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HEALING IN HIS WINGS

the story of

MEDICAL MISSION BEGINNINGS  
IN CENTRAL AFRICA

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by

Edgar Hoenecke

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dedicated to

all the faithful Christian woman

at home and

on the African mission field

who have made the medical mission possible

THE MEDICAL MISSION SOCIETY

Wisconsin Evangelical Lutheran Synod

11831 N. Seminary Drive, Mequon, WI

Healing in His Wings

LEK 1570

## FOREWORD

The Wisconsin Synod's medical mission program was begun twenty-five years ago with a survey of three medical mission operations in Africa in 1960. The synod had authorized the program at the 1959 convention to take care of a definite need which had been felt in our rural mission among the Salas of Northern Rhodesia (Zambia). A fund for this program had already been begun by some women's societies and the future support of the program was assured through an appeal for voluntary contributions. What still had to be decided by the Medical Mission Committee and the Board for World Missions was the type of medical program which would best take care of our need and also would be within the means at our disposal. This is the story of the survey, of the on-the-field preparations and, finally, of the opening of the dispensary at Lumano/Mwembezi, Zambia, on November 26th, 1961.

Twenty-five Years Ago

A radio-telephone call from Missionary Richard Mueller of Lusaka on Thanksgiving Day, 1959, underscored the urgency of a prolonged visit to Africa by the now full-time chairman of the Board for World Missions. The visit had already been ordered by the board because of the report of the Executive Committee for Central Africa on "a disturbance during the autumn of 1959 which had closed schools, disrupted work in our organized congregation (Matero) and affected the attendance at our preaching places."

The urgent request to the chairman of the World Board which was transmitted in the radio-telephone call was "to authorize the immediate closing of our mission work on the Sala Reserve." Our board knew of the problem, but it had not given me authority to close the field which held so much promise and into which we had poured so much earnest effort, prayer and money for four long years. The field was only five years old, but we were already serving eight preaching places in government schools which were under our management and we were conducting religious instruction classes in the Martin Luther boarding school next to our mission compound. We had also built two large houses for our missionaries and were in the process of opening a medical care facility.

After the missionary had stated the case and the proposal in which his colleague, Pastor Edgar Greve, the missionary among the Salas, concurred, I asked that no action be taken. I stated that I would have to consult with the executive committee and would have the result of my meeting with this committee to share with them in person when I arrived on the field in early February of 1960. Until then they were to continue their work.

My farewell from my church at Plymouth was set for January 3rd. I hoped to establish our new home and office in three weeks. Providentially, the timing of this first field visit would coincide with the plans of the Medical Mission for the evaluation

of other medical care programs, especially that of the Synodical Conference at Eket, Nigeria. This would be made as soon as the unrest in our mission field had been resolved.

### The Need For A Dispensary

The decision for a modest medical care service near our Lumano compound had been arrived at to take care of a definite need which existed since our missionaries arrived in 1954. This need arose from the fact that the African people brought their sick to the door of our missionary for treatment. This practice proved to be very time-consuming. Since our missionaries were not trained to treat disease their wives were often asked to assume the responsibility. Even though some of these women were nurses, the treatment of sick people at their homes was fraught with definite problems and hazards. This problem existed only in this outlying field because the people had no convenient access to the government clinic at Shibyungi.

After our missionaries were accepted as spiritual leaders among the people they took for granted that, like their own medicine men, these good people would also care for their physical ailments. They knew that they would be given loving concern, a sincere effort to help and, usually, also a healing remedy at the house of the missionary. Even though some people still consulted their witch doctors, it was generally known that the ministrations of the Europeans were far superior to the nostrums and incantations of the medicine men. That many still clung to the superstition that all illnesses, even accidents, were caused by evil spirits was undeniable. We will demonstrate this later.

Our missionaries found that their best intentions could not prevent them from becoming involved in an activity which was fraught with hazards for all concerned. The missionaries were not prepared to diagnose and treat people afflicted with tropical disease or unheard-of infestations. This lack of knowledge could have adverse results for both the patient and the missionary and his family.

