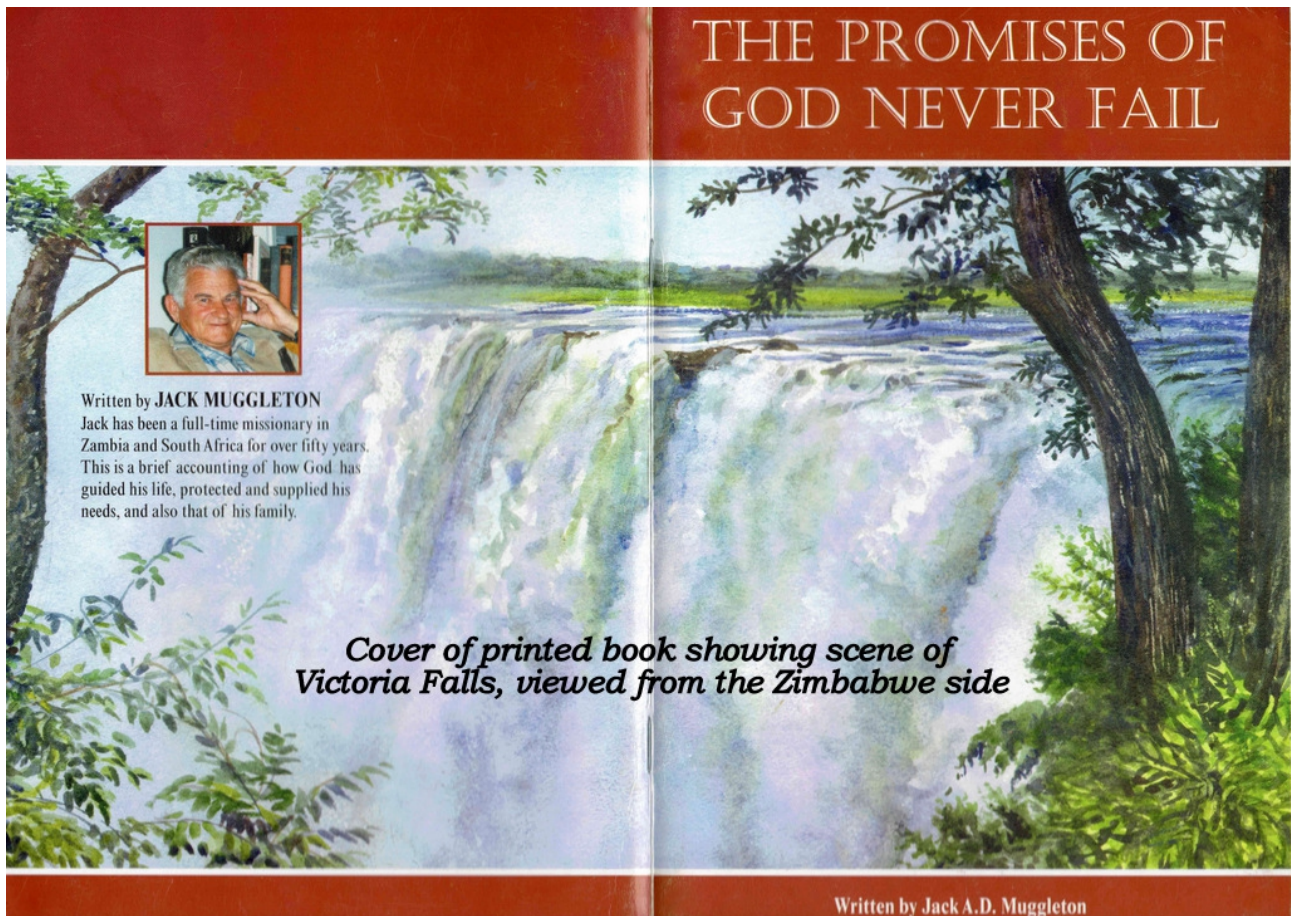


# THE PROMISES OF GOD NEVER FAIL

By Missionary  
**John Arthur Digby Muggleton**  
known as “Jack”

Illustrated by  
Ruth M. Winger



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## INTRODUCTION

In my early teens, I developed a healthy appetite for reading and my special interest at that time was in the writings of valiant explorers. It was not surprising, therefore, that I soon became familiar with the exploits of Dr. David Livingstone, who became my boyhood hero. His initials became my motto. "D.L." to me stood for "Do Likewise!"

Now another David tells us in one of his lovely psalms that God knew all about his comings and goings long before he was even born. I am convinced that this applies also to you and me, dear reader. Were not our aptitudes, our likes and dislikes, fashioned by His loving and skillful hands?

Looking back over my life as a missionary, I see how, time and again, I have inadvertently followed in David Livingstone's footsteps, both literally, though on a much lower level, and in many respects with comparative comfort and ease.

Now that I am approaching my 88th birthday, and in compliance with many requests, I feel constrained to record how God's promises have never failed to come to my aid and to that of the lovely family that God has given me. I think especially of the all-embracing promise of Romans chapter 8, verse 28: "We know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them that are called according to His purpose."

When David Livingstone was immersed in printing his first book in England, he made this remark, "I'd rather cross Africa from east to west than write another book." I'm afraid I am beginning to feel the same way!

Solomon once said, "Of the making of books there is no end." So why add another? Well, I know there are far better book writers around, but their books would not likely get into the hands of the particular audience I have in mind; which consists mainly of my family, friends, and acquaintances.

Moreover, the promises I quote all have been proven again and again, experientially, by my family and myself.

May the reading of this booklet prove both enjoyable and profitable to you, dear reader, this is our prayer.

# **1. MY PRECARIOUS BIRTH AND BOYHOOD HEROES**

## CHAPTER 1

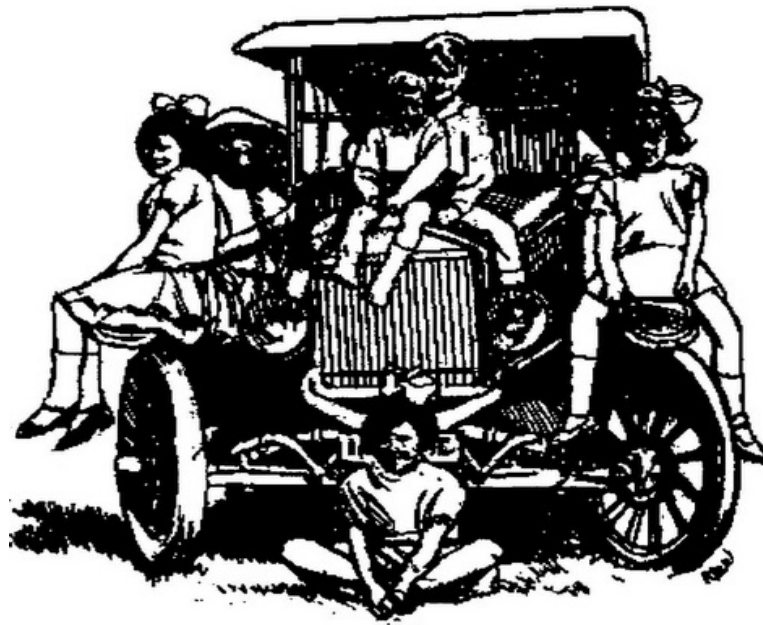
World War I was slowly drawing to an end when I made my first appearance on planet Earth. It was a cold, wintery day on May 13th, 1918, in East London, South Africa. I was the seventh of a family of ten children. My eldest sister, Constance, related to me that there was no doctor present. The midwife in attendance thought that I was stillborn, as I had made no sound. I was born with a caul, or facial membrane. She laid me aside and went on attending to my mother. Then the midwife saw a slight movement of one of my limbs, she corrected her mistake ... and my life was spared.



***My mother, born Mary Connock***

I was given the names of my two uncles, who were in the Allied Forces at that time, namely John and Arthur Connock, to which was added a third name - Digby. My father, William James Muggleton, died when I was only four years of age. Consequently, my memory of him is vague. We were plunged into poverty. With her large family and a small pension, my mother was obliged to give up her home in East London. Her father, Robert Connock, graciously opened his home to us. He owned a hotel at Tylden, on the banks of the Kei River, in the Transkei, also the homeland of the Xhosa tribe. I vaguely remember clambering into a horse-drawn cab. It was a very wet day. At the railway station, we found our coach, and the next thing I remember is our

arrival at Tylden station, some 40 kilometres from Queenstown, in the Eastern Cape. In spite of our poverty at the time, I really enjoyed the ten years I spent at Tylden village. I loved the outdoor life, wandering amongst the hills, and up and down the lovely Kei River in which we fished and swam. I also got to know the Xhosa people and their 'clicky' language. They taught me survival tactics. What berries and roots were edible, what inner barks to chew when the water supply failed, and a host of other useful skills that came in so handy in life on the mission field.



***Sitting on my Aunt Maude's new car at Tylden, with my sisters and younger brother***

As I entered my teen years, the school at Tylden could take me no further. An aunt of mine in Adelaide in the Cape, offered to take me in as a boarder so that I could continue my schooling. The Lord gave me a good brain but I did not relish indoor studying. It was during the Great Depression of the early 1930's. Employment was difficult to obtain. Unexpectedly, and three months before I was to sit the matriculation exam at Adelaide High School, I was offered a position of employment in the Post and Telegraph Department in East London. I felt I had no option but to accept the offer, though it could mean foregoing the certificate. My aunt Maud at Tylden promised me a gold watch if I wrote the exam in East London and passed. With God's help, I scraped through and got my watch. More important than these things by far, is the fact that it was shortly after moving from Adelaide to East London, that I came to know our blessed Lord Jesus as my Lord and Saviour. I was 18 years of age. You may wonder why I did not come to know the Saviour sooner. Let me explain. You see, my father was of Irish decent and a

nominal Catholic. My mother was English and a nominal Protestant. According to the rules of the Roman Catholic church, the children of such a mixed marriage should be brought up as Catholics. As a child, I had no choice in the matter and became a nominal Catholic. As far as spiritual matters were concerned at that time, I was completely in the dark; nevertheless, I had a great regard for the Holy Bible and wanted to read it from cover to cover. I asked the priest, who visited Tylden once a quarter, for a copy thereof. He replied rather evasively, "My son, you will not understand the Bible, but I will give you the milk of the Word." Well, that didn't satisfy me at all. I wanted to read the Bible on a daily basis, not just hear it once a quarter. So, being somewhat Irish, I was determined to milk my own cow! I collected my pennies and bought a small Bible for one shilling. Now the priest was correct about my inability to understand much of the Bible, at the age of eight years, but nevertheless, the Holy Spirit was not idle. I became acutely conscious of my own wickedness and lost condition, and in a rather hesitant and inappropriate way I prayed to God; I received some surprising and amazing answers.

About this time I became acquainted with some of David Livingstone's exploits in Central Africa. They fascinated me, and he became my boyhood hero. I tried to imitate him by improvising a slug water bottle and, with my sling (catapult) and staff, began exploring the hills and rivers far and wide. It was rewarding! Often my only companion was a fine Collie dog, belonging to our neighbour. I discovered several caves once inhabited by Bushmen with paintings on the walls some 150 years old or older! They were still clearly visible. Later on, when a German lady professor researching Bushman paintings came, I was able to show her specimens along the Kei River. Incidentally, the Bushmen, though few in number today, like to be known as the "San" people or by their other tribal names. Looking back, I can now see that I was being coached to follow in the footsteps of my chosen hero, yet on a much lower and lesser plan. By way of implementation, allow me to pick out at random certain incidents where our lives seemed to cross. They are not chronologically given, but occurred between the years of 1952 and 1967.

Very near the wonderful Victoria Falls, on the Zambian side, there is a small town which was named after David Livingstone. In this town, one day, I came across the Livingstonian Museum where several letters were displayed, written by the great explorer himself. They were dated in the 1850's and 1860's and still clearly legible and I took great interest, especially in those referring to his trip up the Zambezi in an African dugout canoe. At one occasion he reached the confluence of the Kabompo River, which is a major tributary of the Zambezi. At that time a sandbank out into the Zambezi was obscuring its size somewhat, so that the Kabompo appeared to be the mainstream. They paddled up the Kabompo some 15 km until they came to a

cataract. Here it became obvious that it was not the mainstream after all. Returning to the Zambezi, they took the other branch and came to a large village. There Livingstone learned that the people that crowded around them upon landing were Luvalas by tribe, so he christened the village Balovale, (i.e. “of the Lovales”). The name stuck for 130 years and was only changed to Zambezi at about the year 2000, named after the river.



***David Livingstone***

When we arrived in Balovale for the first time, we were told that it was exactly 100 years after Livingstone had arrived, as related above, and that there was a living link in the village. She had an interesting story to tell of Dr. Livingstone. She was only 6 years of age when this remarkable event took place. She was told how a “white” man had arrived, and she didn’t believe it. In her mind, all people were black. She hurried down to the riverside to see for herself. A large number of Luvalas had already gathered around Livingstone, and she had to crawl among their feet to get a glimpse of him. All she could see were his boots and trousers, and they were black! That convinced this little one that Livingstone was just as black as she and her parents were. The Lord granted this little girl a very long life so that when we arrived in Balovale in 1952, she was about 106 years of age - the living link between Livingstone and ourselves. She went to glory soon after, a true believer.

This magnificent statue of Dr. Livingstone overlooks the great Victoria Falls.

Our six-year-old daughter, Grace, thought she would imitate his stance. Some 20 years later she returned to Zambia to serve a five-year term on the mission field with her husband, Gerald Cressman, and their children.



***Grace at the Livingstone statue, Victoria Falls***

David Livingstone always carried a sextant and made good use of it to plot his position, consequently his maps were as accurate as circumstances would permit. The Royal Geographical Society greatly appreciated his labours, and awarded him the honour of becoming a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society (FRGS). He had filled in what had been in those days, vast blank spaces on the map of Africa. Not many people can boast two graves. Livingstone's heart is buried near Chitambo village in northern Zambia, where he died on his knees in the early hours of May 1st, 1873. His faithful followers buried his heart under a tree, and after wrapping the rest of his body in many yards of linen, they carried it to Dar es Salaam, through over 1,000 miles of hostile country. There it was put on a British man-of-war ship and brought to London, United Kingdom. He was given a full state funeral and buried in Westminster Abbey. Here a large black stone slab, in the middle of one of the aisles, marks the spot of his tomb. On this, these words are engraved as shown.

**BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS  
OVER LAND AND SEA  
HERE RESTS  
DAVID LIVINGSTONE,  
MISSIONARY,  
TRAVELLER,  
PHILANTHROPIST,  
BORN MARCH 19, 1813,  
AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE,  
DIED MAY 1, 1873,  
AT CHITAMBO'S VILLAGE, ULALA**

**"OTHER SHEEP I HAVE WHICH ARE NOT OF THIS FOLD  
THEM ALSO I MUST BRING, AND THEY SHALL HEAR MY VOICE."**

**FOR 30 YEARS HIS LIFE WAS SPENT  
IN AN UNWEARIED EFFORT  
TO EVANGELIZE THE NATIVE RACES,  
TO EXPLORE THE UNDISCOVERED SECRETS,  
TO ABOLISH THE DESOLATING SLAVE TRADE,  
OF CENTRAL AFRICA,  
WHERE WITH HIS LAST WORDS HE WROTE,  
"ALL I CAN ADD IN MY SOLITUDE IS,  
MAY HEAVEN'S RICH BLESSING COME DOWN  
ON EVERYONE, AMERICAN, ENGLISH OR TURK,  
WHO WILL HELP TO HEAL  
THIS OPEN SORE OF THE WORLD."**

**"TANTUS AMOR VERI, NIHIL EST QUOD NOSCERE MALIM,  
QUAM FLUVII CAUSAS PER SAECULA TANTA LATENTES."**

*Taken from Livingstone's tombstone, in Westminster Abbey, London*

I have visited both of these graves over the years, and one day, while I was reading the inscription on the above, in Westminster Abbey, the friendly curator of the abbey approached me. He expressed surprise that so many visitors showed more interest in the black slab than the many more ornate graves in the abbey. He told me how four Africans had visited the abbey

about two weeks earlier. They paid scant notice to the graves of kings and generals, but when they found this black slab, they stood around it and wept. He asked them why they were weeping, and they said, "Sir, we are from Zambia. Our grandparents told us about Monali (their name for Livingstone, which means "light-bearer"), who spent years teaching us about Jesus, and healing many sick folk. He risked his life in setting slaves free. What they failed to tell us and what we now see with amazement was what he gave up to live with us in our poverty; to share our bitter lot at the time. We don't understand. Monali was a great friend of Africans." I could not help being reminded of One Who was infinitely greater, Who gave up infinitely more than Monali, to save Africa!



***With Bible students at Livingstone's monument, Zambia***

David Livingstone married the daughter of another great missionary, namely Robert Moffat of Kuruman. Her name was Mary, and she bore him several children. When the time came for them to get a good education, she took them back to Scotland where they set up a home in Hamilton. This proved to be providential, for it was in that neighbourhood that the Amot family lived, and the children of the two families soon became good friends. Mrs. Livingstone had a number of interesting relics from Africa, and from time to time she received letters from her dear husband in Africa, from which she would read extracts to the Amot children. One of them was a lad of only four years, named Frederick. He had heard David Livingstone give a lecture at their local school, and he was greatly impressed. Soon after that Livingstone returned to Africa, and in a letter to Mary he mentioned the terrible slave trade. When she read the letter to the children, little Frederick resolved that he would go out and "help that good man in his work in Africa". When asked by his sister how he would get there, he said, "If no-one sends me, I will swim." Frederick did not have to swim. He was commended to the work by Brethren in Glasgow and arrived by ship in Durban in 1881, only 8 years after

David Livingstone was called Home. Frederick was about 23 years of age and soon made his way inland by ox-wagon. On the 23rd of December 1881, he arrived in Potchefstroom. He headed north again, and arrived at the Zambezi River on the 14th of August, 1882. Here he hired an African dugout canoe. Paddling upstream, Amot eventually arrived at Barotseland, Lealui, where King Liwanika welcomed him. The king remembered his fore-runner, David Livingstone, and allowed Frederick to run a school, preach and teach in his capital. His own children were among Amot's first students. Some years later the Coillards, missionaries with the Paris Evangelical Mission, sought permission to locate in Barotseland. Frederick was helpful in obtaining it for them. Their arrival, in due course, enabled Frederick to move upstream to Balovale and beyond, following in the footsteps of Livingstone. He pioneered mission stations in a broad belt, from the Angolan coast to deep into Zaire and Zambia. He was also instrumental in bringing out many missionaries from the U.K. to run them. Then his sons followed in his footsteps. We were privileged to meet two of them, and obtained valuable firsthand information of early events in what they called the "Beloved Strip".

All this would never have taken place, had it not been for a life-changing event which occurred on February 21st, 1937. Here my life took on a new dimension. This event will be taken up in the next chapter.

## **2. MY CONVERSION AND WAR YEARS**

### CHAPTER 2

I was eighteen years old when the most important event in my life took place. It was the day on which our Gracious Lord saved my soul. I appreciated good singing, especially male-voice quartets. No doubt the Lord put the appreciation in my heart. When a small band of missionaries from the United States of America visited South Africa en route to Korea, and conducted a campaign in East London in 1937, I got to hear about it and attended a meeting they organized for the 21st of February. It was an evening meeting in the Baptist Church in East London. It was well attended and the singing was excellent. Rev. John Thomas, the leader of the group and the oldest member, gave a Gospel message. I have to admit I cannot remember a word of his message, but when he had finished, he turned and asked a middle-aged woman on the stage to give a testimony on how she had been saved. She spoke clearly and with conviction. Among other things, she said, "I was saved through an open invitation given by Jesus Christ in a synagogue in Capernaum many years ago. He just said, 'He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' He laid down no condition except that we come. It was an open invitation He offered, which I accepted. I came to Him as a sinner, and He saved me."

I looked at the woman and could see nothing very special about her. In fact, she was rather plain. Then it occurred to me, if Jesus Christ accepts and saves sinners just like that, then there's still hope for me. Before the meeting concluded, the preacher invited those who wanted to accept the Lord's open invitation, to come to the front of the church for prayer. I felt it was now or never, and grace was given me to go forward. Strange to say, I felt nothing had happened in the church; but when I knelt by my bedside that same night and thanked the Lord, my hitherto darkened being was suddenly illuminated and I was overwhelmed with joy and peace, I was given the assurance that I, there and then, possessed eternal life. I was born again! Praise the Lord!



