas in deference to an autumn sun climbing steadily across the northeastern sky. It was downhill for miles ahead as we descended the escarpment.

We waited patiently for a tractor to cross the single-lane bridge over the river at Tugela Ferry. Then it was on again through the little town that took its name from a method of river crossing that disappeared long ago. I saw the Church of Scotland hospital on our right and remembered Dr. Theo's gracious hospitality to us on previous trips.

From Tugela Ferry the road climbs steadily toward Pomeroy. The vegetation changed as we reached the veld (grassland). Tall slender gum trees gave way to the *kameldoring* (also called "Acacia"), a flattop thorn tree, 20' to 25' high, so typical of Africa. Along the way we saw clusters of *rondavels* – round thatched-roof African homes, each the same size. In the local culture it would be unthinkable to build one larger than your neighbors. In the distance we saw farmers preparing their animals for the cattle dip.

Before the Revival began among the Zulus this was a very violent area with frequent faction wars. The Mabaso tribe was the most warlike and they fought the Tembu people. In 1978 Gabajana, the acting Chief, managed to stop a planned attack by an Impi of 5,000 warriors. Since then things have been relatively peaceful.

From Pomeroy we drove up Helpmekaar Ridge, a narrow spine that falls off steeply on both sides. To the west we could see the Sunday River valley and to the east the Buffalo River valley, which the Zulus call “Mzinyathi.”

A bit of background on the Zulu might be helpful here. King Shaka, the legendary leader, had built the nation by welding together similar tribes, teaching the young men to be brave fighters and subduing all his neighbors. Under his leadership the Zulu became the most powerful of all African nations. Shaka’s half brother, Dingaan, had ambitions of leadership and eventually murdered Shaka and assumed the throne.

Voortrekker and pioneer, Piet Retief wanted to make peace with the Zulu and accepted Dingaan’s invitation for a conference at his Kraal. It was a trap. Dingaan insisted that the Boer delegation leave all their weapons outside the Kraal. In the afternoon on February 6, 1838, the entire delegation of 100 Boers was murdered. Flush with this ‘success’ he went on to massacre the Afrikaner women and children at Weenen (tears) and Blaukranz. The Boers regrouped, rearmed and met a force of 12,000 Zulu at Blood River. The 462 Afrikaners circled their wagons into a *laager* and successfully held off the onslaught. The embattled farmers had made a Covenant with God, that they would give Him all the glory if He would give them the victory. Some 3,000 Zulu were killed that day, but not a single Boer was lost and only three were slightly wounded. The Battle of Blood River on December 16, 1838 was a great victory for the Voortrekkers.

Over forty years later, the British decided they were uncomfortable living next to such a powerful neighbor and sought an occasion for war with the Zulu. The opportunity came when a small detachment of Zulus, in pursuit of two wives that had run off with their lovers, crossed into Natal. The British regarded this unauthorized incursion as an act of aggression. The Anglo-Zulu War followed, with terrible losses on both sides.

We turned right, off the tar road over Helpmekaar Ridge, onto a dirt track and headed for Rorke’s Drift. We drove past fields of mealies, each with a



The Battle of Rorke's Drift, 22 January 1879

colorful border of cosmos. Eventually we reached the site of the old hospital where the second battle had taken place on January 22, 1879. Rorke's Drift is named for James Rorke, who bought the farm in 1849 and, in addition to farming, started a trading store. The Zulus called his homestead "Kwa Jimu," the place of Jim. After Rorke died in 1875 the farm passed into the hands of Swedish missionaries.

Mr. Larkan and I had a cup of tea in the little restaurant before pressing on to **Isandlwana**, where the main battle had been fought. It was a sobering moment later that April afternoon as we stood in the Isandlwana battlefield, amid the Cairns marking the places where heroes on both sides had fallen, and wondered if the world is a better place because of their sacrifice. The guns are silent now. The dust of more than a century blows

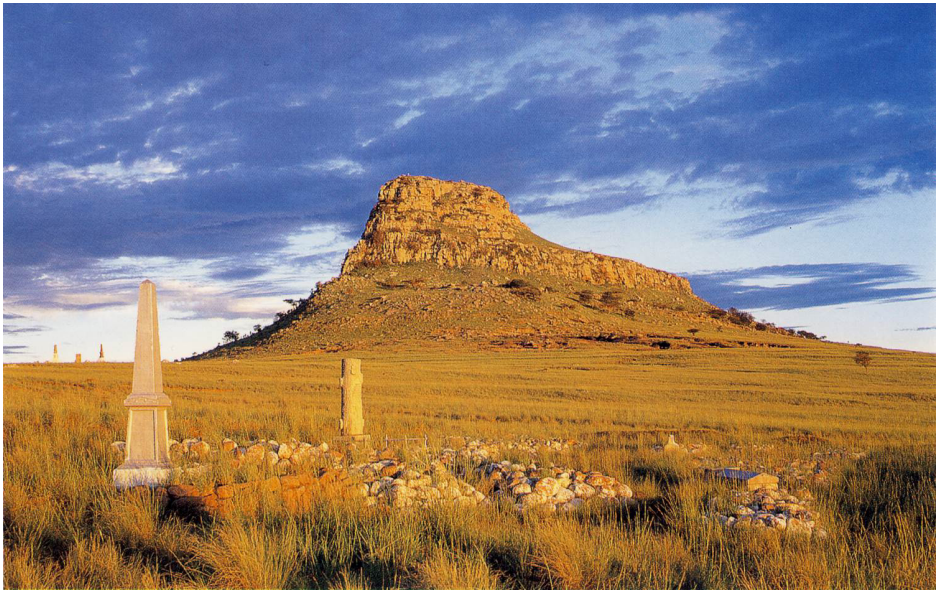
over the field where they fell. Yet, if you listen closely, you can still hear echoes of the high pitched ululation from Zulu mothers or discern the tears and soft sobs of a wife in Wales, both of whom share a common sorrow – their loved one will not return.



Isandlwana



22 January 1879, The Battle of Isandlwana



Isandlwana

Chapter 24

The Battle of Isandlwana

Lord Chelmsford's troops totaled 1,275 infantry, 320 mounted men and 2,556 Natal Native Contingent (NNC) some of whom were well armed and mounted, but the majority were on foot. To move this large force he had 220 wagons and 82 carts, and to pull them, 1,507 oxen, 49 horses and 67 mules with 346 drivers and *voorlopers* (leaders).

The British used the Martini Henry, which replaced the Snider Enfield. It was a single shot breech-loading rifle firing a .45 caliber lead bullet. Mounted infantry had the shorter version of the rifle, referred to as a carbine. The numerically superior Zulus used their traditional knobkierie along with assegais and shields although many had Snider firearms.

The British forces were under the command of Lt. General Fredric Augustus Thesiger, better known as Lord Chelmsford. His immediate command was the 24th Welsh Regiment from Brecon, Wales. His 2,500 men faced a Zulu Impi of 24,500 warriors. King Cetshwayo had a well-established espionage system. There is no doubt that he knew the British had crossed into Zululand. He decided to engage the Red Coats before they got too near his capital at Ulundi. The showdown was at **Isandlwana**.

Chelmsford fell for a Zulu trick. The impi had divided its forces into three groups. The smallest of about 1,500 went north toward the Magogo and allowed themselves to be seen by British scouts on reconnaissance. Chelmsford, thinking this was part of the main Zulu Impi, left Isandlwana at 03:30 hrs on January 22, 1879 with the major part of his force. He did not consider it necessary to laager the wagons that remained, nor to dig trenches or build breastworks.

Chelmsford arrived at the bivouac area about 06:30, but the infantry and guns lagged far behind. No Zulus could be seen on the Magogo. The NNC were sent up its northwestern slope while the mounted men circled to the southeast to cut off any retreat. As the advance began some Zulus reappeared but soon retired. There was some brief action in the Nondweni valley where the Zulus lost some 70 killed. The mounted men pursued the remnants along the slopes of the Phindo.

Meanwhile, back in the main camp at Isandlwana, firing was heard

from the east at 08:00 while the men (under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine) were at breakfast. A vedette rode in to report Zulus to the northeast. As a precaution, the transport oxen were gathered and tied to the yokes. Pulleine dispatched a message to Chelmsford. Captain Cavaye's company reached the edge of the plateau around 10 a.m. A detachment moved eastwards until they reached the edge of the Mabaso. Here they discovered the whole Zulu army (impi). The Zulu commanders, having lost the element of surprise, immediately commenced the attack.

The Zulus originally intended to attack at daybreak on 23 January, but the attempt to collect cattle for food on the 22nd probably did much to precipitate the battle. The British were in a strong position and the Zulus were taking heavy losses, but ammunition began to run low. Durnford sent for supplies, but the men returned empty handed, leaving him with no alternative but to withdraw to the camp, exposing the British right to the Zulus.

The rate of fire slowed down allowing the Zulus to advance. Suddenly the tide turned and the Zulus gained the advantage. The NNC fled and the British companies commenced a withdrawal to camp. Zulus eventually surrounded them. With ammunition expended they fought it out hand-to-hand. At times the Zulus threw their own dead on the bayonets to force them down, thus allowing them to charge home.

Captain Shepstone of the Natal Carbineers rallied some men and tried to stop the Zulu advance along the west side of Isandlwana, but was overrun. Durnford and some 70 men made a stand in front of the wagon park. Pope and Godwin-Austin tried to shoot their way out. Younghusband fought his way along the base of Isandlwana and held out on the southeastern spur until the end. It was all to no avail. By 3 p.m. the camp was in the hands of the Zulus.

As was their tradition, the Zulus ripped open the dead bodies to release the spirits. During their plunder of the camp, the stores, liquor and even the medicines were consumed (the latter without regard to medical prescription). The British losses at the battle of Isandlwana were 858 whites and 471 NNC (total 1,329) while the Zulu casualties were about 3,000.

From the memories of Isandlwana, Bill Larkan and I journeyed south through Babanango toward Ulundi, the ancient capital of Zululand. We

traveled via eMakhosini - The Valley of Kings. Here, amid the rolling hills, is the birthplace of the **Zulu**, *the people of heaven*. It was in this valley, around 1785, that King Shaka was born and now is buried with his forebears – amaKhosi Zulu, Phunga, Mageba, Jama and Senzangakhona. The latter was father of three of the most famous Kings on the African sub-continent: King Shaka, King Dingane and King Mpande.

It was in this valley that Shaka, as a young boy, herded his father's cattle. Later, after assuming the mantle of King of the Zulus, he established his first royal residence – kwaBulawayo in the eMakhosini. One of his favorite generals, Mzilikazi, founded the Ndebele kingdom and later trekked further north where he established his headquarters at Bulawayo, which he named after the Royal Residence.

Following his stinging defeat at Isandlwana, Lord Chelmsford was forced to evacuate Zululand altogether. He requested reinforcements and the Imperial government responded with embarrassing generosity. A new invasion plan was drawn up with the objective to occupy and destroy King Cetshwayo's headquarters at Ulundi.

Earlier in 1878 the British colonial government, fearing that the independent state of Zululand posed a threat to British expansionism, gave King Cetshwayo an ultimatum demanding that he disband the Zulu army, abolish the age requirement system, disarm all impi and hand over 1,000 head of royal cattle. Chelmsford made it clear that all this would need to take place by a certain date before negotiations could take place. The time frame was impossible to accomplish, even had the terms been acceptable. The King sent messengers bearing ivory as a peace token to inform Chelmsford that these demands could not be met. King Cetshwayo's refusal (inability) to meet these demands gave the British governor the necessary excuse to order an invasion.

Shortly before sundown we reached Ulundi. Bill drove straight to the home of Mr. Barry Marshall, Director of AMAFA – Heritage KwaZulu-Natal. Arrangements had been made for us to have dinner and stay overnight with them. While Maggie, his wife, prepared a delicious meal we watched the news on CNN: Bill Clinton and NATO, bombing the Serbs in the name of "peace." With the memories of **Isandlwana** still vivid in our minds we couldn't help but wonder, "When will we ever learn?"

Sunday April 18 I preached the morning service in the auditorium at KwaSizabantu. There were many visitors for the day and the congregation numbered over 4,000. The Zulus want at least an hour of preaching. Anything less is not considered a “proper” sermon. My message, from Matthew 26, “How to be Awake When Jesus Needs You” lasted just over an hour. The Lord gave me liberty as I preached and expounded His Word. As usual, there were some members of the Zulu Royal family there.

In the afternoon, Sindi (our ‘adopted’ Zulu daughter) and I visited her mother (very ill with cancer) and her sister, just recovering from eye surgery. We had prayer together and I took some photos. On the way back to Stegen’s home we came across some small boys (3 white and 1 black), each about six years old, playing with their toy cars and making ‘roads’ in the gravel path. I told Sindi that took me back 65 years when I used to make roads for my toy car in the gravel path outside our home in Chattanooga. When they saw us they ran to greet us and we exchanged “high five’s.”

The little black boy took my hand and we walked along together. He commented very intelligently on my morning message and remembered my illustrations. When I was going to say “goodbye” I stooped down to shake his hand and he gave me a big bear hug. “I love you Uncle Bill,” he said. I was very moved by his genuine affection. Later on Sindi asked me if I recognized the little boy. He was the grandson of Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, the Zulu Prince and second in command to King Goodwill Zwelithini.



He said: “I love you Uncle Bill.”

The Challenge of India

December 1999

The end of the Cold War has made the US less suspicious of India's relationship with Russia. Washington, however, has become rather attached to being the world's only superpower and is reluctant to see the emergence of any possible challenges to its global hegemony, even a democratic India. But times are changing.

India's development of a major nuclear capability is aimed primarily at deterring Chinese and Pakistani military aggression, but it has noted the increased propensity for the US and its allies to barge in to weaker states like Bosnia and Kosovo. The publication in April of NATO's new strategic doctrine is seen in New Delhi as strongly interventionist. India's nuclear capability also serves as a warning light to the West that it will not tolerate political (or even military) pressure on and interference with its internal affairs.

With a population of one billion, India is the second most populous country in the world. By 2025 it is expected to have the fourth largest economy in the world (after US, China and Japan). It regards itself as a future major power, if not a superpower, and is developing the mindset to go with it. Like many fully functioning democracies, India suffers from a number of internal rebellions, including Kashmir, the Punjab and Assam - the sort of thing that agitates Western human-rights activists. *Intelligence Digest* believes the nuclear message is: "India is not a Yugoslavia, to be pushed around by the West's TV-driven politicians."

In the past, US relations with India have been turbulent to bordering on disastrous. G2 has repeatedly pointed out the folly of this course. True, as with any dispute there is fault on both sides. During the Cold War India was seen as a client state of the USSR. [I remember flying into Madras and seeing MIG-17s lining the runway.] India had warmed to Moscow as a check to the expansionist policies of Beijing. While the Russians occupied Afghanistan, New Delhi viewed the US as pro-Pakistani due to its strong support of the rebels. Now, all has changed.

Intelligence Digest's analysts are convinced that the only sensible approach to India is to be unreservedly positive about its emergence as a great power. The reasons are fourfold: (1) it provides the only serious balance to China in Asia. (2) It is an ally of the West in the fight against Muslim fundamentalism. (3) It is a democracy with a free market economy and vast potential. (4) It will become a great power whether the US likes it or not.

Washington and its allies should take a relaxed view of India's nuclear developments and should positively encourage India's emergence as a major conventional military power. The alternative - trying to keep India down - is risking the loss of a potentially vital partner in containing the twin challenge of communist China and Muslim fundamentalism. Making an enemy of the worlds largest democracy doesn't make geo-strategic sense. India deserves full Western support.



Preaching in Bialystok, Eastern Poland on USSR border

Chapter 26

The Autumn Odyssey

October – December 1999

Part One

This trip has grown by increments. Our original intention – back in the summer – was to cash-in some frequent flyer miles with TWA and go only to England in October. It would be a trip for ministry, to introduce my new book, *“Going Through,”* and to find a responsible distributor. Some arrangements were made.

Then we discovered the “frequent flyer trick.” There were no seats available on the dates (or even near the date) we wanted to fly, although I was booking over two months in advance. In fact, TWA told us we’d need to book a year in advance to get the exact date we wanted and, when pressed, they couldn’t guarantee that. So we quickly switched to Delta and joyfully added Eastern Europe to our schedule.

Piotr Zaremba was in Tempe at the time and said that it was unthinkable for us to come to Europe without a visit to Poland. It made sense. Harriett had not been to Poznan or Gniezno and our Mission has projects in both. While in Eastern Europe we would visit Romania too so that Harriett could see the completed projects she had initiated. By now the trip had extended into November.

A few days later Kjell Olsen at KwaSizabantu invited me to speak at the 25th Annual Youth Conference, December 10-17. They are expecting 6,000 young people for the week. At the weekend special dignitaries have been invited, including the Zulu Royal family, and the 10,000-seat auditorium will be full. To top it off, our ‘adopted’ Zulu daughter is getting married and stated flatly that she would not walk down the aisle unless “Mama and Papa” are there.

Neither Harriett nor I have seen our Mission’s new Christian School Project in Zambia. This plus other meetings that Erlo Stegen wanted me to take and considering that we would already be adjusted to the nine-hour time difference between Phoenix and Europe/Africa, we decided to add South Africa and Zambia to this outrageous odyssey. Our ‘countdown’ began in September.

Tuesday October 5 Patrick arrived just before 6:30 a.m. and took us to Sky Harbor to catch our Delta flight. We checked in without difficulty and had a cup of Starbucks on the way to the gate to await our departure. Due to bad weather back east our flight was delayed just over an hour leaving Phoenix. We were glad for that cup of Starbucks by the time the stewardess served our in-flight meal on the way to Cincinnati. The overseas connection was not unreasonably tight (in spite of the delay) and we had a comfortable trip over to London-Gatwick.

Wednesday October 6 Delta flight 36 was right on time. I had reserved a small economy car (Ford Fiesta) for our travels in Britain. Imagine my surprise when I discovered, parked in the space allotted to us, a nice little Rover. This was a courtesy up-grade, which we enjoyed immensely.

We took the back roads to drive across Surrey and Sussex to Eastbourne. It was beautiful. A clear blue sky was punctuated by an occasional cotton candy cumulus and autumn leaves were just beginning to take on color.

It was just after noon when we arrived at Jenny Moore's small, terraced home. She welcomed us warmly and immediately put the kettle on for a 'cuppa' tea. We took our suitcases upstairs to the bedroom then came back down to enjoy the national beverage.

I've found best way to get over jet-lag is to stay awake until 4:30 or 5 p.m., then take a sleeping pill and crash for 12 + hours.

With that in mind, Jenny suggested we take a drive along the coast to Alfriston then up along the downs to Beachy Head, the highest point on the south coast. From this majestic promontory, a sheer chalk cliff - 536 feet - plunges into the sea below. In the distance you can see Dungeness, Hastings, Bexhill and on a clear day the coast of France.

Thursday October 7 We slept until almost noon! Greatly refreshed after an English breakfast cum lunch, we set out to visit some friends. First call was to our former pastor at Victoria Drive Baptist Church, Reverend George Cumming. Pastor George is retired now, in his 80s, and his wife is very ill. We still remember many of his wonderful sermons and how the Lord used his ministry to help us grow in Christ during those early years in the Land of Fish 'n Chips.

Afterwards, we drove up to Peppercombe Road. It was around 5 p.m. and we were surprised to see a man working in the front garden at number

50. I stopped, got out and introduced myself to him (a Mister Potter). “Yes,” he said, “you used to live here I believe.”

To our delight he invited us in and his wife graciously made us a cup of tea. Then they showed us all around the house. It’s beautifully decorated now and centrally heated. The back garden is spectacular. I left them a copy of *Going Through* since it tells the story of how we purchased the house in 1955 and some of the early history.

Friday October 8 Slept in again this morning ‘till around 10 a.m. Went shopping in downtown Eastbourne, changed money at National Westminster Bank on Terminus Road, visited Marks & Spencer’s, Jones Boot, W.H. Smith’s stationary, Boots the Chemist and then drove along the front by the sea, past the Grand Hotel.

Later we talked with Jenny and arranged details for distributing “*Going Through*.”

Saturday October 9 Left Jenny’s mid-morning and drove cross-country to Windsor. I wanted to book a small room somewhere near Heathrow airport for Tuesday night because of the early flight out on Wednesday morning. Traffic jams are notorious in Britain these days and morning rush hours can be a nightmare. The problem was further complicated by the terrible train crash on Tuesday of this week. They still haven’t cleared all the wreckage or identified all the bodies. Consequently more people are taking their car into town. We reserved a room at the “Christopher Hotel” in Eaton and then headed west on the M4 to Bristol.

We arrived at Korky and Annie Davey’s home right on schedule. What a delightful couple they are. I’ve known Korky since the early 60s in Worthing. He introduced us to friends as “...the man who challenged me to go full-time in mission work.” Korky is one of the directors of “Open Air Campaigners.” He has a magnetic personality, delightful sense of humor and a great heart for winning souls to Christ. He is also related (distantly) to the Queen, but more importantly he is related personally to the King of kings!

Sunday October 10 “We’re taking you to a ‘proper’ church this morning,” Korky announced, “complete with candles and choir-boys. It’s not one of those ‘sausage factories’ you have out in America where they sing those 7-11 choruses.”

“7-11?” I asked, thinking of the stop ‘n shop convenience store.

“Yes,” he affirmed, “seven words and you sing them eleven times!”

I was reminded of Robbie Burns’ immortal lines, “*Wad some pow’r the gift to gie us, ta see ourselves as others see us.*” How dreadfully shallow our faith must appear and so woefully inadequate to remedy the blatant sins of our times.

Lunch at Davey’s was an international affair. There were students and co-workers from several continental countries. It was a buffet service and we sat in the living room, balancing our plate on our laps. It’s easier for the women who have skirts than for the men in trousers.

Monday October 11 I checked my e-mail on Korky’s computer and sent off a quick reply. It was the first time I could check since arriving in the UK. We said “cheerio” to Korky and Annie and headed south. Our destination was Torquay. Korky had made reservations for us at Brunel Manor, a Christian conference center. The whole area was full of memories. Harriett hadn’t been here since she rode *pillion* on my motor scooter to the Youth for Christ Conference in Torbay in 1957.

YFC’s Torry Johnson also rode *pillion* with me around town that week. I have preached many times in the Torbay area: Upton Vale Baptist Church and YFC rallies at the Town Hall. The Torbay area is known as the ‘English Riviera’ because of its palm trees and mild climate astride the warm Gulf Stream.

Tuesday October 12 We’re over the jet lag now. This morning we had our first really big and ‘proper’ English breakfast. I left some of my books for them to sell at the conference bookstore. They graciously waived any charge for our overnight stay.

We packed the car and left mid-morning for London. There was no rush since we’d booked a room for the night in the London area. We really enjoyed the English countryside as we drove through Devon, and the Cotswalds, then eventually onto the M4 toward London.

After checking into our hotel we walked around Eaton, then across the bridge to Windsor and skirted the castle. Harriett had picked out a typical English ‘Pub’ restaurant where we enjoyed a traditional fish ‘n chip dinner. Afterwards I filled the gas (petrol) tank right up to the neck in preparation for turning the car in tomorrow.

Wednesday October 13 Aware of the early morning traffic jams and not wanting to miss our flight to Frankfurt, we got up at 4:45 a.m., showered, packed and left the room before 6 a.m. We were just on the cutting edge of the traffic build-up. (Ten minutes later and it would have taken us an hour to drive to the airport!) Twenty minutes later we got to Heathrow and returned the car. The shuttle dropped us off at the Lufthansa terminal where we checked our bags and headed for the gate.

We need not have hurried. Bad weather and heavy air traffic over central Europe delayed all flights. We were over an hour late leaving London and then were kept in a holding pattern on the approach to Frankfurt. Lufthansa didn't have a gate for our flight, so we had to bus in to the terminal from the suburbs! After dragging our roll-boards for what seemed to be miles, passing through European Community immigration and customs control, we finally arrived at the Euro-Car counter in Terminal A. I gave them my driver's license and credit card, signed the papers, picked up the keys and we headed for the garage.

We stuck to the Autobahns going South to Kaiserslautern. Steve Kahne had sent us detailed instructions on how to reach his home near Ramstein AFB. Along the way we got stuck in three different 'Staus' (long lines of cars delayed by road repairs, or a possible accident). The first was about 50 minutes long, the next two about 20 minutes each. It comes with the territory these days, especially since the two Germanys were reunited. There is road-building everywhere. Gone are the days of sustained, long distance, high-speed motoring. Shame!

Teresa and Rachel welcomed us with open arms when we arrived at their lovely new home. Steve arrived soon and we had a wonderful reunion. I'd tried several times to link up with the family while they were stationed at Tinker AFB in OK city, but it never worked out. They had to move back to Germany before I'd get to see them again! Teresa prepared a delicious dinner and we talked for an hour or so afterwards.

Thursday October 14 After breakfast we repacked the suitcases, leaving things for the African portion of the trip with the Kahne's. I loaded the car with all the supplies for Eastern Europe we'd pre-positioned and visited the base commissary for a few last minute items Teresa wanted to get. Then we set off for Rehe in the Westerwald, which is about 110 km northwest of Frankfurt.

My long time friend, Ulrich Beul, lives there with his wife Gisela. I first met Uli in 1957 at a youth camp in Margate, Kent. We became close friends and I have visited him in Rehe, and preached there many times over the years. (I mention Uli and the Beul family in *Going Through*: pages 131, 132.)

Road construction and poor signposting in the Wetzlar/Giessen area delayed our arrival in Rehe, but Uli and Gisela gave us a royal welcome. We had *Wienerschmitzel*, *Salat und Pommes Frites* and talked non-stop German all evening.

Friday October 15 After some discussion about the best route toward Berlin, Uli filled our tank at the *Tankstelle* and we left mid-morning for Poland. Uli suggested we go through Leipzig, but I was skeptical of the long delays due to road construction. Along the way I really prayed about it and by the time we got to the junction where I would commit to the former East Germany or go north through Kassel and Braunschweig I chose the latter. I'm really glad I did. It was brand new Autobahn all the way from Braunschweig to Berlin.

Traffic at the border was backed up across the bridge over the Oder River so it took us an hour and a half to get into Poland. The last two hours, driving in the dark on narrow Polish roads, was very stressful.

We knew it was a long drive that day, but we would never have made it all the way without an overnight stop if we'd gone East through Leipzig. We drove 930 km (about 580 miles) and were truly exhausted by the time we reached Piotr Zaremba's home in Poznan.

Saturday October 16 On previous trips Harriett has been with me in every corner of Poland, but this is her first time in Poznan. We were invited, along with Ron & Jane Dissly and the Zaremba family, to have a real Polish dinner with Lydia Latanowicz and her daughter, Gosia. The meal began with *barszcc* (beet soup) followed by the main dish of *bigos* (cabbage, onions, mushrooms, tomatoes and salami) and much more. Our conversation around the table was an international mixture of Polish, German and English. What a delightful beginning to our time in Poland. Dr. Lydia is a nuclear physicist and has worked and lectured in South Africa as well as the USA. Gosia has traveled with her to both.

Sunday October 17 The First Baptist Church (Grunwaldska) was packed, with people standing outside the front and side doors and with

chairs down the aisle. Piotr interpreted while I preached an autumn message from 1 Peter 1:3-5, "Fading Things." Several responded to the invitation to receive Christ as Savior. The church was filled with young people. We were the oldest in the congregation. Afterwards there was a celebration of harvest, and a buffet lunch was served downstairs. What a crowd! Piotr is considering the formation of a third Baptist or alternatively a larger building for the present congregation.

The evening service is in English. Piotr's vision is to attract unsaved young people who want to learn English. Unfortunately it was not as well attended (as last year) due to some discouragement with the current (foreign) leadership.

Monday October 18 The Disslys invited us to their home for a very special American brunch: waffles, Texas scrambled eggs and ham, coffee, toast, juice and all the trimmings. We discussed a wide range of topics, from plans for expanding the school, how to cover their health care needs, plus financial and other needs. Jane feels that the intensive course (on teaching English as a second language) she took this past summer has really increased her effectiveness in teaching. She is also working hard to learn Polish!

Tuesday October 19 Late this morning we had a Polish brunch with Ania Jowarska in the small apartment she and Krzysztofore are purchasing. We discussed in detail the growing language school (over 80 students now by one reckoning and just over 100 by another) and the need of administrative help for accountability in handling student's fees and salaries of the teachers.

Later in the afternoon, Piotr took us (along with Ania) to see the newly rented basement rooms in downtown Poznan. They will need refurbishing. The plan is to have larger and more convenient premises for the language school and to establish a Christian coffee bar for ministry. This is a perfect location, in the heart of downtown, on the main street where all the youth hang out in the evenings.

Wednesday October 20 This was a catch up day for writing. Harriett was busy with the 'Martha' task of ironing for the Zaremba family. There was an evening Bible Study at FBC on Grunwaldska. I spoke from Acts 12: Peter's release from prison and his visit to an unbelieving prayer meeting.

Thursday October 21 We traveled to Gniezno – another first for Harriett. It is a beautiful town and was the ancient capital of Poland. Today it is the heart of Roman Catholic culture and was visited recently by the Pope. Dariusz and Daria Banicki were our hosts for a late lunch. Dariusz, a teacher of history and a lecturer in the newly formed theological seminary, is studying English under Ania. Piotr feels that he could be the next pastor of FBC (Grunwaldska), when it's time for Piotr to move on.

In the evening we went to the mid-week service of the Baptist Church. It is the only evangelical witness in the city. They meet in a small room, upstairs in the Cultural Hall and desperately need more adequate premises. After the service we went to Januse Fredyk's home for dinner. He told us of a place for sale by two men who have had a big disagreement. Before leaving Gniezno, at 10:30 p.m., we went to see it – just from the outside. It's a two-story building with a restaurant on the ground floor. (Perfect place for a Christian coffee bar.) There is a large hall currently used for dancing that could be easily converted into an auditorium. There are many rooms adjacent that could be used for Sunday School and other educational activities. It stands in its own ground and has room for parking. We stood in a circle, in the cold early-winter nighttime air, and prayed that if it's the Lord's will, He will give us this building.

Friday October 22 Lunch today with Piotr and Ania Ozana. Piotr is pastor of the Second Baptist Church. Afterwards he took us to a shopping center to buy a small toaster-oven for the Zaremba's as a way to say 'thank you.' Later he showed us around the Old Town. The wind was blowing pretty fiercely and it's getting colder so we didn't stay long.

Saturday October 23 Piotr and I drove about 300 km (4 hours each way) to a Minister's Conference. He wanted me to meet these men of God from all over western Poland. The conference coincided with a family retreat, so there were about 85-90 people there. Harriett remained in Poznan and worked on writing updates on projects to later run them by Piotr and make sure we're all singing from the same page.

Sunday October 24 Piotr Ozana picked us up at Grundwaldska this morning and took us to his church, Second Baptist, for the morning service. It was another first for Harriett, to see the church we had helped liberate from the communist authorities, plus the renovations that had been done and those that are still outstanding. She made lots of notes.

In the evening I preached again at the International service, held in Grundwaldska. It is in English and is specially geared for students. I preached on Acts 16:31, Paul and Silas in jail at midnight. I spoke a little slower than usual, enunciating each word and introducing some new words for them (along with explanation). It also clearly contained the Gospel so the unsaved would hear the good news.

