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Preaching Christ in Zambia and Congo

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Preaching Christ In Zambia and Congo



By Chester Woodhall

DEDICATION

**TO OUR CHILDREN MARY, KIM AND IAN WHO WERE SO COMMITTED TO
OUR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORS IN ZAMBIA**

Contents

INTRODUCTION 1

BACK HOME..... 2

MISSIONARIES ARRESTED..... 10

WHITES MURDERED IN ZAMBIA..... 18

GUERRILLA WARFARE..... 25

THIS IS A HOLD UP 32

HOUSE SPRAYED WITH BULLETS 39

MISSIONARY MURDERED 46

EVANGELIST FLOGGED IN CONGO 48

REBELLION IN THE CONGO 54

FROM MARX TO CHRIST 69

BRITISH MISSIONARY IN PRISON 77

RIOTS ON THE COPPERBELT 84

MEETING PRESIDENT AND PRIME MINISTER 89

ESCAPE FROM ARMED BANDITS 95

BOMB GOES OFF 102

COUP IN ZAMBIA..... 107

CONCLUSION 111

INTRODUCTION

"Will you marry me?" was my heartfelt request to my sweetheart Angela. We lived with our families a street apart in Birmingham, England's second largest city where I worked in marketing for a large UK metals company and Angela taught in a primary school. Following a positive response from Angela to the marriage proposal we arrived by air at the small Kitwe airport on the Zambian Copperbelt a few weeks later. My new job was as an economist and Angela as a Kitwe primary school teacher.

Angela and I were and are committed Christians. We surrendered our lives to Christ and went through the waters of baptism as did the New Testament Christians. We identified with the plea of Churches of Christ for Christianity as it was in the beginning. In the mid-sixties, whilst a Fairbridge Scholar at the university, I had attended the Sinoia Street congregation now known as Avondale Church of Christ in Harare Zimbabwe. In England we had attended churches of Christ. As part of our lifestyle we shared our faith in Jesus the Son of God with others in Zambia and further north in Congo.

"Stop preaching! You don't know when to stop preaching" shouted the serious faced man carrying a miner's helmet. "We want to become Christians. We want to confess our faith in Jesus and be baptized but you keep on preaching." I was standing on a large ant hill and preaching in the open air. We went to a suitable pool of water for baptizing and a new congregation that exists to this day was formed. The Christians built their own mud brick meeting place and the man with the miner's helmet became one of the preachers.

Five hundred men and women came to Christ and were baptized over a three-year period. The Christians formed their own independent and self-financing congregations and organized or built their own meeting places. The congregations are still in existence and we continue to hear from those early converts to Christ and from their children in the faith. We will receive a message over the internet: "I am your grandson in Jesus."

After three years in Zambia we went to the States for two years where we made many lifelong Christian friends and studied the Bible at Sunset International Bible Institute and Abilene Christian University. Then we returned to the Zambian Copperbelt to continue with leading the lost to Christ and church planting. This book is an anecdotal account with emphasis on church planting of this second period in Zambia up to 1990. In 1991 we moved further south in Africa which is another story.

We made many mistakes but we did our best to share the Amazing Grace of God in Zambia and Congo. We pay tribute to our three children who did all they could as children to help their parents in their cause for Christ.

Enjoy the book!

BACK HOME

We stepped onto the hot tarmac of Lusaka airport from the Zambia Airways plane. The heat engulfed us after the crisp cold that we had just left in England. We were home again in the place where God had called us to serve Him and we were excited. Mary, our three-year-old daughter, stated happily "We are in Zambia". The crowd of passengers swept us past the soldiers keeping a watchful eye and into the large hanger type building where immigration and customs officials awaited us. Angela, who had first come to Zambia with me as a new bride five years previously, whispered in my ear, "Hope we can get through fast. There's a plane about to fly to the Copperbelt. It's the small plane on the tarmac." We joined a slow-moving line of people wending its way past various checkpoints of officials. "Health certificates," ordered the first official and he inspected our papers for our family of four, including the papers for Kim, our four-month old babe in arms.

Then catastrophe struck. "Halt. You are detained. There is a plane leaving for England this afternoon. You will be on the plane," and the stern-faced uniformed official placed us under escort to a detention room. The temperature had risen in more ways than one for us in Lusaka and we had a baby who needed changing. "Your papers are not in order. I will only accept the originals," harangued the official after all the other passengers had been cleared, the flight to the Copperbelt had long since departed and he had all the time in the world to interrogate us.

"We have friends awaiting us at Ndola airport who can produce the originals you require," was my unacceptable reply. "Why aren't you worried?" he enquired, "Don't you realize what I am doing to you? You have come all this way and I am sending you back!"

He seemed frustrated that we did not lose our tempers or argue with him. "We are Christians and we are here because this is where God wants us to be. We rely upon the Lord our God for the solution to problems we cannot solve," was our reply. This answer was obviously different from what he expected. It did not satisfy him but prevented a more serious argument breaking out. His colleagues were helpful to us, assisting us with our small children, and having whispered discussions with him. After several hours, his words were the answer to our prayers, "You may go on the next plane to Ndola. Produce the papers to our officials there." One of his colleagues offered me his phone and our friends waiting anxiously for us in Ndola were on the line.

We left the official who had given us a hard time reading a Christian book and our friends at Ndola airport greeted us with the words, "Welcome to Zambia." The date was June 11, 1976.

He was a Zambian teenager who always had a mischievous grin on his face. Moses was a skilled pickpocket who found new life in Christ soon after we moved from staying with our good friends in Luanshya to a new house in Kitwe, the hub of the Copperbelt. Moses gave up his life of crime and became a street vendor instead. Bible study was for this fourteen-year-old a very enjoyable activity. His sharing of his joy in the Lord

was infectious and many of his friends became convinced that Jesus is the Son of God and were baptized into Christ. In fact, there were so many conversions to Christ that we had our own key to the local swimming pool - no worry about crocodiles there. Our normal way of baptising was in the closest river, always making sure there were no crocodiles lurking about.

Grace was an attractive fifteen-year-old African girl. Her father was killed in Zambia's worst mine disaster at Mufulira. Her father's current wife - not Grace's mother - picked up the mining company's family compensation payment for the deceased father and deserted the family to live with another man. She kicked Grace and the other kids onto the street telling them, "I hate the sight of you! Don't ever come back!"

Grace's real mother had another husband and she moved in with them. Her stepfather hated the new arrival and his favourite sport was to have himself, Grace's mother and another woman in the household beat her up from head to toe. The stepfather would tell her, "Get a job. Get a man. And give me plenty of money."

Grace tried to move to her paternal grandfather. However, the grandfather had a new young bride who had Grace put back on the street. She visited her uncle - in African custom called her "young father." The uncle gave her some money but his more hostile womenfolk escorted her back to her real mother.

The mother and stepfather refused to feed Grace, would engage in their sadistic brutality and then lock her out of the house overnight. She would meet with their approval if she earned money by prostitution. In spite of it all, Grace stayed in school. She earned money to put herself through school by selling cigarettes and working as a bar girl. Then a thief stole her money and she was told at school, "No more money for school fund, no more school place."

I began open air preaching in the shanty town where she lived. I would choose a suitable ant hill which would give me a certain height above the crowd and preach Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. Sometimes Zambian children would pull the hairs on my legs or arms during my preaching, as they examined a white man in close proximity for the first time. Like many people in her shanty town Grace accepted the Good News of Jesus Christ gladly. Her mother and stepfather went berserk about her conversion. Angela and I talked in the strongest terms to many of the participants in her story of their need to repent. We told them what Jesus said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." [Luke 13:3] I went to that den of Satan, the brothel and made it clear that Grace was never returning. She stayed in our home for a short time while alternative arrangements were made for her. Grace is now married with her own children the turning point for her was when she became a Christian. In one month, Grace and ninety-two other adults confessed their faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and went to the nearby river for baptism. Thieves, prostitutes and alcoholics were amongst those coming to the Saviour. The new Christians led to Christ through anthill preaching built a meeting house in one month and the congregation has continued to this day. A man who observed the story of Grace commented: "I have never seen a

church make as much effort to help people as the Church of Christ." Later he became a preacher for the cause of Christ.

Zambia is very much a do it yourself country in many aspects. The police do not give much assistance with robberies. There was the time on our previous tour when we had thieves stealing our small Toyota car through a hole they had made in our fence. It was the middle of the night and I phoned the police station with a request for help. "No! We can't come. We have no transport," was the policeman's answer. I replied, "You don't need transport. If you will walk across the road from your police station, our house is directly in front of you." The cop's voice rose, "We are not coming. We have a police station to guard." The thieves working on our car were only a few yards from where I was on the telephone. "What about the thieves at our house? Are you refusing any assistance?" was my next question. "You can capture the thieves. You can lock them in a room. Phone us in the morning and we will collect them," was the final word from the Zambian policeman as he put the phone down.

On that occasion, we let loose our large and energetic Labrador dog from the house into the yard and he did what the Zambian police would not do, protected us, chased away the thieves and kept the Toyota, our only means of transport. Our Labrador was rewarded with a juicy steak. We were grateful to God for our deliverance.

"We have been robbed. You should check around your house," counselled our missionary friend. His premonition was correct and the gang of thieves had struck us also. So, we went hunting for the professional gang of thieves responsible, using our own posse of African detectives and trackers, in a chase which began at 1.00 a.m. in the morning and ended four days later with all the crooks caught and three quarter of the robbery proceeds recovered. The thieves were complacent that there would be no investigation and the pursuit took them by surprise. "How did you find us?" was a common response.

In a tiny Fiat Bubble car, I went on a crazy trip tracking two of the thieves for 500 kilometres into the bush. It was particularly crazy because I had no jack for changing of wheels and usually on a bush trip I could anticipate at least one flat tyre. On this trip one of God's secret agents, one of his angels, must have been keeping a close eye on us because we had no flat tyres and, if we had a flat, help would not have been forthcoming as we saw no other vehicles. We traversed bush country with wild animals and went up and down barely defined bush trails. The Africans with me and I shared a common colour on this journey; the colour of reddish-brown dust which covered us from head to toe. We were unable to cross a river at one place where a complicated pulley arrangement would have taken us with Fiat across a gorge. The man in charge of the pulley was drunk. With Fiat we did make the river crossing on a raft.

"Bwana, we must be very quiet now," advised one of my African colleagues as we parked the Fiat and crept silently through the bush of long grass and small trees. Our arrival took the occupants of the village by surprise; a picturesque village of thatched roof mud huts which was an Aladdin's cave of stolen property, including some of ours.

As we attempted to leave the village with our stolen property and two captured thieves, the witchdoctor appeared in all her tribal regalia and tried to cast a spell on our group. "We can't move. We are paralysed by the spell," gasped one of my African friends. I broke the spell by fetching the Fiat and saying those who did not get into the vehicle would be left behind. Our group, still holding on to our two thieves, clambered into the Fiat and the witchdoctor danced and chanted in front of the Fiat, seeking to prevent our departure. I drove the vehicle slowly but surely forward, indicating that the spell was not working and she danced fast out of the direction of the vehicle and back into the bush.

Most people in Zambia expressed great surprise that any thieves had been caught. There were even some suggestions that we should set up our own private detective agency! From our point of view, the incident did give us serious food for thought on the use of force by Christians and the degree of pacifism to which we as Christians are called. After all, one of our famous preachers in England had written a book called, "Christianity is Pacifism," but he was not living in Zambia!

"Come quickly! Brother Bwalya is in the cage at the police station. He needs your help," was the heart-rending cry from his wife. Bwalya had become a Christian during our previous tour. I had been preaching in the open air again from an ant hill. It was late in the afternoon and a large crowd of men and women were listening. The audience was growing as more people stopped to listen on their way home from work. I was warming to my theme of Peter's sermon on the Day of Pentecost and pleased that more and more people were coming to listen. A beautiful African sunset was developing over the mud hut village on the outskirts of the mining town of Kitwe.

Then things started to happen. This tall and muscular African pushed his way through to the front of the crowd and told me in no uncertain terms to shut up. "I have been listening to you preach now for at least an hour and you don't know when to stop. I want to become a Christian. I want to be baptized like on the Day of Pentecost, but, how can I? You go on and on!" In effect, Bwalya closed my sermon and gave the Gospel invitation for me to the crowd. "I want to become a Christian", "I want to be baptized", "Let's go to the river", were the shouts that came from different corners of the audience.

With a crimson sunset filling the sky, Bwalya and about thirty other men and women believing and confessing their faith in Christ as Lord and Saviour and repenting of their sins were baptized into Christ at the nearby river. It was a Zambian Pentecost. The same Gospel had resulted in the same response. Africans came out of the waters of baptism, soaking wet from head to toe in their own clothes, and rejoicing to know that their sins were forgiven because of Jesus and that they had the blessed assurance of salvation. Yet another congregation was formed and within a few months had built their own mud meeting house onto forest poles. The mud hole where the mud was made for the walls was very popular with the kids as a place to play. The church has continued to this day. Bwalya had little formal education, like many Africans of his age and generation but, with our help, he put much effort into studying the scriptures.

This was a considerable achievement for a man who was barely literate. He became an effective personal worker and a powerful preacher. He liked to preach against drunkenness, of which he had much previous experience and his illustrations and mimics of the evils of drunkenness would have audiences spellbound. And now he was in the cage at the police station!

"Will you please come to the police station and arrange bail?" I begged the solicitor at his house. I was disturbing his weekend rest but he agreed, "I will come and get the preacher out on bail but I am too busy to represent him in court." Obviously, he anticipated much hassle and little payment in a case like this. Bwalya had been arrested by Zambian police on Sunday morning as he was about to enter a meeting house for preaching. He was handcuffed and beaten up on his way to the police station. Our request for bail was denied because it was the weekend and they would only release on bail on weekdays.

Bwalya had been arrested on the false testimony of a gang of armed robbers who wanted to deflect any attention from them. The gang had beaten him up and tried to extort money from him. They told him, "If you have no money, steal it from Woodhall." Because he refused to give way to their threats, the thieves made a false report to the police that he had hit one of them. The arresting officer admitted that the thugs had manufactured evidence - a ripped shirt - outside the police station. The gang tormentors were able to walk around the cage at the police station and jeer at Bwalya. He was locked up in the cage without food for twenty-four hours. On the Monday he was released, innocent of any criminal charge. The Lord had answered our prayers.

"It's time to take a vacation," Angela said to me, "Your Mum is with us too and besides, with all that has been going on, we need a break." So, we planned a trip into Zambia's Northern Province but our plans were interrupted for a day or two when my mother, a British prison psychologist, was able to observe Zambian crime at first hand. She was robbed by thieves at the entrance to Kitwe's largest supermarket.

"Will you help us?" Angela asked the policeman who was standing nearby. "No!" he replied, "I am in uniform. I am on duty. I am here to guard the supermarket, not to deal with thieves for you." Mother joined in, "if you take action now, you can catch them." The policeman became angry, "Go away. Otherwise I will arrest you. You are interfering with my duties of guarding." Angela asked one last question, "So what can we do? We have been robbed!" The policeman's response was, "Catch the thieves yourselves, if you are able, not that you will have the strength!" and he turned away contemptuously from the small group of the English grandma with Kim as a babe in her arms and Angela, a young mother with a small child, Mary, darting around her feet.

So, with the help of African friends, we tracked down a ring of seven thieves and turned them in at the police station. We recovered the stolen property from an Asian fence that was involved with the crime ring and saw him off to the police station. The thieves' leader was captured in a 5 a.m. raid upon an all-night dance club. He broke

away from our posse when identified but I rugby-tackled him in the chase that ensued and he was recaptured before he could escape to the bush. The thieves reached some accommodation with the police and were released but we had recovered the stolen property. Also, we would hear whispered conversations behind our backs, "Leave those people alone. They have God on their side. They capture all those who steal from them."

Having dealt with this interruption, we went on vacation.

We went on safari into the more remote bush areas of Zambia's Northern Province. The trip was over one thousand miles in a small 900cc Fiat 127 Bubble car with five people inside. On one occasion the Fiat was caught in a sand drift. Luckily, the Fiat was light enough to pick up and move. Some of the bush trails were steep inclines covered with boulders up which the Fiat had to climb like a crab. At the end of each day, in addition to fighting off mosquitoes, we had to beat out the badly buckled wheels. In one remote village people ran at the sight of white people. There were very few churches of any religious group in the region. Today there are Churches of Christ scattered across the area in addition to other Christian groups. Mary especially enjoyed the wild animals and Kim was a source of interest to the monkeys.

It was on this trip that Mary celebrated her fourth birthday with a party on the shore of Lake Tanganyika. An African cook baked a special cake for her. Some of the local children who lived by the lake side came as guests to the party. However, there were uninvited guests - several monkeys came and frolicked with the children. Later on, two elephants came down to the party. They stood quietly as observers and then glided silently to the lake side. They preferred a drink of water to the cokes. The children at the party did not play at the water's edge because of the crocodiles who could be seen snapping their jaws in the distance.

Back home again in Kitwe, there was a problem at one of the new churches in a township north of Kitwe. Because we had not made bribes in certain directions, outraged minor officials had retaliated by banning the Church of Christ. "We don't want you here and you must stop baptizing so many people," dictated one official. When the church had been organized a few months earlier, the same official had offered his services as number one church leader but the people had refused him, not sharing his high estimate of himself.

The banning of the church was brought to a speedy end by the church leaders visiting the district secretary in Kitwe, one of the two most powerful political figures in the district. "I know the Churches of Christ from southern province," said the district secretary, "It is a very good church." The congregation concerned completed the building of a meeting house for worship soon afterwards. The machinations of Satan had been defeated and this happy group of Christians have continued their testimony for Christ to this day.

However, Satan tried a more direct attack on removing me and our ministry permanently from the scene. The hot Zambian sunshine was bathing the large

traditional African village near Kitwe. There were scores of children playing. For some children soccer was their game, for others home-made wire cars. They were all uniformly coated in dust. African women, with babies held on their backs by colourful blankets, were cultivating their vegetable gardens near the village. In front of some of the mud huts men and women were stretched out slumbering in the sweltering midday sun. There was one stridently noisy part of the village that was the area used as an open-air beer hall where a potent home-made brew was on sale day and night. There were also young girls available for hire.

A new building in the village is the meeting place for the Christians. It was built out of mud bricks by the Christians and is in use every day. When the Christians meet, their acapella singing of Christian hymns can be heard through the village in contrast with the raucous sounds of drumming and debauchery at the beer hall.

"Come with me and visit this family. They have serious problems and I don't know how to handle it," was the African Christian's request to me. We approached the hut and I tried to focus my eyes through the glaring sunshine on the black figures in front of the mud dwelling place. Then my African companion shouted urgently, "Look out! She will kill you!" I caught a glimpse of a fast shadow of movement from the corner of my eye.

Startled, I swung round and jerked my body to avoid the slicing motion of an African woman who was trying to hit me on the head with a fatally intended implement. "I am going to kill you! This will smash your skull!" chanted the stringy, hardened wild-eyed African. My rugby football training has some side bonuses and I was able to avoid injury.

The assailant was a witchdoctor who continued to chant, "My witchcraft will kill you! My witchcraft will not fail!" The Africans in the village were frightened of her witchcraft. The witch reinforced her madness with too much homemade beer and drugs - a dangerous mixture - from the beer hall. She was under the influence of satanic witchcraft, beer and drugs when she attacked me in the village like a human threshing machine. Her threat failed. I am still alive. This was an opportunity to demonstrate to the villagers that Jesus Christ is a Saviour who is more powerful than any witchcraft. It was William Booth who advised his missionaries, "Go for the sinners and go for the worst." Both I and Zambian Christians continued to visit the witchdoctor and her family and to tell them that Jesus is Lord. Some members of her family did become Christians.

"I have been surprised how many people have contacted me and talked with me about Christian things as a result of the television epilogues I did," stated Ernest Mate, a long-standing member of the Church of Christ whose roots go way back to Nhowe Mission in Zimbabwe. Since our return, we had for the first time organized for Churches of Christ to do radio and television programmes in Zambia. On the radio station owned by the state we were doing Christian programmes in English and five African languages.

However, opposition did develop to our programmes from another segment of our movement. Angela commented, "Blessed are the peacemakers - not the trouble makers." Ed Crookshank, missionary in Luanshya, added, "We will keep fighting to stay on the air. We need to preach Christ." Another missionary in Zambia's southern province stated, "We must do and say everything in our power to stay on the air. Then we can really kick the Devil in the seat of the pants!" And we stayed on the air preaching Christ and as a result, seeing people finding salvation in Christ.

Southern province has been the traditional heartland for Churches of Christ in Zambia and is where most of the missionaries have been concentrated. The first congregation was planted by an African preacher, Peter Masiya, near Livingstone in 1912. Masiya was converted to Christ in 1909 at Bulawayo in Zimbabwe through the preaching of a self-supporting New Zealand missionary, John Sherriff. His grandson of the same name is a personal friend and active as a preacher today. The first traditional mission station was built at Sinde near Livingstone in 1923. In 1968 there were 1207 Christians in thirty-seven congregations. In 1976 this had grown to more than three thousand Christians in seventy-four congregations.

An Englishman, Frank Murphy, had been instrumental in the early planting of Churches of Christ in the capital city of Lusaka in central Zambia from 1952 onwards. Frank Murphy moved later to Kettering in the East Midlands of England. In 1976 there were thirty-four congregations in Central Zambia, some of whom in the Lusaka area we visited.

Our main focus of ministry in 1976 was evangelism on the Copperbelt in the north of Zambia. Our desire was for Churches of Christ to have an evangelism explosion on the Copperbelt. The first Churches of Christ had been formed in 1963, made up mainly of members moving into the Copperbelt from the South or from Malawi, and there were nine congregations in 1968." How does it feel to have baptized five hundred people?" asked one American preacher in 1974. I had no ready-made answer for him because I had not thought much about it. Zambia, and in particular, the Copperbelt, were receptive to the Gospel and it just seemed natural, together with others, to share in the harvesting of souls for the Lord.

By the close of 1976 there were twenty-seven congregations and preaching points in northern Zambia, including the new churches planted and described earlier in this chapter. We were in Zambia for the second half of 1976 and we witnessed 488 new believers put on Christ in baptism. It brings to mind the Bible passage:

"We were therefore buried with him through baptism into death in order that, just as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, we too may live a new life." [Romans 6:4] The bumper stickers stuck all over our car stated "New Life in Jesus" and we were doing our best to share this New Life with others. In fact, people would even flag down our vehicle for discussions about the Lord!

MISSIONARIES ARRESTED

"Ed is under arrest!" exclaimed usually jovial Keith in worried tones. Fellow missionaries, Ed Crookshank and Keith Besson, had been helping with the preaching for a Gospel meeting in a township of Kitwe. The discussions after the meeting and supper in our home had resulted in Keith and Ed hitting the road late at night, to return to their homes in Luanshya, another Copperbelt mining town. Within a quarter of a mile of our home and shortly after joining the main two-lane highway, Ed's vehicle was overtaken by a Zambian taxi which screeched to a halt in front of him. A taxi door burst open and a Zambian policeman jumped onto the road pointing a machine gun at Ed. Ed stopped his vehicle and was arrested by the policeman for alleged "dangerous driving." Taken to the nearby police station under police escort, he was told, "You will be jailed until your court trial." There was a cage awaiting him in the back yard of the police station. It was after midnight when Ed's release on bail was finally secured but the machine gun toting policeman would not return to Ed his driving licence saying, "You must take driving lessons and learn to drive first!" Ed was never convicted of any driving offence and the gun waving policeman was a self-appointed judge.

Jesus said: "Blessed are those who are persecuted because of righteousness for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." [Matthew 5:10]. However, the persecution does not come when we choose and Ed had other plans for that evening - namely a good night's sleep at home in Luanshya and not the police cells!

"You are under arrest!" shouted the Zambian policeman as he forced his way through the crowd listening attentively in the open-air service. The policeman reeked and swayed with alcohol as he attempted to break up the meeting. It was early Sunday afternoon and the sun was blazing in its intensity. I replied: "I am too busy preaching to be arrested!" and I carried on preaching Christ from the anthill. The audience's response to my comment indicated that I had the goodwill of the crowd and the drunken policeman went on his way shouting. I was mindful of the Scripture: "Preach the word; press it home on all occasions, convenient or inconvenient." [2 Timothy 4:2] A congregation resulted and there are two congregations meeting in the area today.

It was a weekend to remember. Fifty people in six different villages and townships were baptized into Christ. On one trip to a pool for baptizing, a Zambian policeman stopped my vehicle at a roadblock. "You are under arrest!" were the increasingly familiar words. When asked why, he replied, "You are resisting arrest. So, you will be arrested for resisting arrest!" I was concerned that I might disappear into a Zambian prison cell and no one is aware of what had happened to me. The policeman was enraged by my questioning his arrest and at one stage in his tirade, he pointed a gun at my head with the profound comment: "What would you say if I shot you?" This was dangerous as a man had been shot at a roadblock a few days before. Obviously, if shot in the head, I would not be able to say anything to him!

During his verbal attack, the policeman stated that he was a "pagan" and against "rubbish churches." I prayed aloud for the man and for myself in this situation and

eventually the anger seemed to go out of him. "You can go!" was indeed manna from heaven for me when I heard those words spoken by him. Later one of our African preachers berated the policeman with one on one hellfire and brimstone preaching but with a wider audience listening, telling him of his need to repent and never again to interfere with men of God.

Angela was six months pregnant and driving to an ante-natal clinic in Luanshya. A Zambian policeman waved to her to stop.

"You are under arrest," the cop said to her. "You will give me a lift to Kitwe police station. You will be locked up." In answer to the question "Why?" he gave the answer, "You drive too fast! So I am confiscating your driving licence. We will keep your vehicle at the police station. You will be locked up in the cells." Angela refused to be arrested or to give him a lift. She told the armed policeman to take the case to court, which he never did, and continued her journey to the hospital. Another missionary wife when driving alone has twice been stopped and asked for sexual favours by Zambian policemen. One cop told her: "I have the power to force you if I want to do so." 1977 was a bad year for getting arrested. Jesus said: "But when they arrest you, do not worry about what to say or how to say it." [Matthew 10:19] We did have opportunity to meditate upon that scripture.

"There is a body near the stream!" was the startling message from one of the African Christians. Within a hundred yards of our house in Kitwe, a young African boy was slain in a witchcraft murder. His body was found in a bush clearing by the stream. The boy had been killed and parts of his body removed for use in witchcraft rituals. His mother was away from home on a short course. "Do nothing!" she was told. Her relatives discouraged her from active pursuit of the murder case because of the hopelessness and extra grief of fighting witchcraft. The police took no action.

At Itimpi near Kitwe, there was a witchcraft murder of a young Christian's mother. "You have bewitched your daughters!" was the agonizing accusation to a father in the same church. He was one of the preachers and accused of being a wizard, bewitching his daughters into prostitution. In Ndola, another Copperbelt town, three members of one family were slain in witchcraft ritual murders. The participants and victims of the witchcraft were church members. In Luanshya a young child in one church family died through witchcraft. We would feel that we were on the front line of the struggle with Satan and his forces as we confronted these situations in the name of Jesus. When people ask you the question "Why missions?" think of the witchcraft murder of young children. As Christians we should be on the Lord's side.

"When I was a witchdoctor this is how we used to trick you" explained the stately old African. We were especially pleased that at one camp meeting there was this former witchdoctor present who spoke of how he had become a Christian, how Christ had changed his life and delivered him from the curse of witchcraft and he exposed the secret tricks of the trade of African witchcraft. From witchcraft to Christ was his impressive testimony and the many Africans present listened very carefully and

attentively. This elderly African with a fringe of white stubbly hair on his head speaking in his own dialect was a living proof of those words of Paul "For if a man is in Christ he becomes a new person all together. The past is finished and gone, everything has become fresh and new." [2 Corinthians 5:17]

The year 1977 was a time when lions and wild dogs were terrorising some farmers by killing their cattle. The Russian President Podgorny made a visit to Zambia and there were hostilities on the Zambia - Zimbabwe border. "I haven't the strength to go anywhere or do anything. I don't know what's wrong," I said to Angela. For our family in early 1977 the most pressing problem was that I lost all my strength and simply could not move. I was heavily jaundiced with infectious hepatitis as a result of eating contaminated food. It was so bad that I could not turn the switch for the bedside radio. For me it brought home the reality of the Scripture: "The Sovereign Lord is my strength" and none other. [Habakkuk 3:19]

The private doctor in Kitwe said that the case was too serious to handle. He had problems of his own and later shot himself. I was unable to get treatment at the nearest hospital in Kitwe. However, I did receive treatment as an outpatient in Luanshya which was an hour's drive away. Angela could drive me but just getting to the vehicle was a major task for all concerned, I could not shave because of the itching of the jaundice and a full beard resulted. The Africans started to address me with great respect as a grandfather because of my apparent ageing.

I went to a Greek barber of the old school when I was again mobile. The Greek barber, an elderly man, has since been murdered by robbers. He shaved off the voluminous beard and gave me a short army style haircut. This kind old man charged me only the normal price of a haircut saying, "Hair is hair. It is my trade. It is all the same." Angela and I were to have many Greek friends in the years to come and some became Christians. The barber sent me on my way from his shop with the words, "Now you are young again!" I re-joined Angela and one-year old Kim on the pavement outside the barber's shop. Kim ran away frightened from this strange man that she did not recognize! Upon hearing my voice, she gradually realized that it was her Dad!

"It's a baby boy! Congratulations!" was the major family event of 1977. After a high speed but seemingly lengthy drive, in the early hours of the morning, of July 30, from our house in Kitwe to the hospital in Luanshya, five-year-old Mary and one-year old Kim now had a baby brother. It was a difficult birth and Ian was a blue baby who later developed autistic tendencies and has been a joy to have in our family.

Ian's birth was in the midst of a special evangelistic campaign with a visiting overseas group. There was campaigning in three different places on the day Ian was born and seven people were baptized into Jesus. One member of the group, Loretta Merkle, was a nurse and accompanied us on the journey to the hospital in case of Ian putting in an early appearance while on the bush road. Loretta was present at Ian's birth and was able to announce: "He is a six-and-a-half-pound baby." Mary was an actor in her school play on the day Ian was born but she missed the school party afterwards so that I could

rush her to Luanshya after the play and see Ian. "Drive faster, Dad" was her constant refrain.

An invitation to meet the "Ambassadors for Christ" was emblazoned on the large banners hung across the main streets of Kitwe publicizing the campaign. There was a team of African church workers who joined the visitors in a joint effort to win souls for Christ. One of the African church workers was Peter Masiya whose grandfather had planted the first congregation near Livingstone about sixty-five years previously. They featured on radio and television and there was publicity in the newspapers. "Can I meet the Ambassadors for Christ?" would ask yet one more unexpected African visitor to our home, attracted by the publicity. The mission team were young people undertaking the command of Christ during their summer vacation "Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you." [Matthew 27: 19-20] Upon completing their studies, at least five of those from overseas later did mission tours abroad and six of the Zambian team members are preaching today.

The team gave presentations of the Gospel in eight schools and colleges in the Kitwe area and about three thousand students and staff came to hear them. "Your preaching has really interested our students. I have recommended you to the other head teachers," said the head teacher of one high school. At the university the students enjoyed the team's visit so much that they held a special half day meeting for follow up. The campaign required a lot of organizing, work and discipline regardless of my loss of strength from hepatitis.

The overall result of the campaign on the Zambian Copperbelt was good - 262 men and women made the good confession of faith in Christ and were baptized into Him and new congregations resulted. Baptizing was still in progress as the visiting group departed. Donald Kunda of Kamatipa commented, "This has been good. My wife and I are now Christians because of the campaign and so are many of our friends." The new Christians at Kamatipa near Kitwe built a meeting house from mud bricks with great enthusiasm and speed and the congregation is in existence today.

Mifulira is a border town with Zaire, the country to the north of Zambia and also called the Democratic Republic of the Congo. As a family we would visit the many villages in the vicinity of Mifulira with the good news of Christ. Some of these villages are both in Congo and Zambia with a tree in the centre of the village as a border post. In 1977 rebels were moving eastwards through Congo's copper rich province of Shaba, previously called Katanga. There were Congolese working in Zambia whom we had led to Christ from 1971 onwards and some had returned to Congo as Christians.

"You went to Congo?" people in Zambia would say to us incredulously after Angela and I made our first trip to Congo in 1972, apparently surprised to still see us alive. Admittedly, there were still the bullet marks on the walls of the zoo and other signs of

the civil war of a decade and a half previous. These were the early beginnings of what became a large church movement in the nineteen eighties.