### ***Bicycle transport***

The Great world-wide Depression of the early 1930's apparently created in Germany an irresistible determination to recapture her former wealth and greatness. The situation demanded a strong leadership; a dictator! They imagined they had found the ideal leader in Adolf Hitler, and because he was not resolutely opposed early in his mad ambition of world conquest, he plunged the world into a second world war, more costly and devastating than the first. Like many thousands of fellow South Africans, I was called up; or rather, volunteered to oppose the Bavarian corporal and his Nazi fanatics. We had no idea how long it would take, but felt we had no other option. Before actual mobilization, the Lord brought me in touch with many fine older believers, most of whom are now with the Lord. Only He knows how much I owe to their prayer.



***With Grandpa Connock and my brother Robert, before leaving for duty  
in Egypt and World War II***

As a trained telegraphist I was immediately posted to the South African Signals Corps, and after further hurried training at Potchefstroom and near Cullinan, we embarked from Durban. Our troop ship, the Devonshire, was of medium size and we made it to the port of Mombassa, Kenya, without incident. From there, we went to a somewhat primitive camp called Gil-Gil, near Lake Naivasha, where we were acclimatized and put through intensive training. We were attached to the 1st South African Infantry Brigade. Our Brigadier was Dan Pienaar D.S.O., who was much respected and an artillery expert. His untimely death in a plane accident, later in 1942, was felt as a personal loss to the 1st Division, which he then commanded. The safety and comfort of his troops had always been his first concern.

We signallers were not normally expected to engage in actual fighting. Our duty was to keep the lines of communication open and operating at all times. Only if the enemy came through the forward lines, were we called upon to destroy our codes and radios and engage in fighting. But this, praise God, never happened in our sector. Psalm 91 was a great encouragement to us, and was called the soldiers' psalm. Literally, we saw thousands perish on either side, yet not one bullet or piece of shrapnel hit me.



### ***Bombed by Stuka airplane***

On one occasion we were caught on the move by a squadron of Stuka planes. I was near an anti-aircraft gun and the Stuka came screaming down. The A-A gun was its prime target. I saw the heavy bomb leave the plane. It leaped upward, somewhat, when the pilot released his lethal load and I counted off the seconds which could be my last on planet Earth. The explosion, which actually lifted me from the ground, was ear-splitting. Then I spotted a black object up against my army boot. I tried to lift it, but it was too hot to handle. It was a heavy chunk of the bomb that fell, and that morning I would have been a footless casualty, had the Lord not intervened! Yes, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." (Psalm 34 vs 7)

The enemy at that time in North Africa was comprised of troops from Italy and Germany. The German contingent was called the "Afrika Korps" and was lead by the redoubtable General, later Field Marshall, Erwin Rommel. Under his command, he had a remarkably well-trained and disciplined unit called the 90th Light Division. This division, supported by an armoured brigade, attacked the 5th South African Infantry Brigade at Sidi Rezegh, not far from Tobruk, on November 22nd, 1941. The battle was very one-sided as the 5th Brigade was heavily outnumbered and lacked tanks. We, in the 1st Brigade, were too far removed from the scene to be able to give timely support, although we made every effort to do so. The 5th Brigade was overrun and suffered heavy casualties. Many were taken as prisoners of war.

Two days later the same German formation attacked our brigade at another location, called Tiab el Essum. I had been reading in the book of Psalms,

from my pocket-sized Bible, which I carried with me whilst on service. I noticed that the endings of Psalm 60 and 108 were identical. They read, "Give us help from trouble, for vain is the help of man. Through God, we shall do valiantly; for He it is that shall tread down our enemies." It seemed a suitable prayer and promise for the occasion and I underlined it in my Bible.

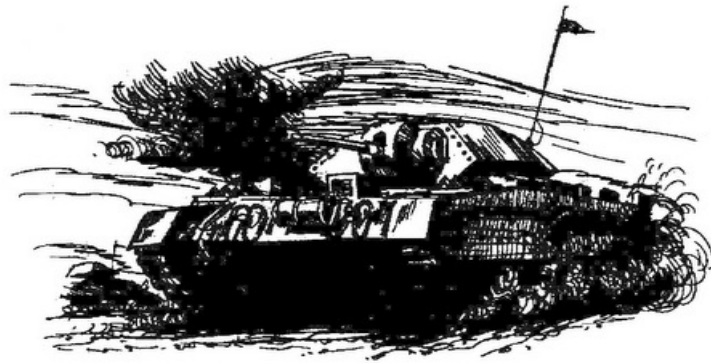
General Pienaar, D.S.O., sent around an urgent order, "Dig deep and stand firm!" The ground was very hard and my 'deep' trench was only three inches down when the shells came screeching. Our wireless van must have been a prime target, by the number of shells that came our way. One screeched over me, landed and exploded about 15 metres beyond. Later on, I dug out the percussion cap, and still have it as a memento of this battle. As I have already mentioned, Gen. Pienaar, D.S.O., was an expert with his artillery. Placing his three battalions, namely the Natal Carbineers, the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Rifles, and the Transvaal Scottish, in a large triangle, he brought all his guns into a smaller triangle in the midst. They were so placed as to be able to concentrate their fire on whichever side of the triangle the enemy attacked. His biggest concern was the fact that his supply of 25-pounder ammunition was very limited and could not be augmented. The initial shelling by German guns was heavy.

If my memory is correct, the first attack by the enemy came on the Transvaal Scottish side and was soon turned back by the concentrated and accurate fire of our 25-pounders. No doubt there were direct hits on two or three of Rommel's tanks. A second attack came on the side of the Natal Carbineers. It was equally unsuccessful and a third attack was soon in progress on the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Rifles.

Our ammunition was getting dangerously low and urgent prayer was made to our Lord for help to be sent on time. The burden of my prayer was for the more exposed artillerymen. Suddenly I became aware of another noise, above the roar of the battle, and, looking behind, I was dismayed to see a tank only 30 metres away. I imagined that they were German tanks and that our line had been penetrated. Because of the dust stirred up and cordite smoke of shells I could not make out the markings on the leading tank. Suddenly a head popped out of the turret and shouted, "Where is your headquarters?"

Not being sure whether the questioner was a friend or enemy, I hesitated. This annoyed the officer, and again he shouted, "There's no time to waste! Can't you see I'm British?" I then pointed to a small rise on the rather featureless and flat landscape, and off he went, followed by his squadron of

tanks. Later on, we were informed that this squadron of tanks was on patrol within hearing distance of the battle and decided to investigate. They arrived just in time, for our ammunition was practically depleted. Their commander immediately placed the squadron under our brigadier's command and he ordered them to deal with the enemy tanks, and we would handle the infantry and soft-skinned vehicles. And thus our Lord fulfilled His twice-repeated promise, "Through God we shall do valiantly; for He it is Who shall tread down our enemies." Surprised by the sudden arrival of armoured reinforcements on our side, the 90th Light Division withdrew, making a dash for it and we were spared the fate of our sister brigade.



### ***A tank advancing ...***

Our padre was Capt. Slatter, a very brave and gracious man. He told us that Brigadier Pienaar was tremendously impressed by our Lord's timely intervention. He asked him to arrange a thanksgiving service as soon as circumstances permitted. Furthermore, it was revealed to us that we had not suffered a single fatal casualty in spite of the heavy shelling! It was in the heat of this battle that I vowed to the Lord that I would enlist in the King of kings' army, if I ever came out of this war alive! And I knew it would be on the mission field.

Warfare in the Western Desert was fairly fluid and no decisive battles were fought in 1941. Towards the end of that year, the 8th Army constructed what was called the Gazala Line. It was made up of strong points, or boxes, with extensive mine-fields in between and mobile armour in the rear, in the case of a breakthrough. For several months the warfare was static. This state of affairs continued until early in June 1942 when Rommel, who seemed to be invincible, made a strong attack at the line.

The Gazala Line extended from the ocean to the impassable sea of sand in the south. At the southern-most end there was a fort called Bir Hacheim.

This was manned by the Free French. They were heavily outnumbered and out-gunned and on June 11th they were forced to withdraw. Gen. Ritchie, G.O.C. of the 8th Army, rushed his armour south to intercept and a fierce tank battle took place, which was called "the cauldron". By clever maneuvering and superior anti-tank equipment, Rommel was able to destroy many of our tanks. By Saturday the 13th of June, we were ordered to withdraw from Gazala Line and head for Tobruk. This meant negotiating a dangerous pass down the escarpment which was under attack by aircraft and heavy guns. Rommel was desperate to cut us off before we made use of this sole escape route. It was a race against time and was nicknamed the "Gazala Gallop"!



*A rough map of maneuvers*

The position became so serious that the G.O.C. Middle East, Gen. Claud Auchinleck, relieved Gen. Ritchie of his command and took over personal command of the 8th Army on the field. Another massive tank battle developed at a location called Knight's Bridge, when the forward elements of the 1st South African division reached the pass. The pass was already badly damaged, but our engineers worked wonders. Some of our vehicles and guns did not make it and rolled down the embankment with the loss of life. As our wireless vehicle reached the half-way mark going down the pass, I sent up an S.O.S. prayer, as we spotted a squadron of Italian fighter planes peeling off to machine-gun, or bomb us.

Unknown to us at the time, there was a squadron of much faster R.A.F. Hurricane fighters above. The Italian pilots must have spotted them for suddenly they changed course and flew out to sea across the Mediterranean in a vain attempt to escape. We saw them being shot down, one after the other, forming strange puddles of fire for a few minutes, then disappearing. It

was neither chance, nor by design that the Hurricanes were just in the right place at the right time to save us.

We were very tired and thirsty when we got to Cross-Roads, which is just on the outskirts of Tobruk. We were ordered to refuel and I had just lit a fire to boil water for an eagerly awaited cup of tea, when our officer gave us orders to pack up and move eastwards immediately. There was no time for tea-making. I was annoyed about this seemingly unnecessary haste. Later in the day I had reason to thank the Lord for it, for we had hardly reached the fence (Egyptian border), when the forward elements of Rommel's army cut the coastal road and made it very difficult for our troops to proceed further east. Many were taken prisoner, but some made a big detour and joined us at the fence, where a half-finished defensive line, from the sea to the Qattara depression, was in existence.

There was a dilapidated building, not much more than a hut, on the side of the railway line. This was El Alamein station. The name was destined to become world-famous later on. As to the defensive line, it was little more than a line of excavations, much of which had since filled in with desert sand. However, it was well placed where the impassable Qattara depression made it impossible for the enemy to flank us on the southern end of the line. The Mediterranean was, of course, our northern flank and it was conveniently close enough to form a kind of bottleneck. We had orders to hold this position at all costs for five days, by which time the Australian division stationed in Iraq, would come to our assistance. So they said; but actually it took the Aussies a few days longer to reach us. However, the Lord sent a strong desert wind called a "chamsin", which churned up a thick sandstorm, making aviation impossible and limiting the visibility and movement. With this timely help from above, we were able to hold out till the Australians arrived. But more about this in chapter 3.

### **3. THE BATTLE OF EL ALAMEIN**

#### **CHAPTER 3**

Two days after we had reached the fence at El Alamein, Tobruk fell and Rommel seemed invincible. He made an all-out attempt to reach Alexandria and the Delta, in spite of over-extended lines. I was attached at that time to the Transvaal Scottish regiment. In spite of the chamsin mentioned in chapter two, the Axis forces attacked in our sector of the line. Dark mobile blotches approached our line and we were ordered to go and investigate. Visibility was poor but we got close enough to hear voices, and they were German. The enemy was just as cautious as we were. Suddenly, to our relief, the leading tank made a U-turn and receded. The chamsin lasted two to three days, then subsided. Meanwhile, we dug in and awaited further attacks. We did not have to wait long.

Because of the close proximity of the enemy we could not use the wireless van, but had to rely on smaller pack-sets which we could operate in the slit trenches. The heavy grating sound of tanks betrayed their presence, even if they were unseen. I knew that one was approaching and was inquisitive to see it, so I popped my head out of my slit trench.



***I popped my head out of the trench ...***

What I did not know, was the fact that an anti-tank crew had pulled up their gun just behind me and were about to fire. "Get your head down!" shouted the sergeant in charge. At the same time, he fired and the concussion of the shell thrust my head violently against the side of the trench. Satan whispered in my ear, "You'll never get out of this mess alive!" Suddenly, two verses flashed through my mind. They are found in Psalms 118 vs 17 and 116 vs 18 & 19. They read as follows: "I shall not die but live, and declare the words of the Lord," and "I will pay my vows unto the Lord in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem." I knew at that moment that I would survive the war and be allowed to visit the Holy Land. I realized too, how vital it is for a Christian to store his mind with suitable Scripture verses, in particular, from the Psalms, which I loved reading. The shell that missed my head by inches must have hit the oncoming tank, for it turned at once and made for their own lines.

Shortly after this, we received a parcel of light literature from South Africa. I picked out a book by a Mrs. Craik, entitled "The Noble Life". The two prominent characters in this book were named "Alexander" and "Montgomerie". This did not interest me much at the time. What was of a great concern to the 8th Army as a whole, was the repeated failure of our generals to match or defeat Rommel, who had become a legend and seemed irrepressible - especially in tank battles. We were only a dozen or so believers, who met for prayer whenever circumstances permitted, and naturally, this problem came up from time to time. We also knew that Prime Minister Churchill was deeply concerned and had called for a top-profile meeting in Cairo to discuss the issue. Field Marshall Smuts was one of those who gathered there. We made it an urgent matter of prayer that the right commanding officers be chosen. At the meeting in Cairo, it was decided to relieve Gen. Auchinleck of his command and replace him with General Alexander; also to give the command of the 8th Army to General Gott, an expert in tank warfare. He was reluctant to take over this command, but was persuaded to do so. However, it was not to be, for as he was flying to Cairo from the front, his plane was intercepted by an enemy fighter and shot down. He lost his life. As a second choice, General Bernard Montgomery was asked to become commanding officer of the 8th Army. Although his name is spelt slightly differently, I told the prayer group about my book and the characters therein, and we took it as a sign that the right generals had been chosen for the Middle East Command and the 8th Army. It inspired us much to keep on praying.

Gen. Montgomery was the son of a clergyman in England and of Irish decent. He was a believer in prayer and asked his men to pray to the Lord of Battles to give us the victory, which we certainly did. It is claimed that he carried two books with him always, his Bible and Pilgrim's Progress. He did

not smoke or drink liquor, nor would he tolerate foul language in his presence. He insisted that all officers keep fit and go out on route marches. At times, this made him unpopular in some circles.



***Generals Alexander and Montgomery***

Not long after Montgomery's appointment as the commanding officer of the 8th Army, Rommel launched a strong attack on the El Alamein line. Doubtless, the attack was the brain-child of Corporal Adolf Hitler and not of Rommel himself. His forces seemed to be having some success but it was a trap and soon they were in a very unhealthy position, and were forced to retreat with heavy losses. At last the legend of his invincibility was broken and a new spirit seemed to possess the 8th Army.

After this abortive attack by Rommel, Gen. Montgomery felt it was an opportune moment to give batches of his men leave to visit Cairo or Alexandria for a few days. My turn eventually came on September 11th, 1942. El Alamein is only some 40 miles from Alexandria. We travelled in a troop-carrier which took us to Mohammed Ali Square in central Alexandria. The British and Foreign Bible Society had a depot not far from there and I knew Mr. Kass, the manager, very well. He supplied me with Gospels, Bibles and hymnals, and was pleased to see me again. I had not yet made up my mind whether to spend the precious days in Alexandria or Cairo. Brother Kass strongly recommended Alexandria. Just then a man entered the depot. He was the principal of St. Andrews boarding school in Alexandria. He helped me to make up my mind by offering to put me up in his flat on the top of the boarding school. It was a delightful and spacious flat, and what a wonderful break this proved to be from the dusty desert, coming just before

the big push - the battle of El Alamein.

The principal's name was Mr. Troup. He was a fine preacher and an excellent musician. Troops and others used to often gather at his flat for Bible studies and sing-songs. Mr. Troup invited another soldier to share the comfort of his home. He was also a believer. Then one afternoon he introduced us to a Jewish convert who had been driven from his home because of his faith in Jesus as the Messiah. His name was David Levy. He remained a firm believer and eventually won his mother over to the faith. He became a full-time worker among Jewish folk, firstly in South Africa and later on in the U.S.A. We were introduced to several other fine believers in Alexandria, of various nationalities, but all one in Christ Jesus. When I had to return to El Alamein, my friend and I gave Mr. Troup a pair of fleece-lined slippers and inserted this verse from Isaiah 52: "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings ... thy God reigneth!" Those six days with brother Troup and believers were like heaven on earth and strengthened my faith for the ordeal lying ahead. This is the fellowship of the saints, and refreshing.

We noticed squadrons of new American tanks on our way back to the front. They were Shermans and we noted with satisfaction that they mounted guns as good, if not superior to the guns on enemy tanks. In earlier tank battles ours were out-gunned and this had given the enemy an advantage which they would no longer enjoy. The politicians in the U.K., U.S.A. and Russia put a great deal of pressure on Gen. Montgomery to launch his attack in September. With far better knowledge of the situation on the ground, he stubbornly refused to make a move until he felt the 8th Army, augmented by new units, was acclimatized and ready. Gen. Alexander stood by him 100% and both came in for some harsh criticism. Unlike some commanding officers, "Monty", as he was affectionately referred to in the army, took his troops into his confidence, and told them honestly what the situation was, what he expected of them, and what their objectives would be. Some thought this would be useful information to the enemy if leaked out, but this did not seem to bother Monty. His order of the day on the eve of the battle of El Alamein was concluded with these words, "Let us all pray that the 'Lord Mighty in Battle' will give us the victory." Dated 23rd October 1942, signed Lt.-Gen. B.L. Montgomery. It was such an uplift for us believers that we had a commanding officer who was a fellow-believer and unashamed to confess his dependence upon the Almighty. Just before we were sent to our advance posts, about a dozen of us gathered at the Advance Dressing station for prayer. One of the medics was a believer and told us that they were expecting and had accommodation for 300 casualties in the 1st Brigade sector, after the initial onslaught. We prayed that our brigade be protected and that there would be nothing more serious than only light casualties.

At 10.30 p.m. on October 23rd, the battle erupted all along the line at El Alamein. We were in no-man's-land and the moon was bright. I had a small pack-set radio, but when all the guns opened up there was so much metal in the air that it affected the signals badly. It looked much like a large grass fire, some miles behind us, and the whine of shells above, travelling in both directions, was tremendous and continuous. Suddenly all guns stopped firing on our side and infantry rushed forward.

Our brigade met with little resistance and we took our objective; sent up the prescribed rocket and then waited for a rocket signal on our left flank, but it did not appear. Then our brigadier received an urgent request for assistance. The 3rd Brigade on our left had run into barbed wire entanglement and had suffered many casualties. Assistance was given and the objective was taken. Later we learned from our medics that only one or two minor casualties were suffered by our brigade up until midnight, and they had an easy time. Soon after midnight, the casualties came pouring in from the 3rd Brigade sector. Then they were kept very busy. Before the battle, we had gone over to the 3rd Brigade lines in search of believers, but had not found any. Not all soldiers were prepared to nail their colours to the mast, sad to say.

The enemy defences were in great depth, and a long, bloody battle had to be fought before they were broken through. Much of the battle was done in tanks and the new Shermans won their spurs handsomely. So did the latest British tanks. There was a great deal of activity in the air and the Allied airforce soon gained control in that element. We saw some terrible sights and the promises in Psalm 91 were literally fulfilled, in particular, verse 7: "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come near thee."

In my view I believe the battle of El Alamein was the turning point in World War II. The 8th Army never lost a battle after that, and they were part of Gen. Montgomery's Army Group to which the Germans first came to surrender on May 4th, 1945.

Hostilities ended in Africa on my 25th birthday! May 13th, 1943.

## **4. MY FIRST VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND**

### **CHAPTER 4**

Prior to the battle of El Alamein, the Lord had made two promises to me. The first was that I would survive the battle, and the other was that I would praise the Lord in Jerusalem. Promise number one was perfectly fulfilled, as narrated in the previous chapter. Now let me tell you how God graciously fulfilled promise number two.

General Montgomery was informed that the 1st S.A. Division had been on the front lines for well over a year and he decided to give us a break after the battle of El Alamein. We were transported from the front to an army base near the Suez Canal and were told we could go either to Cairo or to Jerusalem for two weeks. Almost without exception, the members of our Christian Fellowship opted to visit the Holy Land. By far, the larger part of the division chose to go to Cairo.

