

Doug's Report

June has been an eventful month. In addition to my usual studies I have been able to experience first hand the threat of thieves and my first bout with malaria.

I will first discuss the studies. Through the Lord's grace I was able to conduct four preachers' studies this month.

The first was conducted at the Myapa church building which is at the foot of the beautiful Mount Mulanje.

Approximately fifty men attended the study. I conducted a study at Myapa last year as well, but for most of the preachers this year it was a new experience. Several of those who attended last year will attend at different places this year.

My second study was at Gunde which is near Lilongwe, the capital of Malawi. I had to stay at a little bed and breakfast place and drive back and forth daily to this study. It was a one hour commute every day over some of the dustiest roads I have ever been on. The shrubs on the side of the road were just brown with dust. It was during this time that I first started noticing I was feeling a little bad with a low grade fever.

The third study was at the Manjolo congregation only about an hour driving time from the



Study at the bottom of Mulanje



house. It was the closest driving distance to the house that I will have all year. During the second day I started getting the chills pretty bad and decided to go home early that day and ended up cancelling the rest of the study. We had approximately sixty men come to this study.

Our fourth study was at Luo on the Mozambique-Malawi border. It was a three hour drive over some of the roughest roads imaginable. I even got stuck in the mud once, but fortunately with a four-wheel drive vehicle I was able to get out. I had the thrill of having David, my son, go with me to this study. Thirty men attended this study and for about half of them it was their first study.

Now the thieves. While in Lilongwe, staying at a three room bed and breakfast place, I was awakened at 2:30 am by a loud noise that sounded like a gun shot. A few seconds someone screamed and I thought that thieves were breaking in and had shot someone, I sat up in bed and listened for a bit. I remember thinking, "Well, this is it. I am about to be robbed," I then looked out the window in time to see someone running away. The next morning I discovered that thieves had indeed come and the loud noise I heard was them trying to break in the front door. The night watchman came running and

chased them away.

It was while I was staying in Lilongwe that I first noticed that I was running a low fever. Dr. Doug's first diagnosis was that I was having a sinus infection. When I arrived home I started taking some antibiotics that I had for this problem, but the fever continued. Then I started to develop the chills. One afternoon I was going through a study at Manjolo and just felt like I was freezing (in the middle of Africa!) and decided that I had better get home. I drove back home and immediately went to bed. The next morning I went to see the doctor who gave me a malaria test. The test was negative but he suspected that it was malaria and so he treated me for that. It took a few days to get over it but I am feeling fine now. Of course, I suspect that David and Amanda's arrival has helped with any sickness I may have had.

Debbie and I have been taking a malaria preventive for a year but just last month decided to go off of it. It's usually not too good to stay on those things for very long anyway because of the side effects. I guess that I can say that I am now a veteran missionary because most of the ones I know have had malaria several times. Malaria is a lot like flu. One runs fever and has chills along with aches and pains. Generally, though, medication is needed to overcome the sickness.

REPORT FROM THE MALAWI BRETHERN

"How beautiful are the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace..." Rom. 10:15

Marko Alfred Getina is working with churches in the Chikwawa District of southern Malawi

I was born in 1964 at

children. I started preaching in 2001 and I am working together with thirty-three churches. I'm very pleased to work together with brother Doug Edwards. He is a good teacher because he works hard.

Bro. Suwed chose Bro. Getina to be a part of the Drip Irrigation project last month. He is from an area that received little rain. Bro. Suwed made a trip by bus to meet with Bro. Getina, then hired a bicycle taxi to take him 10 miles to his house. He demonstrated to Bro. Getina how to set up the beds and the bucket irrigation system. We will send a photo as soon as Bro. Getina has plants growing.



Malombe Village in the Traditional Authority of Kasisi. I am married to Enelesi Petulo. We have five

Meet Bro. S. W. Nkhwazi



Bro. S. W. Nkhwazi is a preacher working in the Nsanje Province in southern Malawi. He and his wife have eight children. He works with several congregations throughout that area preaching and strengthening established churches. He was specifically chosen to move to that area a few years ago because he has proved to be very capable in doing the Lord's work. He attended three preacher's studies in a row earlier in the year encouraging other preachers that had never attended before.

Using a Translator in Malawi

I want everyone to understand that I do not consider myself a well versed preacher by any means. I also want everyone to know that I am self diagnosed with AADD (American attention deficit disorder). I think that our society, in the states, has groomed our minds so that we have serious difficulty paying close attention, to anything, for an extended period of time. This is not a conducive component when preaching with a translator for the first time.

