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Don't Go Into The RIVER!



Everyone used to wash in the river. The children thought it was great fun. Besides, where else could they wash? But there was sickness in the river . . .

Nadine Simpson, our Mozambique editor tells about the fight against bilharzia through the "River project" at Cambine.

WHEN METHODIST missionaries were looking for a site for a training school in the grasslands of Mozambique — some 80 years ago — they chose a spot just up the hill from an abundant spring. Years later, the Rev. Pliny Keys harnessed the spring, building a dam and setting to work a turbine to provide electric power for the Cambine station near Inhambane.

A beautiful little lake appeared above the dam, and water flowed aplenty for the people from all around to come and drink, wash,

and carry home to their villages.

But the people of the Cambine area who used the water often had much sickness. Over and over again, they had liver troubles until, for some, life ended at an early age with cirrhosis of the liver. As is true for most streams in this area, the clear, sparkling water of the river was alive with tiny snails, which help to carry the disease of bilharzia.

In Cambine's family training school, and in the boys' boarding school, children and adults were told to boil their drinking water

and not to go in the river. Student pastors and their families, when they recovered from the illness, were told, "You **must** not go into the river again. If you do, it may mean your death." Yet nearly everyone in the community entered the river. It was their life blood. How could they possibly live without using the river?

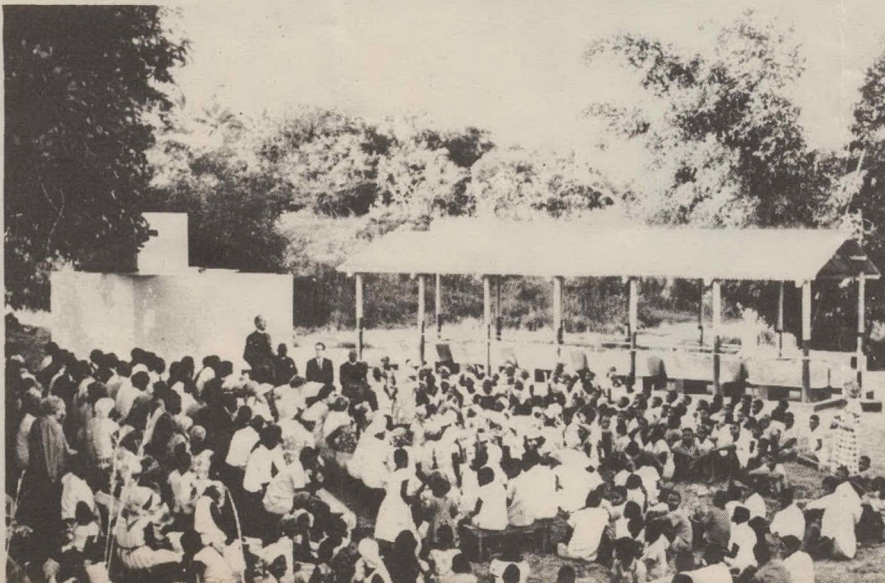
The Mission and Church leaders decided to try to solve this problem. But, to poison the snails would also poison fish and make the water unsuitable for drinking. To pump the water out into tanks and purify it with chemicals seemed the only answer. But Cambine is a community of nearly 1,500 people. It would be a tremendous project. Could it be done?

About this time, a Swedish interdenominational Christian magazine, "Svenska Journalen", offered to publicize the project through its pages, and through the generous gifts of interested readers and church members in Sweden, money for this project has been raised.

For years, a pump had been pushing water up the hill into some houses, but this was quite unsatisfactory for the community as a whole. Now a big pump pushes two barrels of water a minute up into large tanks above the Cambine station. The water is treated with chlorine and filtered. So now there is pure water for everyone on the station — schoolboys, hospital,

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Big crowds gathered as the new washing and bathing place was opened



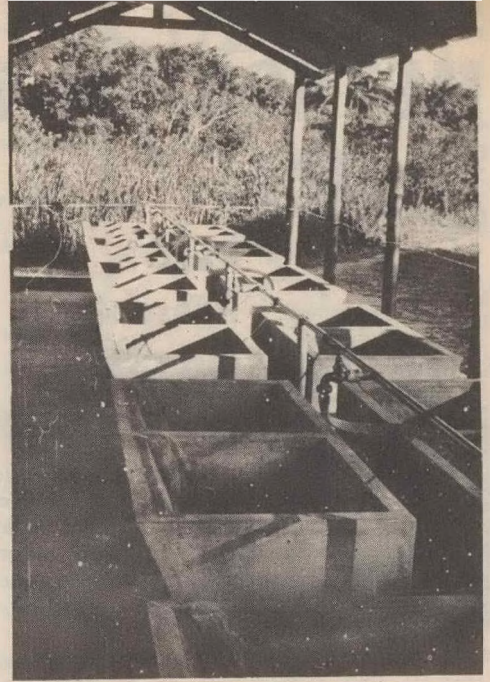
missionaries and pastoral training students.

But what about washing? For all the women depending upon this river for washing and bathing, a well was dug on the bank of the river, and beside it a roofed shed housing 24 concrete washing tubs. A few steps beyond is the shower bath-house. Anyone who wishes to use fresh water steps up to the pump, fills the storage tank and turns on the faucet to have her shower or to draw water at the tubs. As water seeps into the well, it is purified and the snails cannot pass through the layers of clay into the well.

A similar place though smaller,

has been arranged for men and boys further down the river, and toilets are being constructed. These play an important part in the fight against bilharzia. If people would learn that using the river or the river banks as a toilet is what keeps bilharzia alive, they could stamp out this disease merely by using latrines. But this is a struggle!