"Come and see this man. He is desperate to see you," said an African Christian in one of these villages on the Congo border. We crossed a stream on a makeshift bridge of branches and straw and made our way through the high grass disturbing clouds of beautiful butterflies. We came to a clearing in the bush and a low-slung mud hut which looked as though it would collapse if we touched it. After stooping to enter the hut, I could see a figure in the gloom half covered by a blanket and could hear him groaning. When my eyes had become used to the light, I was able to see a living skeleton shuddering with the scourge of malaria.

The man seemed close to death. I greeted him in the African language of Bemba and had a further surprise when I discovered that he was a white man.

This white man in a mud hut had formerly been a prosperous farmer with a white wife and children and he had "gone native" and now he was destitute. According to the man concerned, strong liquor and African bar girls had been the causes of his downfall. The manager of a trading post in Mufulira explained to me later: "He would arrive with food and other items from his farm on the back of his truck and barter for two bottles of vodka. When I gave him the two bottles, he would rush into my backyard and pour them down his throat like water."

The white man was called Steven and after his recovery he went around telling everyone saying how his life had been changed by Jesus Christ. He circulated in his previous African beer halls telling his former companions of their need to repent! A white manageress who has lived in Mufulira for many years and was a friend of his mother made the comment: "I am amazed by the Church of Christ. In a few months that man's life has changed. He was a hopeless case but now he has hope."

Steven's testimony was quite clear: "I want the world to know that a lost sheep has found the Shepherd." With our assistance, this man in his mid-fifties dried out from alcohol, worshipped in a village church and fished for food. David Murphy, a member of the Church of Christ from England, established his own farm in Zambia and gave a job to Steven as a farm mechanic. This started Steven back on the road to employment. In 1990 he was still in paid employment and although he had his ups and downs, he was still a church goer.

White people in Zambia are usually labelled "Europeans" because in colonial days the white settlers or their parents came from Europe. The European population of Zambia shrunk by half within a few years of independence in 1964. Evangelism amongst a highly mobile shrinking white exodus is not easy. We would have some outreach when the opportunity arose. A European businessman with a mistress was reconciled to his wife. A couple came to Zambia as missionaries and lost their faith. An English couple had no faith and wanted to know why we do. They visited our home and asked questions till after midnight. An English lecturer and his wife came to visit us and to discuss a series of my Christian television programmes which had challenged them.

In all these cases it was a matter of following the Apostle Peter's advice: "Hold the Lord Christ in reverence in your hearts. Be always ready with your defence whenever you are called to account for the hope that is in you." [1 Peter 3: 15]

"I want to be baptized!" said the English girl from Kalulushi. She had taught at the same primary school as Angela five years previously and so discussions about Christianity had taken place over a long time. "I have had many problems. I know now that Jesus is the answer to those problems. Jesus is my Saviour. I want Bible baptism." So, we went to the river and I baptized her into Christ. She insisted that we check for crocodiles before the baptism! Her husband, who had been an agnostic, commented to me: "I have seen the change God has made in my wife's life. I am impressed with God."

The coloured folk of Central Africa could be described as "delightfully mixed cocktails." They are folk of mixed African, European and Asian ancestry. English is the mother tongue which they prefer. Two streets behind a factory in Kitwe made up the coloured area, sometimes called Arcadia after the very large coloured township at Harare in Zimbabwe. This racial concentration was a remnant of colonial segregation before independence.

Mrs Hanscombe was a dear old coloured lady who was close to a hundred years old and had many descendants whom she encouraged to attend services of the Church of Christ. Bulawayo is now a very modern city in Zimbabwe. Mrs Hanscombe commented "My late husband and I lived in Bulawayo when it was just shacks. I heard John Sherriff preaching the Gospel of Christ and he baptized me into Christ." John Sherriff was the pioneer missionary from Churches of Christ in New Zealand who arrived in Zimbabwe in 1897.

"My Dad has three wives. Two wives are with us in Kitwe and one wife is at our farm. Can I be a Christian?" asked one young lady in her early twenties. Her family was living a traditional African polygamous lifestyle. "Surely Mohammed is the true prophet?" asked a young man from a household with Cape Malay ancestry. Although they identified culturally with whites for many of them there were significant differences. We preached Christ crucified. [1 Corinthians 1:23]

My time in Zimbabwe in the early sixties, when I had become friends with members of the coloured community in Harare and Bulawayo, gave me a rapport with the group in Kitwe, some of whose friends and relatives I knew further south. We enjoyed the weekly English language services with about thirty in our home from nearby Arcadia. There was a spirit of joy in the Lord about the services which was infectious. Our children, Mary and Kim, especially looked forward to the services and times of fellowship. They would ask in eager anticipation: "Is it time yet for the meeting?"

Similarly, the young people from Arcadia would see us during the week and say: "We are looking forward to the next meeting!"

Campaigners Nancy Mitchell, daughter of missionary parents in Zimbabwe and Gail Faver made the initial contacts and later Keith Morgan, a missionary apprentice in 1977, assisted with home Bible studies and Bible filmstrips in Arcadia. Eric Schoeman, a member of the Church of Christ from Zimbabwe and a prosperous coloured businessman in Kitwe, commented forcibly: "People need to be saved. Praise the Lord!" He would say this and emphasise his point with a crushing handshake! The Arcadia community was eventually dispersed in the interests of integration. However, Eric continued to hold multiracial house fellowships in his home. A major objective for Eric was the establishment of a home for the handicapped, funded from Zambian sources.

It was a night of heavy tropical rain covering the sounds of the gang of six thieves who crept stealthily towards our house. They filled their swag bags to overflowing with stolen property and then started to leave our place wanting to hotfoot it back to their township and sell the stolen property on the streets for cash.

Angela heard the thieves, sounded the alarm and the chase began. The rain was like a vertical river. There was frequent thunder and lightning crackling to the ground. The thieves were eventually caught together with their bags of stolen property.

When the rain stopped some security officers were tracked down and persuaded to leave the warmth of their office to take into custody the thieves. They insisted on taking the swag bags for evidence. The following day five of the six swag bags were missing from the security office. They had been stolen by the security officers!

"This is good news. We are glad that we have this opportunity to preach Christ on the radio," commented Ernest Mate of the Wusakile Church of Christ, Kitwe. In mud brick meeting houses and under the shade of village trees, Christians were meeting to practice for their radio programmes.

One group from the Chambeshi Church of Christ rehearsed their programme .so loud and strong on the lawn in front of the Kitwe radio station before their broadcast that the station manager appeared and begged them to stop! They were disturbing the work and transmissions of the station. Later they recorded the first programmes by Churches of Christ in the Lunda language. "This is a great step forward. We must do many, many Lunda broadcasts. The Lunda people are hungry for the Gospel," exclaimed Oswald Kadyatta, a Lunda speaking member of the Church of Christ at Solwezi in Zambia's north-western province.

"We are satisfied with the quality of your programmes. Do as many programmes as you can. We can use them," was encouragement from a senior Radio Zambia official. We did receive a complaint from one source that we made too many references to what the Bible says in our programmes!

"Zambia is a place where a missionary could kill himself with overwork. You can have Bible studies with potential converts twenty-four hours a day," stated an American preacher, Milton Kolb. When he visited us in Zambia in 1973, he baptized over fifty

converts to Christ in a three-month period. In church growth jargon, Zambia has been a very receptive field. "We are coming to help you!" said some from friends from Abilene Christian University and they did. Glenn and Mary Raynor visited us as missionary apprentices in 1977. They arrived in blue jeans and backpacks and set to work. Glenn baptized forty people into Christ during his visit and commented: "We liked Zambia very much. It is a very interesting place to be. The Zambians appear to be a very hospitable people. There are not many whites left in Zambia. There is a policy called "Zambianization" in which whites who have stayed on after independence are being replaced by Zambians. We are surprised by the number of Churches of Christ on the Copperbelt."

In 1977 there were so many believers baptized into Christ that it was difficult to keep up to date with statistics. Fortunately, the Lord does not need our records and He know the people who are His. One Copperbelt town alone averaged a hundred or more baptisms every month.

The major church growth for our fellowship of Churches of Christ in 1977 was the Copperbelt with an increase in twelve months from twelve to twenty-two congregations. However, the concentration continued to be in southern province with seventy-nine churches. In Zambia we were now in three figures and there were one hundred and fourteen congregations.

On the Copperbelt, converts were being made amongst the Bemba and Lunda tribes who provided the networks for evangelism expansion from the Copperbelt into their traditional tribal areas of northern Zambia and southern Congo. For example, there were eleven baptisms and the first congregation in Northwestern province was planted, with the assistance of campaigners Robert Barkley and David Merkle, at Solwezi, one of several congregations in the area today. Loretta helped with the birth of our son Ian and her husband David helped with the birth of new Christians at Solwezi

WHITES MURDERED IN ZAMBIA

Saturday night out in Luanshya, a British husband and wife went to the cinema to see the film "The Sky Raiders." After the film the couple went to their car outside the cinema for the drive home. The unexpected gunfire from bandits murdered the wife. The husband and four children, including a three-month old baby, lost a wife and a mother. The murder took place close to where we stayed when we first returned to Zambia in 1976. This was part of a wave of murders of whites on Zambia's Copperbelt in 1978.

The Hammarskjöld memorial site is in a clearing in the forest at the end of the bush road near Ndola. It is the place where Dag Hammarskjöld's plane crashed, almost certainly sabotaged, in 1961. Twice elected Secretary General of the United Nations, Hammarskjöld was a religious and reflective Swede who liked to read the Bible. He was on a peace mission in connection with civil war in Congo when he lost his life in the air crash. On visits we have made to the clearing, we usually met up with an elderly African guide who was an eye witness to the air crash: "I saw the plane coming quickly from the sky. A wing hit the ground here. The nose of the plane went into the ground here. We found the broken body of Hammarskjöld at this place." It was a place where we could go for a picnic and think about the statement of Jesus: "Blessed are the peacemakers." [Matt 5:9].

A British family made a visit to this shrine of peace in 1978 and the husband died in the same place as Hammarskjöld. They came under attack by bandits and he was murdered. His wife and mother complained of being on the receiving end of police brutality when they reported the murder to the police station in Ndola. This was the end of the Hammarskjöld memorial site as a place for picnics.

"Did you see the latest murder in town? It was next to your office," Angela asked me. A young Greek man was murdered with long panga knives as he left his shop, only a few yards away from our church office in Kitwe's city centre and only a short while after I had departed. The effect on the Greek family was devastating in the long term. They had some interest in the Jehovah's Witness sect and this was a barrier to them hearing the Good News of Christ. The sect was of no real help to them and matched the Bible description, "They will maintain a facade of religion but are a standing denial of its reality. Keep away from these people!" [2 Timothy 3:5] The parents' marriage broke up eventually and the family disintegrated.

The Zambian police made no arrests for these murders. White miners held protest meetings and condemned the uselessness of the Zambian police. The British High Commissioner to Zambia came to Luanshya to hear complaints, underlining the seriousness of the developments.

"We are leaving. Are you coming to our auction sale?" would say one white family after another. The number of whites declined from 100,000 in 1964 to 20,000 in 1978 and a steady stream of whites continued to leave because of serious crime, commodity shortages, deteriorating health services and the rising cost of living. The shortages

would include items like sugar, bread and milk and housewives would become very frustrated as they searched and failed. "No meat - come back next week," would say the butcher. "No milk today - try another day," would say the dairy. And then, because of scarcity, prices would go sky-high. However, beer for the beer halls was in great supply throughout the country. Moses spoke of a land where bread will not be scarce and you will lack nothing; a land where the rocks are iron and you can dig copper out of the hills." [Deuteronomy 8: 9] Although Zambia had copper mines, it was a land of scarcity and not abundance. Although President Kaunda of Zambia would speak of building a New Jerusalem, Zambia was not the promised land!

One white middle level mine manager commented: "We are white. The thieves think that we have money. Therefore, we are their targets. We have had three burglaries this year. It is simply not worth staying." The other Church of Christ missionary families on the Copperbelt had left: The Bessons to the USA where Keith then worked as an accountant and served as an elder of the church, and the Crookshanks to the mission fields of Vanuatu, American Samoa and latterly Malawi. For Ed Crookshank's wife, Lena, it was leaving the land of her birth. Lena, like Ruth, was demonstrating: "Where you go 'I will go, and where you 'stay I will stay. Your people will be my people and your God my God." [Ruth 1:16]

After the murders and complaints, the Zambia police increased their number of road blocks all over the Copperbelt. At the road blocks vehicles were checked for any defects with meticulous and lengthy detail. David Murphy, British member of the Church of Christ, was detained for the best part of a day because a small light bulb needed replacing.

On a Sunday I was out visiting the churches and I was booked by three policemen at a road block for having a defective vehicle. "What defect does my vehicle have?" I asked the three policemen with machine guns. Their first attempt - missing windscreen stickers - failed and so they settled for another favourite, defective light bulb. I told them to take me to court and continued my journey. I never heard from them again. I took to heart Paul's admonition "How shall they hear without a preacher?" [Romans 10:14] and that Sunday I preached eleven times but no thanks to the Zambia police! Hippos crossing the road were a serious traffic hazard on one Copperbelt road but the road blocks could seem far more menacing.

In places the road had been flooded. Many areas of the shanty town had been turned into a mud quagmire. Angela, with the three children had been to the shanty town for one of her women's meetings. On the return trip Angela was surprised by a Zambian policeman lunging with his rifle into her path. "You are under arrest!" came the now familiar words. Although he had given no previous signal, he complained that she should have stopped when she saw him. He then examined her and the vehicle for an excuse, could find no fault and lurched away. This took place in a tropical rainstorm. Angela commented; "We could have disappeared without trace. Who would know what had happened to us or where he had taken us?"

We went to the airport in Lusaka to say farewell to friends. We came out of the airport into the car park and found that our spare wheel had been stolen. "That's nothing. My car has gone," said the man who had parked next to us. We reported the thefts to the policemen at the airport who stated: "It happens every night. We see nothing."

At the same time, bandits with panga knives attacked our house in Kitwe. Newly arrived missionary apprentice, Jane Terry, observed the drama from inside the house as our Zambian friends beat off the attack. The bandits clubbed our dog that attacked them and went for our outside security guard. However, I had put a second guard inside the house with an air rifle. The second guard explained; "I took the bandits by surprise. I scared them when I started firing." The outside security guard was provided for us free of charge by a local bank and I had led him to Christ and baptized him. The guard was so happy when he was baptized that he came up out of the waters of baptism in the river shouting "Hallelujah!"

Later Jane moved into the house on the next plot to ours. There was a further visit by thieves in the middle of the night who tried to break down the door with a pick axe. They were unsuccessful because there was a metal door behind the wooden door. However, they did steal Jane's trail bike which was on the porch. At the time Jane said: "I am so annoyed!" In the early hours of the morning, by the light of the moon, we tried to follow their trail to recover the bike but, at one point, they concealed their tracks in the sand and we lost them. After Jane moved out of the house, the next occupant had the living room sprayed with bullets one evening although, fortunately, no one was hurt. Our neighbour and his family returned to England soon afterwards.

There was a further lightning visit to our house by armed bandits at 9:15 in the evening. Babycham, one of our two dogs, was recovering from snake bite and attacked the unwelcome visitors, with no fear of guns. The dog's attack was so ferocious that the bandits fled into the night pursued by dogs, myself and the security guard. One bandit shot at Babycham and missed. Angela commented: "I don't have to watch TV for any excitement. I can watch better scenes through our lounge window."

Jane was the sister-in-law of Steve Tate, an American preacher at the time ministering for Churches of Christ in England. She travelled the length and breadth of the Copperbelt on her motor bike working with youth and women and was a real friend to us. Our house was on a large plot and Jane and her international group of friends would have informal trail bike conventions around our house, much to the delight of our kids. From contacts in the biker group, I conducted several weddings.

Furthermore, some of our African preachers got the motor cycle bug and began evangelizing on trail bikes, although keeping the bikes roadworthy was a major problem for them. "Please can you come and help me? My motor bike has a flat tyre!" was the phone message from an African preacher fifty miles away. The Bible says: "How blessed are the feet of those who bring good news!" [Isaiah 52:7; Romans 10:15] It seemed that for our Zambian preachers what was commonly called "Zamfoot", the

use of their feet in walking from place to place, had far fewer breakdowns than the complicated technology of a trail bike.

One of Jane's Zambian friends, Martha, was baptized into Christ shortly after Jane's arrival. Martha, an elegant African girl, would sometimes ride pillion on Jane's motor bike to one of Jane's meetings. Martha's Dad wanted Martha to learn more about the Lord but had serious doubts about her riding on a motor bike - something no other Zambian girl did! A Zambian woman had been traditionally a cooking pot wife. She laboured in the fields to produce food which she then prepared for family meals. The men ate as much as they wanted and afterwards the women shared the leftovers. A Zambian woman's daily routine could also include hauling wood from the forest and carrying water from the river or a well on her head. By 1979 there were twenty congregations on the Copperbelt that had women's teaching programmes and Jane played a key role in this teaching. Gary Hunter changed Jane's plans to return from furlough to Zambia in 1980 by proposing marriage!

The two children came from a broken home. They were starving. Their bodies were disease ridden and covered with sores. Then there were seven other children who were in need. The seven kids resulted from a man's polygamous liaison with three women and he later ran out on them. There was also a girl whose parents were out and out drunkards. On one occasion, the father became so drunk that he fell in a pit latrine. The girl had been sexually assaulted. Then there were two children with a mother who had a mental breakdown and father was unknown. These were some of the children whom we and other Christians tried to help in the name of Christ. It was Jesus who said: "Whoever welcomes one of these little children in my name welcomes me; and whoever welcomes me does not welcome me but the one who sent me." [Mark 9: 37]

"Let's go to Botswana. We need a break, "I said to Angela "Also we can get another vehicle while we are there." The Republic of Botswana is about the size of France with less than one million in population. It is the land of the Kalahari Desert. The greater part of the population lives in the rural areas as cattle raisers. Other sources of income are mining diamonds, coal and copper. In addition, a few thousand people make their living or subsidize their family income by producing handicrafts.

This was our first visit to Botswana since 1973 when we had stayed for two weeks in an African village and washed Mary as a babe in a tin bath with water carried from the well. The nearest Church of Christ had been meeting for services in the waiting room of a railway station on Botswana's only railway line. We had travelled in the same railway carriage as Canaan Banana who was a friend and later became president of Zimbabwe.

Ed Scott, missionary in Botswana, met us with a big grin at the Gaborone airport and we found out that he was both a hunter of wild animals and a hunter of souls for the Lord. Also, we were able to meet Herbie Wilson, from England via Zimbabwe, who was in charge of the railway station and had been involved in developing several

congregations in Zimbabwe and Botswana. There were in 1978 five congregations in Botswana.

One tribe in Botswana is the Bushmen. Within his quiver bag the Bushman keeps a streamlined survival kit tailored to the harsh Kalahari environment. Not only does it contain a bow and up to five arrows in a quiver, but also a spear, fire sticks, a digging stick and a sipping straw. The Bushman is one of the last of the great hunters and gatherers and they in turn, was now being hunted with the Gospel. It was hoped that the recent conversion of a Bushman leader would be the key to the conversion of many others.

We drove in our newly acquired Peugeot pickup northwards through Botswana on the way back to Zambia. In the north of Botswana, we saw more wild animals than people. However, as we approached the Zambezi River the vehicle broke down. "How will we get help? There is no one around!" stated Angela in the ominous quiet of what seemed the middle of nowhere. This was a far cry from Britain where a phone call to the Automobile Association would produce help! Nevertheless, the good Lord did take care of us in his own way.

"I am a trained mechanic. I have been working as a mechanic in the Portuguese army in Angola. Can I give you some assistance?" asked the young coloured man who had arrived at just the right time. It took several days but he succeeded in getting our vehicle back on the road. It brings to mind the words of Jesus: "And even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. So, don't be afraid." [Matthew 10:30-31]

Botswana had been the scene of recent fighting between Botswana and Rhodesian soldiers and three young white civilians had been killed. We had no such difficulties and crossed the Zambezi by pontoon back into Zambia, seeing crocodiles but no display of arms.

We made a return visit to the Chobe area of northern Botswana in 1979. Upon arrival on the Botswana side of the Zambezi by pontoon, there was no one in sight, even at customs and immigration. Then the head of an African soldier appeared out of a hole in the ground and he waved us urgently on our way. I drove forward with speed leaving behind concealed troops facing the Rhodesian border. In the evenings during our stay, we would hear the sounds of gunfire. The pontoon was sunk during hostilities after our visit.

An African at Chobe asked Angela the question: "Do they have trouble with people poaching elephants in England?" Of course, all of us make similar assumptions about other people's countries, expecting their country to be like ours. We saw more elephants in Botswana than we had ever seen before. Angela commented: "Every few yards there was more and more game. In one day, we saw more than one hundred elephants." We made use of a friend's Land Rover to penetrate the more remote parts of this wilderness area. The bush tracks can go into sand banks and a Land Rover is necessary to get out of the sand. Mary, aged six, was especially intrigued by the antics of a large colony of monkeys. However, Kim's biggest find was a lion stalking the young

of a herd of buffalo. Kim, age two, shouted at the lion through the vehicle window and had the satisfaction of seeing the lion disappear into the bush. Africans on foot had been attacked recently by lions in Chobe.

Then the moment that got my attention in Chobe was when I was driving our own vehicle, became sand logged and shortly afterwards we were surrounded by a herd of elephants. I had a friend who had to write off a minibus after an elephant sat on it. Elephants look very big from close up. All we could do was pray and wait. The elephants glided silently and considerately around us and went into the river.

Phil's job in England was in workers' co-operative manufacturing motor cycles. As a twenty-five-year-old single, he came to Zambia to help in the mission work. On his first Sunday in Zambia, Phil Walker preached in a village well known for its widespread and prolonged drunkenness and emerald smuggling. His comment was: "It's a tough place!" He spent a week camping and preaching in the villages near Mufulira and there were seven baptisms in the nearby river. Phil returned to the British Churches of Christ with a more in depth understanding for missions. Phil commented: "Zambia is incredible. I had to see what our workers were up against in Zambia with my own eyes in order to believe it."

"Can you give a job to a Christian friend? He is in England and would like to be in Zambia to give a hand with church work," was my request to the English manager of a local building firm. As a result, Steve Barthorpe, also from British Churches of Christ, arrived in Zambia. "I am glad to be here in Zambia. How can I help? " Steve asked upon his arrival in the Zambian sunshine. Shortly after he arrived there was a fight between two of the Arcadia girls over Steve! He travelled widely in Zambia with the building trade, married a young Zambian lady and had a particular burden for Christian work with prisoners. His comment in 1979 was: "I am loving every minute of it!"

"Will you come to our teachers' college and preach?" asked the earnest smiling young man and within a few days I was addressing the students at his college on the subject, "Why I believe in God." This was in response to the agnosticism of many of the students and was one of many visits to the college. With a visiting group from overseas in 1978 over two thousand students at different campuses and schools were challenged afresh with the good news that God is alive. The visiting group included two black Americans whom the Zambian young people wanted to meet and, in some cases, touch first hand. This gave a boost to our on-going student programme.

"Here is a bag of rice for you as a present. This is my traditional gift to you. I want to say thank you for the training you have been giving me as a church leader," said Friday Tembo, an elderly African with no English and an impressive dignity of his own. He was referring to our leadership training by extension programme for giving on the job training to church leaders as an alternative to taking them out of their present environment and sending them away to a school of preaching.

In general, the young people wanted to go to school of preaching and the older people preferred the extension training. In 1978 there were over fifty church leaders in northern Zambia who were actively pursuing extension courses which covered both Bible teaching and practical leadership problems. The courses were available in English or the African languages. One church leader sent his apology to one teaching session. He was unable to come because he was away elephant hunting. We were concerned to carry out the apostle Paul's instruction: "Everything you have heard me teach, in the presence of many listeners, you must hand on to trusty men who will be capable of teaching others." [2 Timothy 2: 2]

Congo, has had a history of lawlessness since the Belgians withdrew in the early nineteen sixties. It has erupted since with further episodes of internal fighting and killing and in 1978 Belgian and French military undertook a rescue mission for whites who were facing massacre by rebels in Kolwezi, Congo. The outreach in Congo had expanded and in 1978 there were three groupings of congregations in central and southern Congo with the expressed aim of New Testament Christianity. As he preached in Congo, Shadrach Chisebwe had the tenacity of faith of his Biblical name sake. [Daniel 1:7; 2:49; 3:12-30] Instead of Shadrach's blazing furnace, he was, on one occasion, beaten up and robbed by the Congolese military and on another evangelistic journey he was put on public display in chains by the roadside.

In 1978, in our fellowship, there were 119 Churches of Christ in Zambia with the main concentrations being 81 congregations in southern province and 25 congregations on the Copperbelt. However, statistics represent people finding salvation in Christ and being baptized into Him. Dymphna a young coloured girl in her late teens, searched for a good time in dance halls, hotel bars and the arms of men she hoped would take her to a better life outside what was, for her, a dull and claustrophobic coloured ghetto. She found frustration, dissatisfaction and no real happiness in the bright lights of town.

Jesus Christ made all the difference to Dymphna and in Him she found real joy. For Dymphna, baptism was a burying of the past because of Jesus and the commencement of a new life in Christ. She knew the truth of the Bible passage: "We were therefore buried with him through baptism into death in order that, just as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, we too may live a new life." [Romans 6:4] Dymphna had a very strong testimony when she spoke to others of Jesus Christ and the necessity to follow Him.

"Come quickly. Dymphna is in hospital!" was the urgent message as I was playing rugby at the time. Dymphna was promoted to God's glory. The Lord wanted her in heaven now. She was one of many whose lives were changed by Jesus Christ.

GUERRILLA WARFARE

The two attractive African girls were freedom fighters, soldiers in Joshua Nkoma's guerrilla army who were engaged in the struggle to overthrow Ian Smith's rule in Rhodesia, now called Zimbabwe, the country immediately to the South of Zambia. The guerrilla war had begun in 1972 with attacks on white farms in north east Rhodesia and become larger and larger in scale. For Rhodesia, in the words of Isaiah, "The way of peace they do not know" Isaiah 59:8.

"When we came first to your house and you offered us something to drink, we refused to accept. We suspected poison." This was the way in which the first girl opened up. "We have come to know you over several months and we now know that you are genuine Christians and blind to colour. You have welcomed us into your home because you are disciples of Jesus Christ, we thank you."

The other girl commented: "We know the Churches of Christ in Zimbabwe and in particular missionary Garfield Todd, who is a friend to the Africans and under house arrest by Ian Smith. Because of your living testimonies for Jesus Christ, it is our desire to follow the Way in Christ. "We had an open house policy and invited everyone to our home out of our desire to share Jesus, according to His teaching in the parable of the Great Banquet, "Go out to the roads and country lanes and make them come in, so that my house will be full. "[Luke 14:23] We were glad that the two girls enjoyed coming to our home.

These two vivacious African girls were in their early twenties and organized a group of villagers to build themselves a church meeting place. The two girls cut down the trees, made the mud hole and plastered the poles with mud for walls alongside the villagers, making the point to all and sundry that building meeting houses was the work of the local Christians who should not be lazy and wait for missionaries to do it for them. After this strenuous rest and recreation, they returned, to their military camps further South in Zambia as the bush war in Rhodesia continued. Angela commented: "They came to our home as guerrillas. They have returned to their camps as guerrillas for Christ. "

"I am going to the camps for a visit. Can you organize some boxes of Christian tracts and New Testaments for me to take? " asked Eric Schoeman, whose family roots are in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe's second largest city and this gave him a very personal interest in what was happening in Zimbabwe. Eric would make a visit to a guerrilla camp and distribute Christian tracts and pocket size New Testaments to the guerrillas whose more usual dose of philosophical indoctrination was Marxism. To the best of our knowledge, no other Christian agency was reaching into the guerrilla army in this way.

"I wish that you could have seen how this one man's face lit up when I gave him the New Testament, "enthused Eric upon his return. He believed the answer for all men was to "search the Scriptures." [John 5:39] Eric, a completely bald man of powerful physique, had made the good confession of faith in Christ and been baptized into Him

many years previously, at one of the congregations in Bulawayo which grew out of the early pioneer preaching of John Sherriff (1864-1935) at the turn of the last century.

There were many children who took refuge in Zambia as a result of the Rhodesian civil war. Eric would visit the refugee camps and personally distribute food, clothing and "Zambia for Jesus", T-shirts to the children. Eric took seriously the words of Jesus: "Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of God belongs to such as these" [Luke 18:16]

On a visit to Livingstone we were surprised to find that the Dennis Mitchell missionary family had moved closer to the centre of town. A new base for Rhodesian guerrillas had been established close to the Mitchell's former homestead. The military activity had included rocket fire over their home. Dennis taught at the Livingstone School of Preaching where there were four students from the Copperbelt at the time. At Livingstone, site of the glorious Victoria Falls, the sounds of battle carried across the Zambezi from the civil war in Rhodesia.

Ian Smith's forces from Rhodesia made twelve military strikes into Zambia with the objective of destroying the black Rhodesian guerrilla bases in Zambia. It was estimated that two thousand were killed during one week of Rhodesian attacks. A Rhodesian raid on Mkushi, ninety miles north east of Lusaka and a long way from Rhodesia, took only two captives. The other guerrillas were killed. The dead included an estimated one hundred female guerrillas. The buildings of the guerrilla camp were blown to pieces by Rhodesian land forces and the terrorist bodies strewn across the camp. One building at Mkushi had a six-foot high hammer and sickle painted on it. The Rhodesian military bombed the Mkushi guerrilla camps and then occupied them for two days with troops brought in by helicopters and using a small Zambian airstrip near the Rhodesian border as a forward base.

A white farmer in the Mkushi area complained of being tied to a tree and tortured as he came under suspicion for collaboration with the invading Rhodesian troops. In the late nineteen eighties Mkushi has still been a difficult area for road blocks searching for spies, long after the end of the Rhodesian civil war. One young white farmer commented to me in 1989: "They see me every day but still insist on searching my vehicle and asking me questions". The road blocks did not stop armed thieves stealing his vehicle from his farm and driving it away.

Mkushi in 1990 has a strong Christian presence with white and black Christians in New Testament congregations. Maggie, a vivacious Greek farmer's wife at Mkushi, described with warmth how she and her husband attended open air meetings where the Gospel was preached and those who responded were immersed into Christ.

The former mission station at Kabanga had been a source of water for three nearby guerrilla bases. Smith's forces attacked the guerrilla bases near Kabanga and killed many guerrillas, including a guerrilla commander. After the war, Kabanga mission was reopened. The guerrillas had used a ground to air missile near Kariba to shoot down a Rhodesian Viscount airliner returning holidaymakers to Salisbury. Thirty-eight

passengers and crew died in the crash. Ten survivors were massacred by guerrillas and eight lived to tell the tale. The Rhodesian military frequently crossed the Zambezi at Lake Kariba and would go up to twenty miles into Zambia, searching for guerrillas bound for Zimbabwe. There are Churches of Christ on both sides of the Zambezi but these became no go areas for missionaries during the Rhodesian civil war. Ian Smith's men intensified their search and destroy raids into Zambia after the guerrillas and went much further north. The Churches of Christ on both sides of the Zambezi have continued to this day.

"The guerrillas have attacked Yielding Tree" came the horrifying news over the phone from a friend in Lusaka. Yielding Tree Farm was run by Gordon and Ann Bland as a commercial farming operation which then funded and assisted their Christian outreach - a Christian youth camp and retreat centre, free accommodation and board to those passing through and a special ministry to hitch hikers. Many people from all over the world in dire need of assistance had found instant help at Yielding Tree. On a visit to Yielding Tree in 1978, I counted no fewer than eighty people at the farm enjoying the Bland's hospitality.

"Come on in. You are welcome! There is food on the table," Anne Bland would say. Inside the farm house Gordon would be in deep discussion with a small group of guests, Bible open.

Robert Cayless was one of many. He was a young hitch hiker from London who became a convinced Christian as a result of staying at Yielding Tree. His Jordan was a Zambian waterfall when he was baptized into Christ. "How can I help you?" he would ask as he arrived with other friends in our yard. Robert did help us in mission work in Kitwe from time to time until he went to Bible College and became a minister of the Gospel.

The Rhodesian Forces of Ian Smith had intensified their search and destroy missions against the guerrillas. They engaged in surface and air attacks on guerrilla targets in Lusaka and other places in Zambia. They had taken the fight into the streets of Zambia's capital, Lusaka, with an attack on the house of Joshua Nkomo, the guerrilla leader. A Rhodesian military plane had circled the airport of Zambia's capital and given instructions by radio that no planes, including the Zambian air force, should take off and was obeyed. Meanwhile, Rhodesian planes and helicopters bombed and attacked guerrilla bases. The main streets of Lusaka were packed with people as they watched trucks and private vehicles ferrying in more than six hundred injured to hospital. The raids happened immediately prior to Zambia's Independence week celebrations. There were intensified military patrols in the towns after the raids and dawn to dusk curfews. Those breaking the curfew could be shot on sight by the patrols.

