



I hold an apple in my hand,
A perfect fruit.
No accident of nature this!

Good seed

Warmed and nurtured in moist rich earth,
Spring sunshine and buzzing bees,
Pruning knife, protective spray,
And time, patient waiting for the harvest—
All have their part.

My life some fruit must bear—

The Fruit of the Spirit,
Fruit unto Holiness,
Love, joy, peace,
Longsuffering, gentleness,
Goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

The Word of God in a heart committed,
The Holy Spirit's warming fire,
Chastisement of a loving Father,
Prayer for daily strength and grace,
And Time—
All have their part.

Dear God, do Thy part,
And help me do my part
That in my life may be
Love, joy, peace,

Longsuffering, gentleness,
Goodness, faith, meekness and temperance.

I Do Not Know

by Marguerite Estaver

I do not know where Heaven is;

I only know

He will be there.

I do not ask the way to go,

I only know

His love and care

Will lead me where

My Father is.

Sometime He's going to beckon me

And I shall go;

Then He will show me

All the things I do not know.

But this I've learned:

Where Jesus is

It's Heaven.

Our Wedding

Eugene and Alice Liedtke Kierstead

The old Mbuluzi Mission bell rang with new meaning on December 15, 1962, when it rang for our wedding, the first missionary wedding on the station since it was started some forty years ago.

The early morning was drizzly, but spirits were high. You could see some African women preparing outdoor fires and putting huge iron pots of water on them in readiness for cooking the meat, ground corn and soup. The men were cutting up the meat of the cow they had slaughtered the day before. The children were sweeping the ground and romping around in excitement.

Co-workers and friends were rushing about making final preparations in the church and reception room for the guests. To our great joy the sun shone forth and the clouds rolled away; this was most welcome after almost a month of rainy weather.

Needless to say, the bride and groom were glad when the bell rang and they finally met at the marriage altar. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, Station directors, took the part of the bride's parents. They kindly let us use their old family organ for our wedding music.

The Rev. W. P. Green, Director of the South Africa General Mission and Rev. A. Hufton, a Swaziland missionary of the same Mission, officiated. Nurse E. Cole was my bridesmaid, Rev. William Morgan, a cousin of the bridegroom, was the groomsman, Mrs. K. E. Gorman sang a solo and her daughter Sherry was our flower girl. Rev. Claude Dennis, a fellow Albertan and missionary of the S.A.G.M. in Swaziland also sang a solo. Some of the domestic science and housecraft students sang during the registration and later at the reception.

After the ceremony, the Mbuluzi Africans presented us with some lovely gifts and wished us God's blessing. One special gift from the church was a Swazi meat-dish carved out of an indigenous tree growing in the Mbuluzi area.

We had the pleasure of receiving some sixty-five guests, many of whom were missionaries. There was not room in the reception room for all the local Africans (about 150), but they gaily rallied together in groups, as it is their custom eating from bowls of food, some in another room and others out of door.

Just about as we were to say farewell to our guests, we were showered by a heavy torrential rain. The Africans rejoiced, as they say such is a sign of prosperity and God's blessing. We trust that this will be so in the Lord's work.

After a few days holiday, we went to Altona Mission in the area where three generations of the Kierstead family have laboured as Missionaries. There we had a formally planned second stage to our wedding as is customary among the Africans. This second stage of the wedding is held at the bridegroom's home. In this case this was arranged for the benefit of those who were unable to be at Umbuluzi. We appeared in our bridal attire and had all but the marriage ceremony. The Africans were delighted as they enjoyed a feast of another cow with corn, soup, and some lovely cakes mostly prepared by the Africans and the Glendon Kiersteads who are in charge of the station and the Bible School that is located there.

Bring Christ's Word, Christ's promise, and Christ's sacrifice—His blood—with thee, and not one of heaven's blessings can be denied thee.

—Adam Clarke