Because of this "River project" a person can now make his choice: use only pure water and stay free of bilharzia; or go on in the same old way, walking into infected water, shortening his own life and forever dragging downward the average life span of his people.



Top: Big, concrete wash-tubs ready to be filled with pure disease-free water



Left: After the dedication service there was a scramble for buckets and positions at the tanks and tubs. The girl has her eyes on the showers beyond . . .

Dangerous Water

Just turn the faucet, and there it is — plenty of pure, cold water! It is so easy for most of us. But in Africa it is different. People may have to make regular trips of one day or more in order to get a scant supply of the necessary water.

With a river running nearby, water is easily reached. But river water may be very dangerous in Africa. The majority of Africa's rivers are infected with **bilharzia**,

the scourge that claims so many victims every year.

The **bilharzia** parasites spend part of the life cycle in a certain kind of river snail, and after leaving this host they search for a human foot or leg to bore into. People who bathe in such rivers, or just wade through, are apt to become infected. Inside the human body, the **bilharzia** parasites cause havoc in the intestines, and in many cases cirrhosis of the liver develops.

As river-banks are often used as toilets, eggs of the parasites are passed back into the river, and the

vicious circle starts again with the snails.

The project described on these pages is a realistic attempt to help people around Cambine, Mozambique, to get rid of **bilharzia**. Medical results cannot yet be assessed, but it is hoped that the "River project" will mean a great change in the health situation around Cambine.

METHODISM IN AFRICA

Past . . .
Present . . .
Future

by BISHOP RALPH E. DODGE

AT the time of the bicentennial of American Methodism in 1966 it may be well to consider not only what the denomination, under the leadership of the Holy Spirit, has been able to accomplish on the North American continent but also something of the significance of the outreach around the world. Take Africa, for instance.

It was to Liberia that American Methodism sent its first foreign missionary, Melville Cox. Although Cox was not able to survive the rigors of the hot climate and infectious diseases of the tropics, he did blaze a trail which has since extended to forty-seven countries outside the North American continent. In Africa, American Methodism has implanted the Gospel in seven different countries. Although church membership does not exceed two hundred thousand, the influence of the Methodist Church is fairly strong. Taken together with other branches of Methodism related to the World Methodist Council, it is fair to say that no other Protestant group is exercising a stronger influence in Africa than the Methodists.

In spite of its strength, however, it is unlikely that The Methodist Church will survive structurally the changes taking place in Africa. The trend toward unity is strong in the newly-independent countries, and Methodism is always active in the ecumenical movement. To maintain four or five different branches of Methodism in any one country would be ludicrous. Often, however, there are other denominations that have more in common with us than various branches of Methodism with each other, so the trend is toward union with churches of a similar theology. We trust that the spirit of Methodism will survive even if the organization and name do not.

The Executive of the Africa Central Conference, meeting recently in Kitwe, Zambia, unanimously felt that the Holy Spirit is leading us toward unity. The exact form of the emerging church is not clearly seen, but four-fifths of the Executive expressed the thought that there would be radical changes in the structure of Methodism in Africa within the next ten years.

Although appreciative of our Wesleyan heritage and of the contribution which the American branch of the church has made to the spiritual development of Africa, still the young church must be true to the leading of the Holy Spirit as God continues to reveal his will and purpose.

Easter In Rhodesia

Photos from Easter play at Umtali by F. T. Brown

From Nyamuzuwe, our northernmost mission in Rhodesia, the minister, Rev. E. Chimbanga, reports:

On Thursday evening we have a short sermon, Holy Communion and a long time of meditation on Jesus' death. Friday morning there is a preaching service and a call for decisions for Christ. Saturday is visitation day, but Easter Sunday, ah! We have a bell rung at three o'clock in the morning, and all people go to a certain hill for the sunrise service. They march singing, and a good program has been prepared. Different persons speak on subjects like 'What is Easter!?', 'What did it mean in Jesus' day?', 'What does it mean now'? We have songs, quartettes, and solos — Hip hip hooray, Hallelujah! The minister closes the service with an Easter meditation. Later on during the day, the young people present a dramatization of the Easter events.

Matendeudze, near Mutambara — from where Pastor Nathaniel Chiota reports — was meanwhile holding these activities:

The whole week, from Palm Sunday, was a week of prayer. Thursday evening, all branches of the circuit met at a central place for an informal Holy Communion, where the people participated while seated around a table, remembering the day

New Bishop In Liberia

The Rev. Stephen T. Nagbe has been elected a Bishop of the Methodist Church by the Liberia Central Conference at its first meeting in mid-December. Bishop Nagbe is the third African to be elected a bishop of the Methodist Church, and at 32 he is one of the youngest ever elected. He was elected for a six-year term, and bishops from three continents participated in his consecration.



Barabbas and two thieves in prison, waiting for the hangman

★ *How do people in Africa celebrate the great Church festivals? This issue of "Africa Christian Advocate" gives some glimpses of Easter on this continent, beginning with Rhodesia.*

when Jesus ate with his followers. Friday we held services through the whole day, meditating on Jesus' agony on the Cross, bearing our sins.