Monday October 25 We dressed, packed and said our farewells to Piotr and family and departed Poznan at 11:20 a.m. Earlier I had responded to Danielle's e-mail questions from Friday. (Because of the time difference it would be another six hours before she opened the office in Tempe to begin her week. We should be in Wittenberg by then.) Traffic to the border was fairly light, but there was an hour-and-a-half wait at the German frontier. We crossed the Oder River at Frankfurt and headed West on the A12, which becomes the A10 Berlin ring road.

We left the A10 Autobahn, which runs under Berlin, at the Beelitz exit and headed south on the Bundesstrasse 2. This is the main road between Potsdam and Leipzig. Mid-way between these two cities lies Wittenberg, our destination for tonight. Neither of us had ever visited this famous Reformation City and we were in for a treat. We enjoyed the relaxed pace on the tree-lined country road. It was a delightful change from the crowded, fast-paced Autobahn.

All the principal roads in the former DDR have needed major repairs since Germany was reunited. The communists shamefully neglected the transportation infrastructure. Most of these beautiful highways have had little or no maintenance since Hitler built them in the mid-1930s. With all the construction going on there were frequent *Staus* accompanied by long delays.

We arrived in Lutherstadt Wittenberg around 4:30 p.m. and quickly found a nice little hotel opposite the Arbeitsamt on the Puschkinstrasse. After an early dinner, we left the hotel for a ten-minute walk to the Old Town. About 7:45 p.m. we reached the Schlosskirche, where on October 31, 1517 Martin Luther nailed his 95 Theses to the door. It was an awesome autumn moment. The buildings in Old Town have changed very little since that dramatic day so long ago. It was like being transported back in time to Wittenberg's medieval heyday and the actual birthplace of the Reformation.

As we pondered this setting we thought for a moment that our eyes were playing tricks on us. Out of the darkness a monk in Augustinian-Hermit habit strolled casually across the street. It could easily have been Martin Luther. Suddenly, Harriett took my arm and exclaimed, "Look!" From the archway, leading to the Hof in the Schloss Jugendherberge (Castle youth hostel) we saw four men, clad in antique armor complete with *Helm*, carrying a *Hellebarde* (halberd) in one hand and a torch in the other. With them was a group of about 25 tourists-students listening to a jovial guide, dressed in medieval cape and cap, explain the history of Wittenberg's most famous son. We joined them for an hour's stroll through the cobbled streets of Old Town.

Our "guide" spoke perfect Hochdeutsch (theater-German), with a proper Hamburg accent. We could understand every word. Later on, back in our hotel room for the night, we thanked the Lord for another example of His perfect timing. We could so easily have missed the emerging of the tour group from the *Hof* and missed the wealth of information (not to mention inspiration) the experience afforded.

Tuesday, October 26 So far this trip we've been in three countries and slept in eight different beds. After a shower and buffet breakfast (*Frühstück*) we loaded the car and drove into Old Town for one more look-around before leaving. We visited the home of Philip Melancthon, joined in a worship service in the *Stadtkirche*, strolled down the *Schlosstrasse* past the *Rathaus*, changed some money at the bank, bought a battery for my camera (another example of God's perfect timing) then headed back to the parking lot where we'd left the car. The morning sun brought warmth and color to the falling leaves.

Soon we were headed south on the *Bundesstrasse 2* for Leipzig. The bright morning sun was casting buckets of gold on autumn leaves blushing a dozen colors. We drove through forests and fields, across rivers and streams, past ponds and lakes. Each turn in the road offered a brand new panorama. Each village had its own unique charm and brought us to the conclusion that autumn in Germany is truly a beautiful experience.

This is a national holiday in Austria. Big transport trucks are not allowed on the road. Consequently there was an 8-km backup on the Munich/Salzburg Autobahn going into Austria. We left the Autobahn at Bad Reichenhall and took the back roads to Grossgmain. It's nice to know a shortcut when you need one.

The old border checkpoint is abandoned now. This particular border crossing has many memories for our entire family. Our children traversed it each day on their way to high school in Bad Reichenhall. It was only two hundred meters from the Rosenhof. Many household items were less expensive in Germany, so we did a lot of back-'n-forth for shopping over there. The setting was like something straight out of a WWII movie. I said to Harriett as we crossed the little bridge, "Look, there's the ghost of Herr Hammerle." We laughed, more from nostalgia than humor.

On the way through Grossgmain we drove by the Rosenhof. It's a *Baustelle* now. They've torn down the three-car garage, demolished the open stone porch across the front and lined off where the new building will begin in what was once the west garden. In another few days the rest of the house will be razed. It's kinda sad.

We stopped to savor the moment. If you listened carefully you could hear the singing of young people from twenty or more countries and the happy voices of volunteers who'd come to work for the summer and stayed on to enjoy skiing in the winter. You could hear the Team Training program in progress as several hundred groups came from all over the world to prepare for their mission trip behind the Iron Curtain. You could hear the lectures by Brother Andrew, Peter Dyneka, Don Engram, Michael Bordeaux of Keston College, "Hansi" the 'Girl Who Loved the Swastika,' John and Elizabeth Sherrill who wrote "God's Smuggler" and "The Hiding Place." They are all part of the memories that will soon to be *gone with the wind*.

It was 6:20 p.m. when we pulled up twenty minutes later than I'd told Debbie to expect us, but not bad considering the distance covered and the unexpected delay on the Autobahn.

Wednesday – Friday October 27-29 I began the journal for this trip and caught up with other writing, plus prepared for ministry in Romania. Harriett made soup and other goodies for Debbie and Pelzmann children (all grown now!). Friday we did some shopping in Salzburg and were astonished at the high prices.

Later we had coffee and *Apfelstrudel* at Tomaselli's. The Café is a landmark in the Old Town and has been quenching thirst since 1705. It's located at the top of the *Alte Markt* opposite the *Hofapotheke*. This drug store was doing a thriving business when Columbus was on his way to search for the New World.

Saturday October 30 Left aft and drove to Vienna and met Dr. Nick Gheorghita at the information center in the *Westbahnhof* at 5:00p.m. just as planned. He introduced us to our host for the weekend, a Romanian dentist who escaped in 1987. Dr. Nick ministers for two weeks each month to Romanians in Diaspora now living in Austria.

Sunday October 31 I preached the morning service at the First Romanian Baptist Church, 5 Neubaugasse (just off the *Mariahilferstrasse*) in Vienna. My text was from John 4:38 “*I sent you to reap*” challenging the Romanians to think of themselves as missionaries in Austria. I still firmly believe that Romania has the potential to evangelize Europe.

I preached this in Romania during the ‘dark days’ long before I ever believed that communism would fail in my lifetime.

In the afternoon we drove south through *Wiener Neustadt* toward *Graz* and up into the *Steier Alps* to *Mürzzuschlag*. I preached in the *Freie(n) Christengemeinde Österreich* located on the *Brauhausgasse*. This was a joint meeting of Romanian Diaspora from both Baptist and Pentecostal congregations. The service lasted 3 ½ hours and was more like those we experienced during the dark days in Romania.

The Gehazi syndrome has not affected these dear people – yet.

Monday November 1 We picked up Dr. Nick around 9:30 a.m., had coffee with his host, and departed Vienna for the trip east. Just as we reached the Hungarian border at *Hegyesholom*, police cars pulled up with lights flashing and stopped any traffic from entering the area. There was a “terrorist bomb threat” and no one could cross the frontier. We had to retrace our way and find another crossing. The closest was to detour through *Bratislava* to *Komarno* – about 100 km out of our way – and enter Hungary from Slovakia. It was a little nerve-wracking driving through Slovakia as the car was not insured for that country.

We were running a couple of hours late by the time we put *Budapest* in our hip pocket. I was concerned that Dr. Nick, a diabetic, had not eaten in quite awhile, so we stopped in *Szolnok* for supper at the *Pelikan Hotel*. Romania is an hour ahead of Hungary. Understandably we were late getting into *Oradea*. Dr. Nick had arranged for *Harriett* and me to stay in the new dormitory at the *Emanuel Bible Institute*. (EBI)

Tuesday November 2 This was basically a day for the Mission Project Director to get caught up on recent developments in Romania. We visited the Bethesda Medical Clinic. They have treated over 5,200 patients this year in one department. Overall they minister to over 20,000 per year. Adi and I had lunch with Dr. Bill Yarborough, from Trinity in Deerfield, Illinois, who is here teaching a course in New Testament. At 3 p.m., Harriett and I met for an hour with Mr. John Lenton, from England. He was vice president of American Express in the UK and took early retirement two years ago to teach business and economics at EBI. He is a graduate of Oxford and has an MBA from Harvard. We told him about Mitruts. He would like for Mitruts to speak to his students at EBI.

Wednesday November 3 It was a joy seeing many old friends on the EBI campus: Peter and Jeta Vidu, Onisimus, Nelu Popovici (now a pastor in a village near Oradea), and Cornel Iovan. Cornel asked me to preach at Emanuel Baptist on Sunday (11/7). I said, "Cornel, the last thing you need is another American (or other foreigner) preaching at Emanuel." He was very gracious in his response. "You are not a foreigner. You are our friend."

We left mid-morning for Caransebes. It was a beautiful day. Roads were dry, but there is increased traffic these days. It took four hours. We met Mitruts and Alina at the Charisma Restaurant. Later we took Dr. Nick to where he was staying and went home with Mitruts and Alina to stay at their house. We talked till very late in the evening.

Thursday November 4 I woke up this morning greatly comforted with Romans 8:28. This was the day I dreaded most about the trip. The Lord understands my disappointment in going to Prilipet virtually empty-handed, especially when I thought – right up to four working days before our departure – that I would be taking approximately \$8,000 with me for the orphanage. I don't understand how we fouled up so badly in our internal communication at the ITMI office. Administrative inefficiency cannot be excused (or justified) by quoting Scripture. That is *handling the Word of God deceitfully*. But I do believe the Lord's hand is in all this. I just hope we can learn something from this very serious foul-up. (We did, and were able to correct the mistake later.)

After breakfast I filled the gas tank (petrol is cheaper in Romania than any other country in Europe) and we set off for Prilipet. It was a beautiful day. This was Harriett's first visit to the village since the children moved

into “Casa Dorca” after renovations. They have built a new wing since Patrick and I were there last year. We got to know some of the children better.

The old pastor and responsible person for the home passed away earlier this year. We wanted to meet the new pastor and the accountant, so we arranged to go on to Racasjdia and then come back to the orphanage at 4 p.m. to meet the leadership.

We arrived in Racasjdia just after noon. Nicu’s wife greeted us warmly and his mother ran to fetch him from the church where he was busy painting a room. We had a good visit with him and delivered the supplies from Bud Fifield (the dental technician in Phoenix). There is still the problem of a compressor for the dental chair. For reasons not clear to us Nicu will no longer be working for the state dental system after January 1st. The best we could understand was the state is “broke” and will not provide the service any more. This means that Nicu’s private practice is even more urgently needed.

Meantime, Nicu has found a Romanian dental chair, complete with compressor and all the bells ‘n whistles. It would serve his purpose much better because of parts and service. The price is \$3,000. He already has \$2,000 saved for it. Harriett and Dr. Nick discussed the options, and then she asked me what I thought about the situation. Our Mission has been working on this Dental Clinic Project for over six years. Nicu has the room all prepared and all his tools ready. If he had the Romanian chair he could open within two weeks and start to work. As Project Director Harriett would like to complete this one and move on. Dr. Nick agreed it was a good opportunity.

With some creative readjustment and a big step of faith, I managed to come up with the needed \$1,000. Nicu needed the funds in Lei, so we arranged to change the dollars to Lei in Caransebes and to meet him tomorrow night in Lugoj. He was overjoyed. This completes the Mission’s Dental Clinic Project in Racasjdia.

After a cup of lukewarm tea and a quick visit to the new church, we set off for Prilipet.

There are 20 children now in “Casa Dorca.” Most of them were there when we arrived just after 4 p.m. Over dinner we had a very good meeting with the President of Casa Dorca, Pastor Ioan Vrancuta; the accountant,

Ioan Dionisie and the administrative manager, Alexa Dragila. They have provided us with all the information we need to transfer funds directly to the account for Casa Dorca at the bank in Bozovici, the nearest large village to Prilipet.

The administrative leadership at Casa Dorca has shown us plans for a new, three-story wing for the north side of the building. It is a much-needed addition with rooms on the ground floor for sports and games, first floor for meetings and dorm and at the top more dorm space. The estimated cost is \$50,000. Casa Dorca is the pride of Prilipet. Local villagers help with all the manual work in construction. It has also attracted some other sponsors (from Germany), which will greatly help in reaching the financial goal sooner.

It was dark by the time we said our farewells and headed back on the long, winding narrow road to Caransebes. I don't like driving in Romania after dark. Mitruts had gone to bed by the time we got to their home. We talked briefly with Alina then dropped into bed. It's been a long 18-hour day, but we drifted off to sleep, assured that *all things were* [indeed] *working for His good*.

Friday, November 5 We were up early this morning, packed and ready to go. Alina exchanged the dollars into Lei for us. We visited the Villa, the Charisma office, the show room and the warehouse.

They wanted us to eat before we left for Lugoj, so we went to the restaurant for something 'quick.' It was already 4 p.m. An hour and a half later the meal was on the table and we ate in a hurry.

This meant driving to Lugoj in the dark. On the way we had a really close call. An oncoming truck pulled into our lane in order to overtake a horse-drawn wagon without any lights. It forced me to jam on the brakes and go off the road to avoid a head-on collision. We really praised the Lord for His protection and His hand on the steering wheel at that time.

Nicu was waiting for us outside the Baptist Church in Lugoj when we got there. Pastor David Nicole greeted us warmly and showed us to our room in the church. It was 25 minutes before the service started. Nicu came to the room and I gave him the money for the dental chair. He had to leave immediately because the man who had brought him was in a hurry to get back home. Harriett got my clothes ready while I took a quick shower. Twenty-four minutes later I was in the pastor's study to pray

before going in to preach. (This church has many memories for me and is mentioned in ***Going Through*** on page 247.)

Saturday November 6 We enjoyed a hearty breakfast with Pastor David Nicole then left to take Dr. Nick to a conference for Romanian Christian Doctors in a small village 20 km from Lugoj.

The Conference Center is actually 10 km off the main road between Lugoj and Deva. It is a new facility built by and for Precept Ministries in the USA. It's located on a big lake in the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains. There were about 30 medical doctors there (8 or so from England) and just over 100 Romanian medical students. It was the first conference held in this facility, which was only opened late last month.

The Director graciously asked us to stay for lunch. We gladly accepted because we wanted to see our long time friend, Dr. Nelu Dan from Cluj, who was in a meeting when we got there. I gave Nelu a copy of my book and one for Monica and her husband, Ioan.

After lunch we said farewell to Dr. Nick and left for Oradea. We took the back roads and missed Lugoj, Timisoara and Arad. It was almost dark when we arrived back at EBI.

I phoned Adi and got my preaching schedule for tomorrow. I'm with Nelu Popovici, a friend of over twenty years in a village church 45 km from Oradea. He is a faithful Christian and soul-winner and had asked me to preach in his church on Sunday.

Sunday November 7 We were packed and the car was loaded by 8:30 a.m. We drove to Adi and Ema's for breakfast then together to Nelu's church in Chislaz. The building looks new. The room was comfortably filled. Adi interpreted for me. We had communion together with these precious people following the morning service. After a traditional Sunday lunch (roast goose) we were ready to leave for our journey to Hungary.

We took Adi and Ema back to their home in Oradea. On the way I shared with Adi that it grieves me to see Emanuel Baptist (formerly 2nd Baptist) in Oradea virtually "selling their pulpit" to Americans who pay their way to Romania and then pay to preach in this famous church. "Romanians should be preaching in their own church," I suggested "and ministering to their own flock. Their message is far deeper and more profound than the average pabulum served up by foreigners." He was shocked that I was so direct about this problem, but he agreed with me.

We took our time driving cross-country (we gained an hour when we left Romania) and arrived in Kecskemet around 4 p.m. I checked in to the Aranyhomok Hotel. The man on reception remembered me from the previous years I've been there and generously gave me a 10% discount. Steve Kahne and I discovered this little hotel back in '93 and I've been each year since then. The chef is one of the best in Hungary, and they are all good! I've been telling Harriett about Kecskemet for years and now it's a joy to have her with me here. We had a fabulous dinner, a comfortable room, a good nights sleep and an ample breakfast all for only \$60.

Monday November 8 Leaden skies greeted us from our balcony window as we looked out over the neat little park in front of the hotel. This is the first really cloudy day we've had on the trip so far. After breakfast we packed the car then walked around town for a while. It is much colder today. Winter has finally come to central Europe.

It was raining before we reached the outskirts of Budapest. We took the by-pass and picked up the M1 toward Vienna. The rain was really heavy most of the way. There was only a short wait at the Austrian border. We skirted Vienna and were on the Autobahn to Salzburg by mid-afternoon.

After a brief stop in Melk for coffee and *Apfelstrudel* we continued on. Night comes quickly now. The rain made driving very strenuous, but the Lord brought us safely to Salzburg and Debbie's house by 6:15 p.m.

Wednesday November 10 It came quietly in the night – unannounced. It had to happen sooner or later. Gently, softly, pure and white it fell. It was no surprise, yet we were astonished by its beauty and sheer grandeur. In other words, it snowed last night. This is Europe - more specifically Salzburg - in November and the inevitable winter is on the way. Yes, it's very cold outside, but – God willing – one week from today we'll probably long for a bit of this seasonal cool.

We enjoyed *Kaffeetrinken* and lunch with Wendy Ebner, then afternoon tea with Connie and visited her new home. Connie and Wendy are Lenora's best friends from childhood.

Thursday November 11 Spent all morning and early afternoon drafting some “guidelines” for writing a receipt letter, plus answering e-mail from the Mission office. Harriett and I both needed a haircut, so we went to the *Friseur* this afternoon. Afterwards I went to four different shops looking for an adapter for my computer.

I forget how long it takes to do things in Europe. I must be spoiled with the convenience of everything in America. Later on I faxed the correspondence from my computer to the Mission office.

We had a quiet dinner at Hammerauerstrasse and said our “farewell” to Debbie before going to bed. She must leave for her job at the university at 07:15 in the morning, and there won’t be time then. Besides, she’s never liked saying ‘goodbye’ or *Auf Wiedersehen*.

Friday November 12 We had breakfast, packed, loaded the car and left for Kaiserslautern by 10:45. It was 600 kilometers; we drove it in five and a half hours. That is more a testimony to no *Staus* or other delays than to speed. I kept a steady pace of around 120 to 130 km. (75-80 mph)

Teresa met us at the door. Steve arrived shortly afterwards. They had invited two other couples over for dinner to meet us. We shared fellowship till late in the evening.

Saturday November 13 Spent the morning and early afternoon debriefing with Steve Kahne. We covered a wide range of subjects from updating on the Mission to the geo-strategic situation in Montenegro – otherwise known as “Operation deny Christmas.” Later we began repacking for our trip next week to Africa. In the evening we went out for a *Wienerschnitzel* dinner in a delightful village inn.

Sunday November 14 This Sunday is the International Day of Prayer for the Persecuted Church. I preached both morning services at Faith Baptist Church in Kaiserslautern. (This is the largest Baptist Church in Germany.) We sold all the books (*Going Through*) I had pre-positioned there, which was about 40, and took orders for more.

We spent the afternoon and early evening talking with Steve while packing and re-packing for Africa. A box was filled to check through along with one big suitcase full of summer clothes. Steve & Teresa picked up a few toiletries we’d run out of, at the PX. We plan to leave the suitcase with winter clothes in Frankfurt.

Monday November 15 Finished packing. I had to scrape ice off the windshield and brush off a light dusting of snow before we left for Frankfurt. We dressed in summer clothes for our trip south, but we still have one whole day in Europe. Ulrich Beul kindly arranged (and paid for) a hotel right at the airport so we’d be on hand for the early morning flight tomorrow.

I cut cross-country on a new Autobahn and made it to the airport in a fraction over one hour. I must remember this for the next time. We checked into the Hotel Lindenhof and arranged for them to keep our suitcase with winter clothes until we return. We also booked a room for overnight on the way back as we have a 22-hour layover in Frankfurt. Harriett and I went out for pizza in a nearby restaurant and then checked the exact route to the airport (4km) and the other details we need to return the car tomorrow morning at 05:30. We need to be at the check-in by 0600. I filled the tank and returned to the Lindenhof for dinner and early to bed.

Part Two – The longest day

Tuesday November 16 This will be the longest day of our trip, both in hours and miles traveled. We were up at 04:45, showered, packed our carry-on cases and left the hotel by 05:30. I returned the car, and we were checked in by shortly after 06:00. By the time we went through passport control plus a very tight security and walked an interminably long corridor to the gate, they were loading the aircraft. We're booked Swissair, in three stages, all the way to Durban, South Africa.

The first leg was a short one to Zurich. Flight 3539 was a four-engine, high-wing "Jumbolina" jet operated by Crossair (a division of Swissair). We were bussed from the terminal to the aircraft. Boarding took place both front and rear with no consideration for where the passenger's assigned seats might be. As a result, we met forward-boarding passengers elbowing their way to the rear of the plane, and vice-versa. We were row 9A & B, right in the middle. This was not the best example of Swiss efficiency. It was only a 40-minute flight, but they served a very nice breakfast. It was our last cup of real European coffee for a while.

In Zurich we transferred to Swissair flight 282 for Johannesburg. The wide-body plane was a M11, which was originally the McDonald/Douglas DC-10. It was not crowded and Harriett even slept part of the way – spread out across four seats in the center section. I had a window seat on the left-hand side, well behind the wing. It was perfect for my first daytime trip the full length of the continent of Africa. I wanted a seat on the left side, as the afternoon sun would blind any view from window seats on the right. The Lord gave me the desire of my heart.

After climbing out of Zurich we emerged above the clouds at about 10,000 feet. We were surrounded by the majestic Swiss Alps. The precarious peaks protruded proudly into the bright blue sky. The captain leveled off at 21,000 feet and established a southerly course. The view from my perch on the port side was fabulous. In a few minutes the clouds opened and I could see cantonal valleys spread out below, magnificent dams for hydroelectric power and the deep blue lakes behind them. It was awesome. Then it was time to leave the snowcapped-serrated sentinels that silhouetted Switzerland. Time to climb to our cruising altitude of 39,000 feet and move on further south.

By 11 a.m. we were over the 'boot' of Italy, then moved slowly out over the azure waters of the Mediterranean Sea. At 11:42 we passed over Palermo, Sicily. It took five minutes to cross the island. Shortly afterwards I could see Malta off to the east. By 12:25 p.m. we reached landfall on the continent of Africa. Directly below us was Tripoli, Libya. Within a few minutes we started across the vast, wind-swept stretches of the Sahara Desert. We were traveling south at just over 500 mph, but it seemed that there was no end to it.

Two hours later we spotted Emi Koussi, reaching 11,200 feet above the desert to offer any hiker, daring enough to make the climb, a bit of respite from the scorching heat. Then it was on to Chad, where the terrain looked as though a giant comb had been raked across the surface with end-less stretches of parallel hills and valleys running from northeast to southwest. By 3:26 p.m. we were over the Central African Republic. The desert was beginning to give way to low shrub and scattered trees.

Shortly afterwards we entered the Democratic Republic of Congo's airspace. The pilot began taking evasive measures to avoid churning through some giant cumulus towers that reached far above our service ceiling. We crossed the mighty Congo River at 4:05 p.m. and continued South, above the dense jungle, where – 8 miles below our pressurized cubicle – a war was raging between ethnic factions. I wondered how many of my fellow passengers gave it a single thought.

By the time we reached Zambia it was dark. Darkness in Africa can virtually be felt. It is both physical and spiritual. Still we pressed on, southward, across the Zambezi into Zimbabwe, (I remember when it was Rhodesia) then on to Botswana and began our descent over the Limpopo where we entered South African airspace northwest of Pretoria.

Flight 282 was eleven minutes late on arrival, which meant we had an extremely tight connection in Johannesburg. The Swissair stewardess was super helpful. On touch down she removed our carry-on bags from the overhead compartments and took them to the front door of the aircraft while we were still taxiing. Then, just before we stopped, she came to our row and escorted us to the door. We were the first off the plane onto the jet-way – with less than 30 minutes to get our flight to Durban.

We proceeded at flank speed to passport control and were the first in line. Afterwards we had to pick up our checked luggage and clear it through customs. A Xhosa skycap put our bags on a cart, took us through the green ‘Nothing to Declare’ door and trotted from Terminal One to Terminal Five!

We had to go through security again and check-in for the short flight from Jo-burg to Durban. We were the last ones onto the shuttle bus that took us out into the boonies at JNB. Our flight to the south coast was on a 50-seater de Havilland Dash 8, Series 300, twin-engine prop job. We were thankful to make the flight (even though our bags did not), because we knew KSB would have sent a car to meet us. Sure enough, after coming through the baggage claim area, who was the first person we should see when we came into the waiting area of the Durban terminal? Our ‘adopted’ Zulu daughter, Sindi, was there with outstretched arms to greet “Mama and Papa.” Mandla had driven to meet us and Sindi managed to come along. She got into the back seat with ‘Mama’ for the trip back to KwaSizabantu.

It was twenty minutes ‘til mid-night as we drove out of the parking lot at the airport and onto the motorway that traverses this beautiful seaport. The motorway is a toll-road along the south coast, with a fabulous view of the Indian Ocean. After about 40 minutes, we left the motorway and headed north on the R74. As we climbed the hill, past the Hindu temple in Stanger, we ran into fog and mist, which cut our speed to a crawl.

It was really thick. I knew it could take us another two hours just to go the remaining 50km (30 miles). “Let’s sing, Sindi,” I suggested. Immediately she began to sing a beautiful Zulu hymn and Mandla joined in. His deep baritone voice blended nicely with her contralto. By the time they finished singing the fog had lifted and so had our spirits. It was just before 2 a.m. when we drove through the entrance gate at KwaSizabantu

Mission. Some of the staff was still up to meet and greet us with a cup of hot chocolate, then showing us to our room.

It was about 2:30 a.m. when we finally got to bed. Like I said, it was a long day. We had traveled over 6,000 miles from the snows of northern Europe to summertime at the southern tip of Africa. Thank you Lord Jesus, for bringing us safely here.

Part Three – A Zulu Wedding

Wednesday - Friday November 17 – 19 The Lord's timing is always perfect! After the long, hard, cold, frustrating days (weeks) in Eastern Europe, He has brought us to the epic-center of Revival in South Africa. I'm certain that KwaSizabantu is the nearest place to heaven-on-earth that I'll ever see. Here are people from a diverse cultural background, from a variety of races and ethnic traditions representing a wide span of gifts, talents and professions, all living in harmony, joy, peace and love.

The Director of the mission, Rev. Erlo Stegen, was scheduled to speak at the graduation service of the Teacher's Training College here on Saturday, but was called away to preach at the funeral of a pastor he'd known for a long time. He said, "God has sent you to us at this time. Will you speak in my place?" It is a very formal occasion – cap 'n gown sort of thing. Three professors from the university are here to present the diplomas and other awards. I told him that I didn't have a message, but I'm sure the Lord did and I would trust Him for it.

The Revival has made people hungry for the Word of God. They just pull it out of you. It is the most extraordinary place I've ever been. I love



KwaSizabantu Mission

preaching in Africa. In one sense it is the easiest place in the world to preach because of their enthusiasm for God. Sometimes they will finish the sentence before you. But they don't want pabulum – they want meat! They don't want platitudes;

they want the power of God. They like it straight to the heart, even if it hurts. Maybe this is one of the secrets of the Revival. Singing must be another part of Revival because theirs is from heaven! Most cannot even read music, yet they sing in perfect 4-part harmony, moving smoothly from Zulu to English to German to Afrikaans.

I am amazed at how many people here have read *“Going Through.”* I know they have read it because they comment on various parts and ask questions like, “What happened after so-and-so.” I am greatly encouraged to see how the book is having a ministry – which is something I prayed long and hard for. One lady had been given insight into how God works in lives that went far beyond what I had actually written. That, to me, is only attributable to the Lord using the book over and above my expectations.

Kjell Olsen has asked me to do a series of 3-minute devotionals for Radio Khwezi. This is in addition to some regular sermons that I will be recording especially for broadcast.

Saturday November 20 Summer time is graduation time. Cedar College of Education (CCE) is located on the grounds of KSB. The College is non-racial and accepts students from all backgrounds. Special emphasis is given to rural areas where it is hoped they will return to teach. The vision is to provide a Christian base with academic excellence for teachers to serve the community. CCE is affiliated to Potchefstroom University, which underwrites the Higher Education Diploma issued by CCE.

The Principal and three professors from Potchefstroom University were on hand for the graduation ceremonies, which were held in the huge auditorium. I brought the closing message this afternoon for the Class of '99.

Summer evenings in South Africa remind me of my childhood. We watched the children, black and white, playing various games together barefooted on the broad, spacious lawn in front of the mission home. Their squeals of delight were like a nostalgic music to my ears. They climbed trees, played tag, kicked a football and unconsciously kept us entertained as the light faded and darkness settled over Zululand. One by one they disappeared to their homes to bathe and then to bed. Suddenly, it was quiet, save for our muted conversation with the other adult missionaries seated on the veranda.

The night sky in Africa is truly awesome. The stars, like diamonds on an ebony carpet, seem so much brighter than in the Northern Hemisphere.

Light pollution has a lot to do with that I'm sure, but it is dramatic nonetheless. The constellations are different too. The Southern Cross is the most familiar sight and easy to locate.

Then we were aware of the African night sounds. A chorus of crickets accompanied by a croaking frog and in the distance, out over the Tugela valley, flashes of lightning followed a few seconds later by rumbling thunder. A warm, gentle breeze signaled the coming shower. We need the rain. The fields are dry. It's an answer to prayer.

Tuesday November 23 At last we were able to meet Christian, Sindi's fiancée. He came to us in the evening. He's tall and slim. His smile is radiant and the joy of the Lord is evident. First of all I asked him to give us his testimony of how he became a Christian. It was a wonderful story of God's patience and guiding throughout his life. Someone told him about KSB and that he would find the solution to his problems there. He took a taxi From Durban to KSB and applied for a job. They assigned him to manage the chicken production.

Sindi had shared with us earlier that she had not met with or even talked to Christian. She had heard him preach. "He's a good preacher, Papa!" She had heard him sing. "He has a nice voice, Papa." Apart from that distant contact, she had no knowledge of him at all. She was worried. "Mama, I don't know whether he likes tea, bush tea or coffee. I don't know whether he takes milk in his tea (or coffee) or how many spoons of sugar he wants."

I asked him, "How did you first become interested in Sindi?" We were all sitting in the lounge talking when someone brought us a tray from the kitchen with some cakes and cups of tea. I noticed that Christian asked for bush tea, with a little milk and took one spoon of sugar.

"I wasn't interested at all at first" he responded. Then one night I dreamed. It was more like a vision. I saw Sindi, sitting in my home, talking with my mother. I didn't think anything about it, but the next night I had the same vision. Then again, the same thing happened on the third night. I thought, "It's time for me to talk with my counselor."