Members of Churches of Christ expressed their concerns for the injured and suffering by organizing emergency supplies of food, clothing and blood donations.

There was one guerrilla camp near Yielding Tree. These guerrillas attacked Yielding Tree and whites working there came under attack and torture, in some cases, with

long term negative consequences. Yielding Tree went back to full capacity after the Rhodesian war ended. .

Ian Smith was born in 1919 and became the first Rhodesian born premier of white Rhodesia in 1964. The African nationalist leaders, including Nkomo and Mugabe, were arrested and Smith led Rhodesia into rebel status, in defiance of the British Crown, with a Unilateral Declaration of Independence in 1965 which no other country recognized. I was in Rhodesia at the time and remember the polarisation of the races. I was seated for a meal at the Jameson, one of Salisbury's most expensive hotels. I was a guest of a respected member of Rhodesia's Constitutional Council who was staying at the hotel. The plates of appetising hot food had been placed in front of us and we were savouring our first mouthful. Abruptly, the plates were plucked away before our eyes and disappeared in the direction of the hotel kitchens. We were told that we could no longer eat there. The hotel had just changed its policy. It was no longer multiracial and my host was Asian.

A church going Presbyterian, Ian Smith [1909-2007] felt that he was defending what he saw as white Christian civilization. His son Alec Smith became involved with the drug scene but it is Alec's testimony that he found the real answer to life was in Christ and seeking a personal walk with Him. He made some close friends across the colour line in Rhodesia through Christian activities.

It was a time of white churches and black churches. "We may have to mix in heaven later- but we do not have to mix now in Rhodesia!" was how a Greek Pentecostal friend with a bottle store explained the situation to me. Churches in segregated living areas obviously reflected the colour of the locality but I never saw in Churches of Christ anyone refused admission because of race. I remember an African woman and an Asian man attending services at the old Sinoia Street [now Avondale] church in Salisbury and being made welcome by the whites who worshipped there and who politically were Ian Smith supporters. Also, the congregation meeting in the heart of Arcadia, Central African's largest coloured township, welcomed whites attending which included at one time a white cartoonist for the Rhodesia Herald newspaper. As the Bible states: "For there is no difference between Jew and Gentile - the same Lord is Lord of all and richly blesses all who call on him." [Romans 10:12]

The Rhodesian ceasefire took effect in January 1980 and elections brought Robert Mugabe to power. In the words of Joshua, "Then the land had rest from war ". The civil war had resulted in more than fifteen thousand dead in Rhodesia alone. "As a Rhodesian soldier I was on one of those no passport trips to Zambia searching for guerillas "stated the sun-tanned white Rhodesian after a Sunday morning service in now independent Zimbabwe. Yet he is in the same congregation as an African who fought on the opposing side. Sometimes former opponents can be heard exchanging experiences about military actions during the civil War. "We were on this koppie near Kariba waiting to hear a noise or see a shadow move in the moonlight or catch a different smell. We saw some wild game pass close to us and remained absolutely still

and watched for some of your people who might give themselves away. I was praying, I can tell you." As with most civil wars there were Christians in the opposing armies.

One young white told me "We were in the Gwembe valley and this fire fight took us by surprise. It seemed like the end for me. I said to the Lord, let me live, and I will preach for you. I was hit by bullets and I found that I could not move or speak. They brought the body bag for me and put me in the helicopter but I lived. The war is over and I'm now a preacher." He was born in Kitwe, our home town in Zambia, where he had been part of the drug culture. He was now crippled but happy preaching Christ in Zimbabwe. This former soldier followed the advice of the apostle Paul: "Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." [Eph 6:17]

Garfield Todd [1908-2002] went to Rhodesia in 1934 as a missionary from Churches of Christ in New Zealand. "I am a Christian. I am from Dadaya Mission" were words I heard frequently from Africans, some very well educated, whom I met in the early nineteen sixties. They were referring to Dadaya Mission, one hundred miles into the bush east of Bulawayo, where Todd served from 1934 and later lived on a ranch nearby. The Churches of Christ in the Mumbwa area, west of Lusaka in Zambia, were planted by migrants from the Dadaya area. "Listen to what Jesus says!" was his theme in a sermon he gave in Salisbury in 1965 and which I still remember today. He became Rhodesia's premier in 1953 and was ousted from the premiership in 1958 because of his more multiracial approach and eventually, as an African nationalist sympathiser, was placed under house arrest in 1972 by Ian Smith. In independent Zimbabwe, president and former guerrilla leader, Robert Mugabe, appointed Sir Garfield Todd as one of his senators. Controversial in many ways, Todd was an electrifying speaker and very much loved by the Africans.

After the civil war we went to Zimbabwe once or twice a year in the early eighties in order to do a shopping trip for commodities which were scarce or non-existent in Zambia. "That's great!" Kim would say. "Kellogg's Cornflakes again!" We would arrive in our pickup, with our three small kids riding in the back, at the Arcadia Children's Home in Harare, formerly called Salisbury.

The Children's Home was sponsored by Christians as a rescue mission primarily for coloured children in need of care and we would receive a very warm welcome from staff and children. Mama Garrett had been a missionary in Zimbabwe since 1930 and was Grandma to the kids at the home. Her son Robert and his wife Joy carried on the mission work with a large number of congregations. "There is a pot of tea waiting for you," Mama Garrett would tell us as we unravelled from the vehicle after the long and dusty drive from the Zambian Copperbelt. Our kids would disappear happily with the Arcadia kids and we would sit down for a hot cup of tea. "Your son has a hearing problem," we were told in Kitwe. Our son Ian was diagnosed as deaf and the Garretts helped with arrangements and hospitality for visits to specialists in Salisbury. In fact, he was not deaf but autistic.

"Will you speak for us at Hatfield? " would be one of many requests to speak in Zimbabwe during our visits. This warm, friendly and multiracial congregation began meeting on the porch of a coloured family's home and later in a new meeting house at a major crossroad in the Hatfield township of Harare. The civil war was over and new church planting continued.

"Are you coming to Kariba?" was our invitation in 1986 to an East, Central and Southern Africa missionary retreat at this large man-made lake on the borders of Zambia and Zimbabwe.

We stayed in a motel that during the civil war had been overflowing with military and nurses and was now focussing on tourism. It was an opportunity to renew friendships with Christian workers that we had not seen for years. One friendship went back to the old Sinoia Street Church of Christ in Harare over twenty years previously. My contribution was to speak on how to do Christian radio in Africa. Regardless of crocodiles, Kim and I got in some swimming and snorkel diving - in an area of the lake the Africans told us was safe. This was an important point as we later met a girl who had lost her fiancé and a couple whose young son disappeared with crocodiles in the lake. It was the last time we swam in Lake Kariba. As Kim said: "Kariba is not as safe as we thought!"

"Jeremiah - The Weeping Prophet "and "Hosea - The Message of Sin and God's Grace" were two messages I preached at Arcadia Church of Christ on a trip to Harare in 1987. Eleven-year old Kim enjoyed visiting Arcadia where the people had been so friendly to her as a toddler. A young handsome coloured man told us earnestly "I am at Bible College. I am training to be a minister of the Gospel". This was good news remembered him as a child at the home getting into all kinds of mischief.

On the route back to Zambia, we spent some time at Karoi with Christian friends rejoicing with a young white teenager, Charles, who together with several others, had been baptized into Christ. This resulted in a late departure and driving at night through the hills approaching Kariba. We were happy, having enjoyed good fellowship at Karoi, and I drove in a relaxed style with all the windows open since we had no conditioning. Driving slowly around one bend and concentrating upon the winding road, we were surprised to meet a large lion who had a good look through the driver's window. I noted what big teeth the lion had and Kim told us: "Mum and Dad, you looked really scared!" Our vehicle windows went up very fast.

"Our children and our grandchildren have all been killed" was the devastating message when we visited the home of friends in Harare on a later trip. Roy had been my flatmate in Harare in the early sixties and I remembered the children from their earliest days, including their love of pop music. They had died in two road accidents. Roy and his wife Barbara were distraught by tragedy. As Ecclesiastes stated: "Death is the destiny of every man "[7:21] but this was little consolation to Roy and Barbara who had been nominal Christians. We mourned with them for their loss, took them out for a meal and shared with them gently our faith and hope in Christ.

In Harare there was an attempt to steal our car, our home from home, and on the return journey we had to stop the vehicle twice; on one occasion, because of elephants on the road and, on the other, because of large numbers of monkeys sitting and chattering on the road.

John Sheriff travelled by mule train through wild country arriving in Bulawayo in 1897. The community was a temporary camp and Sheriff saw the first railway train arrive later that year. Churches of Christ can now be found all over Zimbabwe, a land that for our family is in our hearts and lives. May the people of Zimbabwe now heed the message of Romans: "Live at peace with everyone." [12:18]

THIS IS A HOLD UP

Mokambo is a hot dusty village of mud huts divided in two by the Zambia- Congo border. On the Congo side there is a very active and crowded open air market with a surprising variety of items on sale, including made in Zambia goods not on the shelves in Zambia because of shortages. I had made a visit to Mokambo for preaching and had found some shade, in itself a short commodity as the midday sun blazed with all its intensity. We were gathered in the shade of a tree and my Bible lesson was in progress on how to organize a church of New Testament faith and practice from first principles. I was speaking, from the Parable of the Sower, on the statement of Jesus: "The seed is the word of God." [Luke 8]

A man in uniform ran into the middle of the Bible study, lined up his revolver with my head and said: "I am arresting you. "Quick march in front of me" he said. He was from a very quiet customs and immigration post at the border where I was soon incarcerated in a small stuffy room. "Show me your papers," he demanded. "These papers are not in order," he continued. In answer to my question of why, he replied, "I am in charge and I say so."

After he had detained me for several hours and I kept reminding myself that patience was a fruit of the Spirit [Galatians 5:22], the man in uniform, named Lokambo, made the announcement: "You are free to go. Your papers are in order. Please feel free to come again for preaching. We will see you again soon. "

"This is Lokambo. There is a Christian who wishes to speak to you." From then on, if a Christian from Congo wanted to contact me, the man in uniform would make a phone call from his office at the border post to our home and put the Christian on the line provided, of course, the phones were working at the time. Congolese Christians were allowed across the border on a day pass to come and see us and discuss church matters because of his assistance.

"Where have you been, Dad?" asks Mary. "What has happened, Dad?" queries Kim. An incident like this makes Dad late home from work, although rejoicing that he is able to come home, is unsettling for the children.

"Your vehicle is OK. We have given it a complete check-up and service. You can drive it anywhere," the mechanic assured us as Angela and I collected our vehicle from the garage. We drove to a village on the Mufulira to Ndola road which lies along the Congo border. Zambian and Congolese villagers gathered at the mud church house with a thatched roof and we had a good meeting. They made a big fuss of Ian who was a babe in arms at the time and gurgled happily. Some of the villagers wore shoes and some did not. None spoke English. The singing may not have been tuneful but it was enthusiastic. "When are you coming again?" was the question as we prepared to leave. Soon after this visit, there were fourteen villagers who confessed their faith in Christ and were baptized in to Him at the nearby river. It was Jesus who said: "I tell you, whoever acknowledges me before men, the Son of Man will also acknowledge him before the angels of God." [Luke 12:8]

We drove back towards Mufulira without seeing any other vehicles and with plenty of time to reach Kitwe and collect our children from their various schools. "What's happening?" Angela cried as I fought for control of the vehicle and brought it to a halt by the side of the road. "As usual," I said, in exasperation "It's worse off after a service and check-up than before." Amongst other things, the clutch and brakes were ruined and we were stranded on a bush road, lonely and thirsty, in the scorching sun.

"How can I help you?" asked the young Greek teenager as he pulled up behind us in his brother-in-law's car. The words of Jesus come to mind: "Ask and it shall be given unto you. For everyone that asketh receiveth. If a son ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?" [Luke: 9] The teenager's unexpected and smiling arrival was our heavenly Father giving us bread and not a stone! We knew the young man and his family well. He was completing high school and wanted to train as an airline pilot.

"It's a serious problem," he advised, as we looked under the bonnet, "I can tow you to Mufulira," which he did and he took us straight to his brother-in-law's garage. The family had various business interests and found it was more economical and efficient to have their own garage to maintain their fleet of vehicles.

"Can you collect Kim and Mary from school? We have had a breakdown near Mufulira," Angela asked a friend over a crackly and faint telephone line. Furthermore, while the mechanics worked on the vehicle, this Good Samaritan took us home where his smiling sister, Mary, had lunch ready. Later in the afternoon, the vehicle was repaired and ready for us to drive home. "No charge," said her husband, Spiro, "You are Christians who help many people and we want to help you. We are friends."

Upon our return to Kitwe, we found Kim had been collected from her school but not Mary. The phone message had been misunderstood. One of Mary's school friends had lost her mother recently in a car accident and so the timing was not good. The teachers had gone home and left six-year old Mary at the school. She was there for several hours before I arrived to collect her. She was playing with the school caretaker's African children near his house. Mary said to me: "I knew what had happened. The vehicle broke down. That is why you did not come. I was fine." The garage in Kitwe apologised but it was not easy to explain to our children what had happened.

"You had better come quickly," the African friend advised urgently over the phone, "One of your American friends has arrived and he is so happy to be here that he is giving out dollar notes to all and sundry at the bus station in the city centre. I am worried about his safety." The gentleman from California, whom the Africans called brother John, had arrived in Kitwe. I drove quickly to the bus station an area crowded with people and notorious for its robberies and collected John. "I heard that you need help with your mission work and so I have come," he explained, "I thought that Kitwe was near Lusaka. When I found out at Lusaka airport that it was not, I asked for a plane ride to Kitwe. I had no air ticket for the Copperbelt flight and the plane was full."

Intrigued by this elderly and dignified American in a home-made suit, I posed the obvious question: "So how did you get to the Copperbelt?" His reply was not so obvious, "I came on the same plane. I told Zambia Airways in Lusaka that the Lord wanted me in Kitwe today to help Chester Woodhall. So, they put me in the seat next to the pilot on the plane and flew me to Ndola without charge. I always find that the Lord looks after me. When I arrived in Ndola, the Zambia Airways staff organized a free ride to Kitwe for me in the mail van. " Much could be said about Zambia Airways. Angela caught a local flight on one occasion and a door fell off the plane. However, their assistance to brother John was fantastic. John had the knack of getting the Lord to help him through other people. He was an unusual individual.

John stayed in our crowded dwelling until we found a house for John and his wife Anna who came to join him. Their house in California became home for a Church of Christ preacher and his family there. John was active in a leadership training programme called "Stop and Think!" I had designed this programme for the new congregations on the Copperbelt and he would transport a team of Zambian teachers to various villages and townships for this purpose. Later he moved to Ndola to live and work in prison ministry for several years. John had worked in a mail room for most of his working life and his ambition, now realized, was to be a missionary. John was happy in missionary service when he fell asleep in the Lord while in Ndola. A suitable epitaph was: "For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain." [Philippians 1:21]

John and a young African preacher called Tebbie were out on a trip for a meeting with village congregations on the Ndola Road. It had been a long hot day. Angela, the kids and I had returned home from another journey. "It's time to put the children to bed," Angela said to me. I was carrying goods into the house from the car. Night after night there was gunfire in the area where we lived. The night before our guard dog became so frightened that she tried to open the outside door with her paw and hide inside in the apparent safety!

The young African preacher, Tebbie, suddenly burst into our lounge, swaying and panting for breath, his brow glistening with sweat. "Come quickly," he gasped. It was a summons for help for one of our two mission vehicles had broken down and he had left John with the vehicle. We rapidly put together a breakdown kit, tins of oil, containers of water, tools and tow rope. I left in search of a service station that was still open in order to purchase diesel fuel. Tebbie was with me for extra security and to show me the break down site.

With fuel, I arrived at the breakdown site within fifteen minutes of leaving home, drove briefly around the breakdown area for security, saw no vehicles nor suspicious characters, and then parked behind the broken-down red mission vehicle. I told my companion, the African preacher: "Stay in your seat. I will come around to your door and take the diesel container from your lap." As I went around our vehicle to the passenger side, a third vehicle emerged from what seemed nowhere but was, in fact, a concealed driveway, and screeched to a halt, boxing in my white rescue vehicle. This

was in a matter of seconds and, as I lifted the diesel can, I found myself face to face with a Russian made AK47 rifle, held by a bandit screeching: "This is a hold up!"

I was knocked off balance by the African preacher pushing his way out of the small white pick-up and diving into the safety of the bush. I was confronted with two hardcore professional bandits who kept out of arms and allowed nothing to obscure the Russian AK47's line of fire on its target. So, there was no way I could get close enough to the man with the gun to tackle him without being shot. "Give us the keys to your white vehicle" ordered the one bandit. With the keys in my pocket, I told them to look in the dashboard of the vehicle, hoping that their attention would be diverted and they would make a false move. They made no mistake and kept me covered with the AK47 throughout. Although I wanted to take them, there was no chance to do so short of suicide.

Then the one bandit said to the other in the African language of Bemba: "Mwansa, shoot him. It will be easier." And the man called Mwansa started to squeeze the trigger. To avoid instantaneous promotion to glory - I still had some unfinished business of raising a family - I placed the keys on the vehicle cab, hoping that the one bandit would turn his back and give me cover from the AK47 by reaching for the keys. This did not happen. The bandit kept his gun trained on target, stayed out of reach and with one hand, collected the keys.

The bandit driver was unable to start the vehicle with the keys and so I offered to try the motor, hoping for the opportunity to escape with the vehicle. I placed the vehicle in reverse, touched my hidden security switch and started the engine with the key. However, the AK47 barrel at my head prevented me from reversing. "No!" the bandit breathed in my ear.

The bandits took the white vehicle and the extra container of fuel sending me spinning into the middle of the road. The next vehicle coming down the hill towards me was a police car and the car behind it, having observed the hold up from a distance, responded to my frantic signals and forced the police car into the side of the road. I ran up to the police car, now at a standstill, and said through the passenger window; "Please help me! There has been a hold up!"

The policemen within the vehicle misunderstood and all put their hands up high in the air. I explained that I was not holding them up. "I have been held up. That's my white vehicle going into the sunset. Will you give pursuit?" They brought down their arms slowly and refused to give chase, to give me a lift in their vehicle or to give any assistance. The police driver left the scene of the crime driving rapidly in the opposite direction to the vanishing white vehicle.

I walked to the nearest house with a telephone. Two police stations were phoned for assistance but stated no action would be taken until I made a written statement at the stations, a difficult task if I had been shot dead. One friend was too scared to leave the safety of his home, to come to the scene of the crime and provide me with transport

to a police station. However, a braver Asian friend took me to the nearest police station where I began making a report.

Meanwhile, some Zambian teachers with a car, being aware of the hold up, had collected policemen from another police station who were willing to assist. The teachers brought the cops to where the red vehicle was still broken down. Tebbie and John were waiting next to the red vehicle. The cops mistook them for bandits and opened fire on them, fortunately missing as their targets disappeared into the bush. "We have rescued your vehicle from thieves," the cops told me upon my return to the vehicle. After having repaired the red vehicle, I went with the police to their police station and made a written report. Then the hunt began.

"If I provide the transport with my red vehicle, will you come with me after the stolen white vehicle?" I asked. Two armed cops agreed and we searched through the night in the townships, the night bars and the bush areas around Kitwe for the stolen white vehicle. Beneath a canopy of stars, wide eyed drunks swaying with bottles in hand in front of yet another night bar shack with loud raucous music, watched curiously as we searched the vicinity for the stolen vehicle. "We can't go there," said one of the cops about a remaining bar with a reputation as a den of thieves." They won't be there," agreed the other cop, "And, besides, that bar is closed at this time." With very little fuel remaining, we returned the police to the police station.

The hunt continued when the first service station opened at dawn and we could purchase fuel. I went to a friend's house: "Will you come with me, Derek?" This time my companion was a tall Englishman called Derek who towers six feet three inches in height and we took a different vehicle for disguise. Having searched other possible escape trails the previous night, we now concentrated on the area between Kitwe and Mufulira which I felt was the most likely area for the bandits. Both Mufulira and Kitwe police stated that there had not been any break-ins the previous night and definitely no stolen white pickup had been used that night in crime.

So, we searched the bars and bush trails between Kitwe and Mufulira. Some of the bars were still operating in slow motion, with a few hardened boozers sprawled haphazardly amongst beer bottles and other litter. Bar girls were half-heartedly collecting a few empty beer bottles as the sun began to rise in the sky. None of the bar staff or patrons were in a coherent state for discussions about a missing white vehicle. "We have not seen it," was the mechanical reply from all concerned at the various night bars on the outskirts of town and in the bush. At one bar called Jumbo Jumbo the Congolese music was still thumping out disturbing the quiet of the early morning. A white university lecturer had been mugged at night near Jumbo Jumbo bar and the muggers had taken from him even his shoes. This made walking quite difficult for him.

The back trails between Kitwe and Mufulira were well known to me because of evangelism and church planting in the area. As we approached the brow of a hill where a bush trail joined the main Kitwe to Mufulira road, we saw before us an unusual scene. I shouted to Derek: "Stop! It's a hold- up down there. "

In the valley below a vehicle was parked across the road and highway robbers were stopping traffic, robbing the drivers of their cars, valuables and shoes and telling them to walk back to Kitwe. We stayed concealed in the bush of our trail and planned a move to turn the tables on the bandits when a vehicle full of men pulled up at the bandit's road block. A gunman at the driver's window instructed them to get out of the vehicle. They came out of the vehicle on the side away from the man with the gun and pulled out their own guns.

The new arrivals were policemen in plain clothes escorting a prisoner from Kitwe to Mufulira. They crouched down on their side of their car and those with loaded guns opened fire, missing the bandits. Other cops had to load their guns. The police driver had stayed unnoticed in the unmarked police car. When the bullets started flying, he drove quickly and unexpectedly out of the line of fire and, in doing so, took the only cover and protection away from his fellow cops. The police were in crouched positions behind a non-existent vehicle and exposed in the middle of the road. "I am dead!" cried out one of the cops, as he sank to the ground. The police marksmen had missed but one of the bandits did not.

The bandit bullet had cut the cheek of a policeman, and the other cops abandoned their gun fight and gathered around their wounded colleague as he moaned on the ground. There were murmurs of "a funeral " from one or two of the cops, evidently thinking of lengthy and serious Zambian funeral arrangements with announcements on the radio for far flung relatives to gather and several hundred, if not a thousand, people to attend and in need of catering. This line of thought was encouraged by the man on the ground with his repetitive groan of "I am dead "Meanwhile, the bandits dashed by the knot of cops, leapt into the nearest vehicle and sped away without pursuit.

We drove down the hill and stopped to talk to the police. Their wounded colleague was now on his feet and their major concern was to get him to hospital in Mufulira. We looked at the vehicle which the bandits had used for their road block and which was still positioned across the road. "Look at the bumper sticker!" I exclaimed to Derek. The bumper sticker on the vehicle proclaimed: "He's got the whole wide world in His hands." From the tears on the edges, there had been unsuccessful attempts to pull off the bumper sticker. The bumper sticker was identical to ours on our stolen vehicle. "The number plate is different" pointed out Derek. "There is no canopy on the back," was my immediate comment. The bandits had changed the appearance of the vehicle overnight but it was our vehicle from the engine number and, of course, the bumper sticker. The back of the vehicle was piled high with stolen property from overnight robberies. In the cab there were beer bottles from the night bar in Kitwe frequented by the bandits the previous night. The tank and petrol can were full of fuel. They had used overnight garage facilities for alterations to the vehicle and refuelling.

"He does have the whole world in His hands, where you are concerned!" commented Derek. The statement of David to the Lord comes to mind: "You open your hand and satisfy the desires of every living thing." [Psalm 145:16] I explained to the cops with

the wounded colleague that it was my vehicle. They made no objection to me repossessing my vehicle. "Would you like a lift to Kitwe?" I asked an Englishman without shoes and his small child who were walking along the white line in the centre of the road. They were victims of the bandits and stunned with shock. The English family left Zambia shortly afterwards.

Derek and I formed a two-vehicle convoy and followed the bandits present vehicle but not too closely. We stopped at a nearby farmhouse and phoned the police station in Kitwe, in the hope that the cops would intercept the bandits on their drive into Kitwe, but we could not get them to answer the phone. "Can you please go to the police station in Kitwe and give them this message?" I asked a friend in Kitwe who did answer his phone. He went to the police station and told the police who were drinking tea at the time but no prompt action resulted.

On our journey towards Kitwe, we followed the robbers, who had committed other acts of banditry along the way. There was a group of very distressed Filipino men and women standing alone, by the side of the bush road, who had been held up by the bandits. On the outskirts of Kitwe, we went through a Zambian police road block. The cops were checking whether motorists had windscreen wipers that worked. The bandits had just proceeded us and gone through the road block without any difficulty. They continued on their way and committed other daylight robberies in the Kitwe area. I was driving a vehicle, reported stolen, but there was no check or query at the road block and I drove straight towards police headquarters in Kitwe. Angela and the kids met us on the roadside. Eight-year old Mary commented to Angela: "There is the car! I knew when Daddy went out this morning that he would come back with it. "

At the police station I carried in the stolen property to the police counter and eventually, because of the volume the police opened up a special room. Some of the cops were quite excited by the contents of the stolen property. It took some time to explain that the bandits had changed the number plates. However, an explanation of "He's got the whole world in His hands, "secured their attention. I made yet another written statement. I took from the cab of the white vehicle two glasses which the bandits had been using for their beer drinking and gave them to the cops for fingerprints. The cops promptly added their own fingerprints as they took the glasses. It was then home and a cup of hot tea.

The next day I went to the police station and offered to look at photos of criminals. I identified the two bandits who had held me up from photos. They were escapees from Ndola Prison who had been blazing a trail of armed robbery and violence across the Copperbelt. They had committed three more armed robberies after leaving the shoot-out. Several years later Mwansa was shot dead in a shoot-out in the Garneton area. As Jesus said: "For all who draw the sword will die by the sword." [Matthew 26:32]

Angela commented in reflection after the hold up: "I am sure we will not die of boredom although bullets are a possibility." We are here primarily because we have faith in Jesus Christ, our living Lord and Saviour, and share this faith with others.

Sometimes mission work can go far beyond preaching, praying and baptizing - although we seek to be active in those areas on a daily basis. We draw strength from the Twenty- Third Psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

The daughter of a second-generation prostitute is converted to Christ. How do you teach her about the Christian life? Something she has never experienced. A Christian girl becomes the third wife of a witchdoctor. A married church leader makes a young Christian girl pregnant and then says "I want to marry her." A man says: "After I became a Christian, I changed my wife for a Christian one." Marriage is not a very stable institution for many in Zambia and these situations require the wisdom of Solomon, knowledge of the Scriptures and an understanding of local culture. Lectureships were a good opportunity to communicate Bible teaching on such subjects as marriage to church leaders gathered together from all corners of Zambia who could then make applications in their local churches. A Copperbelt lectureship on marriage in the early seventies was still bearing fruit in the eighties with Zambian church leaders.

At the beginning of 1980, in our fellowship, there were 45 congregations in northern Zambia and 15 congregations in Congo. The largest congregations had over one hundred members and the average size was twenty-eight. There was expansion from the Copperbelt base into other nations and provinces – Congo and the Luapula, North-western and Northern Provinces of Zambia. With a continuing evangelism explosion and hundreds coming to Christ in Kitwe alone, more and more congregations were being opened throughout northern Zambia and southern Congo and more and more church leaders were being trained to serve these congregations. We were seeking to respond to the challenge of Jesus Christ, who stated: "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Therefore, go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you. And surely, I am with you always, to the very end of the age. "[Matthew 28:18-20]

HOUSE SPRAYED WITH BULLETS

"The bandits opened fire spraying my living room with machine gun fire. You are lucky that you have moved house, "commented my former neighbour." I heard the thieves trying to enter the house in the middle of the night and sounded the alarm." The man was at home only with his small daughter. In a separate attack on another nearby house, a security guard was murdered by the bandits making the area very unpopular with other security guards. We had moved from the area where we had stayed for ten years because of cessation of the lease on the current house. It was a place with many good memories. Going to sleep at night to the loud chorus of crickets singing. Watching the sun go down over the lake. The sense of space with the bush around us. The many friends from nearby African townships who would come and visit us. One Scottish neighbour had said to me when Mary was six years old, "Your daughter is a real evangelist! She is always sharing the Gospel with my Presbyterian daughters and

inviting them to come with her to the Church of Christ. " And we had stayed in five houses in and around the Copperbelt for a month or two each until we moved into another house for ten years, this time in an area of Kitwe called Riverside. We were indeed breaking bread from house to house "[Acts2:46]. Four- year old Kim said to me, "Dad, we are not moving again, are we?"

The area was called Riverside because it was near a river. Ian disappeared on his tricycle on one occasion and was found by the river- not a good place to be because of the crocodiles. A pontoon for crossing the river sank because of overloading and many of the passengers were taken by the crocodiles. There was an extended village along the banks of the river where we had one of our many preaching points. When the river burst its banks several hundred villagers lost their huts but none their lives.

The thieves were active in Riverside as elsewhere. One night a car came along our street with men leaning out of the windows with guns. One man had a spotlight which he played on each house as the car drove slowly along the street. We could hear their conversation; "Shall we rob that house? No, the dogs look fierce. How about that house? No, there are security guards and they are awake. How about this house?" This was a reference to our house. "No, I don't like the look of the dog and there is a guard". So, the thieves robbed a house further down the road.

"Mum, can I have some bed clothes? I am cold!" asked the half-asleep daughter of one of our neighbours. The Mum went to her small daughter's bedroom and found the room had been stripped by thieves as had other rooms. "Get up if you dare" said the man with a gun at the foot of the bed of the Canadian couple as they woke up yet again to their house being ransacked. We would hear doors being broken down with considerable noise in the middle of the night. It seemed every house on our street was being burgled in 1980 and neighbour after neighbour was leaving. Eventually, after a few years, we built a twelve-foot wall around our house with barbed wire on top of the wall and everyone else seemed to do likewise.

"Don't go to the villages near Mufulira this Sunday, "came the advice from one of the African church leaders. A gang of Congolese soldiers were terrorizing motorists along the Mufulira to Ndola road in Zambia. The men were stopping vehicles, searching passengers and grabbing money and other valuables. On Sunday afternoon a bus was hijacked by these renegade soldiers and driven towards Congo. On the Monday two men from Mufulira narrowly escaped death, when they drove on through a uniformed gang who opened fire upon their vehicle. This was their second time!

"They have taken my wife!" complained one African Christian called Peter who was living in a village on the Mufulira to Ndola road in 1982. Zambians living in these villages near the Congo border fled the area following the looting of houses and trading posts by the Congolese soldiers over the weekend. One Zambian storekeeper was shot when the Congolese soldiers looted his store. Some Zambians like Peter's wife were kidnapped into Congo, as was a truck carrying five hundred bags of mealie meal, a staple foodstuff. Gunfire continued throughout the Monday night. The border was

closed in the rising tension and Zambian security forces exchanged fire with Congolese soldiers.

There were eleven congregations in the border area concerned of Zambia and Congo. A number of Zambian and Congolese church leaders from the troubled area were overnight visitors in our home in Kitwe. "The situation is back to normal now. Please feel free to visit the Christians," was the advice we received from our African church leaders in Mufulira. Accompanied by a close Zambian Christian friend, Jonathan Phiri, who had just returned from further training at one of our universities in the USA, I drove to Mufulira and we started to visit the Christians along the Mufulira to Ndola road. The situation was not back to normal because we saw a group of Congolese soldiers on the Zambian road. I took evasive action and I drove away at high speed in the opposite direction. There were sixty-six men and women who, believing in Christ and repenting of their sins, were baptized into Christ during this period.

"Where is your work permit?" "Show me your cholera certificate." In 1982 these were some of the questions in French and English at the border as I set off once again on a journey through Congo. This time the entry point was Mokambo in Congo where there was a Church of Christ and I was able to meet Congolese church leaders. Then Shadrach Chisebwe, one of our African preachers and I journeyed onwards along a bush road leading eventually to the Zambian province of Luapula.

Travelling along the bush road in Congo was made difficult by the choking clouds of dust and the journey seemed endless. At last we reached a village on the river with a pontoon for crossing. There was a delay on the pontoon as a bus was unable to leave it. A Congolese onlooker explained to me: "The bus driver has drunk too much Congolese beer. So, he lost control while driving his vehicle. " We had no real trouble going through Congo on this trip although others on the same route had experienced highway robbery. We reached the settlement of Mansa where there were two Churches of Christ. Luapula is a very rural province of Zambia with a population of about 400,000 people. Many young people migrate to the Copperbelt. The people mainly feed themselves from traditional agriculture and fishing.