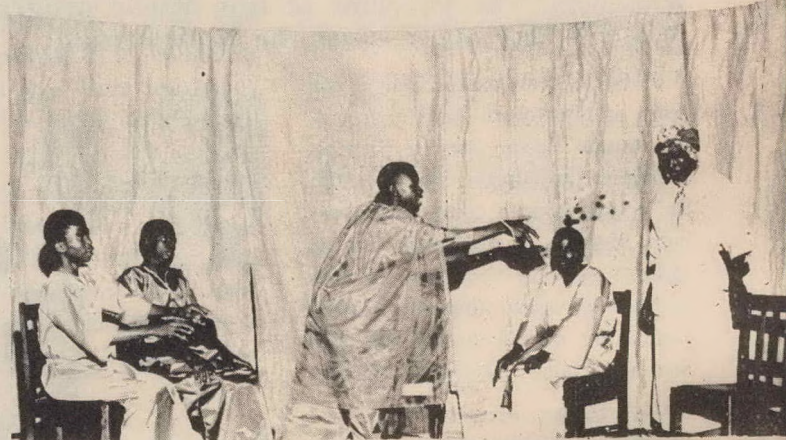
Then came Sunday. On this greatest day, six groups started out before dawn, going in different directions to sing the great Easter news, "Christ is risen." As they sang, they accompanied themselves with *hoshos* (an African musical instrument resembling a Mexican rattle). After visiting homes and villages for 12 hours, the groups met at a central place. Now we were a large group, for the ones we had listed for special visitation came back with us.

Almost all of these gave their lives to Jesus during the following service.

Mrs. Samudzimu, a deaconess at Umtali, tells about Easter weekend at Hilltop Church:

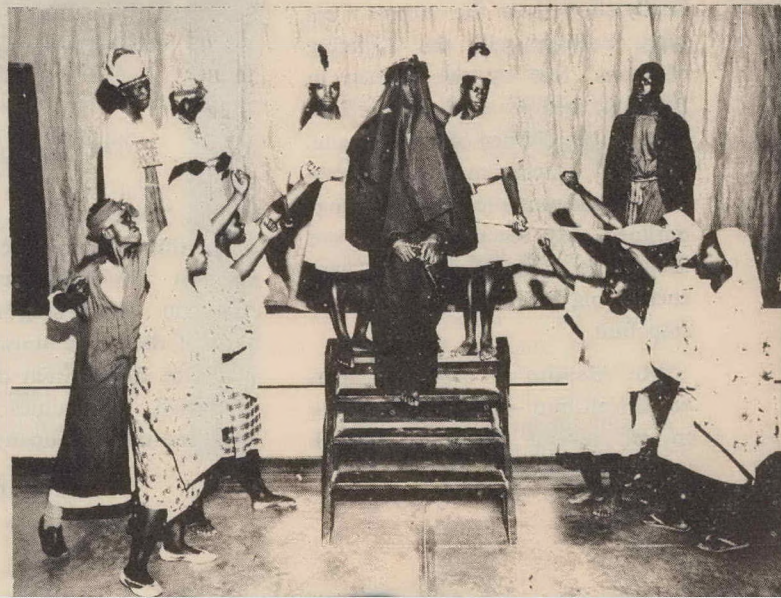
On Saturday evening, the women of the church came to sleep in the church building, first holding a long service of prayer and testimony. They did so in order to be there in time for the sunrise service.

Early Easter Sunday morning, just at sunrise, we had a wonderful Easter play just outside the church, presented by church members. The play ended with the choir singing the 'Hallelujah Chorus.' Then all the people marched through Sakubva township singing "Kristu Tenzi wakamuka, halelujah" (Christ, the Lord, is risen today, hallelujah). Many non-church people and even non-Christians joined them marching. They stopped at some places: the market place and the beer hall, giving testimonies and short messages. Many Christians received strength from the Lord to witness. Some people were saved and some repented from their wicked ways.



Judas throws away the money in the Temple

Jesus is led away to the Cross, through the mocking crowd



Young African Creates Shona Passion Play

"Jesus' Crucifixion took place nearly 2000 years ago, and the country where this happened is nearly 3000 miles away from us. But the Nyadiri Dramatic Group defied all barriers of time and distance, when they presented their master-piece Passion Play "Mazuva Ekupedzisa" (The Last Days of Jesus) under the leadership of their master-mind, Abraham Maraire."

Thus wrote the "Umbowo" newspaper in Umtali after the performances there of the "Dramatic Cantata for Easter" which was produced through the Church Music Service of the Methodist Church in Rhodesia. The Director of this Music program, MR. JOHN KAEMMER, gives the background:

It has been the custom for several years at Nyadiri to have a play at the annual Easter Sunrise Service. Last year, as I began working with the young African composer, Abraham Maraire, I suggested that he make a play for the Easter service and have the parts sung with African tunes. He agreed to try this and was soon busy making an outline.

To many Africans the word "Easter" does not mean only Easter Sunday, but connotes the entire time of the last week of Christ's life on earth. So when Mr Maraire finally showed me the outline of his play, it began with the anointing of Jesus' feet by the woman in Bethany, then proceeded to the Last Supper, the Garden of Gethsemane, the trial, crucifixion and resurrection. There were more than 26 songs outlined. My reaction to this was that, if he wants to go ahead with such a big project, who am I to stop him.

Mr. Maraire — or Abraham as we all call him — was soon coming to me several mornings a week

sing, so that he could fit the leading part into it. In a few weeks all of the music was ready, and practices began. Then Abraham would come and listen to the tape he had made, in order to remind himself of the music before going off to rehearsal. He spent much time in individual work with the leading parts.

The difficulty here is that schools have a long holiday over the Easter weekend. We had planned to give the play in three parts. On Wednesday night we presented the scenes



The Nyadiri Dramatic group after a performance

saying, "Baba, I have some more songs this morning." So I would get out the tape recorder, and Abraham would sing the various parts of the songs himself from the words he had written down, as he composed. Sometimes he would teach me the accompanying part to

up through the captivity in the Garden of Gethsemane. On Friday was the trial and crucifixion, and on Easter Sunday the resurrection was presented at the Sunrise Service. These first performances were rather ragged because of so many students going away for the week-

end, but the meaning of the text and the moving qualities of the music were apparent anyway.