Christian talked with his counselor, who advised him to talk with "Uncle Erlo" (that's Erlo Stegen, Director of the Mission). A few days later he talked with Uncle Erlo, who questioned him at length, on a variety of subjects. One of the first questions (related to getting married) was, "What

about the labola?” This is the price a husband pays to the bride’s family in order to take a wife. This is a traditional custom among most African tribes and nations. Sometimes it can take years for the bridegroom to raise the required amount. Christian was ready to answer that question with praise to God for having supplied the need.

Several years ago he had a very good job with a company in Durban. Then, unexpectedly he was laid off along with some other young men. Some of the others had obtained legal help, requesting that the company take them back and give them back pay. Unbeknown to him the verdict was affirmative. He was called back to work, spent a week there, received several thousand rand in back pay, and returned to work at KSB. His unexpected windfall amply covered the labola.

Christian has been here at KSB for two and a half years and has established a very good reputation for reliability and has demonstrated significant spiritual growth. Erlo described him as a ‘genius’ in managing the chickens. He has increased production dramatically. Because he is so faithful in looking after whatever is intrusted to him, Erlo was going to give him a Bible name – “Joseph.” This is customary among the Zulus to have a new name after conversion, but since his name was already “Christian” Uncle Erlo said that would be sufficient.

We spent about two hours with Christian and feel we really got to know him a little. He has a wonderful smile, a gentle, humble spirit and a servant’s heart. He sincerely wants to serve the Lord, and I believe he really loves Sindi. We had a good time of prayer together. Afterwards I shook his hand and told him, “Christian, we’re not losing a daughter, we are gaining a son.” I wish you could have seen his smile. He just beamed!

Wednesday November 24 I recorded devotionals for Radio Khwezi this morning. In the afternoon Kjell drove Harriett and me over to Tugela Ferry for the evening service. Before dinner, Pastor Barney took us on a tour of the new bakery they have just opened in town – operated by Christians. He is also responsible for the Co-op, a Spar market and Agape Restaurant, which altogether employ 120 people. There is a branch of KSB here with thirty-four co-workers.



DSS School Choir, KwaSizabantu

Thursday November 25

This afternoon Harriett and I both spoke to the students and visiting relatives of students at the commencement service for the Tabitha Adult School. This is a school that trains adults in special language and computer skills along

with practical projects like farming (men) and knitting (women). It is basically for those who – for one reason or another - didn't have a chance to finish school, or dropouts who, later in life, decide that they want to have more education. This usually comes about after they are saved and the Holy Spirit transforms them, and they want to make their lives count for God. The ceremonies lasted three hours.

Friday November 26 All this week I've been concentrating on recording a series of 3 to 4 minute devotionals for Radio Khwezi. Today I completed the 26th program, more than enough for the first CD. The devotionals are taken from the Gospel of Matthew. I have researched and written them for use initially in "Target Topic." It takes about 25 to 30 minutes to prepare each one for broadcast, but with practice I hope to reduce the time to around 18 to 20 minutes.

Saturday November 27 Final countdown for Sindi and Christian's wedding (tomorrow). Harriett went to the airport in Durban to meet Lenora who is arriving today with Andrea and Calvin. I stayed at KSB to do some journal work. They all arrived safely at about 3 p.m. We toured the mission, catching a sneak preview of the arrangements in the dining hall for Sindi's reception. It's beautifully decorated with white tablecloths and a lavender (Sindi's favorite color) sash down the middle. They have place settings for 550 people. All the rest will have to eat in a big tent outside. Later we visited *aQuelle*, the water-bottling factory at KSB.

After dinner Kjell, Daniel and I practiced on the harmonica trio we're expected to present tomorrow at the reception. Then I had some time with Lenora and the children. Sindi came to our room and the four of us talked till about 10 p.m.

Sunday November 28

Today our 'adopted' Zulu daughter Sindi and Christian were married with our granddaughter, Andrea, as her flowergirl. A Zulu wedding is an experience never to be forgotten.



The Auditorium, KwaSizabantu Mission

The service was in the main auditorium and there were at least

5,500 people there. It was the morning service! An event like this attracts many outsiders (heathen – in the literal sense of the word) and is always a great evangelistic opportunity. Erlo Stegen preached a powerful message, one hour and fourteen minutes (which is shorter than usual), but it was like ten minutes! I couldn't believe he was finished. No one in the congregation had any doubt concerning the nature of sin or the cure by the blood of Jesus Christ. The service lasted two and a half hours.

The reception was held in the dining hall and was a real formal occasion. There were 550 guests, each with an assigned seat and their name on the card at the plate. The tables were beautifully decorated with white cloths and a lavender runner down the middle, matching napkins and at least two flower arrangements on each table. It was a three course sit-down meal, with coffee and tea served afterwards along with a huge, three-layer wedding cake.

Sindi had requested that we play our harmonicas during the program and that I make a speech. Kjell, Daniel and I (having practiced Saturday evening) performed as a trio for this special occasion. Between the first and second number I made a relatively short speech. I told how we first met Sindi, how I had interviewed her for a broadcast following the elections in 1994 and discovered she had an excellent radio quality voice. (She now reads the news in both Zulu and English for Radio Khwezi.) I shared that Sindi was concerned, because she didn't know what Christian liked to drink. Then, before the 550 guests at the reception, I announced, **“Sindi, he likes bush tea, with a little milk and one spoon of sugar!”**

The Zulu guests erupted in laughter. It was long and sustained. Everyone understood the custom of no dating or other contact and the consequent lack of information about the prospective spouse.

Part Four – Ministry at KwaSizabantu

Monday November 29 These have been very special days for me here. I'm trying to find words to express what revival means. God is at work – in hearts and minds and bodies. It is awesome, and you know that I do not use that word lightly...(as an American teenager would to describe a 'Big Mac').

The Zulus are an extraordinary people. I have come to love, admire and respect them in so many ways. We have much to learn from them. The inter-personal relationships here (Zulu-Zulu, White-white, Zulu-White) are so sweet and loving. There is no jealousy, criticism, gossip, slander, backbiting, envy or strife. Each one *"...esteems the other better than himself."*

The very moment there is a thought that something may have hurt, discouraged or disappointed another child of God, there is an immediate and sincere apology, which is greeted with instant and equally sincere forgiveness. Sometimes there are some tears, but that is therapeutic. Satan does not have a chance to get a foothold around here.

Their faith is not expressed in slogans and sound bites, but in a life lived circumspectly. Their Theology cannot be confined to a bumper sticker. In short, there is a depth and genuineness of the indwelling Holy Spirit, a lifting up of the Lord Jesus Christ and the adoration of Almighty God,



Rev. Erlo Stegen

such as I have never experienced before. Like Peter on the mountaintop, I'd like to build three tabernacles here, but there are needs and work waiting for me in the valley.

Wednesday December 1 I spent the morning preparing radio devotionals for recording this after-noon. Unbeknownst to me, someone let the cat out of the bag. Word that the old man had a birthday today called for special celebration. We had a feast at lunch. Eighteen friends and fellow missionaries gathered in the private dining room for the event. Harriett had been working in the



KwaSizabantu Mission, Sunday Service

kitchen all morning with the Zulu staff showing them how to make southern fried chicken. KSB will never be the same.

In the evening, Kay Stegen surprised me in the lounge with a beautiful cream layer-cake plus other specially baked

goodies, which we washed down with generous cups of bush tea. It was so nice to have Lenora, Andrea and Calvin here to share my joy.

Thursday & Friday, December 2 & 3 Worked long and hard recording these days. Peter was due to arrive with the two middle children, Daniela and Christopher, Friday but the car had mechanical problems (broken fan belt) and they were delayed.

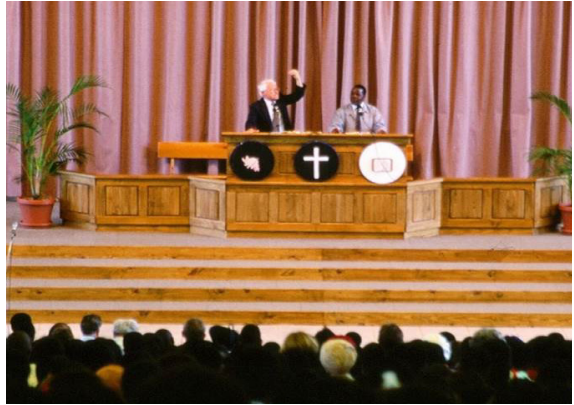
Saturday December 4 We praise the Lord that Peter and the children arrived safely this morning. It's a sixteen-hour drive from Cape Town, without breakdowns. They were tired.

This afternoon, I was the guest speaker at the 14th Annual Prize Giving and graduation service of the Domino Servite School. Harriett assisted in the presentation of prizes. This school has the highest pass scores of any school in South Africa. The Minister of Education has visited here on several occasions. The school receives no subsidies from the state, yet is a model for the nation's educators. This is the Lord's doing.

Sunday December 5 We were originally scheduled to go to Tugela Ferry today for services with Pastor Barney Mabaso. Due to Peter's delay in arrival, and the fact that they must leave early tomorrow morning for the Kruger and Zimbabwe, and coupled with the fact that there are a multitude of things we urgently need to discuss regarding Frontline and ITMI, it was decided after some serious prayer that I should postpone my second visit to Tugela Ferry.

Monday December 6, 1999 My plan was to leave for Zambia today. It was exactly that – *my* plan. God had another plan and gently showed

me clearly what it was. Perhaps there is hope for me after all. There was a time – not many years ago – when He would have had to hit me over the head to get my attention when He desired to do a work in this unworthy vessel of clay. This time He simply used the impossibility of airline schedules to simultaneously



prevent me from going north to Zambia and show me that I still have so much to learn and so much still to do right here at KwaSizabantu. The following are some thoughts on revival as we witness it here.

Revival is perhaps the most unpredictable and surely the most misunderstood working of God in the heart of man. It cannot be adequately defined. It cannot be catalogued, quantified, qualified or measured in any way. God is sovereign. Revival cannot be contained or confined. It cannot be worked up. I'm not even sure if it can be prayed down, although prayer – sincere, heart-searching, sin confessing and sin forsaking prayer has preceded every revival I have read about or experienced (southern Arizona 1950, London 1963, Romania 1983-90 and KSB now). It certainly cannot be “turned on” by human bidding, but human bungling, as in Romania in 1990, can turn it off. Revival is usually associated with deep, sincere, unqualified personal repentance. The fire is ignited on the altar of sacrifice.

This morning I sent the following e-mail to the Mission office:

“My communications with you will range from less frequent to nil during this last full week in Africa. The sheer weight of my work load here will leave little time for anything over and above preparation and recording of the radio series, along with preparation and presentation of messages for the Youth Conference plus the counseling. The young people want at least an hour of preaching with rich meat from the Word. Like young lions, their appetite is ferocious.”

In a previous e-mail from the Mission, the Administrator had asked

me to bring a short devotional to the staff at our office Christmas party, scheduled a few days after we return. My response, “I’ll be so used to preaching one hour + messages are you sure you want me to just bring a 20-minute devotional for the Christmas brunch? What if the party turns into a prayer meeting? And wouldn’t it be wonderful if God gatecrashes and breaks through? Since it is in honor of His Birthday shouldn’t we invite Jesus for brunch with our bunch?”

Tuesday – Friday, December 7-10 Final, all-out push to finish recording the devotional series, “A Word For You” for radio Khwezi. They made a 5 CD set of the programs, which became the basis for my next book, *How’d You Hurt Your Hand?*, a devotional on Matthew’s Gospel.

Friday afternoon I finished recording the last of 90 programs for Radio Khwezi. They were digitalized and will be used on radio stations, both community and Christian in several parts of South Africa.

By Friday evening approximately 5,000 young people had arrived at KwaSizabantu by the time the service started at 7 p.m. They were still coming in even as I preached. Many more are expected tomorrow.

Saturday December 11 Kjell phoned after breakfast this morning to say that I was scheduled to bring the morning message at 10 a.m. An hour’s notice is really quite generous in Africa. I spoke for an hour from John 8 “...if the Son shall make you free.” The Lord gave me real liberty and insight into ‘ancestor worship,’ witchcraft and other problems facing young people in Africa. There were considerably more in attendance than last night. It will be interesting to see how many are registered.

A good number of missionaries have come from various parts of SA and neighboring countries with a car or busload of their youth. They want them to not only hear the Word, but to see how things are done here. Many have never heard the Gospel before. Most are involved in ancestor worship. KSB will be their Bethlehem where they discover the living Christ.

By afternoon Kjell informed me that they have just over 6,500 young people registered for the conference. This number does not include the co-workers and staff who live here and will be attending the meetings. This would increase the attendance by another 1,000 to 1,200. Nor does it include the day visitors. And everyone is fed – free of charge!

I was curious about the sheer logistics of feeding so many people. I

visited the kitchens (there are at least three, big ones) and asked some questions. The following is an estimate of requirements for **one** meal at KwaSizabantu during the Youth Conference. If anything, this is minimal.

Rice 850 kgs. (1,874 lbs.)

Bread 375 loaves (from the mission bakery)

Tea/coffee 1,500 liters (396 gal.)

Sugar 62.5 kgs. (138 lbs.)

Beef 900 kgs. (1,984 lbs.) when they have beef stew. This is 10 or 11 beef cows!

Chicken, 1,000 chickens, when they have chicken stew.

Porridge 1,300 liters (343 gal.) This is mealie meal, their staple diet

In addition to feeding all the people the Mission provides transportation for them from their home to KSB and back. To send out the buses and trucks to pick them up requires 5,500 liters of diesel fuel, which is 1,453 gallons (one way). They pick them up and take them back home after the conference. This means that approximately 6,000 gallons of fuel (diesel or gasoline) is used for transportation. Gasoline is about \$2.38 per gallon in South Africa. The young people come, some with only the clothes on their back. There is no charge for them to come, and there is never an offering taken. Money is simply not mentioned. God supplies every need. To Him be all the glory and honor and praise.

Sunday December 12, 1999 This is the pivotal day of the 25th Annual Youth Conference. The auditorium was packed. It will seat 10,000 and there were approximately 1,5000 standing at the back and sides. Combined choirs sang some with over 200 voices. Special speakers from many lands were on hand to bring greetings. There were members of the Zulu Royal family there. One special visitor was Dr. Mangosuthu Buthelezi, Member of the South African Parliament; the Minister of Home Affairs (the equivalent of US Secretary of State) and President of the Inkatha Freedom Party.

Dr. Buthelezi is an avowed Christian. In his remarks (which lasted about 40 minutes) he said, "When I attended the Anglican Congress in Toronto, Canada in 1963 as a lay delegate of the Diocese of Zululand, I was fascinated by a statement which the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Reverend Michael Ramsey, made in one plenary session of that great gathering of Anglicans. He stated that he was looking forward to the day

when Missionaries from Africa would come out to evangelize in Europe, in what he described as ‘the post-Christian era’ – which Europe had in fact reached in his opinion.” Citing the ministry of men like Reverend Erlo Stegen, Dr. Peter Hammond and “others spreading the good news of salvation in Europe and other countries abroad, I see a partial fulfillment of Archbishop Ramsey’s prophecy.”



King Goodwill Zwelinthini
and Rev. Erlo Stegen

Erlo preached a powerful message that shook the place. Many stayed behind for counseling. Harriett and I were invited to the VIP delegates’ dinner and sat at the head table with the Stegen, Dr. Buthelezi and the choir director of Handel’s Messiah.

Monday – Tuesday Dec. 13-14 Our last hours of countdown before leaving Africa. I preached on both days in between packing and saying “good-bye” and mailing off packages to Europe and Cape Town. Kjell and Margaret took us to the airport in Durban, Tuesday afternoon to catch our flight to Johannesburg.

In Jo’burg we transferred to the international terminal to catch Swissair flight 283, which left at 11 p.m. for Zurich. It was a long and predictably uncomfortable overnight flight, but we managed to catch a few winks on the way.

December 15 We arrived in Zurich right on time at 08:20. Our flight to Frankfurt didn’t leave until 12:10 p.m., so we proceeded through security to the departure area and Harriett checked out the ‘Duty Free’ shops while I read some of Tom Clancy. She found some really neat sweatshirts for Linda’s three boys. Swissair flight 534 was a little late leaving for Frankfurt.

Once in Frankfurt we checked our African luggage in a locker, reconfirmed our Delta flight to the USA and with only our carry-on bags took a taxi to the Lindenhof Hotel where I had made reservations back in November for tonight. Our room was waiting and so was our suitcase



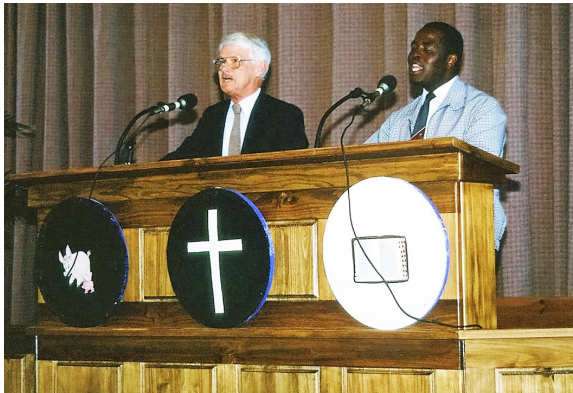
The DSS School Choir, KwaSizabantu Mission

with winter clothes. We had an early dinner and went straight to bed. We were exhausted.

December 16, 1999 What a difference a good night's sleep can make, especially when you were up all the night before! We showered, dressed, finished packing and went downstairs for a nice *buffet* breakfast. Afterwards we took a taxi back to Frankfurt's Rhein-Main airport – Terminal Two.

We collected our African 'summer stuff' from the locker and proceeded to Delta check-in for flight 49 to Cincinnati. Security was extremely tight in Frankfurt.

We checked our bags all the way through to Phoenix, but of course had to pick them up in the US port of entry to clear through customs and immigration. The custom officer in Cincinnati was very interested that



With Rev. Fano Sibisi of KSB

we'd just come from South Africa and wanted to know if we had any 'biltong.'

"No." Meat, fresh fruit and vegetables are forbidden imports into the United States.

It's great to be home again after a long and exhausting Autumn Odyssey.

Room with a View

December 2000

For the last seven days I've had a room with a view on the fourth floor. The glass door opens onto a balcony that overlooks a courtyard with a small fountain. Kind and thoughtful people come to my room at regular intervals throughout the day, solicitous of any need I may have which they can cheerfully fulfill. I have no deadlines to meet, outstanding obligations to fulfill or appointments to keep. I chose this beautiful place to celebrate my 73rd birthday. Wouldn't you?

There's just one catch. To qualify for this splendid accommodation I had to check in at noon. After answering a few questions and letting them photocopy my social security and health insurance card, I was escorted by a young matron down a long corridor to a room where several people were already seated – waiting. Some looked nervous, others apprehensive; all seemed uncertain of the future.

A single exception to this rather morbid lot was a beautiful, silver-haired grandmother seated next to me. She was familiar with this place, having been here on previous occasions. She has a special connection to the Great Physician. Her face was calm. Her confident manner was very reassuring. I was glad she was there, by my side, as she has been for almost 50 years now. She is Harriett, my wife.

“Would you come with me please, Mr. Bathman?” The voice belonged to a young, twenty-something miss in a green surgical scrub suit. It seemed to be the current fashion of choice around here. A silent sweep of her hand toward the scales suggested the possibility that she might want to know how much I weighed. I stood obligingly on the platform while she adjusted the cantilever weights until they balanced. She noted the results on her clipboard file, asked me “How tall are you?” then reached into the cupboard and took out a plastic bag. She handed it to me along with instructions to go into the adjacent dressing room and change my clothes.

When I emerged a few minutes later, looking extraordinarily foolish in my new out-sized paper gown and sockies (with rubber treads on the sole) the beautiful silver-haired grandmother was still there - and smiled when

she saw me. Unashamedly she took my arm and together we followed the nurse to a large room sub-divided by curtains on rollers. It was the 'holding area.'

Our guide motioned for me to lie down on the gurney. In a moment we were joined by the anesthesiologist who explained the forthcoming procedure and started an I.V. From there I was wheeled into the O.R. Harriett never left my side. We were praying together as I drifted off to sleep. . .

This was the concluding procedure to an earlier colon resection last summer in which 20 centimeters (8 inches) of my perforated colon was removed. Later, one wisecracking friend wrote me and said, "You're the only author I know that '*has*' a *semicolon*!"

I remember waking up in the recovery room with Harriett holding my hand. That was followed by a long ride along seemingly endless corridors leading ultimately to my room with a view.

Now for the last seven days a long, slim plastic tube attached to a catheter needle inserted in the back of my hand has tethered me. The tube transfers life-sustaining energy from a one-liter plastic bag of potassium chloride in a 5% solution of dextrose, all precisely monitored by a Baxter Flo-Gard 6200 Volumetric Infusion Pump. The entire device is mounted on a vertical pole secured to a quad-footed base with wheels on each foot.

Each day I've felt a little better. My strength is gradually returning. I get up for short walks along the corridors of pod C. My I.V. trolley is constantly with me. It stands by me during the night, purring softly like a kitten. It never leaves me when I excuse myself from polite company to visit the loo. It follows me like a bad reputation everywhere I go. Who shall deliver me from the bondage of this I.V. stand?

"Dr. Elsner said we can remove your I.V. today," Miss Anita informed me, "and you can probably go home tomorrow." Beautiful words! At such times you can always remember exactly where you were – like when you heard the news about Pearl Harbor or the assassination of JFK. I was in a bed...in room C428 - but I was soon to have a better view.

Chapter 28

Initial Safari to South Sudan

Peter Hammond asked me in January 2001, via satellite phone, if I'd be willing to come to Sudan in March/April this year and be keynote speaker for the dedication of the new Christian Liberty High School. He was in Mundri, South Sudan and had to make arrangements then and there, on the spot.

Many months beforehand I had determined not to ask Peter to take me with him to Sudan because I felt, at my age, I would be an added burden for him. He would feel obliged because of our family relationship and that would put unfair pressure on him. But, if he asked me – that would be a different matter. I responded with an immediate Affirmative.

In retrospect I can see how the Lord had prepared me mentally, spiritually and emotionally for this trip. For the next five weeks (before we left) I worked hard on the physical prep, with long walks at 5a.m. It was a great time to talk to the Lord about my upcoming adventure. I confess the whole idea was a little scary.

What I did not expect (but that God had prepared me for) was staying on in Africa for a second mission up to the Sudan, driving a truck from Cape Town 5,000 miles overland.

March 2001

Peter and I flew commercial from Cape Town to Nairobi, Kenya. Our means of transportation from there to Mundri in South Sudan was a Mitsubishi Mu-2 aircraft, purchased by Samaritan's Purse and given to AIM-AIR with the understanding that SP has first call on its use anytime. It's a win-win situation.

Loading the Mu-2 is an exact science. Everything



must be carefully weighed. Frequently the cargo is rearranged to accommodate something smaller that would fit into some otherwise unused space. There were 3,000 Bibles to load, school supplies for the newly opened



Christian Liberty High School, field equipment for the 70 Chaplains Peter has trained and some basic supplies for the Frontline base in Mundri. Everything had to be securely tied down so it would not shift around in flight. Passenger-wise there were five souls on board: Tim Doggett (pilot), Dr. Peter Hammond, Chuck Mancebo (mission radio communications expert), Bishop Bullen and myself.

It was shortly after 10 a.m. when we lifted off runway 14 at Nairobi's Wilson airport and headed northwest toward Loki. The twin turbo-prop, 715 hp Garrett engines made the climb to our cruising altitude of 21,000 feet seem almost effortless. The four-blade, constant speed, 98" diameter Hartzell propellers churned through the cumulus towers with unrelenting determination. This kind of determination was the Hallmark of our trip.

It was Dr. Peter Hammond's unrelenting determination to be obedient to the Great Commission that launched him into South Sudan seven years ago – despite those who told him, "It can't be done." It was his stubborn determination to be faithful to the Lord's command, "Go, make disciples, build the Church, heal the sick and teach all nations," that kept him keeping on in spite of horrendous opposition from determined foes.

It was this kind of sterling determination that led to establishing a clinic for the wounded, which would later be enlarged with the professional help of Samaritan's Purse into the largest and best equipped hospital in South Sudan. It was Hammond's typical tenacity that initiated a training program for teachers that would be amplified by Christian Liberty Academy in Chicago and result in the high school we were on our way

to dedicate. It was a righteous resolve that spurred him on to recruit and train 70 Chaplains to minister to the spiritual needs of soldiers fighting for their very lives and freedom in Africa's forgotten war.

We leveled off and trimmed up at 21,000 feet, on a heading of north-northwest – destination Lokichokio, a few miles south of the border with Sudan. Loki, as the locals call it, is a nondescript staging area for NGO's and various UN supplies in Kenya. Our speed was 235 knots (270 m.p.h.). Flying time from Nairobi is 1 hour and 40 minutes. On approach to Loki we entered the traffic with a right turn from the base leg and lined up for runway 09. Tim greased it in professionally and we taxied onto the apron next to a UN cargo plane.

We had already cleared immigration before leaving Nairobi. While our plane was being refueled we headed for a cup of coffee at the canteen and discussed strategy for the next leg of our journey. In about an hour we were on our way again.

Flying time from Loki to Mundri is approximately 1 hour and 18 minutes in the MU-2. Every turn of the spinning blades, to the right and left outside my window, took us deeper into the no-fly zone.

From my lofty perch I could see the River Nile winding its way north across the Sudan. It was not my first glimpse of the world's longest river. That was in 1977 when I crossed it on a ferryboat thousands of miles North in Cairo. The White Nile flows northward 4,168 miles from Lake Victoria, (on the Equator at almost 6,000-ft. elevation) through Uganda, Sudan and Egypt before emptying into the Mediterranean Sea. The Blue Nile, its most important tributary, joins it at Khartoum. The journey, for a drop of water, from source to mouth takes over four months.



When our Lord Jesus said, “Go into all the world,” He did **not** say, “Stop at the no-fly zones.” Who is it anyway that forbids such unauthorized entry into this needy land? The radical, anti-Christian, Islamic forces in the North have arbitrarily declared the South of Sudan to be a no-fly zone. Why? Simply because they



Bibles delivered to Moruland

do not want the eighty percent Christian majority living in the South to have any aid or assistance from the outside world. That Christians in the West care enough to risk life and limb to help their Brothers and Sisters in the Lord in South Sudan is an obscenity to the Muslim government in Khartoum.

The Mundri International Airport in Western Equatoria, South Sudan is virtually invisible. It’s not on the flight charts or maps. There is no radar guidance system to bring you safely in. There is no control tower. In fact, there are no buildings – period. The single runway is a roughly graded gravel strip barely long enough to accommodate our landing and subsequent takeoff.

There is no immigration official to meet the plane, or customs officer to account for what you are bringing into the country – in our case, Bibles and medical supplies. Officially you are not supposed to be there. You have entered Sudan’s air space without authorization and in a no-fly zone. Yes, Virginia, there are risks involved in being obedient to the Great Commission. But the consequences are His problem, not ours. For the missionary, not to obey is not even an option. “If we wait until there is no danger,” David Livingstone once said, “we shall never go at all.”

Frontline Fellowship, is the longest serving and most active Protestant mission organization in Southern Sudan. Along with Samaritan’s Purse it is unique in having a permanent mission base inside South Sudan.

We were given a royal welcome on the airstrip by the Frontline team based permanently in Mundri. They were glad to see the supplies we had with us. They installed us inside the truck for the ride through the bush



Lui Hospital

back to the base. Several rode standing on the running boards. When we came to the Yei River crossing, those on the outside opted to ride on the roof. As we neared the mission property, Peter pointed out a number of bomb craters left by the Antanovs and MiGs in recent weeks.

Within minutes after arriving Peter was off on a scouting trip to survey most of the 480 acres that comprise the campus of Bishop Gwynne College, Christian Liberty High School and the Frontline Fellowship mission base. There was an enormous amount of work to be completed before

the official opening of CLHS in just under a week.

On his last mission to Sudan, Peter had organized delivery of a truckload of lumber and paint to be shipped in from Uganda. He hired every known carpenter in Moruland, and gave them the task of building window shutters, tables and shelves for the library, plus desks and chairs for the students and teachers. He had delegated responsibility to selected people. He laid out a clear plan and gave specific instructions.

During the days that followed I preached to over 1,000 souls at the Fraser Cathedral in Lui. The Muslims had bombed out an entire section of one wall. The same bad guys have repeatedly bombed the Samaritan's Purse Hospital in Lui, plus the Chaplain's Training Center, Christian schools and mission stations during recent weeks this year.

"They send us bombs and we send them Bibles," Peter commented thoughtfully.

The next day was the primary event of the trip: the dedication of Christian Liberty High School on the grounds and in the refurbished



Preaching at Laniya



Teacher Training Workshop in Kotobi

buildings of the old Bishop Gwynne College in Mundri. In addition to the students, there were 120 guests composed of community leaders from every area including tribal, religious, military and governmental authorities.

Beth Greyson organized the tribal women into cooking groups to prepare a feast to feed the famished. They prepared a cow for the occasion. It was just enough to go around, considering the students ate separately.

For the rest of the second week I worked in tandem with my son-in-law, Peter Hammond. We were conducting an all-day Teacher's Seminar (6 lectures each) plus a "God and Government Seminar" in Kotobi, a 3-day intensive Chaplains Seminar in Jambo, plus ministry in Mariba, Laniya and to the troops on the front lines at Tapari. The rainy season was coming, but we were already experiencing showers of blessings.



Sunday Service at Fraser Cathedral, Lui

A ‘Nod’ from God

Ever since my first trip to South Africa in 1977 I had frequently said, “The Lord wouldn’t have to ‘call’ us to Africa, all He would have to do is just ‘nod.’”

During the past months of intensive traveling and preaching through seven countries in Africa, Harriett and I discerned a definite *nod* from God. We were moving to South Africa; our scheduled departure was November 2001.

The timing was perfect. We had an excellent staff at Mission HQ in Tempe. With e-mail, fax and telephone we could be in constant contact daily if needed.

We would still divide our time between Eastern Europe, Africa and the United States as we have for the last 24 years, but with the larger time being spent in Africa, rather than the US. It would be even better for our ministry in Europe, since South Africa is in the same time zone there is no jet lag – and it’s just an overnight flight.

While Peter and I were on my initial mission to Sudan, Harriett and Lenora were looking for a place we could live when we moved to Cape Town.

On our return from South Sudan, Peter began immediately to prepare the next mission up north, by truck and trailer with urgently needed supplies for our base in Mundri. When the vehicle was loaded and ready to roll the next morning, the driver suddenly realized he would need a passport. Yeah, that would be nice, considering he would be crossing seven international borders.

Peter was understandably irritated by this serious mistake on the part of the driver and frustrated at an unnecessary delay in getting supplies to Frontline’s base in South Sudan. Now it was my turn, an opportunity I had only dreamed about just presented itself.

“I’ll drive the truck Peter,” offering a solution to the problem.

“Are you serious?” he asked. “You and Harriett are booked to return to USA in two days.”

“I’m seriously serious. For years I’ve wanted to drive from Cape Town to Cairo. Well, I’ve been to Cairo. Now I’m willing and ready to drive to South Sudan.”

Harriett was supportive of my decision even though it meant her traveling back to Arizona alone. “I’m happy for you,” she said – adding honestly, “I just wish you were ten years younger!”

Peter considered it for a couple of hours [while he surely prayed and probably contacted one or two other possible alternative drivers]. Then he got back to me: “If you are serious,” he said, “then you can leave tomorrow morning.”