Our first Sunday service, here in Malawi, was in a small village out in the bush. We had services under a structure made of branches and bundles of grass. As soon as the songs were over, Dad turned to me and said, "Okay, you can preach as long as you want." I stood up, walked up next to a small table and joined Brother Davidson, one of our fantastic preachers and translators. I began to speak. For those of you that have never heard a foreign language or used a translator, it is very different. I had to speak in short sentences or fragments. There must be a high level of focus in order to remember what you said, what you are about to say, and where are you going with these thoughts. The breaks between what I was saying and what the translator was



saying is not the most difficult part. In fact, it is what happens in these gaps.

For example, I might say, "Then Jesus, with love in His heart, turned to him and said...". While the translator is speaking. I might see a group of kids scuffling in the back, some cows and chickens run by, get a whiff of what they are cooking over a fire, get distracted by the horse fly the size of a crow trying to nest in my hair, or the thousand other distracting smells and sights. It is when I notice these things that I hear the translator finish.

I had to think to myself, "What in the world did I just finish saying?"

Regardless of all these distractions, I managed to make it through the sermon. I have so much appreciation for Dad and our other missionaries. They truly have conquered our "American disease".

This has all been a very interesting and exciting opportunity, so far. I hope to have many stories and experiences to share when I come home.

AMANDA'S EXPERIENCE



There is a popular song called "I Can Only Imagine." In it is the question, "Will I dance for you, Jesus, or in awe of you, be still?" I am learning the answer to that question while I am here in Africa. I see and experience many things that I never before have. The electricity is unreliable, so I was in a

supermarket during a blackout. I've been bombarded by street salesmen just to purchase a chunk of carved wood. I watched a little girl cry and hide behind her mom because she was scared of me for being white. I saw a dog tinkle in some brush, and only moments later, a barefooted child walked in the exact same spot. I even speak a little Chichewa. Above and beyond all of this, though, was the happy lady in yellow. The Christian women here have a tradition of singing, dancing, and leading the missionaries' vehicle to the location of worship.

So, as the happy lady in yellow sang and danced outside the car, I sat, mustering up my courage, on the inside of the car. When I got this courage, (it didn't take long), I opened the door and hopped out. She met me in front of the car, and we danced together with our elbows locked. Then, before I knew it, we were holding hands. My fingers were intertwined with these beautiful African fingers. I looked over at her. She smiled; so did I. I felt united. I felt pure joy. I felt a barrier recede. This woman's name, I do not know, but I know the answer to the question, "Will I dance for you, Jesus, or in awe of you, be still?" My answer is "Yes!" Yes, I do think I will. And maybe, just maybe, I will praise Him and dance for him holding hands again with the happy lady in yellow. My sister.



A Mom's Perspective

The Lord has answered my prayers. It has been a request of mine that He make it possible for my sons to experience Africa in their adulthood. He did. They have. I am pleased. It is quite different from seeing it as a child. David and Amanda arrived only six days ago and already know Chichewa greetings and other words. Each day has held something new for them. **Day 1** was grocery shopping, a trip to the doctor with Doug, an encounter with the street vendors using their pressure sales techniques and a funeral. **Day 2** A two hour trip to a village church. Seeing pedestrians walking and bicyclers biking on the road. Sitting under a grass arbor. Singing in an unknown (to them) tongue. Listening to preaching with a translator. After services David playing soccer with the little boys using a rock for a ball. Going that evening to see Amber (Bill and Daisy's granddaughter) in a play. **Day 3** An hour and a half trip to worship with another village church. Being greeted by the sisters and brothers on the road and Amanda jumped out and danced and sang with the sisters. David preaching with a translator to an audience of people sitting on the ground. Having our lunch/supper meal late late in the afternoon. **Day 4** Doug took off to a preacher's study. David and Amanda stayed behind with me to catch up on their sleep (he had to leave at 6), we visited in the morning with a British friend and her daughter. Went to lunch near an art gallery close to the house. Drove to a town not far from us and took a tour of a carver's workshop (three ramshackled rooms with no roofs). Went down the road a little and toured the Malawi Council for the Handicapped and watched the blind and deaf weaving and spinning and the lame sewing. **Day 5** David went with Doug to the preacher's study. Amanda and I visited Sister Maggie Kasambwe in the morning and ate boiled eggs that had been deep fried. Then in the afternoon Sister Kasinda and her three English speaking daughters came to visit us and told Amanda all about the Malawian customs of dating, engagements, weddings, and education. It was such a treat for her. **Day 6** Amanda went with me to a ladies Bible study. Then in the afternoon she went with Gladys and me to visit Sister Robin and traveled on some very rough roads, was chased by thirty little kids screaming "azungu" (white person) and enjoyed holding a baby named Ruth.

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