On a later journey to Luapula I went with a friend in his private plane. "Look you can see the crocodiles in the river" pointed out the pilot. We followed the river and I was surprised at how many crocodiles we could see in the river below us. When we landed on a field in the north of Luapula, a crowd of about one hundred Africans ran towards us. I thought that they were coming to greet us as visitors. However, they ignored us and swept past us.

"What is going on?" I asked my friend in bewilderment.

Then I saw the witchdoctor in his regalia and a coffin at the front of the crowd, being carried by four bearers at a breakneck pace. According to the witchdoctor, the body in the coffin was guiding the coffin to the person responsible through witchcraft for his death. The coffin came to an abrupt halt in front of an African hut. The owner of the hut disappeared running fast for his life into the bush. He escaped and in revenge, his

hut was burnt down under the witch doctor's instructions." That's terrible, "said my companion "We almost witnessed a murder" I saw nothing beautiful or attractive about that aspect of African culture and religion and on my visits, I shared the Good News of Jesus Christ who stated concerning Himself: 'I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me.' [John 14:6] Today there are Churches of Christ in more remote villages to the north of Mansa which are strung out along the Congolese border, mainly as a result of our African preachers. The Christians of Luapula could say with the apostle Paul: "For God has rescued us from the dominion of darkness and brought us into the kingdom of the Son he loves, in whom we have redemption, the forgiveness of sins." [Colossians 1:13]

One of our most reliable preachers in Luapula in 1990 was a high-ranking Zambian policeman, Aaron Matantilo, who preaches Christ as he travels. Zambian policemen were being held in prison in Congo. Zambia and Congo made cross allegations of border infringement in 1982. To promote better international understanding, a Zambia Week was held in Lubumbashi, Congo. A border which had been difficult to cross was open and I took the opportunity to visit congregations and church leaders in Congo. Congo is the second largest country in Africa, straddling the equator in Central Africa, and is larger than the USA east of the Mississippi River. Crossing the border, and travelling to and from Lubumbashi took time and donations were invited by men in uniforms at road blocks and other places in Congo.

"I am coming with you!" said Robbie, a young man of Italian descent living in Mufulira. Robbie had been born in Lubumbashi and his grandfather had imported the first car into Lubumbashi, "I want to see the town and the house I lived in as a child." He was almost in tears as he saw his family home had almost gone back to bush.

"What the Bible says," was my theme as I met leaders for lengthy discussions from twelve Congolese congregations, mainly around Lubumbashi, but including the preacher from Manono, six hundred kilometres to the north along a very difficult road. There were seventy-one congregations that I was able to confirm existed on this and two other Congo journeys in 1982 and some were a good distance from Lubumbashi. Likasi was 120 kilometres, Kasenga 220 kilometres, Pweto 360 kms, Kamina 400 kms and Kalemie 380 kms. Most of these congregations were in Congo's Shaba province of which Lubumbashi is the capital. However, two congregations were at Mbuji Mayayi in Kasayi Oriental province to the north of Shaba. This was rapid church growth of a movement sparked off by Congolese converts whom we made on the Zambian Copperbelt returning to Congo and organizing the first congregation in April 1979.

"We want you to preach in French on Sunday," said one church leader. In a township of Lubumbashi teeming with people, I preached to a congregation of about one hundred and fifty adults in a very crowded meeting room. There were large painted and prominent signs in evidence stating in English and French: "Church of Christ." In twelve congregations in and around Lubumbashi there had been one hundred and forty-four men and women believe in Jesus Christ and be baptized into Him in the first six months of 1982. Their message was the same as Peter on the Day of Pentecost:

"Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins." [Acts2:38]

"I am the number one leader and I am in charge of all others," said one would be church leader in Congo. A major problem that persisted into the future was that some of the Congolese did not share our New Testament vision of a fellowship of independent and free congregations, responsible to Christ alone as the Head of the church [Colossians 1:1], but felt the need for a denominational superstructure.

"Have you seen that soldier? He is taking aim at us with his rifle," exclaimed Brian as we drove across a river bridge in Zambia's eastern province." We had better stop." I replied, "There is another soldier over there and he is pointing his gun in our direction. The armed soldiers surrounded us."

Why didn't you stop at our road block? We could shoot you." The road block in question was concealed from view for security reasons and a driver had to know it was there from previous visits. After apologising to the soldiers for failing to stop at their road block, we continued on the road to Malawi avoiding traffic hazards of goats, monkeys and people in the middle of the road. We drove southwards from Malawi's capital city of Lilongwe. The African villages were picturesque with their thatched huts and the people were so friendly, including the police at police checks and the health officials sprayed our vehicle for tsetse fly. "You drive like a rally driver" commented Brian and indeed, the routes through the hills at times gave both of us opportunity to practice some rally driving.

After ninety kilometres we arrived at Dedza, which had an easily climbable 2150 metre mountain, if fit. We did not climb the mountain but began to watch for a bush track which would take us to Gowa Mission. Angela and I had first visited Gowa Mission in 1971. I remember how we had to drive our small car through the river after we left the main road. Brian and I found the right track, although there was no signpost, and we drove for five miles through the bush by what the locals called the U mountain route. Scrambling over hillsides was a good test of our vehicle's tyres and at times we seemed to drive through people's yards where they sat in groups talking. Mission work in Gowa and other areas of Malawi was pioneered by British Churches of Christ from the beginning of the last century. Brian was a British architect and accompanied me in order to give some advice on their building problems.

"I am sorry that I am late," said brother Kakobwe as he arrived late at night at Gowa, "I have just completed a preaching tour on my bicycle. "I asked him how many miles he had covered with his bicycle on this trip. " Fifty miles," was the answer. There were thirty-eight congregations and preaching points, according to their records for 1981, and some were as far distant as Mozambique.

The sun was beginning to rise and we had already been on the road for one and a half hours. When we arrived at our destination in the far north west of Zambia on the Zambezi River, the sun had already set. The road was like corrugated iron and went on for hundreds of miles. There would be bush for long distances and an absence of

any villages. We would stop periodically to check the vehicle and tighten the wheel nuts. Africans would come over to us when parked and ask us for a lift in the pick-up. "We are not going where you want to go. In fact, we are going in directly the opposite direction," I would say. "No matter. Still give me a lift wherever you are going. I simply want to get away from this place," would come the answer. This was Zambia's North western province with a far-flung population of about 300,000 people, mainly in subsistence agriculture. We did see some wild game as we travelled.

"I was washing my face in the Zambezi River," said the assistant district secretary. "I saw these large snapping jaws belonging to the largest crocodile I have ever seen." The large crocodile was a problem for river baptisms in the area.

In central Africa animism was strong. At one place where I spoke on faith in Christ, two witchdoctors emerged with full regalia and drumming. A Dutch friend Eric and I had brought with us a banana boat and gave it to people of the area so that they could cross the wide Zambezi River more easily and with less fear of drownings and crocodiles. "I am very pleased that you have come here," said the local member of parliament who was also a minister of state. Also, we were welcomed by the local chieftainess. This was one of many journeys into North-western province. There was an insurrection against President Kaunda in North-western province which was led by a disaffected game guard. The story was that his witchcraft made him invisible but he was not invisible when he was finally shot by loyal soldiers.

In 1990 there were seven congregations in North-western province. One of the most reliable of the African preachers was a man called Daniel Zulu. "This is Zulu phoning from Zambezi. I want to discuss the work of the Lord," he would say, delighted that he had been able to get through on a Zambian telephone line. He was trained by Frank Murphy of England and his colleagues in Lusaka in the early sixties and preached Christ as he travelled with his work for the Zambian court system.

"It was an island paradise." I enthused upon my return from Reunion, an overseas department of France situated in the Indian Ocean. "The people were so friendly and it is like being in France. It is France in the Indian Ocean." Angela replied to me: "It is OK for you. You speak French." In fact, there had been very little English spoken on the island. I was able to visit churches on the island who held similar convictions of New Testament faith and order to our own. On the Sunday I attended services in a converted warehouse with about a hundred Christians as we gathered around the Lord's Table. They had weekly communion following the example of the early Christians [Acts 20:7]. In the afternoon I went with the Christians to the beach for rest and recreation.

"This is where I was baptized," said my companion whose features were predominantly Asian but whose native tongue was French. He pointed to the sea as their baptistery for immersions of believers into Christ. I visited congregations throughout the island, one group met in a garage, another in a more traditional church building. The

mountain areas were much colder than by the sea. It was living proof that with the Bible as their guide, people anywhere in the world can be Christians.

"We are under arrest. Can you come and help us?" was the anguished plea over the telephone! There was a Christian youth camp in progress in Luanshya. The church meeting house was filled to overflowing. In the early hours of the morning the entire youth camp was surrounded by armed police, aroused from sleep and marched to the police station. There were Christian youth activities in seventeen Copperbelt congregations and there were frequent youth rallies and youth camps during school vacations. "I have solved the problem," said one of our church leaders whom we had contacted, "They are being released! The youth camp can continue." Brother Sikasunda was a local courts officer, like Daniel Zulu, and knew how to handle such problems.

How did our children view Zambia in 1982? Mary, age nine, wrote: "From the game lodge we went out in a land rover with a game ranger to view the game. We saw lots of game - kudu, eland, impala, rock springer, vultures circling and a bull elephant chasing warthogs. There were footprints of cheetah and civet cat but we did not track those animals. We did another game safari by boat and we saw lots of crocodiles and hippos near the boat. There were many beautiful birds and we discovered a nest of hammer cocks. On our way back to Kitwe on five occasions we had our hands and feet sprayed by Zambian officials for foot and mouth disease. We went to church on Sunday."

MISSIONARY MURDERED

"This white Rhodesian girl is behind bars in Livingstone. She is in her mid-teens and has run away from a children's home in Bulawayo. What can we do to help her?" asked Elaine at the height of the Rhodesian war and border hostilities between Zambia and Rhodesia. "How has the girl crossed the border?" I asked. "The border between Rhodesia and Zambia is officially closed and sealed off." Elaine, one of our missionaries in Livingstone, replied, "She was desperate to get away from Bulawayo. She has a background of child abuse from within her family. So, the girl hid herself in the cargo of a train in Rhodesia which was bound for Zambia. Because it was cargo for Zambia the railway trucks were allowed across the closed border at the Victoria Falls Bridge. As she tried to run away from the rail trucks in Livingstone, the Zambian railway police spotted her and captured her."

The girl was the wrong person in the wrong place at the wrong time. She could have been mistaken for a white Rhodesian spy. However, Elaine, a regular visitor of prisoners, was a friend in need to the confused and frightened girl. She visited the imprisoned girl every day, contacted the Social Welfare authorities in Bulawayo by phone and, eventually, the girl was returned to Rhodesia and their care. In His discussion of the sheep and the goats, Jesus said: "I was in prison and you came to visit me." [Matthew 25:36] and Elaine took seriously her prison ministry. Elaine was responsible for having a large bathtub installed in the Livingstone prison for baptisms.

"Can you find this man for me? He lives and works in Kitwe," Elaine asked me. "His son has been beaten up badly in the youth prison near Livingstone. I think that he is going to live but he has lost his sight." I was able to reply, "I know the man already. He works at the railway station. I will see him immediately." The young boy felt that Elaine saved his life. She nursed him back to health and arranged his release from the reformatory. The young man was flown by plane from Livingstone to Kitwe and handed over to his father's care. Later he was able to attend a school for the blind. His father said to me, with tears in his eyes, "Elaine, you, the Church of Christ, you are people who really practice what you preach."

Alan was an old white man who had "gone bush." He no longer remembered English and his vocabulary was limited to a few African words. He was a white anachronism in an independent African state. The whites who knew him had long since departed Zambia. Alan was an untidy tramp who would dash at a fast walking speed from one end of Livingstone to the other. Joseph Hamugande, a respected Zambian preacher, who spent several years working for Christ in the Livingstone area, commented to me: "Alan has only one real friend and that is Elaine. Like all the others that she assists in the name of Christ, Elaine helps him in every way that she can. "Jesus said: "I needed clothes and you clothed me. I was sick and you looked after me. "[Matthew 25:36] Elaine cared in this way for Alan and for many others in need, both those she met in her hospital visitation and those she met informally like Alan.

Elaine Brittell [1922-1982] was a daughter of the Brittell pioneer missionary family in Zambia's southern province. She was a missionary to Zambia from June 1947 and the only Brittell still on the field. Her family had been active in running a Christian orphanage at Sinde mission near Livingstone. The Zambian graduates of Sinde orphanage have been easily identifiable by their Arkansas accents. After independence, Zambian policy was that orphanages were unnecessary because of the Zambian extended family and Sinde orphanage closed. Today there is a Christian school at Sinde. Sinde was established, first of all, as a Mission by the W.N. Shorts and New Zealander John Sheriff's daughter, Molly, in 1923. A grandson of the W.N. Shorts, Harold, was at varsity with me in Harare in the early sixties and made an impression in his first year at varsity with his ability to quote from memory the scriptures.

"I am taking some food out to the orphans at Sinde," Elaine would say long after the orphanage closed. I would assist her by transporting the food in the back of my pick up to Sinde and her protégés would gather around the truck. Some of those receiving food from Elaine were quite elderly by this time. Jesus said: "I was hungry and you gave me something to eat. I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink." [Matthew 25:35] and again this was a practical area of Elaine's Christian work.

Our home phone in Kitwe rang out on October 17, 1982. "We have bad news for you. Elaine Brittell has been murdered" was the message. Elaine was living in a small apartment next to the meeting house of the Livingstone Central Church of Christ, a congregation of about two hundred Christians. In the early hours of the morning there had been a break-in at her apartment and she was murdered in her bed. As a white person there would be the assumption that she had money or goods to steal. In fact, in the case of Elaine what little money she had went quickly as she spent it on those in need.

For Elaine's funeral in Livingstone there were six thousand people who walked in the procession to the cemetery. Many prisoners who had grown to love her requested permission to attend but the authorities did not feel it wise to permit them to go. Elaine had a good reputation in the Livingstone community. She was very committed to the service of others.

Elaine lived, died and was buried in the land that she loved amongst the people she loved and delighted in serving in the name of her Master, Jesus Christ. Of Elaine it could be said: "If we live, we live on the Lord; and if we die, we die to the Lord. So, whether we live or die, we belong to the Lord." [Romans 14:8] We missed a good friend who went to be with God in His glory.

The murderers were never caught. They will stand before God's judgment seat and have to give account to God.

EVANGELIST FLOGGED IN CONGO

In Zambia heated baptismal tanks in the church building were not the usual custom. The "baptismal tank" is the nearest river, having checked for crocodiles and the water heating is free of charge by the African sunshine. I remember walking with my autistic son Ian and some Zambian companions, along the path through the bush skirting one river and spotting several crocodiles. "Don't worry" said one of my African friends. "They are not hungry at present. "As I thought of people I knew who had suffered crocodile attacks, sometimes fatally, it seemed a, risky assumption and we moved to a safer place.

"Will you come and preach at Chambeshi this Sunday?" came the request from the smiling African church leader. We had planted the congregation at Chambeshi in 1976 and the Christians had now built their second meeting house out of their own resources. They had outgrown their first church building. Chambeshi is a mining township to the north of Kitwe and about half the population live in traditional village housing. The stony track to the church building becomes a river in the rainy season and this makes driving interesting! Today Chambeshi continues as a very strong congregation.

After I preached on the Sunday morning in the Chambeshi mud brick meeting house, a young man and a young woman with a baby on her back came to the front of the congregation, confessing their faith in Christ. Immediately the entire congregation marched through the bush - there were no snakes - and witnessed the baptizing of the two young people at the river. The Bible reading was from Acts: "Look here is water. Why shouldn't I be baptized? If you believe with all your heart, you may ... I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God [Acts 8:36-37] When everyone had returned singing favourite hymns with great gusto from the river, the Sunday services were then resumed at the church meeting house, with the Lord's Supper and the new Christians broke bread. Similar stories could be told throughout the seventies and eighties of other congregations on the Copperbelt as men and women in a steady stream believed in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and were baptized into Him. It was the book of Acts coming alive in Zambia in the late twentieth century. People were being won for Christ all over the Copperbelt.

"We represent a group of churches west of the Copperbelt. We are dissatisfied with our present mission who do not give us enough. We will join you if you will pay our preachers, build us church buildings, sponsor schools and clinics for us and set up some trading posts to supply us all the goods" would declare the emissaries as they sat on our porch, drank our cups of tea and gradually explained their purpose for visiting us - often taking several hours to get to their point which could be summed up as 'finance'. One African Apostle leader wanted us to sponsor open air dancing as part of his proposed package.

"We preach Christ. We invite people to become Christians. We do not give money" would be our eventual response. We declined to buy over any denominational empires

or offered to us. We preferred the ChambeshI approach of evangelism and church planting. There were eleven new congregations and preaching points opened up in northern Zambia in the years 1980 to 1982. Two hundred and fifty adults gathered for worship at the opening of the Ndola Central congregation in 1982. This was a significant local event with press and television coverage.

Harrison Yabe was a youngster whom, together with his two brothers, I led to faith and baptism into Christ in 1971. One of his brothers was deaf and using sign language, indicated his wish to become a Christian. Angela and I had about twenty-five hundred youngsters of all ages who would meet with us in Chimwemwe, a northern suburb of Kitwe. It was hot, noisy and enjoyable. A church resulted which has continued to this day and its peak adult membership has been one hundred. "Follow, Follow Jesus" the kids would sing in Bemba from one corner of Chimwemwe to the other when they saw us.

Harrison had very little formal education but worked hard in visitation for the Chimwemwe church with good results. "The woman who used to entertain men. She has become a Christian," he said. He trained with our part time programme and in one week in 1976 led seven people to Christ and baptized them.

However, his desire was to go the Livingstone School of Preaching which he did in 1980. "It was hard work," Harrison commented. He struggled his way through their two year -preacher- training programme, despite his lack of formal education. "Explain it to me again," I would be asked by Harrison. Getting points across to Harrison was hard work but once he understood the point, he had it for life and he shared it with others. He was a great evangelist.

Zambia's Northern Province is an area of mainly subsistence farmers. The farmers send to market maize, groundnuts, cotton and tobacco. The roads add up to seven thousand kilometres of which eighty percent is not tarred. "The bus broke down. So, I walked," Harrison explained. Along these roads by foot, by bus and by hitch hiking, Harrison had been a travelling evangelist since 1982 in this province of more than 600,000 people. A preaching tour for Harrison could last three months.

"I have a son!" was the joyous message from Harrison way out in the bush but somehow, getting hold of a phone. Harrison, his wife and his son called Chester lived in the remote northern village of Luwingu. "I will show you from the Bible," Harrison would begin and show anyone that Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Harrison was a companion of the Scottish restoration preacher Alexander Campbell in his love of debating on Christian subjects. His family are active in Christian service to this day.

"Will you come to our wedding?" was the happy invitation. Jonathan and Siwe Phiri married in Kitwe in 1972. Jonathan studied the Scriptures over many years and realized eventually the need to be a New Testament Christian. He received overseas training and obtained a bachelor's degree from Abilene Christian University in the USA and a master's degree from Swansea University in Wales. His main area of study was communications and he had previous work experience with Radio Cairo and

Radio Zambia. "This is Lusaka calling " was the voice of Jonathan Phiri at one time, as he worked as an announcer.

"Can you help us produce this set of programmes?" I would ask and he would reply, "That's no problem". His training and experience had meant that he was a tremendous asset to our production of Christian radio and television programmes. "Could you explain about your faith?" he was asked on Sunday night television and he gave an excellent presentation on what is involved in becoming and being a Christian in the Biblical sense. Jonathan had a senior post at an adult education centre and he was a respected community leader. Later he worked for a UN agency. This has been good public relations with government at all levels.

"I am off to Swaziland. Can you tell me how to contact the Churches of Christ in Manzini and Mbabane?" would be the request. Jonathan traveled widely, everywhere from Swaziland to Singapore, in the course of his work and this gave him the opportunity for Christian service in different places. He helped the Chimwemwe church which met close to his home in Kitwe with preaching, teaching and visitation. I could ask: "There is a problem at the village church in Lambaland. Can you help?" Jonathan would help the Christians concerned and gave them good sensible Biblical advice.

"The Livingstone Central church of Christ elders are sending me to help you!" It was the excited and exciting message from an African preacher called Joseph. Joseph Hamugande became a Christian in the South and was sent by the Livingstone Central church in 1980, as its own missionary, to help us for two years on the Copperbelt. "This is good news!" I responded. "I am glad that one of our Zambian churches is sending out a missionary. It is a good sign for the future." Joseph had previously helped us in the successful preaching campaign of 1977. He had several years' experience in preacher training as a lecturer at the Livingstone School of Preaching. Joseph and his wife Ethel set to work. New congregations were established. One church building was bursting at the seams with five hundred people squeezing inside the mud walls. In one area he had thirty men and women place their faith in Christ and be baptized into Him. "The people are really interested in Christ," was his comment. Children in need of assistance were helped in the name of Christ.

Joseph preached widely, everywhere from Lubumbashi in Congo to Mpulungu on Lake Tanganyika to Bulawayo in Zimbabwe. He was an effective Bible teacher in our extension training programme during his stay on the Copperbelt. Also, he began and continued to do Christian programmes in the Tonga language on Radio Zambia and encouraged other Tonga preachers to do likewise. Two of his sons are very enthusiastic Gospel preachers in the Southern Province of Zambia today.

Mupesa Mulenga was a Congolese member of the Church of Christ who with a Congolese group did extension training in the Bible and church leadership from 1980 onwards. "I have a question!" Mupesa would ask, with a big grin on his beaming face, and I would know we were in for a long session. David Murphy, an English Christian,

had his own commercial farm called Greenacres near the mining town of Chingola. "I know how I can help you with the training courses," David said in his quiet way. He permitted us to use the second farm house on his property for short residential courses which reinforced the extension learning. The intensive Bible courses went on late into the night at Greenacres with light from paraffin lamps.

Dennis Chisunka is a Zambian Christian who later went to Springdale College, England with his English wife, Anita, and settled in England. "How about doing a course on this subject?" Dennis would ask. Dennis and Joseph helped with the teaching on short courses. Mupesa and many other Zambian and Congolese students studied the Scriptures on Greenacres courses and went forth sharing Christ with great enthusiasm. During December 1981 and January 1982 nine Christians who had done on the job training with me and a Greenacres course returned to their various places on the Copperbelt, in the Shaba province of Congo and in Zambia's Northwestern province. Within two months they led to and baptized into Christ thirty-seven men and women.

Mupesa Mulenga was in Congo busy preaching the Gospel of Christ from place to place. His support was mainly from family marketing activities. One night after an exhausting day in the Lord's service, he was asleep in a hut put at his disposal by a Christian friend. He was awoken by a command being shouted outside the hut. "Get up. You are under arrest!" said a man in uniform, standing in front of the hut, gun in hand. Mupesa looked around the clearing outside the hut and saw a circle of armed men surrounding the hut. Mupesa was taken to the local lock up, flogged and put behind bars.

"Go and find money for us", he was later instructed.

Mupesa was taken under armed escort to go and collect his fine or ransom money from friends at their huts. When he collected sufficient money, the officer in charge told Mupesa that he was free to go. He was not fed while imprisoned and so was very hungry and weak by the time of his release. There were seventy-one Congolese congregations in 1982, served by Christian preachers like Mupesa.

At one time the man would sit looking at his beer pot and now he has become a Christian and sits on a bench looking at the front of a church meeting house, but how to transform him into a church leader who will do and not just sit? One answer is Leadership Training - the Woodhall Method! This means on-the-job and on-the-spot training. Bible study books - often in the African language- are used with the leadership student in his village and the lessons are reinforced by his experiences as he does church work and by discussions with his visiting Bible teacher. Then there can be further learning and reinforcement with short Greenacres style residential courses.

"We are starting some part time training courses. Are you interested?" was my question in 1976 and five students enrolled in the extension training, one of whom was Harrison Yabe. "I will come to Zambia for a month and give you a hand" said Robert Barkley of Zephyr Church of Christ in Texas. Robert kept his promise and in 1976 and

1977, he assisted with on the job and in the village teaching of church leaders. He witnessed forty-five men and women confess their faith in Christ and go through the waters of baptism during his months in Zambia in 1976.

"A student has been arrested" Robert brought to my attention. One Zambian church leader named Harrison Zulu had his studies interrupted because of his arrest for armed robbery. His Biblical studies continued after the court found him "not guilty" and Zulu was still active in the church in the 1990s.

In 1978 there were fifty Christians in extension training with nine courses on offer in English and Bemba. The most popular course was on Prayer. "Congo is a big place and has many souls who need Christ," would state Shadrach Chisebwe, one of the students at the time. Chisebwe, a farmer with a talent for languages, visited Congo for itinerant preaching in the same year and has been an able evangelist in many ways and many areas over the years.

"We have almost finished the new church building at Garneton," explained Donald Kunda, another extension student. He was a self-employed tinsmith with little formal education or English, who has assisted a number of congregations in organizing their self-financed and self-erected building programmes and has remained active in the church ever since.

Also, there was copper miner, Friday Tembo, who was close to retirement age and looking forward to having more time for church work. "I have brought a present for you," said Friday in the Nyanja language. He was another non-English speaker and he gave us a traditional gift of a bag of rice to say thank you for the training. Eric Schoeman's comment on the extension training programme in 1978 was: "Praise the Lord. "

At the close of 1979 the number of extension students had increased to sixty and four full time students graduated from the Livingstone preacher training programme. "We need your assistance. Can you come for a visit and help?" I asked Dr. Eugene Perry of Canada, who in 1982 was working in Livingstone. He visited the Copperbelt and conducted two leadership training sessions. The extension programme with on the job apprentice training was found too much like hard work by some students. One young man dropped out of the programme, complaining of the hard work and saying that he would look for a wife instead!

Extension training can be geared to the pace of the student. Two men, with little formal education, gained considerable satisfaction when they completed a course "Introduction to the Bible" after three years. Other students, with more education, had completed the same course in three months but the two men now had the satisfaction of completion of the first academic programme in their lives. Also, they had Bible knowledge to share with others - who would listen to them because their age earned respect. The most popular courses were "Can we know God?" "Marriage and the Home" and "Bringing People to Jesus." Joseph Hamugande and Shadrach Chisebwe were active as Bible teachers with the extension programme.

By 1982 there were ten extension courses available in English and various African languages with a total of eighty students, some of whom had completed several Bible courses. Other popular courses were "The New Life in Christ "and " Go and Tell." Some advantages of leadership training by extension are that the students keep their secular jobs and continue to serve as church leaders.

In the eighties Zambian church leaders and preachers were increasingly taking the lead in evangelism, church planting and leadership training. We had given training, in a variety of ways on how to teach and establish church leaders in the faith - "teaching men to teach-the word." [2 Timothy 2: 2]

"President Kaunda would like to meet you in Lusaka," came the unexpected message in 1982. With Jonathan Phiri and Tebbie Kananga, Angela and I obeyed the summons and went to Zambia's capital city of Lusaka where we met up with one of our Lusaka church leaders. President Kaunda had called together church leaders for a discussion on his views concerning national development and socialism. Every member of his cabinet was present. The proceedings were broadcast on national radio and television. The setting was Mulungushi Hall, the distinguished place of several international conferences. There was obviously a lobby from outside church circles for Zambia to adopt Scientific Socialism - which we saw as a variant of Marxism - as the national philosophy.

In the evening there was a special reception at State House - the Zambian equivalent of Buckingham Palace - and I was impressed again by the quiet dignity of the buildings which I had not visited since 1971. "You are welcome!" stated President Kaunda to us, as we visited him at home. At State House we had the opportunity to meet President Kaunda and other government leaders. Kenneth Kaunda had been President since Zambia became independent on October 24, 1964. Churches of Christ were sufficiently significant in Zambia in 1982 for us to be invited and consulted. We were a Zambian church and our group to State House included Zambian church leaders. In the discussions President Kaunda, son of a Presbyterian preacher, stressed that he believed in God and His Son, Jesus Christ.

REBELLION IN THE CONGO

"My brother found himself under arrest in Kabwe!" said Dick Van Dyk. "All he had done was go and look at Kabwe hospital where he was born. However, the Zambian authorities thought that was very suspicious. He could be a spy with an interest in hospitals! After interrogation he was released". Dick and his brother were born in Kabwe where his father worked for Rhodesia Railways. He remembers some good fishing as a child in pre- independence Zambia and now he is a fisher of men [Mark 1:17].

"Churches of Christ in Zimbabwe are responsible for a number of weddings", smiled Kathy, his wife. Dick married Kathy Chester, whose grandparents still lived in their fortified homestead in Harare Zimbabwe. The Rhodesian civil war was over but her grandparents kept the fortifications for their home on the outskirts of Harare in case they were needed again. As a member of the Chester clan in England, I have always looked upon Kathy as a distant cousin. Dick gave up his career as a lecturer at Bulawayo Technical College in Zimbabwe and the Van Dyk's went to Southern African Bible School where he studied for the ministry. After graduation they went to the mountain kingdom of Swaziland for missionary work.

"Let's go to Benoni," said Dick. "It's a great gathering of Christians". So, I flew for a visit to Swaziland and afterwards we went by road to Benoni near Johannesburg in South Africa. It was the annual lectureship of the Southern African Bible School at which I gave a talk on the expansion of Churches of Christ into Congo. I was a long way from my Central African home in Kitwe and I had the opportunity to meet Christians from all over South Africa.

"I have some bad news for you," Al Horne, the Director of the Southern African Bible School, told me, "Angela has sent a message that your pick up has been stolen". I spoke to Angela on the phone and she explained what had happened. "George, the mechanic, did some work on the vehicle as you asked, while you are away. He took the pick up on a test drive to check everything was ok. He stopped at the cricket club to see if he was in the team at the weekend. When George came out of the cricket club the vehicle had vanished."

My rejoinder was: "There is a big fence and security gate at the cricket club. Also, there are security guards patrolling and guarding the only exit. A security guard must open the security gate for a vehicle to go out."

Angela replied: "In short, the guards say that they saw nothing!" George, our mechanic friend from Liverpool in England, had spent only a few minutes inside the cricket club but long enough for the vehicle to vanish into thin air. When I returned to Kitwe, a number of our mission activities had to be cancelled because I no longer had the vehicle to the disappointment of the Zambian Christians affected.

It was two months later and Shadrach Chisebwe, a Gospel preacher, was walking along the main street of Mufulira. "I could not believe my eyes" explained Shadrach. "I ran

across the street and asked the policeman standing outside the post office for assistance" The cop replied, " I am guarding the post office but I will help". Together, they crossed Mufulira's wide and dusty main street and challenged the unsuspecting man in the driver's seat of a parallel parked vehicle. "Who owns this vehicle?" Not satisfied with his response, the cop took the man into custody, at the point of a gun.

Our phone rang at our house in Kitwe. "This is Shadrach Chisebwe phoning from the central police station in Mufulira. Your stolen vehicle is here!" Then the cop came on the line. "Can you please come to Mufulira and identify the vehicle?" Shadrach knew the vehicle well from its frequent mission use in his area and was annoyed at the cancellations in our programme as a result of the thievery. The vehicle had been used for smuggling between Congo and Zambia, according to evidence in the vehicle. The thieves were so sure of not being detected that they parked on Mufulira's main street. The other thieves were drinking in a near-by bar and were not arrested.

"The thief is in Mufulira prison. Will you please transport him to Kitwe police station?" asked the smiling policeman, after I had identified the stolen vehicle. Accompanied by an armed cop, I drove to Kitwe with the captured thief for company. The thief had a reputation for escaping from behind bars and was an escapee at the time. He had no need to escape from the cells on this occasion as he was released on bail. The bail was put up by a Ndola businessman with an interest in garages and used vehicles. My vehicle was detained at Kitwe central police station, however, as evidence.

When the case came to court in Kitwe, the thief was present. This was mainly because Christian cops in Ndola took a personal interest in him, rearrested him and delivered him to the court room. Later the cops in Ndola arrested and prosecuted the Ndola businessman on separate offences relating to stolen vehicles.

"Do you value your life?" said the man waiting in the dock. The thief, in asides in the court room, tried to dissuade Shadrach Chisebwe and the Mufulira cop from giving evidence. He threatened their lives with action by his friends after the trial. Both men, with considerable bravery, ignored the threats and gave eye witness accounts of the thief being in the driving seat of the stolen vehicle. The thief had no defence in law. His friends and relatives continued to arrive during the court hearing and looked surprised that he was there in court.

"I request an adjournment!" The request was from the prosecutor and not from the defendant! It had seemed an open and shut case and almost at its close. The magistrate looked visibly surprised at the request which he then granted.

"The defendant has escaped from custody", was the announcement when the court resumed. The whisper on the grapevine was that a cop felt sorry for him because he was about to be convicted and looked the other way. However, we had the vehicle back which was once again in daily service.

