

the church of Christ in MALAWI

the warm heart of Africa!

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Jerry's Report

First, I will make a brief comment about my studies. Because of the nature of the work in the northern area, all the studies are away from Mzuzu a long way (time-wise). But for me, they are a pleasure. In many ways, they are like the old-time brush arbor meetings we used to have in America. Here we have "studies" but outsiders drift in. In the study before the last one, a bright young man (maybe 35) was there that I did not know was not a member. He and all his family (I think 8 in all) were going to be baptized. In the last study that ended this week, the village chief came and we feel certain will be baptized. Also, a woman quietly slipped in and listened intently and then left quietly. I learned that she was interested in baptism and wished to hear that subject.

Many of you have heard of Linda's and my experience with robbers a few days ago. It was not a new experience for me, having had similar experiences when I lived here years ago. I am not easily shaken, but because of the way this robbery developed, I will freely confess I was as deeply affected as Linda. We have two watchmen, and the area around the house covers about an acre, with a lot of growth away from the house. The outside of the house is

surrounded by light. All windows and doors have burglar bars. We heard our young dog bark at 11:30pm, and I looked out every window and turned on inside lights. I could not see the watchmen, not knowing at that very moment six men, with two guns, were binding up the watchmen, hands, feet and gags. Something I thought odd was that all lights were out on the back of the house. At 12:30am, again the dog barked, and again when I looked out nothing seemed different; and, again, we couldn't see the watchmen. We were very, very uneasy. I looked out the living room window a second time and at that very moment I saw four men crouched and creeping past with poles and other things in their hands.



Blaitoni Mapanga, 27, and Bauleni Chitsulo, 28, are the guards who helped protect us the night of the attempted robbery along with our 6 mo. old Boerboel pup, Buster.

The next door neighbor is a member of Parliament, and he had told us if we ever needed help to call him, for he had a shotgun. Linda called and I began shouting out the window, not knowing that there were six robbers, with two guns, and they were not 30 feet away, around the corner of the garage, along with our two tied-up watchmen. The shouting apparently stopped them and about that time the neighbor fired off two blasts with his shotgun, and the robbers bolted. One of our watchmen was beaten, and, with gun to

head, demanded he tell all he knew about the inside of our house.

Obviously, it is not easy to get into our house, but we are busy beefing up security even more. Doug and Debbie have located some Boerboel pups (the same type as our Buster); they have bought two, one for themselves and one for us. The Lord was with us, and we continually thank Him for His love and care. Your prayers have been answered in our behalf. The church at Green Oaks has written the MP next door a letter of thanks, which greatly impressed him and his family.

I feel the churches in America will not refuse to help the missionaries secure ourselves better over here. Recently the Permenters in Zambia lost four guard dogs in one night to poison. Bennie Cryer, while living in Zambia, was stabbed several times in an attempted car-jacking a few years ago. The Davises, who now live in Mozambique, when they lived in Zimbabwe, were at gun point tied up in their home and robbed. A couple months go when I was in Blantyre at the home of Doug and Debbie Edwards, robbers cut their fence, but were driven away by their guard dogs. Some brethren in the States are already checking on electronic equipment for us. None of us are refusing to do this work, and none of us are running for our lives. But these experiences greatly affect us all, and especially our wives. Also, we must avoid at all cost someone getting badly hurt or killed. We thank all of you for your continuing support, encouraging words through emails and phone calls, and prayers.



THE MALAWI BRETHREN

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

My name is Josephy Ali Chamba. I was born in 1942 in Blantyre District in the village of Jossam T/A Nsomba. When

I was young, I was schooling at Mpemba School. During that time, my parents both were members of the Church of Christ. I was baptized when I was 12 years in 1960. After I completed my school, I put much effort on Bible study and making practices for preaching.

When I was 28 years, I married Dorrothy and God blessed us with 12 children, but 4 have lost their lives. This family practices obedience to the

Father Almighty God. I started preaching the gospel without fear when I reached 31 years. A preacher named Mauwa was the one who taught me. He would take me every Sunday to go to different areas and in doing so I learned. I was ordained when I was 36 and became a full time preacher. As of now I am working with 9 churches which I started myself through the power of God.