During the second school term we decided to practice more and work up a nicely finished performance. We did so and were invited to perform the play at Epworth Theological College in Salisbury, where there was a large appreciative crowd of both Africans and Europeans. A translation of the Shona text had been made so that the non-African could appreciate the play more. A couple of weeks later, the group traveled over 150 miles by bus and did three performances in the Umtali area. After these, I heard various Africans remark, 'Now I really understand what happened then.'

In making publicity I had difficulty as to what to call the production. It might accurately be



Abraham Maraire, the young composer

called an opera, or a folk opera, since it is done entirely in music. But there is no orchestra, in fact no instruments at all, and the word "opera" sometimes might lead to a distorted idea of what it is. The music is something in the form of a cantata, and so I have sometimes described it as a "Dramatic Cantata."

The Play is truly African, and it is entirely original. All the subtleties of Shona thought-forms and patterns are lavishly conspicuous right through the Play. This has made it a sheer joy for me to be part of this new venture.

Who Is Abraham Maraire?

IT is a representative of Young Africa who has created the Dramatic Cantata "The Last Days of Jesus." Mr. Abraham Maraire is only 22 years old, and his height of hardly five feet does not give the impression of a great man. But he is filled with music.

Abraham Maraire was born near Mutambara, and came to Old Umtali for secondary school work. He later completed his training for Primary Teaching's High Certificate at the Mount Silinda Mission (American Board).

Mr. Maraire's talents were early recognized by his friends, and Robert Kauffman — the former director of Church Music Service — soon put his talent into fruitful use. What can be expected from such a gifted young man, if he continues to use his special talents in God's service?

Realistic Passion Play

There is a very realistic, true-to-life tone in the songs that Abraham Maraire composed for the Easter Drama. See here a few examples:

Jesus speaking to Peter:

Peter, it's not as easy
As you think it will be.
When it happens you will forget
All you are talking about now . . .
Even today, you will deny me
three times
Before the cock crows.

. . . and the shrill tones of the mockery:

Hey, you soldiers, we have
caught him today.
Hey, all you people, we have
caught him today.
The King of Jews, we have seen
him today.
That Son of God, we have seen
him today.
Today you will get it, we have
found you . . .

. . . and the tender sorrow of Mary:

Where did my Lord go?
Oh, Mother, where is my Lord?
Oh, God, where is my Lord?
God, you know about this,
Please tell me all about it.

Historical Meeting In Angola

Through the years it has been a fact that the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Churches in Angola have been completely separated from each other. It comes therefore as a breath of fresh air, when a report from Angola tells of a recent meeting between representatives of these two branches of Christendom.

On January 17th, 1966, an ecumenical service was held in Malange, Angola, led by the Roman Catholic Bishop. The ritual part of the service consisted of "Our Father" and the Apostolic Creed, read by all participants together. Portions of the Holy Scriptures were read by representatives of the Angola Evangelical Church and the Adventists.

The main part of the service was a conversation based upon two lectures on the proceedings and results of the recent Vatican Council. The Protestant speaker on this issue was the Methodist bishop of Angola, Rev. Harry P. Andreassen.



The Palm Sunday message stirs the imagination of African church people

The children also grab corn-stalks or palm-leaves to take part in the procession



The Greatest Festival

"TO EAT CHRISTMAS" is quite a thing in Southern Africa, and the old festival has become rather materialistic even in this "young" continent. For many people, Christmas is a time of asking others for gifts, eating and having a good time. We do, of course, recognize the Western influence here as well as possible reminiscences of old, traditional festivities to welcome the new year. Another Christian festival, however, has not yet become corrupted: Easter.

It is possible that Easter with its extremely dramatic background appeals more strongly to people in Africa than does Christmas. The birth of a child is, after all, a commonplace occurrence, and in many tribes the small child is not even considered a real person. It is only a "visitor" during the first months.

Suffering, on the other hand, speaks eloquently to every man. Consequently, Christ's suffering and death occupies the central

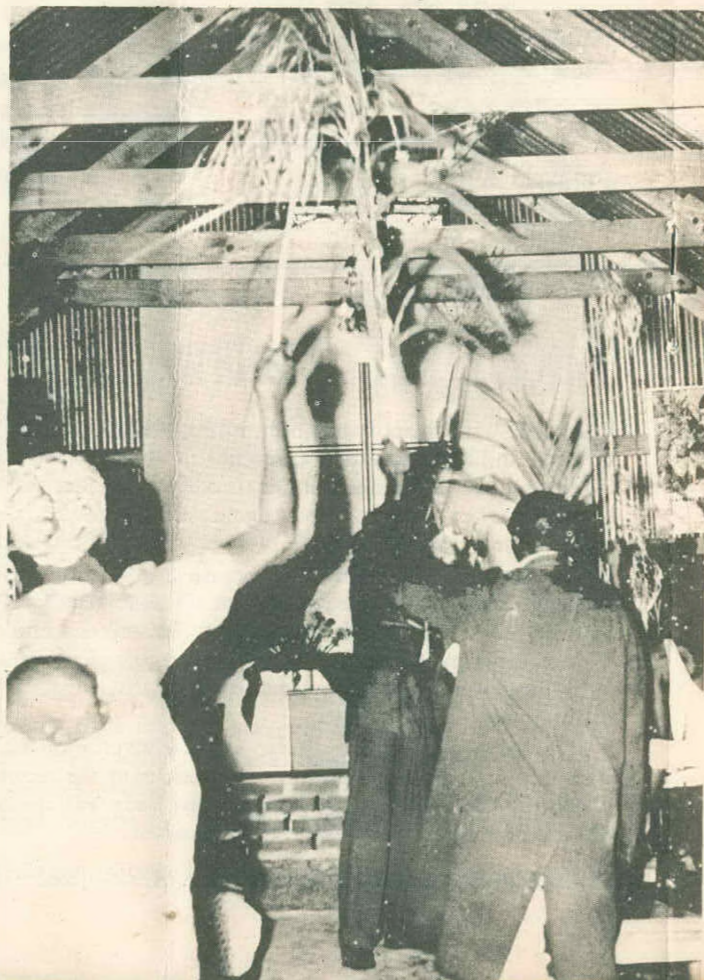
part in African Easter. The whole week becomes a silent one, from the Triumphant Entry on Palm Sunday to the final agony on Good Friday. Prayers and quiet services mark this week, even if Palm Sunday can offer quite a dramatic indication of the branch-carrying crowds meeting the humble Rider.