Eventually our train for Jerusalem was assembled and ready to move. We noticed that it had a guard's van but no guard and that the coaches were overcrowded; so we all clambered into the guard's van. Some stragglers joined us there and kept to the one side. They had a powerfully built sergeant-major with them and he had a box of booze. We began to sing some choruses and hymns and one or two gave short testimonies. Suddenly the sergeant-major got up, he snatched the box of booze and hurled it out of the window, then he came over to our side and said, "Listen, you fellows, I feel terribly convicted. Before I joined up I was a deacon in the Bulwer Street Baptist Church in Durban. I intended to nail my colours to the mast as you guys have done, but I lacked the courage. Consequently, I backslid. I have let the Lord down, but tonight I long to be restored. Will you please pray for me?" Well, we were all just sinners saved by grace, so there and then we turned the guard's van into God's van and prayed and praised the Lord.

We reached Jerusalem about 11 p.m. in a slight drizzle. In my pocket, on a piece of cardboard, I had scribbled the name and address of a missionary I knew about who was serving the Lord then in Jerusalem. There was a strict black-out in Jerusalem at that time because of air-raids. All the street names were in Hebrew and Arabic and there were no pedestrians in the streets. We wandered about hoping to find a guide, but to no avail. By midnight we were back at square one, at Jerusalem station. One of us spotted a light in downtown Jerusalem and we made for it reckoning that someone was still awake there and could perhaps help us to find Mr. Cupples' address. At last we were knocking at the door. There were about 20 of us and one gave the

door a loud knocking. The blackout curtain came down promptly over the open window above us. The occupant came downstairs hurriedly. He opened the door slightly, and was visibly surprised to see 20 men in uniform in his yard. "What can I do for you, gentlemen?" he asked nervously. Our spokesman said, "Sir, we are looking for a Mr. Cupples." "And what do you want to do to Mr. Cupples?" he parried. "It's like this, Sir," said our spokesman, "we are soldiers on short-leave and want to spend it in the Holy Land. We are looking for accommodation and hoped that this Mr. Cupples would be able to help us find it." A broad smile appeared on the man's face, as he said, "I am Mr. Cupples!" What a relief that was to all of us, and we were reminded of the promise in Psalm 32: "I will guide you with Mine eye."

Finding accommodation at midnight for 20 men in Jerusalem at that time, was a tall order. He tried a dozen or more places by phone, but always the same answer, "Sorry Sir, we are full up!" "There's only one other place I can think of, it's called the Majestic Hotel, but don't be fooled by the name," said Mr. Cupples. He rang, and we all held our breath. The owner was a personal friend of his, with an eye for business. "All I can offer is my lounge. There are no beds but I have plenty of mattresses," said the hotel owner. Nothing could have suited us better, and the price was very reasonable. It was situated close to one of the gates leading into Old Jerusalem. Mr. Cupples took us to the place, although it was so very late, and promised to meet us in the morning to guide us through the old city, which he knew even better than the official tour guides.



***At the Garden Tomb of our Lord Jesus Christ in Jerusalem***

True to his word, Mr. Cupples was at the hotel bright and early and saved us a pile of money as other visiting soldiers were being “fleeced” by bogus guides and others. Many of the traditional “holy” places were obviously not authentic and terribly commercialized. We did not waste time at these, but were taken to the authentic ones. Mr. Cupples never lost an opportunity to minister to the spiritual needs of his guests. He was a sincere and humble soul-winner. As we followed him down the winding streets of the ancient city, he would comment from a scriptural point of view on interesting places and features. Others joined us and soon we were 30 or more. One of these was a young English 2nd Lieutenant. I will never forget our visit to the Garden Tomb of our Lord Jesus, some 120 yards from the genuine Golgotha Hill, where He was crucified. We were allowed to enter the tomb and sit where once an angel had sat. Brother Cupples told us how Jesus was placed in this tomb after His atoning death on the cross, and how He rose again on the third day.

Where Jesus found death 2,000 years ago, today you can find life through simple faith in His sacrificial death on your behalf. Is there anyone here who will put his faith in Jesus as his Saviour, today?” asked Mr. Cupples. “I will, Sir,” said the 2nd Lieutenant, stepping forward and standing at attention. It was a solemn moment. What a testimony he had. Where Jesus found death, he found life. I often wonder if he survived World War II and what he did with his life. I am sure we will meet again.

It was decided after the battle of El Alamein that the 1st South African Infantry Division would be turned into an armoured division using Sherman tanks, and that the training would be done in South Africa. So we had to hurry back to our base camp in Egypt and pack up for embarkation at Port Suez. The news seemed too good to be true!

## **5. RETURN TO SOUTH AFRICA**

### **CHAPTER 5**

By the time we reached Qwa sa Sin, our base camp, half of the 1st South African Division had already entrained to Suez, confirming the good news. We hurriedly packed up and followed them. The Dutch liner, New Amsterdam, was painted a dull grey and converted into a troopship with tiers of sleeping bunks, four deep in the main lounge. In peace time she was a luxury liner. Field Marshall J.C. Smuts had to give special permission to have the whole division transported in a single vessel, from Suez to Durban. We were approximately 6,000 all told, and ships were being sunk at that time off the coast of Madagascar by submarines. We embarked on New Year's Day, 1943.

The senior chaplain on board was a Maj. Daniels, an Evangelical and a great friend of the troops. He kindly arranged for the Christian Fellowship, which had swollen considerably, to make use of the ship's chapel at certain times for prayer. He also conducted some open-air meetings on deck, which were well attended and enjoyed. Three days before we entered Durban harbour, an alarm was sounded and we all rushed to action stations: a plane was approaching. All guns were aimed at it, then we saw it was signalling by morse code, with a lamp. The signal read: "Welcome home Springboks!" And we all relaxed. The next morning we awoke to find an escort of warships, one on either side and one ahead. Before we entered the Durban harbour, a mass thanksgiving service was arranged in the main dining room. It was a solemn occasion and a spirit of gratitude and sincere thankfulness could be felt. As we entered Durban harbour, a very tumultuous welcome greeted us, with sirens and hooters blasting away for several minutes. Everyone wanted to be on the dock side of the ship, as the captain tried to dock. The huge ship actually tilted and the pilot shouted over the intercom, "Get over to the starboard or we cannot dock!" Not many obeyed. However, we docked safely, praise the Lord!

At the enlarged Christian Fellowship, we met many believers who were not in the 1st Brigade. One of them was Dan Greyling of Ermelo. I noticed he wore an extra ribbon signifying that he had been decorated for bravery on the field. He later told us, very modestly, how he had dragged his officer, who had been wounded very seriously, to safety whilst under fire. I was to meet him again at a fellowship meeting in Johannesburg where he invited me to visit him in Ermelo. He wanted me to meet five of his friends who were keen to become missionaries. This is running a little ahead of my story but, for convenience sake, I will relate it now.

I could not give Dan a definite date at the time, but later on, I sent him a telegram saying, "Meet me at Ermelo Station at 10 a.m., May 13th." When I tried to purchase my ticket on May 12th, the attendant informed me that the train did not go as far as Ermelo on Sundays. It stopped at Breyten, some 40 miles short of my destination. The Lord bid me go, so I bought my ticket to Breyten return, and went in faith.

The train pulled in very early on Sunday morning and I asked the Lord to guide me, and He did, for as I walked down the Ermelo road a few hundred yards, I came across a driver trying to change a deflated wheel on his car. He had the jack in the wrong place, so I rectified the fault and helped him change the wheel. Then he thanked me and asked where I was off to. When I said Ermelo, he told me to jump in, as that was his destination too! He got me to Ermelo Station exactly at 10 a.m., and there was Dan awaiting me! "Well Jack, I got your telegram but couldn't make it out, knowing that there was no train due in Ermelo at 10 today; anyway I came, and here you are!"

There was a big, united thanksgiving service that day in a large Dutch Reformed Church that morning, which Dan said his five friends would be attending, so we joined them. After the service, we went to a restaurant and had a fine meal. The five would-be missionaries were all anxious to hear how the Lord had called me, and whatever encouragement I could give them. I told them about my conversion in 1937, and of my vow during the battle at Tiab el Essum, and how the Lord had answered prayer. Then I took out my pocket Bible and read part of Isaiah 49, emphasizing verse 11 which reads as follows: "I will make all My mountains a way, and all My highways will be exalted." I warned them that they must expect mountains, many of which are designed by our Lord to get us to exercise faith in His promises and as we overcome, our highway is exalted so that we walk on a higher plane with our Lord. I related some mountain experiences of my own, which they listened to attentively, and asked several questions. It happened to be my birthday and I enjoyed it immensely. A lift had been arranged for me to go to Breyten station by car, and as I left, Dan slipped a cheque into my pocket. "Fill in the amount yourself," he said smiling. I gasped! It was the first and only blank cheque I have ever received. I did not abuse his trustfulness. And I often wonder how those keen young believers made out.

Soon after we had returned to South Africa, the Lord kept bringing a verse in the Old Testament to my notice. It was Isaiah chapter 40 verse 2: "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished ..." It did not seem relevant to me at the time for I was immediately posted to a position in Hay Paddock, Pietermaritzburg, headquarters of Natal Command as a teleprinter operator. One day I was informed that someone was asking

to see me. It was a dear old friend and fellow believer whom I first met in East London in 1938. He was also in uniform and we had kept up a correspondence all this time. He was on his way to Italy with his unit. I was given the afternoon off and we went down to the Dusi River. His name was Alf Parsall. He had been saved about the same time as I, but on the Rand (Johannesburg & area), and had travelled all the way down to East London, on a bicycle, distributing tracts. When he had offered me one at East London harbour, where we met, I had told him that I too had just received Jesus as my Saviour, and we became firm friends immediately.

Alf told me of a delightful answer to prayer he had on the way down. It was a hot day and he felt extremely tired. Ahead of him was a very long, steep hill. I assume it was near the top of Penhoek Pass, not far from Queenstown. He had such a child-like faith in God's promises and remembered one He gave His Jewish disciples about moving mountains by simple faith.

So he shut his eyes and prayed, "Lord, I have faith, so now, mountain be removed!" Opening his eyes he saw that the mountain was still there and he was somewhat disappointed, but seconds later, he heard a hoot, and looking behind him, there stood an old sedan car. It was one of those that still boasted wide running boards.

"Want a lift?" the considerate driver called. "Sure!" said Alf, "But what about my bicycle?" "No problem chum, put it on the running board and hold it there. "Jump in!" came the cheerful reply and off they went to the top of the pass. "Now you can free-wheel for seven miles," said the driver, as they parted. As Alf observed the cattle, farms, and houses on the other side of the mountain, he was glad that God hadn't answered his prayer just the way he had expected. Besides, he didn't have to pedal for seven miles, and he felt refreshed. God does all things well.



***Alf Parsall***

Again, he and I had a time of refreshing as we sang his favourite hymn together. The first verse proved to be prophetic. It reads thus:

*“Sweet is the promise ‘I will not forget thee’,  
Even though the night be dark within the valley,  
Just beyond is shining an eternal day.”*

After singing we prayed and we parted, never to see one another again on planet Earth. A while later I received the sad communication that Alf had been hit by a shell and instantly killed while in Italy. I remembered the last two lines of the above verse:

*“Even though the night be dark within the valley,  
Just beyond is shining an eternal day.”*

We will surely meet again. I treasure the memory of that farewell.

Shortly after this, I was notified that I would be leaving for Italy and was given embarkation leave. When I returned to General Headquarters, Pretoria, I was

asked if I could take down morse code on a typewriter at high speed and was given a test. I had no difficulty with the test; then to my amazement I was told that a change had been made to my posting, as a result of the test! A high-speed radio operator was required at Z.U.D., the overseas link from South Africa to Italy and the U.K., and I was being posted there, instead! I was told that my chances of ever being posted overseas were very remote.

Then I recollected the cryptic message the Lord gave me when I landed in Durban, early in 1934, from Isaiah 40: "Your warfare is accomplished."

The war dragged on in Europe for another year or more, then one day a coded message came through on Z.U.D., about the end of April 1945, that the German High Command and Navy were sending out feelers and seeking terms of surrender. On the 3rd of May, a group of high profile army leaders arrived at Field Marshall Montgomery's headquarters in Luneburg, Germany. The terms were unconditional surrender and were read out to them by Field Marshall Montgomery on May 3rd, accepted and signed on May 4th. Some 2,000,000 German soldiers laid down their arms on that day. For the sake of protocol, the process was repeated at General Eisenhower's headquarters on May 7th, 1945. Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini were no longer, the former having taken his own life. In the Far East, Japan still held out but not for long, and World War II came to an end on August 14th, 1945.

It gave me great satisfaction that the 8th Army was in Montgomery's army group, which accepted the German surrender on May 4th and 5th, and Germany first surrendered to our much respected erstwhile commander "Monty". This seemed fitting to me in view of the fact that the British Empire bore the brunt of the war alone for 2 years, after the capitulation of France.

## **6. I FIND A “WINSOME” WIFE**

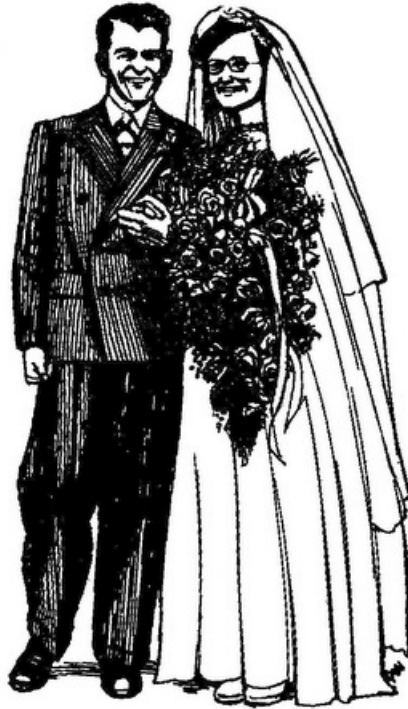
### **CHAPTER 6**

After Germany had capitulated, I expected to get an early discharge and had in mind to enroll at Kalk Bay Bible Institute in the Cape for a three-year course. I had been in correspondence with Mr. Law, the principal, and he was favourably disposed to my application, but it was not to be. In the first place I was posted to an Intelligence Unit and, in spite of repeated requests, was not released until January 1947. I felt rather frustrated, but the Lord had other plans. Looking back, I have to admit they were far better.

Besides being an avid reader in my teens, I loved fine art and even imagined I was an artist. Then one day I met a truly gifted artist. That was in the year 1944, in Pretoria. I decided to take lessons with her, little realizing the tremendous changes and benefits these lessons held in store for me. This young artist's name was Winsome Marshall. We found we had very much in common. Winsome too had aspirations of becoming a full-time missionary, and was already in correspondence with one on the field, but was not yet fully committed. We attended the same Brethren meeting in Pretoria, and later on found that we had both been saved through the ministry of the American team called the “Ambassadors of the Air” in 1937.

We fell in love, but for me, it was not love at first sight. On my side, it grew as I got to know her better. She was indeed “Winsome” by name and winsome by nature. I have never met a more unselfish and generous person. The Luvale folk used to call her “Nyalikoji” which means “the mother of patience”.

Before our engagement, Winsome wanted her father's approval, so we went to Manderston in Natal to meet her father, Mr. Hurbert Upton Marshall. He readily gave his consent. Winsome's mother had passed away some years earlier. On the 7th of October, 1946, we got married in Fairview, Johannesburg, for the sake of friends and relatives living there. About one hundred people attended the wedding. Winsome's dad spent the last two years of his life with us in Pretoria, and saw his first two grandchildren, Ruth Megan and Jennifer Ann Muggleton, before he went to be with the Lord.



***Winsome and I, on our wedding day***

In October to November the streets of Pretoria are a beautiful sight. Jacaranda trees, heavy with their distinctive blue-mauve flowers, line the streets. A large art firm on Church Street, Pretoria, bought and sold many jacaranda pictures. When their artist, Mr. Drysdale, passed away, this firm approached Winsome and asked her to become their jacaranda artist. It was a great honour, and Winsome accepted the offer and did a number of pictures for them. Her pictures sold very well. She was also an excellent signwriter. These two abilities contributed considerably to our income on the field, for which I was extremely grateful. Her illuminated texts are still to be found in many churches and homes around the world, some large and some small, in North America, Europe, Africa, Australia and New Zealand. She also illustrated tracts and circulars. It can be said of Winsome as it was of Abel, "God testified of his/her gifts: and by it he/she yet speaketh." (Hebrews 11 vs 4)

One day Winsome asked me, "By what will you remember me most when I am gone?" I gave a frivolous answer at the time but since then have given her question more mature thought. I certainly remember her most for unsparing love, and a readiness to forgive and forget any offence caused her. As a dear friend, Mrs. Jean Mowat used to say of her, quoting Proverbs 31 vs 18, "Her candle goeth not out by night."

Winsome enjoyed humour and a good joke, and always saw to it that I had

the best of everything. Like most artistic folk, Winsome was not so good at mathematics and found it difficult to manage funds well. She left all of that to me to do. She was quite satisfied with a mere pittance for her personal use. Her favourite saying to the children when anything broke was, "Don't worry, Daddy will fix it!" Such confidence was often unwarranted, but it seemed to pacify the children until I returned from a trip in the bush.

One day Winsome was approached by a manufacturer in Grahamstown, who manufactured place mats. They commissioned her to do four sets of these, one of South African flowers, one from genuine Bushmen's art, one of African scenery, and the last of South African buildings. She carried out this commission to the manufacturer's satisfaction and soon afterwards the placemats were produced, and even now, I still come across them from time to time.

## WINSOME TESTIFIES:

### ***THE STILLNESS OF HIS PRESENCE***

*"If we look at Jesus more, and ourselves, and our friends, and our trials, and our failures, and our conditions of life, the world, flesh and the devil, less, we will reflect His image more; and the hardness, and impurity, and temper, and selfishness would fade away. And there would be tenderness, purity, gentleness and love just taking their places - changed from glory to glory.*

*Whenever you can, just take a few minutes of just waiting on Jesus - not necessarily praying, but just waiting; looking into His face, desiring His presence. At first, you may not seem to receive much, but if you take every opportunity, presently your soul will hunger for Him, and the sweetness of Himself will come to you. You will get like lovers, rather slip away with Him just for a minute or two, than to talk, or read, or rest, or eat, and when you are tired, or rushed, or nervous, a few minutes with Him in the stillness of His presence will rest you more than anything in the world. 'If any man thirst let him come unto Me,' Jesus said.*

*Ask the Holy Spirit to make you hungry and thirsty for Jesus, and give Him the chance to answer by getting into His presence every opportunity you have, and He will give you the victory along every line."*

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## **7. LAUNCHING OUT BY FAITH INTO FULL-TIME WORK**

### **CHAPTER 7**

God's delays are not denials. He has His plan for us, but He also has His timetables, and Jesus sets the perfect example in the way He awaited God's perfect time, always.

In May 1945, after Germany had capitulated, I felt the Lord would see to it that I would get an early discharge but as I already stated, I was only given my discharge papers in January 1947. I had need of patience; however, I approached the elders of our assembly in Pretoria twice and on each account I was told to wait and it was even suggested by one of the elders, that I should be content to remain in my present employment and make ample provision for my growing family. I was told later on that the elders were not unanimous as regards this issue. However, I decided to accept the advice of the majority, and buried the hope of ever going full time to the mission field. We bought a house in Hatfield, Pretoria, and settled down. Winsome's dad, who had been staying with us and suffering from asthma, passed away suddenly. He was so fond of his two grandchildren, Ruth and Jennifer. He was buried in Pretoria.

One day our eldest daughter, Ruth, met a friend her age at the Assembly and discovered that she lived just around the corner from us, on Duncan Street. We got to know the family and became close friends. The family consisted of a grandmother, and a mother and three lovely children. Both the granny and the mother were widows. Their names were Mrs. Jean Mowat and Mrs. Ruby Bateman, respectively. Mrs. Mowat's husband had been a missionary in Angola, and Northern Rhodesia, now Zambia.

One day Mrs. Mowat told us how her husband went to be with the Lord. His name was George and he had been a wonderful singer and an excellent preacher. He sometimes preached and sang at our Assembly, but we only heard him twice, as he was away; his heart was in the mission work among the Luvale tribe of Angola and Northern Rhodesia. Eventually he had to seek medical help in South Africa. He recovered somewhat, but the doctors told him not to return to central Africa, or he would surely die. George Mowat could not endure leaving his friends and Luvale converts without a shepherd. He challenged young men in the Assemblies of South Africa to go and take his place, but found none willing to go. So he returned himself, against his doctor's orders, and as predicted, he died on the field.

After telling us this sad story, she looked lovingly at me and said, “Jack, won’t you go and take his place among the Luvalas?” I was staggered. I told Sister Mowat how I had approached the oversight of our Assembly twice, and had been turned down. Consequently, I had buried the hope. Mrs. Mowat was like a dear “mother in Israel”. She reminded me how Jesus had asked the bereaved Martha and Mary at Bethany, “Where have you buried him (Lazarus)?” And how He had resurrected him. “He can do the same for you and your vow; but first of all ask Him for a definite sign, as Gideon did”, she concluded. We decided to do so, and the three of us prayed together, and as Solomon said, a three-fold cord is not easily broken.

