

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

226 Market Street,
Vryheid,
June 5th, 1949

Dear Highway:

Quite some time has elapsed since my last letter. I am afraid that college duties, mission work and sickness in the home have not been very conducive to frequent letter writing.

You probably have heard that Rev. Paul Nkosi has left us. He suffered greatly from cancer of the stomach. We shall greatly miss him from the ranks of our native brethren as he was a comparatively young man and seemed to have the qualities of a great man of God. May the Lord comfort his widow, Joana, and his seven fatherless children!

Six of our native workers headed by Brother Johanisi Nkosi went up to Ermelo recently and had a few special services. Seventeen new adherents chose the Lord and four other children were blessed. The workers were thrilled with the results of their trip and told how the people there were asking for a preacher or two, a church building, and a school. They claimed that we had 56 adherents in the neighborhood and there were adherents scattered here and there farther afield who could form *necler* for several outposts. I do not know how we can grant their request as we do not have any spare workers nor the finances for such an expansion just now. This work is nearly 100 miles beyond our present field.

Sister Campbell has already written about the opening of our new church and parsonage in the Piet Retief location. It certainly was a grand opening. We had grand messages, a good crowd and fine offerings. The Annie Simmonds Memorial Church is now a reality and is debt free due to the offering of \$200 given on the day of the Dedication Service. The whole property cost nearly \$1200. Rev. Johanisi Nkosi is already installed in the parsonage and has been doing active mission work in the town and near vicinity.

Last Monday Glendon and I went down to Altona and put in the windows in our new school room there with the help of Brother George Sanders and the native teachers. I hope to go down again this week on Friday or Saturday and put in the doors and make arrangements for painting the interior. The school inspector had been at Altona the week before and seemed well pleased with our new school room. We trust that the room will be ready for use at the beginning of the second term in August.

We are in the throes of examinations at the Teachers' College where I am teaching Science and Agriculture but the College will soon be closing for the winter holidays.

Gladys is still very sick and is only able to move around slowly and that not too often. The doctor has little hope that she will make a full recovery; he doubts if she will be able to work again.

For the benefit of those who have written us and have wondered when we are going to Canada on furlough, let me say that such an idea is out of the question as Gladys is now and may not be feasible for some time to come.

We are very grateful for the special gifts that we have received during this time of sickness; they have been real God-sends as our

doctor and drug bills have averaged \$30 per month since last October.

Our three younger boys are happy here as they can attend good town schools and be at home at the same time. Our eldest son is still in Johannesburg as an electrician.

I suppose most of you are looking forward to Beulah and times of refreshing there. We pray that this year's camp may be the best yet.

Yours in Him,
E. A. M. KIERSTÉAD

Altona M. S.,
P. O. Delfkom,
Via Piet Retief,
Tlv. So. Africa,
July 3rd, 1949

Dear Highway Friends:

At long last Mission Station greetings in His dear name, and may I thank you all for your continued prayers and faith which have been answered so far. May your good works continue, as there is a lot of improvement still necessary before I will be able to walk over the hills and run down the mountains as I used to.

I must also ask your forgiveness in being so silent for the last year. Yes, it was just a year, three days ago, plus half an hour, I was coming around from the injection I was given in the arm, upon my arrival in the Piet Retief Hospital. I remember I was alone in the small four bed ward, and my leg was burning as if it was in a bed of live coals of fire, and the thought, "what must hell be like?" without any water, I was able to have a glass of cool water as often as I wished, which was a dozen or more before morning. Then also I comforted myself in thinking, "this night is past and will never return, then as the pain is not as bad as it was, the worst must be over, if I can keep moving, but there, the worst is never over, as there is no rest nor hope for ever and ever! I was by far better off than any poor lost soul, and I praised the Lord that my pain was only momentary. May the Lord help each one of us to do all we can, as long as we can, to as many as we can, to accept His way of salvation, and escape the great wrath to come, which is not only our privilege, but our duty, to shine wherever we are, as little lights in this dark world of sin. In two days another patient was brought in, and he had a bible in Afrikaans. We would take turns in reading. Grace had lent me her English Testament, as I only had my Zulu Bible. I was sorry to lose him as we had prayers and spiritual talks together. Of the thirty patients that passed through that ward, I think in the three months I was there, only two had a Bible or Testament with them. Prayers or a service never, except those who came to see me, and only once did I see a minister have prayers for anyone. It was a God-forsaken place, smoking and bad language was more noteworthy than in Johannesburg Hospitals which I passed through. So the Lord helped me to shine wherever I went. More so, the last six weeks, when I was transferred to the Boxburg Benoni Hospital and went only for treatment, but I lived with my older brother, Paul, but got about fairly well on my crutches, later on a bicycle. I relieved missionaries who held services in three prisons and two P. hospitals, giving out tracts and scripture portions, and if I had time, we had a bible class on the jail street corner.

I also got to quite a few European services and a convention or two. Then at Christmas the Lord allowed me to get to Hartland and Altona for two weeks.

Upon leaving the hospital my specialist advised me to use my leg as much as possible. I asked, "how would cycling do?" "Just the thing." So I cycled home, calling at our Ermelo and Piet Retief outposts.

Oh, the great open door at Ermelo, but no one to send. The native who is living on the farm of a Mr. Cook, Simion Mamba, was a baptized christian who went to work. He liked his boss so well he just stayed on. He has been so satisfactory the boss has allowed him to do as he felt led in his spare time. A night school, preaching at his kraal and visiting and praying for the sick has been blessed of the Lord. There are over forty seekers in his forty mile square field. Pray for his health as it is not very good, and God's grace to help him get properly married. So far Simion has not been able to have a living child, but the Lord is able to do all things well. He has got the victory over drink, tobacco and a loose life, and we pray the Lord to keep him true. Mr. Cook will give us a free plot to put a native worker, and a school, etc., though he is a R. C. He sees the need of spiritual help for his natives. He says all the natives around there live for is just to drink beer.

Yesterday, my fortieth day here, was Big Sunday. Grace took the Y. P. service. Brother Kierstead brought us a soul-searching message on love, and how much love have we? Enough to go upon a moment's notice, or bless those who hate us, and pray for those who use us badly? He read Matt. 22:35-40. Grace gave the right hand of fellowship to two members who came by letter and we expect they will be a needed help to our worker at Entungwini, Samueli Mavimbela.

Our elder, Danyeli Sukazi, helped us with the communion, of which over thirty partook, and the attention was good as the Spirit of the Lord brought His truths home to our hearts. The attendance looked small as we sat in our new school class room, which is about 30 by 35 feet, lighted by eight large windows, nicely painted which sets off the cream and brown "Merrelowed" walls, with the large blackboards. And just to think of the great strides the school has taken in the last nine years. Well, it just fills our hearts with praise and strengthens our faith to trust the Lord for greater things.

This class room looks rather odd, being the end part of our new Church, which has the foundation laid, the sand in a big heap and the burnt bricks in neat stacks, all ready for the start, but nothing for the roof. This is another point where your prayers of faith and good works are much needed.

Grace left with Brother Kierstead and son, Glendon, for Hartland where our Quarterly is to start in two days. After a native wedding tomorrow is off my slate I expect to follow on horseback. It will be nice to see the beautiful views again of the Pongola Mountains.

Wishing you all more blessing in serving your Master, I am expecting His guidance and help in the prospective furlough which has been so long coming.

Yours happy in His Service,

GEORGE W. L. SANDERS