In many places, dramatic presentations of the Easter message have become part of the ordinary church activities during the Holy Week, and it is to be hoped that this form of worship service will spread even more.

However, there can be no mistake about the triumphant note in the songs early on Easter morning, praising Him who won a final victory in His resurrection. And here we can all join in the chorus: "He is risen, yes, He is risen!" A.H.

Photos: Nadine Simpson, Max Kemling and the Editor

"Hosanna to the Son of David!"



Top Right: Easter dramas are becoming an important part of the worship during Holy Week



Right: Even the youngest must have their flowers to wave



The Girls' Choir entering the church at Chicupe, Mozambique, on Palm Sunday

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Meditations

On a Peanut Garden

by DOROTHY GILBERT

YOU will not see Easter altars banked with peanut plants. They do not even grow at Easter time; the clover-like leaves of transparent green appear in Congo springtime, November; the fragile yellow flowers bloom before Christmas, then bury themselves under the ground; after New Year comes the harvest. A basket of peanuts may be placed as an offering on the altar of an African church most any time after that.

Then why should peanuts remind me of Easter? Because they tell me a parable, as I sit in December writing on my veranda overlooking my thriving peanut bed, I saved some seed from last year, but most of it went bad and I had to buy more. My gardener thought the rains had come to stay, and planted, but it was a false start and bugs ate the seed before it could sprout, and again I had to buy more. I made sure I had enough this time; I bought a huge sack, big enough for a whole Congolese family's garden. I could have placed a lily or two on an altar in America for what I paid for that sack of peanuts.

What does this all mean to me except an amusing dabble in agriculture and the eventual satisfaction of my endless craving for peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches? Supposing I were a Congolese farmer with a cherished stock of seed and no other re-

sources for replacing it when it went bad? Supposing it meant a year's food for the family and something left over to sell for cash to buy back cooking oil and soap?

Hunger is a commonplace thing to talk about and a complicated thing to do something about. Much more complicated than sending off food we don't need to people who don't know what to do with it. And there are so many different kinds of hunger. My feeling hungry for peanut-butter-and-jam is quite different from the protein hunger of the weaned African child, or the deprivation, so deep it is no longer felt as hunger, of a refugee emerging from months hidden in the forests.

In Congo, hunger is not spread over with jam, and death is not buried under blankets of lilies. Maybe this is why a peanut plant has more to say to me about Easter than the cold white lily that feeds no one. The peanut flower is tiny and looks delicate, but it burrows into the ground and in the secret darkness bears its fruit. When the clusters of peanuts are pulled out and shaken free of the earth, there is food for the hungry, income for the poor, oil for industry and commerce, and the soil that nourished them is left richer than before. This tells me a parable: defeat and darkness, then a secret working, then the rising up, the feeding, the enriching.

Jesus, risen, cooked a bit of fish over a primitive fire and said, "Come and eat." Then He said, "Feed my sheep." It sounds like a simple mandate, but it has sent His disciples into strange ways where they have found they need more imagination than they had dreamed. A basket of peanuts offered on an African altar looks like a simple thing, too, yet I think it as pleasing to the Lord as masses of lilies.

The Methodist Church in the Congo welcomes the Mission Aviation Fellowship (MAF) missionaries, Wes and June Eisemanns and their two children. Before coming to the Congo, the Eisemanns served a two-year term in Liberia. They are now stationed at Luluabourg with Wes flying the new "185" in both conferences and June operating the radio.

Color-blind

by GEORGE KLEIN

HOW impossible to grasp that she was dead!, as we stood weeping at Margaret Brancel's funeral. Her death on September 14, 1965, had stunned us all. At thirty-five, with four growing children, her life was just bursting into flower.

Her last weeks were typical of her life among us. "We shall never forget how she led our choir tour to Katsukunya, Manyika and Nyadiri," one student said. "It was Margaret's farewell to us." Hiding physical pain, she shared in the national Human Relations Consultation until taken to hospital.

Rev. Jonah Kawadza, assistant to Bishop Dodge, spoke for all of us when at the funeral he said: "This afternoon we bury one of our most beloved sisters. She was color blind."

"Color blind" — these words summarize the witness of Fred and Margaret Brancel. From the time they first stepped on Africa's soil in 1952, they have identified with the people. Imprisonment, separation, hardship — all these they faced and overcame.

No job was too small or too difficult. Although trained in agriculture, Fred said "Yes" when asked to be a school manager in Rhodesia. Margaret led choirs and directed plays in Umtali. She sparked the Y-tens and, as they spread throughout Rhodesia, became their national advisor. They were happy and working well.