So we laid out our “fleece”, like Gideon. We asked the Lord to enable us to sell our house at a price we had decided upon, within three days, and without the aid of an estate agent. We ran a three-day ad in the Pretoria Daily News, and hung up a “for sale” notice on our gate. The advert duly appeared. There was no response on the first day. On the morning of the second day a large black vehicle pulled up at our gate and a businessman rang our doorbell. “Is this the property advertised for sale?” he asked. I replied in the affirmative. “Have you got a telephone installed?” was his next question, and when I again said “Yes”, he abruptly said, “Then I’ll take it!” handing me his card. “My staff in Johannesburg will deal with the paperwork”, he said abruptly and got into the car and off he went. The Lord had accepted my challenge and our home was sold! True to his word, my bank account was duly accredited with the figure I had asked. We told Sister Mowat what had transpired and she was delighted, and became one of our most generous and faithful supporters, until she too went to be with the Lord whom she had so faithfully served.



***Mrs. Mowat and Mrs. Rudge with Ruth, Jenny and their nanny, Reenie***

At that time, in the last quarter of 1952, none of my family was a believer, to my knowledge, so it was not surprising that they were opposed to what we proposed to do in the immediate future; and that without guaranteed support from any Assembly. It was of no use to quote scriptural promises to them as our guarantee, such as Matthew 6 vs 33: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." To them, Zambia was a far off, uncivilized land, full of wild animals and savages. They were sure we were courting disaster. Eventually my one brother and three of my sisters and more than one of Winsome's made open confessions of faith in our blessed Lord. We were even able to help one or two family members financially!

The next hurdle was at my office. My immediate superior was a very gracious boss and friend, and when I handed my letter of resignation to him, he was genuinely upset and begged me to reconsider it. When he saw that I was fully determined to go through with my resignation, he took me to the head of the department and the tug-of-war was repeated. "Look," he said, "your name is on the short list for promotion. If you resign and then have to return and ask to be reinstated, it will go down to the bottom. Don't be a fool! Withdraw this request and let us forget all about it." It was not easy to stick to my guns as he too was a friend of mine; but the Bible says that one who puts his hand to the plough and then looks back, is not fit for the kingdom of God. There was no turning back for us and we were given wonderful assurance of

God's approval in our souls.

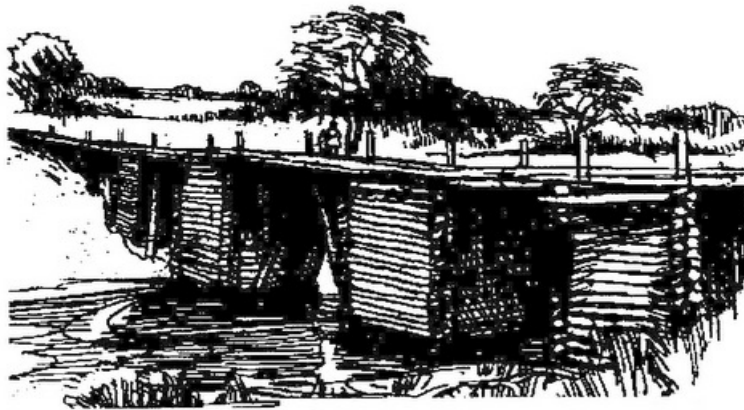
We sold our furniture and said our farewells. Some rejoiced with us and even helped financially and prayed with us, but others shook their heads and thought we were head-strong and crazy. We packed our Standard Vanguard vehicle. Winsome and the children flew up to Northern Rhodesia in a small airplane, piloted by Mrs. Mowat's son, with baby Valerie in a large basket between Winsome and the pilot. I started to drive the long 3,000 mile trip to Balovale, in the Luvale homelands of Northern Rhodesia, now Zambia.

According to the laws of Zambia at that time, would-be immigrants had to have guaranteed employment for one year, before being allowed in. To meet this requirement, Mrs. Mowat had arranged with her brother-in-law, Mr. Bertrum Rudge, to offer me a position as manager of one of his trading stores, of which he had several in and around Balovale. I had majored in bookkeeping at school, so qualified for the position. It was all spelt out in a letter for me, so I had no problems at the border. I accepted the position on the understanding that it would be for one year only, and Mr. Rudge, being a fine Christian, assured me that there would be ample opportunity for preaching the gospel in and around Balovale. He had erected a chapel on the property and was delighted to have someone to help in the weekly meetings. This arrangement would enable me to commence language studies, but we were anxious to begin full time mission work as soon as possible. Actually, we began full-time missionary work a few weeks before the year was up, by Mr. Rudge's generous assistance, and in order to save a deserted mission station from being reclaimed by the Zambian government.

Whilst managing the store at Balovale we occupied a house, once the abode of Mr. and Mrs. George Mowat. We came across some of Mr. Mowat's books in English and Luvale, which were a great help. One, the biography of Hudson Taylor, renown for his work in China; and of George Muller, of Bristol. Winsome and I relished reading these. We decided we would never make our personal needs known to man, but only to the Lord. We began to tithe regularly and, although at times our bank account was practically exhausted, we have never once been left in the lurch, and always paid cash for all services rendered. The Lord be praised!

One of our biggest bills was the quarterly account for our girls at Sakeji, a Christian boarding school for missionaries' children, who came from across Africa. It was ever a marvellous illustration of our Lord's faithfulness to us, how the funds were provided on time, and without fail. We were also able to play our part in taking or fetching other children, besides our own, when our

turn came around. It was a trip of about 450 miles each way, over very bad roads. The portion through Angola was very sandy, and the wooden bridges were often burned by grass fires or damaged by elephants. If we broke a spring, we used bark rope to bind it up, until we could replace the blade. Bark rope is amazingly strong, and we always carried ample supplies of it with us. We had to take petrol (gasoline) with us in cans or drums, as there were no petrol pumps on that route, and very little traffic. The wild animals never bothered us much; game was scarce and there was very little vegetation around, until one approached the Congo rainbelt.



***A typical Zambian wooden bridge***

When we left South Africa in 1952 we were on our own, without the backing of an assembly. A few friends gave liberally, and we actually did not need support for the first two years. The sale of our house in Pretoria brought in some funds, although much of the sale funds went to the building society to pay off what was still owing on the mortgage. Strictly speaking, we were not really faith missionaries until 1954.

Because we had no letter of commendation to the mission field, some older missionaries on the field took a dim view of our faith venture. One or two even tried to get us to go to the Copperbelt (several copper mining towns near the Congo border), which was flourishing at that time. I have never been opposed to missionaries doing a part-time job when needs be. After all, did not the master missionary, Paul, do so himself? I could easily have landed a position on the mines with my qualifications, but I always felt that the Lord must give the green light and guide. The crisis came in a remarkable way; let me relate. No matter how stringently Winsome and I tried to economize, we had heavy expenditure in 1953 and early 1954. We needed a home in Kabulamema, a mission station on the Kabompo River. I made my own bricks and could recruit Luvale helpers at £1.10s, or thirty shillings a month. This, with car repairs, put a big hole in my savings and I was brought down to

my last £100.

Paul Lorah, of the U.S.A., was the missionary then in charge at Kabulamema. He had managed to get hold of an old priming press and wanted to commence printing in Luvale on the mission. He needed a guillotine that could slice through large reams of printing paper, and many fonts of lead type. We were all keen on the project, but wondered where the funds would come from. To my surprise, Paul turned to me and said, "Jack, I want you to go to Cape Town and get a 2-inch cut guillotine and several fonts of lead type. You can use the 3-ton truck to cart these from the railway station at Ndola." Ndola was some 500 miles away, and Cape Town yet another 3,000 or more!

We prayed about it and the Lord kept bringing a certain verse to my notice at that time, it was in Mark's gospel, chapter 5 vs 191: "Jesus said to him, go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." Assuredly gathering that it was the Lord's will, we decided that we should accept this challenge and that I should go alone. If it prospered then we would know that we were in the Lord's will as full-time faith missionaries, but if not, we would have to admit that we were out of His will, and therefore I would need to take on secular employment on the Copperbelt or elsewhere, and leave the missionary work to others. I duly arrived at Ndola station, on the Copperbelt, where passengers were buying their tickets at a small window. There was a man ahead of me and I waited at a respectful distance till he had finished his business. I wondered what a second class return ticket to Cape Town would cost. All I had on me was £100, which I had withdrawn and emptied my bank account. I was soon to find out that it was £60, and the friendly station master informed me that I was very fortunate to get a seat, as the man ahead of me had only just cancelled his seat, which made it the last seat available for me! I parked the truck at a friend's house in Ndola and caught the train the next morning, with the princely sum of £40 in my pocket.

The station master was correct. The train was full, and we were six in 'G' compartment. It was a four-day trip and I had decided I would fast, and thereby save money on the trip. We introduced ourselves, and each told where he came from. Knowing that Kabulamema would mean nothing to my companions, I said that I was from Balovale, our nearest township shown on maps at that time, but they had never heard of it. I briefly described its whereabouts and they said to me, "What are you doing in that God-forsaken place?" I corrected the spokesman and said that it was not God-forsaken, and that I was busy teaching the Luvalas so, as a missionary. They stared at me as if they thought that I was either a lunatic, or a man from Mars!

About midday a waiter came along the corridor striking a gong and announcing that the dining saloon was open for lunch. Five immediately arose and left me alone in the compartment. The last one to leave looked back and asked, "Aren't you coming, Muggleton?" I replied in the negative. About ten minutes later a waiter knocked on the compartment door, and opening it, I noticed he carried a large tray with a pot of coffee and sandwiches on it. "There must be some mistake!" I expostulated. "I didn't order anything." He glanced at the slip, then at the letter "G" on the compartment door. "There's no mistake, Sir, I was told to bring this order to compartment 'G', and don't worry, it's all paid for." My decision to fast for four days had been over-ruled, and trays of food kept coming to compartment "G" for me all the way to Cape Town! It reminded me of Elijah being fed by the ravens at the brook Cherith.

As I left the train at Cape Town I heard my name being called, and I approached the caller and said, "I'm Jack Muggleton". "Are you from Ndola?" he asked, and when I told him that I was, he said, "Follow me." (I have forgotten the name of my kind benefactor, that day.) He took me to a suburb of Cape Town and en route told me that he wanted me to be the first to use the "prophet's chamber", which their family had erected in their backyard. When I asked how he knew that I was on that train, he would not elaborate and simply said that a "dickey-bird" had told him to meet the train for me. He took me to a very neat pine wood cabin in their garden, furnished with a bed, a chair, a table and even a telephone! Elijah never had it so good!

The next morning at breakfast time I was asked the cause of my coming to Cape Town. I told them about the printing project and my requirements. My host suggested that I get in touch with a Mr. Coleridge of the Evangelical Mission Press in Bellville, which I did. Mr. Coleridge sounded excited on the phone, as if he was expecting my call. He related how he was having a lot of trouble with an old mechanical guillotine, because he suffered from arthritis in his arms. The heavy lever resisted considerably when cutting through 2-inch reams of paper. He had decided to call a directors' meeting to request that a new electric driven guillotine be installed, and the meeting was to be on Wednesday (the next day). He suggested that I call at 4 p.m. the following day. He assured me that the directors would not charge much for the old guillotine, especially as it was to be used in mission work. I thought wistfully, "It can't be too cheap for my budget!" I phoned Mr. Coleridge the next day and he was in a cheerful mood. He told me that they had never had a more pleasant directors' meeting. They not only let me have the old guillotine free of charge, but also had it crated and railed all the way to Ndola at their expense! I felt like shouting, "Hallelujah!", but restrained myself. He also told me that the Standard Bank had decided to switch over to a new mode of printing and had a number of fonts of lead type which they wished to dispose

of, and that I should get in touch with their secretary. For his part, Mr. Coleridge was told he could go ahead and order a brand new electric guillotine! The fonts of lead type were stored at the Pretoria branch of Standard Bank and this was good news to me. I had to return via Pretoria, and furthermore, the secretary of the bank at that time was a personal friend of mine, and an elder in the Assembly we used to attend. His name was Mr. James Baird.

I contacted James by phone and he agreed to see the manager as soon as possible and said that he would return my call within ten minutes, which he did. His manager was in a cheerful mood and jokingly said after James had explained the situation and my request, "Your friend is doing a good work up north, fighting the Communists. (?!) Let him have the lot. Crate them and send them to Ndola at our expense!" We had a good laugh over the phone and James suggested I break my journey at Pretoria for a couple of days. The oversight of the Assembly there wanted to see me.

Before going north again, I visited several of my family members living in the Cape and in Johannesburg. They had forgotten their animosity regarding our going to Zambia, by faith, and were willing to listen, even anxious, to hear my story of how the Lord had led, protected and guided us. Perhaps there had been a seed planted in their hearts then, which germinated many years later, and now they believed.

When I arrived in Pretoria I was told that a dear child of God, whose house we had once shared, had gone to her reward in heaven and had left us a legacy. The court clerk had obligingly allowed it to be paid out, but I had to sign for it personally. The board of the Assembly had called a special meeting asking for a report on our work in Zambia. It apparently met with their approval, for after the meeting I was given a letter of commendation, signed by the elders, to the work in Zambia. I still have it. They gave me a substantial gift of money and I returned with the equipment needed for the press. My bank balance looked a lot better than when I had started out, praise the Lord!

Satan was very displeased, for I had hardly reached Ndola when I came down with a heavy bout of malaria. My temperature was well over one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, which caused alarm. However, I recovered after a few days and was able to load the guillotine, the lead type, and buy a list of purchases for the Kabulamema folk. Above all this, we felt we had God's approval that we should stay put in full-time missionary work.



### ***New zango and our house at Kabulamema Mission***

In those days, there were only dirt roads in the Kabompo-Balovale districts and these were often impassable during the rainy season. Our private road to the mission station, which ended at the mission station, was approximately 20 miles in length. Beyond this point, we had to use footpaths or travel via dugout canoe along the Kabompo River. Many large villages were built on the banks of the Kabompo. For this and other reasons, we were keen to acquire a small boat with an outboard motor. Few cars, apart from the two cars owned by Brother Lorah, ever made use of the road which we had cut out of the bush, and had to maintain ourselves. It was with surprise that we saw a heavily-loaded small truck pull up near our house one morning. The four occupants were Whites from the Copperbelt. What interested me was the fact that they had a boat, just the size we needed. Crocodile skins, in those days, were fetching a good price on the London import market. A best-seller book on the Copperbelt, at that time, was "Crocodile Fever". The book made it seem so simple to shoot and skin a crocodile. These four miners had been taken in, and became would-be rich crocodile-hunters! They had invested in famous German rifles, a boat, an outboard motor and very expensive paraphernalia.

The driver approached me and asked the way to the Dzungwe River. I explained to him that there was only a footpath from the Kabulamema mission station; no road, and their best way of getting there was to use their boat on the Kabompo River, flowing by the mission station. This did not satisfy him. "We'll cut our way through!" he assured me. Little did they know, the bush is very thick and thorny around the Kabompo. Three hours later they were back at the mission station, admitting defeat. Their hands were bleeding. They packed as much as they dared into the boat and left a lot of equipment in our care. The Dzungwe River is a tributary of the Kabompo, some 25 miles downstream from Kabulamema; it's not very big but was

notorious for crocodiles.

It was nearly a month later when we saw our visitors again. They were crestfallen, full of fever and needed to be nursed back to health. We waited a respectable time, like Job's comforters, and then asked what they had done with the crocodile skins. Their spokesman told us how they had tried to shoot crocodiles during the daytime and how the trees were tall and hung over the river in places. Again and again, snakes had dropped off the branches into their boat, which terrified them. They rigged up their powerful electric lamp off the bow of their boat and tried night-hunting. The crocodiles' eyes shone like small oranges in the powerful light, and one could pick out the larger crocodiles whose eyes were wider apart. Taking careful aim, a hunter fired. They were delighted to see a large crocodile roll belly-up in the water. They quickly pulled it into the boat, thinking it was dead; but it was only stunned. It started thrashing its massive, powerful tail around. One hunter grabbed a long-handled axe from the boat and aimed a vicious blow to the head. The crocodile saw it coming and deftly jerked its head aside. The axe head went straight through the bottom of the boat causing a fountain of river water. Fortunately, there was a sand-bank nearby where they were able to drive the boat up onto it. The other end of the boat went underwater, and away swam their victim. They had had enough of crocodile hunting and were the worse off for malaria, so they packed their belongings and headed back to Kabulamema.

When the last patient felt fit enough to travel, the four packed their vehicle to return to the Copperbelt, but we noticed that they did not load the boat. They explained that they had broken a spring on the way down, and were concerned about the weight of the boat with its special rig on top of their truck. They planned to return for it some day, but never did. Soon after they reached the Copperbelt, they let us know that they had no further interest in the boat, and that we could use it as we pleased on the mission. In this way, the Lord provided us with our boat. I remember these lines in a hymn somewhere: "Say not my soul from whence God can relieve thy care ... Remember that Omnipotence has servants everywhere." Later we were able to get a suitable outboard motor at about a quarter of the usual price on the Copperbelt, so that we were able to visit the villages on the banks of the Kabompo River far more frequently and comfortably.

We made good use of tracts in Luvale, and I had a "magic lantern", which was a "Tilly" lamp (a paraffin lamp), used to throw a picture from a slide onto a suspended white sheet. It brought large numbers out, under the sound of the gospel. One village, Lakanya by name, was situated some 20 miles downstream, near the Dzongwe. It boasted a "zango", which is a large,

round, grass-roofed hut, open at the sides. This was used for circuit trials by the District Commissioner, and we were allowed to use it, when not required for government use. I spent two or three days there once, and had good attendance around the camp fires. As there were many such outposts, it was five months before I was able to revisit Lakanya. However, when I eventually did, I saw a lad of about nineteen sitting close to me and taking particular interest in everything I said. He wore a very old, torn shirt. In his pocket, I noticed a folded paper. I leaned over and picked his pocket. The paper fell on the ground in 12 pieces. It was a Luvale tract. When I asked him where he got it from, he looked at me incredulously and said, "Ow, Bwana!" (Sir, in Luvale) "Don't you remember me? I came to all your meetings when you came to Lakanya last time. You gave me that tract. We read it every day." I asked him who the "we" were, and he replied that nine youths of a nearby village, including himself, met every morning and he would read the tract to them. Then he begged me to visit his village with him, to tell them more about Jesus and His way of Salvation. I was amazed, and promised I would come. He said, "It is not far; just over the hill." But he did not divulge which hill he was referring to. It proved a very long and tiresome walk through Kalahari sand, but it was worthwhile. That tract was their whole Bible, and well used. To compare, we have so much literature, that I think we are spoilt. I was able to expand their religious library somewhat.

On another trip, we had to use bicycles and footpaths. My bicycle boasted a moped; a small motor on the rear wheel, so I could travel faster than my African co-worker. We came to a Luvale village and I let my companion preach first, then told him to go ahead to John Kawasha, a believer who lived the other side of some thick bush, about 15 miles away, to tell him that I would sleep at his place that night. Thinking that I would have plenty of time, I went on preaching another hour. The village folk gave me some peanuts and three eggs. I put these in a cloth and packed them into a loud-speaker I had with me. They warned me not to, under any circumstances, sleep in the bush. Recently, two of their youths had been attacked and eaten by lions, I was told.

I found the bush very thick and the trees very tall. The path was difficult to see as it gets dark very quickly after sunset in Zambia. It had been raining earlier, and I didn't notice a root across the path. I hit it at high speed. My axel broke and I knew it would not be possible to reach John Kawasha's place before total darkness engulfed. I recollected a verse in Mark's gospel, chapter 10, where Jesus promised His disciples 100 houses, if they left their own for His sake, and the sake of the Kingdom of God. "Lord I need one of those houses right here, and now!" I prayed. I did not know what to expect but pushed the broken bike on, perhaps 100 yards, when I came upon an opening in the bush. I could see the sky.

The Luvale folk are great makers of dugout canoes. Then I saw that someone had chopped down a huge tree, lopped off all the branches and started hollowing out the trunk, shaping it into a canoe. For shelter from the sun, the workmen had erected a flimsy grass hut near the half-finished canoe. There were chunks of wood around and I had matches with me. The workmen had already gone home as they would not sleep in that bush. I made a big roaring fire in the doorway, as there was no door. I found one of the eggs was badly crushed by the accident, but the other two were whole. I baked them as best I could in the coals. They got burned on one side and were raw on the other, but being hungry, they were delicious! Soon I was fast asleep.