The following is a day-by-day account of perhaps the most interesting and demanding journey of my life – distance-wise, like driving from Miami, Florida to Juno, Alaska and the pavement stops at St. Louis. Road-wise. Well let’s just say, challenging. So, fasten your seat belt and come along with me as we journey – overland, from Cape Town to South Sudan.



Overland to Sudan

Day 1 Monday April 23, 2001 I spent the morning packing for the trip. Phoned the travel agent, reconfirmed Harriett's flight home on Wednesday, but changed her onward flight to Phoenix for Thursday, then cancelled my Wednesday flight to the US. (The travel agent will rewrite my ticket for a later date for \$150). The plan is for me to deliver the supplies to South Sudan, then hitch a ride on a Samaritan's Purse flight from Mundri to Nairobi, then fly SAA back to Cape Town. While on the phone I purchased a single ticket, Nairobi-Cape Town, which I'll pick up at the office and take with me for my return trip.

Our vehicle is a 1993 Toyota Land Cruiser 4x4 with 177,227 km on the odometer. It is specially equipped for serious off-road driving in the African bush. It has special heavy duty suspension known as old man EMU, developed in Australia for driving in the out-back, a winch and snorkel (for fording rivers), factory-fitted twin fuel tanks with separate gauges on the dash, a differential lock (diff-lock) and top rack.

Peter Hammond supervised the loading of supplies for the Sudan base. Hansie and others in the Frontline team managed to get the entire inventory either into or on top of the vehicle or in the 2-wheeled trailer behind.

After prayer, Hansie and I left Frontline Fellowship mission headquarters at 2:35 p.m. heading northeast on the N1. Our destination for the first leg of this monumental journey is Bloemfontein, 1,000 km (625 miles) away.

Day 2 Tuesday April 24 We were up by 06:30, washed, breakfasted and leaving by 07:31. Peter phoned us on the cell phone at 07:40. Along the way we stopped for a snack at a picnic table beneath a clump of magnificent blue gum trees.

The first port of call was the Automobile Association office in Pretoria to pick up our *Carnet de Passage* – the travel documents that are required to take the vehicle across international borders as we travel north. We planned to push on to Messina and overnight there and cross into Zimbabwe when the border opened in the morning. As we turned around in the parking lot at the AA we noticed a strain on the rear tires and

concluded the diff-lock was malfunctioning. This problem would need to be solved before going any further. The Lord's timing was perfect: South Africa's main workshop for Toyota is in Pretoria.

Day 3 Wednesday April 25 We were rolling by 06:55 to make it to the Toyota work-shop by the time they opened. We were close to first in line.

Steve (a Frontline mechanic) called us on our cell phone from CPT with the negative advice that this trip was 'stupid.' The problem with the diff-lock was one that **only** he could repair; the car was already damaged to the extent it should be immediately put on a train and sent back to CPT and I should catch the next flight back to America. When we pointed out that the Toyota dealership in Pretoria was the nation's number one and they could handle it, Steve responded "They don't know what they're doing."

According to Steve, "the water bottles (canteens) Peter had purchased for the Chaplains in Sudan, were South African army surplus and would be considered 'military equipment' by the communist authorities in Zimbabwe. We would be regarded as spies, arrested, stripped naked and made to walk on all fours." We took this *encouraging* word to the Lord in prayer.

I must be honest and admit that while listening to Steve, I felt just a twinge of fear. It was like a repulsive whiff of sulfuric fumes from the pit of hell. In 50 years of ministry, 40 of which has been in restricted-access countries, I had never felt this before. His argument seemed logical. He is an excellent mechanic and had been responsible for purchasing this vehicle from the original owner. He's made the run from Cape Town to Sudan several times. But the twinge of fear was new to me. I rebuked it immediately in Jesus precious name, because I knew it was **not** from the Lord. "***God has not given us a spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.***" II Timothy. 1:7

By 10 a.m. the specialists at Toyota in Pretoria had repaired the problem and we were ready to roll again. They could not discern any serious damage to the differential. Hansie and I had a time of prayer and praise right there in the workshop!

According to Steve, only he knows what everyone should be doing. He is never wrong or at fault. He is perfect and his wisdom should never be questioned or challenged. In my view he is Sanballat and Tobiah rolled

into one and anointed with the spirit of Korah. I'm concerned, because I believe Satan used him to introduce an evil spirit of doubt; looking at the waves instead of at the Lord. I've prayed about it and have peace and full trust in the Lord. Satan is defeated. God is in charge. The vehicle is repaired, and we're on our way!

It was 8:20 p.m. when we arrived at the sleepy little town of Messina. The border had been closed for over two hours, so we looked for a place to stay. I spotted the Impala Lily Hotel. It was an austere place, but there was a wall around it and a night guard to watch our vehicle. We decided this was a secure place to spend the night. The restaurant was outstanding. We had the best *Wienerschnitzel* in a very long time. So far we have driven 2,190 km (1,369 miles) and it's time to sleep.

Day 4 Thursday April 26 We were packed and leaving the Impala Lily in Messina at 06:17. We topped off both fuel tanks on the South African side of the border. We heard that diesel and petrol are hard to find in Zimbabwe. We were soon to find out just "how hard."

By 06:31 we crossed the Limpopo River, the natural geographical barrier between Zimbabwe and South Africa. My visa cost \$30, car insurance was another \$44 and tax was 54 SAR (South African Rand).

This was my second visit to Zimbabwe since it became a communist country. Twenty years have left the country in a desperate state. On my first visit here in 1977, when the country was Rhodesia, I paid \$1.60 for one Rhodesian dollar. Today, the rate is 100 Zimbabwe dollars for \$1. There are shortages of everything. Diesel fuel and petrol can only be found in larger towns and there are long queues of cars waiting to get to the pump. Many stations in Harare (the capital) had a sign out front, "No fuel." It reminded me of Romania during the Cold War.

At the fifth station we tried in Harare we finally found diesel, but they would only sell us 20 liters. I explained to the attendant that we were traveling through and needed to fill our tank completely in order to just get across to the Zambian border. He looked both ways and over his shoulder and let the pump run until we topped up. The tank took 53 liters (13.5 US gal.) and cost \$42.

In the days before 'liberation' Rhodesia exported 73% of her agricultural products. It was the breadbasket of Southern Africa. Now it is a basket case. There is grinding poverty everywhere.

We stayed in the home of Nan and Sheryl Winterton. They were away for two weeks, but Wellington, their houseboy, was expecting us. We had some supplies to drop off and equipment to pick up. The bedroom & bath side of the house was all locked up, so we slept on the floor in their living room.

Day 5 Friday April 27 We were up and underway by 07:05. We drove down Samora Machel Avenue (the streets in Harare are named after communist luminaries).

We pushed hard cross-country toward Kariba. The roads have deteriorated dramatically under the communist regime along with the rest of the infrastructure. Our goal was to briefly visit the lake and then go into Zambia for the night.

The Kariba dam is a gigantic engineering project, built by the Rhodesians, to harness the tremendous energy of the mighty Zambezi River. The reservoir is the largest man made lake in Africa. We arrived in Kariba at 3 p.m., took some photos, cleared Zimbabwe customs and immigration and crossed over the dam into Zambia. I purchased a three-year, multiple entry visa for \$40 (only \$15 more than a single entry transit visa). We bought insurance for the vehicle and were cleared into Zambia by 4:30 p.m.

Darkness fell an hour and a half before we reached Lusaka. Night driving in Third-world African countries is not recommended for health and/or longevity. The roads are full of pedestrians (virtually invisible and dressed in dark colors), potholes and parked or broken-down vehicles with no lights or warning. The lights of oncoming cars are seldom properly adjusted and easily blind you. It's almost impossible not to overdrive your own headlights, but to do so would court disaster. We were glad to reach the Eureka campsite located about five miles (8km) south of Lusaka.

Day 6 Saturday April 28 The morning was cool. I awakened just before sunrise to the beautiful sound of birds singing cheerfully in the mahogany trees. I went outside our little A-frame hut to sample the fresh, early morning air. It was a perfect time to read the Word and do a little writing. I looked up from the Psalm and saw two zebra, grazing casually on the lawn not fifty feet away. They had not seen me sitting at the table and seemed to share the same peace I was experiencing in the stillness of that silent moment.

We took lots of pictures of our beautifully striped visitors. They would let us approach to within about twenty feet before resenting our intrusion into their space, and then wander nonchalantly off.

It was almost 9 a.m. when we left the campsite to resume our journey North.

Later in the morning we shopped in downtown Lusaka. Hansie needed a pair of ‘takkies’(tennis shoes) and I needed some batteries for my digital alarm clock. We parked in a public car park and were swarmed with street vendors and beggars before we could even get out of the car. One industrious young chap was cleaning our windshield while others performed unsolicited services. I let Hansie deal with them.

We didn’t venture far from the car, but when we returned one of the fellows who’d gone through the motions of cleaning a bit was sitting on the bullbar waiting for us. He demanded the equivalent of \$5 for smearing around the dust and variety of smashed bugs on our windshield. I told him we could get the entire vehicle and trailer washed spotlessly for that price. Hansie simply told him to leave.

It took about an hour and a half to drive from Lusaka, north to Kabwe. We looked for the Highway Christian Academy (on the highway) as we drove through. Such logic does not always apply in Africa. Asking directions is futile. Most folks have never even ridden in an automobile, and fewer still can drive. Even taxi drivers do not know the names of streets, if the street even has a name, and if it did the local council couldn’t afford a street sign to identify it.

We spotted a building with a plaque, which read, “Department of Education.” This looked promising. Inside we met Mr. Sunda Moone, the District Inspector of Schools. He knew Mr. Eugene Kalunga very well and graciously took us to the school where Eugene and several of the teaching staff were waiting for us. Frontline had e-mailed them that we were coming through on Friday or Saturday.

It was a royal welcome! They served us cold drinks (Coke and Fanta) and prepared some mammoth sandwiches for lunch. We phoned the FF office to let them know we’d arrived safely. (They had been very concerned about our transit across Zimbabwe.) Since it was only 03:45 in Tempe, I decided to wait to phone home.

Eugene took us on a grand tour of the school campus. It's really nice. They have done an enormous amount of work repairing the buildings and painting the classrooms. Each room is named for one of the various fruits of the Spirit: "Love," "Joy," "Peace," etc. He showed us the desks and chairs in each room purchased with the extra funds sent by the Mission. Staff members thanked me warmly for the "bonus" we'd sent to augment their meager salary. Eugene had been able to purchase a bicycle for his son.

After the tour we all posed for photographs: Eugene Kalunga, Henry Mwale, Julius Phiri and Gerald Banda. These dedicated men are training the Joshua Generation.

We went home with Eugene for dinner and to meet his family: wife Audrey, son Praise (13), Sarah (8), and Racheal (6). They are a beautiful family. The children are very polite and well behaved. I cannot imagine how they ever accommodated 50+ students in their tiny home.

They had made arrangements for us to stay overnight at the Kabwe Motel, an austere facility whose clientele included a wide variety of spiders and other indigenous species. We slept well under a canopy of mosquito netting.

Day 7 Sunday April 29 After repairing the taillight on our trailer, we drove by Eugene's house to say "goodbye." We were rolling north by 06:25. The first 70km were terribly pot-holed and the going was slow. After we passed Kapiri Mposhi, we turned northeast onto a brand new tar road, which I understand was built by Canadians. It was excellent. We made good time until mid-morning.

About 09:30, shortly after we put Mkushi in our hip pocket, I spotted a sign that read, "Sweetwater Guest House – Bed and Breakfast." We had not had breakfast so we turned left off the main road onto a rough dirt track and followed it for 1.3km through the jungle to a collection of old farmhouse buildings dating back to colonial days. Three sandy colored Boxer dogs met us with a mixture of 'welcome' and 'apprehension.' A tall, slim black man very curious to see what all the fuss was about followed them shortly.

I explained that we were missionaries, passing through on our way to Tanzania (the next country on our route) and that we had a hole in our tummies about the size of a plate full of bacon, eggs and sausage, plus room for some strong black coffee. He smiled knowingly and said we

should ask the manager. I trudged off up the hill to meet the gentleman while Hansie turned the car and trailer around.

Mr. Vernon Cantlay is perhaps in his mid-60s and has lived here for years. He is a farmer and Michael, his wife, manages the guesthouse. Michael was away for the weekend, but Vernon instructed the staff to prepare breakfast for us and Hansie arranged the price. Everyone was satisfied with the outcome. In just over an hour we moved on with decidedly happier tummies. I'm glad we stopped. It would be many hours before we would eat again. (Sweetwater Guesthouse, P.O. Box 840041, Mkushi, Zambia (tel.) +260 5 362271 (fax) +260 5 362245 or e-mail: **sweetwtr@zamnet.zm**)

We had the perfectly beautiful road almost to ourselves the whole day, passing no vehicles going North and only a handful coming South. The high price of diesel (\$4.15 a gallon) may have been a contributing factor to the lack of traffic. We also noticed that there were no filling stations along the way. We became concerned when our main tank was empty and we switched to reserve. For over 450km (281 miles) we saw very few signs of life and none of anything remotely resembling civilization. With less than a quarter of a tank on reserve and still well over 140 km to the border we began to think of alternatives.

We stopped at a crossroad to make inquiries and a young man said, "I can get you diesel if you take me with you to my village." It was a long shot. He lived 16km west of the highway. That would be 32km (20 miles) roundtrip and if there were no diesel in the village we'd have that much less on our already short range. It was time for prayer.

Hansie was driving at the time. I took all the things from under my feet and put it on my lap and moved toward the center, sitting on the handbrake. The young man squeezed into the remaining space and we started off for his village. On the way he told us horror stories of how people were cheated by price gouging, and how short the supply of diesel was and how certain unscrupulous characters mixed kerosene with diesel, etc., but assured us that we were safe as long as he was with us (!). We wondered what we were in for.

On arrival Hansie went with him to find the diesel and negotiate a price. We reckoned we needed about 50 liters. After what seemed an eternity, but in reality was only about 30 minutes, the two appeared along

with an entourage of several others bearing a variety of containers which they assured us, were full of diesel. We had no alternative but to pay the top price, but Hansie was quite annoyed when he realized they delivered just over 40 liters and charged us for 50. This meant we'd still have to find more fuel just to get us out of Zambia.

Our apprehension rose in direct proportion to the setting of the sun. Night driving in Africa is contra-indicated remember? As 'the searching eye of heaven' disappeared below the horizon we began to prepare psychologically for a long, dark and uncertain night in the bush.

About that time we reached the tiny hamlet of Isoka and I saw a man carrying a Bible. We stopped and I asked him if he knew the Lord Jesus as his personal Savior. He smiled broadly and said, "Yes, I am a 'born again' Christian." His name was Emmanuel. I asked him where we might find some fuel. He offered to take us to a Shell station several kilometers off the beaten path.

We pulled into the station only to be told, "We have no more diesel. This afternoon I put the last 20 liters in a jerry-can and sold it to a man hoping to get a ride south." Emmanuel asked, "Where does he live?" He then walked to the man's house and discovered that the ride had not materialized so the man was willing to sell us the last 20 liters of fuel in the village.

By now it was pitch dark. I started the engine, switched on the lights and almost immediately they went out. Hansie thought it might be a fuse. He raised the hood while I shone my mag light into the engine compartment. Within two minutes my mag light suddenly quit, giving a whole new reality to the phrase "darkest Africa." I prayed that there was a spare bulb in the end and to my joy found it. They are so tiny. As I pulled it out of it's casing it dropped into the loose dirt and disappeared. With the aid of a match I found it and replaced the burned-out one.

Now, it was back to fuse hunting. Hansie swapped several fuses from accessories we could do without, but none of them worked. The problem was more serious than a simple fuse. Emmanuel considered our plight and said, "Come stay with me tonight. We have an extra room in our house."

It was a wonderful answer to prayer. He even took us to a little restaurant where we enjoyed an ethnic meal of *nishima chicken morogge* which we washed down with a lukewarm Coke. Later, Emmanuel introduced us to

the Headman (Chief) of the area, and told us he was also sleeping at his house – in the room next to ours. I asked him if he snored. The interpreter didn't understand "snore" so I made the appropriate noise. The Chief just cracked up. We were friends after that.

Day 8 Monday April 30 I was up and ready to go at 05:25. It didn't take long to get ready because there were no washing facilities. When Hansie and I went outside we discovered to our delight that Emmanuel had washed our vehicle, including the trailer! What a dear brother! The Lord is so good to provide his angels along the way to smooth our journey.

We left Isoka at 06:25, driving slowly over the deeply rutted road leading back to the main tarred road North. We reached the Tanzanian border around noon. It took us over an hour to complete all the formalities: buying a visa, changing money, getting insurance for driving "in country" and passing customs inspection. We topped off both tanks at the nearest border town. Diesel is much cheaper here: \$2.62 per gallon, versus \$4.14 in Zambia.

We stopped in Mbeya to buy fuses for our electrical system. On the way out of town I spotted a Toyota garage. We took the truck in to have them check our lights. They diagnosed the problem immediately and replaced a circuit breaker and bulb for one of our spotlights. We pressed on, greatly relieved to have lights again.

The road was badly pot-holed. Driving was slow and tedious. In the villages there were serious speed bumps that could wipe out the entire suspension system if you hit them at 45 to 50 mph. Indeed, we saw several cars and trucks along the roadside that had suffered such a fate. You could see the damage done and there was no possibility to repair them, so they were simply abandoned. It would not be long before they were stripped of all usable parts, picked to pieces by vehicular vultures in search of spares.

Our drive North and East took us over a high mountain pass, then down into a vast, rich green valley. At first glance Tanzania appears to be more densely populated than Zambia. We passed through innumerable villages with small huts and tukels built on both sides of the road. Many of the houses were made of adobe, with thatched roofs.

In the distance, off to the South, we could see the impressive Kipengere Range and the high waterfall near Chimala. Mt. Kirengapanye (7,264 ft.) dominates the serrated profile. Tanzania seems to go on forever, perhaps

because it's my first trip here. Or maybe it's the poorly maintained roads that mandate slow driving. Whatever the reason it's a whole new experience for me and I'm enjoying every moment.

It was dark by the time we reached the Mikumi National Park, our intended destination for the night. Car repairs (lights) along the way had delayed us two hours or more. We started looking earlier, but there really wasn't anywhere else suitable to spend the night in the wild. We were welcomed at the Game Park by the ranger and assured of a bed (and breakfast the next morning). But we were hungry then. We had driven all day, snacking occasionally on whatever was available in the truck, and hadn't really had time to stop for a meal. Besides that, we really hadn't seen a restaurant all day.

It was past time for dinner at the camp, but the ranger understood our plight. When I asked if we might have something cool to drink before going to bed, he smiled and said, "I'll bring you a cool drink, and some chips (French fries)." He motioned for us to meet him on the *banda*; a thatched roofed eating area. Some guest still lingered there, enjoying family conversation following their evening meal.

In a few minutes a waiter brought us a bowl of soup. It was delicious. Then he served us a generous salad. This was followed in a few moments by an entrée with vegetables (including chips) and chased by a fruit desert. We wolfed it down with profound gratitude, not least because it was *gratis*. 'Chips' – indeed!

We slept soundly with full tummies and grateful hearts.

Day 9 Tuesday May 1 The early morning stillness of the game park was punctuated occasionally by the gentle cooing of a dove. Waking up in the midst of a nature reserve, surrounded by an infinite variety of exotic animals, is a great way to appreciate God's extravagant originality.

We went across from our little cabin for breakfast in the same place we had dinner last evening. The early morning sun revealed many things we'd missed the night before. All meals are served in the broad, circular, thatched-roof *llapa banda*, which is like a huge gazebo, open on all sides. From our table near the outer edge we could see a few animals drinking from water pools a quarter of a mile away.

Reluctantly we left this idyllic environment around 9:35 a.m. and continued our journey northeast toward Morogoro. The first 50 miles are in the game park with a speed limit of 25 mph. You wouldn't want to drive faster than that anyway because there is so much you would miss. We saw baboons, monkeys, wild boar, a hippo and all kinds of exotic birds. They seemed as curious about us as we were about them.

Shortly before reaching Dar es Salaam (the largest city in Tanzania) we turned North on the A14 at Chalinze. It's a hard surface (tar) road that has apparently had only minimal maintenance since colonial days. We pressed on through a number of small villages and a few towns. Shortly after we put Mwanga in our hip pocket we reached the junction with the A23. We turned West toward Moshi.

It was late afternoon now. Dark gray clouds began to fill the sky warning that a tropical storm was building up ahead of us. There were brief periods of brilliant sunshine but for the most part, low clouds hid a view we had hoped to see – the perpetually snow covered summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro. Reaching over 19,000 ft. it is Africa's highest peak. At 5:05 p.m. we could see the base of the twin massif from Moshi, but little more.

It was dark by the time we arrived in Arusha. We did not plan to drive on since there was virtually nothing for the next 100 miles to the Kenyan border. We'd had no food to eat since breakfast in the game park. As we drove into town I noticed the Mount Meru Hotel (one of the Novotel chain) on our left. I had stayed frequently at the Novotel in Budapest and remembered it as clean and medium priced. We'd had several days of sleeping relatively rough, so I pulled into the parking lot and said, "Hansie, let's see if they have a room for us here tonight."

Once inside I negotiated with the manager a two-thirds price reduction because "we are missionaries." I could even put it on our Visa card! The price included breakfast. We parked the vehicle in a secure and guarded area where we could actually see it from our 5th floor bedroom (not that we intended to watch it all night). We unpacked, showered, washed some clothes, then dressed for dinner and went downstairs to the dining room.

For a couple of guys sleeping rough for nine days on the road, this was a very welcomed touch of luxury that we took full advantage of. Paul said, "*I know how to be abased.*" We can identify with that. And, "*I know how to abound.*" We learned quickly.

Day 10 Wednesday May 2 Our freshly washed clothes were dry this morning. After a good nights sleep, we were rolling again at 07:30. We topped both tanks before leaving Arusha, then skirted Mt. Meru (14,800ft.) and headed north on the A104. The road climbs gradually for the next 110 km. That is all the way to Namanga on the Tanzanian-Kenyan border.

It was one of the shortest crossings on our entire trip. We were only at the frontier for 55 minutes. While there I conversed with a group of young people driving from Johannesburg to Nairobi. “How long have you been underway,” I asked. “Oh we’ve made really good time,” they responded. “We left Jo-berg 30 days ago.” Imagine the look they gave me when I told them we left Cape Town ten days ago. Not too bad for an ole guy with half a heart and a semi-colon.

It’s 87km due north to Kajiado. The road forks there but there are no signs. According to the map, it looked like we should go straight through to Nairobi. Four different people, including a policeman and a truck driver told us to take the right fork. That added an extra 85km and over an hour’s drive time to our journey. We eventually joined the A109 going northwest from Mombasa. With all the traffic on that road it was another hour before we reached Jomo Kenyatta International airport southeast of Nairobi.

We arrived in the Kenyan capital at noon, drove straight to the Toyota dealer and booked a service for 1 p.m. Then we drove to AIM-AIR at Wilson airfield, met Jim Streit and inquired about a flight out of Mundri next week. (There is possibly one on Thursday.) It’s at least a four-day drive from Nairobi to Mundri, and we may be here for two days.

We left the trailer at AIM and Hansie went back to Toyota. Jim took me to the Mayfield where I booked us for the night. I spent the rest of the afternoon catching up on this journal. It’s just as well, because it poured rain well into the evening.

Day 11 Thursday May 3 Hansie was not 100% satisfied with the work done on the clutch and transmission so we checked out of Mayfield and headed for Toyota. They rechecked everything and even washed the car and trailer for us. We picked up Hansie’s cell phone; drove back to AIM at Wilson, dropped off some things (from the trailer) and left them at Frontline’s storage area. I put my name on a waiting list for next week’s flight out of Mundri. Next we changed money, picked up the necessary

papers from the SPLA to get into Sudan (we never needed them) and left Nairobi at 2:37 p.m.

The road out of mile-high Nairobi climbs steadily for 34 km (over 20 miles). There are some beautiful sights along the way. It was shortly before sunset when we crossed the Equator. We stopped to take a picture on the waistband of the earth.

It was dark by the time we reached Eldoret. It had been a long, full and tiring day. We tried several places before we found a secure spot at a nondescript place called Hotel Sirikwa. We used Hansie's cell phone to call Lenora in Cape Town and Harriett in Tempe! The man in Nairobi had opened (unlocked) the phone so Hansie can call just about anywhere in the world as long as he has a local country 'chip' in it.

Day 12 Friday May 4 The car was loaded as we set off at 07:55 for Uganda. The road was very poor. We reached the border town of Malaba at 10:25 a.m. It was an hour and a half later that we pulled away on the Ugandan side and headed for Kampala, the capital. The roads are really rough. Only a few tar strips and lots of potholes.

At 3 p.m. we crossed the Nile at Owen Falls Dam a short distance from Jinja. The dam confines Lake Victoria, the largest lake in Africa and the source of the River Nile. Another hour and forty-five minutes brought us into Kampala. Hansie bought a phone card for Uganda. Later, we checked into the Hotel Equatoria, had dinner and phoned the Frontline office, Lenora and Harriett at Tempe.

Day 13 Saturday May 5 First thing on the agenda today is to buy a road map of Uganda. We are out of "map." We tried filling stations (the most obvious place), but there were no maps. Eventually we found one at the Baptist Bookstore on Bombo Street. That was nice, because we were going North out of Kampala toward Bombo and Luwero.

We left the tar road (such as it was) at Nakasongola and cut cross-country to Masindi. It was the last paved road we would see on this trip. It took us 3 hours and 45 minutes to drive from Kampala to Masindi, 207 km. The dirt track was, in many places, smoother than the tar road with all its potholes. Just watch out for the 'taxis.' They come straight at you in the center of the road and fully expect you to go off the road (into the ditch) for them. We were bigger than they were, so we just slowed down to a crawl and moved our right wheels into the left rut, which signaled to the other driver that he must do the same. It worked, and nobody shot at us.

From Masindi we trekked north through the wildlife reserve to the Murchison Falls National Park. We had to stop and pay a toll for this road (!) – about \$20. It was not for the upkeep of the road I’m sure, but probably to protect the animals.

We reached the Nile ferry crossing point at Paraa about 5 p.m. The next ferry was at 6 p.m. so we took pictures of the crocs and hippos playing joyfully in the muddy flow. The Nile is probably half of a mile wide at this point and flows from East to West. It took us 20+ minutes to cross. There were about seven vehicles on the boat. Hansie drove on, but had to reverse off when we reached the other side. I was glad it was his turn to drive. He’s much better at reversing with a trailer than I am, and there was a lot of deep mud to negotiate on the north side.

Peter Hammond had recommended that we stay at the Paraa Safari Lodge for the night. He wanted it to be a “treat” for me. It certainly was. The lodge is a magnificent, rambling, rustic old building with all the modern conveniences. The grounds are beautifully manicured with a wide variety of indigenous florals. There is a series of three swimming pools, layered in stair steps across the front lawn facing the Nile River 100 feet below. Hansie had a swim before dinner, but I settled for a shower.

The dining room was massive. The *maitre d’* offered us a choice of eating on the veranda, which we accepted. The view from there was spectacular. A gentle evening breeze kept the mosquitoes at bay. By now the splendor of an African night was almost overwhelming. The sky was brilliant with stars like diamonds on a velvet carpet. There was just a sliver of moon hanging precariously on the southern horizon, but just enough to help us discern the Nile winding peacefully through the valley below.

It was a set menu, but we couldn’t have chosen anything more delicious. After salad and soup for starters there was poached fillet of Tilapia duglere, plucked fresh from the Nile that afternoon. This was followed by chocolate cake with sauce and tea.

I couldn’t resist the temptation to phone Harriett from this romantic veranda so she wouldn’t worry about me “suffering” in darkest Africa. I just wished she could have enjoyed it with me, but of course getting **to** this paradise was the problem.

Day 14 Sunday May 6 It was 10:40 a.m. when we reluctantly pulled away from the Paraa Safari Lodge. Along the way we saw a herd of elephants,

lots of baboons and monkeys and a wide variety of buck ranging from the tiny dik dik to an impala. Because there are no bridges or ferrys across the Nyamsika River, we drove northeast around it then headed back southwest before turning west for Pakwach. There is a trestle bridge at this point across the Nile. On the other side we had to stop at the police checkpoint to officially leave the Murchison Falls National Park.

The road deteriorated measurably as we went on. Progress was slow. We never exceeded 60kmh (37 mph). We arrived in Aura around 3 p.m. This is the closest town to the Frontline Fellowship mission base in Mundri. This is where the team comes to buy supplies. It's a 14-hour drive (one-way) in good weather when you know the road.

Hansie knew a place we could stay overnight (because we had shopping to do the next morning). Along the way we passed the UN facilities and other relief organizations including Mundri Relief & Development Association (MRDA). There was little we could do this afternoon, so I redeemed the time by writing on this report.

Just before we went to bed, Harriett phoned from Tempe to Hansie's cell phone. It works both ways! She had just returned home from Church and wanted to touch base before we disappeared into the wilds of South Sudan for an undetermined length of time.

Day 15 Monday May 7 After a hearty breakfast, it was 08:15 when we left the room where we'd stayed overnight and headed for the MRDA compound. We didn't know it would be our last meal for the next 24 hours. I might have had that extra piece of toast if I had known.

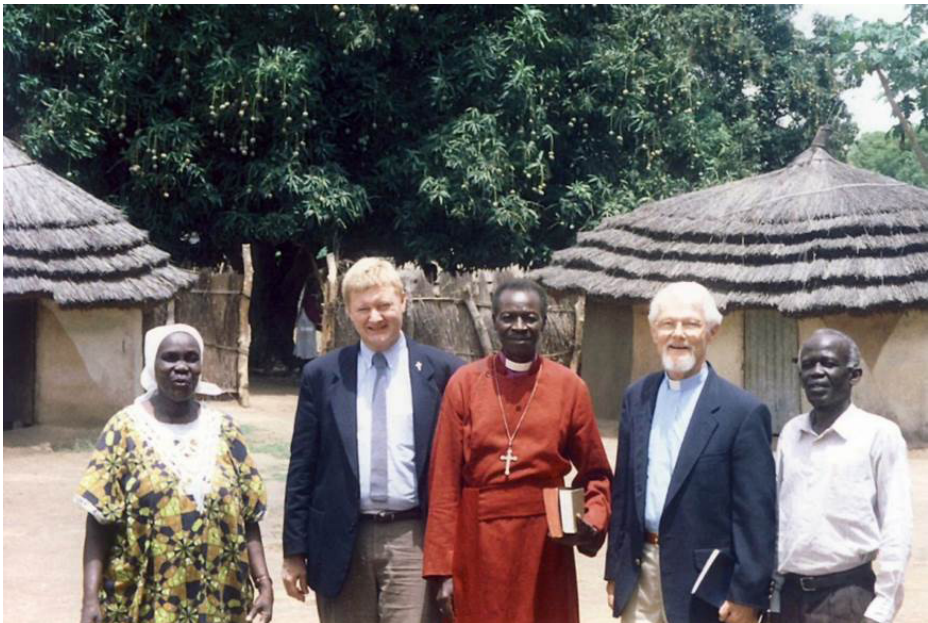
We're really on African time now. Hansie had phoned Ken Komoyangi, the Chief Logistics Officer for MRDA, yesterday (Sunday) afternoon and arranged to meet him at 08:00 this morning. Earlier, from our digs, we touched base again and he said he would be there by 08:30. We waited 45 minutes. No sign of Ken. Hansie phoned his cell phone and he assured us he was on the way

When Ken finally pitched up he did not have the supplies Hansie had previously ordered. That took another hour and a half. We still needed to fill the tanks before leaving Aura. We could have done that while waiting for Ken if he had just been honest and said, "I'm running late."

