

Go Ye Into All the World and Preach the Gospel to Every Creature

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

Altona Mission Station,
October 28th, 1947

Dear Highway:

Africa is very beautiful now as the landscape is dressed up in its new spring dress; the grass is extra green and birds and insects of all kinds can be seen and heard. The order of the day is cleaning up the premises and planting gardens.

Brother George Sanders and I and two native workers went up beyond Ermelo (110 miles) a few weeks ago to visit a congregation that calls itself Reformed Baptists and wants our pastoral care. We were graciously entertained at Mr. Cook's home (the farm owner) and found about thirty (30) adherents (about the same number as Brother George found about two years ago). The natives were very pleased to see us and killed a turkey in our honour. The unfortunate thing about this group is that they have no one in good enough standing to shepherd them and we have no place where we can locate a preacher without his being obliged to work for his house and garden site. We want to try and visit them monthly if we can, but the distance is so great to go by bicycle that I do not know whether we shall always succeed or not.

After our return from Ermelo Brother George and I went across the Pongola river to Kwabanakile to build a new church building on the site that a Government official recently marked off for us in the Native Reserve, Draiom. Brother Charles Sanders and two native preachers also went and helped us for a few days.

We built a building 16 ft. x 26 ft. with walls 8 ft. high. It has one door and three windows on either side. The nearly white, yellow, and reddish burned brick have made a very fine looking building of which the natives will be very proud. Our elder-pastor, Paul Nkosi, said that after we had finished he was going to take a day and just walk round and round the building and admire it. When we finished he said, "Au, si amakosi manje!" (Oh, we are kings now!) A few hundred brick were left over after we had finished the church so we built a small building 12 ft. x 8 ft. for a store-room; a small fire-place in it will make it usable as a stopping place for the missionaries or a cook house and pantry for the school or Quarterlies.

Last Sunday Brother Johanisi Nkosi and I went to Piet Retief for a Big Sunday and a wedding. Both affairs went off well and both services were well attended even though we were in crowded quarters (in a private home). It is a pity we cannot get a church site in Piet Retief or the near vicinity.

It seems as if our work out here has reached the stage where there are many places where we could start new churches if we only had the money and opportunities to buy church sites and suitable places on which to locate native preachers. Because of the low salaries we pay our preachers it seems necessary at this stage to buy 100-200 acres of land at strategic points so that the preacher can raise his food and have a few cattle for milk, plowing and the like. Such sites cost from \$1500-\$2500 so you can see that money is needed for this purpose as well as for salaries and building. When one considers that a church and parsonage in Canada may cost \$5,000-\$15,000, it is not unreasonable for us to spend \$1,500-\$2,500 to make one or two preachers partly self-supporting and to free them from working for European farmers so that they are free to preach the Gospel. We have already bought two such sites (Louwsburg and Grootspuit), but we should have another immediately in the vicinity of Piet Retief. There was a suitable site which we could have bought a few months ago but we did not have the money or any one from which we could borrow it. This is an example of where the work of the Lord is hindered for lack of money—\$1500 or so or the price of a new car.

Pray that the Lord may continue to work and that funds for Extension and Consolidation Work may be forthcoming.

Yours in Him,

E. A. M. KIERSTEAD

Hartland Mission Station,
November 8th, 1947

Dear Friends:

This is a warm day when one would like to find a cool shady place and stay there. I don't know what the temperature is in the sun, but our thermometer in the living room says 90°. The other day it was 96° but the Lord graciously sent us rain before the day was over. I just had a season of prayer and asked the Lord to help me not to mind the heat, and help me to do the work I should do. It is wonderful to have the Everlasting One to lean upon at all times. I want to learn daily to lean harder on Him and not trust in my own strength. He never fails!

Charlie left this morning for town as he is due at the Location for service tomorrow. How thankful we were when the dip inspector said he could go with him in his truck, saving that long 18 mile exhausting ride in the hot sun over these hills. He will return by bike late tomorrow after the service is over, Pam and I are quite used to holding the fort now—and even though the Zulu is still far from perfect, the people are understanding more of what I say when I try to preach. I often think of Mary, and do pray that the Lord will help

her mightily with the language and sustain her during the trying periods of heat. She is a blessing to us all and we thank the Lord and you all for sending her.

The last few days I've had a number of teeth to pull: Two for one woman this morning; another I had to give sulphur pills and send her home until the swelling subsided. Yesterday one had one I could not pull, so told the woman to come back and let the doctor freeze and take it out on clinic day.

On Tuesday, in a pouring rain, a man arrived asking for someone to go 8 or 9 miles to help his sister-in-law who was very ill. Having no horse that I am used to riding, and knowing how long it would take to walk, we decided it would be best to wait until the dip inspector arrived, and ask him to take me over in his truck. We went over the washed roads across the fields and I thought the car would stand on its nose more than once. Arriving at the kraal, we found about 30 people standing around. I found the patient in a very shocked condition from the treatment she had received, and after a hasty examination, told them she must be taken to the doctor. I could do nothing and I knew there was one chance in a hundred that her life could be saved. The husband and mother agreed, and we set off on the trip to town. The sister at the nursing home was most kind and we left the patient in her care. But she was so shocked that she passed away a few hours later. I never pitied anyone so much in my life as I stood in that kraal and saw her condition, and I was helpless. Perhaps a few hours before she could have been helped. I spoke to her of Jesus as best I could.

I have read an article by Dr. G. B. Williams in which he speaks of the people of Peru. He says: "But we will not freely save this people unless their lives are redeemed as well as their souls." That is what I have been thinking ever since my visit to that kraal. Not being a qualified midwife, I cannot take these cases at the hospital. There is a great need, but we need means. It would mean equipment, extra native nurses and help. We would need a means of conveyance for some cases to go to the doctor in town. The three hours it takes a messenger to go for a doctor could mean loss of lives. It makes me feel that I am failing because one must often say "no" to inquirers. If the Lord wants us to do this work. He will open the way and provide the means. Don't you think so? Please pray about it, will you?

We hope to have the Xmas celebration for the Sunday School children on Dec. 19th. I have to make gifts for them but will have testaments for prizes through the kindness of Miss Slipp. I hope we can get a bit of meat for them also. On Big Sunday we had Y. P. service in the morning. Brother George spoke