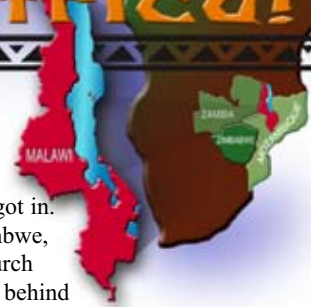


the church of Christ in MALAWI

the warm heart of Africa!

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Jerry's Report

This report is being written from Blantyre, where I have been for the last two weeks. Linda and I came here to pick up the new pickup being shipped in from Japan. The pickup is here and all the paper work is in order, but still we do not have the pickup. To be as kind as I know how, the process is slow. To begin with, quite a bit is involved in ordering a vehicle such as this. Everything is prepaid, shipping agents are involved, as well as banks, customs, clearing agents, etc. But now we must wait until the Malawi Revenue Authority acknowledges our Certified Bank Draft covering the duty on the vehicle. The clearing agency, or no one else, can do anything until this is done. I could only wish the whole matter were as simple as this paragraph.

Linda has had to return to Mzuzu to take care of the rent, bills, and other matters requiring attention at home. It was too dangerous for her to drive alone, so Lester Kasambwe drove her back in our car. Lester works for the church and is a very talented translator, translating our tracts, lessons etc. into Chichewa. He has one of the best speaking voices I have ever heard, making an ordinary speaker sound pretty good. Two other translators from Blantyre, a generation older than Lester, are as good at translating

as any I have ever heard. They are Lester's father, Davidson Kasambwe, and Stephen Kasanda.

Lester also delivers grape juice to outlying areas. He knows his way around and he knows how to drive. I mention this because he drove my car to Mzuzu for Linda, and beat my time for the trip by over one half hour. We have a good car and it can take it, but I still cannot figure out how he did this (that is, beat my driving time).

Doug is already doing his studies, and mine begin next week; at least, that is the plan. These continue until the first week of November. My Lord's day schedule is also in place.

Before Linda left for our home in Mzuzu, Doug and Debbie had an attempted break in here one night. The chain length fence was cut and neatly laid open. But apparently the three German Shepherd dogs the Edwards' have, and hopefully their two guards, stopped the attempt. (I notice the guards have been awake during the night since then.) The thieves skipped the house next door and hit the next one. That house has a high brick wall around it, with several strands of

barbed wire on top, so I don't know how they got in. Davidson Kasambwe, who lives on church property, but not behind a fence, also lost some things he had left out in the open. What about Linda in Mzuzu? She has two guards at all times, and we keep the area well lighted at night. I will not dwell on the subject, but we all do the best we can to secure ourselves, and it seems we are doing the right things.

I travel with Doug and do some of the preaching while down in this area. The churches are much larger and probably a hundred times more numerous from the middle of Malawi south. That is the reason we are in Mzuzu; that is, to help extend the work further north. I am also developing another series of studies in my spare time. Possibly they one day can be used in Malawi.

The Edwards' are always very, very busy in the work, and at the same time have been so kind to me. I have sort of moved in on them, and they have made my stay away from home a lot easier. Also, Bill and Daisy Davis sometimes come into this area, and I have really enjoyed visiting and being with them.

The work I was sent to do is on schedule, and all our little problems will soon be history. Our love and best wishes to everyone. Please continue to pray for us.



THE MALAWI BRETHREN

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

parents being members of the church. I was taken with my parents to church every Sunday. This encouraged me to become a strong Christian.

I was baptized in 1960 and since then I began to feel the need of preaching the Word of God to the lost. So I began preaching when I was 32 in Mozambique. In 1980 I came to Malawi following my parents here as our home land. Now I am currently working with the churches of Christ with 20 churches which I established myself through the power of the Almighty God.

It is important to me as a preacher to grow spiritually so I

spend every Sunday going to different places for preaching at their gatherings. This gives me an opportunity to meet the Christians. When they gather together they are in a good number. My will is not to go back but to go forward and to strengthen the churches, and those who chosen to be preachers. I should be also encouraging them.

Some sit on the ground on grass or leaves, some on mud benches, plastic or handmade wooden chairs. These sisters and others sat for hours on rocks during worship.