"In the former Belgian Congo the army has mutinied. Europeans are reported fleeing from the capital, Leopoldville. Soldiers demanding more pay have rejected their

Belgian officers, beating some up and raping their wives. Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba has visited Camp Leopold near the city in an attempt to restore order. But already the mutiny is reported to be spreading to other towns." Thus, a British newscaster announced the beginnings of civil war in the Congo over three decades ago in July 1960.

Entire Belgian families abandoned houses and possessions in Congo and fled to nearby countries such as Zambia for refuge and repatriation. Twenty-five thousand Belgians fled the Congo in two weeks after the mutiny. Those fleeing included white army officers and civil servants who were replaced by inexperienced Congolese.

Ronnie and Cecily Moore were a fine Christian couple with a prosperous farm near Kitwe. "Come for a cup of tea" Cecily, would say, as we visited the farm to obtain milk, an item often difficult to buy in the shops of Kitwe, and to enjoy their friendship. Ronnie was born in Congo and his parents had moved to Zambia when the troubles had become insufferable. Ronnie was remembered by the older Africans around Lubumbashi for his open-air preaching of the Gospel when he was a young man. "He used to preach Christ in Lubumbashi and the people would stand in a circle around him," commented Shadrach Chisebwe, a veteran of Congo in addition to being a catcher of thieves and rescuer of missionary vehicles.

White Mulenga was a Church of Christ preacher in a village near the Zambian mining settlement of Chililabombwe on the Congo border. On visits to his village I have had Zambian soldiers search every inch of my vehicle and use a mirror on a pole to check underneath. The tracks are used by smugglers taking goods from Zambia to Congo. Mulenga was an old African gentleman with only one leg and with great ingenuity, he would ride a bicycle to go from village to village. "I have learned a lot from Ronnie Moore," explained Mulenga. "I remember a camp meeting we had sometime in the early sixties. It was on a farm near Lusaka. There were about one hundred and fifty there from Zambia and Congo." He regarded his time spent with Ronnie in Congo and Zambia as his preacher training.

Ronnie married Cecily, a Christian lady from South Africa, and took over the responsibilities of the family farm near Kitwe. Ronnie and Cecily shared the plea of believing and practising Christianity as it was in the beginning - which Churches of Christ regard as their distinctive plea. They held services at their farm house and in practical ways the Moores helped us at all times.

Congo has been a hotbed of conflict and yet some first-class Christian workers have had Congo in their blood, men like Shadrach Chisebwe and Ronnie Moore. The same month in 1960 that the Belgians were fleeing the Congo, the Congolese province of Katanga, under Moise Tshombe's leadership, split off from Congo. However, the Saluba tribe came into full revolt against Tshombe, a Lunda by tribe, and fought against him from northern Katanga.

Belgian troops occupied cities to give protection to fleeing whites. "Please help us," the Congolese government asked for United Nation's assistance. United Nations troops

were in Congo from July 1960 until June 1964. United Nations Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld died in a plane crash near the Zambian town of Ndola in 1961, while on a Congo peace making mission. It was Hammarskjöld who stated: "I am the vessel. The draught is God's. And God is the thirsty one." These words are engraved on the wall, as a testimony of his belief in God, at the library in memorial to him in Kitwe. The United Nations fielded an army of about thirteen thousand in Congo. Tshombe's Katanga rebellion was crushed and the Congo was reunited in January 1963. In the nineteen sixties, there were further unsuccessful revolts in 1964, 1966 and 1967 and there have been further armed conflicts in Congo up to the present day.

The names have changed. And yet the only telephone book I could find in Lubumbashi was from 1960! Army General Joseph Mobutu seized power on 25 November 1965 and remained in power until 16 May 1997. In 1966 the names of the cities were changed; Leopoldville became Kinshasa, Elizabethville became Lubumbashi and Stanleyville became Kisangani. In 1971 the Congo was renamed Zaire and went back to the name Congo in 1997. In 1972 President Mobutu adopted the name Mobutu Sese Seko. There is one name that does not change, the name of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour and Lord. [John 4:12]

The task of preaching the gospel of Christ does not change. As the Bible says, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things." [Romans 10:15] The Gospel of Christ preached in Congo by Ronnie Moore and White Mulenga in the sixties, by Shadrach Chisebwe in the seventies and by Shadrach Chisebwe, Mupesa Mulenga and others in the eighties is the same Gospel, calling for the same response, to become Christians as on the Day of Pentecost. No book but the Bible, no creed but Christ, no name but Christian - we should not be surprised when it happens.

"We are now many congregations and many Christians," commented Shadrach Chisebwe. More than twenty years after the Congo civil war broke out, a church growth survey in February 1984 identified three hundred and fifty-two congregations of the Church of Christ, in almost every province and embracing many tribes, with a membership of more than thirty-eight thousand. These were congregations who regarded themselves as part of our movement. The population of Congo was about twenty-four million. In 1984 we held extension training courses for twenty-eight Congolese church leaders which had a multiplier effect as they taught others.

"Most of our people are in the south of Congo," analysed Mupesa Mulenga. The greatest concentration was in Shaba province, adjacent to Zambia. Shaba's southern border was forty-five minutes' drive from our house in Kitwe - without delays at road blocks. Shaba was formerly called Katanga and it was Tshombe's breakaway province.

In addition to these statistics were other groups like Garaganze Mission and Disciples of Christ who share some similarities of history and plea with Churches of Christ. Some did not stay with our movement as they did not share our convictions on being a fellowship of independent churches but preferred a hierarchy.

"We are doing our best to preach Jesus Christ and organize Churches of Christ throughout Congo," commented Mutunda Umba. He was a very active Congolese preacher whose job as a train driver gave him considerable mobility to preach. The major strength of our movement was its spreading as an independent African church movement.

In Great Britain and in the USA, in the nineteenth century, there were several independent movements that were seeking to restore New Testament Christianity and eventually came together in Churches of Christ. In Congo there were at least five restoration movements independent of each other in 1984. The evangelists working with them were different and often in different geographical areas.

How did it all happen? To give a few illustrations, some Congolese attended one of our camp meetings in Zambia in 1977. From this small beginning and their preaching, there were fifty- eight congregations by 1984. Another example is of two men who attended one of our gospel meetings and were baptized in 1981 in Congo, just across the border from Zambia. As the Bible says: "For you are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ. "[Galatians 3:26-27] These two baptisms resulted in the planting of sixty-one congregations by December 1983. I gave two other men independently and on separate occasions personal Bible teaching. Two restoration movements resulted with a combined strength of eighty-four congregations and in different parts of Congo, including Kasai and Kinshasa.

Kinshasa was founded in 1881 by explorer Henry Stanley and in 1984 had over two million inhabitants. It is situated on the Congo River just before the river rushes over some thirty rapids on its way into the South Atlantic three hundred and fifty miles away. From one visit to Kinshasa what I remember most is the heat. Kinshasa is an important shipping centre for the Congo River and it is where most Congolese businesses have their main offices. In 1984 there were two congregations of the Church of Christ in Kinshasa.

The Congo River is the fourth longest river in the world and the second largest in the volume of water it carries. Ships can travel up the Congo River for one thousand of its two thousand seven hundred and eighteen miles. A hydro - electric power scheme on the Congo River had the potential in 1984 to produce over twice the world output of electricity and supply electricity to Europe in addition to Africa.

"There are people near the river who like to eat human flesh!" commented Mutunda Umba on a visit I made to his house in Likasi, a mining settlement north-west of Lubumbashi. A zone of tropical rain forest stretches across Congo for about one hundred and sixty miles on either side of the equator. This swampy, heavily forested area had no congregations of the Church of Christ and was a barrier to the northward expansion of church planting.

"There has been good progress in Kasai," stated Shadrach Chisebwe. To the south east of the Congo River valley with its equatorial forests is the Kasai Plateau. As the altitude

rises, the vegetation becomes less dense and there are more sparsely wooded grasslands. This mainly agricultural area was divided into two regions by the Congo government. In 1984 there were nineteen Churches of Christ in Kasai West and sixty-three in Kasai East. This gave a combined total of eighty-two congregations for Kasai. There are diamonds in Kasai East but for us the biggest diamonds were those men and women being saved through Jesus Christ.

Shaba, formerly known as the trouble spot of Katanga, is a mineral rich region of Congo. Shaba produces much of the world's cobalt and radium and is a large producer of copper. Also, Shaba has cattle farms and citrus fruit plantations. Shaba forms the south eastern corner of Congo and much of the Shaba Plateau is five thousand feet above sea level.

"Welcome to Lubumbashi!" stated the cop with a hard hat. "What have you brought for me?" He received a Christian tract on God's plan of salvation - not what he had in mind but what he needed! The capital of Shaba is Lubumbashi, established in 1910 and with a population of more than a half million. Lubumbashi suffers from poor and lengthy lines of communication with the Congo capital and the coast. This is not an uncommon problem in Congo. To the south of Shaba is the Zambian Copperbelt and where we stayed in Kitwe. In 1984 there were two hundred and sixty-five Churches of Christ in the Shaba region. This reflected the spreading of the Churches of Christ from the Zambian Copperbelt to the Congolese Copperbelt.

In the north east there is wild game, giraffes, the rare white rhino, elephants, lions, leopards and hyenas, to name a few In the forest areas the pygmies live. "The mountains were beautiful," exclaimed George Mikalakis, "They were one of the most beautiful sights on my trip." George was a young man of Greek descent who was born in Central Africa.

A close friend, he made his own Cape to Cairo to London trail bike safari. George completed the journey. The trail bike did not. The north east area of Congo has some of the highest mountains in Africa with active volcanoes and glaciers. In 1984 there were three Churches of Christ in Kivu, a region bordering on Lake Kivu, Lake Edward and the high mountains. Lake Kivu feeds Lake Tanganyika to the south. On the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, Stanley found the missing explorer Livingstone in 1871 and it is near the source of the Nile River. This series of lakes forms Congo's eastern border.

"Put your hands up" commanded the Congolese military officer, as he marched up to the driver's window. The French language the officer used may not have been so clear to my companion Ed Crookshank but the actions of the military group who had surrounded our vehicle were very clear. The armed men advanced on our vehicle from all directions, with guns pointed at us. They had a vehicle with them which was blocking the bush road and its spotlights were focused on us. It had been very dark as I drove towards Lubumbashi and we were now blinded in the spotlights.

"It's an ambush!" explained Mupesa Mulenga, in case we had not noticed. We remained absolutely still as we did not wish to provoke their fire power, in what seemed to us the middle of nowhere. The Ed Crookshank family were staying with us in Kitwe. They were on furlough from their mission field of Vanuatu. For Lena it was an opportunity to visit with relatives in Zambia.

What was happening? Was everything to end on this dirt road in Congo? Were the warnings of people in Zambia concerning Congo about to come true for us? Mupesa Mulenga looked visibly shaken by what was going on and I am certain that we did too. We had crossed the border at Mokambo and had visited a number of villages on the way. We had trouble with deep mud along parts of our route and we were travelling at night much later than we had intended. Advice received on Congo had been always not to travel at night and it looked like accurate advice.

There was a burst of sound and movement behind us. Guns and attention moved to a point behind us. "Let these people go!" An angry voice began to berate them in Swahili from behind us. The speaker and the officer exchanged words with many gesticulations in our direction. The guns dropped down and the officer indicated that we could continue our journey. The man who made the difference for us was one of several Congolese hitch hikers to whom we had given lifts and they had been concealed from the armed group in the covered back of our vehicle. The man who spoke for us was holding a gun himself and seemed to be of the same persuasion as the officer. He was annoyed that his journey had been interrupted. Ed and I both acquired some extra grey hairs that night. In Lubumbashi, the Christians said to us: "You are late! You should come more often!"

Also, in northern Zambia there was church growth in the early eighties. A church growth survey published in 1983 identified thirty-four Churches of Christ on the Copperbelt which were in our circle of influence. The number did not include numerous preaching points. Comparing like with like, there were twenty-five congregations in 1978 and seven in 1971. There were now congregations in every Copperbelt town. Kalulushi and Chililabombwe now had congregations, where they did not in 1978. With the exception of Kabwe, there had been an increase in the number of congregations in every Copperbelt town. Some of the congregations were successful numerically. For example, Ndola Central congregation had a regular adult attendance on Sundays of over one hundred. In northern bush provinces away from the Copperbelt, the number of congregations had trebled from three in 1978 to nine in 1983. In northern Zambia there were six active Zambian Bible teachers holding leadership training by extension courses. There had been two hundred and sixty-five completions of a Bible extension course, either in English or an African language, by our students since 1979. In Congo there was good news. In Zambia there was good news.

YOUR WEDDING IS CANCELLED!

It was a dark night with very little moon and visibility. Our house in Kitwe was full as usual with overnight visitors. It was a still night with no noise. An African neighbour had come home late at night from visiting his club and disturbed the quiet with sounding his car horn ding his car horn for his security guard to open his gate. Then all was silent. I retired to bed, absolutely exhausted after a hard day's activities, and fell into a deep sleep. As the Bible says, "The sleep of a labourer is sweet." [Ecc 5:12] However, it can be interrupted by circumstances.

"What's going on?" I called out at three o'clock in the morning. I heard a noise like a herd of elephants stomping into the lounge. There was no answer to my question. Sensing a problem, I dressed rapidly in the emergency clothes always at the ready by my bedside. Getting dressed is a measure that I have known some people in Zambia forget in a middle of the night emergency! Armed with a stave, I entered the lounge ready for action and I met six uniformed men waiting for me. The man in charge of the group saluted me and asked me: "Mr. Woodhall, what's going on!" Of course, I had no answer!

The men in uniform were from the security company who supplied our security guard. They were the heavy squad available to send to trouble spots, upon request, and were ready for action. "Would you like a cup of tea?" I offered the security company captain and in desperate need of a hot cup of tea myself.

"Your guard found your back door wide open," explained the captain, as the story unfolded gradually. "He didn't want to disturb your sleep and so he reported it to the sergeant on the bicycle who came to check on him. We received the message at security headquarters and we came immediately to give you assistance. We feared intruders." I could see more uniformed men searching the grounds. It came to light that the guard had seen a man leave by our front gate. However, as the man opening the gate was carrying nothing, the guard did not challenge him.

"Are you looking for the intruder?" asked Betty Ireland, a very capable British nurse who was staying with us for a break from the orphanage where she worked. She came into the lounge from her bedroom and joined in the discussion. "The intruder came into my bedroom and woke me up. I was so annoyed with him that I emerged from under the bedsheets and I saw him off." The man who disturbed Betty left in a hurry. There was a trail of swag which he dropped as he ran in flight from the house. Betty did not realize that the thief had left open the back door. As the thief had left the premises, Betty saw no need to awake others from their beauty sleep. She would share the news with us in the morning.

"He used keys," commented the security captain. "There have been a number of burglaries in your area lately where the thieves used keys." There was no sign of forced entry and on this occasion, I had heard no sounds of a door being broken down. There were robberies almost every night in our area. We checked for missing items and identified only one item still missing - a tube of toothpaste! Betty and her husband are now missionaries in Kenya.

This was the only time that a thief had managed to get inside our house in the eighties. "We must take further precautions." I decided and a burglar alarm was fitted onto the roof of our house as an extra security measure. It was possible to sound the alarm by pulling a cord above our bed or by the guard throwing an outside switch. Four houses in a row across the road from us had been burgled, one after the other.

One-night Angela awoke with a start in the middle of the night and could hear loud and suspicious noises coming from the grounds of a house nearby. "Are you awake?" Angela said. "I can hear thieves." I phoned the security company and they radioed to their mobile patrol in the area. Angela pulled the alarm cord and the siren made a terrific and deafening cacophony of sound. Accompanied by friends staying at our house, I went outside and into the street. "What has happened?" Angela enquired upon my return. I was able to reply: "Three thieves are in custody."

The disturbed thieves scaled walls in flight and were caught by the mobile patrol as they landed in the street. Three out of a gang of four thieves were caught and the robberies in the area stopped for a while. The teaching of Jesus: "Do not steal "[Matthew 19:18] was being enforced.

Also, men in uniform helped with our church work. "Of course, you can borrow one of our big tents," said the Zambia Army officer. "We welcome the opportunity to help the Church of Christ." The Zambia Army loaned us a big tent free of charge for us to use with a camp meeting. Christians came to the camp meeting from towns all over the Copperbelt. "Tonight, I think the preaching will go on all night," said Harrison Zulu, one of the organizers at the venue of Itimpi, and it did. The lighting was by paraffin lanterns and attracted much attention in the area. The meeting was attended by the city councillor and other civic leaders. There were twenty confessions of faith in Jesus Christ and baptisms into Him at the local river. Our car headlights floodlit the baptizing services. We were teaching and practising: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." [Eph 4:5]

"You should have seen the teacher's face when she saw the snake!" 8-year-old Kim told us as we ate lunch together. Kim as a child of Africa had grown up with snakes. She had seen her Dad and his friends deal with snakes. "I told the teacher that the only good snake is a dead snake," continued Kim as she repeated one of her Dad's adages. She explained to the teacher how you killed snakes. She seemed scared! The way to kill a snake is with a long pole through its head. It is a good idea to get the snake before it gets you. If the snake does bite you, then you must take the snake with you to the hospital so that its species can be identified and the right serum administered. I have known several people get bitten in the process of catching a snake to take it to the hospital. Instead of one patient there would be several! There can be a nest of snakes together. Sometimes a hospital can be out of the serum required. One Zambian preacher lost his arm in order to save his life as a result of a snake bite.

"She is a Pommie!" summarized Kim. Kim's teacher was a new lady arrival from England. Snakes had not been part of her teacher training! One of Kim's fellow

students livened up proceedings by suggesting that the snake had two heads! The principal was not informed as she was known to be scared of snakes. An African dealt with the snake for them. The snake at school was of more interest to Kim than the repetitive subject of thief catching. Mary, on a vacation visit from her boarding school in England, and Kim took part in Christian children's programmes which Angela was producing.

"Their car was in the river!" commented Mary. The Edgson family had a son who was the same age as Ian. "Mark is my friend," Ian would state in one of his rare sentences. The Edgsons, a British family, were travelling by car to the game lodge where we were staying. They found themselves travelling at night, crossed a bridge, speeded a little as the road improved and ended up with the front end of their car in river water. They had driven down a causeway for launching small boats! Suspicious plopping and rustling noises around their car arrested their attention. There was no moonlight and little could be seen.

They decided not to get out of the vehicle and try to push the car out of the water. This was a wise decision as, at first light, they saw crocodiles and hippos at close range. They arrived at the game lodge in time for breakfast! "They were quite lucky, really," concluded Kim. There was a lesson in this for all of us - to stay on the narrow spiritual way as advocated by Jesus Christ [Mt 7:13-14] and not get side tracked!

The Edgsons met the crocs in the Kafue National Park, a game sanctuary as large as Wales. In the north is the Busanga Plain, an open grassland area, with a wide variety of wild animals. To the west of Kafue National Park is the Kaoma district of Zambia's Western Province where we were experiencing rapid church growth. Western Province is the home of the Lozi tribe and there are about a half million people living there. "You must preach Christ to the Lozi in Western Province," said Ernest Mate to us from time to time. Ernest Mate, a Christian personnel director for a company in Kitwe, was Lozi but his working life had been in Zimbabwe and on the Zambian Copperbelt.

"What's that wild animal?" I asked Abraham Kathumba as we passed through the Busangu plain on a preaching trip to Western Province in 1984. Abraham Kathumba was one of the elders at the Kamuchanga Church of Christ in the Copperbelt town of Mufulira and a gifted leadership trainer. We travelled to village after village, picturesque with mud huts and grass roofs.

"What animal made that noise?" I asked. The long grass in many places was higher than a man and I wondered what animals made the rustling noises in the bush. In Kaoma itself most building was of traditional African style and the most modern building was the brick post office. The walking through the bush from village to village meant that I slept well at night in the mud hut placed at my disposal. "This is your hotel," smiled Raymond Limata, a retired post office worker turned evangelist, as he indicated where I was to sleep. In fact, one of Raymond's friends had worked as a cook on the boats out of Cape Town and retired to his Kaoma home. "Let's go and eat," I

needed no second invitation. The cooking in his friend's mud hut restaurant was mouth-watering. Raymond is an effective itinerant evangelist who travels widely by bus, by hitching lifts from occasional passing trucks and by extensive walking. He is self-supporting with his post office pension and his subsistence farming.

"Watch out for sunstroke, malaria, crocodiles and bullets" was the sensible advice for those thinking of fishing alone in the Zambezi in Zambia's Western Province. There is excellent tiger fishing on the Zambezi although if you proceeded beyond Senanga without security clearance obtained in Lusaka you could be fishing for some bullets what was then a security sensitive area. North of Kalabo was a game area with thousands of blue wildebeest, zebra and roan antelope but access with a vehicle was difficult. This is Zambia's Western Province which is bounded on the west by Angola and to the south by Namibia - at that time both countries had civil wars. Much of the province lies on the Kalahari sands which makes motoring difficult off the paved roads.

"We are making progress," commented Raymond Limata. There were four congregations established within twelve months of March 1983 - for us, the first congregations in Western Province. The combined adult attendance of these four places was two hundred. In addition, there were numerous preaching points. We rejoiced that the river was in good use for the baptism of sixty believers into Christ. As in Acts, ".....they were baptized, both men and women." [8:12]

I found that goats, pigs and oxen were likely to amble through an open-air village meeting as I preached Christ. "We enjoy the radio programmes," stated several Christians attending a session of Bible teaching. Those attending had travelled from a ten-mile radius on foot through heavy torrential rain. There was no doubt about their enthusiasm!

"I am a refugee from the fighting in Angola," explained the elderly African, "See how the Christians have helped me." The Christians had built a mud house for this destitute man and provided food for him. Western Province bordered on Namibia and Angola, countries with considerable internal fighting and refugees fleeing to Zambia for sanctuary. Raymond, whose training was by means of our part time extension programme understood the need for the local church to have its emphasis upon giving and not receiving. The Lord Jesus Himself said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." [Acts 20:35] It was refreshing to spend time with Raymond who practised what Jesus preached. We met many others whose view was the reverse of what Jesus said. In their view, it was better to receive than to give!

"That is where an African chief must swim on the day of his crowning," explained an African church leader at Mpulungu in Zambia's Northern Province, as he pointed to a nearby uninhabited island. As a scuba diver, I knew the story of one diver who died from his encounter with a crocodile nearby. I did not envy the chief his swim! "The new chief refused to swim this time," continued the church leader called Muzamara. "He decided that this was an outdated custom." Muzamara worked for an oil company

with a shipping facility at Mpulungu and he had been with us in Kitwe in the early seventies.

Mpulungu is situated on landlocked Zambia's inland sea of Lake Tanganyika, which is almost seven hundred kilometres long and seventy kilometres wide at its broadest. Lake Tanganyika lies along the Rift Valley and plunges to depths of over one thousand five hundred metres in many places, depths as great as the open seas, making it the second deepest deep-water lake in the world.

"That is where we baptize believers into Christ," stated another Christian at Mpulungu, as he pointed to Lake Tanganyika. Mpulungu is set in rugged countryside with waterfalls and gorges.

"Could you please follow up with my correspondence students?" would come the request from a World Bible School teacher usually in the USA or Canada. The World Bible School programme is designed so that a Christian teaches a person anywhere in the world by means of Bible correspondence courses. We would receive about forty referrals in a month in Zambia and organize follow ups through the local churches. Raymond Limata at Kaoma had been a World Bible School correspondence student. As the Bible says: "Though your beginning was insignificant, yet your end will increase greatly." [Job 8:7] From World Bible School contacts, there were churches that resulted in Northern and Western Provinces.

"Would you willing to come and help us in Zambia?" was the Macedonian call [Acts 16:9] we posed to Carol Buckley, a student graduating from the British Bible School at Corby in England. The British Bible School is a training ministry of the British Churches of Christ. Carol's home congregation was the Church of Christ in Liverpool the home town of the Beatles pop group and two famous soccer teams.

"The vehicle turned over but this man who knew you together with his workers, came to my rescue, "explained Carol." They put the vehicle back on its wheels on the road and I drove home." Carol had been to conduct a Christian women's meeting in Mufulira. This English girl in her twenties had a lot of determination. Carol responded positively to our request and she came in 1984 to give us some assistance in keeping our mission household and activities going. She dealt with organizing the follow up to World Bible School referrals, held Christian women's meetings in various parts of the Copperbelt, helped Angela with producing Christian children's programmes for Zambian television and she drove to Mpulungu with some African preachers for a visit to the new churches. The Mpulungu trip to Zambia's Northern Province was a real accomplishment for a newly qualified driver. Carol was funded for her twelve months in Zambia by British Churches of Christ - a concrete achievement for this growing fellowship.

"What is that driver trying to do?" asked Carol as I drove her from Kitwe to the airport in Ndola at night in order to collect Jim, her sweetheart from the British Bible School, as he arrived for the first time in Zambia. Friends had been held up at night by bandits on the same road. The other driver seemed intent on forcing our vehicle off the road

into the bush where we would have to stop. There were some powerfully built and unfriendly looking African gentlemen in the other vehicle. The problem was taking place close to where there was a back trail across to Congo, a favourite destination of stolen vehicles. As a result of defensive driving and a determination not to stop, we continued on our journey and collected Jim from the airport.

"The wedding cannot take place!" said the policeman. "All public functions are banned during the period of mourning." When someone passed away who was deemed by President Kaunda to be important, there would be a period of compulsory national mourning - no sports or social functions and no programmes of entertainment on radio or television.

"What can be done?" asked Carol Buckley, the bride and close to tears. In fact, the local police chief gave special permission for her wedding to take place - provided that there was not too much noise or dancing! A local church choir sang loud and long but that was allowed during a time of national mourning. I was happy to conduct the wedding, as a marriage officer appointed by the Government of Zambia, between Carol and her Irish sweetheart, Jim Mckeown, who spent a few months with us in Zambia. The Mckeowns became part of a church planting team in Leicester, a town with a large Asian population in England. Vincent Bufulari, an Italian friend, helped to organize the wedding reception at the Italian Club, one of its last functions before its dissolution. Vincent commented with a big smile: "You people have good weddings."

"Good afternoon. I am a magistrate from Mansa," said the handsome and educated Zambian gentleman of about thirty years of age, as he entered our lounge. "I wanted to come and tell you how much I enjoy your Christian programmes on the radio. In fact, your message about Christ and his teachings on the radio this morning helped me a lot." Mansa was far to the north in Luapula province and he made a special visit to discuss Jesus Christ with myself and Jonathan Phiri!

Angela was stopped in a newspaper shop by a police inspector who told her: "Those are good programmes you people put on the radio. They help me as I want to be a good Christian and a good policeman."

I was called to the phone. "We have another one of your enquirers at our reception. Will you please come and pick him up?" It was someone from the radio station calling because yet another listener to one of our Christian programmes had arrived on their doorstep and wanted to talk to us about Christianity. Sometimes the enquirers came long distances for the discussions.

Angela was our main contact person with the Zambian radio and television station. This took much time, patience, smiling and other qualities of public relations. What do you do when members of the studio staff are absent or too drunk to function? How do you produce programmes to fill your allocated slots when all radio time is cancelled because President Kaunda visits the Copperbelt? And yet we rely on the station's goodwill for free recording and broadcasting time. Angela handled these tricky

situations and our programmes continued in English and the various African languages.

I preached on the theme "Jesus - The Only Way" and I was surprised at how many people over the weeks following contacted me about it. It is good to know that someone listens to what you preach! In 1984 we had twelve Zambian preachers trained and doing Christian radio work in seven different African languages. In addition, we had five speakers on our English language radio and television programmes in 1984. "I listened to your radio message on how to be a Christian at work. I am a businessman. I would like to talk to you. What you said pierced my heart. - I am a policeman in Luapula province. I heard a preacher called Chisebwe preaching in Bemba on the radio. Can I meet him for a discussion? - I am concerned about being a real Christian." The responses continued to come in and some were from neighbouring countries, Congo, Zimbabwe and Botswana.

"Cyclone Domoina is hitting Swaziland" was the red-hot news flash. Angela and I knew because we were in Swaziland visiting missionaries Dick and Kathy Van Dyk. Except for Gambia, the mountainous kingdom of Swaziland is the smallest state on the African continent. In the rural areas there are family homesteads and beehive huts built-in-time honoured fashion with traditional materials that have not changed for generations. In the town of Mbabane bright new brick buildings sprawl side by side with colourful stalls and traditional handcrafts can be purchased. This land of about a half million people had about thirty Churches of Christ in 1984.

"I will tow you out with my tractor," stated a friend. It was bitterly cold with the rain beating heavily down on us when our car got stuck up to the axles in mud as we tried to make progress along a road that had turned into a river. A canoe would have been more appropriate than a car in such weather. Earlier in the day, during the initial rains of the cyclone, I had preached for the newly formed English language congregation at Manzini.

Cyclone Domoina was the worst disaster in Swazi living memory. Thousands were rendered homeless. Schools were closed. "Look! The road is disappearing," gasped Angela to me. Groups of excited motorists - including us - were alarmed when they saw part of the Manzini to Mbabane main road caving in. This is the main road between Swaziland's two main towns.

"See the High Court! It is flooded. The court records must be soaked," commented Angela. There was loss of life through the drowning in the floods and houses collapsing and crushing the inhabitants. One man tried in vain to rescue his children crushed by a wall falling into the room where they were sleeping. One border post was closed with water to just below house roof level. At another place, a bus was stuck with water up to its windows. These were life and death situations for which there is only one real long-term solution. As Jeremiah stated to the Lord: "You are my refuge in the day of disaster. "[17:17]

"This wind is dangerous!" stated Dick in a very matter of fact voice. The strong wind that came with the heavy rain blew down trees blocking roads and hitting buildings. We saw avalanches of mud and rock descend the hillside onto the road. Telephone links, air flights, electricity and roads were affected adversely by Cyclone Damoina as it left a trail of destruction across Swaziland. Churches of Christ reacted very promptly with practical and material assistance for those suffering from the disaster.

"Let's fill up our containers with water," said Kathy and we had some good Christian fellowship filling containers with water for the household from new springs which had literally just sprung up in the yard. As always, we enjoyed spending time with the Van Dyks and another Christian family, the Micky Figueredo's, in Swaziland.

"I want you to know how much I enjoyed being in your home and the opportunity to work with you and the churches on the Copperbelt. Your hospitality was wonderful" stated a letter back in Zambia. "When I departed the airport in Lusaka, I was recognized by an immigration official. He even told me some of the things I said and comments I made on the television program. People are watching and listening to the various programs. These are great opportunities. You have certainly taken advantage in these areas." Carroll Bennett [1929-2007], an evangelist from Camden, Arkansas came to visit us on the Copperbelt and was accompanied by Lloyd Henson of the Livingstone School of Preaching.

"Put us to work!" they said and so we did. Carroll gave Bible teaching at eight special meetings which took place in different parts of the Copperbelt and featured on five Zambian radio and television programmes. Lloyd taught the Scriptures at three additional meetings. There was extensive publicity and advertising of all the special meetings in both the Zambian newspapers, on radio and on television. There were twenty-four congregations involved in the meetings. The publicity attracted considerable attention and people from all over Zambia contacted us for information. As a result, people were converted to Christ and were baptized.

1984 was a hard year for us, especially with our concern for Ian and his autism. From the church point of view, it was a time of much activity, variety and travel. There was significant expansion and consolidation on the Copperbelt and in places far distant from our Copperbelt base. We could say of our Zambian world, in the words of the Bible, "All over the world this gospel is bearing fruit and growing." [Col 1:6]

FROM MARX TO CHRIST

"He has thrown himself to the crocodiles!" was the urgent message and I felt sick to the pit of my stomach. "The witchdoctor came to his house and after carrying out his witchcraft ritual, I identified our friend as the murderer of his own son," continued the explanation. I stated: "That is impossible. He was giving a lecture at the university at the time his son died." To which I received the response from my Zambian informant: "You are right but you know witchcraft and what these witchdoctors do." An African child had died of drowning in a swimming pool accident at his friend's house.

"I am Catholic," The Zambian lecturer had said to me when we first met five years previously. The family was nominally Catholic but the pull of witchcraft was strong and they called a witchdoctor to the house for a witchcraft session. The witchdoctor pointed the finger at the Zambian university lecturer as responsible for the boy's death. Despite his education and his adherence to Catholicism, the man went to the nearby river bank and threw himself to the crocodiles - shadowed, it would seem, by vengeful relatives and in-laws. His remains from the river were buried in the same coffin as his son. This family lived close to our home. The father I knew through my campus work. I was an accredited college chaplain and I had returned too late from a trip to Lusaka to be of any help to him.