Then came the call to Nyamuzuwe Center almost 200 miles away. We needed Fred as teaching headmaster, and Margaret to teach English, French and music at our newest high school. Willingly they moved again. They were not afraid of change, for it brought new opportunities to serve.

Rev. Dikanifuwa of Umtali tells how Margaret visited from house to house during the political tensions in 1964. When cautioned she replied, "If I am an ambassador of Christ, I should have no fear."

We need more missionaries like Fred and Margaret Brancel in Southern Africa today — men and women unafraid to face an uncertain future. It takes courage to be part of Methodism's "peace corps".

Ten years ago, thousands in Rhodesia believed that their country would set an example of racial



Margaret Brancel with some of her students

partnership for all Africa to follow. They stood together. Africans and Europeans both had confidence in their government. Leaders of both races wished to change "partnership" from a slogan into a reality.

Now, ten years later, their hopes have been shattered. The shout for racial justice in Rhodesia has been reduced to a whisper. Europeans, although outnumbered 18 to 1, became determined to prevent African majority rule in their lifetime. The unilateral declaration of independence (UDI) on November 11 last year climaxed their drive.

In such a country it is easy to become discouraged. A tide of hatred is rising. It is hard to hear a friend condemn bitterly all whites. We weep for our trained leaders languishing in detention camps while schools are understaffed.

In this racially divided land we need more missionaries who are color blind. As guests of the country they will have no voice in the government. As friends of the people, however, they can speak by their actions that in Christ we are all brothers.

We have faith that after the darkness will come the dawn, for He whom we follow "will not fail or be discouraged, till he has established justice in the earth." (Isaiah 42:4)

Many good reports

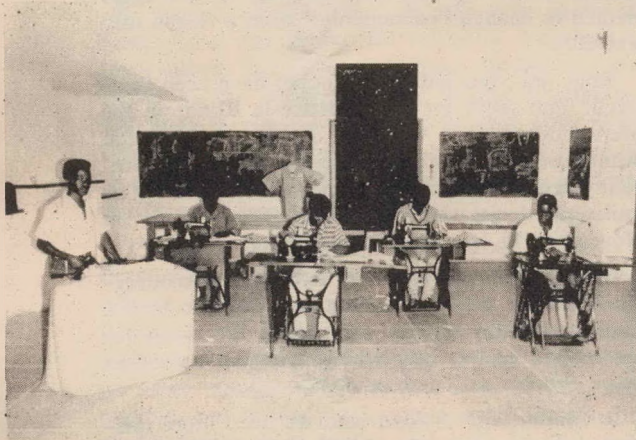
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Helping Them To Help Themselves

Warren G. Jackson,
tells about his work at the
Vocational Training Center
at Thysville, Congo.



Make the shirts nice, strong and well-fitting!

WHAT can be done to help the thousands of Angolan refugees in the Congo to re-adjust to normal life? Thysville Vocational Training Center is one of the answers that the Church has to this question. At present, only 30 young men are involved in this training, but as they leave after a year at the Center, new ones are given similar opportunities.

The Vocational Center is located in an urban area. The young men who enter the training after being screened through questionnaires, make their home in the Center during the year of training. There are three main lines: carpentry, mechanics and tailoring. But included in the program are also courses in primary education, theory of each of the arts, hygiene, religion, mathematics and language. Great emphasis is placed on training to help oneself to help others.

The Center provides a Christian atmosphere, and all students are invited to participate in the



Chairs being made in the carpentry department of the Vocational Center

worship services of the local churches.

After completion of a year's training at the Vocational Centre, these students will be prepared to enter into a trade in which they have been trained. To get them started, all those who have completed the course are given a kit of tools.

The Vocational Training Center at Thysville was born out of the dreams of the Rev. David Grenfell, a British missionary who served a number of years in Northern Angola and who was expelled after the revolution there in 1961. Since expulsion, Rev. Grenfell has organized and operated the only official Angola Refugee Reception Center in the Lower Congo. Through his inspiration, the Methodist Church has loaned the Warren G. Jackson family to the Congo Protestant Relief Agency (CPRA), to organize and direct this training program as an interdenominational project. It was officially opened November 10, 1964.

Later, the Canadian Baptist Missionary Society loaned the Rev. Lynn D. Stairs' family to join in the work. And we now have an Angolan Methodist minister who serves as a chaplain, monitor and part time teacher as well as three other Angolans who instruct in the main fields of training. Thus, an international and interdenominational group is working here in Thysville to help and train people who have been displaced through the sufferings of war.

Taking a machine apart and putting it together again is important training for future mechanics



Women Work On The Church's Problems

by **MARCIA BALL**

FIFTY Rhodesian women gathered at Ranche House College, Salisbury, to pool their resources and ideas regarding four of the major problems facing the Rhodesian Church today: Alcoholism, Marriage problems, early School leavers, and difficulties of adjustment to new ways of living.

One of the speakers, Mrs F. Rea, began the Consultation with a poem of A. A. Milne's **The Old Sailor**. It seems this gentleman had so many things to decide that he could never make up his mind which one to do first. He needed a hat, breeches, nets, hooks, water, a goat, chickens, sheep, a hut with a lock, and some needles and thread. He was on a desert island and sat down to make these things one by one. But each time he began, he felt there was something else he needed worse. As a result, he did a terrible thing. He just wrapped himself up in a blanket, completely frustrated, and lay on the beach until some one came along and saved him.

It looked like we would have as many problems as the old sailor, but unlike him, we were willing and ready to tackle them in a positive, constructive manner, sorting out fruitful ideas and discarding those

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Leaders of the consultation, Rev. Ndelela (left), Rev. Marcia Ball and J. Kawadza

that did not seem to lead to a solution.