About three in the morning I felt someone, or something, touch my ear, and I was immediately wide awake, and aware of the danger I was in. I pulled a handful of straw out of the roof and put it on the dying embers. Stooping down, I blew, and a flame shot up. At that moment I heard a growl, and a large animal dashed off into the bush. I could not see what it was, but had no trouble staying awake until daylight.

About four hours later I saw my co-worker and two companions coming towards me at the double, looking apprehensively to either side of the path, expecting to find bits and pieces of their "erstwhile" missionary. When they eventually saw me alive and well, they ran flat out and hugged me for sheer joy and relief! They told how they had tried, again and again, to come to my aid, during the night, but all they had was a hurricane lamp which kept being extinguished by the wind. So they had to postpone the search until the early morn.

At John Kawasha's store, we found an axel which fit my bicycle, and after a hearty breakfast, we were about to continue our journey to Katuva, when we saw a car coming down the road. I recognized the vehicle - it belonged to Dr. Worsfeld, a New Zealander, serving the Lord at Chitokaloki Mission, on the Zambezi River. He had always been friendly and helpful to us. He was actually on his way to Kabulamema with several copies of the Luvale Bible, just off the press. Up until that time the Luvales had to be content with just the New Testament and two or three Old Testament books in their own language. They were awaiting the rest of the Old Testament with great excitement.

Romans 8 verse 28 assures us that all things, not just some of them, work together for good for believers. If I had not been detained that night in the

bush, I would have missed picking up the completed Luvale Bibles. Besides this, Katuva is a large village on the Angola border, which is hard to reach. I was asked shortly afterwards to leave Kabulamema and to relocate at Mwambashi, on the Copperbelt, 450 miles away. I never had another opportunity to visit Katuva. How much longer would they have waited for the whole Bible? The Lord alone knows. We were able to deliver five full Bibles at Katuva that day.

We made good use of tracts in Luvale and Lunda, the languages commonly used in the Kabompo-Balovale districts. They were illustrated by Winsome, and later on also by Ruth, our daughter, who inherited her mom's gift as an artist. We also took a small folding gramophone, and some excellent records in these two languages, plus one or two others. One day I noticed a lad of about 17 years, who was following us from village to village, so I asked him why. He told me how amazed he was that a singer could get inside so small a box and sing!

As there were also many lepers among the Luvale folk, it was found necessary to run a leprosarium at Kabulamema. It became a fair sized village eventually, with some 100 - 150 patients living in shacks and we were glad to help them to erect their homes. We used sulphur drugs, mainly. They were not a cure, but did give some relief by arresting the ravage caused by the dreaded disease. Some patients were considered "burnt out" cases and no longer a danger to others. They returned to the home villages which they came from. Some of them were a sad sight: fingerless, toeless, and often badly deformed.

One day I visited the "Nganda", the capital of a Luvale sub-chief, near the Angola border. As I approached his large hut, a woman dragged herself outside. She had neither hands nor feet. She must have recognized me, although I did not recollect seeing her at our sanitorium. Strangely, she had a good musical voice, and she started singing one of our favourite hymns (by Thomas Kelly) in Luvale:

*"Praise the Lord, ye who know Him!  
Who can tell how much we owe Him!  
Gladly let us render to Him all we are and have."*

I was deeply touched and gave her the only coin I had on me; it was a half-crown, but I felt she deserved a whole one, and that she would surely receive one in Heaven.

## **8. OUR FAMILY GROWS**

### CHAPTER 8

The Lord blessed us with four lovely, healthy daughters; three of whom were born in South Africa, but the fourth was born literally, on the banks of the Zambezi River, in a small cottage put at our disposal by our dear friends, the Ridges. There was a doctor at Balovale, located only a mile away, but he was often away on his rounds in the district and could not be contacted. We were expecting our fourth child about the end of July, so we left Kabulamema mission early in the month for Balovale. The road that we had to travel was very sandy and rough; it was about a hundred miles. I felt very sorry for Winsome, but she never complained. A very kind nurse, Flora Hampton, promised to deliver the baby on her own, should the doctor be away.

We got to our destination and unpacked. The cottage was small, but very comfortable, and we had two weeks to wait before we had to alert the hospital. As was expected, the doctor was away, but nurse Hampton came very promptly. She informed me that I would have to assist her, which I did. It was fairly early in the evening when labour pains in earnest began, and we prayed that there would be no complications. Our prayers were wonderfully answered and in a remarkably short time, it was all over. Grace Eunice Muggleton gave evidence of a healthy pair of lungs! Recalling the gracious way our Lord undertook on our behalf, we decided to call her Grace. We also arranged that her initials spelt "GEM", and she has been a gem to us ever since, praise the Lord! We also owe a great debt of gratitude to the Ridges and nurse Hampton, who told us that Grace was the first white baby to be born in the Balovale area.

We had no pram for Grace and had to use a wheelbarrow. Her elder sisters thought it great fun wheeling her around the mission at top speed, while we held our breath, fearing that they would tip her out over the bumps.

Friends in South Africa and Canada very generously sent us parcels. Those were the days when it did not cost an arm and a leg to send a parcel to Zambia, and the parcels actually got there. They often contained dresses for the girls. This saved us a great deal of money, and as they outgrew them, they were handed on down the line. Grace, being the youngest, soon reached the stage where she complained bitterly that Ruth and Jennifer always got the new dresses, and that she and Valerie always got the worn ones. She had a point there, but really, there was nothing we could do about it. The opening of the parcels was always a red-letter day at the mission, especially at Christmas time. We had no car, but used our boat to fetch the

parcels at the post office at Kabompo township, about 25 miles upstream from the mission. I will never forget one such day. The Christmas mail, or most of it, was a few days late. I left on the 29th of December and returned on the 30th, which was Winsome's birthday. There were four or five large parcels, wrapped in muslin. About a mile from the mission, the Kabompo River makes a sharp left bend, and the mission comes into view. I can still see in my mind's eye, the family standing on the bank of the river, waving their hands. They had heard the outboard motor and rushed down to the quay. What a lovely birthday surprise for all of us. God does all things well, and His timing is spot on!



***Four sisters: Jennifer, Grace, Ruth and Valerie***

Ruth showed artistic talent very early on in life, we encouraged her and were able to give her special training in Graphic Design in East London, South Africa. She studied under some excellent art teachers, including Jack Lugg, the principal, who became world famous. In my opinion, her art skills excelled even her mother's. In 1975, Ruth immigrated to Canada and married Kenneth Winger, a Canadian. They have two adult children: Vivienne, who is married to Ben McGaghey, and Nathan, who is still single. Ken and Ruth now live in Waterloo, Ontario.

Jennifer always loved to read, she was frequently found in a cosy corner, deeply engrossed in a book. Jenny won first prize in a short story competition. She did well at school and received a first class certificate (she was an "A" student). She was the first in our family to become a registered

nurse in South Africa; and she was the first to get married, to a Baptist minister, the Rev. Edward Marshall. Their family immigrated to Australia from South Africa in about 1999. They have three children: Daniel, Joel, and Rhoda. Rhoda is married to an Australian named Adam Atherton.

I consider Valerie the hardest worker of the four, and she never seemed to mind it. She also became a trained nurse, like her other two sisters. Val got on well with the Luvale folk, even liked to share their cassava mush, their staple diet in Zambia. She inherited her mother's looks and her patient disposition. Valerie was the last to get married. She married a South African by the name of Martinus Jonker. He is a motor mechanic, and they live in Bloemfontein, South Africa, with their two fine young sons, Jeremy and Ian.

Grace also married a Canadian, the Rev. Gerald Cressman, and they have two children; firstly Sarah, who is making wedding plans for August 2006, in Saskatoon. And the second, Oliver, who now lives with his wife, Tracey, in Calgary. Grace qualified as a registered nurse and has held various nursing positions in Canada. She and Gerald served a five-year term on the mission field in Zambia and South Africa. Gerald and Grace live in Saskatoon, and until recently, Gerald taught at Central Pentecostal Bible College in Saskatoon for a number of years. Now he is pastoring a church in the area. So, in all, we have nine grandchildren, and our family has grown somewhat!

I have a memory of Grace when she was just a tiny baby, at Kabulamema mission. She was afraid when the leopards barked outside in the night, and the hyenas chuckled. She would only sleep when she could clutch onto one of my fingers. This meant my arm was exposed to mosquito bites, as each bed was under a mosquito net. It was both uncomfortable and unhealthy for me, so I tried, when she breathed softly, and I thought she was deep in sleep, to gently wriggle my finger out of her vice-like grip. Usually, this was of no use. A high pitched yell informed me that she had not been deceived! I was back to square one, and the whole process would have to be repeated.

The reverend Dr. Billy Graham came out and conducted a campaign on the Copperbelt in 1960, when Grace was six years old. Winsome and I were asked to assist the Luvale converts, so we left Grace in the care of a dear friend of ours, Beryl Davis. Beryl told us afterwards how Grace cried so much, her socks were wet! Asked why she was crying, she told Beryl, "Auntie, you don't know what a great sinner I am." She was determined to go up to the front when Billy Graham gave the invitation. Beryl tried to dissuade her, thinking she was too young and didn't quite understand, but Grace insisted; so they both went forward, and Grace filled out a decision card,

which I have to this day.

Ruth, as her name indicates, was very friendly and out-going. Once when visitors arrived for tea, I remember, she played for some time with their three-year-old son, about Ruth's age then. Suddenly he came running to his mother, and reported, "Ruth's dead!" We ran to see what was up, and found Ruth fast asleep, propped up by the leg of the table, which they were playing under, completely exhausted!

Ruth was a bit of a ring-leader and very daring. She was at Sakeji boarding school, situated in the upper northwest tip of Zambia, about 400 miles west of Chingola, the nearest town. One day, being rather bored, she and her best friend, Betty Hess, decided that they would run away from school to Angola, to see what it was like. The border was about eight or so miles away. When night overtook them, they decided to sleep, and eat supper, in one of the mango trees planted along the roadside. It was hard sleeping in the tree, which wasn't very tall, or comfortable. Hyenas could be heard approaching, and lion and leopard were quite common in the area. That evening, no small stir occurred at the school when they could not be found. Her best friend, Betty, who happened to be the principal's youngest daughter, was fearless and always ready for adventure. A search party, consisting of African employees and Sakeji's older boys, set out and found the would-be explorers on the road, later the next morning. They were duly reprimanded, and received spankings. To tell the truth, neither of them had in mind to return to school, at all! Unseen angels must have been keeping watch over them!



***The Muggleton family in Toronto, 1964. Left to right: Grace, Ruth, Jack, Valerie, Winsome and Jennifer***

## **9. CLOSE SHAVES WITH DANGEROUS ANIMALS AND REPTILES**

### **CHAPTER 9**

When Mr. Hunt, my supervisor in Pretoria, tried to persuade me not to resign, or venture into the wilds of Zambia, he said to me, "There are all kinds of wild animals up there and snakes galore." It was no exaggeration. One of the wild animals is the African elephant, which is considerably larger than its Indian cousin. Elephants have always fascinated me. I was told that if I was to see elephants in their natural habitat, I should go to the Mana Pools on the Zambezi, near the border between Zambia and Zimbabwe, and also, to view the wonderful birdlife there.

We had to pass close by this rather primitive game reserve en route to South Africa, from the Copperbelt, in the 1960's. On one occasion, we were not in a hurry and were travelling in a three-ton truck with a 45-gallon drum of diesel on the back, as fuel was in short supply in Zimbabwe. Winsome and I decided to visit Mana Pools. Before we left the main road, I siphoned off 10 gallons of diesel from the drum into our tank, but forgot to screw the cap back onto the 45-gallon drum. The road down to the pools was rough and to our annoyance, we had spilt quite a lot of diesel over our oranges and other goods carried in the rear of the truck. I knew I would have to sleep there that night, as there was only room for Winsome in the cab; however, the Lord knew best.



***Encountering elephants at Mana Pools***

About midnight I was awakened by the sound of a herd of approaching elephants. All I had to "protect" myself with was a 3-inch pocket knife. One elephant was inquisitive, and raised its trunk over the side of the truck, looking for oranges. Its trunk came too close for my liking, and I wondered if I should stab it with my "weapon" or not. Fortunately, I decided against it, for

we were on the river's edge, and an infuriated elephant could have toppled the truck over into the river. Winsome was soundly asleep in the cab, and I was pleased about that, for she may have panicked and tried to protect me. The elephant found the oranges and tried to eat one, but the smell or taste of the diesel was not at all to its liking, so after a few minutes, which seemed like hours to me, it withdrew its trunk and in due course the herd moved on, leaving us to sleep until dawn.

About 50 yards from us in the middle of the Zambezi, were two small islands covered with tall reeds. They were home to millions of small birds. For two or three minutes after sunrise, they burst into a song of praise. Then, as if signalled by their leader, a vast number rose: first from one end of one island, followed very shortly afterwards by the rest, on the second island. It was a lovely sight. It was amazing that they did not collide with one another, so many in such a small air space. Our airplane pilots still have a lot to learn about flying! Again the Lord fulfilled His promise: He makes all things work together for good to those who love Him.

On another occasion in Zambia, we had to go out hunting for a meal for a church conference. Taking four men with me, we went to Citampolovo, where the game was plentiful. My rifle was over 40 years old, and had been used in World War I; not much use against elephants. We followed a game path and the birds were singing beautifully in the early morning. The anthills in Zambia are enormous, the size of small houses, and as high. As we approached one, the birds stopped singing. Unseen by us, a herd of some 20 elephants or more was approaching the anthill from the other side, and had halted apprehensively. As we came around the anthill, they trumpeted together and stampeded, but, praise the Lord, away from us, through the thick bush. They made a wide road, with only large trees left standing. The Lord has put the fear of man even in the hearts of elephants. The normal weight carried by a Zambian carrier those days was 60 lb. Any pack over 60 lb would be refused; but if it was meat for their conference, they would cheerfully shoulder a 100 lb load! I would often be away from the mission for a week or more evangelizing. If I took my rifle, I had no trouble getting men to go with me, for we would share any game we were able to bag.

One night when I was out on such a trip, Winsome heard a lot of commotion coming from the chicken run. Thinking it was a wild cat, she went out with her torch (flash-light) to investigate. The batteries were so low that she could not see her own shoes. She entered the chicken run anyway, and shouted, "Shooooo! Shooooo!" loudly, at the intruder, not knowing what it was. Again the racket occurred, so she went out again; this time with Ruth (who was home from school), holding a paraffin lamp. She flapped a white sheet, while

they yelled, “Shoooo!” and they repeated this twice more. Then they decided to leave further investigation until daylight. The next morning a dozen or so chickens were dead – that was not like a wild cat. The following night the animal visited our co-worker, Mr. Hansen’s, chicken run. The next morning, Mr. Hansen sent a message for Winsome to see what was in his fowl run. It was a full-sized older leopard! Besides leopards, we had to contend with pythons, eagles, hawks and army ants, all very partial to poultry - to say nothing of hyenas and prowling wild dogs.

Winsome used to produce exquisitely painted organdy tea-showers. These are used to keep flies and insects off food on the table in Africa. She found a ready sale for them on the Copperbelt, and in South Africa, and in this way augmented our income. Some parts of Zambia are famous for beautiful, rare wild flowers. Our girls loved bringing new specimens to their Mom, not just for admiration, but for practical purposes. One morning we decided to go down the Kabompo to find some choice specimens, and to have a picnic on an island I knew about. It was about 15 miles downstream from the mission.

It turned out to be a beautiful day. The beige sand on the small island was soft and clean, so we set out the picnic. We were loathe to leave the spot, but at about 5 p.m. we heard a low grunt, followed by two or three more. A family of hippos was giving us a hint that we had overstayed our welcome on the island, their home. Hippos kill many people each year. Taking the hint, we packed the boat in a hurry, and were soon chugging our way back to the mission. It took much longer than we had expected to get home, as it was against a fairly strong current. It was dark before we reached our destination, and finding our make-shift quay in the dark was tricky, but we made it.

On many occasions, we were protected from venomous snakes. One morning I arose whilst it was yet dark and went to my chest-of-drawers, intending to get out a clean shirt; but on second thoughts, I decided to put the old one on, as I had a couple of jobs to do in the shed, which was dusty; I would change later. By the time I had done those jobs in the shed, it was broad daylight. We did not have electric lights, using only “Tilly” lamps at night. As I opened the drawer, I saw a movement, and knew it was a snake. It was coiled up on my shirts. It was a black mamba, about 8 feet long, which I quickly dispatched. If I had fumbled in the dark for a clean shirt, earlier, it could have been fatal. I thanked our Lord God for His timely intervention.

On another occasion, I was on an evangelistic trip and was offered shelter for the night in the storeroom of an African trader. I lit a hurricane lamp, and entered the storeroom. It had two or three shelves on one of the walls, and I

spotted a large mamba spread out over two of these. One of the shelves was level with my face, and the head of the mamba protruded out, about a foot from my face. I looked into its little beady, black eyes and called for a stout stick. An African came running in with one, but when I explained that there was a snake in the storeroom, he turned about and ran without giving me the stick! Anyway, the snake was more afraid than I, and fled through the open door, and did not return. The mamba is regarded as the deadliest snake in Africa, and Zambia seemed to be their favourite habitat. In both the Old and the New Testaments, the Lord promises that we will be protected from snakes.

One day Winsome had an interesting experience with a snake, while at Kabulamema, while I was away. Balancing a large wooden crate of bananas on her knee, she was battling to open a combination lock on the door of our outdoor pantry at Kabulamema. She felt something moving over her feet and looked below. To her horror, she saw a large black mamba, pulling itself out from under the pantry door. She reacted quickly, dropped the box of bananas on the snake, and ran to safety. Checking later, she and the girls were delighted to find that the weight of the box had crushed the snake's head!

## **10. BACK TO CIVILIZATION - THE COPPERBELT**

### **CHAPTER 10**

Copper mining was by far the biggest industry in Zambia in those days and the copper was in great demand, fetching a good price on the London metal exchange. Being a labour-intensive industry, it drew hundreds of thousands of job seekers, and among them a large slice of the Luvale tribe. It is some 400 miles north of Kabulamema. One day a deputation of Brethren or C.M.M.L. missionaries called at Kabulamema. I had been ministering for five years in the bush by that time. They were concerned about a mission station on the Copperbelt called Mwambashi. Mwambashi means “the place of the waterbuck”. The mission had been unoccupied for some time and was in danger of being taken over by the mines or the government. Their request was, “Would we be prepared to take a transfer from Kabulamema to this station on the Copperbelt?” Mr. Hansen, our co-worker, felt we should accept the offer. Winsome prayed about the move and it seemed the Lord was in it. So we set a date for our departure.

The education of our children was a big drain on our resources. The petrol for the trip was especially scarce for the 450-mile trip taken four times a year; over nearly non-existent roads, to and from Sakeji school for the two school terms. We felt it was of the Lord, and after careful prayer, we accepted the call and set a date for our departure from Kabulamema. The mission was situated on the banks of the Kafue River. On the other side of the river was a large grassy flood plain, full of wild flowers and animals. The surroundings were still quite natural. Mwambashi was also located only 15 miles from Kitwe. Kitwe was a large and growing city, which boasted a secondary school.

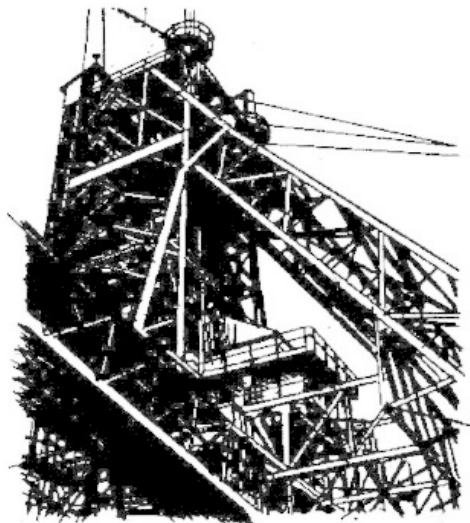
What a contrast from the bush to the Copperbelt, with its ultra-modern mines! I had always felt more at home in the bush, surrounded by God’s handiwork than in man-made cities. However, the safest, most fruitful place to be in, is the direct will of the Lord.