There was the other problem for the people who lived near our mission compound. This had to do with their access to the

dispensary at Shibyungi, about seven miles from our mission. During the rainy seasons it was almost impossible to transport the seriously sick over these bush trails which then became seemingly bottomless quagmires. Even our four-wheel drive British Land Rover became hopelessly mired in this morass of mud and water! For the Africans to carry their sick on bicycles to Shibyungi under these conditions was unthinkable. But this is all they had unless they could afford an ox-cart.

In any case it was clear that some other solution had to be found for the problem of the missionary and his wife in taking responsibility for the sick. This is where the matter stood when Pastor and Mrs. Arthur (Hilda) Wacker spent over five months on the Sala Reserve during the first furlough of Pastor A.B.Habben. This was from August, 1955, to the end of January, 1956.

Hilda Wacker, R.N.

Pastor Wacker was a member of the Executive Committee for Central Africa. He also had a good understanding of conditions in Africa from his experiences as one of the two pastors who explored Africa for a mission site in 1949 and had recommended the Hook of the Kafue field in Northern Rhodesia (Zambia).

Mrs. Hilda Wacker was a registered nurse with many years of experience. Before her marriage to Pastor Wacker in 1949 she had been in charge of her own hospital at Saline, Michigan. Soon after their arrival at Lumano the people continued to bring their sick to their home. Hilda Wacker was too much of a nurse to think of refusing to treat the sick. But she was also far too wise to assume responsibility for treating patients without a license from the local health authorities. But she tells her own story:

"My first trip to the city of Lusaka was to meet the doctor in charge who could give me permission to treat cases of sickness out in the bush. It was also to get the proper, recommended medical supplies. I had also to make arrangements to refer cases about which I had doubts to the proper agency at Lusaka.

"The first day when I opened my little clinic in the trailer I had thirty patients waiting, some coming as early

as seven in the morning! Some of these Africans came as far as forty miles, walking for two days to come! Many brought youngsters with colds and coughs. There were accident cases and knife wounds from fights and drunken brawls. Also accidents from cutting wood. I saw abscesses, rashes, aggravated insect bites, stomach upsets, pneumonia and malnutrition. There were many cases of gonorrhoea in women which were untreated because of the practice of polygamy.

"Upon our arrival the season was changing and the rains were beginning. The nights were cooler. Heavy clothing and blankets were needed, but were scarce among the people. Therefore we saw many colds since many of the huts had no real roofs. The days, however, were always hot.

"The Africans came only until noon. During the heat of the day they had a rest hour from twelve until two. After that they came back, some even coming until sundown.

"Witchcraft was still practiced. The people also had midwives. I was called only once to deliver a baby whose father happened to be one of our interpreters. There were a number of infant deaths from their own deliveries, but we were told about them only after their burial.

"We got used to many different kinds of bugs. Before the generator was turned off at nine in the evening I once counted eight different kinds of insects that came in through our screen door!

"The trailer that Mr. and Mrs. Paul Ziegler had lived in was used for my clinic. It had lights and water and I could keep medical supplies there. Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler had moved into their new home on the compound the week before we arrived.

"It will be thirty years in August (1985) since we were there. I am very happy that the medical dispensary was opened and has been continued. God has been good to all who have carried on the work. God bless you! Hilda Wacker."

#### Synodical Authorization

While Mrs. Wacker was on the field the situation was well

in hand. She had no small children who had to be cared for and who also might be exposed to all kinds of strange infections and infestations. Above all, she had the official authorization from the Ministry of Health to carry on her little trailer clinic.

But her experience only served to emphasize the need for a medically trained person. The missionaries might be happy to share their knowledge and simple home remedies with the Africans. If these medications, such as aspirin, cough syrup, eye drops, medicated salves and other preparations did not always produce the desired result little harm was done. Fortunately the instances were very rare and perhaps not even recognized when the lower tolerance level of the Africans for some of the white people's medicines produced adverse effects. The people on their part appreciated the good intentions of the missionary and his wife and also realized the superior healing virtue of modern medicine. From their visits to government clinics patients, for example, brought back to their villages the almost magical results of injections. So, for almost any malady the stock approach would be "I need a shot."