It was getting on for noon by the time we'd loaded all the supplies, topped off both tanks and headed North out of Aura for the 14-hour (+) drive to Mundri. It was 1:45 p.m. when we reached the border (92 km from Aura).

We cleared Uganda and entered Sudan. A hand-painted sign nailed to a tree on the Sudan side read, "Drive right." We laughed. All of East Africa drives on the left and we get to Sudan, where there are virtually no roads, and we're told "drive right." A 'road' in Sudan is simply two ruts of varying depths, cut through the bush, jungle or veld. If you meet an oncoming vehicle (an unlikely occasion) you must both crawl to the right out of your respective rut and pass, with the oncoming vehicle to your left.

It is even more unlikely that you will have an occasion to overtake another vehicle simply because everything moves so slowly. We overtook twice in the 440km (275 mile) trip from Aura to Mundri. Once was to pass a northbound vehicle that was broken down (not unusual) and in the middle of the ruts. This took some careful 4WD negotiations into and out of a ditch. The other was to crawl past a slowpoke moving north at 4 mph and we were doing 7mph!



It took us 3 hours and 45 minutes to drive 77 km (48 miles) from the border to Yei. It was 5:22 p.m. when we reached the police checkpoint. They had closed up for the evening. No one challenged us as we simply drove around the barrier and continued our snail-pace.

We proceeded into the advancing darkness. In the distance we could see leaden skies with pencil flashes of lightening. A storm was approaching. It was, after all, the beginning of the rainy season. Within an hour it was pouring with rain and the rutted ‘road’ was a virtual skating rink.



We drove on through the night, reached the crossing at 10:33 p.m. (355 km from Aura) and pressed on, finally arriving at 03:22 on day 16, at the Frontline Fellowship mission base in Mundri, South Sudan.

Some fun facts about the trip countdown during the last three months:

We had traveled, preached and witnessed for Christ through 7 countries, crossed the Equator 6 times, saw all of Africa’s “Big 5” special animals, visited Kenya 4 times, used 3 means of transportation (car, boat & plane), made 2 serious and vital missions to the Sudan from South Africa, all in the service of the **One** who said, “Go.” He **sent**, so we **went**.



Crossing the Yei river in Sudan - with some passengers.

Pennireef – our Home in Cape Town

In May 2001 we had felt the long-awaited and unmistakable ‘nod from God’ to set up a mission base in South Africa from which we would spend the majority of our time ministering on the Dark Continent. The plan was to work alongside our Sister Mission, Frontline Fellowship, assisting wherever possible existing ministries and building new ones wherever the Lord opened additional doors. An ITMI Project was approved which was appropriately called “**Africa Move.**”

In due time a small cottage was purchased which would be our principal residence for the next seven plus years. We named it *Pennireef*, a name I coined to describe *a place of refuge for writing*. ‘Pen’ was for the writing I wanted to accomplish. A ‘reef’ is a sheltered place of refuge. Cape Town is a peninsular city located between two oceans – Atlantic and Indian. We lived just two miles (as the crow flies) from the sea.

We never thought of *Pennireef* as our personal property; indeed it was understood from the beginning that the house and contents would be Frontline Fellowship Mission property. On the annual occasions when we returned to America for medical check-ups and ministry in the USA, the house was used by visiting Frontline missionaries and those associated with KwaSizabantu.

Papers were drawn up to officially establish this principle. To make certain that there would be no misunderstanding in the case of our demise in Africa, our South African attorney drew up a Will for Harriett and me which named Frontline Fellowship the beneficiary of *Pennireef*, #89 The Orchards, Pinelands. Through the major generosity of Mission Board member Jewel Nothum and Calvary Church in Grand Rapids, we were able to purchase an automobile for our missionary use in South Africa. Again, we did not think of this vehicle as being uniquely ‘ours’ but rather His, and it was frequently used by other missionaries.

October 31, 2001 South African Airways flight 210 touched down ten minutes early in Cape Town after the long, 15-hour, non-stop flight from Atlanta. We were among the more than 100 passengers the big jumbo 747 disgorged in the “Mother City” before it refueled, took on a fresh flight crew and continued on to Johannesburg.

The Immigration Officer didn't blink an eye when we asked for a six-month visa (twice the normal). We simply showed her our return air tickets, a bank statement plus homeowner papers and she stamped our passports along with a friendly, "Welcome to South Africa."

We had seven trunks and two big suitcases plus our carry-on luggage loaded onto two baggage trolleys. A porter came to assist us and routinely headed for the red customs "Something To Declare" line. I steered him to the right, to the green "Nothing to Declare" line. He couldn't believe my audacity in even *thinking* I could get all that stuff by without paying any customs. He didn't know about our Heavenly Travel Agent who issued our orders to "Go..." while He goes before and never leaves us or forsakes us!

"What's all this?" the Customs Officer inquired.

"Just our personal things, sir. We're moving to South Africa and these are our clothes, a few theological books plus some kitchenware and household stuff. You know, the kinda things you use every day. There is nothing for sale, or of any commercial value." Then I showed him the papers for the house and our six-month visas.

"I hope you enjoy your stay in South Africa," he said with a broad friendly smile and waved us through.

As we walked out of the "Customs Hall" into the large reception area I glanced at our wide-eyed porter, who had possibly just seen his first miracle. With a wink, a nod and a grateful smile, I handed him a tip appropriate for his helpful service.

Lenora and our grandson Calvin were there to meet us. Billy, one of the Frontline staff, had brought a mission pick-up truck (bakkie) to help us transport the luggage to our new home in Pinelands, just two kilometers from Peter and Lenora's home.

We could hardly believe our eyes when we arrived. Lenora had organized all the redecoration, re-done the garden, moved in a sofa, chair and coffee table for the living room, plus a small table and three chairs for the dinning area so we'd have a place to eat. (These items came from their Granny flat, but she could spare them for now.)

We'd asked her to buy a bed so we could sleep there the first night. It was delivered and all made up. She also bought and installed a new fridge and washing machine for us. The fridge was stocked with milk, butter,

eggs, bacon, orange juice and other goodies. We opened the cupboards and there were dishes, glasses, some pots ‘n pans plus coffee, tea, bread, fruit and many other things to help us jump-start our new life in Cape Town. What a thoughtful gal!

Peter was involved in an all-day seminar in a church nearby, but popped in mid-afternoon to greet us. He leaves in four days for Sudan.

We talked and talked until it was time for Lenora to pick up the children from school. Since the kids were still in school this week and each one had his or her own busy schedule, she wisely suggested that we get some sleep and they would visit us tomorrow. “I don’t think I’ll be able to stall them off any longer than that,” she said, “because they all want to see grandma and granddad.” The longing was mutual.

Thursday, November 1, 2001 We slept ‘till mid-morning. That’s what happens after you lose two nights sleep. To say that we were exhausted would be an understatement. The weeks leading up to our departure from Tempe were so full and busy the memory of them had become a blur. The last few days before leaving we were packing like they do in the movies, just throwing things into a suitcase.

I made a pot of coffee and we had a bowl of cereal with fresh fruit. I began to unpack some of the trunks. It was almost like seeing the things for the first time; it had been so long since I packed some of these items.

In about an hour Lenora came by to pick up Harriett and go shopping for some things we couldn’t bring with us, in fact, didn’t need to because they are available here.

Peter said we could use his car, a Mazda, next week after he leaves on Monday for Sudan. That will be nice, because it will give me a chance to look for a bargain deal in used cars and not be under pressure to buy.

The next few days and over the weekend of Sunday November 4 we unpacked, stored away, hung up and generally got ‘organized’ in our new home. We also got re-acquainted with our grandchildren. Andrea and Daniela were all over us with lots of hugs and kisses. Christopher was a little shy at first but warmed up soon – especially when he was able to “help” granddad put together the Toys-R-Us Police car grandma brought for his little brother. Calvin stayed pretty close to his mom and regarded us with some skepticism until he saw how his siblings accepted us. Then he wanted part of the action too. What fun!

Sunday November 4, Pastor Stephen Smyth welcomed us to Church and afterwards asked me if I would preach for him next Sunday, to remember Persecuted Christians worldwide. I was glad to accept.

In drawing up an estimate for the Africa Move I didn't actually budget for a car. It was an oversight on my part, but after figuring out the minimum the house would cost, then trimming that back to fit the published estimate for start-up costs (\$50,000), which I thought was outrageous, I didn't have the courage to tack anything else on. But God has promised to *supply all our needs*, even when we don't ask for them!

The Lord knew we needed transportation. So did Calvary Church in Grand Rapids. Several weeks before our departure they sent \$5,000, unsolicited and unexpected, toward the purchase of a vehicle. We kept that separate from the "Africa Move" fund.

I had planned to buy a 2 or 3-year old Honda or Toyota; something reliable and affordable. Such a car in the States would cost around \$15,000. I was hoping to get one in South Africa for that price or even less.

About a week before leaving Tempe, I ran into Mission Board member Jewel Nothum in COSTCO's. We talked about the trip and she asked me if we had any special need. I told her that funds were coming in very well for the 'Africa Move' and that we had \$5,000 toward a car. She asked how much would one cost. I told her \$12-15,000 for a pre-owned Honda or Toyota. The next day she came into the office with a check for \$5,000! Wow, we were almost there! I even thought, "I can manage with this. Maybe the Lord will show us a car for \$10,000 that will meet our needs."

Then, on the Saturday before we left, Jewel came by our house and said, "I was going to give an end-of-the-year gift, but I thought you might need it before then. Here's something else toward the car." It was another check for \$5,000. So from two sources, without any solicitation on my part, the Lord sent in \$15,000 designated specifically for transportation.

Peter left for Sudan shortly after we arrived in Cape Town and kindly loaned me his car for the three weeks he'd be away. This was good, because it meant that I could take my time 'looking' for the best way to use the resources the Lord had provided.

I phoned the local Honda dealer, who is also the dealer for Mercedes Benz, and told him what I was looking for. He asked me, "What price range are you thinking of Mr. B.?"

I don't really like a question like that because it can compromise bargaining, however I felt comfortable in responding, "Something in the \$10-12,000 range."

"We have several very nice models in that range." he said. There was one Honda and four Mercedes in their inventory. Mercedes? I had never considered or even dreamed of a Mercedes. Actually I hadn't even specifically asked the Lord for a car, much less a Mercedes! I hadn't 'named-it or claimed-it' but the Lord seemed to have it waiting for me. Immediately I began to think of all the safety features in a Mercedes and wondered if this was His plan to 'protect His servants.' This is, after all, a very violent country.

I made an appointment to see him that week. The cars (in the \$10-12,000 range) were 3-4 years old. He also had a 2-year old Honda and a 2-year old Mercedes (each with 25,000 miles on the odometer) in the \$15,000 range. It was the smallest Mercedes, C180, but it had all the safety features of any M-Benz car, plus there was still four years left on the warranty! I couldn't believe it – a Mercedes for the price of a Honda.

The manager explained that Honda was a foreign car and subject to import tax and customs duty, which were reflected in the re-sale price. The "C" Class Mercedes was made in Port Elizabeth, South Africa and therefore 'duty-free.' I didn't know that.

That night I phoned Bob Evers, ITMI Board Chairman, to discuss this issue and he agreed we should 'go for it.' I went in the next day and signed the papers. Later we discovered there were many other benefits not previously considered: for instance, insurance on this model was less expensive than Honda because of the 'low-theft rate.'

"Why is that?" I asked.

The manager glanced at my white hair, considered my age, and almost apologetically replied, "Well, it's the smallest Merc and has an automatic transmission, so it's considered 'an old-man's car' and is not so attractive to younger men. Hence the 'low-theft rate.'"

"That's great!" I exclaimed, "now I can actually benefit from my 74-year longevity!"

The devaluation of the Rand really made our dollars go much farther than ever before. Perhaps this was one of the reasons we had to wait so long for the 'nod from God?' In any case we can see His hand in every step of this journey by faith.



Plot to Kill a Missionary in Sudan

“...a time is coming when anyone who kills you will think he is offering a service to God.” John 16:2

Today’s 21st Century evangelists and missionaries, concerned about accommodations in the target areas of their attention, frequently ask, “What kind of hotels do they have in that town?” By contrast, First-century evangelists and missionaries usually asked, “What kind of jails do they have in that town?” That’s where they generally wound up.

Times haven’t changed much today in restricted-access countries where Frontline Fellowship missionaries serve.

After much prayer and international pressure evangelical Bishop Bullen Dolli and Dr. Peter Hammond were released, following a 6-day detention by the Sudanese Peoples Liberation Army (SPLA). They were held just short of a week in Yei, at the headquarters of the SPLA in Western Equatoria.

Intensive investigation by the SPLA Public Security Office and Military Intelligence revealed an intricate and diabolical plot to discredit the Christian ministry of dedicated missionaries and to murder Bishop Bullen Dolli and Rev. Peter Hammond.

These two key Christian figures were on the National Islamic Front hit list. Bishop Bullen Dolli, well known for his strong public stand against the NIF Government in Khartoum, had recently received an award for Defending Religious Freedom from the Institute for Religion and Democracy in Washington DC. On his visit to America in 2000 he toured 35 states exposing first-hand the NIF’s brutal religious persecution in Southern Sudan, where two million Christians had been slaughtered in the 18-year *Jihad*. Bishop Dolli’s church, the Fraser Cathedral in Lui, still bears the scars from repeated bombing campaigns by the Muslim Sudan Air Force.

The drama began when four short wave radios were brought into Southern Sudan by Frontline Fellowship and handed over to churches as gifts. These were intended to establish a reliable and much needed communication link between the hospital, local churches and the

Frontline mission base in Mundri.

Somehow the Islamic Government of Sudan (GOS) got word of this and launched a clever, triple-play scheme designed to eliminate three ‘thorns in the flesh’ to Islam: the evangelical Bishop Bullen Dolli, Dr. Peter Hammond and to discredit the SPLA in otherwise friendly Western circles.

Soon the National Islamic Front (NIF) in Khartoum ‘leaked’ false information to junior officers of the SPLA saying, “We have introduced four radios into the South for *espionage* purposes. Each unit has within it the capability to advise us of all transmissions.”

When Frontline Fellowship brought in radios for the churches it was assumed that Bishop Bullen Dolli and missionary Peter Hammond must be the ones in contact with the Islamic Government. Arrest warrants were issued for the Bishop and for Dr. Hammond, director of Frontline Fellowship, charging them with Treason – a capital offense.

Disinformation works very well among simple people with no technical means to check the veracity of a rumor. The lie seemed plausible. Junior officers in the SPLA were aware of the four radios brought in by Frontline Fellowship, who had made no secret of their desire to help improve communications.

In 2001 orders went out from SPLA southern HQ in Yei to confiscate the radios and arrest those involved with them. Two church radio operators, Joseph and Dominic, were whipped with over 75 lashes each for resisting handing over the radios to SPLA soldiers. Timothy Keller (from Arizona) was arrested at gunpoint and marched 26 miles to an army base.

This was the result of a deliberate Muslim plot designed to discredit two recognized Christian leaders and as a consequence have the SPLA do their dirty work by executing them. This would have seriously damage the SPLA’s otherwise favorable image in the West as they normally respect the Church and protect religious freedom. It was a win-win situation for the Muslim Arab schemers.

The NIF plan was to create doubts about the loyalty of Bishop Dolli and cast suspicion on Dr. Hammond. In wartime the allegation of ‘Treason’ is so egregious it demands the death penalty.

There was an added ingredient in this tangled web – tribalism. The

Dinka are the largest tribe in the New Sudan. Earlier in the war they were displaced during Arab raids across the South. Many settled among the Moru in Moruland. The Dinka are cattlemen and have virtually destroyed the Moru farming infrastructure by indiscriminate grazing. As a majority nation the Dinka have many senior positions in the army. They resent the Moru objections to their grazing practices. Since the Frontline base and mission school are in Moruland, and Bishop Dolli is Moru, Hammond and Dolli were seen in a less favorable light by Dinka dignitaries following the disinformation campaign, despite the fact that Frontline Fellowship has worked extensively throughout South Sudan to their great benefit.

It seemed particularly incredible that Bishop Bullen Dolli could be accused of collaborating with the Arab Islamic regime as they had tortured and killed his only brother. The Muslims had tied a rope around his neck and dragged him for three miles behind a vehicle, then poured gasoline on his shredded body and set it alight.

Dr. Peter Hammond's many writings and work on behalf of the suffering Christians in Sudan is well known internationally, particularly his best-selling book, *Faith Under Fire in Sudan* and the award-winning film, *Sudan: the Hidden Holocaust*.

The Islamic Government of Sudan published articles on their official Ministry of Foreign Affairs website stating that, "Peter Hammond should expect to be bombed when he comes to Sudan. Hammond should expect to be shot on sight, because his writings make him an enemy of the State."

After thorough investigations, the security services of the SPLA concluded that the Bishop and Missionary were innocent of the charges and concluded that they were victims of an elaborate disinformation campaign, which included some foreigners in New Sudan. It was difficult to determine the extent to which the mortal danger was exacerbated by the false and slanderous accusations made by a disgruntled former Frontline associate – but it was considerable.

The leadership of the SPLA issued orders that Bishop Bullen Dolli and Dr. Peter Hammond were cleared of all charges and were henceforth free to travel anywhere in the New Sudan. SPLA commanders were also instructed to provide them with every protection.



Rev. Kenneth Baringwa, Dr. Peter Hammond, President Salva Kiir,
Bishop Bullen Dolli and Governor Abu John of Equatoria.

Six days after their arrest, the Missionaries were released. Bishop Bullen Dolli resumed his ministry in the Diocese of Lui. Peter Hammond returned to Cape Town in time for the 20th Anniversary celebrations of Frontline Fellowship and to launch a new film on Sudan - “**Terrorism and Persecution.**”

An Austrian Wedding in the Sound of Music City

In family discussions my children frequently remind me that we never went anywhere without it having a ministry connection – vacations not excluded. Now it included family weddings! On our way to Eastern Europe in 2002 with my daughter, Lenora Hammond we stopped over in Salzburg, Austria.

Lenora Pelzmann, our 23-year old granddaughter, was engaged to Alois Gaderer, a fine young man from a well-known local family. She had invited me, as her grandfather, to preach the sermon in her wedding ceremony. She wanted a *Trachtenhochzeit*, which means that all the guests come dressed in their national costume – Trachten.

It was a three-day affair and wonderfully traditional. There were two wedding ceremonies – civil and religious. In Austria you can't have one without the other.

The Gaderer family is truly delightful. Their home is a large 4-story *Bauernhaus* overlooking a mountain lake, just north of Mondsee. The family have lived on and farmed this land since the 15th Century. They



Oliver, Lenora, Thomas, Deborah, Hans, Lenora and Bill Bathman

were raising cattle when Columbus discovered America! They have five children: four daughters and one son. Alois, the son is heir to the family estate.

Farming alone cannot sustain a lifestyle suitable to gentry in Austria today. The Gaderers are intelligent and innovative. In addition to farming and raising cattle they have turned the big house and surrounding buildings into Ferienhof Ederbauer am Irrsee, – [web address: www.bauernhof-am-see.at] – a nature reserve open year-round for family holidays. Checkout this website sometime, you'll love it.

The family is well known in the Mondsee area. When word spread that Alois (perhaps the most eligible bachelor in the county) was engaged, questions were raised immediately: who is she, who are her parents, do they have money or land and do they have titles?

Interestingly enough in the Austrian economy Hans is well respected for his position as Human Resource Director of Ford Austria, and Deborah (our oldest daughter) for her position as Director in the Department of Teacher's Training at the University of Salzburg. Lenora has many gifts and artistic talents that will be a great asset to the Gaderer family and their love for her was both evident and sincere.

The Gaderer girls are a jovial lot, full of life and not a little mischief. They have warmly welcomed Lenora into the circle of their sisterhood, knowing full well that one day, in keeping with tradition, she will be the Lady of the Manor house. Their affection for her was evident at the "brides party" in her honor. Here too was the mischief revealed, but that's another story.

Hans had warned me that it would be a long, first day. Several visits were made to prominent friends along our way to the Standesamt (Town Hall) for the civil wedding at 11:00. The ceremony was tastefully formal and totally secular. The magistrate who preformed the service did not pray and the one scripture he quoted was attributed to "a man in Salzburg once said." Maybe that man was a Christian, but that's about as close as we would get to anything "religious" in a civil wedding ceremony in Austria. In this country however you are not legally married without the civil service and you are not actually married unless it is in the Church.

Following the Civil wedding we made our way in a procession of five cars up the mountain to a large restaurant. From the dining room we

had a spectacular view of the Mondsee in the valley below and the famous Cathedral where the young couple would be married on Saturday.

The menu offered a choice of *Kalbsbraten mit Reis und Gemüse*, or *Gebratene Forelle mit Salzkartoffelr.* I love trout, but knowing that the fish would come whole, unfileted, complete with scales and head attached, I opted for roast veal with rice and vegetables. Dessert was a huge glass bowl of vanilla ice cream with hot raspberry sauce and, of course, coffee to conclude.



Lenora and her niece Lenora in Austria

Friday was a relatively quiet day. I spent the morning in prayer and preparation for the wedding tomorrow. In the afternoon I went to Mondsee with Hans to meet the Herr Kaplan (local priest) and discuss the order of service for the ceremony.

The young priest, or chaplain, was very warm and cordial. He invited me to stand by him throughout the entire service (which we would share together). This was the Brides request and he was happy to honor her wishes. He asked me if I would be willing to wear a robe. Apparently the congregation wouldn't think it was "official" if I didn't. I told him I'd be glad to wear a robe. "It's the same sausage, just a different skin," I assured him. My crude attempt at humor prompted a smile, more from politeness than from understanding.

Saturday: The big day! We were up and ready to meet Hans and Deborah downstairs at 07:45. We went by to pick up Hans' parents and then headed for Mondsee.

We had prayed a lot yesterday for nice weather today. Severe windstorms were blasting the UK and northern Europe and rain was forecast for the Salzburg area on Saturday. As we drove up the Autobahn toward Mondsee, the sun burst through and the skies were crystal clear and blue. The sheer beauty of the day was almost overwhelming. I reminded our group that we had prayed (yesterday) for nice weather, and suggested that we praise the Lord now for answered prayer. All agreed.

Our first stop was at the Gaderer estate. We had coffee and took some family photos. It is tradition to shoot off fireworks on the wedding day. The blasts from 60-centimeter vertical tubes were more like mortar fire. The shooting began at 04:30 (we were told) so the entire *Umgebung* was alerted. It was deafening if you were outside, but the double-glazed windows helped absorb the shock if you were inside.

From Gaderer's we drove to a large hotel in the next village. There we were greeted by a brass band along with Lenora's Bride's maid and friends waiting to toast the Bride. A wedding carriage pulled by two handsome horses all decked-out in white earmuffs and other equestrian attire stood ready to transport the ladies into town. Lenora Hammond (our youngest daughter) along with Lenora Pelzmann, Deborah and Alois's mother plus all the Bride's attendants climbed into the surrey. A deafening three-gun salute signaled the coach's departure from the hotel and I wondered that the horses didn't bolt. A pair of trumpeters sat beside the driver on the dashboard to announce the approach of the nuptial party.

The two-horse journey took about half an hour to reach the famous *Stiftskirche* in Mondsee. This was the cathedral used for Maria's wedding in the film, "Sound of Music."

Meantime, I had gone ahead by car to meet the Herr Kaplan and prepare for the service. He welcomed me enthusiastically and seemed genuinely glad for me to have a part in the ceremony. "I am happy that you are here," he assured me. "The Pope may not be happy but he is not here and Rome is a long way away."

Together we stood at the entrance to the Church, overlooking the large cobblestone square in front. It was lined on two sides with hundreds of guests and well-wishers. Just then the carriage arrived preceded by a thirty-piece marching band and escorted by the uniformed volunteer fire brigade of which Alois is a distinguished member. It was quite a sight.



Alois and Lenora

The Herr Kaplan and I walked slowly down the aisle ahead of the wedding party and waited for them at the foot of the marble stairs leading to the high altar. As I started up the sixteen steps I discovered that my robe was too long. It was firmly unmovable under my right foot.

I paused (and prayed) and gently lifted my foot while gathering up my skirt. Then, with hem and head held high, I mounted the steps as though nothing had happened and hoped that no one noticed. This experience recalled the age-old Catholic mystery: “Why do they call them ‘Fathers’ and dress them like mothers?”

More than six hundred were in attendance for this joyful occasion. The Herr Kaplan welcomed everyone and introduced me as a Baptist pastor, missionary and grandfather of the bride.

Following the nuptials, I brought a brief Gospel message. It was directed to the newlyweds, but primarily intended for the over six hundred guests – most of whom were young people familiar with English if not fluent. I spoke slowly and clearly in English, but quoted all of the Bible verses in German, which I remembered from my European years of living in Salzburg.

Most of the songs were in English. The entire ceremony lasted just over an hour.



Granddaughter Lenora

After the wedding, the Bridal party followed a marching band to a large restaurant nearby where over 250 guests enjoyed a three-hour feast. Presents were presented, toasts were made and tributes given. Sometime during the afternoon the bride was 'kidnapped' (traditional) and had to be 'ransomed' by the groom. The festive event concluded with the last dance reserved for dad and daughter.

Later that evening the happy couple jetted south to warmer climes.



Journal of a European Trip

April – May 2004

Wednesday April 21 Harriett and Lenora took me to the airport in Cape Town. Harriett drove so she would know how to get back to the airport when she picks me up on my return. Lenora was with her not only for companionship, but to make sure she got back to Pinelands from the airport! It was a win-win situation. They dropped me curbside (at my request). Peter had organized a box of books for me to take which was well over half of my baggage allowance. I checked it all the way through to Zurich. All the rest was carry-on, which included my roll-aboard, computer and raincoat. The latter had the pockets stuffed with my camera and binoculars.

After check-in I went through security and to gate 11 to wait for my flight, BA6412 to Johannesburg. Flying time was just under two hours in a 737. We went through a real bumpy patch climbing between 18 and 22,000 feet, but it smoothed out after we reached cruising altitude at 31,000. On the way I read Peter's draft for his next book, *Character Assassins*.

We touched down ten minutes early in Jo'burg, which gave me about 2 hours and 40 minutes before my international flight to Zurich. The plane taxied right to a jet-way at JNB. It was great. I wasn't under pressure. Just as well because I had a very long walk, partly outside, from the domestic arrival terminal to the international departure terminal.

I found my way to the check-in (counter 87) for Swiss Air flight LX289. They asked if I'd like to check my roll-aboard but I declined. I told them my heart medication was inside and that some articles were fragile. They smiled and waved me on. The fragile articles were things Harriett had bought at the craft market as wedding presents for our grandson, Thomas Pelzmann. They were also very heavy.

From the check-in I proceeded through immigration and then security, and from there to gate 22. It was down the escalator to ground level. I read for about an hour in the waiting room before they called our flight. We loaded onto a bus for a short ride out to the flight line where the big jumbo MD-10 was patiently waiting. Climbing the 22 metal steps up to

the passenger deck, both hands loaded with carry-on baggage, is not getting easier with age. Guess I won't be 'hands-free' until my last flight!

We taxied out to the active runway but it was another 40 minutes before we took off. The Captain said the plane was very heavily loaded and that we needed to find another runway with sufficient headwind to help us lift off. I wondered if he was trying to give me a guilt-trip for the extra books and craft market items I'd brought aboard.

My seat was on the aisle, 23H, next to a Swiss woman who had lived in South Africa for 23 years and was going home to see her parents. She talked non-stop about her three children, her three dogs and her horses. After dinner I switched off the light, turned toward the aisle, curled up in a semi-fetal position with my feet propped on my computer under the seat in front of me and tried to sleep. I don't know whether she switched it off or not. Sometimes my hearing impairment can be a definite advantage.

We made up some time on the long, 10-hour 40-minute flight north. It was still dark when we left the African continent and headed out over the Mediterranean Sea, but the eastern sky was turning red by the time we crossed Sicily. The plane had reached the boot of Italy before the *searching eye of heaven* struggled out of its bed, but what a sight to behold! Soon we could see the jagged tips of snow covered Alpine peaks six miles below our plane as the Captain began his descent into Zurich

Thursday April 22 Flight 289's 06:33 arrival was only 18 minutes late after an initial 40-minute delay in takeoff, and after crossing two continents covering over 5,600 miles due north from the 'Switzerland of Africa' to the original Switzerland in central Europe. Not bad!

It seemed an interminable walk from the aircraft to the baggage claim area, dragging my roll-aboard. I commandeered a baggage cart, collected the box of books from belt number 15 and it was easier from there.

Due to internal construction going on at the Zurich terminal, I had some difficulty finding the Hertz car rental desk. They had all of the paperwork ready and my car was waiting for me in space 64. It was a tiny little 2-door hatchback Ford *Ka*. I'd asked for a small car, so they gave me a *Ka*. It's so small you don't actually get into it. You simply fold it around you and zip it up. But we soon became friends. She's a 5-speed stick and a kick to drive. (I later learned that she could live modestly on 6.67 liters per 100 km or 37.5 miles per gallon, which is a good thing because petrol is

\$4.41 per gallon in Switzerland, \$5.41 in Germany and \$4.72 in Austria.)

This is the first time in ages that I'm traveling alone in Europe, so my little *Ka* is really all I need. My roll-aboard, computer and Peter's box of books completely filled the boot!

My route to Kaltbrunn was simple: Follow the signs "Zurich – Chur." This took me on an expressway through the center of Zurich and out the other side toward Chur on motorway #3. I left the #3 when I saw the sign to Uznach. Once in Uznach I followed the sign to Kaltbrunn, which is only another two or three kilometers.

The Voser family is very hospitable. Stephanie (18) was the first person I met on arrival at KSB in Kaltbrunn. She showed me where to park my *Ka* and took me upstairs to meet her mother, Maja. Mrs. Voser greeted me warmly and showed me where my room was. Dorothee (20) went down stairs and actually carried my roll-aboard up the 42 steps to the Voser apartment. It's very humbling for a chivalrous old man to have a nice young lady to carry his bag, but I really appreciated it. At this altitude it's quite a puff for a 76-year-old man with half-a-heart trudging up 42 steps.

Having slept very little sitting up on the plane all night I took a two-hour nap before having a bite to eat around 2 p.m. There is no jet lag, however, and this is a big plus.

I met Othmar, the family patriarch, later in the afternoon and of course we all had dinner together as a family in the evening. I read some after dinner and then turned in early for a much needed good night's sleep.

Friday April 23 This was a very quiet day. I read and studied this morning, then went into the village, found a bank and changed some money (\$100) into Swiss francs. I was looking for a small (A5) ring-binder notebook, but they didn't have one in the shop in Kaltbrunn. I drove 2km to Uznach and found exactly what I've been looking for there.

Walking along the same street I passed a watch shop. Switzerland is known the world over for its fine watches. I remembered my first trip in 1951 when I found a wristwatch with an alarm on it. That was a very practical innovation in those days. Today's Swiss watch is even more practical. Naturally I felt the need to be abreast of what's new, so I went inside to have a look.

