



## A BUSY AND EXCITING DAY

Grace Sanders

God has made a wonderful provision for my transportation while the Morgans are away on an Evangelistic campaign. Since nursing a white woman, at the point of death, and calling upon God to restore her to health and to her heart-broken family, and seeing her making a marvelous comeback, her children and in-laws have offered to take me any time to the Location. So far it has been in a brand new truck!

They came for me a little after 8 o'clock a. m., after running their children to school, and dropped me and my clinic girl off at the Location Clinic—a mile from home.

Sending the girl along to my patients with the small suitcase of supplies, for bathing the new-born baby, and instructing her to have hot water ready, and then return and scrub the clinic room, I followed soon after.

Soon a tiny brown baby was having a hard time to enjoy splashing in a huge wash basin on a little table, he wanted his breakfast so badly! His mother sat bolt upright in the bed watching every move with keen interest. Then she said, "Oh, what will you carry your bananas, etc., home in?" "Bananas!" I exclaimed. "Where?" "Open that wardrobe door," she answered. It was a beautiful piece of furniture. Sure enough, there was a plate inside on a shelf, with 5 bananas and a delicious pineapple. Later on, an advocado pear was added—all from Durban. Her sister had brought them up from Durban and gave them to me as a token of appreciation for my helping to bring that little baby safely into the world last Tuesday. I hated to take the fruit from those people, they have so little anyway, but felt I should for their sakes.

I hurried back to the clinic as two Native women had already arrived there when I left. By then more had come. So taking these with babies aside, I sat outside on a chair while they sat on a big log, and gave them, after a little word of prayer, a lecture on how to start their babies off on eating food.

When I had finished quite a few others had come. Then I took those inside and began weighing the babies, noting any gain or loss in weight. I had done about four when I heard running footsteps and some one calling loudly for me. The Doctor's Native assistant came rushing in and said they had come for me with a car to take me to the woman who had just had twins born down by the bridge. Hastily giving him and my girl the two bags, we three dashed out and up the lane, through a gate, into a beautiful red car. I found myself sitting beside the Doctor's wife and son. The Doctor was very busy with his clinic at the surgery so had asked her to go to the aid of the woman whom he had examined but a half hour before.

I found her in the woods close to the roadside, looking very distressed, with two cute little babies wrapped up in her dress and jacket.

Not knowing how to do what was necessary for them, the Doctor's wife had rushed for me, when the word was sent to the Doctor. We all felt dreadful about it! But soon we had them ready for transportation. Helpful Native women had gathered around, one gave a blanket, another a baby's blanket and then helped us get them into the car. We got them all fixed up and dressed in clothes I have been sent from home, as the mother had made no

preparation whatsoever for them! I had dresses but nothing for napkins. She sent her little girl to tell some nearby white women of her plight and she came panting back with a napkin and an old pillowslip! With a happy heart I put these on the tiny mites and soon had them tucked in bed beside her to get warm as they were very cold. She said so pitifully, "How can I handle them?" A knock at the door and a "Hello, Sister," and there stood the Doctor! "How is everything?" he asked. I told him, and he asked me to go with him to the car to get some pills for the suffering mother.

Just before leaving on this call, I had slipped out after weighing a baby or two, to find a large gathering. I grouped them and took a snap. Then gave a brief talk urging the heathen women present, of which there were five, to seek God soon. Gave them our prayer requests: one was for a suitable building for our clinic work. We all prayed in unison—about 22 of them.

As the Doctor passed me the pills he asked, "How many women are there now waiting in the Location?" I answered, "Four," naming them. "How many more do you expect in soon?" "Oh, a lot, Doctor. About twelve and more since counting." "We cannot carry on like this," he said. "We simply must see what we can do about building a house with at least three rooms: One for you, one for confinements and one for a number of beds!" He was so distressed for lack of funds and for the great need. My heart rejoiced to see him so concerned and I am sure he can interest the people here of the white population. It just seemed God was showing me that He wanted to answer the earnest prayers which had ascended so shortly before to His throne.

After finishing, I sent my girl hurrying along ahead to ask the women at the clinic not to go home yet, as I was coming soon. She detained some, but a number had already left, in spite of my telling them to wait for me when I ran away.

I saw to three babies, ten expectant mothers, and eight old ones from 2.30 to 5.30. Altogether I had eight babies to be weighed, one or two new ones.

I did stop for ten minutes to eat a lunch (Peanut-butter sandwich, milk, coffee and 1½ bananas, as I was very hungry by then!)

I started for home at 6 p. m. a mile to walk and it getting dark, and cold. I was not sure if the Tustins would come for me or if my message had miscarried. But they came, as I had started down the hill. I was glad!

After supper, as I lay on the couch resting and opening my nice home letters, I got so happy. I called the Morgans' two girls in and my two and had a regular praise meeting for all of God's blessings.

Most of all I rejoiced to see all those heathen women. My very first heathen case came leading a string of heathen—all new cases. There must have been eight today! I gathered her lovely, fat, healthy baby up in my arms and said to those after I had taken the snap.

"See! A sour-milk fed baby: a corn gruel fed baby does not have a beautiful smooth skin and look so healthy as does this beautiful baby. Her lovely blue dress was given to her by God through friends overseas who are praying for you and longing to hear that you are all giving your hearts to God!"

Please thank the Lord with me for the wonderful privilege which is mine. No other work I know would make it so easy to win them for Jesus as the type I am entrusted with.

There are so many, many "raw" heathen to be reached! The opportunity is GREAT. But how can I do it alone and win them all before Jesus comes? There is an opportunity for some one to contact them outside while I am busy inside. Who will?