Witchcraft is evil. I do not accept a rainbow approach to belief that, regardless of what we believe, the content and result is the same. Jesus claimed of Himself: "I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me" [John 14:6] The claims of Jesus are exclusive of any multi faith rainbow approach to religion, which might embrace witchcraft as acceptable. The Bible clearly condemns witchcraft. [Deut:10, Gal 5:20] There was a young boy who was killed in another house not far from ours. The blood stains of his murder stayed on the walls and floor for a long time afterwards. The Africans avoided the house because of the witchcraft associated with his murder. He was killed so that parts of his body could be used in witchcraft rites.

"I feel like committing suicide like my colleague. I will throw myself to the crocodiles," said my young Zambian visitor, shaking with emotion. "You are a Church of Christ preacher and I have observed you for many years. I want your help." Trained in East Germany, he was a lecturer at the Polytechnic in Political Studies. In his courses he would explain to his students the mysteries of Marxism and its lookalike product of Scientific Socialism. Well known as an advocate of Marxism, I was his last stop before committing suicide.

"My life is in a mess. I drink too much alcohol and that is making the mess much worse," he continued. "My marriage is breaking up." In such dire extremity, Marxism has nothing to offer. It is an impersonal philosophy of history with no answers for personal problems like those of this young Zambian family. In contrast, Jesus Christ offers salvation. The Zambian lecturer did not go to the river and throw himself to the crocodiles but found peace through God in Jesus Christ, as promised in the Scriptures.

[Romans 5:1] In being a disciple of Jesus, the living Son of God, he has found the Way through problems in contrast to the dead Marx and his dead-end street. New life in Christ replaced suicide plans and his family far from splitting up became a Christian family.

"There have been thirty-four men and women converted to Christ. I have baptized them" explained George Tembo, my latest visitor to our home. "So, I have come to see you for some refresher training." It was the first time that I had seen George in five years. I remembered the time when I preached a sermon on the facts of the Gospel of Christ in 1978 and George became a Christian. In the following two years, he was one of our extension students and I gave him some on the job training in how to do evangelism.

"I am going to Lusaka," said George in 1980. He moved from Kitwe and after a while, I lost track of him. First of all, he went southwards where he could find paid employment, and then eastwards where he settled down to married life and subsistence farming. As a result of George preaching Christ in his eastern province bush village, about one thousand kilometres from our home in Kitwe, people were converted to Christ and a new church planted. "I don't want to stay too long," concluded George "I have a lot more preaching to do around my village and in other villages nearby."

"I want to become a Christian!" said the tall young African in 1971. We had made a mud hole and everyone young and old, were slapping the mud onto the pole structure of a new church building. Day after day, Angela and I went to the large village north of Kitwe and led people to Christ. The Christians in this new congregation were very enthusiastic and this tall African called Willie Mukwakwa shared their keen and eager interest. Since 1971 Willie has been active in congregations in Kitwe and Kalulushi. He received on the job training under our extension programme with African evangelist Dimas Mwambilwa and myself. He had organized one new congregation and two new preaching points in the Chingola area, stated Willie who had moved to Chingola with his employment as an unskilled worker in 1986. When I visited the new congregation, there were thirty Christians meeting in a mud brick building set in rolling countryside with grass roofed mud huts. The preaching points were amongst itinerant charcoal burners. As they moved to a new charcoal burning site, the preaching points, often with services in a makeshift shelter, moved with them. Willie had very little formal education but he knew how to win men and women to Jesus Christ.

"How many people have completed a leadership training by extension course?" was a question Angela posed to me in 1982. A survey showed that we had two hundred and sixty- five completions since 1979 and we had six active extension teachers. In 1983 we had students in full time Bible training courses in Zambia, Swaziland and the USA but the majority of our students - about a hundred, in fact - were studying by extension. "How to be an effective Christian leader" - was the theme of a workshop which was attended by thirty-six church leaders from twenty-five congregations. "I have come

from Luthansa," said the elderly and dignified African speaker called Chetambo. He was a church leader who travelled through the bush across Congo from Zambia's remote Luapula province in order to attend the workshop.

"I am teaching three extension courses at present" explained Abraham Kathumba in 1984. "They are - "How to preach from the Old Testament, The Gospel of Christ and The Acts of the Apostles. I have about fifty students." Abraham was a leadership trainer based in Mufulira. He was Nyanja speaking from rural Malawi and had migrated to the Copperbelt many years ago with the apparent job boom of the copper mines. Some early members of Churches of Christ on the Copperbelt were migrants from Malawi Churches of Christ planted, in many cases, by the mission work of British Churches of Christ which began in Malawi at the turn of the nineteenth century.

"When I was one of the elders at Kamuchanga church, this was the best ever way we found to solve this problem," Abraham would say. He had the experience of serving as an elder at one of the churches in Mufulira before he did his preacher training at Livingstone School of Preaching in the early eighties.

"I am going for preaching and teaching in northern province," Abraham would explain. "There is a problem at Ipika. So, I will spend some time there, I will see you in a month." After his studies in Livingstone, he travelled far and wide in Zambia to give on the spot leadership and Bible training. One of his daughters is named Angela after my wife.

In a survey undertaken in 1985 of leadership training by extension programs there were thirty-four study groups in operation and they were located in six out of seven Zambian provinces. The students were following a variety of courses in English, Bemba, Tonga and Lozi languages. The subjects ranged through Conversions in Acts, Church of the Bible, Vital Thoughts on Marriage, How to Preach, Evangelism and Giving - to name a few. The enrolment during 1985 was over three hundred students. Training church leaders where they are in their African town or village and making use of their leisure time after work has led to the right people being developed in leadership skills. Leadership training by extension comes to life with trainers like Abraham Kathumba and Dimas Mwambilwa and students like George Tembo and Willie Mukwakwa who subsequently led many people to Christ.

"There is a snake in the bath!" shouted Wellington Mwanza, holding a towel around him and dashing through our lounge in a panic. There were five African preachers staying at our house for a preachers meeting. One of the preachers, Wellington, felt like taking a leisurely bath in our bath tub. When he completed his bathing and pulled the plug out of the tub, instead of the water leaving by the plug hole, a snake popped up and un-holed itself. Furthermore, it was a swimming snake. By turning on the taps full blast, it proved possible to create waves of water which swept the snake back down the plughole and through the plumbing.

"The snake is coming out of the drain!" was the latest sighting. When the snake emerged from a drain into the yard, he was welcomed with some long sticks and exterminated. This was an unusual start to a preachers meeting!

"When is our next youth meeting?" the teenagers would ask. It was obvious that our Christian youth meetings were very popular. "When is Wellington Mwanza coming to visit our young people?" the church leaders would ask. Wellington organized area wide youth meetings and encouraged local church-based youth groups. In 1984 there were sixteen congregations on the Copperbelt with youth groups. The latest youth group had an attendance of forty teenagers.

"Are you going to camp?" was the question circulating on the bush telegraph between the young people of the different congregations. There were two youth camps in 1983 at which there were four baptisms into Christ. At an earlier camp organized by one of Wellington's predecessors, a young boy had been taken by a crocodile but during Wellington's time the river was safely used for baptizing. A youth camp at Luanshya in 1984 was attended by five hundred teenagers and required extra tents. "We had expected one hundred!" commented Jonas Mutabale, one of the church elders at the host congregation. The theme was how Christian young people can be workers for the Lord. On another occasion, a workshop was held to train Christian youth leaders, with twenty-four participants from eleven congregations. "Did you hear our young people share Christ?" was the excited message on the church grapevine. In 1985 the Kamuchanga youth group in Mufulira produced a Christian programme for Radio Zambia.

"There was no place at school for me," explained Wellington, the very able and dynamic youth organizer. With no school place, Wellington had gone to night school classes in Ndola, studied on his own and passed the required scholastic examinations. "Are you a real believer in Christ?" was the question posed to Wellington. One of his night school teachers, Bernard Mweene, took a personal interest in his students and led Wellington to Christ. After his baptism, he was a very enthusiastic Christian and was active in organizing youth activities all over the Copperbelt throughout the eighties.

"Would you like to come to Namwianga" asked Kelly Hamby, Church of Christ missionary in Zambia's southern province. Namwianga Christian High School gave a place to Wellington for the last two years of secondary school and afterwards he went to teacher's college at Kabwe with Namwianga Mission's sponsorship. Upon graduation, he became a teacher at Namwianga. In the last fifteen years he has been involved in planting 125 congregations in Zambia's Eastern Province.

"I was held in custody for a few hours," explained John Ramsey, "then a senior officer came to see me, he looked at my passport and released me. Then I continued with my missionary work in Zaire." John was making an extended itinerant preaching tour of congregations in Shaba province of Congo. He lived with, stayed with, ate with and travelled with the Africans as he preached Christ. On one occasion, he travelled on

the roof of an overcrowded bus. The roof had natural air conditioning for John to enjoy!

"I am coming to join you!" said John, a young man in his early twenties. "You need a missionary apprentice." After a year at Namwianga Mission, John had come to help us with missionary activities on the Copperbelt and in Congo. He was prepared to roll with the punches of Zambian and Congolese life and that included getting arrested. John did not quit when the going got tough. At a missionary retreat on Lake Kariba, John stated in a few words, "I went to Congo and I came back." This was real modesty and an understatement on the part of someone who made many missionary journeys in Congo and many exciting things happened! One Congo missionary journey John made in 1986 was for forty days and forty nights, sometimes uncomfortable nights and after a few days break in Zambia, he went right back to keep on preaching.

"We have slaughtered a goat for you!" John was told by the Christians in Likasi. On this missionary journey John visited two main districts, Lubumbashi and Likasi, where there was a total of thirty-two Churches of Christ. "We paid for our own church buildings," said Mutunda Umba, an African evangelist in Congo. Around Likasi John visited seven congregations who had financed and built their own meeting houses. This is in sharp contrast to the belief in some quarters that missionaries must pay for and build meeting houses in Africa or elsewhere. The combined strength of the Likasi congregations was about five hundred Christians.

"The largest congregation has about one hundred and fifty Christians," stated one of the Likasi church leaders. In fact, the churches in Likasi and Lubumbashi helped finance John's trip. In Lubumbashi, one of the congregations met in a bamboo enclosure which was packed to capacity with people. In Congo there were in 1985 three hundred and one Churches of Christ in our fellowship. The majority - one hundred and fifty-five - were in Shaba province where John visited and the balance were in Kasai Oriental, eighty-seven, Kasai - Occidental, fifty-three, Kivu, three and Kinshasa three churches. In addition, there were forty-one congregations who were now in a separate grouping. They were disappointed with our emphasis upon indigenous church principles and lack of hand-outs to them. Christian unity was proving difficult.

"Wow! Look at that motor bike!" was a constant refrain when John was around. "When will John be in town? I want to see his bike," was a question asked by visitors to our house in Kitwe. John had ridden his powerful motor bike from Johannesburg in South Africa to Kitwe in Zambia. He was a celebrity and his bike were an attraction, especially to the younger set. He took every opportunity to share his faith in Christ with others, black, white or brown, young or old John could say, in the words of Scripture, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ because it is the power of God to everyone who believes." [Rom 1:16] He led a white farmer to Christ who lived near Kalomo and a church meets on the farm to this day.

A Congolese pilot and his plane were impounded in Zambia ... kidnappings of Zambians into Zaire... shoot outs with smugglers on the border ... such incidents did not worry John Ramsey. "I preached from the Scriptures on what is Christianity," explained John about a camp meeting at Likasi in Congo. He had made another missionary journey in Congo. "I was given the opportunity to preach again and again." John was prepared to go anywhere and do anything in the service of the Lord. There was a turn-out of about four hundred people for the camp meeting. They came from forty-three Churches of Christ in a thousand- kilometre radius.

"So, this section of the road has been improved because the pope travelled on it," a Congolese church leader told me as we travelled around Lubumbashi, the capital of Congo's Shaba province and the largest town with a population of over a half million. I was checked by police and military twenty times on this journey, sometimes in road blocks and sometimes in impromptu on the spot checks. In some cases, there would be a grass shelter for a personal search and the major interest was in money. One Englishman was very upset when the soldiers told him to remove his trousers in one such bush encounter! I found that Christian tracts in Swahili and French turned military scowls into smiles. There are cannibals near the river in Congo but I did not end up in a cooking pot. All I lost was my voice on the journey - possibly through excessive use in preaching and teaching! "See that man! He has a suitcase of money," commented the would be Congolese church leader as we walked in the centre of town. In comparison with Zambia, the stores in Lubumbashi were well stocked with goods although prices were sky high. The wealthy carried suitcases of money as they went into the shops. It was impossible to buy fuel at any of the very few garages in the Lubumbashi area, garages which had a derelict air about them. In greater Lubumbashi there were twenty-five Churches of Christ in several segments.

"Our village is nicknamed the Church of Christ because of the large following of about five hundred in our vicinity," explained a church leader from Kamusenda village. This was one of nine congregations with a combined strength of about one thousand Christians in the Dilolo area of Congo close to the Angolan border. At the time in Angola there was the fierce fighting of civil war. Each of these congregations has organized and financed its own church building. It was a time and place of receptivity to the Gospel of Christ. At the Kasaji congregation, in the Dilolo area, there were thirty men and women who confessed their faith in Christ and were baptized into Him in July 1985.

To the east of Dilolo, the mining settlement of Kolwezi scene of some massacres in the recent past - had thirteen Churches of Christ within an eighty-mile radius. Some of the locations have names like "Noah City "and "Tank". All of these congregations have their own church buildings. The number of Christians was over one thousand. So, in Likasi, Kolwezi and Dilolo there were about two thousand five hundred Christians in our fellowship. There were Churches of Christ which were situated along the southern border of Congo from Sakanya to Lubumbashi to Kolwezi to Dilolo which is on the

Angolan border. In addition, there were numerous congregations and Christians elsewhere in Congo.

"I am looking forward to the next leadership training seminar," said Jonas Pesa of Sakanya in Congo. Sakanya is infamous as an area with hide outs of bandits, thieves and smugglers and bush trails into Zambia. In 1985 we continued to have seminars for Bible study for Congolese church leaders. No book but the Bible, no name but Christ, no creed but Christ, these were our themes. The emphasis was upon in depth study and for setting on the right Biblical track of key Congolese preachers. Mutunda Umba of Likasi, Jonas Pesa of Sakanya and Kashinde Gardozo of Lubumbashi were evangelists whose home areas were several hundred miles apart.

"We have been friends since 1972. I am still preaching Christ, "Mutunda Umba would say to me, his serious face crowned by a thatch of grey hair. These three evangelists travelled extensively - preaching and teaching between them in two hundred and eighteen congregations known to them, mainly in Shaba province but also some congregations in Kasai and even across Congo's western border in Angola. Mutunda Umba's Job as a train driver was very helpful to him in his itinerant evangelism. "Meet these brothers and sisters in Christ. They are from the new congregation," was a repetitive statement from many of our Congolese preachers. In addition to those just mentioned, there were two hundred and forty-eight congregations served by other preachers or in different areas who regarded themselves as part of our fellowship. Other Congolese preachers included Mupesa Mulenga, short in stature and fiery in his preaching, and Peter Muteba who travelled long distances in the Congolese bush for preaching, often without shoes. His boast was that he wears out any shoes he gets in preaching!

"There are demonstrations of anger," warned the Congolese border official. "So, take care as you travel, especially in Lubumbashi." The district governor of Lubumbashi called for two weeks of demonstrations against hostile elements to the Congo government. The demonstrations of anger seemed to be a response to Belgium impounding a Congo aircraft for non-payment of debts. The British consul advised, if necessary, demonstrate with them! One of my several visits to Congo for discussions with church leaders in 1986 was during the "demonstrations of anger" I saw the demonstrators in the distance but I met only friendly people with smiles.

"We must not stop. They will kill us!" shouted to my companion on another journey inside Congo. We had been travelling slowly because of road conditions. There were Africans from a nearby village swarming all over our pick up and hammering with their fists and other implements at the windows and on the metal. They were on the roof of the cab, crawling over the bonnet and in the back. It was impossible to see far because our vision was filled with swarming, writhing and hammering black humanity. Their screams were blood chilling.

"See the witchdoctor!" We caught glimpses of a witchdoctor in the background. Someone had died in the village and the Zairean's ran amok in their grief. The

witchcraft implications for those in the vehicle could have been fatal. This was not a road accident. The person had not died on the road but we could have been blamed by witchcraft. My close Christian friend, Charles Bell, had been left for dead and almost blinded by a similar mob in the Zambian capital of Lusaka in 1971. We drove blind but we carried on driving preferring to have a vehicle in need of knocking out the dents than people. As we gathered speed away from the village, the Africans jumped from the vehicle and returned home.

"I became a Christian. So, I went to a hospital and I had the metal rods removed," explained an African at the next place we stopped to recover from the mob attack. Witchdoctors would insert metal rods into people's bodies and cast spells. Some Africans who trusted Jesus for their salvation would go to a hospital and have the rods removed, then feeling freedom in Christ from the witchcraft.

Congo has a population of more than ninety million and is the second largest land area on the African continent. Many Congolese were being saved by Jesus Christ in the early and mid-eighties and the number of congregations in Congo was four hundred and sixty-six in 1986.

In Zambia a former Marxist turning to Christ, men and women, young and old, were finding salvation in Christ there were able Zambian preachers and church leaders getting the job done. Wellington Mwanza with young people, George Tembo and Willie Mukwakwa in church planting, Abraham Kathumba and Dimas Mwambilwa in leadership training and many others, John Ramsey, an excellent example of what a missionary apprentice could accomplish in twelve months in Zambia and Congo. As Isaiah stated, To God be the glory. [42:12]

BRITISH MISSIONARY IN PRISON

"Please come and see me!" asked the voice on the phone in desperation. "This is my one phone call that I am allowed. I am being locked up in the prison." Peter was an independent British missionary who was interested in two major projects in Zambia's children's home and a vocational training centre. Also, he had wanted to get involved in prison ministry and this became his main activity for many months from the inside. It was far easier to get into jail than get out. We put a lot of time and effort into seeking to secure Peter's release without any immediate results. Peter's alleged offence was not having adequate documents to the satisfaction of a Zambian immigration officer. "I hear that they are thinking of escape," said a mutual friend. "With the armed guards, it would be dangerous." There were other whites in jail with him. There were two British men who worked on computers on the copper mine. They had been arrested as computer spies. Certain that a mistake had been made, they expected imminent release which did not materialize. Eventually, they were deported to Zimbabwe at the Victoria Falls bridge. There was a German who had his car stolen in Kalulushi on the Copperbelt and then was locked up for, overstaying the time stamped in his passport by the immigration official.

"Can I go to the school of preaching at Livingstone" asked one Zambian prisoner who is a member of the Church of Christ. School of preaching was a possibility but he had a lengthy sentence for robbery to serve first! The Church of Christ supplied New Testaments and hymn books to be used by a Bible study group in the prison. Some of the prisoners were World Bible School correspondence students. The prison conditions were spartan. The bed was the floor and the diet were basic African food. Peter did not put on any weight while he was in prison.

"Where is my bicycle" asked Peter. "I am on my way out." Peter was deported with his treasured bicycle from Lusaka airport and thus ended for us a saga that could be a book in itself. He was not the only missionary in jail. In western province a missionary of an Evangelical Fellowship was under lock and key and eventually, like Peter, deported. While their movement was restricted, it was a time when I was able to travel extensively preaching Christ.

"We are slaughtering two cows," said James Abrahams, a church leader in Zimbabwe. "There will be good steaks during the camp meeting." While John Ramsey went to a camp meeting in Zaire, I was a speaker at a camp meeting in Zimbabwe. The theme was "What it means to be sons of God. The steaks were excellent. Tents had been erected for accommodation. The preaching and singing were enthusiastic and in abundance for the three-day camp meeting. About four hundred Christians from twenty congregations in Mashonaland came together for a camp meeting near the Midlands town of Kadoma.

"Would you like a cup of hot sweet tea?" I was offered again and again by the Zimbabwean ladies in charge of catering. As a tea addict, I always accepted and I did enjoy the Christian fellowship with Christians from many different places in

Zimbabwe. There were Christians present from Wuyu wuyu, a former mission station built by a pioneer New Zealand missionary and others in 1930, and from Nhowe Mission, an influential mission in post war years and which is now African financed and staffed. I remember John Hanson, a British missionary at Nhowe in the sixties. John is the only person I have met with his own private snake pit in his garden. The host congregation at Kadoma was about thirty years old and its meeting house was built in 1956.

"Do you notice any changes?" was a leading question from the British trained wife of a top Zimbabwean government economist. This Zimbabwean Christian family was attending the camp meeting. In church life there were some signs of post-independence change and white exodus from Zimbabwe. Hatfield and Waterfalls had been white suburbs of Harare. The Waterfalls congregation had changed from all white to all black. In Hatfield a new four- year old congregation was English speaking but predominantly black. Their meeting house in the centre of Hatfield was full for services. A young coloured couple married in the Hatfield church building during a previous visit had since set up a small new congregation in a remote area of Zimbabwe. In Que Que the white missionary had sold the meeting house before he left Zimbabwe but the coloured and African Christians were continuing with services without a church building. Yes, I could see some changes and the overall picture was positive -- of growth under Zimbabwean leadership.

"I am so pleased to meet you. I am George Oginni from Nigeria," said the elderly African who was dressed in Nigerian costume and attending the Zimbabwean camp meeting. "I remember the preachers coming in December 1959 to my area, western province of Nigeria and establishing Churches of Christ," continued George with a big smile. " I was converted in April 1960. There are thirty-five Churches of Christ that I know amongst the Yoruba people of western province and there are many more. There is continued growth." It was good to know that the Word of God was falling upon receptive ears in Nigeria.

"See those two lions over there! They are eating that buffalo," I said to my companion. I was in north central Tanzania. Tanzania is a large East African country to the north east of Zambia. Prior to independence Tanzania was known as Tanganyika and Zanzibar. "That's Kilimanjaro," said an Asian friend who had been educated at Oxford University. "Kilimanjaro is the highest mountain in Africa." I visited Arusha, the birth place of close friends and now very different from before independence. West of Arusha I saw abundant wild animals and counted twenty lions.

"Tanzania has a population of sixteen million," one official told me. Swahili is the official language and the majority of the people are African. However, there is a significant minority of seventy-five thousand Asians. I had the opportunity to meet black, white and brown in my travels. The Muslim influence was noticeable amongst the Asians and some Africans. Denominational influences in the areas I visited were Lutheran and Pentecostal. However, the witchdoctor and witchcraft were in great evidence. The poverty of the country was striking and made Zambia seem

comparatively well off. One estimate put the number of Churches of Christ in Tanzania at thirty-five.

My days were days of random happenings, and on this day there was no difference - the following people came to see me for counselling in Kitwe - a Zambian preacher in conflict with a party official who wants to close down the congregation - a Christian girl who cannot stand her job - a white man who feels like suicide because his wife has left him - a Christian lady who is blind, training as a telephonist and wonders about her future - an ex - Catholic priest who wants a chat - a young Zambian preacher who is having problems with a self-proclaimed Church of Christ archbishop "... a young white girl whose father passed away recently leaving her destitute - a Zambian church leader who wants to discuss how many cups to use on the Lord's Table - a Bible College student facing the funeral of his grandmother - a couple who have a burden for an elderly white lady who has chosen to be a tramp - a couple interested in making cassettes of Christian singing - an Italian family concerned about sending their eldest son away to boarding school - a single parent father - an old couple who want faith but do not have it. Regardless of their religious affiliation or none, for many people in Kitwe or further afield I was the natural person with whom to come and have a chat and I would give a Christian perspective. And the cups of tea and cups of coffee would keep flowing!

What is Zambia? Zambia is a big country, as large as France, Switzerland, Austria and Hungary combined. Zambia is the birthplace of two great African rivers, the Congo and the Zambezi, the latter threading its way for two thousand five hundred kilometres to the Indian Ocean embracing on route the world-famous Victoria Falls and the vast man-made lake at Kariba. There is no shortage of water for baptizing.

Zambia is also one of the most urbanized countries in Africa. " My grandfather Chiripula Stephenson saw the lions," said a young man who was attending our meetings and was discussing one of the first whites to settle in Zambia and the Copperbelt. Lions walked through what is now Ndola in the early days of this century but Ndola has become a major mining, industrial and commercial centre where in 1985 there were seven Churches of Christ.

"My family are from Chipata but I was born here in Kitwe," explained Jonathan Phiri, one of our Zambian church leaders in Kitwe. About half the population of Zambia live in towns, especially along the line of rail which bisects the country from north to south and in the Copperbelt towns of the north which bring in about ninety per cent of Zambia's export earnings.

"My home is in Kitwe," our thirteen-year old daughter, Mary, would say of her place of birth. Our home was on the Copperbelt - the greatest concentration of population in Zambia where there were about fifty Churches of Christ with an ever, growing faith in Christ - thirteen believing and being baptized at Mufulira - four at Chililabombwe - four baptisms at Luanshya - three in Kitwe - six baptisms at Kalulushi and many others - it was difficult to keep count of the many conversions to Christ but the good Lord

knew them all! Zambian towns have brick houses, shopping centres, banks, post offices, cinemas and restaurants like towns elsewhere. About half the urban population live in brick houses and the others live in traditional mud brick housing. The shops suffered periodic shortages, imagine no sugar for your tea or no bread for your sandwiches, no chocolate is good for your teeth! We used the Copperbelt as a spring board into the other Zambian provinces.

"I am a mechanic. Can I help you with your breakdown " asked a passing Italian driver on an otherwise deserted road in Zambia's North western-province? With his help, our vehicle was fixed. Then a little while later, his vehicle broke down and we stopped to help him. Further along the road we broke down for a second time and eventually, with his help again, we were back on the road. We saw no other vehicles. It seemed that Someone was looking after us. Exciting things were happening in North western province.

Evangelism explosion in North western province! Praise the Lord! Prior to 1985 there were two Churches of Christ in Zambia's North western province – Solwezi organized in 1977 and Zambezi in 1983. North western province is the tribal home area for Kaonde, Chokwe, Lunda and Luvale peoples. Three preachers trained in our extension programme were involved in the preaching and church planting. One was Dimas Mwambilwa, with a good church planting record also in the Kalulushi area of the Copperbelt and a powerful radio preacher in the Kaonde language. The radio preaching laid the groundwork for the church planting in progress. Daniel Zulu was a veteran African preacher whose work was in the Zambian courts. In Zambezi, close to the Angolan border, Zulu used our Bible filmstrips in his evangelism. By the end of 1985 ten new congregations and preaching points had been opened up. There were problems. The church building of a new congregation was burnt to the ground by a mob, annoyed by the fast growth of Churches of Christ.

"We are getting requests for preaching in villages along the Angolan border," came the message from western province. Zambia's western province is the home area for the Lozi people. Prior to June 1983 our fellowship had no congregations. African preacher, Raymond Limata, trained in our extension programme, was a key figure in the evangelism explosion together with others that he trained. By the end of 1985 there were fourteen congregations and preaching points.

One congregation in Kaoma was having an overflow of crowds and frequent baptizing services. When close friend and veteran Zambian evangelist, Joseph Hamugande, preached at Kaoma there were ten men and women who made the good confession of their faith in Jesus Christ and were baptized. Later there were eighteen more who turned to Jesus for salvation and were baptized. On another occasion, there were twenty-three new believers who repented and put on Christ in baptism. In 1986 there were five preaching points organized in Mongu, the capital of western province. Raymond Limata lost a niece through drowning and had a son bitten by a rabid dog. Yet this retired post office worker continued to use every opportunity to preach Christ.

In September 1986, amidst all his problems, Raymond led five people to faith in Christ and baptized them at the river.

"Can you see those crocodiles in the river? They are big," said a friend on one trip. Zambia's Luapula province lies along the eastern bank of the river from which it takes its name. The Luapula River forms the border with Congo and Luapula province is reached from the Zambian Copperbelt by crossing Congo. In the south east of the province lie the watery expanses of Lake Bangweulu whose swamps are the home of the unique black Lechwe, a rare member of the antelope family. A beautiful escarpment breaks the province into plateau and valley areas. In the valley is Lake Mweru with good fishing. The Luapula valley is being investigated as a region for growing rubber which would help to solve Zambia's tyre shortage! The Luapula River north of Lake Mweru becomes the Congo River which empties into the Atlantic Ocean.

"We can wash the dust off in Mansa," would be a thought in my mind and something to enjoy on a Luapula trip. The provincial capital is Mansa with a population of thirty-five thousand and only one major industry, a battery factory. There were two congregations in the Mansa area, another congregation at Samfya, on the shore of Lake Bangweulu, and remote village churches along the Congo border. Some Christians in those remote village churches found themselves in the police lock up as a result of their preaching but were released. To travel by vehicle in Luapula required a vehicle in excellent condition and carrying one's own fuel.

"Look! You can see the Toyota Land Cruiser on the Congo side. It was stolen from here," pointed out a friend. It was possible to see on the Congo side vehicles stolen in Zambia but nothing could be done. I found a friend's private plane of great help for Luapula travels. There were several evangelistic campaigns and ten congregations and preaching points by the end of 1985.

"My grandfather was a slave trader in northern province," said a Zambian senior company manager in the course of a dinner party. Stretching from Lake Tanganyika in the north to the upper reaches of the Luangwa River in the south, Zambia's northern province has boundaries with Congo, Tanzania and Malawi. The Nyika plateau to the east is the highest part of Zambia. I can remember in 1971 having to carry our small car in certain areas of Nyika. Northern province was much affected by the slave trade based on Zanzibar until British rule was established. There are caves with wall paintings and evidence of human occupation over fifteen thousand years.

"The back bumper has just fallen off!" reported our daughter Kim after we had spent hours bouncing along bush roads and tracks in the Mkushi area. One evening during several nights in the area the vehicle became stuck in deep mud on a farm track up from a river. With a combination of bush driving and pushing we shook loose and continued the journey. Kim and her friends had great fun riding in the back of our pick up. Mkushi is the first settlement along the Great North Road to northern province. There were numerous evangelistic efforts in northern province and six congregations by the end of 1985.

"I am leaving my job on the mine," said a church leader in Mufulira. "I am going with my family to settle in our home village at Isoka." As a result of this man and his family settling back in his village, Sunday services were held for the first time in August 1986 with fourteen attending. In Mpika a new congregation was organized with the district governor himself as one of the members. In 1973 there was only one congregation which met on a farm near Mkushi. By the end of 1986 there were a dozen churches and preaching points in northern province.

Kapiri Mposhi means Hill of Slaves and before the slave trade was suppressed in the eighteenth century it was the point at which slave caravans would meet before marching through northern province to the east coast of Africa. On a trip to Central province we visited Kapiri Mposhi where there was a preaching point and Kabwe, provincial capital. Kabwe has a population of one hundred and forty-four thousand and the skull of Broken Hill Man, now in the British Museum, was found in a cave near the mine in 1923. Central province is a largely agricultural area, except for the lead and zinc mine at Kabwe and the glass factory at Kapiri Mposhi. Road conditions were difficult and we had two flat tyres and a vehicle door off its hinges at the close of the Journey. There were nine churches and preaching points. An English visitor asked us: "Why do you have a pickup?" and the answer is to be able to drive wherever we want to go.

In 1985 there were about six million people living in Zambia and at least one third of the population still followed traditional African belief, magic and witchcraft. Also, many professing to be Christians still see the witchdoctor for "help". At least a third of the population was Catholic and there can be overlap between categories. Fundamentalist and Evangelical groupings accounted for seven hundred and eighty-five thousand people or about twelve per cent of the population. Churches of Christ showed up on surveys in Zambia with a following of about twenty-five thousand.

"There are some economic problems in Zambia," stated ten-year old Kim in 1986. This was an astute understatement. Zambia's foreign debt was about four billion dollars. As a percentage of its gross national product, Zambia's debt ranked seventh in the world. In 1975, the price of copper, which brings in ninety percent of Zambia's foreign income, began a long slide from which it has never recovered.

As Zambia's earnings declined, its borrowings increased. Price hikes in 1986 included mealie meal, the corn meal that is the country's staple food up by fifty percent, bread up by one hundred percent, bus fares up by seventy percent and coffins up by ninety percent. Zambian industry, hamstrung by shortages of spare parts and imported raw materials, was running at less than fifty percent capacity. Only two thousand out of six thousand five hundred tractors in Zambia were operational. The national bus company had three hundred and twenty of its five hundred and fifty-five buses out of service. The airport at Livingstone, site of Zambia's major tourist centre, the Victoria Falls, was closed because the airport fire truck was broken down.

"I have some bad news for you!" came the message over the phone from John Rogers, an English friend in Kitwe. "The back part of your house has collapsed." We returned

to find that the subsidence from being near the river had affected the house with the roof caving in. The Zambian landlord was incapable of doing the repairs and so, with John Rogers contacts and help, we organized what was required. After all we needed the house to live in and to use! Zambia was in a poor shape economically and there were headaches like a collapsing house but, from a church perspective, things looked good!