They had a real beauty made by Tissot. It is the first *touch screen* watch in the world. It is an analog timepiece (which I prefer to digital), but it also has a small LCD digital screen at the bottom, which can be set to a second timezone. It has six really remarkable features. Clock-wise they are as follows: just touch the screen at the “2” and read the “**altitude**” in feet or meters in the digital screen. Touch the “4” and it becomes a **stopwatch** with add and split function accurate to 1/100th of a second. Touch the “6” the hands move smoothly into one and it is a **compass**. Touch “8” and it becomes an **alarm** clock. Touch “10” and read the **temperature**, in Celsius or Fahrenheit. Touch “12” and it becomes a **barometer**.

This marvelous chronological Swiss device comes in three models; steel, titanium and one other I can't remember. I held the steel model in one hand and the titanium in the other. What a difference! Both were exactly the same size, but the steel watch was very heavy while the titanium one was featherweight. There was a big difference in price too – the heavier watch had a lighter price tag: \$570 versus \$670 for the lighter one! Getting *timely* information can be quite an education. My curiosity concerning Swiss technology was satisfied and I'm quite happy with my trusty Timex – considering the money saved.

Perhaps the most important aspect of KSB here in Kaltbrunn is the Domino Serviette School (DSS), which has the same high standard as the one at KSB in Africa. It is a private school with about 300 students. There was a concert in the school hall at 5p.m. with supper interspersed in the program. It was like a talent night with all the parents present to cheer their children on. It was a joy to see Dorothy Newlands (Director of DSS at KSB) and Franze here. Both rushed up and greeted “Uncle Bill.”

Saturday April 24 Otmar invited me to attend the Christians for Truth rally in Wetzikon about 45-minutes drive for Kaltbrunn. We left immediately after lunch for the 2p.m. meeting. Two speakers dealt with the academic differences in education between Asia and Europe and America. Bottom line, television is a great hindrance in the West. Dorothy Newlands gave a very practical word at the third session.

In the evening I honed some fine points on my message for the next day.

Sunday April 25 The multipurpose hall used for the morning service at 11 a.m. was comfortably full with about 300 people. There were two

numbers by the Eurochoir and one congregational song plus some announcements before the message. Jürg Läderach (the chocolate maker) interpreted for me and did an excellent job. He'd just flown back from Japan yesterday and was nurturing a 7-hour jetlag. I felt real liberty as I spoke on John 20, "*Behind Closed Doors for Fear.*"

Lunch followed in the school-dining hall for the entire congregation. I sat with Mark Platter (an American living in Switzerland most of his life) who helped me arrange meetings at the Times Square Church in New York many years ago for Kjell and Fano. We talked until almost 3 p.m. I went to my room and rested a bit before leaving at 6 for supper and fellowship with Christoph Morger and his dear family in Schanis, about 8km from Kaltbrunn. Dorothy Newlands and Franze were invited too. Altogether there were about 20 people for dinner.

Monday April 26 I had breakfast at 8 and left at 09:15 for Salzburg. I followed the autobahn 3 through some spectacular Alpine scenery in the valley toward Chur, then turned north at the Sargans junction on the E43, which is about 25 miles north of Chur. This took me up to the area where four countries (Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria and Germany) come together at the eastern end of the Bodensee. I filled the little Ka's tank in Switzerland just before the *Grenze*.

There is no border control now and you just breeze through. It might be different coming back *into* Switzerland, but there was no problem leaving. I crossed Bregenz and continued north on the E43 for a few miles before turning east on the *Bundesstrasse* 12 toward Isny, Kempten, Landsberg and Munich. I stopped briefly in Munich at the Kaufhof to buy another A5 ring-binder notebook and some plain paper.

Then it was back onto the Autobahn toward Salzburg. This is so familiar. There was medium traffic and no *Stau* for which I was grateful. I skirted Salzburg and made for Mondsee where I exited and headed north on the 154 for about 6km before seeing the sign Irrsee on my left. The Gaderer's live in the first big farmhouse on the lake. It was 5 p.m. when I pulled into the drive, 510.7 km from KSB in Kaltbrunn.

Alois and Lenora (Lilli) came out to meet me with little Johannes, our first great-grandchild. What a precious little bundle! He's already built like an alpine farmer and I'm sure he'll play football like his dad. Alois's parents greeted me warmly as family. After a few minutes I went up to my room to rest a bit. Debbie came out from Salzburg to join us for dinner.

Tuesday April 27 Spent the morning studying and writing. Lilli prepared a real farmhouse dinner of meatloaf, mashed potatoes, asparagus with cream sauce and salad. She is an excellent cook.

Debbie came mid-afternoon and we visited and talked a lot. We all pitched in and helped Alois and Lilli stack lumber that the Gaderers have harvested from their own woods with which they will build a new house for Alois's parents later this summer when the wood is dryer. I couldn't help but think how perfect the match is between Alois and Lilli. She can work along with him all day long and they share each other's lives.

We had supper (tea) outside on the patio around 5 p.m. The warm spring sun was still high in the sky. I noticed the green wooden shutters with little hearts carved in them and the window boxes with geraniums blooming profusely and said to Debbie, "Mom would absolutely love this house and this dear family, not to mention the little bundle of energy sitting in his stroller amusing us all."

Wednesday April 28 Breakfast at 08:00, then studied and wrote all morning.

Oliver (Debbie's youngest son) stopped by and stayed for lunch. After lunch Debbie picked me up and we drove to the *Flughafen* in Salzburg. There is a new hanger and administration complex built entirely of glass and aluminum, called "Hanger 7." It was built by an Austrian multimillionaire, Matuschitz, who made his fortune with the new hi-caffeine soft drink "Red Bull." The hanger is full of his own personal planes, including two training jets, a Grumman amphibian, a German Fokker spotter plane, a small helicopter, a Piper J-3, Cessna Caravan with floats, a Fairchild PT-13 (old U.S. Army trainer) and a gull-wing WWII Grumman Corsair. Very impressive.

Later, Hans picked Debbie and me up and together we drove to Irrsee to collect Lenora and Alois. The five of us then went to out for dinner. We'd originally planned to eat at the restaurant on the hill overlooking Mondsee, where we had had the reception dinner following the civil wedding in 2002, but it was booked out for a private party. Oliver works there just now, so that was the motivation. Instead we drove to the other side of Mondsee, to the little village of St. Lorenz and had dinner in *dem sehr gemütlichen und* very old Gasthof Drachenwand (Dragon's Wall). *Natürlich, habe ich Wienerschnitzel bestellt.*

Friday April 30 I was down for breakfast around 07:45 so I could say goodbye to Alois before he left to work in a field somewhere. After breakfast I packed, loaded the car and was ready to roll about 09:00. It's really hard to say goodbye to this family. They just exude genuine love and you feel they are really going to miss you while you're gone. "Next time you must bring Oma" they said!

By 09:15 I was on the Autobahn going west. I went toward Munich and skirted the city to the south on the ring-road following signs to Stuttgart and Lindau. I wanted Lindau because it's on the Bodensee next to Bregenz at the western-most tip of Austria. I filled my tank before leaving Mondsee and that took me all the way to Zurich.

I was in Switzerland by 1:30 p.m. I took the autobahn south toward Chur, but turned west at Sargans on the Zurich autobahn. I exited at Weesan onto the *Bundesstrasse* and stopped briefly in Schanis to see Christoph Morger. (He was in bed with an infected leg when I visited their home on Sunday evening.) He was up and around and feeling much better now, praise the Lord. He told me that the "Bishop" had arrived safely and that he'd taken him sightseeing yesterday. That was nice. He was referring to Bishop Phiri, (pronounced 'fire-e') who jetted up from Zambia for the Conference.

It was almost 3 p.m. when I arrived at KSB in Kaltbrunn. I emptied the *Ka* of all my personal things and took them to my room. Othmar greeted me warmly and asked if I'd be willing to preach at the South German KSB in Schwabisch Gmund on Sunday morning. Of course! It's a 3 1/2-hour drive north, but someone will loan me a car, perhaps a 'proper' one.

Philip Mannhart, Walter's son, accompanied me to the Zurich airport so I could drop off the little *Ka*. That saves an early morning trip tomorrow. By the time I turned the *Ka* in I'd driven 550km today from Mondsee, Austria to Zurich, Switzerland. That made a total distance of 1,216 km (760 miles) driven in that little upholstered roller-skate, but it felt like I'd been to Sudan and back.

Dinner was ready by the time Philip and I returned. Bishop Phiri was there and all smiles. He really appreciated the Mission buying his air ticket to Switzerland. The folks here are fascinated by a 'black' man. He's having a 'ball.'

After dinner I phoned Harriett and got caught up on all the news there. I gave her phone numbers where she could reach me if necessary this weekend. I journaled some then went to bed.

Saturday May 1 I was up at 07:15, shaved, showered and ready for breakfast at 08:00. After breakfast I finished packing and left for Lindach, Germany at 09:10. My dear friend, Christoph Morger arranged for me to have his car for my trip north. It is a VW Passat station – very comfortable and fast. It cruised smoothly on the autobahn at 150 kmh and occasionally tempted me into the mid-170s. The range on the petrol tank is about 700km, because I went all the way there on less than half a tank.

Folks told me the driving time would be about 3½ to 4 hours, but because this is a holiday weekend there was almost no traffic. I drove the 330km in 3-hours 15-minutes. It will be longer on the return Monday I'm sure.

This part of southern Germany is beautiful in the spring. The fruit trees are all in full bloom, flowers are bringing colorful joy everywhere after the drabness of winter and farmers are preparing their fields for plowing as soon as the *Eismänner* have made their final appearance. The weather has been perfect!

Othmar's directions were excellent. I didn't have to ask anyone the way. I pulled right into number 47 and parked. Georg Grau, the leader of the mission greeted me warmly and took me to my room on the third floor, the same as his apartment. Fortunately there was an elevator! I'm beginning to feel my age when it comes to steps.

Imagine my surprise when Georg took me into the kitchen to meet his wife, Deborah. After handshakes, I heard a sweet voice that said, "Hello Uncle Bill." I turned and there was Elizabeth (Ellie) Stegen! I was really surprised to see her. I knew that Erlo was in Germany, but I thought he was up north. Unfortunately he had taken ill with a severe sore throat and had to miss those meetings. He was sick in bed.

After a half-hour or so, Ellie came and said that her dad would like to see me now. We had about an hour together and it was very precious. While we were talking, his cell phone rang and it was Jerusha (Kjell's daughter) phoning from South Africa to say that her dad had just collapsed with exhaustion. We prayed, and then Erlo handed me his phone and said, "Phone your wife." I did, we need all the prayer we can muster.

Michael Muller joined us for *Abendessen*. He'd just driven over from his home in Benzheim. He remembered me from KSB. We talked for quite awhile, because he will interpret for me tomorrow morning and it's good to become accustomed to the voice of the one you will interpret.

I got to bed at a reasonable time and slept soundly. So soundly in fact that I did not wake up when the fire engines came from all over to extinguish the raging blaze that demolished the warehouse two doors away from the school! I heard all about it the next morning. Flames leaping 60 and 70 foot into the air, thick clouds a black smoke billowing upward, and me sound asleep 100 meters away.

Sunday May 2 After a good night's sleep, a good breakfast with lots of coffee.

The morning service was at 10 a.m. They apologized that many were absent, having gone north for the wedding of one of their own, but the auditorium was full. Surely they would have had to bring in extra seats if everyone had been there. Michael interpreted for me and did a very good job, but somehow I did not feel the liberty that I felt last Sunday.

After lunch, Georg took me (along with his children Mario and Damaris) to his farm about 25km from the mission. There I met his 93-year old mother. She's a bright spark, and remembers the First World War! The farmhouse is over 200 years old. Again, everything was in bloom – apple, pear, plum and cherry trees. They have two hothouses where they grow vegetables and flowers. His sister is confined to a wheel chair (having fallen from a fruit tree many years ago) but manages the gardens and farm by herself.

Deborah had dinner ready when we returned, and I retired to my room to read shortly afterwards.

Monday May 3 Another very good night's sleep.

Georg had asked me on Saturday if I would be willing to take the 08:00 opening assembly at school this morning and of course I said, "Yes." Many parents bring their children from quite a distance, and usually stay for the Monday morning assembly before leaving for the week. I spoke on "The greatest thing I've ever learned: God just loves to be trusted."

I was packed before breakfast and breakfast followed the Morning Assembly. Georg asked me if I'd be willing to take a chap from Australia

with me to the Conference in Switzerland. His name is Albert Trinkle, a delightful fellow, born in Germany, taken to Canada by his parents and then on to Australia, all by the time he was 5-years old. He's 31 now. We talked non-stop all the way and it made the trip much shorter, although in fact it took over 4-hours to drive back due to increased traffic.

I stopped in Sargans before returning to Kaltbrunn to fill the tank and take the car through a car wash, so I could return it to Christoph at least as nice as it was when he loaned it to me on Saturday. I am deeply grateful to him for his generosity.

Returning to KSB in Kaltbrunn was like coming home. Everyone welcomed me warmly, a young man carried my roll-aboard up the 42-steps and Maja quickly fried some potatoes and meat for my lunch. I didn't realize how tired I was. I slept for an hour after lunch.

Shortly after I got up, Piotr Zaremba and his son, Tymothy, arrived. The first thing Piotr wanted to show me was his new glasses. They are small and rimless and I didn't even notice them at first, they're almost invisible. We must have started something in Cape Town last year. ☺

Piotr and I talked until *Abendessen* at 6 p.m. and then sat together at dinner. He enjoyed meeting Bishop Phiri. O, and Bishop Phiri was all decked out in a beautiful new light gray-flannel suit. Christoph had taken him shopping: bought the suit, four shirts, some ties and a pair of shoes. (Christoph had asked me about it last Friday and I said it would be 'culturally' OK and that I thought the Bishop would really appreciate it. That was an understatement!)

I sat with Piotr and Tym in the "English translation" section of the hall during the evening service. Mark translated. It was simultaneous and excellent. The speaker was Professor Dr. Jacob Thiessen, Rector of the seminary in Basel.

Tuesday May 4 The Frenchman and his wife are in the room next to mine, so I expedited my sojourn in the bathroom this morning managing to shave, shower and shampoo in less than 15 minutes. The speakers all come to Othmar's apartment for meals, so Erlo was here for breakfast. He's looking much better than when I saw him in Lindach.

Erlo spoke at the first session (09:00) this morning on "Go Ye" – the theme of the Conference. As usual, it was powerful. He spoke in German.

Everything is translated simultaneously into English, French and Romanian (and I'm not sure if there are any other languages although there are people here from many countries) while we listen with headphones.

After a 30-minute *Pause* for refreshments the next session began 11 a.m. The speaker was Dr. Christoph Wassermann, Founder and Director of "East-West Service" a ministry to Muslims. He expounded on the theology of Islam and gave us an enormous amount of information about Islamic culture and strategy. He spoke in German at the meeting, but speaks fluent Arabic, French and English. We chatted at lunch and his English is impeccable.

One of the organizers came to me yesterday and asked if I would mind exchanging speaking slots. The German evangelist Richard Kriese, from Wetzlar, is unable to come and if I would take his lecture on Wednesday then Erlo could give the closing message on Thursday morning. I think that is a lot better and agreed immediately.

Professor Herman H. de Welle from Holland spoke at the 16:00 service. He has pioneered various ministries in more than 15 countries. He beautifully linked the Old and New Testaments together around Abraham. Afterwards I sat opposite him at dinner and we had a good talk. Later, Piotr Zaremba showed me how to use the telephone program on his computer, so I'll have to work out something with Steve when I get back to PHX.

Wednesday May 5 I awakened around 04:00, wrote some sermon notes and went back to sleep until 05:10. Got up, showered and dressed then studied, prayed and wrote out my sermon notes for the various interpreters. I was expecting to be at breakfast at 08:00, but Othmar came to my room at 07:55 and asked if I would like some breakfast. Everyone else was already sitting down. I had *real* Swiss *Muesli* this morning.

Piotr and I talked about our respective messages today and how they might best link together. He's also preparing a copy of his outline for the interpreters. We both decided to miss the first session this morning in order to get things ready and have prayer for the Word God has put on our heart(s). The speaker at 09:00 is Dr. Claude Baecher (from France). He is *Studiendirektor des Ausbildungs- und Tagungszentrums* Bienenberg (ATB) in Liestal. I'd like to have heard him just to find out what all that means!

My message this afternoon will be translated into German, French and Romanian and each one would like an outline to keep them on track. I typed it out (two pages), transferred it to my ‘thumb-drive,’ took it downstairs to the office where Dorothee plugged it into her computer and printed out four copies for me. The beauty of technology is if it works, when you need it. Today, it worked.

Before lunch Michael and I went over the outline of my message for this afternoon. He will interpret, says he wants to be “my German voice,” while I’m here. I rested for a while after lunch then went to the meeting.

I’m sure many were praying because I felt great liberty as I preached. Michael did an excellent job of interpreting. I preached on the text, “*I sent you to reap.*” (John 4:38) The message lasted just over one hour. Afterwards I gave an interview for *Radio Vocea Evangheliei*, a Christian radio voice in Timisoara. Many Romanians asked me to come to Romania again and preach.



Father and Daughter

Victory in Sudan

“...and the truth will set you free.” John 8:32

Your prayers are effective – peace is finally coming to Sudan! The longest war in the largest country of Africa appears to be over. Few however would have thought that the last battle in Sudan’s war would be fought in Afghanistan and Iraq by US and coalition forces. “How’s that?” you ask. Read on.

The National Islamic Front (NIF) government of Sudan came to power by a military *coup* in 1989. Lieutenant General Omar Al-Bashir, a radical Islamist, hosted and sponsored a wide variety of terrorist groups, including Osama Bin Laden’s *al Qaeda*. The NIF was one of the very few governments that recognized the Taliban regime in Afghanistan. The NIF also maintained close and friendly relations with Saddam Hussain’s regime in Iraq.

When America reacted to the terrorist assaults on 9/11 by overthrowing the Taliban regime in Afghanistan, the NIF government in Sudan began serious talks with the Sudanese People’s Liberation Army (SPLA) about a cease-fire. Gradually the fragile cease-fire began to solidify into more serious peace talks as the US liberated Iraq in 2003.

During 2004 it was widely believed in Africa that should President Bush lose the November US presidential election, the government of Sudan would go back to war and continue bombing the South. It was generally agreed, by both Muslims and Christians, that should President Bush win the US elections, then the government of Sudan would have no choice but to finalize the peace talks.



After a Sunday Service in Mundri

Missionaries report that groups of Sudanese Christians regularly held evening fireside prayer meetings, in the bush praying for a Bush victory in November.

Now, with a second Bush term in the US, the government of Sudan dare not risk a new campaign of bombing schools, hospitals and churches in Southern Sudan and the Nuba Mountains lest they be overthrown like their friends in Afghanistan and Iraq. This convinced Al-Bashir's government that, for political survival, they had to make peace with Christians in the Black South.

August 2005 marked a half-century since the first shots were fired in this colossal conflict. Now the guns are silent. It has been over eighteen months since Christians in Southern Sudan endured aerial bombardments, artillery barrages or scorched earth campaigns. Refugees are returning, churches are being rebuilt, homes are being constructed, crops are being planted and herds are once more grazing – where for decades Arab forces waged a scorched earth campaign seeking to destroy everything necessary to sustain life.

This was the largest inter-mission team Frontline ever fielded in Sudan. Twelve missionaries and volunteers have all safely returned. Together they delivered thousands of Christian school textbooks and Bibles, conducted numerous discipleship training courses and assisted pastors and teachers in establishing primary schools. This in addition to helping re-establish a Bible college for training pastors in Southern Sudan.

While peace may be returning to Southern Sudan and the Nuba Mountains, a separate conflict is raging in the Darfur province of Western Sudan. This is a

Muslim on Muslim conflict where Arab Muslim militias are attacking Black Muslim tribesmen. Christians are not involved in that conflict or province as far as we know.



Peter filming at the battlefront



Independence Celebrations 9 July 2011 in Juba

It is interesting that the same media and governments which failed to pay much attention to the five decades of relentless government persecution of Black Christians in Southern Sudan and the Nuba Mountains, now show such intense interest in the current, much smaller scale, lower intensity conflict in Darfur.

Now that peace is returning to Southern Sudan and the Nuba Mountains, we must not diminish our efforts in evangelism, leadership training and literature distribution. We need to continue training pastors, teachers and nurses and help equip them with what they need to rebuild their country after decades of war and persecution.

Many dedicated Christians have invested sacrificially in Sudan, establishing schools, hospitals, colleges, helping to rebuild bombed-out churches, delivering food to starving villagers whose crops have been burned and whose livestock had been looted by government forces. Extraordinary efforts were undertaken to publicize the perilous plight of persecuted Christians in Sudan, and to mobilize international pressure against the persecutors. On several occasions mission teams came under artillery fire and aerial bombardment sometimes during a church service.



The first complete Bibles in Moru,
delivered to Fraser Cathedral, Lui, Southern Sudan.

By God's grace, all of the prayer, publicity, pressures and partnership began to effectively turn the tide. In addition, on the secular side, the US war on terrorism also had the unexpected side effect of hastening a cease-fire and sparking peace negotiations in Sudan. In this sense Sudanese Christians are praising the Lord for the positive and beneficial fruit of US foreign policy. Now that's an interesting twist. You won't see or hear that on ABC, CBS and probably not on CNN.

Chapter 36

Malawi and KwaSizabantu

December 2004

Tuesday December 7 My bedside alarm jolted me out of an uneasy slumber at 04:00. The anti-malaria tablet I took yesterday morning produced some wild dreams, but thankfully not the predicted nightmares. I showered, shaved and dressed in 30-minutes, and took a cup of coffee to Harriett at 04:30 as a gentle reminder of her promise to take me to the airport.

My carry-on was already packed. Peter had brought a box of books last evening for me to take with. We loaded the car and left *Pennireef* at 05:00. The sun was rising in a crystal clear sky as we joined the N2 motorway and headed toward the airport.

There was no problem at check-in. My box of literature was checked clear through to Lilongwe, the capital of Malawi. Flying time from Cape Town on SA 304 to Johannesburg (JNB) was 1 hour and 45 minutes – ten minutes quicker than normal due to a pretty healthy tail wind. It was overcast with a drizzling rain as we disembarked in JNB. Temperature was 16C (60.8F). Altitude at the airport 5,500 feet above sea level.

I followed the signs to Terminal A for International departures, went through passport control and headed for the waiting area. My flight to Lilongwe (SA 170) was scheduled to leave at 10:20, so I had plenty of time. Along the way I noticed a big electronic departure board announcing a host of morning flights to destinations all over Africa. Most names brought back a wealth of memories to me. I've never been to Malawi before, so this was a first.

There was cryptic humor on the departure board as well. The time at that moment was 08:53. Flight KPA 856 to Luanda, (Angola) scheduled to depart at 06:45 was flashing "Boarding." I thought, "Only in Africa," as I proceeded to Gate 23.

I almost missed the flight! Arriving in the waiting area an hour and ten minutes before the flight was scheduled to leave and 40-minutes before they began boarding, I checked the sign over the gate. The destination was one I'd never heard of so I figured there was a plane leaving that gate

before my flight to Lilongwe. I sat down with my current book and began to read. People lined up and were beginning to board. I looked at the sign over Gate 23 and it was blank. “No problem” I thought, “they’re boarding the previous flight and they will be putting up “Lilongwe” real soon now.” Just to be sure, I asked someone “Where are you headed?” “Dar es Salaam” was the reply. I went back to my book. At 10:18 I checked the sign, and it still didn’t say ‘Lilongwe.’ By now there was no one waiting in the line, so I walked over to the desk to enquire about the flight.

“Mr. Bathman?” asked the worried-looking boarding clerk as I approached.

“Yes, how did you know my name?”

“Everyone is on board, and you are the last one. The bus is waiting.”

I was the only passenger on a 50+passenger bus that transferred me out to the boonies. The driver hesitated a couple of times en-route and consulted a sheet of paper. I was beginning to wonder whether he was just lost or if the plane had already departed. Finally he dropped me at the foot of the mobile stairway. The first thing I did after climbing the 16 steps up to the door of the 737, was to inquire “Is this the flight to Lilongwe?” It was, and I settled in to seat 11A, greatly relieved.

About that time the stewardess was reassigning a huge African “momma” who had cheerfully settled into one of the broad, comfortable seats in First Class, back to her ‘proper’ seat – 11B! Her ample form spilled over the armrest and threatened to engulf me. She was searching for her seatbelt, which she had been told to “fasten.” She had a newspaper and other articles in her hand, which she tossed into my lap while she searched. Finally she found it, but it wouldn’t reach all the way across.

“It won’t fit!” she observed. I reached across (or was it around) and showed her how to lengthen it. We were both relieved to hear the familiar ‘click.’

The rain had stopped by the time we touched down in Malawi. The same westerly wind had pushed us almost 15-minutes ahead of schedule. I cleared immigration (with a smile), no visa fees for visiting Americans. This is very unusual for Africa, and for a poor country at that, but it endeared me to these precious people and made me want more than ever to reciprocate their generosity.

I picked up the box of literature from the baggage belt, proceeded through ‘customs’ and out the door to be met by a tall, lanky Arizonian who’d long since become a real veteran missionary, Tim Keller, of Frontline Fellowship.

As is the case in most African capitals, the International Airport is about 15 miles out of town and boasts about three international flights per day. We drove south toward Lilongwe, the dusty Capital city of Malawi. I’d already had lunch on the plane, but Tim hadn’t eaten in quite a while so we stopped at a little restaurant in town before pushing on south toward Zomba, our destination for the next three days.

When Tim and Steve were in Malawi in early October, they met the Presidential Advisor on Religious Affairs, Rev. Malani Mtonga, in his Lilongwe office. Steve had taken several pictures of him, the best of which he had enlarged. Tim had it color printed 8x10 in Nairobi and planned to present it to Rev. Mtonga. Tim reached him on his cell phone in Blantyre, but he had already left the city and was headed north. We were headed that way and arranged to meet him along the road and exchange the photo for greetings.

It worked. We met just before Balaka. Rev. Mtonga is a very gracious brother in Christ and very distinguished looking. Steve had captured all this in the photo, which really did him more than ‘justice.’

“I will put this on the wall in my office” Rev. Mtonga said proudly. Tim warned him that his picture looked much better than the standard black and white photo of the President of Malawi, Dr. Bingu Wa Munthalika, that adorns the wall of every public office. “There might be trouble for you if the President notices your picture is nicer than his,” Tim joked. A look of some concern came across the reverend’s face as he considered the truth in Tim’s humor.

We said farewell to Rev. Mtonga along the roadside and continued south, arriving in Zomba around 6 p.m. This would be our base of operations for the next three days.

We went first to the Post Office building and climbed the 66 steps to the third floor office of Mr. Davies Nderema. He and his colleague were expecting us. (Their office is next door to the Malawi Red Cross.) Other firms in the building include: SkyNet Worldwide Express and TelKom communications.

Zomba is a picturesque little mountain town 958 meters (3,100 feet) above sea level, about 70 km north of Blantyre. It boasts a University and Police training academy. It was the former capital of Malawi. The altitude makes for a relatively comfortable environment.

Local languages spoken in this area include Chichewa, Tumbuka, Yao, Tonga, English and Nkhonde.

Davies took us to his home, which is still further up the mountainside another 300 feet. There we met his wife, Loveness and two beautiful children; Lydia (8) and Samuel (9 months). Loveness began to prepare supper for us, which was ready in two hours. It consisted of *nsima*, collard greens and a meat stew. I did not ask any questions. We all ate with our fingers of course.

There were not many mosquitoes at this altitude (1,031m) so we did not use our nets for sleeping. The coils we burned were sufficient along with the Tabard-stick.

Wednesday December 8 Loveness provided breakfast for us: coffee, bread, butter, jam and a couple of hard boiled eggs, which we peeled and ate with lots of salt.

Then it was down the mountainside, through the town and past the Police academy to the Likangala Secondary School, a gated complex behind a six-foot brick wall. The local pastors and Christian workers had arranged for a two-day Biblical Worldview Seminar to be held in one of the dozen or so red brick buildings comprising the school grounds. This campus is an obvious carryover from Colonial days.

Tim and I lectured during the morning sessions before breaking for lunch. Subjects included “God’s Law – our Authority” and “Christianity versus Humanism.” In these situations the missionary is expected not only to pay for the hire of premises and to provide books and printed material for the Seminar students, but also to treat all the delegates to lunch and afternoon tea.

There were 30+ for lunch. Davies had ordered it for 12 noon and we were to drive into town, pick it up and bring it back to school. In typical African fashion they didn’t begin to prepare it until they saw us when we arrived to pick it up. So we waited 50 minutes.

Lunch was eaten as usual with our hands and fingers. Chicken bones

were sucked clean in grand style while our Malawian brothers and sisters looked on approvingly. We were accepted.

Francis Mendulo (29) was our interpreter. He was excellent. Not only did he translate fluently without pause or hesitation, but also every gesture was faithfully repeated. I couldn't have done better in Chichewa myself. ☺

The afternoon sessions ended at 5 p.m. We cleared up and drove back up the mountain to Davies' home. Two hours later we had dinner, talked for a while and went to bed early.

Thursday December 9 I was up at 06:00, washed, had devotions and made some journal entries before breakfast (which was exactly like breakfast yesterday).

Tim and I have been rethinking our priorities and considering the best route to take back to South Africa. We are expected at KwaSizabantu for the Youth Conference, which ends a week from tonight. If we return via Zambia (as originally planned) it will add two full days and 1,500 km to our journey. If we cut across Mozambique and Zimbabwe we could be at KSB by Sunday. Tim knew someone at KSB who has driven that route recently and decided to phone him to check on the road conditions and more importantly whether or not we could get a visa at the Mozambique border. The answer was, "good roads and 'yes' we can get a visa at the border." Our plans for the remainder of this trip began to amend. Tim definitely had his 'ears back.'

There is a spectacular view from the bedroom in the little house where Davies and his family live. It overlooks the Zomba Valley with Lake Chilwa in the background. The mountains of Mozambique can be clearly seen beyond the eastern shore of the lake, which is the border between the two countries. Recent rains have turned the landscape into a verdant wonderland. Malawi is indeed beautiful.

After breakfast, Tim and I set off for the school and another day of BWS. We'd just driven down the rough mountain track and were in the middle of town when Tim's cell phone rang. It was Steve Evers phoning from Tempe with some urgent question. I was impressed again with how useful are the tools of technology to the modern missionary.

I brought a short (35 minute) devotional this morning before we began the Seminar lectures. Tim followed with a very clear teaching on the Covenant from Deuteronomy chapter 28.

During the lunch hour, and while Tim drove into town to fetch the food, I talked with some of the pastors and students. They were all so appreciative of our visit. One young man said, “We are very happy with this seminar. We have been told before not to sin, but they didn’t tell us what sin is. You have made it plain to us what sin is.”

Seated in a circle around me was a cross section of tomorrow’s Malawi Christian leadership: Rev. Frank Maini, pastor of the “Love of Faith Ministries,” Rev. Lawrence Mandawala of the “Living Gospel Church,” Elder Jonathan Kamtedza, from “Built on the Rock” Church, Mr. Anthony Chitalo, a businessman (carpet cleaning) from the “Voice of God” Church and his friend Harry Mendulo, who is currently unemployed. These are all precious Brothers, hungry for the most basic teaching and discipleship.

