

MISSIONARY CORRESPONDENCE

226 Market St., Vryheid,
April 19, 1949

Dear Highway Friends:

Greetings in Jesus' name!

This is a beautiful warm fall day. The mail has come and there are letters and cards for both Gladys and myself. How we do appreciate the words of cheer, etc., from you dear friends in the homeland.

Still fresh in my memory is the church opening at Piet Retief so I feel like sharing some of the good things with you. Due to Gladys' planning, Brother Eugene returned from the Quarterly Saturday night to take me to the opening on Sunday. This meant a long tiresome drive for Brother Eugene as we are now living 64 miles from Piet Retief so I appreciated doubly and trebly the special effort put forth for my special benefit.

Never shall I forget that church opening. Our Quarterlies have considerable resemblance to Beulah in the homeland and this was much more special as the culminating service was the official opening of the Piet Retief Church. We arrived at about 10.30 a. m. as the Y. P. Service was almost finished. One of the young men from the E. T. T. College had charge of it. That little church was about filled and yet the people were thronging around outside. How would everybody get into that church! We had time after Y. P. to see the parsonage and to greet the people. They all greeted me as if I were a long lost friend. Indeed it had been many months since I had been in such a gathering. Natives had come from as far away as Johannesburg, over 300 miles, and many had walked 50 miles. And I thought 64 miles was quite a drive! How would I have walked 50 miles! The parsonage is a lovely house of burned brick and cement. We are proud of it and the natives are very proud of it. It'll be much easier to persuade our native workers to leave the security of their home kraals and go further afield if parsonages are provided. Brother Johanesi is busy getting furniture made and striving to get it all fixed up.

The natives move very slowly so they hadn't had their morning meal until after we arrived and at the time we were ready to start the service our preachers still were not dressed. However, about 1 p. m. the singing and the marching started. What a happy crowd! We marched around the church three times singing appropriate numbers, then Brother Johanesi, Metula, Eugene and other preachers stood up by the door. Brother Metula led in prayer and following this, Brother Johanesi unlocked the door in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and we all filed in singing. All stood for the short service in the new church as there was "standing room only." Isn't it refreshing to be able to write "Standing room only" about a gospel service? Our service there consisted of singing by the college trio and prayer after which we filed out to where preparations had been made for holding an open air service. Hastily had been prepared little canopies to protect the preachers and missionaries from the sun and the others squatted on the grass, the children being well up in front. Well, it was that we went outside as at the very start of the service, the ranks swelled considerably. The two preachers for the afternoon were Brother Temba, a teacher E. T. T. C., and Brother Charles Sanders.

Both preachers were moved by the Holy Spirit, and brought very fitting and very moving messages. Interspersed between the messages, singing, etc., were special numbers in song by the college group, and some of our own teachers. These messages in song and testimonies were a great help to the service. One chorus that they taught the people on Saturday night: "Twas a grand day when I was born again," went over great. All joined in singing it Sunday afternoon.

At the close of the service the offerings that had been gathered in from all the different stations and outposts were placed on the table plus offerings from individuals. What a scene of blessing. Our little church at Piet Retief contributed over 20 pounds—\$100. Think of it! And altogether the offering amounted to a little over 50 pounds, leaving the church and parsonage free of debt. Isn't that wonderful! It was interesting to hear the Amens and watch the beaming faces. Outsiders contributed quite well too—the Pentecostal churches and the Church of Christ, the latter being a sister Holiness Church. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

The service didn't close until about 4:30, after which must come the feast. Although we fain would have rushed for home to get there before dark, Reggie having taken suddenly very ill, we had to stay. The meal of roast beef with all the fixings was well worth waiting for; but the drive home after dark proved very difficult. Eight of us started out on that 64 mile drive and what roads! We dropped Brother Charles at the crossroads where he expected to find a bicycle that would take him down over the Hartland hills. How we hated to see him leave the car but we had such a load and the lights were so poor that it seemed an impossibility to take him down. We arrived back in Vryheid a little after 9.00 p. m., tired and happy and pleased that Sister Gladys had fared so well during the day.