"So many people are being baptized- in Zambia, Zimbabwe and Botswana- as a result of radio preaching," commented Tonga preacher Joseph Hamugande. There were ninety-two men and women believing in Christ and being baptized, some in Zimbabwe, over a four, month period in which the trigger had been our preaching on Radio Zambia. On a visit to Botswana it was pleasantly surprising how many people could talk about our preachers and their sermons because they listened to our programmes on Radio Zambia. In his itinerant evangelism, Joseph Hamugande had one hundred and thirty-six baptisms during 1986.

Zimbabwe, Congo, Tanzania, Nigeria and Zambia, Churches of Christ continued to preach Jesus Christ, in Zambia there were evangelism explosions all over Zambia with continued expansion into new areas. Zambian evangelists such as Raymond Limata and Joseph Hamugande were effective in their ministries, we travelled far and wide in church planting. Our ten-year old daughter Kim became an expert on the variety of snakes in northern province!

RIOTS ON THE COPPERBELT

"Angela, it's an emergency. Phone for help," I said in a quiet voice. It was a night with no moon and pitch dark. We had received several hundred World Bible School referrals and I was burning the midnight oil getting them sorted and organized for follow up all over Zambia. I found the absolute quiet of the African night the best time to do this, a time of no interruptions when most people are asleep. At three O' clock in the morning, I heard four hard thuds on the ground in the yard. I left the table where I was working and looked through the window. There was no movement and nothing to see apart from the bare ground."

"We have unwelcome visitors!" I reported back to Angela, already on the phone. Looking higher and along the twelve-foot wall, I could see an African face, absolutely still and framed by the branches of a tree in the yard of the house next door. At first glance, the face could have been a trick of the formation of the branches but it was not! He was at least one of the look outs. Paying closer attention to a tree in our own yard, I could see the profile of an intruder who was too wide to mould as he thought that he had into the tree.

"Stop making a noise! Here is food for you!" a voice began saying in the Bemba language to our dogs who were at the back of the house and had begun barking furiously. The African voice sounded authoritative and could have been our night guard wishing to go back to sleep but it was not. The man knew how to handle dogs. The watch dogs went silent. It was a dangerous situation. We knew friends who had been attacked in their homes at night by bandits and killed or left for dead. A British missionary lady of Evangelical persuasion had been left for dead. The elderly Greek barber and his wife had been killed. Out of Christian conviction, we did not carry arms.

I crept silently along the corridor of our house and when I reached the closed door to our house I could hear two Africans in conversation. They were either in our lounge or about to enter the lounge. A third person was further back on the porch in the area of the dogs. Either they thought that we were asleep or they did not care.

Hoot! Hoot! Hoot! Sounded the horn of our friend John Roger's mini bus at the gate to our house. This might wake up our night guard. Shortly afterwards, a Greek friend, Babi Karafokas, delivered two Zambian cops to our gate after collecting them from the police station. Angela had been busy on the phone and our contingency plans paid off. The thieves, hearing the considerable noise and fearing the arrival of substantial reinforcements, left the scene with rapidity over the back wall.

"You were lucky. The Lord takes care of you" a neighbour told us the next day. "They came back and robbed others." Later that night the thieves robbed another house further along our road. The Lord had indeed blessed us with good friends who would help us. On a later date a Zambian businessman with a house at the bottom of the road had trouble at night with thieves. He had his own gun and shot them dead. There were no survivors and he put the bodies on display on the road in front of his house. The robberies stopped for a while.

"Wilf has been attacked! He needed medical treatment" was the distressing message concerning, of a Swiss missionary of Presbyterian persuasion. One of the two main roads into Kitwe is the road from Ndola which traverses the large township of Wusakili next to the mine shaft. In years gone by, courting couples would park on the side of the highway at night and watch the spectacular pouring of red-hot slag onto the waste dump. This was no longer a safe pass time. Wilf had been delayed on the road through Wusakili by an angry mob who were interfering with the traffic. He remonstrated with them, was pulled from his vehicle and beaten up. This was the beginning of anti-government rioting triggered off, in the first place, by an increase in the price of the Zambian staple food of mealie meal.

"Did you get through the riots safely?" asked Angela when I returned home. In fact, I had met a road block which rioters had put across the road and I had accelerated and driven at speed through the road block, sending debris flying in all directions. In my view, some damage to the pick-up was preferable to damage, possibly fatal, to me. There were rioters who threw sticks and stones and gave chase at all points of the journey but I had speed on my side. It was necessary to take another route to my house as I saw a mob apparently in wait at the corner near our house.

"Look at those people with wheelbarrows full of goods!" exclaimed Mary. There were literally hundreds of Zambians streaming along our road. They were looting the nearby shopping centre and taking all the goods they could carry. In particular, the state stores were objects of their anti-government wrath.

"We have been told to fire over their heads," said one armed policeman. The rioting increased in its intensity. It was impossible to leave our house and travel around Kitwe because rioters controlled the road junctions and many sections of town. Kim's school had to close because of the riots. The Post Office was looted and we lost parcels there awaiting collection for church use. It was impossible to leave Kitwe and go to a safer place because the two roads out of town were in the hands of the rioters. Also, there were riots breaking out elsewhere.

"We understand that the riots in Kitwe have been dampened by rain," stated one, BBC newscast, our main and most reliable source of news. This was wishful thinking! At least in our area of Kitwe the mobs seemed impervious to the rain and were rioting and looting with great enthusiasm. Gunfire was a steady and nearby background noise.

It was an open question who was in charge of the Copperbelt - was it the central government in Lusaka or was it the rioters? Some whites with guns took their own precautions to safeguard the lives of their families. Greek friend Babi sat on the flat roof of his house, armed and ready to open fire on any intruders.

"I am a white Zambian," Helena would say. A young single girl, she was a member of a pioneer family who were amongst the very first whites to settle in then, northern Rhodesia. Her living relatives can remember the lions roaring at night as they camped in their travels. One of Helena's hobbies was wild game hunting. When loiters started

to get too close to her family home in the centre of Kitwe, she opened fire with her shotgun and they withdrew to a safe distance.

"He comes back in for more ammunition and goes right out again," Tivy, a young mother, stated about her husband, Bertie, during the riots. Bertie was a white businessman and a volunteer special policeman. As Christians we prayed. Eventually, armed police and paramilitary put down the riots with tear gas and bullets. At first, when the road to Ndola did reopen, vehicles went in convoy with military escort.

"Tell your son he must answer my questions!" ordered the Zambian soldier. We were surrounded by soldiers at a road block in the bush. It was one of eighteen police and army road blocks on a journey to collect Ian from Lusaka airport at the end of the riots. Ian had flown from his special school in England for his Christmas holidays. Ten-year old Ian could not answer the Zambian soldier's questions as a result of his autism. Our son looked unwaveringly down the barrel of the soldier's gun and said nothing. Eventually, the soldiers permitted us to resume our journey.

"Get down on the floor like a dog. Eat the chocolate off the floor like a dog eats its food!" The Zambian soldiers ordered an Englishwoman in her own home in Kitwe. In a dawn swoop the Zambian army encircled the area of Kitwe where we lived and began a house to house search for looters and loot. No one could leave their houses or enter or leave the area. There were fifteen cases of ill treatment of British nationals in Kitwe area alone. One heavily pregnant English wife woke up to armed Zambian soldiers bursting into her bedroom early in the morning. Some white women on their own in houses complained of violence and molestation by Zambian soldiers.

"You cannot enter this property. It is a Christian mission. The person in charge is away. You have no search warrant," said Andrew, the day security guard at our house when the soldiers came to our gate. Andrew was beaten up by the soldiers but they did not enter our premises. In fact, we were collecting Ian from the airport. Kim and Mary were staying with Babi and family to avoid the anticipated unpleasantness of the roadblocks after rioting and the possibility of further attacks on vehicles by rioters. Babi's hobby is karate and a good person to stay with. All went well for them during the search. A young Japanese man worked in Kitwe for Japanese Aid to help Zambians. He was alarmed by armed Zambians breaking into his house and attacked the Zambian soldiers with his karate. He damaged several Zambian soldiers before he was overpowered by superior numbers.

"Stop! We are going to search you!" ordered the soldiers in the centre of Ndola. John Ramsey was staying in Ndola at the time and giving assistance to the churches there. It is hoped that the soldiers found their search of his Bibles and Christian tracts beneficial to them.

"Bennie has been attacked!" came the message from Lusaka. Bennie Cryer was a Lusaka based Church of Christ missionary who travelled energetically throughout central Zambia preaching. At night he had visited a household with a funeral in a

shanty town near Lusaka. Thieves with knives attacked him as they wished to steal the vehicle. The theft attempt was unsuccessful.

"Are you a South African?" asked the very intoxicated Zambian soldier. "When did you come from South Africa?" It was a month when we followed up with personal visits to no fewer than two hundred World Bible School correspondence students. The tracking down of a student in a Zambian township is hard work. When searching for a student I was held up by this soldier who smelt like a brewery. His leading question was punctuated by profuse swearing and indicated his interest in arresting some white person as an alleged South African spy who could join others arrested on similar charges in prison. Fortunately, I was able to prove who I was and continue on my way - leaving a Zambian soldier swaying and shouting.

"The soldiers are searching the houses again!" came the message. This time they were searching for Senegalese. There is a prosperous Senegalese community in Zambia, mainly involved in commerce of one kind or another and whose residence papers, if any, at this time, were in question. Four Senegalese deportees were put on a Congo bound plane at Lusaka airport. They escaped at Ndola airport on the Copperbelt when the plane landed briefly to refuel. The escape triggered off a widespread Zambian police and army operation to round up Senegalese and other aliens without papers. Our area was again searched for aliens without papers. A Greek neighbour had the army checking under his bed for Senegalese. On a trip from Kitwe to Congo, I had to carry five different documents to satisfy the screening by the numerous Zambian road blocks of foreigners.

"Kim is home early from school. There has been more rioting," Angela informed me. The cost of living in Zambia increased by two hundred and nine percent between 1978 and 1985 and continued to climb. In May 1987, President Kaunda made the dramatic announcement that prices in Zambia must go down. Many marketers did not reduce their prices and there was limited rioting and looting in some Copperbelt towns. Kim was sent home early from school as the rioting came closer to the school.

"That group look dangerous," Angela pointed out to me. It was a Sunday morning and the family and I were in the heart of the African townships of Luanshya on our way to one of the churches where I was to preach. The small mob of young Africans chanted, gesticulated and chased after us but we did get to the church meeting place and I preached. On our way out of the township, we drove past police in full riot gear. This was several months after the initial riots in November 1986.

The problems were not over. "Angela, I am glad to see you!" I exclaimed after spending several hours in the African heat. "Let me fix a tow rope." No motorist would stop because a white motorist had been murdered near my place of breakdown and it was his funeral that day. In addition, there had been the murder of a young white girl a little further along the road. The bandits had left the girl and her boyfriend for dead in their vehicle and set the vehicle alight. The young man survived to tell the story. I

was driving our Toyota Corona station wagon having just had an over-haul and service, when the engine seized up with a big bang and the engine block split.

The car began its life in Japan with a Japanese gentleman. It was exported to Zambia where I purchased it and used it for extensive trips to six out of Zambia's eight provinces. During the three years in our possession the Toyota did two hundred thousand kilo meters. This included bush driving; driving on poor roads and or no roads. It required body work and panel beating on three occasions. The body work was minor in one instance, a missionary borrowing the car had a collision with a wheelbarrow.

"The engine is a terminal case!" was the garage verdict after we had towed the Toyota back to Kitwe with our other vehicle, a small Peugeot pick up. So, we went to Lusaka and bought an engine from a Toyota wreck. Mary and Kim rode to Kitwe in the back of the pick-up keeping an eye on the replacement engine as we headed back to Kitwe. The Toyota was soon back on the road.

"Who has crashed into my Peugeot?" I asked. After attending a meeting in down town Kitwe, I had come out into the street and could see immediately damage to my parked vehicle. The person who had crashed into my vehicle with his large truck was a French speaking Nigerian from Congo. After several weeks of discussions, the Nigerian paid in cash half the bill for the vehicle's bodywork and I never saw him again. Probably, he slipped back across the border into Congo. Half the bill paid was better than ending up with the entire bill to pay and the Peugeot was back on the road and in use.

A young girl of mixed race who is contemplating suicide - A young man who has just been released after four years in prison and wants to become a Christian - An African cabaret dancer who wants to follow Jesus - Muslims interested in Jesus - A college lecturer who is worried her husband may have Aids - These are a few of the people for counselling in one week in 1987.

A son of President Kaunda had died of AIDS. AIDS was a serious problem in Zambia. Our night security guard had to quit the job because he was too ill with AIDS. A black American neighbour returned to the USA and died of AIDS. A Zambian lecturer passed away from AIDS. Many people we knew were suffering from AIDS and dying from AIDS. white and black, young children and adults, were suffering from AIDS in Zambia. A nine-year old girl, a nineteen-year old girl both suffering from AIDS ... and many others in need of counsel. Those suffering from AIDS were not necessarily promiscuous. Some caught it from transfusions of blood polluted with AIDS. In Zambia, unless critically ill, it was better to refuse a blood transfusion.

According to a survey conducted by a Kitwe physician at least twenty-five percent of the population were suffering from AIDS. This was in comparison with one percent in Britain. A British television documentary gave a higher estimate that thirty percent of the Zambian population had acquired the disease. There was a theory that AIDS had originated from a virus in a Ugandan tribe in a mutant form. Regardless of such

theories, the fact of people dying from AIDS stared us in the face and, as Christians, we joined with others to help with counselling.

"I want to be baptized" said our fourteen-year old daughter Mary. After much serious thought and Bible study, Mary had decided to make the good confession of faith in Jesus Christ and put on the Lord Jesus in baptism. At 4.30 p.m. in the African sunshine on April 19, 1987, Mary was baptized according to the Scriptures. There was a preaching service at the pool side and about fifteen people gathered - some of whom had no regular church connections. A hymn which Mary sang at her baptism was "Amazing Grace."

Elsewhere in Kitwe, on the same day as the baptism of Mary there were four additional baptisms and at other times in the same month, a further nineteen baptisms. Kitwe and Kalulushi are adjacent copper mines of the Zambian Copperbelt. In 1987 there were twenty-one congregations and preaching points in existence in Kitwe and Kalulushi. In 1970 only one of those congregations was in existence and so there had been substantial church growth.

There was a crocodile epidemic. Pools and streams which did not have crocodiles had become crocodile infested. They are wild life, but dangerous wild life. The crocodiles will travel considerable distances across land from one area of water to another. The crocodile epidemic did not impede the baptizing. There continued to be expansion in the far-flung provinces of Zambia.

In northern province, seventy people believed in Christ and were baptized into Him. The number of congregations and preaching points had increased from none in 1977 to nine in 1987. In western province, forty-three men and women turned to Christ and were baptized. The number of congregations and preaching points, in western province, had increased from zero in 1983 to twenty-six in 1987. In North-western province, the number of congregations and preaching points had increased from one in 1980 to fifteen in 1987. In eastern province, as a result of a campaign with Copperbelt workers, there were twenty-one conversions to Christ in one month.

The statistics showed that people were being saved by Jesus Christ and new churches were being planted. A key factor in church growth was the training of church leaders and thirty students completed a leadership training by extension course in 1987 - some as far away as Lake Tanganyika. These difficult times were also times of blessing.

MEETING PRESIDENT AND PRIME MINISTER

"You are my youngest guests" smiled President Kenneth Kaunda as he gave plates to eleven-year old Kim and her Zambian friend Glenda. We were invited guests at State House, President Kaunda's official residence in Lusaka - the equivalent of Buckingham Palace or the white House. President Kaunda himself gave out the plates to his guests for an open-air banquet on the lawns of State House. There were small deer called duikers looking onto the banquet from the direction of President Kaunda's golf course. President Kaunda spoke of the importance he attached to the Christian

faith. This was one of three times in 1987 that Angela and I, met President Kaunda, a man for whom Christian principles are important.

"How can a Christian politician be of service?" was the key question posed by the Prime Minister of Zambia, Kebbie Musokotwane. Kebbie and his wife Regina are members of the Church of Christ. "It is something that I cannot forget wherever I am in the world," commented Kebbie. In order to shoulder the heavy responsibilities of Zambian premiership, he found that he needed to depend on Almighty God, a point that President Kaunda had made to him at the time of his appointment in 1986. Lloyd George had been a member of the Church of Christ in Wales and became British premier in 1916. Garfield Todd came to then Rhodesia as a New Zealand Church of Christ missionary and became Rhodesian premier in 193. Later he became a senator in black majority rule Zimbabwe in 1980. Kebbie Musokotwane joined their ranks as the third prime minister in the twentieth century with Church of Christ roots.

"Churches of Christ are much more noticeable today in Zambia than in years previously," stated Kebbie Musokotwane. This was so with the expansion of Churches of Christ into every province of Zambia. Also, our almost daily Christian radio programmes were establishing Churches of Christ in the public mind. Lastly, Kebbie Musokotwane was a Zambian premier who spoke in public of his faith in Jesus Christ and his membership of the Church of Christ. When he visited the USA in 1986, his sermons in American Churches of Christ were front page news in Zambia. This gave publicity to Churches of Christ.

"Regina was so friendly and down to earth" commented Angela after we had enjoyed breakfast together at the Hamby's home at Namwianga Mission in Zambia's southern province. Regina was involved in the teaching of Zambian mentally handicapped children. Later, she went to Newcastle University in England for advanced specialized training. In Zambia, Regina was very active in the expanding work of Christian primary and Secondary schools associated with Namwianga Mission. Angela and I found contact and meetings with the Musokotwane family always a time of blessing for us.

"I went in the helicopter with the Prime Minister!" stated Don Yelton of whites Ferry Road Church of Christ in West Monroe, Louisiana. There were over two hundred thousand starving in drought-stricken areas of Zambia's southern and western provinces. Kebbie Musokotwane took Don Yelton and others on a tour of drought-stricken areas. The visit was good publicity for Churches of Christ and received widespread coverage on Zambian radio and television and in the Zambian press. As a result, and with overseas assistance, Churches of Christ organized the largest food for the starving programme in Zambia. It was hard work for all concerned and that included Zambian church workers at the grass roots in the areas of starvation. Evangelist Raymond Limata, for example, was involved in organizing food distribution to the needy in western province.

"This Greek lady wants to be baptized," said a mutual friend. "It all started with that Christian programme you organized on Radio Zambia." As a result of the radio

preaching, the Greek lady was one of four people who confessed their faith in Christ and were baptized. We were on the Zambian airwaves in English and the African languages. "Watch out! There's a snake!" shouted daughter Mary. We were videotaping some open-air scenes for inclusion in a Christian programme for Television Zambia. Because of the crocodile epidemic, we kept a wary eye for crocodiles from a nearby lake. A green snake took us by surprise as it slithered rapidly across the set during the recording. Fifteen-year old Mary Frances was the first person to notice the snake, sound the alarm and all was well.

"It's midnight!" exclaimed Angela. "Who can it be?" There was a loud banging at our gate which did rouse the security guard from his slumbers. The midnight visitor was one of our Zambian preachers requesting overnight accommodation. He wanted and was able to preach Christ on Radio Zambia the next day. Jimmy Swaggart, American television evangelist in a scandal, had his programmes terminated on Television Zambia. Our Zambian preachers like Donny Mweemba, Gibson Muduli and Wellington Mwanza preached Christ and stayed on Radio Zambia, even when the radio studios were officially closed for a while.

Wendy had been a night club singer from Sheffield in England. With her long blond hair and lively singing style, she was very popular as a night club singer in Zambia and Congo. Her husband John belonged to the Kruger clan, well known as pioneer stock in the early history of South Africa. John's family had been amongst the early white settlers in Zambia. John's profession was electronics and he was innovative in his inventions. John and Wendy were not satisfied with the way their lives had been and turned to Jesus Christ. They were baptized as believers and could speak to others of their experience of new birth and new life in Christ.

"I am going to sing for the Lord" Wendy gave up being a night club entertainer and used her talent singing gospel songs. John organized his own recording studio on his farm outside Kitwe and made it available to us for recording Christian programmes for Radio Zambia. This increased tremendously our production capacity. The farm had its own lake with crocodiles and hippos. They organized a church for their farm workers and we were happy to be able to provide easy to read New Testaments and Christian tracts.

"I will teach you judo!" Their son Jonathan had said to our daughters, Mary and Kim, and their friends. The girls learnt some judo skills which could come in useful in Zambia or elsewhere. John and Wendy shared the good news that Jesus had saved them and would save others with people of all races and all over Kitwe. Wendy would stand out with her long blond hair as she explained earnestly from an open Bible in the African sunshine to a friend or acquaintance what it means to be a Christian. John and Wendy had no time for denominational discussions. They wanted to be Christians and Christians only and to share Christ with others.

"I have been appointed a magistrate!" a Zambian friend, Jack Daka, told me. For many years Jack had worked for the Zambian Ministry of Legal Affairs in Lusaka, Zambia's

capital. He was a pioneer preacher with early missionaries, Henry Pearce of the USA and Frank Murphy of England, in the late fifties in Lusaka. He had been a strong preacher for the Chilenje Church of Christ in Lusaka who built a meeting house entirely from their own - and not mission - resources. Near retirement, he was appointed a magistrate for his home area of Petauke in Zambia's eastern province. This move provided a strong preacher to be of assistance to the church work in the area.

"Will you be chairman and lead in prayer at the graduation ceremony?" asked the Principal of Zambia's only Polytechnic and I did so. It was the Polytechnic's first public graduation ceremony in almost ten years and several hundred students were graduated publicly. At the beginning of the graduation, I had the opportunity to speak and lead the large gathering, which included senior government officials and academics, in prayer. The ceremony was broadcast on Radio and Television Zambia. It was the culmination of a very happy cooperation with the Polytechnic. In fact, the Riverside Church of Christ held its services free of charge in Polytechnic facilities.

"I want to be baptized" said Nicola, an English university student in her early twenties whose agnostic parents lived in Kitwe. Her father was a lecturer at the Polytechnic and original contact had been made about three years previously through my campus ministry. As a result of careful consideration of the Scriptures, Nicola came to the point of faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and was baptized in an open-air service. There was joy written all over Nicola's faith as she came up from the waters of baptism. Nicola's baptism was videotaped and a number of English people in Kitwe were challenged by watching the baptismal service on video.

"Elizabeth has done a good job in Congo" commented a Congolese church leader. Elizabeth, a Zambian lady, attended Namwianga Christian Secondary School in Zambia's southern province and afterwards went to college. In more recent times, she has been a member of the Church of Christ on the Copperbelt. Elizabeth spent time in Congo holding Christian women's meetings at Lubumbashi and Likasi. The largest rally attendance in Lubumbashi was five hundred.

"We are going to search your vehicle!" I was told on a Congo trip. The Congo border officials and guards searched meticulously every inch of the vehicle - even parts of the engine, underneath the vehicle, behind the door panels and inside the petrol tank. All they found were a box of New Testaments and Christian literature. It was evening and according to an immigration official, we were only the second vehicle with whites to cross the border that day.

"They were caught smuggling cobalt," explained the British consul when we met on another occasion in Lubumbashi. Two British men had been caught allegedly smuggling cobalt out of Congo and had been in Congolese prisons for about a year, including the dungeon prison at Likasi. They escaped and made their way through the bush to Zambia. The Zambian authorities, far from giving them asylum, gave them a harder time than the Congolese had and returned them to Congo in a prisoner

exchange for some Zambians held in Zairean prisons. The intensive search of our vehicle could be the Congolese border officials were hoping to catch some more white cobalt smugglers.

"Why are you laughing?" asked my companion on another Congo journey." After a search like that, there is nothing to laugh about! There was very little cross border traffic and there had been another lengthy search. Even my socks had been searched which had been a ticklish experience for me - hence the laughter.

"I want to come with you to Congo!" said fifteen-year old daughter Mary and she did. In Zaire she was able to enjoy using her French. On this occasion, I brought together the leaders of four different Church of Christ groupings in Congo who covenanted henceforth to be in unity taking the Bible as their only guide. In 1987 their combined strength was over three hundred congregations. In addition, there were one or two other groupings who continued to regard themselves as part of our fellowship.

"Mutunda Umba is ill," came the message on the bush telegraph from Likasi. Train driver and evangelist, Mutunda Umba, had planted many congregations, in an eight-hundred-kilometre radius of Lubumbashi, which to the best of his knowledge and ability, were seeking to follow the New Testament faith and order. His grouping of congregations had four hundred and twenty baptisms of believers into Christ in 1986. Mutunda Umba spent three months in hospital and did not look in the peak of health when discharged. However, he went on to speak at a camp meeting. This was one of three camp meetings in 1987. The largest at Tshibamba had two hundred and seventy-seven participants.

"There are now members of the Church of Christ in Angola!" came the message from Dilolo in Congo. In evangelistic outreach along and across the Angolan border with Congo there had been fifty believers baptized into Christ, mainly in the vicinity of Kandala.

"Will you make a cassette for us?" asked our North Korean friends. "Then we can play it to our friends and relatives back home." We had met the North Koreans through the Polytechnic and they were very welcome guests on many occasions in our home. The North Koreans, who were atheists, were surprised to learn of our faith in God and His Son, Jesus Christ. As the visitors returned in a party to North Korea, they requested that we make a cassette and speak of our personal life and faith. I explained on the cassette why faith in God makes eternal sense out of the otherwise nonsense of our lives. The North Koreans played the cassette before leaving Zambia and stated that they valued what was said - it was what they wanted to take with them.

The Gospel of Christ was being shared with black, white and Asian, with Congolese, Angolan, Zambian and North Korean, with people of different races, of different nationalities and of different classes. We were doing what Jesus told us to do: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have

commanded you: and I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. "[Mt 28:19-20]

ESCAPE FROM ARMED BANDITS

"Run to the car!" I shouted to Angela and the children.

On the Kitwe to Ndola road, a car travelling in the opposite direction to us had crossed the divided highway and crashed upside down in front of us. I stopped our car, as a good Samaritan, and was ready to go to the assistance of those in the overturned vehicle who, in fact, were not hurt. One villager who had emerged from the nearby bush started to throw rocks at us and encouraged others to do likewise. It was in an area where another missionary couple had been attacked and left naked in the bush. We had been to visit Ndola, a city with six Churches of Christ. We left the scene at great speed and reported the incident to the police at a road block. They were not interested. These were not very friendly times.

"What is happening?" asked my visitor from England. "What is that driver doing?" I was driving my small Peugeot pick up towards my gate. It was early evening and still daylight. The driver of another vehicle made an attempt to box in and block my vehicle. I swung the driving wheel and we screeched away burning rubber along the street, the other vehicle in pursuit. The chase ended when I threw off the pursuer in a maze of Kitwe streets. Later that night amidst gunfire and sounds of a wooden gate splintering, a neighbour's vehicle was stolen. The next night a pick-up was stolen from an Asian family with whom we were having Bible studies. This was early 1988.

"Crash! Bang!" It was three o'clock in the morning and there were repeated loud sounds as though people were trying to break down our gate. They had a truck with them and obviously had large scale household removals in mind.

"Phone for assistance," I shouted to Angela above the ear shattering din. "I can't!" she replied. "They have cut the line." So, we encouraged our huge dogs to go for the attackers. The dogs were so ferocious that the would-be thieves took refuge in their truck and left hurriedly in their vehicle. This was one of four attempted robberies by nocturnal thieves in mid-1988 and so we installed a Citizens Band radio.

"Mayday! Mayday! Request immediate assistance! Under armed attack!" was the message that Angela put out on our Citizens Band radio at 9 p.m. on November 15, 1988. I was driving home, relaxed and happy, with the Peugeot window open for natural air conditioning. It seemed a quiet evening. My headlights picked out very few people on the road and there was little noise. I swung towards the tall gates of our house and came to a halt as I waited for the night guard to open the gates. In a split second a vehicle without lights accelerated and pulled in alongside me. The driver put on his vehicle headlights lighting up the scenario and four men jumped out of their vehicle. It was not a request for street directions! They were armed and the man who had stepped out of the front passenger seat closest to me quickly raised his gun level with and pointed at my head. These were professional hard men. They said absolutely nothing and their faces were expressionless as they move quickly with a purpose.

"He is going to shoot me," was my immediate thought. There were no instructions being given, simply a gun being raised to my head. In these few seconds the night guard was opening the gates. The natural reaction would be to drive in with the Peugeot and hope the guard would shut the gates quickly. However, our unarmed and elderly guard could not confront or outmanoeuvre armed bandits. Inside our gates and twelve-foot wall, my family and I would be at the mercy of these men. They could plunder and do what they like with us and our property. At the end, they would kill us to ensure no eye witnesses. Others had been attacked, robbed and killed and so would we.

"Reverse fast!" I said to myself. I always pulled up at a gate or in a dead-end situation with the gearstick in reverse, in case of need. I reversed into the middle of the street spoiling the aim of the closest man with his gun and then accelerated forward, just missing the wall of the house next door. The guard swung closed the gates and ran to the alarm switch, setting off a siren on top of the house. He shouted to Angela who was inside the house and she put out the Mayday call on the CB. Following the Copperbelt riots, we and many other families had installed CB for help in emergencies and in case the phone lines were cut by attackers or simply out of order. The CB was switched on permanently by our bedside and there was battery power as back up if the electricity was cut. Our "handle" or call name on the CB was "Bible Bashers " which the Kitwe community deemed appropriate.

"Faster! Faster!" I kept urging the Peugeot on! I drove fast through the streets of Kitwe with the other vehicle in hot pursuit and shooting. A Peugeot diesel pick-up is a good vehicle for the bush but it does not have speed for rally driving. I could smell the engine as I made the Peugeot go faster than ever before. I knew the area and after a blind corner I took a minor road and lost my tail. I went to friend, John Rogers, at his house for help and we returned to my home.

"He looked like Tarzan!" Angela said to me. Within five minutes of the Mayday, several friends and neighbours were at our house to render assistance. However, I had drawn the bandits away from our home. Barry was a very muscular young white man who had arrived in loin cloth and with crossbow, ready to tackle the bandits. When Angela saw Barry arriving at the gate, he was a look alike for Tarzan! Bertie, an experienced special constable, brought his gun and expertise to the scene. Pursuit was mounted of the bandits which was something that they would not anticipate.

"Another man was held up. They took his car," said Bertie. The following day the car used by the bandits was tracked down to an African bar and the driver, unsuspecting of any chase, was arrested in the bar by special constables. This one did not get away!

"In my view, Angela was about to be raped!" I stated to the British consul. There had been a very unpleasant incident near Kasama when we had been visiting churches in northern province. A soldier at a road block, possibly under the influence of drugs, had made unacceptable demands of Angela, at the point of a gun. Fortunately, we were able to secure the intervention of another soldier to whom we had given a lift. It was

a touch and go situation. It was not easy to argue with a man with a gun in the middle of the bush. Three other British friends were shot at and detained for several hours by soldiers in the same area. It raised questions for Zambia of who is in charge in places like northern province - the army or the elected central government - and what would Zambia be like with a military takeover and military rule. Action was taken at high levels as a result of our complaints.

"There is a new church at Muyombi," stated Lyson Mtuta, a very effective evangelist based at Mbala in Zambia's northern province. There have been sixteen people believe in Christ and been baptized this month. Lyson had been trained as an evangelist in Tanzania by Al Horne and his colleagues in the early sixties. Having worked as an evangelist in Tanzania, he returned home to Zambia where he had a tent making ministry as a carpenter and an evangelist in Lusaka and northern province. He was a natural at soul winning for Christ. One man he led to Christ, an accountant called Barry Phiri, has in turn been an effective evangelist in Zambia's eastern province. Our main role with Lyson has been to encourage him to keep on leading people to Christ and plant churches. In 1988 there were nine congregations in our fellowship in northern province and at least a further fifty believers put on Christ in baptism. Many of the church leaders were studying in our extension programme.

A pride of lions killed four people - three children and an adult - when they attacked villagers near Katete in Zambia's eastern province on February 18, 1988. This was 1988 and not 1888, the eastern province was also under attack with the Gospel of Christ. It has some strong preachers - Barry Phiri, led to the Lord by Lyson Mtuta, George Tembo who, after extension training, started a church in his home village and magistrate Jack Daka. There was a congregation at Katete and a combined total of fourteen congregations in eastern province. A camp meeting in eastern province had one hundred and fifty attending.

"I have come to see you as a result of the advertisement in the newspaper," explained the elderly African visitor. We had organized an advertising campaign featuring a tract by an American preacher and missionary on the Indian sub-continent, J.C. Choate, on how one can organize a New Testament church. Interest was expressed from all over Zambia and follow up was arranged through the nearest local congregation. The drawback with the advertising campaign was its popularity - we ran out of the tracts!