Even fifty energetic women, however, had to have guidance. This we found in a battery of specialists that came to our rescue to talk, guide, listen, answer questions, reject unworkable ideas and praise good ones. They came from the University of Rhodesia, from other churches, and from special lines of work. Our keynote speaker was Mrs. D. Mtinkulu from Zambia.

We spent about 65 hours together, talking, praying, eating, pondering, arguing, listening. The results listed in the recommendations were further combed and polished into final state. It is our hope that these recommendations, as they are passed on to the various committees and

boards of our church will enrich it and give it a boost in solving the great problems that lie before us. However, this is not all to come from this very unusual consultation. We have learned a new technique of dealing with problems. And we now know that if a group can get together in a Christian spirit, hear experts on the subject, turn over the problems so that all sides are examined, a solution can be found.

The old sailor gave up in complete frustration and despair. But we don't need to follow his example. Instead, our guide is the prayer that became a beacon light in the consultation: 'O Lord, grant us the serenity to accept the things we cannot change, the courage to change the things we can, and the wisdom to know the difference.'

An inspired group of women at the Consultation in Salisbury



Are Families Breaking Up?

Interview with Mrs. D. Mtimkulu

A wise, soft-spoken woman was the key-note speaker at the recent Women's Consultation in Salisbury, Rhodesia. She is Mrs. D. Mtimkulu, wife of the Director of the Mindolo Ecumenical Foundation in Kitwe, Zambia. Mrs. Mtimkulu will be one of the speakers on "The Christian family" at the World Methodist Conference in London later this year. She is here interviewed by the A.C.A. Editor.

"IT IS TRUE that many families in Africa today seem to be very unstable. I don't know, of course, if families in general were ever stable. But we can see quite clearly that the problems of family stability becomes more difficult as towns increase in Africa.

"I do not mean that Western culture is a curse for the African family. All outside influence causes problems, but Western culture is also improving our people a great deal. The difficulty lies in the fact that we are now in a transitional stage.

New family concepts

"One great cause of family troubles is the difference between our old concept of a connexional family and the Western one of a nuclear family. I want to point out that this is not at all the same as the difference between polygamy and monogamy. In the connexional family, man and wife were a natural part of a greater context. Grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, children and grandchildren, nieces and nephews, all belonged to the same big family, and all had a certain responsibility towards one another. In the nuclear family, man and wife are left entirely on their own, and this is a completely new concept to the African. I could say it in these terms: The African is not complete with only his wife and children. Neighbours are not part of the family and cannot play the same role as a member of the connexional family.

An African wife in a town-house feels quite lost as she is alone at home. She used to be part of a context. She got guidance from elders in the community, but now all that is gone. In a strange surrounding she has got to learn to stand on her own feet. Not being used to take decisions all by herself, life can become utterly confused.

Divorces and lobola

"Divorces are caused by this struggle against heavy odds. The men acquire new ways much faster than



Mrs. D. Mtimkulu with her little son

women. He has more contact with the outside world, and often he becomes impatient with his "simple" wife. This does not mean that women are slower in development. But they are later.

"In the choice between Christian marriage and the traditional one with "lobola" (bride-pledge), I think that the Christian marriage is not yet strong enough on its own. **Lobola** has very strong roots and has played an important part. Now I believe we should let **lobola** have its time. It will die a natural death.

"My own father did not believe in **lobola**. But my mother was worried, as **lobola** gives a status in the African community. "What standing will my daughter have?" But my father did not want to deprive the man who was going to be my husband of the possibility to give his daughter a good home.

"I had my fears, too, as I was so close to my mother. But when I saw that we — by not entering into the **lobola** matter — had money for furniture and such things that are needed in a home, I clearly saw the advantage. Now I believe that, the more we will understand the real values in marriage, this **lobola** custom will die.

What should the Church do to help families in this transitional period?

"It seems like the Church's teaching on Christian family life is just beginning. I believe there should be discussion-groups on family problems, with men and women together. This is of course, especially important for our young people."

Christian Faith Makes A Difference

Lukali Honore's Ordeal

told by James Stevenson, Production Manager at the Interdenominational Printing Press in Leopoldville (LECO).

During the height of revolution in the Congo, the rebels forced people to become "baptized" with witchcraft medicine, in order to withstand the attacks of the National army. Lukali Honore, who lived with his family at Wenga, near Tunda, working on the translation of the Old Testament into Otetela, refused this "baptism" on the ground that he was a Christian. After pleading with him, the rebels condemned him and his family to be shot. Lukali was to be killed "at 4.30 in the morning."

WHAT does it feel like to be a Christian condemned for one's faith?" Lukali answered: "It was just as though we were going to take a trip. We were in the waiting room, like at an airport, just waiting for the next airplane to be announced. That would be our trip, and the next stop would be heaven! We were not terribly frightened."

But deliverance came at four o'clock in the morning. Suddenly there was a flurry of activity. They did not know what it meant at first. Their guard was gone. A friend remembered them at the last moment and cried: "Run! The Army is coming into our village! They have been told that everyone in this village has been baptized and they will kill everyone before they say a word."

They fled to the shelter of the nearby forest, but theirs was a precarious flight. They not only had to flee the National Army, but they dared not be caught by the rebels either. But the Lord's hand was with them and guided them deeply into the forest and to temporary safety.

The forest posed another problem. They had to hunt for food. They

had no real good shelter at first. They had fled in precarious health and now faced more hardships than ever before in their lives. Lukali had once had TB and although cured, the lesions on his lungs dictated a not too strenuous type of life. His work as a Bible translator had made this possible. But now, in a period of some four months, he was forced to build a succession of some 20 African type houses as he moved from one hide-out to another. Of course, these were very temporary houses, but even the first would have put him flat on his back in "normal" times.