My name is Daceson Sulani I was born in the year 1932 in Thyolo District at Moheriwa Village T/A Changata. I was married on 19th May 1951 and my wife's name is Meffa and we have four children. I was raised in a Christian home with both of my



Doug's Report

Our Sunday preaching trips are often adventures. We never attend the same congregation on consecutive Sundays. In fact, other than visiting the Blantyre congregation during January and February, we have only visited with one other congregation twice. Each Sunday brings a new congregation in different parts of Malawi.

On the 8th of April we made a trip to visit the Magomero congregation in the Machinga district which is about 100 miles north of Blantyre. We left at 7:30 am thinking that would give us plenty of time. By now we should have known better. We picked up two preachers about half way there and then climbed the mountain that led to our destination. We left the paved road thinking that we would soon be there, but that would soon be proved false.

The dirt road we initially started on was pretty good and I remember thinking to myself that this trip might go pretty quickly. Not too long into the trip the road began to narrow. Then it turned into a foot path. Before long I am not sure that what we were on could even be considered a foot path, maybe one for ants. There were several turns that we had to make and I knew that if we didn't have someone to help us get back we might drive for years in the bush and never get out. At one point there was a gully on one side and rows of dirt where the folks had planted their chimanga (corn). We crawled over these rows very slowly and still everyone bounced and bumped all over the place. If you didn't need a chiropractor before the trip you

probably needed one after it was over.

Then we came to a creek with a pretty sharp bank to climb on the other side. The bank going up on the other side was muddy so I was a little concerned about making it. Fortunately, our vehicle has 4-wheel drive and we made it up without much of a problem. Once we crossed the creek the church building was not far off. It was after 11 am when we arrived. Services were scheduled for 10, but they had not started and were waiting for us. We had a good service. The brethren were enthusiastic even after waiting so long.

It was 1:30 before we started back to Blantyre. The preacher who guided us to this congregation did not ride back with us. One of the other preachers who rode with us was supposed to know the way out but we soon learned that he was as lost as we were. We had barely started back when we took the wrong path. There were small boys running along behind us who yelled that we were going the wrong way. I had

to back the Nissan down the path because there was no place to turn around. We got lost two or three times going back and each time the boys helped us get back on the right path. Each time I had to slowly back the Nissan up since there was no place to turn around. We might still be driving around in the bush today without their help! They finally guided us back to the larger footpath where we could make our way home. Debbie rewarded them with a box of cookies.

We arrived home at 5:15 in the afternoon tired and exhausted. It was one of the most

Gifts (Mphatso)



This group of Christians was eager to share their harvest with us . . . avocados, cabbage, peanuts, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, beans, potatoes, eggs, and a chicken.

grueling trips we have been on so far. What I thought was most interesting about the trip was that even the preachers who live and regularly travel in the bush commented that this was the real bush.

LINDA'S EXPERIENCE

While traveling from Karonga to Mzuzu one Sunday afternoon, I asked Jerry to stop the car so I could take a picture of Lake Malawi. When I opened the car door, not more than 20 feet from the car there was a baboon among the trees. I quickly took the picture as it was moving further into the foliage. We have seen baboons a few times in the road between Lilongwe and Mzuzu, but by the time I get my camera out of the case, they have disappeared into the trees beside the road. So I was happy that we just happened to stop almost right beside this baboon.

One note of interest: A few weeks ago, I was apologizing to the young man who cleans the house on Mondays (he is a night guard Tuesday-Friday nights) because there were several dead insects on the living room floor. I don't know how these insects which look like huge brown flies (at least one inch long) were



getting into the house unless they were flying down the chimney. After they buzzed my head a few times, I went and got the fly swatter and killed them. Well, the young man picked up one

of the dead insects and said, "This is our relish," meaning they cook these insects and eat them. So I profusely apologized for killing his relish. Then just tonight I was talking with one of the other night guards, and he grabbed one of the insects and put it into his mouth and ate it. After I got through grossing out and making all of these weird noises and groans, I told him he should at least cook them before he ate them. He just laughed and said, "They are sweet."

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