"I want to be baptized," continued our visitor," then I want to start the church in my home village." This man was from the northern most border of Zambia's Luapula province. He was so interested by the subject of the church as described in the New Testament that he travelled for several days through rural Zambia and across Congo in order to have personal Bible studies and attend a Church of Christ. As a result, he was baptized and a preaching point was organized in his home village with regular visitation by itinerant preachers. In addition, two new congregations were organized near the lake in the Samfya area, bringing the combined total of churches and preaching points for Luapula province in 1988 to fifteen.

"White water rafting! If there is one thing we must do at Victoria Falls, it is white water rafting!" enthused twelve-year old Kim as we drove southwards to Livingstone, across the Victoria Falls Bridge and into Zimbabwe. So, we went white water rafting. The gorges below the Victoria Falls house the mighty Zambezi River and nineteen rapids. It is the scenario for the most exciting white water rafting anywhere in the world. There is the beauty of the gorges and spectacular rock formations in addition to the possibility of crocodiles. Sixteen-year old Mary was flipped head first over the side of the raft at one point but I was able to pull her back on the raft in a hurry. For Angela and I the worst part of the adventure was the "mountain climbing "to get out of the gorge at the end of the day. This was on a preaching visit to the Church of Christ in the centre of Livingstone which had an adult attendance of one hundred and seventy. One person responded to the invitation at the close of the preaching and was baptized.

"There has been a murder at the school of preaching!" An African preacher told us. A worker at the school of preaching in Livingstone had been murdered. His decomposed body had been found in the bush and no culprit established.

"Would you like to hold a crocodile?" We were asked near the Zambezi. We politely declined the opportunity to hold a small crocodile. When one knows personally people who have lost relatives or limbs to crocodiles, one does not play around with crocodiles. We saw one crocodile, huge in size, whose age was estimated at one hundred years and who had eaten at least three people. Another crocodile we saw seemed at first sight to be a long island promontory into the river until it came to life above water there was at least ten feet of crocodile visible. This was part of a visit to Churches of Christ and church leaders in Zambia's southern province.

"Welcome to our house," said evangelist Joseph Hamugande, now based in the southern province town of Monze, where a new church had been planted. Joseph was our main radio preacher in the southern province language of Tonga. He baptized thirty-two people into Christ during his itinerant preaching in Zambia and Zimbabwe in 1988. For some of these new disciples of Christ the radio ministry had been the initial key to their interest. There were one hundred and thirteen Churches of Christ in southern province in 1988.

"We have heard about the starving in Zambia and so we are sending some funds to assist with famine relief," was the message from a Church of Christ in Ethiopia. Ethiopia has been a famine area itself and this assistance from one African congregation to another was to be commended. The Church of Christ at Kaoma was able to make use of the Ethiopian assistance in its famine relief programme in Zambia's western province. There were seventy-two believers baptized into Christ in 1988 and congregations planted across western province as far as the Angolan border. A meeting house was financed, built and completed out of local materials and initiative. With the objective of strengthening the congregations a church leadership course was held in western province with sixteen participants. It was obvious that the enthusiasm of Raymond Limata for winning souls for Christ was infectious.

"Those chimpanzees are naughty" laughed twelve-year old Kim. On a North western province journey, a visit had been made to a homestead close to the Congo border where there was a settlement of chimpanzees. The chimps were mischievous as they perched on the shoulders of visitors, borrowed cameras and items of clothing and scampered up trees out of reach. One lady found herself briefly topless, as a result of chimp humour. In 1988 the number of congregations and preaching points had reached thirteen and forty-three believers put on Christ in baptism. In Solwezi the church membership included a college lecturer and a police chief.

"I am in prison!" said Peter Muteba over the phone. "Please help me!" Peter was a church leader in the Mufulilea area and his village was both in Zambia and Congo, with a tree used as an indicator of the border. He was caught, imprisoned and then prosecuted for smuggling goods on a large scale along bush paths between Zambia and Congo. Peter was found guilty, fined and released. He had the audacity to want the church to pay his fine, but when this was refused, he was able to pay in cash. The church work on the Copperbelt continued as usual.

"Dad! Look at that mamba!" shouted Kim. On a visit to a new church near Mufulira, Kim and I watched a green mamba snake slither its way at a fast pace. At another' congregation in Mufulira, Christians solved their unemployment problem by organizing five work groups in the areas of pottery, art, woodcarving and carpentry. The products were sold and forty-two people were in employment. They were seriously trying for export. In 1988 there were seven Churches of Christ in Mufulira compared with one in 1976.

"Those bees are killers" commented Helena, a beekeeper friend. In Luanshya two dogs were killed by attacking bees and an African family shut themselves in their house as the bees pursued them. In Kitwe on the road where we lived an African worker was found semi-conscious, in agony and covered by bees. On one Saturday in April, visitors to our house found themselves under attack by bees. Four people, two adults and two children, collapsed to the ground with bees covering face and arms and later received medical treatment. Saturday was always a very popular day at our house for visitors and we organized fires with abundant smoke to drive away the bees. Helena described the Zambian bees as ferocious but hard working at making honey. They are related to a certain type of ferocious bee in South America. Larry Williams, a black American preacher from New York and doing mission work in Botswana, visited us but did not meet the bees. We organized a schedule where he preached at seven different places in four days.

"That is the lion roaring " I explained to a visitor who was having trouble sleeping. Kitwe has a small zoo and the lion's roar could be heard at our house to the occasional consternation of visitors. In 1988, our friend and special constable, Bertie, was called to shoot what the Zambian newspaper described as the "violent Kitwe Zoo baboon." The baboon had escaped for a second time in search of food. This was a sad commentary on the state of Kitwe zoo which was unable to feed its animals properly. The main beneficiary of the incident was the lion at the zoo he got to eat the baboon's

carcass which it chewed up in minutes. Will it be the lion who escapes next time in search of food? Some of our overnight guests in Kitwe seemed to think so. In 1988 the combined number of Kitwe congregations and preaching points was thirteen, of which only one was in existence in 1971.

"There have been twenty-eight men and women confess their faith in Christ and be baptized at the new church at Shiloh," stated African evangelist, Sandy Chisenga. "Also, there have been another twenty believers go to the river for baptism at the other two new churches in Kitwe" Sandy had become a Christian twenty years previously as a result of being a general worker for a missionary household. Although he had little formal education, he was a real hard worker and would walk for miles in order to share Christ with others. He was a gifted evangelist and church planter. Sandy did refresher training through our extension programme. There were at least fourteen churches in Copperbelt and Central provinces with which Sandy had assisted in the new church planting. A short one-week residential course for church leaders, which Sandy assisted in organizing, had ninety participants from forty-eight congregations and preaching points. There were one hundred and fifty-nine extension students in other programmes.

"You are under arrest!" said the two Zambian cops to Mary on her sixteenth birthday. The cops came uninvited to her birthday party at our home and wanted to arrest Mary and the guests. They complained that the birthday party was without their permission. The cops had their own vehicle to take the young people off to their cells. In contrast, whenever thieves or bandits come to the house a phone call to the police station brings forth a normal response of "no transport".

"Come quickly! The situation is serious" was the message over the phone to Angela and me at a neighbour's house. "They want to put us in their vehicle and take us to the cells." Angela and I returned to the house and phoned for a lawyer to come fast. The Zambian police, with their guns and land rover departed.

"The British High Commissioner is coming to our house!" I informed Angela. With the British flag flying, the British High Commissioner made a personal visit with several other high-ranking British dignitaries to a get together at our house in Kitwe. The distinguishing sign for our house was the prominent sign outside identifying it as the "Church of Christ Mission". The High Commissioner helped us with specialized equipment, purchased out of his aid fund, for two deaf school projects in the Kitwe area. We purchased educational supplies for the deaf schools and gave an Easy to Read New Testament to every child.

We enlisted community organizations like Rotary in assisting the deaf. On one occasion, The British High Commissioner and Zambian Premier Kebbie Musokotwane came to the official handover of specialized equipment at a deaf school in Kitwe. Kebbie spoke to a huge crowd of his belief in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and that work of this kind was a necessary result of Christian faith. "This is a good example of mission work!" Kebbie said.

"Look at that village!" said Kim. "Isn't there a Church of Christ there?" Kim had accompanied me on a four-day trip deep into the African bush. We ate fish fresh from the lakes. One afternoon we went searching for Zambians who had got lost with a broken-down boat and whose wives asked for help.

As a result of Kim's vigilance, a congregation hitherto unknown to the others was discovered on the trip.

Zambia in 1988 was a time when we met elephants on the road in Zimbabwe after a preaching visit to Harare. It was a time when Mary saw baboons and monkeys in the wild as she accompanied me on visits to churches in southern province. Mary commented: "The baboons are enormous." It was a time when we went horse riding as a family through the bush area where the movie "Alan Quartermain and the Lost City of Gold" was filmed. It was fun to ride through various clusters of wild animals and occasional poachers. A major concern for me was to prevent my horse from rolling in the river! It was a time when both Mary and Kim broke Zambian swimming records. It was a time when eleven-year old Ian, our autistic son, enjoyed canoeing in Zambia with his family. It was a time when a survey showed substantial church growth in Zambia for Churches of Christ.

The number of congregations had grown from fifty in 1968 to one hundred and nineteen in 1978 to two hundred and sixty-two in 1988. There were five congregations in Zambia with an adult membership of one hundred or more. It was also a time when a survey for Congo showed four hundred and fifty-eight Churches of Christ. There were seventy-one congregations with one hundred or more members. Also, there were ninety-six self-supporting preachers working with these congregations and one hundred and seventeen meeting houses built and funded by the Africans [i.e. no mission money].

BOMB GOES OFF

"The track goes to the left here" directed Angela, as I drove our Peugeot pick up further and further into the African bush of Zambia's northern province. The Peugeot rattled on the corrugated track as though about to disintegrate. The vehicle lights were fading, the engine was making funny noises and failing, the windscreen wipers no longer worked, the fuel gauge was on empty and it was pitch black at night with the rain pouring. Then a second tyre burst - I managed to drive on the rim a few more miles to a friend's farm where we were able to spend the night and affect the necessary repairs the next day. We were able to visit the church near the farm and assist them with some good Bible tracts. This was another of our bush journeys to encourage the Christians. In northern province, there were fourteen congregations in our fellowship in 1989.

"We can't go to Mbala. There is cholera," it was the latest news from evangelist Abraham Kathumba as we planned another journey. The Zambian Ministry of Health declared Mbala, on the northern border of Zambia, a cholera infected area, with restrictions of movement to be enforced by the police. At least fifteen people had died of cholera. In the Mbala area, in 1989, there were eight congregations in our fellowship and Lyson Mtuta continued preaching the Gospel of Christ, cholera or otherwise.

"He is in prison for four months" was the explanation when I enquired about a church leader for one of the bush churches in Lambaland, to the west of Luanshya. The young African villager had been sent to prison for four months, without option of a fine, for allegedly stealing three pencil batteries from a store. This first offender had a receipt for three batteries but had six batteries in his possession. His explanation was that the sales lady had got the bill wrong, which included other items, offered to pay, which was reflected, and ended up in prison. His wife and children had no means of support while the husband was in prison and the small bush church was helping them.

"They killed the bandit!" reported Sandy Chisenga after a visit to an area west of Kalullshi where we were establishing a new church. Four bandits had attacked two whites in this bush area in an attempt to steal two vehicles. In the ensuing struggle the armed bandits were overpowered by the two whites and fifty Zambians who came to their assistance - all unarmed. The bandits were taken by surprise with the unexpected resistance. One bandit was so severely beaten that he died on arrival at the hospital and the others were handed over to the police.

"I am the chief and the district governor" stated the imposing African leader. We were able to discuss the expansion of Churches of Christ into his tribal area. The chief was particularly interested in meeting one of his tribesmen who had married a white lady - the couple attend a Church of Christ on the Copperbelt. On the day we met the chief a man and a woman were baptized into Christ at the nearby river. There were seven congregations and preaching points in the rural area concerned.

"Malaria is a killer!" commented Angela. According to Copperbelt member of Zambia's Central Committee, district councils in Zambia should compel all Copperbelt

residents to remove breeding and hiding places for mosquitoes in order to fight malaria. In 1988, eleven thousand two hundred and nineteen malaria patients were admitted to Kitwe Central Hospital and three hundred died. In addition, there were those suffering from malaria that did not go to Kitwe Central Hospital preferring other places for treatment including the witchdoctor. There had been no anti mosquito spraying in Kitwe since 1984 because of financial constraints. Kitwe was malaria free before independence. In the neighbouring town of Ndola, there were two hundred and eighty-five reported deaths from malaria in the first six months of 1989. Angela, Kim and I had been ill with malaria at different times. We had friends, black and white, who died of malaria and I had conducted the funerals.

"You can drink coca cola again," I was able to tell our children. Almost three years previously, the Zambian government banned the allocation of foreign exchange to soft drink manufacturers for the concentrates. This brought the manufacture of coca cola and pepsi-cola to a halt in Zambia. It meant two hundred workers out of employment for one manufacturer. In April 1989, the Zambian government permitted once again the manufacture of coca cola. We bought several crates to help us with refreshments in the heat for our many church visitors to our house in Kitwe.

"There are bandits. Take great care if you come to our area," advised Peter Muteba. A white had been attacked brutally by bandits in February 1989. The Copperbelt police flying squad, based in Ndola, ran into heavy gunfire as it pursued five bandits who had snatched a van in March 1989. The gangsters drove along the Ndola to Mufulira road and abandoned the vehicle near the Congo border. They had earlier shot one of the owners of the vehicle. There was an exchange of gunfire for two hours in the bush near the Congo border and the bandits did get reinforcements. Eventually, the bandits disappeared into the night. In 1989, there were nine Churches of Christ in Ndola and two churches in villages along the Ndola to Mufulira road. Only one of these churches existed in 1970.

"Kebbie Musokotwane is the new High Commissioner in Canada," was the latest news on our brother in Christ. President Kenneth Kaunda had replaced Kebbie Musokotwane as prime minister with General Malimba Masheke. Kebbie Musokotwane had been a very popular premier. General Masheke was sworn in as premier on March 17, 1989. In one of his last public speeches before departure, on the subject of the Christian family, Kebbie said that parents should not allow their children to grow "like wild mushrooms" without care and tending.

"There is rioting in Riverside!" was the urgent announcement over the CB in the early hours of the morning of April 6, 1989. Riverside was the area of Kitwe where we lived. On three occasions the Zambian paramilitary police put down the rioters with tear gas charges. The rioters erected their own road block and there was stoning of vehicles. The paramilitary sealed off one section of the township in order to contain the riot. Visitors to our house arrived with damaged cars.

"That was a bomb going off!" Angela said to me in the middle of the night on May 17, 1989. Her diagnosis was correct. The bomb blast exploded at the nearby house of a Zambian businessman and instantly killed a man in the bedroom. The businessman's wife in the same bedroom was unhurt in the explosion which ripped off the side wall. A baby asleep in the room was seriously injured. The bomb blast led to the arrest of the businessman and his associates on suspicion of murder. The family were well known to us. In fact, the Riverside Church of Christ engaged in regular door to door visitation of all households with the challenge of the Gospel of Christ.

"They were trying to steal our vehicle!" I said to Angela. We were not in Zambia! This was Zimbabwe and it was home from home. We had gone with old friends to an Indian restaurant in the centre of Harare. On leaving the restaurant, we disturbed the thieves. After preaching for the Arcadia church, with whom we have had close personal contacts over many years, we drove northwards to Zambia and stopped our vehicle, on one occasion, because of elephants on the road and on another, because of large numbers of monkeys on the road. The elephants seem very large at close quarters.

"Mayday! Mayday! We are trapped in the bedroom. There are armed bandits in the house. Please help us," was the message over the CB, waking us in the middle of the night. The distress call was from an Asian family living across the street from a Church of Christ meeting house in Kitwe. There was immediate response to the Mayday call and a security company, organized by a Scotsman, sent in an emergency squad. I went on the air to reassure and advise the family.

"A man has been shot dead!" was the next announcement over the CB from a young and frightened Asian boy. In the shoot-out with the bandits, a man suspected of being or assisting the bandits was shot dead. The prompt action probably saved the lives of the Asian family. There were many such incidents in 1989. Over one weekend in Kitwe there were three Mayday calls. On another occasion, the Pentecostal Bible College came under attack by armed bandits. The CB was a useful tool in combating crime and in some cases, staying alive.

"Mayday! Mayday! There are rioters throwing rocks at the shopping centre!" was our own message of warning on July 8, 1989. As a result of widespread price increases in Zambia, there had been rioting on the Copperbelt - looting of stores, stoning of vehicles and theft. Angela and our autistic son, twelve-year old Ian, visited the shopping centre near our home in Kitwe and were attacked with rocks being thrown at them. They left the scene rapidly in our Peugeot diesel pick up and fortunately were unhurt. Ian was very nimble on his feet at avoiding the rocks. The Zambian army and police moved quickly into the trouble spots and suppressed the unrest.

"Cancel your visit today" stated a church leader in Chingola, over the phone. "There is rioting and looting." Thirty-one people were detained in the Copperbelt town of Chingola in connection with the disturbances on Sunday, August 6, 1989, in which three people, including a three-year-old girl, were shot and wounded by the police. A state store was looted, a mine workers' union office was burned down and a police land

rover was set on fire during the rioting. Other vehicles were stoned. The rioters did not consider adequate a twelve per cent salary increase for mineworkers. Our visit that Sunday was cancelled. There were four Churches of Christ in Chingola and one congregation had been conducting an intensive home Bible study campaign. A Christian policeman was attacked and injured during the rioting.

"There is typhoid at Kaoma!" stated evangelist Raymond Limata in August 1989. The Kaoma Secondary School, used as meeting place by one of our largest congregations, had been quarantined for ten days following an outbreak of typhoid which had claimed two lives. Some staff and students were members of the congregation. There have been thirty conversions to Christ.

"The Zambian borders are closed" was the latest news in August 1989. We were on a visit to the French speaking island of Mauritius at the time and returned after the borders reopened. Zambia closed its borders while old bank notes were exchanged for new currency at the banks. The closure of the borders was intended to keep out of Zambia smugglers who had accumulated fortunes in old notes - rendered worthless after the reopening of the borders. Of course, smugglers may know how to smuggle themselves across closed borders.

"The banks were besieged with hundreds of people trying to exchange old money for new," said a friend, Jean Mclure, who met us upon our arrival in Lusaka. There were delays because banks had insufficient quantities of the new money. In the rural areas new money was late arriving and people had to travel long distances to reach a banking centre. Many workers were late getting paid because their employers had difficulty withdrawing money from the bank to pay them. Some businesses closed down over the ten-day changeover period because of payment and cash flow problems. Large amounts of money taken to the bank, more than a few hundred pounds, had fifty percent withheld in tax. The churches who had followed our advice and had bank accounts found their accounts automatically converted from old to new. We had no personal problems with the changeover as we used a bank account.

"On average, forty people are taken by crocodiles every year in Swaziland," stated the game ranger, in a serious voice. We were on a visit to meet our missionaries, Van Dyks and Figueredo's and other friends in Swaziland. On the Sunday I preached at the multiracial Manzini Church of Christ. There was a Greek man at the services who had become a Christian. We had many Greek friends in Zambia but very few had been interested in becoming a disciple of Christ preferring a superficial interest in the ceremonial of churchianity. We were pleased that the Greek and some of his family had become committed Christians. In 1989, there were fifty Churches of Christ in Swaziland - the Switzerland of Africa with its beautiful mountains.

"Welcome to South Africa," said Ron Place at Jan Smuts airport in Johannesburg after finally clearing customs and immigration formalities. Zambia is in Central Africa quite close to the equator and not in South Africa, as some people sometimes think. We made our second trip to South Africa in twenty years in order to participate in the

lectureship at Southern Africa Bible School. It was September 1989 and we stayed with Ron and Sandy Place in Benoni, South Africa.

"It was in Swaziland that we fell in love," stated Ron. Ron is an Englishman who met Sandy while working in Swaziland. They became Christians at Empangeni in South Africa and after ministerial training at Southern Africa Bible School. Ron became one of the evangelists at Benoni Church of Christ. Angela and I enjoyed having fellowship with Christian leaders from all over southern Africa. We spent time, for example, with Paul and Sharon Jones. Paul was born in Kitwe, Zambia - our home town- and now was preaching in the Venda area of South Africa. Two of the largest congregations in South Africa were Benoni in the Johannesburg area [mainly white - 350] and Athlone in Cape Town [mainly coloured - 250]

A World Bank survey on Congo found that: - Illegal gold exports were several times the official national production and massive ivory poaching and smuggling were rampant. The theft and smuggling of cobalt were primarily carried out by some of the country's most powerful individuals- About half of Congolese coffee production was smuggled out. Congo has not been an easy environment in which to operate.

Our emphasis had been to teach that Jesus Christ is Lord and encourage those who became Christians to form indigenous congregations. In 1989, the latest Congo survey had shown, for Churches of Christ, four hundred and fifty-eight congregations and forty-nine thousand four hundred and sixty-four active Christians. The major thrust in leadership development had resulted in self-financed congregations with elders, preachers and church buildings. At the close of 1989, good things were happening for Churches of Christ in Zambia, Congo, Zimbabwe, Swaziland and South Africa.

COUP IN ZAMBIA

"There have been six deaths from cholera in Kitwe," commented evangelist Sandy Chisenga in March 1990. "Also, nineteen confirmed and forty-five suspected cases have been reported. "Without high standards of water supply and sanitation, there had been outbreaks of cholera in Zambia's capital of Lusaka and On the Copperbelt in Kitwe. In our experience, the Kitwe water through our tap looked murky and smelt like sewage. Eight schools in Kitwe with poor sanitation were closed down.

Zambia was a one-party state participatory democracy.

However, the one-party consensus can break down. During a debate in April 1990 on the Constitution Amendment Bill backbenchers in the Zambian parliament said that Zambia is being ruled by "authoritarian and totalitarian policies" by the party's Central Committee which has "hijacked the country's powers and laws." The leadership, it was said, "has lost direction and failed to gauge the people's mood." On the other hand, Government supporters said the critics were "Opportunists." Some of the members of parliament belong to Churches of Christ.

Retirement benefits for former "State Leaders" and "Political Leaders" were provided for in bills passed by the National Assembly. Retired Presidents and Secretaries of State for Defence and Security will each be given a furnished house and office, three office staff, eight household servants, four vehicles and drivers, six security men and three secretaries. They will be entitled to four overseas trips a year and twelve within the country.

On the eve of Labour Day, President Kaunda forecast a reduction of the Zambian inflation rate to forty percent in 1990 and, falling by stages, to fifteen percent in 1993. The Zambian inflation rate was one hundred and twenty-two percent in 1989. At independence in 1964 Zambia was one of the richest countries in Africa. The average per capita growth since 1964, an average which includes the years of the grate copper boom, has been minus two point one per cent a year. The new Governor of the Bank of Zambia, a Canadian called Jacques Bussieres, said manufacturing and export licensing must be eased to cut delays and encourage investors. The former Governor was on trial for corruption. The trade union leader, Newstead Zimba, commented that Zambia should swallow its pride, scrap its currency of the kwacha and adopt a universally accepted currency such as sterling or the dollar.

The efficient National Parks and Wildlife Department in the Luangwa game park had confiscated two hundred and thirty-seven elephant tusks and eight hundred guns from poachers - most of them AK47s acquired from guerrilla movements with bases in Zambia but who operated against white rule further south and some of them were home-made weapons nicknamed [Cuban rifles]. It was the same weapons from the same sources that we were facing in use by armed bandits on the Copperbelt.

An inquest began in May 1990 into the death of a Zambian girl, Tabeth Mwanza, who had been shot in Lusaka. The man with the gun was allegedly Kambarage, a son of

President Kaunda, who had not been arrested or taken in custody at the time of the shooting. It was stated that Kambarage shot in self-defence.

Dr. Catherine Siandwazi, an FAO nutritionist, stated in June 1990 that data from the Zambian Prices and Incomes Commission indicated that a third of Zambia's almost eight million people lived below the poverty data line. A recent ILO survey showed one hundred thousand inner city dwellers as "very poor". An Oxfam report stated that the Zambian wage-earning classes had been pushed into destitution and starvation. Over half of all deaths in Zambia were of children under ten and those from malnutrition, the major cause, doubled over eight years. The Zambian Sunday Times claimed, in a survey, that three out of four shoplifters in Lusaka were women, and many of the rest were children who said that they had been sent out stealing by their mothers.

"The price of mealie meal has doubled!" was the news on June 19, 1990 that circulated like wild fire. Mealie meal is the staple foodstuff for Zambians. For a middle-income Zambian office worker, the cost of mealie meal for a family of six would take half his monthly salary and most of the people are far poorer. This was followed on June 25 by three days of riots. Clashes with armed police began when about two thousand demonstrators were stopped from marching on State House in Lusaka, the residence of President Kaunda.

A policeman was stoned to death in Lusaka, the capital. The rioters barricaded arterial roads, set cars alight and looted hundreds of stores, often Asian owned, and supermarkets in Lusaka. Rioters knocked down walls to erect barricades across the roads and shouted insults at the police and against President Kaunda. "Kaunda must go!" and "Castrate Kaunda" were favourite slogans. At least two police stations were attacked. Amongst the buildings destroyed in the rioting was President Kaunda's former home in Chilenje, a national monument two miles away from State House. He conducted the freedom struggle from the Chilenje house before independence in 1964.

The security forces used first tear gas and then live ammunition. In fighting with the security forces, twenty-four rioters, including a girl aged three, were shot dead, others were beaten up, one hundred and fifty needed hospital treatment for gunshot wounds, cuts from flying glass and fractures from police and army batons and rifle butts and over one thousand arrested, aged from thirteen upwards to appear before the courts. Questioned about the use of live ammunition, Zambian security minister, Alex Shapi, stated, "If the rioters want to kill themselves, let them go ahead." The streets were littered with broken glass and bricks. A housebound curfew went into effect from six p.m. to six a.m. daily. President Kaunda cut short his holiday in the Luangwa valley and returned to Lusaka. President Nujoma of Namibia arrived in Lusaka for talks with President Kaunda and was taken from the airport to State House by helicopter because of barricaded roads.

With the rioters pushed back into the townships by the security forces, President Kaunda toured the capital on June 28, 1990 and inspected the damage. He announced

that a date would be set for a referendum on whether Zambia should return to a multi-party democracy which had ended in 1972. The date was eventually set for August 1991. The curfew was lifted. In the central shopping area of Cairo Road, President Kaunda met shopkeepers, mostly Asian, who were standing in the broken glass in front of their looted stores. The anti-burglar bars on the stores had not stopped the looters.

President Kaunda told the shopkeepers, "The security forces cannot be everywhere at once. It is up to you." This encouraged the armed vigilantes, mainly Asian, who had been going after the looters from June 26 onwards. A young Asian nicknamed "Flying Squad" Patel is a member of the anti-robbery squad, a volunteer organization loosely attached to the police. He is one of a number of Rambo's operating in Lusaka before, during and after the riots.

"Kaunda is out! Kaunda Walala. There has been a coup!" was the word rapidly circulating on the bush telegraph on June 30. In Mutendere township of Lusaka residents were woken up at 3 a.m. by soldiers driving through the compound, firing their guns and shouting "Kaunda Walala." At 3.30 a.m. a Zambian lieutenant, Mwamba Luchembe, broadcast for three hours over Radio Zambia, with the announcement of a military coup against Kaunda. Zambian television announcer, Constance Chisonta, was repeating the same statement on Television Zambia. By 8 a.m. thousands of Zambians had turned out in the streets to celebrate, dance, whistle, cheer, wave the two fingered salute for multi-party democracy and chant "Kaunda Walala" - However, he had not!

Secretary General of the ruling party, Grey Zulu, went on radio and television to state the coup attempt was over and was the work of a single "undisciplined officer" Luchembe was in custody. Subsequently, there were four further arrests of plotters. Later in the day President Kaunda appeared at the Ndola trade fair. He told the crowd, "Those who rise by the sword shall perish by the sword" and mopped his brow with his customary white handkerchief. Then he sang "The Lord is my Shepherd" in the African language of Bemba.

On July 1, President Kaunda reshuffled Zambia's top military leadership. The armed personnel carriers were withdrawn from the grounds of the mass media complex base of Luchembe's broadcasts. A correspondent in the letters column of the Zambian "Sunday Mail" asked "For how long are we going to tighten our belts? Are we not going to break our spinal cords?" After the weekend, on July 2, life seemed to go back to usual with President Kaunda still in State House.

Edward Shamwana and three associates imprisoned for a coup plot in 1980, former army commander Christon Tembo and three officers on trial for treason and Llwamba Luchembe, the man in the coup of June 30 1990; all of them were pardoned by President Kaunda on July 26. President Kaunda said that he would speak to each one of them. He wanted to found out what they want to do in life. Also, he ended the curfew in Lusaka. Also included in the amnesty were over one thousand arrested rioters.

The Christian teachings of forgiveness and reconciliation were being put into practice.

Shamwana and his three colleagues were on death row and then had their sentence commuted to life imprisonment by President Kaunda. On July 30, after ten years in prison, they were released in a ceremony at State House. One of his colleagues was a Congolese, Deogratias Symba. Afterwards, Shamwana spoke of torture while in detention and of pains in his knees from sleeping on cold concrete in prison. He stated that he believed in peaceful change in Zambia and that he took part in a coup plot because he could see no other way of "changing things."

British nurse, Daphne Parish, was arrested in Iraq in September 1989 with the journalist, Farzad Bazoft, for alleged spying on a chemical plant. Bazoft was later executed. Parrish was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. As a result of President Kaunda's intervention, Daphne Parish was released by Iraq in July 1990 and flown to Lusaka in Zambia where she spent the night at President Kaunda's residence before returning to England. In his action, President Kaunda was demonstrating his Christian concern for a person in need. He was a good Samaritan.

Iraq invaded Kuwait and President Kaunda tried to intervene again with Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein. In August 1990, President Kaunda stated, from State House in Lusaka, concerning his initiative, "I am looking to the good Lord in hope it will succeed. I am praying that a way can be found of Iraq withdrawing from Kuwait. We are hoping that the Lord can help us deal with this tricky situation which could lead to World War Three." President Kaunda was one who spoke publicly of his faith in God. It was his faith in God which, as he saw it, influenced his international diplomacy. The African preacher influenced his son, Kenneth, who became president of Zambia.

Our family in 1990 was two parents in their forties and three teenage children. Our teenagers had grown up with Zambia as their home. The eldest, Mary, holds a green card as a Zambian born citizen. In mid-1990, it became clear that our time in Zambia was over and we would be beginning again in a new country. The leaving from a country and people we love has not been easy. Zambia has been our life.

A 1990 survey showed in Zambia four hundred and forty Churches of Christ from all groupings and areas, with an active adult membership of twenty-four thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine. Many of these congregations were self-financing and had their own elders, preachers and church buildings. In Zambia we taught that Jesus is Lord and encouraged those who became Christians to form indigenous congregations. As the sun sets on our time in Zambia, the Christians in Zambia say to us, "The Churches of Christ salute you." [Rom: 16:16]

CONCLUSION

"You are a Zambian in every way but birth" said a Zambian friend of many years. As a family we loved Zambia and it had been our home for almost two decades. We had seen thousands come to Christ and many Churches of Christ had been formed. It was time for us to move on to another field and we left them as independent self-governing, self-financing churches with their own leaders and preachers responsible to the Lord alone.

Kenneth Kaunda stepped down as Zambia's President on November 2, 1991. The son of a Presbyterian preacher, Kenneth Kaunda and his party had held uninterrupted power since 1964. In late 1990 President Kaunda agreed to the reintroduction of multiparty democracy in Zambia. Frederick Chiluba and his opposition party won with a landslide victory of about eighty percent of the vote. The prayers of Christians for a peaceful transition had been answered.

"You have some very young workers on your team" said President Kaunda to me and our family when we were his guests for a dinner at his home called State House. I had personal contact with President Chiluba when he was a trade union leader. Chiluba underwent a religious conversion from Marxism to Christianity when Kaunda had Chiluba in prison and we were active in circulating Christian tracts in the prisons.

Mufulira is a Zambian border town with Congo. In 1992 we visited the congregations in Mufulira but our visits to Congolese congregations were brought to an abrupt halt by Congolese militia ambushing and stealing vehicles on the road. We met Congolese church leaders who assured us that churches across Congo were continuing to operate despite the difficulties.

Churches of Christ in Zambia and Congo continue to multiply and grow. It is estimated for 2017 that in Zambia and Congo there were two thousand congregations with a combined attendance of more than one hundred and ninety thousand. It is evident that there are many Christians in Zambia and Congo who are enthusiastically sharing the Good News of Jesus with others and we say Praise the Lord! We are glad that we had the opportunity to be a small part of the story. **To God be the glory.**