One thing about our new church building that attracts much attention is the word **kalwa—believe**, which is worked in in brick, in the front of the church. Always will this **Annie Simmonds Memorial Church** be known to the natives as **Indhlu kima kalwa**—Church of the believers). Such is the mind of the native. But we all join in grateful thanks to Mrs. Vernal Woodward, who helped so beneficently towards the building of this church. May God abundantly bless everyone of you in the homeland. It was interesting Sunday to look over the crowd and notice the dresses, bed-jackets, skirts, blouses, coats, etc., on young and old that had come to us in boxes from overseas. These things they save for special occasions. These were some of the better articles, but don't you see how God is honored and glorified when we are willing to do our best for Him?

Again God bless you! Don't be afraid to put you ALL on the altar. If you do God will use you. You'll be happy and you'll make numerous other people happy both now and for eternity.

Yours for souls over this wide world.

MARY

Hartland Mission Station,

May 12th, 1949

Dear Highway Friends:

I will just write a few lines to send airmail. Yesterday Rev. Paul Nkosi, our worker from Kwabanakile, was brought here by stretcher in order that he might receive medical atten-

tion from the doctor. He is very weak, and seems to be failing. At times he suffers very severe pain. I am doing what I can to relieve him, and we hope the doctor will be able to get out tomorrow. I had prayers with him and his wife (Joanna) and his brother this morning. Then Charlie and I together had prayers this afternoon with them. His prayer is that the will of the Lord be done. He is not choosing, but placing everything in God's hands. Pray for him, friends, and for his brave little wife. We thank God for them and the work they have done. Now in their hour of need may we not fail to lift them up in prayer before God.

Recently I received a parcel of used clothing. There was no sender's address on it, so I don't know who to thank. Please accept our thanks through this letter. I owe lots of letters, but I am seeming to neglect my correspondence these days. It seems that caring for the home and children, the hospital work and seeing to others who come here with various needs, keeps me busy. Or maybe I'm just lazy!

Recently the children and I had a five day visit with the Kierstead family and Mary in Vryheid. I did enjoy it very much. Continue to pray for our sick ones.

We were pleasantly surprised today when Rev. MacDonald dropped in for an overnight visit.

Today I am happy to be in the service of the King. Jesus is precious to me and there's a song in my heart. God bless you all in the homeland.

Sincerely,

MYRA SANDERS

ALTONA, M. S.,

19th April, 1949.

Dear Friends of

The King's Highway Family,

We greet you with overflowing hearts this lively, quiet, cool Fall evening. It has been a busy day, from early morning until late afternoon a continuous string of calls for medical aid. It was "Doctor's Day." He usually comes in for a cup of tea, etc. Then I can tell him of the various natives whom I have sent to him for treatment. He also helps diagnose cases. I went to see several natives who were very ill. Five had died of similar symptoms. I thought it must be malarial fever. He agreed with me, from my reports, and after visiting one sick woman in her kraal. He seems kind and helpful and often takes the very sick ones in to the Piet Relief Hospital, and brings them back when they are better. Often, during these busy Tuesdays, I find (or make) opportunities to speak a word for Jesus, to lift Him up. Now and again I find receptive hearts; often hard ones.

Why my heart is overflowing is because Jesus went with us, and yet preceded us, to the Quarterly Meeting held at Piet Relief. Oh, how He touched and blessed hearts! The night watch-services were good with seekers at the altar each night—4 in all I think; one gave himself as a "seeker" for the first time—a young man. But Sunday was the best of all! We marched around the lovely new church with swelling hearts! A few visiting churches joined us rejoicing with us. Three times we circled the building then Metula prayed and Johanesi Nkosi unlocked and opened the door. By the time all were inside there was no room left to sit down—the space was killed, folk standing close together—all but a little space in the centre. A brief service followed then we marched out to a place quaintly prepared