

## REV. CHARLES SANDERS WRITES

Dear Friends,

Through the prayer calendar you have heard of a new church group led by Rev. Ndala, which desires to join the Reformed Baptist church. You may be interested to learn of the progress that has been made in this direction.

Ndala tells the story of how his grand-father was taken prisoner by the Mandebele warriors in a battle with the Basutu tribe. He was not killed, but allowed to live with these people. So Ndala became, nominally, an Mndebele. The other rendering of his surname Mutsweni betrays the fact that he is an Msutu. He has married an Mndebele wife, and their first two children are about ready to start homes of their own: eldest daughter already married, and eldest son to be married in July.

The church group he broke away from is called African Native Mission Church and was founded in the Cape Colony. He chose to join the Reformed Baptist church, among the recognized churches of South Africa. He lost hope of his own church gaining recognition because the leaders continued to refuse to pull together for one purpose. He told us that he has 4 outposts, 6 preachers, 7 Bible women and 160 church members he hoped to bring with him to join our church.

The Reef workers and I first met this man at our Wattville outpost, in August 1963. At this first meeting we listened to his story of how he came to know of our church and why he chose to associate with us. We were able to exchange information on doctrines, customs and practices of our respective churches. About a month later Brother Eugene Kierstead was able to meet this man at our Natal-spruit parsonage. Since the New Year has started we have Ndala's four outpost on our Reef slate, for quarterly, communion services. In October the Reef workers and I were able to attend our first meeting with Ndala's, Thema, Location, church-group and later at his home to begin our interviews with him, his wife and two of his preachers with a view to receiving them into church membership.

Since then I have continued to use the various times I have been at Ndala's outposts, or travelling to and back from these, to continue questioning him as to his personal experience of salvation. It has been sad for me to discover how ignorant he is on this subject. However, under the ministry of two of his own preachers he was first healed of Malaria fever, when near death's door, in 1960. At a young peoples' special meeting, conducted by the other preacher, Ndala came under conviction of sin and claims to have been freed these sins and received pardon, in that same year.

It is encouraging that this man now feels his need of attending our Bible School and hopes to be free to begin next year. His local preacher has encouraged him to go first, and saying that he will go after Ndala completes his two years. He, in the mean time, will look after the local church and outpost work.

On April 19 Myra and I attended another service at Thema Location (this is one of two Springs Locations, or Native townships.) I took time off while Ndala and Myra began the service. Enoch Mbonani, the local preacher, needed further interviewing before I could be sure he was born again. He gave even clearer testimony than his leader, so we received both these men into the Reformed Baptist church membership, and are allowing them to work under our name, as we proceed with the process of taking one person at a time and trying to make sure they are saved, and are willing to follow our standards, before receiving them into our church.

Your continued prayers will be needed for these two men, and for the other workers and church people of this group, That we shall be able to do for them what God

## FROM CHERYL HUDSON

Bethesda Mission,  
Victoria Falls,  
S. Rhodesia.  
April 16/64

Dear Highway Readers,

Just another routine day I thought as I prepared for my day on duty. Nina and Eric are going to town early today, later Storer will be going too. Uta will also be gone for awhile as today she begins the Mobile Clinic at Chidobe. There are quite a few patients in but none seriously ill so I guess the nurses and I can handle it all right. However, the day that began so quietly and routinely soon changed and became a very unusual and trying one.

Rounds are finished, treatments done, charts completed and at 11 a.m. I start my class with the 5 Probationers. From here on all routine work is finished.

My class lasted 20 minutes. Then Dr. Emmett interrupts with the news of an ambulance call to the village of Macarroro. A man is badly burned and I must go because he is soon to be off to town. The village is about 20 miles away and the road only fair but I should be able to handle it. The battery on our car is dead so two strong boys give us a push then probationer Mpofu and I are off. The time is just about noon.

Twelve miles from here at the Roman Catholic Mission is a man waiting to show us the way. With him is another man who says he needs us to go to Kanyambezi to get a woman with a badly swollen leg. Kanyambezi — a name that brings dread to our hearts here, not only because of the distance but also because of the road. Last year Gene had to go and pull Dr. Emmett out of there at 3 a.m.

Well, Macarroro is the nearest so we will go there first. If the burns can wait a few hours we will leave him at the Jambezi Clinic and go on for the woman.

All goes well to the first village. The road is bad but I pat myself on the back and go on. We have left the deep sand and find only rocks now, I'm sure they must grow them here. Twenty-two miles in just two hours. How is that for travelling? We find the house burned flat and a man lying on the ground with only a burlap sack around him — flies and dirt everywhere, the burns deep and nasty.

Back in the car we decide to leave him at the Clinic and go for our second patient. We stop long enough for a drink of water at the home of Ruby Ncube, one of our church women and then we are off. The time? 2 p.m.

I had never been to Kanyambezi before and as I write this letter I find no desire to go again. Rocks, ledge, boulders, ditches, hills and valleys. Finally, after one tremendous hill that needed 4-wheel drive to get over we see some homes. Are we here? No. it is still far comes the comforting reply. So on we go. There is no road now, not even a path, only rocks and tall grass. Three times we lose our

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has intended and that they will be willing to meet the conditions for real salvation, and go on unto holiness. There is a strong tendency among the African church leaders to take people into church membership without first making sure that they understand, and have the experience of salvation. And this tendency is even stronger when they are dealing with people coming from other churches. It seems a common human trait "having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof." "The form of godliness appeals to people who live in a civilized society; it adds to their social standing etc. This tendency is not peculiar to the African people, it appears to be common in every land. This is the more reason why we need REVIVAL and your prayers to this end will be in line with what, I believe God wants.