After lunch Tim spoke on “Poverty” (cause and effect), which was a real eye-opener to his listeners. The BWS finished on time at 5 p.m. with tea and “prize giving” which was also book distribution – all very much appreciated.

Later that evening we took Davies and Loveness out to dinner as our way of saying “Thank you” for their three nights of hospitality. The venue for our treat was the old colonial Hotel Mosongola, situated on the side of the mountain right across the street from the old Parliament Building when Zomba was the capital.

There’s an old saying, “You haven’t been to Malawi until you’ve eaten chambo.” Chambo is a native freshwater fish, small (maybe 6” to 8”) with a delicate taste very much like the Tilapia that we enjoyed plucked fresh from the Nile on our way to Sudan in 2001. Tim and I had pan-fried chambo with chips and salad, while our guests enjoyed grilled chicken and vegetables. We all had Cokes to drink and finished off with vanilla ice cream – the only flavor available. I looked at Tim and said, “This is not Baskin-Robbins you know.”

Friday December 10 We bounded out of bed at 05:00. Packed, had a three-peat breakfast and loaded the car for the long trip ahead. After prayer with the family we set off at 06:30 for Blantyre, arriving at 07:45. We topped both tanks, which will give us about 1,000 km range and headed for the Mozambique border.

We cleared Malawi customs shortly after leaving Mwanza and crossed no-man’s land into the communist country of Mozambique around 10 a.m.

Our visas cost \$25 each, there was a temporary import charge of \$5 for the vehicle. Tim's regular yellow insurance card was apparently not valid for Mozambique so that was an additional R150. Our total time at the border (from arriving on the Malawi side to departure on the Mozambique side) was 50 minutes. There were only a handful of cars waiting, so that helped expedite the crossing.

Route 103, the road southwest along the Tete Corridor, was in remarkably good condition. There was very little traffic, which helped us make good time all the way to Tete. There are no road signs or route numbers (apart from those on the map) and when there is a sign indicating the name of a town it does not match anything on our map. We were very grateful for the GPS and the reassurance it gave that we were headed in the right direction.

We intended to follow route 103 all the way across to the Zimbabwe border, but we never saw a sign confirming that we were on that road. At Luenha (on the map, but something else on the road) we turned west and headed up into the mountains still not sure if we'd taken the right road. But it was a good road so we decided to stay on it, figuring there couldn't be more than one good road in this neck of the commie woods.

We arrived at Nyamapanda just after 3 p.m. and began the process of leaving Mozambique and entering Zimbabwe – from the frying pan into the fire. Clearing Mozambique was not a problem. It took significantly longer to get into Zim. They wanted a tax for everything, including a “carbon” tax to satisfy the environmentalists. A border like this can nickel and dime you to death. Eventually (after an hour and ten minutes) we headed west again along the A2 toward Harare.

The A2 is in very good condition with only a few potholes. There are numerous roadblocks and Police checkpoints however and this makes for slow progress across country. We could see some serious storm clouds building up the further West we drove. Soon we were in a torrential downpour. It was still sprinkling lightly when we arrived in Harare.

Tim knew a place that had pizza “to die for” in a suburban shopping area, so we headed there. I had a medium-size pizza and a 12oz Coke. The price? Z\$240,000 (\$3.87 U.S.), thanks to Bobbie Mugabe's inflation.

By the time we finished it was after 8 p.m. and I wondered if we'd find a place to stay for the night. We headed out of town, but there was nothing,

so we returned to the city and booked in at the Jameson Hotel. It had been a long time (many days) since we'd had a hot shower and we felt the need to get really clean once again. I managed to talk the hotel manager into giving us a discount, so it wasn't so bad.

Saturday December 11 We were up at 05:00 and rolling by 06:30. The weather in Harare was cloudy with occasional drizzle. The roads were a skating-rink. We saw an 18-wheeler flat bed truck ahead of us begin to fishtail. His trailer went off the road onto the shoulder, and then whipped back across the road and into the on-coming lane. Somehow he managed to keep it under control. Fortunately no one was coming and there were no pedestrians or cyclists on the shoulder or they would have been killed.

Harriett tried our cell phone around 08:00, but couldn't get through. I phoned her on Tim's cell phone, but the connection kept breaking up. She's OK though and that was reassuring and she was glad to know that we're safe.

About 10 a.m. we stopped in Mvuma at a small store. We hadn't had any breakfast before leaving Harare and this was the first shop we'd seen along the way. It was raining outside and crowded with Saturday morning shoppers inside, but we elbowed our way through to the back where we found some hot chicken pies. On the way out we got a couple of bottles of Fanta orange, paid in Zim dollars (now around 62,000 to one U.S. dollar) and were back on the road within 10 minutes. Tim was driving and I'm not quite sure how he managed to shift gears, stuff down two chicken pies and juggle a 1 liter bottle of Fanta all at the same time, but he did.

We took on diesel at Masvingo then continued South on the A4 toward Beitbridge. It was around 2 p.m. when we arrived at the border. We prayed and there were no problems leaving communist Zimbabwe. Our exit took just under 50 minutes. We crossed the Limpopo River into South Africa, very glad to be back on 'friendly' soil once more.

Another 20 minutes on the South African side and we were on the N1 heading South again. We topped both tanks in Messina for the six-hour journey south to Pretoria. Tim phoned Greg, a friend of his with CFT (Christians for Truth), in the Mid-Rand area between Pretoria and Johannesburg and arranged hospitality for us overnight. He told him we would already have had something to eat when we got there. Tim was hankering for a McDonalds and knew of one in Pietersburg. We pulled

into the Golden Arches just before 5 p.m. and Tim pigged-out. He ordered a super-sized number 6, chicken fold-over meal, with vanilla coke, apple pie and Oreo-cookie McFlurry. Three months out of civilization will do that to you! I got by with a Big Mac and a medium Coke, plus fries (and Tim ate half of my fries!).

It was dark by the time we skirted Pretoria and headed for the Mid-Rand. Tim phoned again and got some final directions to Greg's home. He and Nadia welcomed us warmly. They could hardly believe all that Tim had been through since he and Steve had stopped over on their way North many weeks before.

Sunday December 12 We slept soundly 'til just after 05:00. I awakened without the benefit of an alarm. When I checked on Tim, he was already up and having his devotions. Nadia had a very nice breakfast waiting for us at 06:30. We were already packed (Tim had loaded the vehicle, checked tires and oil and cleaned the windshield), and ready to roll at 07:00.

We had about 500+ km ahead of us and we wanted to reach KwaSizabantu (KSB) in time for the "Messiah" presentation at 2:30 pm. There was very little traffic on the road this early on Sunday morning, so we just cruised down the N1, across Johannesburg, past Germiston, picked up the N3 and headed South East for Heidelberg.

There was a bit of construction on the N3 between Warden and Harrismith, but no delays. We reduced our speed to 80 km for a few patches, but quickly resumed our standard 120 km when the road was clear. We both remarked on how beautiful the roads are in South Africa compared to the rest of the Continent.

We arrived at KSB at 1 p.m., in time for lunch at Olsen's. Kjell showed us to our respective rooms in their home. After lunch I had a quick 10-minute nap before going up to the great 10,000-seat auditorium to hear the Kwa-Zulu Bach Choir from Pietermaritzburg, joined by the KwaSizabantu Choir in a spectacular presentation of George Friedrich Handel's **MESSIAH**, under the direction of our old friend Professor Lutz Kohrs. It was breathtakingly beautiful.

Professor and Mrs. (Thea) Kohrs were also staying at the Olsen's so we enjoyed more fellowship with them over a light dinner around 7 pm. Professor Kohrs has read my book, "*Going Through*" and remembered many details. Thea remembers meeting Harriett on a previous visit. Today is Lutz's 67th birthday.

Our Zulu daughter, Sindi, paid us a visit around 8 p.m. and stayed about an hour. She was really appreciative of the things Harriett had sent for her children, Noni and Mac.

Monday December 13 I woke up just before 06:00, showered, shaved and was dressed for breakfast before 7 a.m. Tim and Eugene were already eating when I got to the table, but I wasn't late. They were just 'early.' ☺

After breakfast, Kjell took Tim and me on a tour of *aQuelle*, the water factory. I could not believe how much it has grown in the year since I was last here. The storage area (which was huge) has doubled. They have all new equipment. There are no more moving belts loaded by hand. A machine literally blows the plastic bottles into the bottling area where they shoot along at 4 or 5 bottles per second! A 6-pack is ready in just two seconds. The work goes on 24-hours a day. 18-wheelers are lined up to take the palates (stacked three high) away to destinations all across South Africa. They've added a couple of new flavors and *aQuelle* is now available in a number of new outlets including Spar, Shell BP and Pick-n-Pay.

At the morning session Erlo Stegen preached a powerful keynote message on the Conference theme, "The Truth Shall Make You Free" – from John 8:32.

The afternoon was free today because they are preparing the auditorium for the Joseph Story this evening. I was able to use the time to good advantage in getting caught up with my journal. Tim took another 250 pictures of the 'set up' – (in addition to the 250 he took yesterday at the MESSIAH.)

The "Joseph Story" was a fabulous 2-hour production with full costumes, stage sets, lights and sound. It was sponsored by KSB youth and "True Love Waits." The actors and actresses all played their parts well and were well cast. The stage itself was over 100-feet wide. Background paintings gave a real feeling of (1)



being in Canaan with Jacob and his twelve sons, or (2) in the house of Potiphar, or (3) in the prison or (4) Pharaoh's palace. Potiphar's wife and Joseph were excellent in their parts. The message of "True Love Waits" was very vivid and clear.



Cedar College of Education Choir

The Zulus are real actors and completely immerse themselves in the drama. The scene where Potiphar's wife is screaming and shouting false accusations against Joseph was genuine panic in the household with everyone running in every direction and the Zulu audience going wild.

Fortunately the whole production was videotaped and will be available in VHS and DVD before we leave on Friday. There is nothing primitive about the Zulus at KSB!

Tuesday December 14 Today is a relative quiet day, so I've had a chance to journal some as well as catch up on my Bible reading and sermon prep for this afternoon's meeting. I preached on the Prodigal Son (Luke 15) to the plenary session: "*He took his Journey.*" It was his journey. He conceived it, he planned it, he pursued it and he lived to regret it. Where has your journey taken you? Are you in the 'far country?' The tools God used to bring him back were 'memory' and 'misery' – tools He still uses today.

There was very good attention. At the end I led them in prayer and gave an appeal for both salvation and rededication, but did not stay afterwards. I left while the moderator was introducing the counselors. It was misting rain as I walked back to the Olsen's, but that did not dampen my spirits! Later, Kjell told me there was a very large number (around 400) who stayed behind for counseling. Many wanted to receive Christ as their Savior.

In the evening they showed "The Passion of the Christ" film. Many trusted the Lord and counseling went on until mid-night.

Wednesday December 15 It rained a lot through the night and was still misty this morning. I spoke for an hour at the Morning session on the

Christmas theme: *The Permanent and the Passing* aspects of Christmas.

Late morning Tim drove to Durban to shop for clothes (to replace those that were stolen earlier on this trip). He came back in the evening having purchased a really fantastic, state-of-the-art pair of headphones for his computer, but no new clothes. O well, first things first!

This afternoon I met our adopted Zulu daughter, Sindi, at the new Coffee Shop located beneath the grocery store. She had a milkshake and I had a coffee. We shared fellowship for about an hour. She told me all about her children and how they are growing up so fast. We had a time of prayer together before she had to go back to work.

There was a Romanian couple at Olsen's for dinner this evening: Marius & Angela Morar, from KSB in Voiteg, Romania. (Dr. Nick and I visited there on a previous trip.) We had lots of fun exchanging stories about the 'ole days' in communist Romania.

I phoned Harriett tonight to update her on what's happening here and to advise her of our ETA on Saturday evening. Tim requests some Mexican food, and she asked me to bring some avocados from KSB.

I'm concerned about Tim. He seems to be coming down with malaria again. He was very sick in Sudan after the ITMI team returned to the States. He was in bed in Mundri for several days before he was finally able to drive out.

Thursday December 16 In the old days, this was the "Day of the Covenant" when the Afrikaners defeated the Zulu at the Battle of Blood River. Bright sunshine greeted us today. It was mild and dry all day, which was nice.

Tim is really down this morning with a new malaria attack. He's feverish and shivering with chills and occasional hallucinations. Dr. Albi gave him some pills, but they came right back up, so he gave him an injection of what he calls "some really turbo-charged stuff." The doctor doesn't feel it would be wise for us to start driving home tomorrow morning as planned.

This morning I recorded a sermon for the New Year at Radio Kwezi. We had lunch with Erlo Stegen on the veranda. I preached the afternoon plenary session on the Conference theme, "*The Truth Shall Make You Free.*"

This year marks the 30th Anniversary of the KwaSizabantu Youth Conferences. Kjell told me that thirty years ago they had about 24 young people, one truckload, to attend. This year there are just under 5,000 present.

Sindi and her two precious children came to Olsen's for dinner this evening. Noni and Big Mac have really grown. I hardly recognized them.

Erlo Stegen preached the closing service for the 30th Annual Youth Conference. He did something very unusual at the end of his message; he made a very careful appeal for those to come forward for prayer who had trusted Christ during this conference. The altar across the great auditorium was filled to overflowing as over 600 young people knelt in dedication of their lives to Christ.

Friday December 17 Tim slept well last night and feels much better today, but is still somewhat weak. Dr. Albi advises that we delay our departure from KSB at least 24-hours.



Rev. Erlo Stegen's family at KwaSizabantu Mission

It's pretty quiet around here now that the last of the buses and trucks have left to take the young people back to their towns and villages or to their homes in the bush. It was quite warm with lots of sunshine all day. Summer is here at last.

I read a lot today. My current book is *African Tears, The Zimbabwe Land Invasions*, by Catherine Buckle. It's a dramatic, first-hand account of how Robert Mugabe took over all the commercial farms in the country in order to redistribute the land and gain votes for his ZANU PF during the 2000 elections. This helps to understand some of the desolation and explain the poverty we saw in December.



The Auditorium, KwaSizabantu Mission

Part Four: Frontline Fellowship USA

Chapter 37

Life does not always run smoothly, or even according to our best plans

In October 2005 a local, ‘mole-hill’ incident happened a few blocks from where we lived in Pinelands, a suburb of Cape Town, which quickly grew into a ‘mountain’ 10,000 miles, 9-time zones and a hemisphere away in Tempe, Arizona. From that distant perspective and judging poorly with a 1-candle power flashlight of misunderstanding, ITMI suddenly decided to sever the 18-year ‘Sister Mission’ relationship with Frontline Fellowship.

We were devastated. There were extenuating circumstances and a conflict of interests between a pastor (whom we dearly loved) and his flock. The pastor wrote to ITMI putting forth a tainted account of the incident. I wondered why he didn’t contact me as I lived within walking distance of his home. Then I realize that he couldn’t discuss the situation with me because I was aware of all the local facts.

He had often confidentially shared with me his problems during our frequent breakfasts together, seeking my counsel as an older Brother and an outsider. I would have spotted the error and offered a positive solution, which I knew (and he knew) would be a hard pill for him to swallow.

The situation was further complicated because *ethically* I could not share with the ITMI Board my knowledge of the local circumstances without betraying the confidence of my pastor and friend. A strange logic emerged in Tempe, suggesting that I was



The Minister’s Conference, KwaSizabantu Mission

too close to the situation to be able to render an unbiased view. Presumably the picture was crystal clear from half-a-world away.

This led to the establishing of Frontline Fellowship-USA. God provided in a wonderful way when the need was most acute. The Home Church in San Jose, California, rallied behind Peter Hammond. Godly men invested time, talent and treasure to organize and incorporate FF-USA in the State and establish a tax-deductible 501(c)(3) with the IRS. It was hard work, with some rough edges to be smoothed over, but it was a foothold, a beachhead in America. Any initial inadequacies of FF-USA were soon apparent and realistically addressed. It was both astonishing and inspiring to see how the Lord provided for every need in this respect both administrative and executive.

This too is a message from the Lord to Peter that drives him to prayer and spurs him on to find an action-remedy and possibly recognize that the “Cloudy Pillar” is moving into new and uncharted territory for his ministry, as well as ours.



Advance for Life Christian Academy, East London

Chapter 38

A Pre-Christmas African Safari

December 2006

Harriett and I left Cape Town, bound for Natal and the annual summer Youth Conference at KwaSizabantu on December 5th, 2006. We drove along the picturesque Garden Route, stopping in East London to visit a Christian Academy, our new mission interest. This trip would change the whole direction of our life, so much happened. Let me begin with the bad news to get that behind us, and then move on to the more important *good news*.

Harriett spent four days in St. Augustine's hospital in Durban with a broken left ankle. It happened on Sunday December 10 at KwaSizabantu. She has a cast up to just below her left knee and the doctor says she will need to wear it for about 6+ weeks. She's in good spirits and just as cheeky as ever. ☺ We've bought crutches, a special shoe and as soon as we arrived back in Cape Town (Friday evening December 15) I rented a wheelchair. I wanted to write before now, but my e-mail would not send or receive – plus I was fully occupied looking after Harriett. Now my e-mail is back up and running.

Our safari began on December 5 when we left *Pennireef* our little home in Cape Town and headed east along the Garden Route which closely follows the southern coast of Africa along the Indian Ocean. After leaving Somerset West we were watched with indifference by an assortment of monkeys and baboons as we climbed over Sir Lowry's Pass and plunged almost immediately into the rich sub-tropical vegetation near Hermanus. It's beautiful, and the weather was perfect.

We proceeded along the N2 through Swellendam and Riversdale to Mossel Bay. From there the road literally hugs the Indian Ocean coast through picturesque fishing villages and scenic tourist destinations all the way to George – a principal south coast town. We encountered the usual holiday traffic delays along with some road repairs, which made for slow going in some parts.

The first night we stopped in Knysna at the Log Inn. It's a rustic old landmark in a quaint little town just along the coast from George. After

dinner – ostrich steak and chips – we decided to stroll down toward the waterfront to get some exercise after being in the car all day. When we were accosted by a young man just a block from where we were



staying we decided it wasn't too good an idea to venture out like that after dark. We took evasive action, returned without incident to our second-floor room and watched from our balcony as a full summer moon rose silently out of its eastern bed. It was so romantic.

The next morning, as we approached the dining room for an African breakfast, whom should we meet but Peter, our next door neighbor in Cape Town! We'd been back from America for four weeks and hadn't seen him there and now bump into him 500 km from home. He works for a Tour Company and had a party from Ireland in tow. We've witnessed to him before on many occasions, but he still hasn't trusted the Lord. He was surprised but delighted to see us, and this will doubtless give us fresh opportunities to witness later on. God's timing is always perfect.

After breakfast on Wednesday we proceeded along the coast road to Plettenberg Bay and Cape Seal then began the long climb over Bloukrans Pass. The mountains along the south coast reach down like long fingers touching the sea. The bridges across the valleys linking the 'fingers' are spectacular.

Eventually we arrived in Port Elizabeth, one of the principal seaports along the south coast. About 60 km east of PE, at our neighbor Peter's suggestion, we left the N2 and took the R72 through Port Alfred. There was very little traffic and the scenery is splendid with rolling hills covered with sugar cane and banana trees. This route bypasses Grahamstown and avoids all the heavy lorry traffic on the N2.

Our destination for Wednesday night was East London. We've been in contact with Mrs. Gaye Stillwell, a veteran missionary of 45+ years, who

has recently lost her second husband to cancer. Her first husband died of cancer also. We promised her we'd arrive by five. It was 4:50pm when we pulled up in front of her home on Derwent Avenue. She was waiting in her front garden and welcomed us warmly.

Gaye's daughter, Esther, is a Para-medic but has recently joined her mother in the school ministry. Esther's husband, Wally, is unsaved but supportive of his wife's Christian work and while he is indifferent to the Gospel, he is not antagonistic toward it. He is Captain of a 40' cruise boat that takes passengers sightseeing along the coast or up river. Gaye wanted us to meet him. Now I'm an old Navy guy and it's been awhile since I've exercised my sea-legs. I suggested that we book a cruise along the coast to give him some business and me an opportunity to witness to him on the bridge while we're at sea. She jumped at the idea. "I've never been on his boat" she said, "and I'd love to go." A 5-minute telephone call to Esther arranged all the details!

Thursday was a very full day. We visited Gaye's school first thing in the morning, and then went shopping for some items Harriett had spotted that Gaye needed, but would not ordinarily buy due to her customary austere life-style. She was thrilled.

We were dockside at the harbor by noon and ready to sail. Once we cleared the breakwater and headed out into the open sea we encountered some pretty heavy swells – some higher than our little boat. Pitching and rolling Wally ventured as far as he felt safe for us to go, but turned back at news on the weather-radio of an approaching *sou'wester*.

Gaye was soaking wet from sea-spray when we arrived back safely in East London, but her face was aglow. She'd had the time of her life and a long-time wish realized. I'd had some opportunity to witness to Wally, but it was limited. Later, over lunch, we talked some more about spiritual realities.

Friday morning the weather was closing in. A summer storm was on the way. We talked and prayed until mid-morning and then it was time to reluctantly say 'goodbye' for now. One thing is certain: we will never be the same.

Market-day traffic in Umtata was stalled and it took us ages to weave our way past the carts and through a sea of black humanity that swarmed around us. The weather deteriorated rapidly as we pressed slowly

eastward toward Durban. The mountain passes were already socked-in with clouds and it was pouring rain as we crossed from the Transkei into KwaZulu Natal. Visibility was less than 50 meters for long stretches and my windshield wipers were at full speed. By late afternoon we had put Mount Frere and Mount Ayliff in our hip pocket, but were only just past Kokstad and still over 100 km from Port Shepstone, where we had already decided to stay the night.

Just then, Harriett spotted a thatched roof log cabin Inn up on a hillside above the road we were on. “Maybe we can stay overnight there!” she exclaimed. I turned into the long driveway that took us up the hill. Linda Wallis, the receptionists, greeted us warmly and said she had only one room left. We took it! Turns out she is a keen Christian and very concerned about the future with a communist government in South Africa. She’s an avid reader so I gave her a copy of my book, *Going Through*.

We phoned Lenora in Cape Town and asked her to notify Kjell at KwaSizabantu that we were delayed about 15 hours getting to KSB. New ETA is early afternoon Saturday.

Saturday morning we were up early and after a fabulous African buffet breakfast set out for Port Shepstone in a light drizzle rain. By the time we reached the coast and picked up the toll-road to Durban the rain had stopped, but the sun tried in vain to break through. It was dull and overcast all the way to Durban.

From Durban we took the coastal road 70 km to Stanger, then turned north on the R74, through Maphumulo (where the revival began 40 years ago) and arrived at KwaSizabantu at 2:45 p.m. on Saturday. Driving time for the 1,130 miles from Cape Town was 21 hours and 45 minutes. We plan, like the Wise Men, to return another way, through Bloemfontein. It’s 125 miles shorter and takes about 16¹/₂ hours.

My first scheduled preaching service was at 7 p.m. on Saturday evening.

The theme of the youth conference this year is from Luke 14:22 “... *there is still room for you.*” I did not know the theme ahead of time. In the next 2 hours the Lord gave me a message from His Word on that subject and the Holy Spirit enabled me to preach with power as Harriett prayed for me. There were just over 4,000 present with more delegates arriving each hour all through the night.

Gray clouds and a misty-drizzle greeted us on Sunday morning. We assembled with about 8,000 people for the Sunday morning worship service in the big auditorium. Rev. Erlo Stegen preached a powerful sermon. The presence of the Lord was evident and the people very moved.

After the service we walked to the car through a misty-rain. Our car is a right-hand drive, so Harriett was getting in on the left hand side. I opened the door for her on the passenger side and as she was getting into the car I opened the back door for Margrit Olsen, Kjell's wife to get in. I heard Margrit gasp and stare in shock as she looked past me and I turned to see Harriett, lying on her back in the mud by the side of the car! I couldn't believe it, but there she was, in obvious distress and pain. I dropped to her side and gathered her in my arms and she whispered to me, "My left leg just gave-way."

She had lifted her right foot into the car, which meant her weight was on her left leg. When it gave way she had fallen backward to the ground. Her left ankle was twisted and it looked like the bone was completely out of joint. We learned later that her lower leg bone was fractured at the ankle. Her foot was turned sharply outward at a grotesque angle. She was in great pain, but she never screamed or cried out.

We lifted her up and sat her sideways on the seat. Then I pushed the seat back as far as it would go, and let the back of the seat recline as far as possible. People brought cushions to put under her leg for support and blankets to keep her warm. She was trembling with shock. Dr. Albie gave her an injection to ease the pain. We stopped by Kjell's home (where we are staying) and picked up her toilet-kit, dressing gown and pajamas and left immediately for the hospital in Durban – an hour and forty minutes drive. Kjell drove, because he knows the road and the way to the hospital.

Dr. Albie phoned ahead and contacted an orthopedic surgeon friend of his. He met us at the emergency entrance of the hospital. The staff was extremely kind and understanding and very professional. Harriett sensed this and was immediately reassured. After prep she was taken to surgery where Dr. Buchan inserted a metal plate and 5 screws to the broken bone and placed her leg in a cast.

She was released from hospital Wednesday afternoon (12/13). We drove back to KwaSizabantu and I preached the last message I was scheduled to preach at the Conference. We decided to leave on Thursday for the long (1,000 mile+) drive back to the Cape.

We ensconced Harriett in the back seat with pillows so she could extend her left leg right across the seat. We had a cooler box with water, cokes, refreshments etc., and set off at 11:40 a.m. for Bloemfontein, in the Orange Free State. It's just over 400 miles.

We stayed in a nice hotel in Bloem, ordered pizza to our room and had a reasonably good night's sleep. Next morning I brought her breakfast in bed from the buffet down stairs. We left for home around 09:30 and drove the remaining 670 miles, arriving in Cape Town before dark. It was quite an adventure. I'll spare you the details about "rest" stops and getting in and out of the car, etc.

Needless to say, we were glad to be home. Next day I rented a wheelchair to give her some mobility. I learned how to scramble eggs, cook fish, wash and hang up clothes and do lots of things that I previously took for granted. I managed to write the January ITMI newsletter, but most other work had to wait.

We managed to cope with the new circumstances and I was more grateful to God than ever for my sweet, precious wife and all the thousands of things she had done for me across our 55 years together. Now, it was my turn to look after her – and I welcomed the challenge.



Chapter 39

Zambia

February 2007

In February this year I traveled up to Zambia for a series of meetings including the 10th Anniversary of Excellence Christian Academy, the Mission's 200-student education project in Kabwe. The 5-hour celebration honored the students presently there and was attended by some 350 people comprising parents, local pastors and educational dignitaries including the Principle Inspector for the Ministry of Education. I was able to deliver a new computer as well as \$400 in school supplies from the Mission.

We enjoyed hospitality in a local pastor's home. On the initial tour of his house, our host explained that the hot water geyser didn't work and that the cold-water tap could not be turned off and ran a stream all the time. First thing the next morning he asked me if I would like to have a bath? Naturally, I thought he meant a cold bath since the hot water geyser wasn't working. I considered my options. After all, this was only my third day in dusty Zambia. Just then I distinctly heard a magic word: 'hot'. My host was asking me if I would like a hot bath! I jumped at it, or was it that which was on me jumping? I wasn't quite sure.

In a moment he brought a white porcelain wash pan full of boiling water to the bathtub and ceremoniously poured it in. "Let it mix with the cold," he warned. There was no alternative since the cold water ran constantly. By now there was about a ¼ inch of very hot water in the tub mixing merrily with the ice-cold water pouring in from the tap. I quickly judged that my 'window of opportunity' for minimal ablutions would be approximately 45 seconds at a depth of ½ inch and that 'window' would begin in 20 seconds. I made it.

That bath must qualify for honorable mention in the Guinness Book of Records. Seldom have angels seen such wild flaying of arms, hands, feet and legs combined with soap and wash cloth to achieve so much with so little in such a short time. But, Oh, it did feel good!

On Friday, Feb 16, we left early for an all day Pastor's Seminar in Kapiri-mposhi, about 65kms north of Kabwe. We got stuck in the deep mud (from rain the previous night) about half a mile from the Church

where the seminar was to be held. The right rear wheel was completely underground and the left front wheel was about 8” off the ground. Tim was fabulous. He rolled up his sleeves, put the long jack under the right rear of our bakkie, jacked it up while some helping hands shoved a log under the right rear tire. We were ‘out’ in about 17 minutes! Tim hardly broke a sweat. I complimented him on his skillful extraction and he said, “That was easy. My worst one took me 9 hours to dig out!” That’s life in the ‘bush’ you know!

The Seminar was well attended with about 40 pastors, evangelists and full-time Christian workers. Bishop Phiri pitched up late afternoon and brought ‘greetings.’ He’d ridden the bus all the way up from Lusaka - bless him. We brought him back to Lusaka that evening. The bakkie will really only hold 2 people in the front seat - one being the driver. Tim asked me to drive the 2½ hours back to Lusaka, so the Bishop could sit in the front seat. I thanked him, but declined. We were under great pressure to get to Lusaka as we were scheduled to speak to the students at the seminary in Kanyama that evening and it was already 5p.m. Tim knew the way and can maintain a much higher cross-country speed than I could. I rode in the back with Philippe. Most of the literature had been removed, so we could actually lay back all the way - in luxury! We got a few stares from motorists we passed as they saw 2 pair of shoes sticking out the rear window of the bakkie. We smiled and waved back.

We arrived at the seminary at 7p.m. The students had been waiting since 5p.m. We packed a lot into the remaining 30 minutes we had with them, but we learned NOT to schedule meeting so close together when they are physically so far apart.

Saturday the 17th was another all-day Pastor’s Seminar in Bauleni, a suburb of Lusaka. It was the best attended of the week with about 90 present. One pastor came all the way for the DRC (Democratic Republic of Congo) to attend. We took him out for pizza afterwards, but I’m sure he would have preferred *nishima*. We dropped him at the Salvation Army (where he’d booked to stay - we were at the Eureka campground).

We went to visit Rev Jon Jere at the Samaritan Children’s Home. It was my first visit there, and I was really impressed. There are several buildings now, I think about eight altogether, all of which have been built since Jon and Joyce started SCH. They have 67 children now.

We arrived just before sunset so we got to see the set-up he has there. Jon and Joyce were not there when we arrived, but we were greeted by an American couple (from Tennessee) who are living there and working with Jon. Charles and Carol Hawkins have 7 children, six of whom are there with them. Their



oldest daughter has married an English chap who came out to Zambia last year on a short-term mission and made a long-term commitment to their daughter. They now live in Gloster, in the UK.

Charles is a 'tent maker' type of missionary, independently working as a computer IT-guy and serving as a teacher. They home-school all 7 of their kids and have now helped Jon set up a school for the orphans at SCH.

Jon and Joyce arrived about half an hour before we had to leave, but we had a good visit. I was so glad to see them again. I had stayed with them in their home back in '94 just after they were married.

Sunday the 18th was really full. I preached four 1-hour sermons and was pretty tired by the end of the day.

Bishop Phiri and the Chaplains all came to 'see me off' on Monday. The Bishop had arranged for us to all meet together for prayer in the VIP departure lounge. After we prayed, another Bishop (from Brunswick, Mass.) came over and introduced himself and the folks with him. He said, "When I saw you praying, I said 'We need to meet these brothers.'" We appreciated his initiative and enjoyed the fellowship.