We had agreed to the proposed transfer, and had set a date, but the money or the means to transfer our things was not there. We had a very helpful Christian friend, Francisco, who ran a trading store on the Kabompo River and he owned a 5-ton truck. He agreed to cart our furniture from Kabulamema to Mwambashi for the sum of £90. There was still a week or so before Francisco was due to pick up the furniture and we still did not have the money, so we prayed. It so happened that a missionary near Sakeji needed a boat and wrote asking me if I would like to sell mine. I replied to the effect

that he could have mine for £90. Seeing as the Kafue River on the Copperbelt was small and full of cataracts and small waterfalls, it was not suitable for river transportation. The buyer replied immediately and enclosed his cheque for £90 without even seeing the boat and motor! All we had to do was endorse and hand the cheque over to Francisco. He did a fine job carting our goods to the Copperbelt on time. Only our Lord could have timed the logistics so well.

Shortly before we left Kabulamema Mission, a brother in the Lord was moved to give us sufficient funds to buy ourselves a second-hand Chevrolet vanette (or small truck). This was a great help in the transfer, the work and to get the children to and from school. What a relief to travel on tarred roads!

Three of our children were ready for school, and the principal was very obliging. As for the children, I think they were very glad for the change. We soon had electricity installed and a telephone. We made many friends on the Copperbelt.



***Minehead***

It was a different kind of mission work we were now engaged in, far more civilized. Although the vast majority of Luvalas on the Copperbelt were housed in mine compounds, there were still many living in the bush that surrounded the built-up areas of the Copperbelt. They made a living out of chopping down trees and making charcoal out of them for the compound-dwellers. African villages sprang up near the tarred roads and wherever water could be found. As I was by now fluent in the Luvale language, and Winsome had studied Lunda, we were well received in both the compounds

and the villages. White miners often visited us on the mission and were very generous in their giving. We were invited to minister in their churches.

One Sunday afternoon when I went for a walk deep in the bush surrounding the mission, I came across a barbed-wire fence with an incline shaft beyond it. Traces of copper sulphate in the pile of excavated sand and stone beside it indicated that it was an exploratory copper mine shaft, but which had been abandoned hurriedly a long time ago. What puzzled me was that the fence was in good shape and had recently been repaired. I was startled by a polite Luvale greeting, "Hindukenu vakwetu!" This means, "Greetings to you!" I turned and there stood a fine-looking Luvale with a broad smile on his face. I discovered that his name was Sakayombo. By his name, I could discern that he was married and had a first-born son named Kayombo. In Luvale, "Sa" means "father of". By this rule, my real Luvale name is Salute - father of Ruth, my first-born. But, all r's turn into l's in Luvale, and all names must end with a vowel.

Sakayombo was delighted that I could speak his language and had an interesting story to tell when I asked what he was doing in the bush there alone. Two historical events had left an indelible impression on the minds of most older Luvales. Firstly, the death of King George V of Great Britain. Secondly, the Great Depression of the early thirties. A Luvale could determine how old he/she was in relation to these two events.

My new-found friend, Sakayombo, was a young miner working for a man named Mr. McDonald, when the depression began. He worked at a mine named Chambishi (the name of the location). Mr. McDonald was instructed by the mine manager to explore the area for deposits of copper. He hired a group of Luvales to dig this incline shaft. Now drills are used for this purpose. They had not proceeded very deep before the price of copper on the London metal market fell to £19 per ton, due to the depression. It was impossible for Mr. McDonald's company to produce and transport copper to London at that price and make a profit. He called all his workmen together to explain the sad situation to them, then paid them a month's wages each, in advance. He urged them to return to their villages, till the soil and produce food for themselves, or they might die of hunger.

"He took me aside," said Sakayombo, "and told me to collect all the pipes and equipment, and to put up a fence all around them and the mouth of the incline shaft." When this was done, Mr. McDonald told Sakayombo that he was going to "Goutini" (the Golden city), but that he would return to pay him. All he had to do was to keep the fence in good repair and look after the pipes

and tools.

“Well, Sakayombo,” I said, “that was 30 years ago. Has he returned yet?” He replied in the negative. Then I asked him if Mr. McDonald had written, and he looked at me incredulously, and said, “How can he, there is no post office here, and Mr. McDonald cannot speak or write Luvale.” So I asked him if he was not afraid he might lose out. At this remark, he seemed taken aback. “Mr. McDonald never told us a lie. I know he will come back and pay me.” What profound faith Sakayombo had in Mr. McDonald, and what a lesson he teaches us who are awaiting the return of our Lord from the Golden City above!

Sakayombo and I saw quite a lot of each other after this. He frequently visited the mission and was told how we too are awaiting the return of our Lord. Then one day a friend visited me from Kitwe, and when he left he handed me the latest newspaper, which he had brought with him. Looking casually at the headlines, I noted that a new mine was to be opened, and it would be named the Chambishi mine. This caught my eye, for it was in the Chambishi area that Sakayombo lived. Then, lower down I saw a picture and recognized it immediately: it was Sakayombo. He was receiving a gold watch and a cheque from a man named Mr. McDonald! Sakayombo had not waited in vain and was now a wealthy man. The mine was duly opened only six or seven miles away from the mission; an opencast mine, and the richest of the Copperbelt, bringing thousands of miners to our doorstep.

## **11. SOME HIGHLIGHTS IN OUR COPPERBELT OUTREACH**

### **CHAPTER 11**

We found a different kind of Luvale on the Copperbelt than those around Kabulamema. They were exposed to far more temptations and there was less tribal discipline. Besides, they were in possession of more wealth. It was a very cosmopolitan community, with as many as 70 languages spoken, predominantly Bemba and Nyanja. We made use of literature in various languages, carrying satchels with compartments for tracts in each language. We gave out as many as a million tracts a year. The outreach was made possible with the help of Bible School students. We travelled from the Tanganyika border to that of Zimbabwe, and also into Nyasaland, now known as Malawi. The tracts were sought after, and never refused - that is, until nationalism crept in and politics changed many.

In February 1960, the Billy Graham team visited the Copperbelt in Zambia, for an interdenominational campaign. We fully supported the campaign and did a lot of groundwork for two months before the team arrived. It was hampered somewhat by political unrest. We were invited to meet Billy Graham at a breakfast he had set up in the biggest restaurant in Kitwe. After the breakfast, I was approached with a request that I take Billy Graham and his team to a nearby African village. No prior warning was given me, but I accepted, and took them to Sakayombo's village, Chambishi. I prayed much that Katiki, the headman, would be there. We had erected a small grass church there, and conducted regular meetings with about 100 Luvale charcoal burners who lived in the village. There were about eight new vehicles in our convoy, and when we left the tarred road, they got covered with mud from huge puddles in the rugged dirt roads. Some of the entourage were photographers and pressmen.

I was very relieved to see Katiki emerging from his hut, when we arrived. His wife hurriedly followed, still drying her hands. Billy Graham was delighted to meet them, and warmly shook her wet hand. He asked me to round up the villagers for a short sermon. There were a lot of logs lying around, and soon the villagers were all seated on them. Altogether there were about 50 of us. Billy Graham is a marvellous preacher; I did not find it difficult to interpret for him. A reporter must have taken down the message, for later I found it in print.

The following is that message:

## **THE KEYWORD OF CHRISTMAS IS EMMANUEL, GOD WITH US**

*“It was as though I, while walking along a road, stepped on an anthill. I might look down and say to the ants, ‘I am terribly sorry that I’ve stepped on your anthill. I’ve disrupted your home. Everything is in confusion. I wish I could tell you that I loved you, that I did not mean to do it; that I would like to help you.’ But you say, ‘That’s absurd, that’s impossible; ants cannot understand your language!’ That’s just it. How wonderful it would be if I could only become an ant for a few moments and in their language tell them of my love for them!*

*That, in effect, is what Jesus did. He came to reveal God to man. He it is who told us that God loves us and is interested in our lives. He it is who told us of the mercy and longsuffering and grace of God. ‘Not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.’ (1 John 4 vs 10) He it is who promised life everlasting.*

*But more than that, Jesus partook of (became) flesh and blood in order that He might die. He was manifested to take away our sins. Christ came into the world ‘to give His life a ransom for many’. The very purpose of Christ’s coming into the world was that He might offer up His life a sacrifice for the sins of men. He came to die. This is the heart of Christmas.”*

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Billy Graham and I were both born in the year 1918. We met twice - once in New York, and once in Kitwe, Zambia. I have attended several of his campaigns in Canada and Africa. I am told he has four daughters, like myself; but the Lord also gave him a son, Franklin, who is the founder of a bold philanthropic mission, “The Samaritan’s Purse”, much used by the Lord.



*An elderly Dr. Billy Graham, preaching*

## **12. WINDS OF CHANGES**

### **CHAPTER 12**

It was towards the end of the 1950's that the British Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, visited South Africa and made his famous "Winds of Changes" speech to the combined houses of parliament, in Cape Town. Shortly afterwards, the "winds" were reaching gale force in central Africa, making mission work there more difficult and dangerous. We were warned by district and provincial commissioners that they could not guarantee our safety if we insisted on preaching the Gospel in their more remote areas, as their resources were too limited. We prayed much about this and felt we had no option but to go ahead, depending on our Lord's protection. The word given us by the Lord was: "Go, and I will be with you. Be not afraid."

Just north of the Copperbelt there is a peculiar narrow arm of the Congo, known locally as the Pedicel. It extends roughly in a south-easterly direction and almost cuts Zambia in half. It makes it difficult to reach the northern parts of Zambia without crossing international boundaries. There is a road cutting through the Pedicel which saves a long detour for travellers. Normally users of this road do not bother to obtain a visa, but now the "winds of changes" were changing all that.

Winsome and I took this shortcut route and were some ten miles inside the Congo, when we were halted by a soldier carrying a rifle. He demanded we answer why we had disregarded the stop sign. Mystified, we asked him, "Which stop sign?" He pointed to a piece of tin lying in the grass, at the side of the road, almost obscured. We apologized, but he was not satisfied, and started marching me off at the point of his rifle. I was scared about Winsome alone in the vehicle. He asked me what papers I had been distributing, so I gave him some. They were Gospel tracts in three or more African languages. "What mission are you with?" he asked abruptly. I believe that the Lord guides our thoughts at times like this, for, instead of giving a mission name, I said that I belonged to the same mission as Mr. Raw of Lubombashi, in the Congo. "Do you know Mr. Raw?" asked my captor. "Then you cannot be a Communist. Mr. Raw is my pastor in Lubombashi." He lowered his rifle; all tension was eased, we shook hands and were on our way again. Needless to say, Winsome had been praying, and we rejoiced at the timely reminder given by the Lord as regards Mr. Raw, who kept a resthouse for missionaries in Lubombashi, formerly Elizabethville. It was called "Rest-A-While".

Not long after this episode, the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada (PAOC) kindly sent us reinforcements, when Bob and Doris Skinner came to help us

at Mwambashi Mission. Bob was very keen on distributing tracts and had a million printed for us through the generous help of his cousin in the States. It was Bob who set the target for our Bible School at Mwambashi to distribute a million tracts annually in central Africa, and follow it up with a Bible Correspondence Course, free of charge for all converts. It grew by leaps and bounds!



***Illustration on the cover of our first Bible Correspondence Course***

Bob and I decided to visit the north-western corner of Zambia with tracts and films. We paid a courtesy visit to the district commissioner of the area first, and again we were warned that we would have to go at our own risk; the situation was tense. We came upon many instances of sabotage. Wooden bridges had been set on fire, we had to extinguish more than one of them. When we came to a major river, we could go no further, for the pontoon had been cut adrift and was wrecked on a huge rock mid-stream. As we got out to assess the damage, seeking another way to cross the river, a number of armed men and boys gathered on the far side of the river. They shouted to us not to attempt to cross the river, or they would shoot us. I explained to them what our mission was, in their language; but they were adamant, so we left a pile of tracts on a rock on our side of the river and told them to fetch and read them for themselves. For our part, it meant a long and tenuous detour of perhaps 100 miles.

We had to change our plans somewhat, and headed for the southern end of lake Tanganyika. There too, we found hostility. Stones were thrown at us but

they did only minor damage. We decided to call off the project, but Bob gallantly threw a pile of well-illustrated Bemba tracts in the air, as we left. The wind was blowing fairly hard, and away they went in all directions. There was a sequel to this about a month later. A Bemba by the name of Sekonde turned up at Mwambashi. He had come about 350 miles and had an amazing story to tell.

Sekonde could speak English fluently. He reminded us of our abortive trip to Tanganyika, from which he had just come. He told us how one of the tracts came floating through the air and landed at his feet. Because it was in his language and illustrated, he picked it up and read it. He was convicted by that tract and the nasty treatment he and his companions had given us. He repented before the Lord, and opened his heart to let Him in. He took the tract to the school he attended and showed the principal, who read it out to the class, and some 40 professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ through that one Bemba tract!

We had started a Bible School at Mwambashi Mission, and Sekonde wanted to enlist as one of our students. In fact, he was the keenest and brightest of that group of students, and became a very keen pastor among the Bembas on the Copperbelt. "He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." (Psalm 126) Years later the "winds of changes" reached Venda, in South Africa, where we tried hard to pioneer a new work. I say a new work for the Lord, because a liberal denomination had got in there before us and majored on education, at the expense of evangelization. The end product was a politicised church, somewhat sophisticated, but dead spiritually, and doctrinally way-out. We built a gospel hall, with rooms for a pastor attached. A fine ex-student of ours, named Elisa Magadani, was living there; she was a brilliant preacher and soul-winner, and soon the hall was filled.



*Elisa*

Venda proved to be a very hard field to evangelize and although Elisa won many souls, there were many enemies lurking in the shadows. One night we had a prayer meeting in the hall and were just drawing it to a close, when a large mob of hooligans came howling down the street, torching the houses. Our next-door neighbour was terrified and sought refuge in our hall. We knew he would not be safe there, so we gave him a blanket and told him to hide in the thick bush on the hill, behind the hall. We continued in prayer. They torched our neighbours' two small houses. They had grass roofs and were totally destroyed.



### *The riot*

Ours was a brick building, with corrugated iron roofing. Perhaps that is why it was spared the torching, or could it have been a protecting angel? Some lives were lost. The police came around in an armoured car the next morning ... only ten hours too late! I did not see the neighbour again for several months, but after a meeting I attended in a nearby town, a man stopped me and gave me R20, (valued at about \$4 Canadian). He told me it was a token of his gratitude for our saving his life during the riot.

## **13. CANADIANS COME TO OUR AID**

### CHAPTER 13

With the number of converts rapidly increasing, it became apparent to us that two Bible Correspondence Courses were urgently needed in our mission work. The one course for young converts and the other for more advanced Bible training. We needed to print them by the thousands and for such a task our antiquated press was totally inadequate. We had to lift our horizons and look to the west for help. I have already mentioned how Bob and Doris Skinner joined us at Mwambashi Mission. I must back-tread now, a little. It was about the middle of 1958 that I was privileged to meet Bob's parents, James and Lila Skinner, two devoted senior missionaries associated with the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, who had come up from Southern Rhodesia to investigate the possibility of extending their Mission's work to Zambia. I was aware of the fact that the residence on Mwambashi Mission belonged to one who was keen to sell, but we did not have the means to buy it. We prayed much about the proposition, and took it as the Lord's leading when the Skinners and others in the Lord's work in Zambia urged us to stay put at Mwambashi, and negotiations commenced regarding the residence. The land belonged to a mining company and was not for sale. We were asked to consider the possibility of linking up with the Canadians.



***Winsome and myself with Bible students at Mwambashi***

Mwambashi (the mission) was duly sold to the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada (PAOC), and we were asked to pioneer their Zambian work, which we did joyfully, for 25 years. In His matchless sermon on the mount, our Lord advises us to seek first the KINGDOM OF GOD and HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS,

and all the mundane necessities of life will be added unto us. We have found our Lord to be true to His word, and lacking in nothing. But it is important to note that He said, “the Kingdom of God”, not a private kingdom of our own choosing! For this reason, we have ignored man-made denominations in our ministry, and worked on a non-denominational basis, welcoming all born-again believers into our fellowship.

During World War I, my uncle John Connock, after whom I was named, enlisted in a Canadian Infantry Division. He fell in battle, soon after my birth, in 1918. His name is recorded on a roll of honour, in the top of the tower of the Parliament buildings in Ottawa, which I was privileged to see. So our link with Canada goes back a long way.



**H**E whom this scroll commemorates was numbered among those who, at the call of King and Country, left all that was dear to them, endured hardship, faced danger and finally passed out of the sight of men by the path of duty and self-sacrifice, giving up their own lives that others might live in freedom. Let those who come after see to it that his name be not forgotten.

Pte. John Joseph Connock  
Canadian Infantry Bn.

### ***A tribute to my uncle, Pte. John Connock***

I had always wanted to visit Canada, and my desire was granted in 1963, when we were invited by our headquarters in Toronto to visit to do a full year's deputation work there. We were asked to bring the whole family, all six of us. We sailed by ocean liner to England, then flew by airplane across the Atlantic. Over the years, this was repeated six times, and I got to know Canada from coast to coast, and from the USA to the Arctic Circle. Our eldest and youngest daughters eventually married Canadians and became Canadians themselves. We found the Canadians to be very hospitable and generous; a truly genteel nation.



### ***Our family flies from London to Toronto in 1963***

Arriving in Toronto for our first furlough, in July 1963, North America was a whole new world for us. The girls went to school in Toronto and did well. We had arrived in the Canadian summer and dreaded the winter; however, central heating, for the first time, kept us comfortable. In spite of a lot of falling on the ice during the first few days, the children loved the snow, and wanted to make snowmen at 4 a.m. when it first started falling!

Congregations in Canada were enormous compared with those we were used to on the Copperbelt, as were the church buildings. We were a bit afraid at first, but found it easier to preach and teach in Canada than in the white churches in Africa. We were announced as missionaries from Africa, and some Canadians expressed disappointment that we were Whites and not Blacks! Soon after our arrival in Canada, we were to meet dear Christians, Mr. and Mrs. Shantz. They became our most faithful and generous supporters, during Mr. Shantz's life. Even on his death-bed, Mr. Shantz asked his wife, who survived him, to continue their support for another 12 months! How kind of them!

We had hardly unpacked our bags in Toronto in 1963, when a long distance call came through from Calgary. The caller was Rev. John Lucas. He insisted that I get a ticket and fly to Calgary to tell them about our work, as they wanted to participate. He had been following our reports for five years, as printed in the Pentecostal Testimony, a monthly periodical. Head Office agreed to their request, and soon I was landing at the Calgary airport; John Lucas was there to meet me.

On the way to their large church in downtown Calgary, he told me of an amazing move of the Spirit in a colony of local “hippies”. They were youths who had become disillusioned with their parents and the social order, and were living together in all kinds of shelters. Most did not cut their hair, they dropped out of school, and avoided most churches. Though they had accepted Christ, some churches were sceptical of their conversions and disapproved their long hair and dress. They did not welcome them. But John felt that there was a genuine move of the Spirit, and he made them all welcome at his services. They were thrilled, and asked him what they could do to please their Saviour. John tentatively suggested that perhaps it would please Him if the men cut their long hair shorter. They agreed, and started cutting it off. Then they wanted to burn it in the church as a burnt-offering, which John allowed; but it was difficult to get rid of the burnt smell, afterwards. He explained to me that the congregation that night would consist mainly of ex-hippies. I was surprised to find the church so crowded.

I have addressed some unusual congregations in my life, but never one such as this! They listened very well and asked for a project; so I brought out a prototype of the Xhosa Bible Study Book which we wanted to print, and for which we had received a very reasonable quote of \$1,500 from a printer in Edmonton. Enthusiastically they took up an offering. Whilst the treasurer was counting the offering, a sweet couple came up to the platform and handed me an envelope saying, “The Lord told us to put this into the offering, too.”

The treasurer announced that the offering amounted to \$1,300. I handed him the envelope which he opened and inside was a cheque for \$200, making up the full amount required to print 5,000 copies! How perfectly the Lord provides. I asked the treasurer to mail the money to my friend, Mr. Stout, in Edmonton, who did a very fine job of our first Xhosa Bible Study Book. We had six more books in this series printed, nearly all in Canada. Mr. Stout said to me, “I like doing business with you, Mr. Muggleton. You pay cash, and on the dot.” Mr. Stout was the founder of the press “Edmonton Tract Distributers”. They printed many thousands of tracts for us free of charge. He has since gone to be with the Lord, Whom he served so well.

After spending 15 years in Zambia, we were asked to pioneer PAOC’s first Bible School in South Africa. The government schools in Zambia had gone through deterioration since independence was granted in 1964, and the teachers themselves had advised us to send our two younger children to a school in Pietersburg, in South Africa, for further education. We had taken their advice and were glad of the opportunity to move nearer to where they were in 1967. Ruth and Jennifer attended college in East London, boarding

in hostels at this time.