During all this time, Lukali said it was a miracle the way God gave him strength and health enough for all his needs.

At last, towards the end of March, he and his family knew it was safe to return to his home without being shot by the Army on sight. He found his home a total shambles, for it had been thoroughly looted and shot full of holes either by the rebels or by the Army. All personal valuables had been stolen. Only a lot of scattered translation papers were still there, for no one had thought them of any value during the looting.

As Lukali sat there at the table where we had just had our noonday meal, I could sense no anger, no resentment in all that he had had to go through. Truly, the Word of God has gone deep in this wonderful man's heart and mind.

How wonderful that Lukali's life was spared! In about another six months he will hold in his hands the fruit of over ten years of work. The Old Testament in Otetela is on the presses in Scotland now. What rejoicing when he sees the finished copy and sees cases of Bibles arriving for the people in the middle of the Congo!

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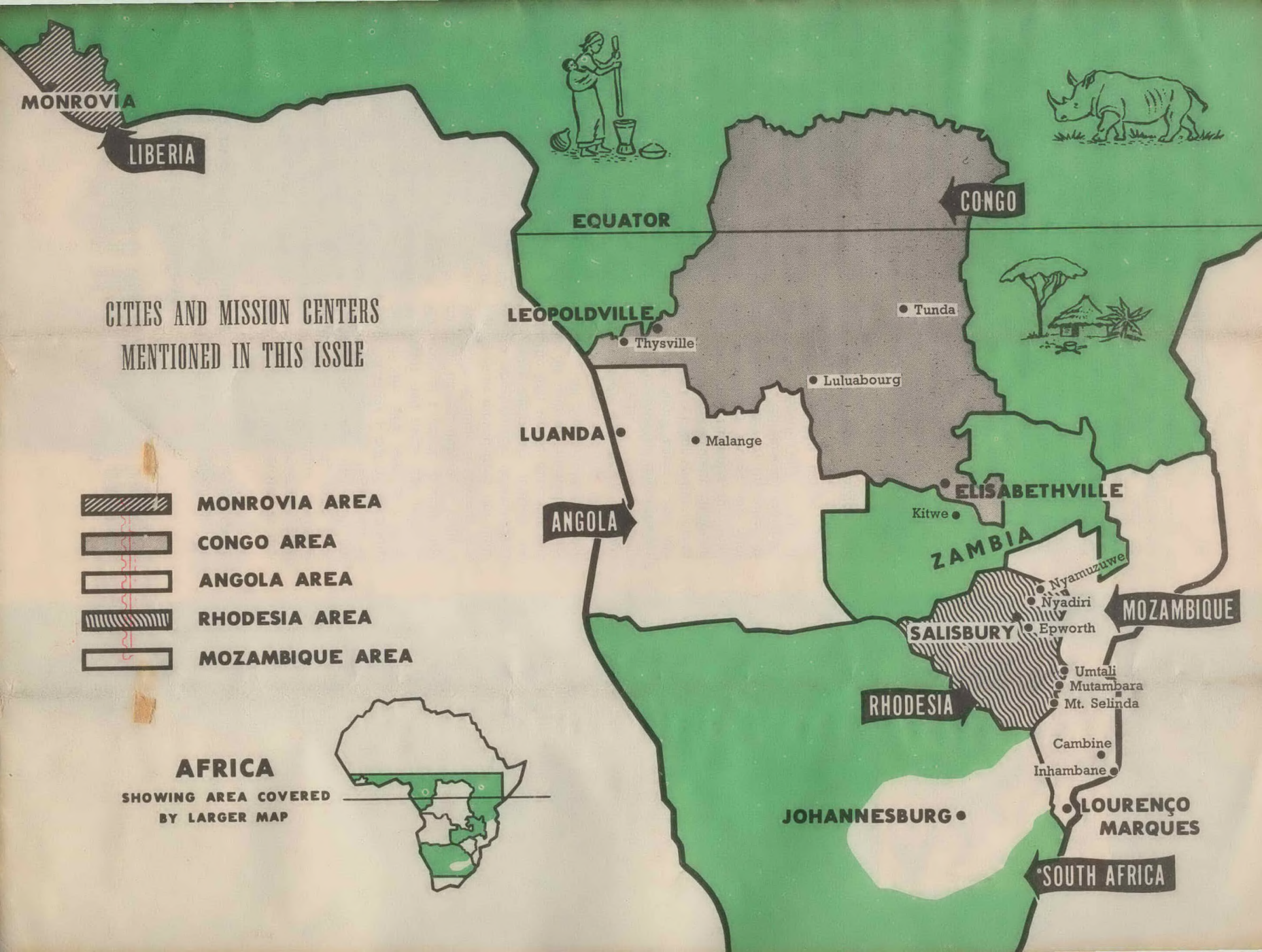
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OUR COVER PICTURE

*African children thrill to the
drama of Palm Sunday.
Photo: Alf Helgesson*



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LIBERIA



EQUATOR

CONGO

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• Tunda



• Luluabourg

LUANDA •



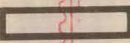

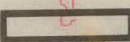
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ANGOLA

ELISABETHVILLE

• Kitwe

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-  CONGO AREA
-  ANGOLA AREA
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-  MOZAMBIQUE AREA

MOZAMBIQUE

SALISBURY

• Nyamuzuwe

• Nyadiri

• Epworth

RHODESIA

• Umtali

• Mutambara

• Mt. Selinda

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LOURENÇO MARQUES

SOUTH AFRICA

AFRICA

SHOWING AREA COVERED
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