My flight was 25 minutes late departing Lusaka, which squeezed us a bit in Jo'burg, but I managed to connect OK. I thoroughly enjoyed this field trip and adjusted to the conditions much faster than anticipated. The first day you watch out for spiders, from then on you let the spiders watch out for you.



Bill with Masai tribesman at Frontline's Great Commission Course

The Cloudy Pillar moves from Africa to Arizona

On our return to Arizona in the summer of 2007 we immediately contacted Dr. Kyle, at Mayo's Clinic. He thoroughly examined Harriett's broken ankle and suggested three alternative procedures. She chose the one that suited her needs the best – complete reconstruction and repair. That was his first choice too, but he left the decision to her.

Surgery lasted 4½ hours, and was a complete success. We were booked to fly back to Cape Town in early September, but the recovery period was much longer than we planned for. In the end we had to reschedule our return flight three times and finally departed the first week in January 2008 – having been in America 7 months – the longest period ever since our move.

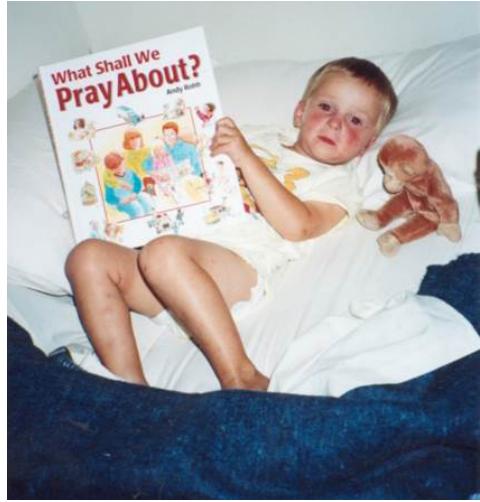
Harriett's broken ankle. How could we possibly have known or anticipated that this was another step in the path of following God that would lead to the winding down of our active, hands-on ministry in Africa? As we had moved painfully through 2007 a combination of factors made us aware that *physically* we were unable to continue making the annual 20,000-mile round-trip trek between Arizona and Africa. Spiritually and medically this was a hard “pill to swallow.”

In addition there was an absence of medical insurance, valid to cover us in South Africa, necessary to meet the obvious recurring need, common to all people in their senior years.



Farewell service at Livingstone Fellowship, August 2008

Plus there was a loss of adequate facilities. A serious ‘brain-drain’ of qualified doctors leaving South Africa, due to the introduction of socialized medicine, combined with the inexperience of remaining indigenous staff, was becoming an increasing problem. After much prayer and heart-searching (not to mention having postponed our return to Cape Town three times) we were convinced that the Lord was showing us that this would be our penultimate trip and quite possibly our last one.



Christopher

During our 7-month visit to USA in 2007, I repeatedly requested that a Board meeting be called so I could share with them this new leading of the Lord in our lives, discuss the plans beginning to emerge and have the benefit of the Board’s counsel, thus giving the earliest possible alert to what was transpiring. These requests were unfulfilled.

We arrived back in Cape Town on Sunday, January 20, 2008. Two weeks later we met with Peter Hammond at Rhodes Memorial on February 5th (while Lenora was in Europe with Daniela’s skating team tour) and outlined our decision to close down our base in Cape Town and return to the USA. Peter shared his thoughts on this plan (which were astonishing). Later, when Lenora returned, we had them over for dinner at *Pennireef* and outlined our plan. We all laughed, because they had been having similar discussions (due to repeated *fatwa* [serious death-threats] to Peter from the Muslims) but were reluctant to mention it to us, because they were worried about “what will happen to Mom and Dad?” So it emerged that both families have been approaching a critical decision point, but from different directions and with a different set of circumstances leading up to a decision.

Timing now became the critical factor. Christopher was facing a possible kidney transplant. In addition to Lenora, there were two volunteer donors; both had been tested and deemed ‘a good match:’ (1) his aunt, Deborah Pelzmann, (who visited us at Easter) and (2) his father, Dr. Peter



Hammond. As a long-time surgical nurse, Harriett understandably wanted to be in Cape Town when the operation took place to assist Lenora with follow-up care.

January or February (the summer of 2009) were mentioned as a possibility – which would mean we would return to the US in July 2008 and then back to South Africa in October. Then it was hinted that the transplant could take place as early as September or October this year – 2008.

Suddenly we were considering postponing our September 2nd return and staying on through the end of the year.

Up until mid-year 2008 all of Christopher's medical care had been at the Red Cross Children's Hospital in Cape Town. Transplants however are done at the famous Groote Schuur Hospital in Cape Town, where Dr. Christian Barnard performed the first human heart transplant over 40 years ago. Now two hospitals were involved. Lenora knew all the specialists at Red Cross, but those at Groote Schuur were unfamiliar to her. Multiple consultants in both renal and endocrine departments of the two major hospitals needed to reach a consensus.

Further tests were ordered along with regular monthly monitoring of his GFR and creatin levels. The levels remained acceptable and it was determined that he was still in a 'growth spurt' mode (having reached puberty), so the decision as to 'when' to transplant remained indefinite. Why? The anti-rejection medication (Prednisone) will retard his growth after the transplant. The predominant wisdom was that the transplant would



Three generations at a Life Chain

probably take place late in 2009 or even 2010.

Selling *Pennireef* and our return to Arizona. After our conversation with Peter in February we contacted our real estate agent and told her that *Pennireef* would soon be coming on line for sale. She met with us mid-month and we discussed the myriad of details surrounding sale of property and transfer of title ownership. We told her, “We’re not in a hurry.” She wrote in early March with an estimate of current value and a *caveat* that the housing market “is depressed; prices were down 23% and tumbling.” She also told us that she had someone “waiting in the wings.”

Perhaps the most frustrating aspect of this long and drawn-out ordeal has been the indefiniteness surrounding Christopher’s transplant. As always, ‘indecision brings frustration.’ We had made the decision to sell, but the actual timing of our move was uncertain. Our lives seemed to have been put ‘on hold.’ This remained unresolved until late May. Once the transplant had been postponed for a significant period of time we began immediately to activate our plan to sell *Pennireef*.

The first week in June our agent brought the lady who’d been waiting to see the house. It was love at first sight! She wanted the house (which by current market prices was down 40%). She was very straightforward in her 4-point offer: (1) “I like the house and location.” (2) “I can’t meet your asking price.” (3) “I will make an offer.” (4) “I don’t like to haggle.” **Good**, neither do we.

Our asking price was based on our agent’s early-March estimate. She suggested we ask a higher price because most buyers will counter with a lower offer and the final deal is made by negotiation. Remember, the current market value had dropped 40%. On the evening of June 3rd our agent phoned to say she had a written offer and would meet us the next morning.

After I put the phone down, Harriett asked me, “What do you think she’ll offer?” I paused for a thoughtful moment and gave her my answer – it was below the higher March estimate, but above the current highest estimate. When the agent came the next morning, with the official (and binding) offer to purchase the house, I was amazed to see that her ‘offer’ was the **exact** figure I’d quoted Harriett the night before. Neither buyer nor seller likes to haggle and there was no need to do so. One advantage for us in all this (one in which we could clearly see the hand of the Lord’s

leading) was that the lady had cash and her purchase did not depend on selling her current house, which in a ‘depressed market’ could have taken many months – maybe years.

Some questions needing answers: It was extraordinary how the Lord had worked in every detail both large and small. His leading had been clear and unmistakable. Some facts: *Pennireef* belongs to the Lord, not to ITMI or us. The price offered was fair high-market value, especially considering the present market circumstances. The buyer offers a cash sale – not dependent on the sale of her present home. We believed that we should be there for Christopher’s transplant. With that as a ‘given,’ what remained to be done? (1) Find a home for Mitch (our little doggie). (2) Conclude all legal affairs associated with the sale of *Pennireef*. (3) Pack up and crate things we want to ship home. (4) Change the air tickets [if necessary] for return date.

The Lord’s ‘exceedingly abundant’ answers: We had often remarked that our little doggie, Mitch, was lonely and needed a canine companion for company, but our little house was too small. He loved children, but there were no little ones around. Our small front yard was about 10’ by 12’ – he needed more room. We advertised with our Veterinarian for someone to adopt him. The first lady to respond brought her little daughter with her. She was looking for a ‘companion’ for her other dog. She lived in a huge home with garden and lawn on three sides and a tennis court. The Lord answered every specific request!

Resignation from ITMI. I believed (and Harriett agreed) that now was the time for me to resign from the Board of Directors and as President of the Mission. So, on Monday, June 2, 2008 I sent my letter of resignation to all the Board members. I was open to and seeking sincere and godly input from the ITMI Board, which had not been forthcoming during our 7-month visit in 2007.

My resignation as President of ITMI and member of the Board, to be effective as of December 31, 2008, was not due to a loss of interest. ITMI had been my whole life and ministry for 28 years since its inception by God’s leading in 1981. I resigned because I did not want my intense interest to be misinterpreted by the Director as ‘micro-managing.’ I needed to step completely out of any control position. If I had zero authority there would not be any question of competition in the decision-making area of

leadership. I felt that was necessary if ITMI was to grow.

My work at the beginning in founding the Mission was to overcome the initial inertia – first gears, so to speak, to start up and begin moving. My goal for years had been to find a new Director for ITMI that would expand the outreach of ministry into 3rd, 4th and 5th gear, taking the Mission to higher levels with new areas of outreach. In so doing, I would be freed-up to get back on the overseas field and join the ground forces again.

Along the way I had reconnected with an *ole* College buddy, Bob Evers, now a successful businessman. He traveled with me on a number of trips to Eastern Europe. As we drove across Poland, Hungary and Romania he listened to my stories of previous journeys there and encouraged me to ‘write a book’ about those experiences. That was the seed thought that grew into ***Going Through – Even if the Door is Closed***, of which this book is the sequel. Bob asked me on one occasion, before embarking on one of our many trips together, if his son Steve (a successful salesman) could go with us. “Of course!” I replied.

That was the beginning of a great friendship. I noticed how quickly Steve adjusted to the different cultures, made new friends, ‘learned the ropes’ and absorbed the overall vision and goal for ITMI. He even knew instinctively how to drive in Europe, which very few Americans were able to manage safely. I soon realized that perhaps God was grooming this man to be in a leadership position in the Mission, thus allowing me to relocate overseas again – this time to South Africa.

I will always be the Founder of In Touch Mission International. The Mission is a direct result of a God-given vision that made ITMI unique among missions. Harriett was with me from the very beginning. Without her organizational skills in those early days the Mission would never have gone anywhere. The Lord used the gifts He had given in His sovereignty to each of us and we worked together with Him as a team. **I was not retiring from missionary work.**

Due to a number of factors, among them our health issues, Harriett and I had been reassessing our priorities. There were some current responsibilities to divest ourselves of while focusing on realistic goals, which we believed could be achieved. Among them were several writing opportunities which I was enthusiastically pursuing, including two

different books: (1) the promised sequel to ***Going Through***, focusing on how the Lord led us and used our ministry (after Eastern Europe) into Latin America, Africa and India and (2) *Wind in Your Fist* (working title), a book telling the truth about Islam. Although I'd made a significant start on both, I was closer to finishing the latter than the former.

It goes without saying that we need to be careful how we present this change of leadership in ITMI. People are quick to form incorrect assumptions and reach premature conclusions that can adversely affect our goals.

First, as a Board, we need to be transparent in our integrity of the new situation. Second, we need to present it factually and honestly to our constituents via the ITMI newsletter. Third, we can and must put forth the most positive presentation possible. To God be the Glory!

An example of how ***not*** to do this occurred in September 2008. A Board member shared with his pastor my letter of June 2, 2008 to the ITMI Board. The Pastor in turn spoke with the Chairman of the Missions Committee and *bingo*, support of 39 years was dropped. No one from the Church ever contacted me to verify my intentions or plans. Whatever spin, intentional or otherwise, that was put on the 'news' adversely affected both the Mission and my personal support. We hoped this could be rectified, but it didn't *need* to happen in the first place. **Question:** How can we avoid a repetition of this as we 'break the news' officially in the next ITMI newsletter?

By contrast, when the Mission Secretary of another Church (that has supported us 33 years) wrote to me about our 'change' – having heard about it quite innocently from a fellow missionary – I responded by saying, "We're not retiring, we're **relocating**. I'll give you full details after I meet with the ITMI Board on October 11th, but until then I'm obliged not to discuss it with anyone." She understood and responded in a most positive manner. Support from that Church continued.

I was open to and sincerely seeking godly advice from the ITMI Board. I stated at that time, "I have no intention of 'retiring.' I'm having too much fun serving the Lord and winning precious souls to Jesus Christ. I plan to die with my 'missionary boots on.'"

The realistic prospect of dying was much closer than I anticipated. Unknown to me, at that moment, cancer was rapidly developing in my lung and without surgery I would be dead within three months.

Following my resignation from the ITMI Board, beginning January 1, 2009, I asked for an opportunity to speak at the March Board meeting and clarify exactly what my new duties would be. It was suggested that I might serve as a ‘consultant,’ or in some other role unrelated to decision-making. I wanted to remain part of ITMI, but there was obviously no other position available for me.

It was late May 2009 when, in order to maintain my integrity as an active missionary, I reluctantly resigned altogether from the Mission God had led me to incorporate 28 years earlier. The June newsletter had already gone to the printer. The earliest announcement that could be made concerning my change of circumstances was the July edition of the ITMI newsletter.

Since I had no further responsibilities at ITMI, and was unwilling to be *put out to pasture*, having always stressed my determination not to retire, I asked the Lord, “What’s next?” I had been Chairman of the Board of Frontline Fellowship (Africa) for ten years and worked closely with the Founder, Dr. Peter Hammond, for the past 24 years. He is a godly man with a great vision (which we share) to fulfill the Great Commission. He insisted that I remain Chairman of the Board, noting that with over 30-years experience of working in Africa (including eight years living in Cape Town), coupled with the convenience of e-mail, fax-machines, Skype and all sorts of other means of modern communication, I could accomplish all my duties in writing, counselling and leadership in Africa from our base in Arizona. My job-description was full time! I like it that way.

I used the “Founder’s Page” in the July 2009 edition of the ITMI newsletter as my *au revoir*, inviting our personal supporters to channel their designated gifts for us through Frontline Fellowship-USA, and gave the address. It was the only mention of this new receipting procedure for personal support.

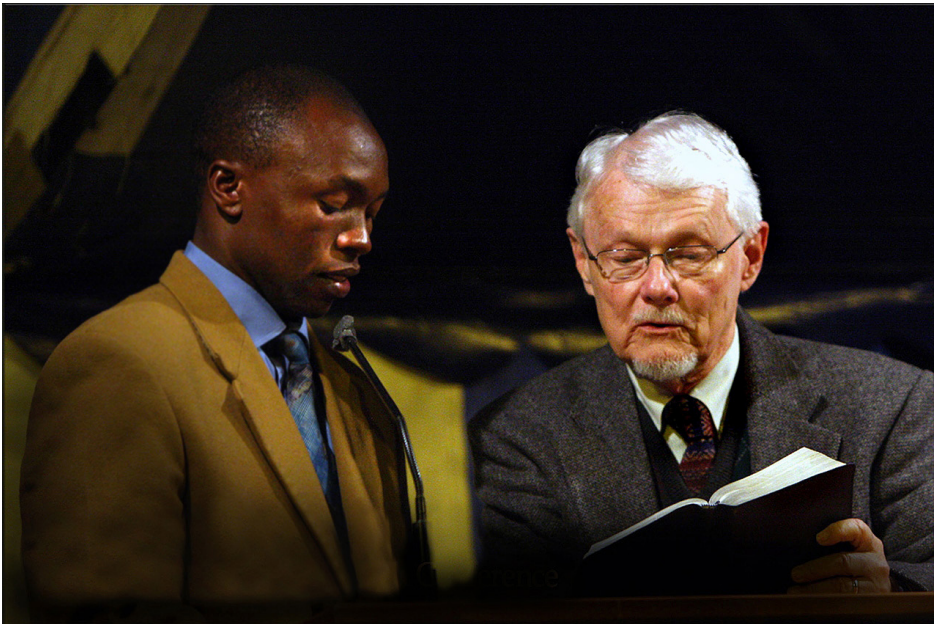
Things were changing at a rapid pace due to my unexpected medical condition. A few days later I had a routine appointment with my cardiologist, Dr. Edward Perlstein. His first question was, “When did you last have a chest x-ray?” I couldn’t remember, it was so long ago. He immediately wrote out a prescription and sent me to radiology and afterwards for a biopsy. The examination revealed carcinoma (cancer) of

the lung. This was a total surprise. I've never been a smoker. The *inside story* was disturbing; there was a 6 centimeter malignant mass in my lower left lung. The surgeon said, "I prefer to operate when it's 3 centimeters."

Nothing surprises the Lord, or catches Him 'off guard,' and **"...all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose."** Romans 8:28. I love the Lord and am certain of His 'call' to serve Him, so by God's grace I qualified in both of those categories. It's always interesting to see what He's up to.

Dr. Perlstein has been my cardiologist ever since my heart attack in 1982. He immediately put me on the fast tract for surgery by his friend, Dr. Kline. After the operation Dr. Kline said, "The mass was 8 centimeters by the time we removed your lower left lobe." Subsequent test confirmed that the cancer had not metastasized (spread). Praise the Lord, He is not finished with me yet! That was June 2009.

Declining health had brought us back to America, but there was still plenty of vital work to be done. God wanted to show me that there was still 'Life, even after lung cancer.'



Bill preaching at the Youth Conference, 2008, KwaSizabantu Mission



Harriett and I with our three lovely daughters: Lenora, Linda and Deborah

The Seasons of Life

Harriett, my dear wife of 60+ years, first introduced me to the concept of life's seasons:

Spring initiates our birth and introduces the innocence of childhood. The new blooms in our garden have tender roots and must be spared environmental extremes. Children are protected from the many dangers of this world by being obedient to their parents. It is a beautiful season of life with cool nights and warm days, with carefree laughter and pure uninhibited joy ... and it is a prelude to –

Summer. The warmth of each day increases significantly as we move into adolescence where the heat of peer-pressure can be overwhelming at times. The dreams of youthful ambition seem unattainable, but we press on regardless. We yearn for “privilege” only to learn that with it comes “responsibility.” This important season soon gives way to –

Autumn. This is the most productive season of our lives. The hard work of summer plowing is rewarded annually with an abundant harvest where we reap what we have sown. With the cooler evening temperatures there is time for us to enjoy the fruit of our labor. It is time for facing truth and reflecting on its consequences. It is a beautiful time, where the mountains and wooded areas are a palette of color as the leaves render their vital factors back to the trees, giving them reserve for winter and reminding us of a spiritual truth, “...*he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.*” Matthew 10:39 We humans, like the leaves, are never more beautiful than when we surrender our lives to our Creator and let Him live His resurrected life in us. Sooner perhaps than we'd like... it is –

Winter. The days are shorter now. Changes brought about by this season have more to do with discovering and coming to terms with our limitations. The secret of this season is to “be content,” not only *with what we have*, but with what we can expect to accomplish in any 24-hour period. The snow has come and the drifts are piled high. Our lives seem circumscribed as we consider what we can and cannot do. We are housebound to a certain extent, but full of praise to the Lord for providing longevity and with it frequent opportunities to mentor younger men and

Going On . . . with a nod from God

exercise a ministry of being *salt* and *light*. The cozy hearth, while less dramatic than the fervid, heated, sweaty blaze of activity during previous seasons, has an attraction all its own. Even our physical appearance has the marks of winter, with snow on the roof, but fire still in the furnace.

The Seasons of Life: gifts from a loving Heavenly Father, granted as a means for us to *glorify Him in our mortal flesh*.

Bill Bathman – Mesa, Arizona, December 2015



Five Specific Leadings of the Lord

In *“Going Through”* I noted how glibly some folks referred to the Lord’s leading in their life: “The Lord led me to the ‘Hut’ for a pizza,” or “to McDonald’s for a burger, Coke and fries.” Wait a minute. God’s leading is serious business. Sometimes we have only one shot at obeying Him – after that, if we don’t follow His instructions, it’s “be content with His second-best.” I can identify on the fingers of one hand, five specific times the Lord has ‘called’ or ‘led’ me in my entire life.

In **1951** the Lord led me to Europe. It wasn’t my choice. I wanted to fly as a missionary pilot in the jungles of South America. That summer changed the direction of my life. For the next 25 years the focus of my ministry was on Europe. When we moved to Europe we had no plans to return home. Europe was now our ‘home.’ We intended to serve God in Europe until we died and then be buried there. When our Lord said, *“Go into all the world and preach...”* He didn’t say anything about coming back!



Then, **1976**, after 15 years of working behind the Iron Curtain in Eastern Europe, the Lord showed us that, “...as the communist world expands, so does your mission field.” That was logical, but did that involve a move and if so, where? The only specific direction I had was a simple word from the Lord, *“Spend the winter in a place where it’s warm and dry.”* God definitely led us to move from Austria to Arizona.

In **1981** the Lord gave me explicit instructions to launch a new Mission, and ITMI was born. Those who remember the four ‘Carter years’ (1976-1980) know that America was considered weak and vulnerable, thus creating a power vacuum. The Marxists filled that void and annexed 14 countries in those four years. Communism *was* expanding and so did ITMI’s ministry, with outreach into Central and Latin America, Africa and India while continuing our work in Europe.



At the battlefield in Sudan

Following 20 years of working on five continents from our Arizona base, we appointed a new Director for ITMI. In **2001** the Lord unmistakably led us to move from Arizona to Africa. I was 74 at that time and considered this to be our last move. We intended to minister from our new home in Cape Town until the Lord took us to our new ‘home’ being carefully prepared by His nail-pierced hand (John 14:2, 3). We even had a burial place reserved among our dear Zulu friends in Natal. But God had one more move planned for us.

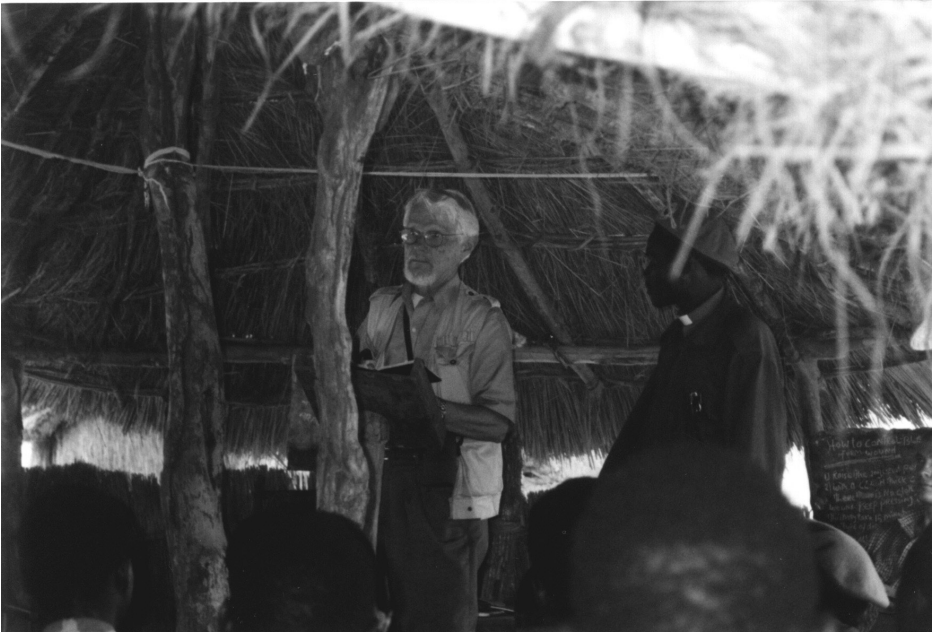
In **2008**, without question, the Lord tenderly led us to leave our beloved Africa and return to the mission field of America to spend the Winter of our lives in *a place where it’s warm and dry*.



Preaching at the battlefield in Sudan



The Church that will not die. Fraser Cathedral in Lui has survived ten aerial bombardments by the National Islamic Front government of Sudan.



“Preach the Word...”



Coming in for a bush landing

Epilogue

Without realizing it, every human being is confronted in some way or another with death every day. For example: You're walking to school or driving to work and some careless motorists coming toward you is 'texting' a message and not paying attention. The car drifts across the median and there is a terrible crash. Your life is prematurely ended. Are you ready for the unexpected? We all have an unavoidable Divine appointment: "*It is appointed for men to die once, but after this Judgment.*" Hebrews 9:27

During my various hospital confinements in the first decade of the 21st Century, I had many opportunities to witness for Christ. I knew that the doctors, nurses and techs were very busy and there were many other patients needing their attention more than I did.

With that in mind, I developed a logical, very short, 3-point means of witnessing that any born-again Christian can easily adapt. In closing this book let me share it with you in the hope that it can be used to help you win many precious souls to Jesus.

I begin with:

"I've learned one thing about Life" – [that gets their attention and arouses curiosity, 'what has this old man learned about 'life?' There is a brief pause while they wait for the answer.]

"We never get out of it 'alive!'" [There's usually a laugh in agreement with this obvious truth.]

"So, the *only* way to live...is to be ready to die." [That's logical. Remember the Divine appointment?]

"And the *only* way to be *ready* to die – is to know Jesus Christ as your personal Savior." [*For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.*" John 3:16 "*But as many as received Him, to them He gave the right to become children of God, to those who believe in His name.*" John 1:12]

Jesus Christ once said to a professional fisherman, "*Follow Me. I will make you a fisher of men.*"

Dear reader, I wish you – "Good fishing!"



About the Author

Bill Bathman is a Missionary Evangelist who has served the Lord for 67 years. He and his wife, Harriett, lived in Europe for 22 years where his primary field for evangelism was in the communist countries of Eastern Europe during the Cold War. He distributed New Testaments to Soviet soldiers as they invaded Czechoslovakia in August 1968, ministered in Nicaragua during the communist takeover in 1979 and was preaching in Romania at the time of the Revolution in 1989.

His insights into current events is enhanced by his extensive travel to more than 110 countries. For ten years he hosted a daily radio program *In Touch* and for over 20 years was the Editor of a monthly geo-strategic newsletter, *Global Glance*.

His book, *“Going Through...Even if The Door is Closed”* is a personal account of those missionary experiences behind the Iron Curtain during the Cold War years. *“How’d You Hurt Your Hand?”* contains 101 contemporary Bible studies in the Gospel of Matthew. *“Angola by the Back Door”* catalogues one dramatic series of Missions behind enemy lines in Africa.

In 2001 Bill and Harriett moved to Cape Town, South Africa and worked extensively for the next 8 years throughout Africa, ministering in Namibia, Zambia, Zimbabwe, Malawi, Kenya, Sudan and the Congo.

They have three adult children, Deborah, Linda and Lenora; ten grandchildren: Thomas, Lenora and Oliver, Vincent, Daniel and Jesaja, Andrea, Daniela, Christopher and Calvin, plus seven great-grandchildren: Johannes, Matthias, Madilyn Mae, Emmalyn Grace, Miriam, Sebastian and Jeremy.

Rev. Bill Bathman is the Chairman of the Board of **Frontline Fellowship**, an African Mission, based in Cape Town, South Africa, ministering throughout Africa and Europe

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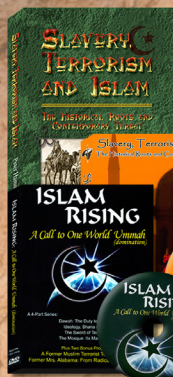
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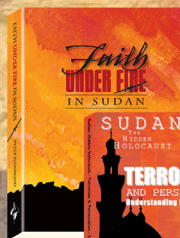
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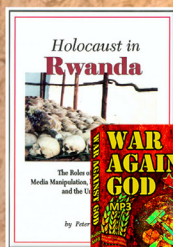
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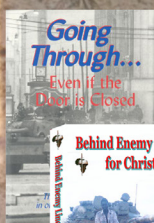
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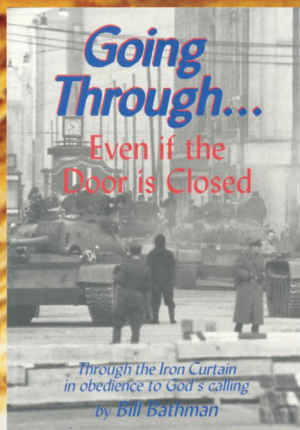


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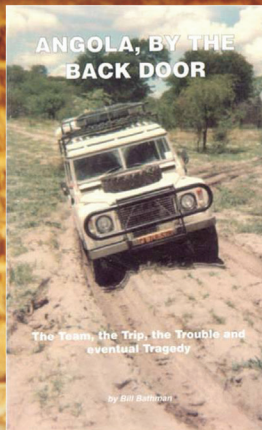
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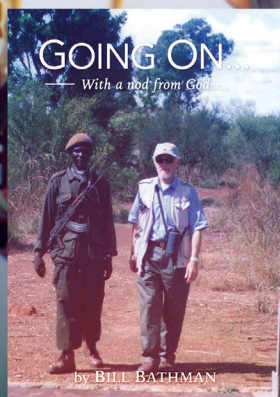
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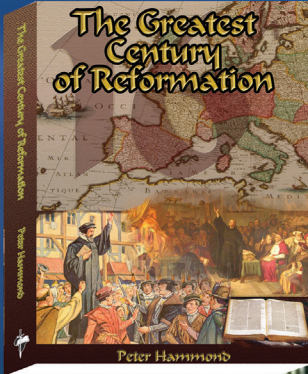
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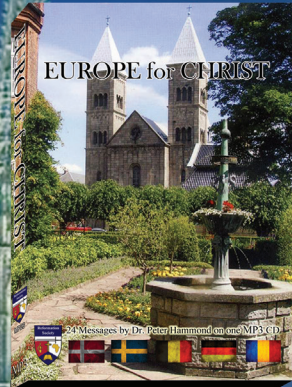
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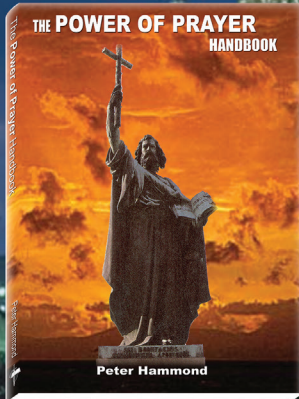
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*"All authority has been given to Me in Heaven and on earth.
Go therefore and make disciples of all nations...
teaching them to observe all things that I have commanded..."*

Matthew 28:18-20

*"...The harvest truly is plentiful,
but the labourers are few. Therefore,
pray the Lord of the harvest to send out
labourers into His harvest." Matthew 9:37-38*

PRAY FOR AFRICA

*"He shall have dominion also
from sea to sea, and from
the River to the ends
of the earth. Those who
dwell in the wilderness
will bow before Him,
and His enemies will
lick the dust."
Psalm 72:8-9*



*"Cush will submit to God."
Psalm 68:31*

*"From beyond the
rivers of Ethiopia, My
worshippers, the daughters
of My dispersed ones,
shall bring My offering."
Zephaniah 3:10*

AFRICA FOR CHRIST

*"That at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those
in Heaven, and those on earth, and of those under the earth, and every
tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."*

Philippians 2:10-11

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