We initially tried to start a Bible School at Shingwedsi, a mission station belonging to PAOC, but could get no students. It was not the right location; too far north and close to the Zimbabwean border, and also extremely hot and dry and lacking water. We searched for a better site and found one which was very central, in an African township called Lenyenye, and not far from the town of Tzaneen. We were told by our Head Office that no funds could be raised for the Bible school until we secured a site, so we applied to the South African government for a four-acre site. Meanwhile, we were asked to return to Canada on furlough. It was December, and still I had not heard from the South African government about my request for the site in the centre of Lenyenye. On the 22nd of December, I received a cable from Pretoria stating, "Site granted free of charge. Erect fence." I took it to Head Office immediately, and was allowed to raise \$20,000 in Canadian churches towards the Bible School buildings. There was much enthusiasm in the churches and the \$20,000 was soon raised.

We returned to South Africa and drew up plans for the Bible School campus. There would be eight buildings in all. Once building operations had commenced, we were delighted to get an offer of help from an experienced builder in Kamloops, Canada, who eventually arrived, and brought his father with him. They both did a wonderful job in spite of the high temperatures prevailing. When completed, it was upgraded to a college, providing accommodation for 24 students. The staff consisted of a principal, three teachers and a matron. It was my wish that the students be given field training, as well as academics. We went out frequently to the villages with projector and literature, to do practical work. The tent donated by a woman named Mrs. Bartlett of Bancroft, Ontario, Canada, seating 600, became very handy in the wet season, when we can suddenly experience very heavy rain. Some of the students became much-used evangelists. One went with us overseas to Canada, where he was very well received.



***Winsome with Bible students at Lenyenye***

# **14. OUR RETURN TO SOUTH AFRICA & WINSOME'S HOME**

## **CALLING**

### **CHAPTER I4**

We laboured among the Pedi, Shangaan and Venda tribes of North-Eastern Transvaal for four years, then the door was opened up for us to work amongst the Xhosas of the Transkei. This is the tribe I had grown up amongst while I went to high school in Adelaide. I was familiar with the Transkei, and had learned a smattering of the “clicky” language. We chose Stutterheim eventually, as our hometown, because it was central and we could get a house there at a low rental.

We had scarcely set up home in Stutterheim when the Lord sent us the ideal Xhosa co-worker. His name was Martin Tofile. He knew he had a call on his life to full-time work for the Lord and was a devoted Christian. Besides, he had a good command of the English language and had a fine family. Martin and I worked together for ten years or more, and never once had a serious disagreement. He helped me a great deal in translating the Bible study books into Xhosa and in handling the growing numbers of the correspondence courses which we conducted in Xhosa. He held a good position in a large bakery in Stutterheim, when we first met, but was willing to give it up in favour of full-time work with me. I explained that we worked on faith lines, with no guaranteed income, and expected him to do the same if he threw in his lot with us in the Lord's work.



***With Martin Tofile***

He fully accepted this position, and we promised to give whatever we could

afford. The Lord never let us down. When he told his employer that he was leaving, the boss tried to change his mind. Like me, he told him, that anyone who had put his hand to the plough, and looked back, was not fit for the kingdom of God. He offered to double Martin's salary, but Martin stood firm by his resolve. There were times when Martin and I had to sleep in the cold cab of our pickup truck and rough it, but he never complained. He was a man of integrity and the community wanted him to become their mayor, but he said that he would rather just be a councillor, as a mayor would be a full-time job. Today his sons are following in his footsteps in the work.

### **WINSOME'S HOMECOMING**



***Winsome, early in her illness***

It was in Stutterheim that our dear Winsome spent her last few days in this world, and from whence she entered into glory. These were dark days for me, and I was glad to have the whole family and Winsome's two sisters and brother come to be with me. This relates briefly how it transpired:

Winsome and I returned to South Africa after a year's furlough in Canada in July 1981. We were expecting to reach retirement age of 65 in 1982 and 1983, respectively. We had let our Head Office in Canada know that we wished to retire as soon as possible after my 65th birthday, on 13th of May 1983, and this they agreed upon. We did not know that the home-call for

dear Winsome would come just 23 days before she reached the age of 65. We had made tentative plans to purchase a mobile home upon retirement, and continue our ministry to the Xhosa people on wheels, living on faith lines. We were all equipped, with projectors, films, generator, literature and art supplies, and were looking forward to this new approach: looking to the Lord to guide and provide. However, the Lord had other plans.

One day Winsome confided to me that she had a lump in her left breast. It was diagnosed as cancer. Winsome strongly believed that it could be cured through prayer and, at first, she refused to have a mastectomy. Much prayer was made on her behalf both in South Africa and Canada, but healing was not forthcoming, so she underwent the operation, but it offered only temporary relief. She was given chemotherapy and other treatments under the supervision of a well-known specialist in Bloemfontein. But the cancer spread relentlessly. Eventually the doctors informed me that they had given up all hope of recovery for our loved one.

Towards the end of November 1982, the whole of our family was able to gather at Stutterheim, and Winsome's two sisters, Noreen and Merle, and brother, Herbert, were able to spend a day with her. The local doctor kindly arranged for Winsome to have a private ward in the hospital, and she was moved there at the beginning of December. We now took turns sitting with her, night and day. By December 3rd she could no longer communicate with us; however, when I read aloud from a devotional book on Psalm 23, for much of the time I believe she heard.

At midnight on December 6th, our daughter Valerie, who is a trained nurse, relieved me. I stooped to kiss Winsome, and she seemed to come out of her coma; she looked beyond me, and spoke in a faint, muffled voice. I listened intently, and it sounded like, "Lord, take care of him." And then she lapsed again into the coma. It was so typical of Winsome, always thinking of others, not of herself. I had hardly got home when the phone rang, and Valerie said, "Come quickly, Mom's sinking!" Grace and I hurried back to the hospital, but it was too late. I think Ruth and Jenny also accompanied us. We gathered around the bed and others came as well. We sang a chorus and prayed. Winsome went to glory just after midnight or very early in the morning of December 7th, just 23 days before her 65th birthday.

I came across these words which she had penned, probably near the end, while she could still write:

*“Lord, when you see that my work is done,  
let me not linger on with failing powers, down the weary hours,  
a worthless worker, in a world of workers.*

*But, with a word just bid me home, and I will come.”*

(She was quoting from a poem which was written by R.R. Brydone)

*“She has laid aside her armour,  
for a robe of spotless white,  
and with Jesus she is walking  
where the water sparkles bright.  
We have laboured here together,  
we have laboured side by side;  
Just a little while before me,  
she has crossed the rolling tide.”*

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## **15. OUR POST-RETIREMENT ACTIVITIES**

### **CHAPTER 15**

Although I had reached retirement age on 13th May 1983, PAOC generously continued to support me for another four months, bringing my years of fellowship with them up to 25, or a quarter of a century. We can never forget the cheerful generosity of the Canadians, and I believe it was the Lord's gracious provision and channel at the extended time. We were never promised a fixed income, but assured that they would send whatever they could. The Canadians saw to it that we were never in need, and they gave us a very generous parting gift when we left. I know they will be rewarded.

After September 1983 I was on my own, and that in more ways than one. The big house was very lonely once the family left, and meals were quite a problem. However, friends in Stutterheim were generous in inviting me to meals; one dear old lady saw to it that I received a beautifully roasted chicken every Friday, without fail! Also, in the work, there were no more directives from Toronto, but I depended on directives from a much higher source, which made the Lord more real and precious. Being alone also made me appreciate dear Winsome much more, and I soon had a longing for someone to take her place - both in my ministry, and in my home.

When we were living at Mwambashi mission in Zambia, we were about 20 km from Mufulira, where there was a large mine hospital. A nursing sister and believer at this hospital used to support our work and visit from time to time. Her name was Margaret Evelyn Metcalfe, and she hailed from Yorkshire in the U.K. We had not communicated after we left the Copperbelt in 1967, and I had no idea where she was. On December 7th, 1983, it was a year since the Lord took Winsome home. For that Christmas, I had been invited to spend the holiday with Jennifer and Ed at their home in the Cape. On Christmas morning I attended the service at my son-in-law, Ed's, church. After the service, I was chatting with a friend outside, when a smart looking, middle-aged lady approached us. I could hardly believe my eyes! Yes, it was Margaret Metcalfe. And, as it turned out, she was the Lord's gift to me, in answer to my prayer for another partner. She informed me that she was working at a very prestigious health spa in Stellenbosch, as matron. She told me that she had invested in a plot of land in Somerset West, on which she was having a home built for herself. I assumed that she must be married and I nervously asked her if it were so. I was delighted when she replied, "No". She invited me to come over and see the house, which was in the foundation-laying stage. It was on a beautiful spot, with a good view of the Helderberg mountain on one side, and the ocean on the other.

I wondered if Margaret would want to give up her career as matron at the spa, called the Hydro, and marry a retired missionary. I explained that I had no intention of giving up my calling as a missionary among the Xhosa, by living on faith lines; so I was surprised and pleased when she accepted my proposal. She told me that she, too, wanted to serve the Lord fulltime. We decided to get married, and set a date for the 14th of April, 1984.

Our home was built in a new development area, surrounded by a large vineyard. We were dismayed to see the vineyards disappearing to make way for more houses. In the year 2000, there were no more plots available in our area and two new adjoining development areas were added. I am amazed and grateful to the Lord to see how He guided us so that we could labour together. Margaret took to mission work like a duck to water. Her organizing ability and medical skills are of a very high standard and just what was needed for the next project the Lord gave us to pioneer a few years later at Tylden, amongst the Xhosas. It is not too much to say that, humanly speaking, Margaret's care has given me a new lease on life and mobility.

The Lord has not seen it fit to give me many visions, but one stands out vividly in my memory. It had to do with evangelism among the Xhosa people. It happened as follows:

My favourite uncle, Gideon Vosloo, died in Tylden on the 3rd of September, 1971. I was in Swaziland at the time and was expected to take part in the funeral. I had only 18 hours to do the 1,000-mile trip. It meant an all-night trip by car, but by God's grace, I made it on time. His grace was also afforded me during the funeral, and the next night I was very weary and slept soundly. The vision was given about 3 a.m. and was very vivid. In it, I saw myself in a drought-stricken valley. There was no green grass to be seen and the leaves had fallen from the trees. The birds and animals had all gone elsewhere seeking sustenance. It was a pitiful sight. Humans were dragging themselves around like skeletons. I recognised them as Xhosas by their clothing.

I was staggered by this sight and thought, "Who is sufficient for all this?" Then suddenly, at my feet, a huge fountain of water sprang up out of the ground. I watched spellbound, for the water ran in all directions like the spokes of a wagon wheel. But it was no ordinary water for it ran both uphill as well as downhill. Instinctively I knew that it must be "Living Water", or the Word of God.

The grass turned green and also leaves came on the trees from buds, there

were blossoms and fruit appeared on the trees; all sped up on this vision. Then I saw the birds and animals returning, and humans rejoicing. I discussed the vision with Winsome, at that time, and we agreed that the Lord was showing us that we must return to work with the Xhosa people, for it was there that I had spent most of my youth and got to know African people.

Not long after this event, I had the opportunity of paying a business visit to the United States of America. New York is a city of taxis, and it seemed that everyone had the name of "Tilden" written on it in bold letters. Moreover, there were huge billboards all over urging you to "Let Tilden put you behind the wheel!" Tilden is a huge car rental firm in the U.S.A. As I flew out of New York on my way home, we flew over a huge fort at the end of Long Island. I was told that it is Fort Tilden. Although the name is spelt slightly differently, there was no mistaking the fact that the Lord was indicating to me just where we were to locate.

Upon returning to South Africa, I expected the vision would become reality immediately, but my colleagues on the field did not want to let us go. The Bible College at Lenyenye was completed and in full swing. It served the Pedi, Shangaan and Venda folk, but was not for the Xhosas. Eventually, when I made it clear that we had to obey the vision, with or without their approval, they agreed, and allowed us to pioneer the work for them among the Xhosa folk. Winsome was in full agreement with me but was struck down with cancer. She went to be with the Lord before we could move to Tylden to do this work. The Lord's delays are not denials. Sometimes the vision is not for immediate application. We are called upon to wait for God's timing. Tylden is a restful village with a population mainly of Xhosa folk. It is centrally situated on the banks of the Kei River (from which the Transkei gets its name); here a road and railway line also intersect. Upwards of 1,000,000 Xhosas live within a radius of 150 miles of Tylden. It was Margaret, not Winsome, whom the Lord chose to pioneer with me among the Xhosa folk, to bring into being the Light of the World Mission.

With this challenge in mind, and at the age of 73, I revisited and examined the old hotel, which had once belonged to my grandfather, and which had been "home" to me for about ten years. It was in a shocking state of disrepair. It had changed hands and now belonged to a gentleman farmer and businessman in Queenstown, a town about 35 km away. It had been terribly neglected and was being used to house sheep! The trees and bushes were overgrown everywhere and bees and fleas had taken residence by the million! Nevertheless, I could see how it could be renovated and turned into a fountain-head of rivers of living water for the Xhosa tribe.

It was a lot to expect of Margaret, that she would give up our comfortable

home in Somerset West and come to stay in such a wrecked old hotel. But God had put a love of Tylden in her heart and she was keen to accept the challenge. I approached the owner of the old hotel, Mr. Phillips. He was very friendly, and agreed to a one-year lease for a mere pittance. But whilst he was busy drawing up the documents, I had a visit from an old friend and businessman from Engcobo in the Transkei. His name was Ashley Hessel. Ashley and I had done a lot of mission work in the Transkei, and he had been a generous supporter, along with his dear wife, Melba. He advised me not to rent, but to buy the property, which included about 3 acres of level ground, suitable for expansion, if needed.

Of course I did not have the funds to purchase this, but Ashley came up with an acceptable scheme. We would form a non-profit registered company, with 6 or 7 directors, and run the Bible School and Mission on an interdenominational basis. We called it the 'Light of the World Mission'.

To cut a long story short, the property was bought at a very reasonable price, and the company duly registered with the South African government; it is still running smoothly to this day. Early in March 1991, Margaret and I packed up two cars and two trailers to capacity, and left Somerset West for Tylden. We had a volunteer builder with us by the name of Pierre Joubert, who did a wonderful job of converting the old hotel into a mission. Margaret's organizational genius was the mastermind behind most of the planning, and her ability as a cook was much appreciated. The Xhosas also benefited from her nursing skills. Help in the form of building materials and funds came in as required, by God's grace. A missionary from the United States came to see how we were doing. He noticed that the roof was in desperate need of a paint job, and "to put the cherry on top of the cake", as he put it, he pulled out his chequebook and wrote a cheque for the paint!

The alterations were extensive and time-consuming; and then we had to get the equipment. The first class began almost a year after we had left Somerset West, on the 3rd of March 1992. Since then, hundreds of students have been trained and sent out into the work. In them and in the correspondence courses sent out, I see the fulfilment of the vision of the streams of living water.



***A view of the Light of the World Mission at Tylden, formerly Tylden Hotel, the old homestead***



***Margaret's sewing class at Tylden***

We soon needed a larger vehicle than our Isuzu pick-up, (locally known as a bakkie). Then, on April 30th, 1992, Ashley and Melba drove into our mission yard with a brand new 16-seater minibus, and our transportation problems were solved! Praise the Lord!



***New minibus for the mission***

In a wonderful way, the Lord enabled me to have a double hip replacement operation in Cape Town in 1996. It was a success, but I began to feel that the time was approaching when I should consider handing over the principalship of the Bible School to a younger man. The following year Brother Frederick (Frikkie) Labuschagne and family arrived from Namibia, and he offered his services. Brother Hessel asked us to stay on as long as possible at Tylden, and we obliged for another 16 months. We left Tylden to return to Somerset West on the 7th of April, 1999, a month before my 81st birthday. We still visit and relieve the Labuschagnes whenever we are able to, such as over the Christmas school holidays, so that they can take their children to the coast. Invariably we receive a great welcome from our ex-students and believers there.

## **16. SQUATTER CAMP OUTREACH**

### **CHAPTER 16**

As incoming airliners make their descent to land at Cape Town International Airport, they fly over miles of shantytowns, or more appropriately, squatter camps. It is not a pretty sight. In 1999 when Margaret and I left Tylden, and returned to Somerset West, we were saddened to see how so many Xhosa folk had left their neat and healthy homes and productive fields behind, and flocked to squalid, cramped squatter camps around Cape Town and Somerset West. Doubtless, the unemployment problem played a major role in their trek from the homelands to the cities, but even there they found it very difficult to obtain employment. The South African government is not happy about these squatter camps, or, as they euphemistically term them: informal settlements. These people have very few of the basic needs for living. They have been promised relief by the government, but it is a vast problem and will take decades to address.

Margaret and I were mainly concerned about their spiritual needs, although we did help somewhat on the material side, but our resources were limited. One day a friend from Waymark Chapel, where we fellowship, accompanied me to Lwandle squatter camp, where we started to hand out tracts. It was early in 2001. We had not given out many, when a middle-aged Xhosa man came along and offered to help us. His name was Bethwell, he came from Khayelitsha, an African township about 25 km away, and he was a believer.

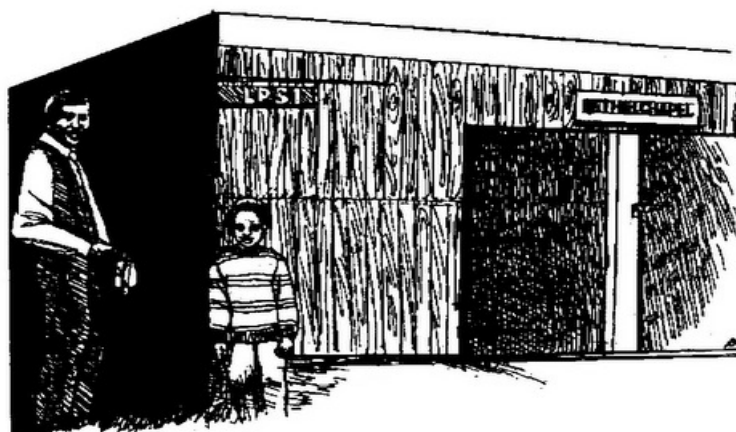
Bethwell had quite a remarkable story to tell. He told me that the Lord had told him to go to Lwandle, where he would find a white man, and that he should offer to help him to evangelize. He decided to give the Lord a year of his life in this endeavour, and left his wife and children in Khayelitsha for the time being. His wife's father had a shack in Lwandle and had rented this to him for a year. Later he fetched the rest of his family, and they all stayed in the shack with him for a year. It was a big sacrifice for all of them to make. They looked to the Lord to supply their financial needs. We could not offer them much. But Waymark also came to his aid, with a sizable monthly donation.

Bethwell faithfully kept his promise, and worked well with us during that year. We were given permission to show films in the primary school at Lwandle, but it was difficult to make the classroom dark enough. Eventually, we took a bold step. We bought a shack, pulled it down, and erected a fair sized hall, with rooms at the back for Bethwell and his family. We were greatly helped by a cabinet-maker from the Waymark Assembly, and also a builder, who

offered their services free of charge, as well as helping financially.



***New church site at Lwandle***



***Church at Lwandle squatter camp***

Getting to the hall during the wet season was another problem, as there were no proper roads, only deep ruts on the makeshift road which we were compelled to use. I became known at the garage in the Strand (a beach-side town adjoining Somerset West) as “the puncture king”, averaging one a week, caused by the thousands of big nails, strewn all over the place where the squatters erected their shacks. Ever so often devastating fires swept through these squatter camps, and Lwandle had its fair share of them. One came so close to burning down our hall, that it melted the plastic gutter we had nailed to the roof to collect rainwater. There were no water mains, and the houses were so close together that fire engines could not reach the flames once the fire started. The Lord must have changed the direction of the wind that day, as all the houses on one side of us were destroyed by that fire. Our hall is a wooden structure.

We were able to escape the fires but not the thieves at Lwandle. After his year expired, Bethwell informed me that he would be leaving, as his eldest child had to go to a secondary school and could do so in King William's Town, where his brother was a teacher. A man was highly recommended to take his place, but was soon found to be a "hireling" and a thief. He made off with a projector and a generator, blankets, and minor implements. Other items were stolen from time to time, which is not surprising with so many unemployed folk around. That did not bother us much, but when a false prophet opened up a hall nearby, and threatened to burn down the houses of anyone who came to our hall, it affected our attendance considerably.

Satan tried hard to close down our effort, but we stayed put. On one occasion we baptised some 20 believers in water, using the facilities at Waymark Chapel. At Christmas time and Easter, we give the children a treat. Needless to say, not only the children come, but also the grown-ups and many visitors. We show the films of the life and death of our blessed Lord, and we give away ice cream in cones. Some had never seen a cone before in their lives, and were trying to get the ice cream out of the cone with their fingers, until we demonstrated to them that the cone could be eaten! The ladies at Waymark supply clothing and many of the goodies at Christmastime.