To those who are lost, I teach and preach so that they should come to God. As a preacher, I spend my days moving to see those who are sick and lost to make prayers with them. My future plan is to make the work to be growing, establishing churches and also I will teach some men to become preachers for tomorrow. I ask God to give me good knowledge.

Meet Bro. & Sis. James Memba

Brother James Memba is a preacher of the gospel in the southwestern part of Malawi in Neno. He and his wife have eleven children, eight still remain at home. Their eldest children are school teachers and one son is training to become a preacher.



Doug's Report

Growth among the Malawian churches occurs in different ways. The most obvious type of growth is numerical and visible and can be seen in the baptism of new Christians and the establishment of new congregations. Spiritual growth is not always visible, but it is present, and it is a joy to see it occur.

This month I held a study at a place called Namadidi (pictured below). It is not far from Blantyre, about an hour driving time. This is an area where we have had some church problems in the past. One particular brother held control over a small group of churches and would not let them work with us even though they wanted to do so. He had enough clout (political power over here) to keep some of the preachers from attending our studies. His behavior reminded me of a church leader in the New Testament named Diotrephes whom the apostle John described in 3 John 9-10. I am happy to say that just recently the local brethren in the area removed this brother from power and are back working with us again. Several of these

preachers attended the study and the remark was made several times that they felt like free men and the chains had been broken. What a joy it is to see

brethren remove spiritual dictators and seek for peace and unity (Psalm 133:1).

One Sunday morning we had an appointment near

Blantyre. I am always thankful for short trips and being able to get home early. I should have known better. The brethren told me that we would have to park the Nissan and walk part of the way because the vehicle would not make it. What they really didn't tell me was that the church building was located on the top of a mountain. We parked the truck and started

walking. We crossed a creek by jumping across on the tops of rocks that were standing out of the water. Then we started to climb, and climb, and climb. If you look in the picture above you can see the path that we took which in this case looks like a string. At one point I asked the guys how far this church building was from where we parked. They answered about three kilometers (1.8 miles). I am afraid that I am not the same young, energetic fellow that I was thirty years ago. Debbie and I had worked up a pretty good sweat by the time we got to the top and the

Corn & Rice..Staple Food



brethren? They hardly broke a sweat. We had a large meeting that day. There was something like 600 people there. I don't know where they all came from. The trip down was just as fun as coming up.

Thank you, brethren, for your continued interest and prayers for the work here.



DEBBIE'S EXPERIENCE

Last Thursday I made a nice day trip to Zomba (an hour and a half) with Maggie Kasambwe to see my new name sake. Families don't name their babies for a few weeks usually and many times the grandfather picks out the name. Since the baby is from Maggie's side of the family and she is the grandmother the job was hers to name the baby. She gave me the honor of naming it. Deborah was born June 7th to Martha and Sanderson Bwanali. Martha is 21 and Sanderson is 27. Deborah is their firstborn. Maggie doesn't have any birth children, but she calls all her nieces and nephews her children. Sanderson's father (Maggie's uncle) died when he was a teenager. Maggie took him in and finished his raising and educated him. All schools require tuition, uniforms, etc. so that was quite a commitment for her as a single woman. After he graduated from what we call high school and couldn't find a job, she asked him to stay on and run her farm since she had married Davidson five years ago and lives so far away in Blantyre.



When she was sick with malaria a year ago, he came to Blantyre and took care of her. She raises corn to eat and rice to sell. This year she harvested 116 50kg bags of rice which is quite a feat for a

farmer with a hoe and ponga knife for tools. Two years ago Maggie decided it was time for Standerson to take a wife so she went south to visit with one of our preachers in the Nsange area and asked him to pick a wife for her son. Bro. Nkwazi chose Martha a beautiful hardworking young woman. She only has what we might call a second grade education. So Martha and Sanderson married and stay in Maggie's house in the village and take care of her farm.

NOTE: New email addresses

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