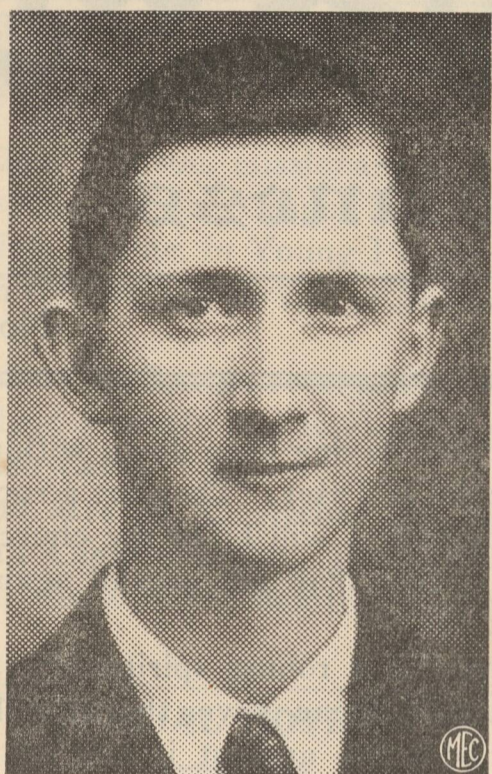


A DESCRIPTION OF THE WEDDING

By Mrs. Eugene Kierstead



The wedding day, April 17th, dawned bright and lovely. Because of the shortage of gas, etc., only five near-by white families were present, but many natives, some said about five hundred but I thought there might be more.

The bridal party started for the church before two. Brother Charles Sanders, Eugene, who performed the ceremony, and Frank Sanders and Harold Kierstead, the best man, entered the wide door and took their places beside the beautiful arch of green, with pink flowers, and awaited the bride's party—they entered by the large front doors. Grace Sr. and Grace Jr. were the bridesmaids, and behind them came Kenneth and a dear little girl just his size. They carried, between them, a pretty basket full of petals to strew in the bride's path. Reginald was the little page and carried the ring. Brother George Sanders gave the bride away and also helped with the ceremony. The bride looked very nice and carried a beautiful bouquet of pink and cream roses that were picked that morning from Mrs. H. C. Sanders' old flower garden and made up by her granddaughter Grace.

It was a lovely service. The Spirit of the Lord was very present. As I listened to the sacred service I wished that friends from the

homeland could be present, especially the dear mothers of Rev. and Mrs. Sanders. While the register was being signed, Mrs. D. M. MacDonald sang: Oh, Perfect Love."

A very bountiful wedding lunch was served after the custom of this land. German neighbours had come the day before and made beef sausages and these were roasted over a camp fire. A most beautiful wedding cake had been made by friends and was much enjoyed by all.

The newlyweds received a number of nice gifts of dishes, linen and money, and the natives from the Hartland area presented them with nearly \$40. Rev. Alfred Metula wants them to visit his section as they wish also to take up an offering for them and the natives from Altona wish to do the same. It shows the kindly feeling they have for their missionaries, doesn't it?

One of our Hartland workers came to me one day, and said, "Nkosikazi, I think we are going to like our new missionary very much." I said yes, I felt sure they would. Then she went on to say that she had seen her several times but not once had she seen her looking cross; she was always smiling. I thought then, how closely we are watched! May He keep us all at our best for Him.

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona M. S.

April 21, 1945

Dear Highway Friends:

It is time to write another letter to you, and I am glad to have quite a number of interesting events to tell you about. My Highway letters are getting more difficult to write as I sometimes lack interesting material. On May 1st we will complete six years of mission work on this Station. When I arrived, it was all so new and different. I just longed for more time to write about all the different things that I saw and did. Now, even the snakes cause very little excitement and I soon forget all about them.

As I sit here, this beautiful fall morning, and look out over the dry grass, the lovely blue sky and white clouds, I am thinking much of the last six years. How little I thought we would be called upon to meet some of the testings that have come our way and how little I knew of the blessings God had in

store for us. No matter how thick the fight, He hasn't failed once and my heart overflows with love and gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

Our older boys are enjoying their school much better this year and we expect to send Reginald in August. It will be very hard indeed to have him away from us too, but it's just another of those things that was in the unknown bundle when we surrendered ourselves to God for service in Africa.

The evening of March 31st, we had a very nice service in our church. The young people especially seemed to receive much help and all were blessed. The next day was Communion Sunday. At eleven o'clock there was a young people's service. Albert Tshanazi and Paulina Dlamini gave short addresses and many testified. I think the afternoon service began at one o'clock. Two of our preachers gave short sermons and then before the communion Eugene read the beautiful Easter lesson from Mark. It was a blessed service. One girl gave herself to the Lord as a seeker in the Saturday evening service and another on Sunday.

The altar was lined too at both services and many seemed very earnest and definite and we trust that much good was accomplished.

Our boys arrived home March 28th to spend eleven days—Easter holidays—and early on April 4th we all started for Hartland. For a change the old car went very nicely and we reached our destination in time for dinner. As we drove up towards the mission house we saw two girls and a boy. Sure enough, it was Miss Crowell and Brother Paul Sanders' daughter and son, Grace and Frank. What a pleasure to see our missionary and what a delight to hear the home news, etc.! We do praise God for her safe journey.

We were also so glad to see the dear young people from Boksburg. We hadn't seen them since our little Kenneth was born and we were at their home at that time. Eugene stayed at Brother Paul's all the while I was in the hospital, but I only saw them for a short time and was so grateful that two of the children could be present. I enjoyed renewing acquaintances, etc.

Those of you who remember Brother Paul Sanders would enjoy meeting his family. Hope, the eldest daughter, completed her nursing course and is married now and lives in Johannesburg. Grace had just completed her college course—Domestic Science—and had a position waiting for her but gave it up for this year as her mother is very frail. Frank has completed Grade XII and seems to have a drawing towards mission work. Victor is taking Grade XII this year, and Pearl, the youngest of the family, is nine years old. Sister Sanders has been ill for a long time with a serious heart trouble. We do pray that God will graciously undertake for them during this trial of sickness. Grace was very helpful and seemed to enjoy the mission work. She took charge of the S. S. both Sundays that I was at Hartland and Brother Frank preached one of those Sundays. I do pray that God will richly bless and use these young people for His glory.

Miss Crowell is fitting in so well at Hartland. One evening, we were out by the verandah, and she said: "Oh, Gladys, I like it here, and never felt my call more definitely." I told her that I felt when God calls He puts a love in our hearts for the place and people He calls us to. It reminded me of a talk I had recently with a Swedish missionary. She said: "We do get so tired out with work, heat, etc., but when God calls, it spoils us for staying away from our work long." She also told me that she had been on furlough some years ago. She greatly enjoyed meeting her friends and having the rest and change, but all the time there was a longing to get back to her Bantu.

We arrived at Hartland on Wednesday and the following morning Eugene and Brothers Charles and George Sanders left for Alfred Metula's section for Quarterly Meeting and the opening of the new Church. I stayed with our four sons at Hartland and enjoyed so much the fellowship with friends.

We expected the men home on Sunday evening but they did not come. Early Monday morning Brother George Sanders arrived on a borrowed bicycle, saying that an axle of the car had broken just before they reached Alfred's, on Thursday, and he didn't know when the others would arrive. Then we received word that they were walking and wanted horses sent to meet them, but our prayers were answered above all we asked