*African women singing*

There is a committee that runs the day to day affairs at Lwandle. They have informed us that the government is going to move the squatter camp to a new housing area not too far away. They say we will get a site there too, but this may take years. Should this be done in our time, it will greatly assist us getting in and out, especially during the rainy season. After the run we had with thieving pastors, we were delighted when Roy, one of our ex-students from the Light of the World Bible School in Tylden, turned up and offered to help. He has been very faithful, and comes in all kinds of weather from

Khayelitsha, where he resides. He is a real help. We believe that the Lord has a great future for Roy. He is unmarried and 20 years of age. We would like to be able to hand over the work in total to a reliable African in the not too distant future. Roy is assisted by an older, married man, named Ezekiel.

## **17. TRIBUTE TO CO-WORKERS**

### **CHAPTER 17**

During my 54 years of missionary labours, I have come to know and appreciate many co-workers of all races, without whose help I could not have accomplished much, humanly speaking. One was a powerfully built Luvale, by the name of Loloji. He was a hard worker and very loyal and wanted so badly to go to South Africa with us, but it could not be arranged at that time, for political reasons. I can still see him standing, waving his hand and looking so forlorn, as we pulled away from Mwambashi Mission. He had almost been part of our family, sometimes taking care of the household needs, such as carrying huge, heavy pails of hot water for baths, etc. He also promised our girls to defend the family with his life against rebel soldiers from the Congo (less than 40 miles away), should they invade. Another who was also very close was Chipepa, our builder, who was an avid hunter, to whom I gave the rifle he so longed to possess. This helped soften the blow that we could not bring him with us into South Africa. And I have already told you about Sekonde who came to us from the northern border of Zambia during the disturbances just before Zambian independence.

John Mohlari was a helpless cripple who lived near the Bible School we pioneered for PAOC in the North-Eastern Transvaal. We were conducting a class out-of-doors one day when he came to us slowly and painfully on crutches which he had made, assisted by his wife. He greeted us in Shangaan, and wanted us to pray for his healing. Knowing that the Shangaans have numerous witch-doctors, we asked him if he had any of their “mutu” or medicine, and he answered “Yes”. So we put him into our van, along with most of our students, and drove to his village, about 15 km away. We asked John to burn the medicine on the fire. His wife was not in favour of this, but John, and we ourselves, insisted on doing so, as we knew that the Holy Spirit would not co-operate if they did not. Then we suggested that John sit on a chair to ease his pain, and we began to pray for his healing. We had not finished our praying, when he jumped up out of the chair and shouted with a loud voice, “I’m healed! I’M HEALED!”

At this stage, his wife decided that she too needed healing, and sat on the chair! There was no doubt about John’s healing, and shortly after, he testified about his faith in Jesus, his Healer.

“Where can I worship Him?” he asked anxiously. We suggested that we begin right there in his fair sized level yard and promised to return there that very evening to help him. We were amazed when we returned and found he

had gathered nearly 300 villagers. We had a fine meeting, the first of many more. Furthermore, John took to preaching like a duck to water. What he lacked in training, he more than made up in enthusiasm, and the Shangaans loved it! He became our best tract distributor, and saved many thereby. So we kept him well supplied in tracts and Shangaan Gospels and Bibles, and we also gave him a bicycle to help him get around. Frequently, we also showed Christian films at his home when we were in the Transvaal, and there was always a big congregation present. This was all done in the open air, under the stars. On Sunday morning, August 21st, 2005, I got a phone call from his son, to say that John had gone to be with his Lord, and Healer.

Elisa Magadani was one of our students in the 1970's and a remarkably successful soul-winner, who spent much time in private prayer. She could not wait to finish her academic training, even though we spent much time in fieldwork and outreach. She came from Padzima in Venda. We built a hall there, with a couple of rooms at the back for her. She filled the hall, and we had to extend it. Elisa was fluent in four languages, and had a working knowledge of others. Often she was asked to address highly educated folk, and she boldly told them that their academic qualifications would count for nothing in the Kingdom of God, if they were not born again. One school principal who spoke out of turn, she publically rebuked, and he was told his opinion carried no weight at all in spiritual matters. Subsequent events proved that he richly deserved the rebuke. Europeans often invited her to come and address their conventions, providing her with suitable clothing and shoes for the occasion! She had some remarkable answers to prayer, and on one occasion, when Winsome was choking to death a hundred miles away, Elisa was awakened and told to pray for her. She quickly awakened another believer, and the two prayed earnestly. The blockage in Winsome's throat cleared at the same time, and Winsome's life was prolonged. Yet, strange to say, Elisa died suddenly of cancer, on 2nd February, 1998. God's ways are past finding out, and we are obliged to accept that divine healing is His prerogative. Elisa Magadani was about 60 years of age.

Elijah Maswanganyi was a Shangaan by tribe and was once a student, for a time, at our Bible School, before it was moved to Lenyenye. He was vastly different from John Mohlari, his fellow Shangaan preacher. Satan tried to slay him as a youth. He was stricken down by a dangerous ailment and was dying, when a nurse from England, a convert from the Billy Graham campaign at Wembley, London, saw him and took him into her own home. Being a trained nurse, she nursed him back to good health. Elijah was also converted under the ministry of a white lady missionary, whom he met at Tzaneen. She was surrounded by Africans, he was surprised at her command of the Pedi language, which he also spoke, as well as English and Shangaan. He came out for prayer, and was instantly saved. He went home to tell his witch-doctor

mother and alcoholic father. Elijah's parents did not take their son seriously, but when he announced at a later date that he had been asked to preach in church, his mother went along to hear what he had to say. She was astounded because Elijah was very studious and had a definite gift and calling from God to be a preacher. His mother came under conviction, she burnt her witchcraft paraphernalia, and became a believer. His father took a bit longer to repent, but he also got saved. How God defies Satan, and lifts away his victims out of the slimy pit, sanctifies, consecrates and uses them! A well-known preacher from the U.S.A. who used to visit South Africa on a regular basis, spotted Elijah and used him as his interpreter for some time. Then Elijah went to India and Scandinavia, where large crowds flocked to hear him preach. I invited him to address the students of Cape Town University once, and he soon had his hecklers way out of their depths. Lecturers who heard him quickly arranged an after-meeting with him for the staff! When he went to Swaziland, the king of that country would proclaim a public holiday and tell all his folk to go and hear Elijah at the stadium. He had audiences of over 100,000 at times. I took Elijah with me to Canada on two occasions and he was in great demand. I still see Elijah from time to time and God is using him all over the world. Folk send him his airfare frequently, and just say, "Come as soon as you can." I believe that Africa's sons and daughters will be well represented at the Bema and will be crowned.

Martha Modise was a resolute Venda mother. She came to us at the Northern Transvaal Bible College one day, after her daughter had misbehaved badly and been expelled. She begged to be taken on in place of her naughty daughter. We thought it was very courageous of her, and in spite of her age (she was by far the oldest student at that time), we took her on. Academically she struggled to keep up, but showed a good measure of grace and wisdom. She was very patient, and when she passed her final exams, we invited her to consider becoming matron of the residential college, which she accepted. She did a fine job there for many years. I felt that the crown her daughter could have won, she lost, but her mother had earned it. She was what we would call "a real Mother in Israel". When a speaker, invited without my approval, tried to introduce a popular false doctrine into the college, she refuted him, and rejected the doctrine strongly.

In Luke 21, our observant Lord gave honour to a widow who had put two mites (a small amount of money) into the treasury, He honoured her above others who put in much. In our experience of over 54 years of faith mission work, we too have had good reason to thank the Lord for the contribution to our work by widows, both in South Africa and Canada. I feel I must pay tribute to such. Just after my conversion in 1937, I came across a bookshop not far from where I was boarding. It belonged to the Baptist Church and the lady running it was Nesta Stratford (later on she married again and became

Nesta Wesson). Nesta allowed me to sit in a corner of the bookshop and read whatever books she thought fit from her stock. They were formative years in my life and I owe a great deal to this timely help. Years later I met her two sons named Len and Ronnie, with whom we had good fellowship in the Lord's work. Nesta went to be with the Lord in 2001.

When I was transferred to Bloemfontein from East London in 1938, a much older man in the office, and a lovely Christian, took me under his wing and taught me how to pray and get answers. He was Dan Galloway. Whilst I was in the army it was Dan who sent me Christian literature, and who can tell how much I owe to his continuous prayer on my behalf. He was a great prayer warrior.

We received much support from Brethren assemblies in South Africa during the first six years we were in full-time service in Zambia. Mrs. Marter of Springs was another "Mother in Israel" to us. Her parcels were always full of the most useful and needed things. Bez Valley Assembly and Rosebank Assembly were also very generous. Our home and commending assembly in Pretoria gave us regular and generous support, up to the time that the Canadian Pentecostal Assemblies took over our support towards the end of 1958. On the field itself, we received much encouragement from the Worsfelds of New Zealand, and Brother and Sister Tom Hansen, of Kabulamema Mission. He taught me the Luvale language, and was ever so patient. Mr. and Mrs. Rudge were always kind and helpful and Mrs. Rudge was the sister of Mrs. Jean Mowat, the one who urged us to come and work among the Luvale tribe. She never ceased to send us help and pray for us. May the Lord richly reward her.

It is well known that miners are great givers, and those on the Copperbelt were no exception. We made many lasting friendships there, and were sad when they dispersed to the four corners of the world after Zambia's independence, and the ensuing slump in the copper price occurred. Whenever we came down to South Africa for a break, we were made welcome by the Hessel family at Engcobo, in the Transkei. This started a friendship with tremendous results, which moulded much of our last decades in the Lord's work, especially in the Transkei. It was Ashley Hessel who first introduced the idea of forming a non-profit company to run Light of the World Mission and Bible School at Tylden.

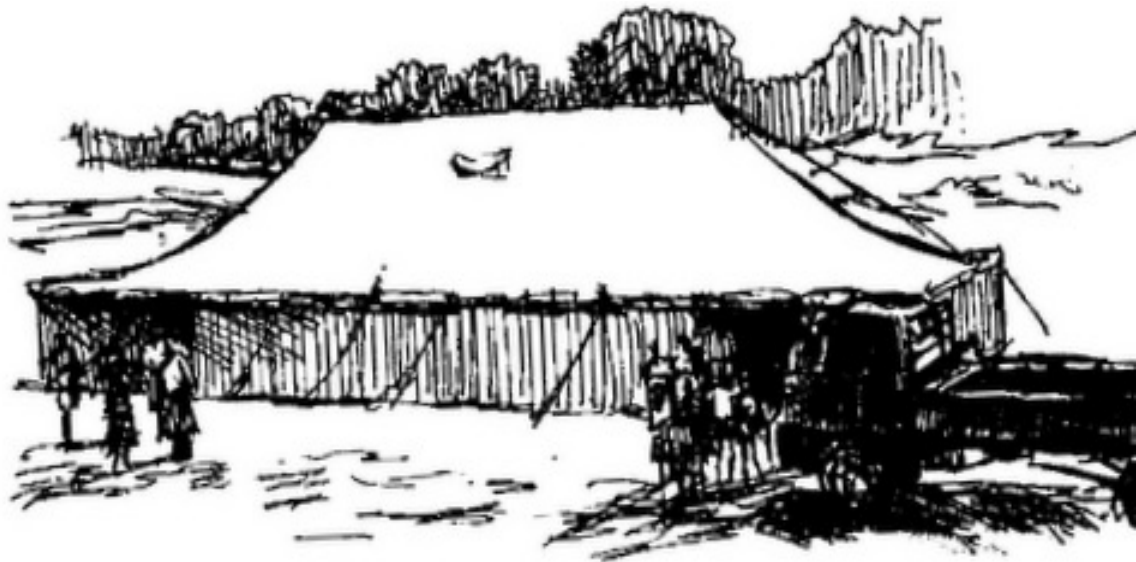
Last but not least, we salute the brethren of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, who so generously supported us from 1958 to 1983, also daily upholding us in prayer. Brother George R. Upton was their General Secretary

of Missions, and he was a greatly loved father to the missionaries on the field. The Stewart Shantz family were life-long supporters, as have been John and Doris Lucas of Calgary. Brother and Sister Skinner senior, and their son Robert, introduced us to PAOC and worked with us on the field, respectively. We owe them a great deal of gratitude.



***Rev. George R. Upton***

An aging widow in Bancroft, Ontario, became an early friend and supporter in Canada. Her name is Evelyn Bartlett. Soon after the home-calling of her husband, she started a memorial fund, which enabled us to buy a tent seating 600, while in Zambia. This tent was erected in remote places and sometimes a thousand Africans would crowd into it. Many found salvation.



***Sketch of the tent donated by Mrs. Bartlett***

Because my uncle, John Connock, was in Canada at the outbreak of World War I, he joined up with the Canadian Infantry Brigade. I was named after him, just four months before he fell in France; so my life was inextricably linked with Canada, although I was born in Africa. I always had a strong desire to visit Canada, and this materialised in 1963, followed by seven more visits, coast to coast. This link was greatly strengthened by the fact that two of our daughters married Canadians, and four of our grandchildren are also Canadian. In our travels around the world, we have yet to come across a more genteel and generous nation.

We have always abhorred the foolish divisions in Protestantism, and have made good and blessed friendships across denominational lines. It seems to me that the Lord, who planned our lives long before they came into being, knew that the labours He had ordained for our lifetime on earth would require far more finance than South African Assemblies could give. And so He brought us in touch with the Canadian Assemblies, which were willing and able to supply our needs.

Upwards of R100,000 (\$20,000) were needed for the literature alone, then there were vehicles and buildings, besides personal needs. Following the steps of George Muller, we had decided we would not ask anyone for a cent towards our personal needs in the Lord's work. But we talked it over with the Lord. This we have been able to do since 1952, and have not incurred any debt. The Lord has been gracious and faithful, even when we were mistaken. Canada has supplied the bulk of these financial needs.

May the Lord bless this nation!

## **EPILOGUE (1)**

As I type this epilogue I am approaching my 88th birthday, and my 70th year as a born-again believer. You and I can honestly say with the Apostle Paul, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God; to them that are called according to His purpose." (Romans 8:28) We are a privileged family, preserved by His precious blood, protected by His mighty arm, and provided for by His bountiful supply. "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; yea, we have a great heritage."

In 1946 I wrote to Norman Grubb, who was then the general secretary of the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade. I wrote concerning my desire to become a full-time missionary in Africa. He wrote a letter of encouragement and advice, saying that he believed I would become a pioneer missionary. I wondered at the time if we were too late to designate any missionary as a pioneer. Of course, I was thinking in terms of pioneering new works in very remote parts of the globe, as of yet unreached by missionaries. But the word has a wider application than merely geographic locations. Again and again, I have been asked to pioneer new projects, to get them started, then to hand them over to newcomers. In this way, Winsome, then Margaret and I have pioneered three Bible Schools - in Zambia, then in South Africa. They were of the residential kind, and we devised ways and means of training others who, for one reason or another, were unable to attend as residents.

We followed the novel example of men like George Muller of Bristol, and Hudson Taylor in China. We kept accurate records of our income and tithed regularly. Our personal needs were made known to the Lord only, and he heard and answered our prayers in remarkable ways. We may have failed, but He never did. We lacked nothing and never incurred debt. God certainly keeps His promises.

My whole objective in recording and publishing these few examples of our Lord's gracious dealing with us is to encourage you, dear reader, to make good use of these and other promises, so freely given us in God's Word. They are many and efficacious to all of us today. I believe the Bible contains an apt promise for every problem that can befall any of us anywhere. There is nothing too costly or too difficult for God in answer to believing prayer. John Newton wrote, "You are coming to a King, large petitions with you bring!"

In conclusion, I would like to thank our Lord for His great patience with me and my family. Many a time I disappointed my Lord, and at times He had to chastise me; but always in a gracious way, so as to correct but not

discourage. One promise, already mentioned above, seems to cover every exigency, and that is found in Romans chapter 8, verse 28. Look it up in your Bible and claim it today for yourself. I regard it as the great "Overcoat" promise, and advise all believers as they go forth to do exploits for their Lord, "Don't forget your Overcoat!" And always remember to thank God for working all things together for your good. May He richly bless you!

## **EPILOGUE (2)**

I thought it appropriate to write a 2nd epilogue, since Uncle Jack is no longer with us in this world, and I'd like to summarize his last few years.

Although he had a double hip replacement several years previously in 1996, his hips (especially one) eventually started troubling him again, and he moved about with great discomfort. When my wife and I got married in November 2007, our church pastor agreed that Uncle Jack could partake in the ceremony of marrying us (while sitting in his wheelchair), while he (our pastor) conducted the legal part of it. We felt really blessed and privileged!

Around ± 2008 he had another hip replacement, that eased the pain somewhat. His hearing also deteriorated a lot in his last few years.

When he couldn't walk any more, he'd often ask Aunty Margaret to take him along when she went grocery shopping. He would then sit in the car in the parking lot, and ask the Lord to send the right people, and show him who to make contact with. He would call passers-by and hand them Gospel tracts, and speak to them as the Lord guided him. Other times he would ask Aunty Margaret or other friends to take him to other places where he would sit in his wheelchair and hand out Gospel tracts to passers-by.

Aunty Margaret took care of him since he became bedridden. There were times when he was taken care of in a hospice for short periods.

On the 13th of January 2016, at the age of 84 years and 5½ months, Aunty Margaret passed away.

Uncle Jack was then cared for in a nursing home in one of the Cape Town suburbs, where he still encouraged the staff, sang choruses and prayed with them. Although physically he had become very frail and could do very little

for himself, his mind was still clear and he continued doing as he said he would, when I asked him many years ago, “When are you going to retire, Uncle Jack?” He then replied, “When the Lord comes to fetch me Home!” That happened on the 21st of June 2016, at the age of 98 years, 1 month and 8 days. It was just more than five months since Aunty Margaret had passed away.

He desired that this book (which was printed around ± 2006) be distributed and read by as many people as possible, for God’s glory. A few years before he passed away, he gave me his stock of printed books, which he asked me to distribute prayerfully. I then promised him to make it available on internet, and discussed the process with him, and he agreed to the following:

- The book would be available free of charge to anyone who wanted to read or download it from the internet;
- Voluntary donations would be gladly accepted, but all was to be used to further God’s Kingdom;
- There are three organisations that would benefit from these donations, and people would be able to choose which organisation they would like to bless.

**I’m providing a link to where you can read more about each of these non-profit organisations. Should you then feel like making a financial contribution to the work done by any of them, you can find their details here below:**

**PLEASE NOTE:** If you’re using E-PUB File Reader to read this book, and you close the page (upper right) after having visited one of these linked pages, you’ll automatically also close this e-book. If you wish to continue reading this book, just click on any of the content chapters in the left window on your screen. You’ll be back at the book, but away from the site you had visited via the link. (Some other e-book file reader software may function differently.)

1. **Light of the World Mission and Bible School** at Tylden, pioneered and established by Uncle Jack in 1991 - <https://www.facebook.com/Light-of-the-World-Mission-1542147929390660/>

Banking Details:

Account Holder: ..... LIGHT OF THE WORLD MISSION

Bank: ..... Standard Bank  
Branch Code (Queenstown)..... 051 120  
Account Number: ..... 082 656 436  
Account type: ..... Current Account, Classic Cheque

WHEN DONATING FROM OUTSIDE OF SOUTH AFRICA, please use the following details, along with the basic details as given above:

SWIFT code / address: SBZA ZA JJ

2. **Crusade for Christ** - Uncle Jack was a personal friend of the founders of this worthy organisation - <https://cfc.com.co.za/> To make a donation, click on "GET INVOLVED", and then on "DONATE".

3. **Harvesters Ministries, formerly known as Bibles For Believers** - although Uncle Jack was not personally familiar with their work, he gave his blessing to this organisation that provides Bibles for believers who live in very remote areas, where sometimes a whole congregation has only a few pages of the Bible to share – they also do church planting and pastor training - <http://www.harvestersministries.com/bibles-for-believers.html> – To make a donation, click on "DONATE".

If you enjoyed reading this book, you are welcome to send me some feedback. Then, at a later stage, I can perhaps compile it in a feedback section, as a "PS" to this page. May this e-book version of Uncle Jack's life story encourage each reader and bring much glory to God's Kingdom!

Pierre Joubert

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#### **PREPARATION OF THIS E-BOOK:**

- Transforming the already-printed booklet into a format for editing purposes for e-book publishing - Pierre Joubert
- Proofreading, editing and finalizing e-book format - Riana Joubert

South Africa, August 2017

\*\*\* THE END \*\*\*