All these facts were laid before the Executive Committee for Central Africa by Mrs. Arthur Wacker. Already during their long stay on the Sala field their experiences had been reported to the committee chairman, Pastor Arnold Mennicke. The report of the committee to the 1957 synodical convention stated,

"Mrs. Wacker's work in Northern Rhodesia (Zambia) indicated the great need for medical assistance. Some ladies' groups and other societies and individuals in our synod have responded to this need and have contributed \$ 1,486.71. An appeal is being addressed to all ladies' aids of our congregations for an annual pledge to indicate whether the synod can place medical aid (at Lumano) on a permanent basis."

The synod responded to this plea with the following resolution,

"We resolve that, in accordance with the policy on medical missions set up by the Board for Foreign Missions, limited aid be given by the synod. We encourage ladies' groups and other societies to contribute toward this need through the synod."

The above resolution referred to the policy which was em-

bodied in the World Mission Handbook, page II-9,

"Where it is found advisable or necessary, as in primitive mission fields, the Board for World Missions encourages the establishment of limited health and medical facilities."

"It is the considered purpose of the Board for World Missions, however, to limit medical and health services to modest proportions, avoiding elaborate hospital and medical programs, and training our new Christians to think of our mission in terms of spiritual healing from sin, rather than of help and healing for their bodies."

#### The Medical Mission Committee

The convention of 1955 had elected Arthur Tacke, M.D. as the lay member of the Executive Committee for Central Africa in view of the need that had been presented by Pastor and Mrs. Arthur Wacker. With the authorization of the 1957 convention the African committee now asked Doctor Tacke to appoint two other medically trained persons to form a Medical Mission Committee. He appointed Heinz R. Hoenecke, M.D. and Mrs. Edgar (Meta) Hoenecke, R.N. The committee was instructed to submit a set of guidelines, called The Blueprint, to the Board for World Missions and to suggest a program for making a survey of existing medical care projects in Africa so that a definite plan of action could be taken to establish a limited medical care facility on our Sala mission compound.

It was soon apparent that the final draft of a blueprint would have to await developments from the medical mission survey. Beyond the limitations of the program which had been set forth by the executive committee and endorsed by the 1957 convention the exact type of a medical care program which would best suit our needs and limitations had not been specified.

At this point the important thing was to secure dependable continuing support for the program. This could not have been put into effect as promptly as it was without the tireless efforts of Pastor and Mrs. (Thea) Arnold Mennicke. Pastor Mennicke had already organized the ladies of his St. Matthew's congregation at Winona, Minnesota, to mail out informative literature. Thea Menni-



cke accepted the time-consuming responsibility of recording all contributions, promptly acknowledging them and keeping in touch with the "contact women" who kept the program alive in the conference circuits throughout the synod. By 1958 Pastor Mennicke reported \$ 14,000 on hand and pledged for the fund. This meant that definite plans could be made to conduct the survey and to go forward with other plans as to building and staff.

#### The Survey Assignment

The committee decided that the survey would have to be made by a qualified medically trained individual who could visit and make a professional evaluation of existing medical care establishments conducted by mission agencies. The one which would come under careful consideration was the hospital of the Synodical Conference at Eket in Nigeria since our synod was closely involved in its support and several pastors of our synod were serving as missionaries. The uncertain intersynodical relationship made a visit to these pastors advisable at the time when I would make my extended first African visitation.

Thus by a happy coincidence the problem of sending a nurse to make the African survey for the Medical Mission Committee could be solved with little extra expense to the medical mission fund. The Board for World Missions had suggested that Mrs. Hoenecke accompany me to Africa, if at all possible. To do this she had to resign from her staff position with the Wayne County Health Department where she had served for fifteen years. When the committee heard of this they asked her to make the medical survey and to establish contact with the medical authorities in the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland (Zambia, Zimbabwe and Malawi) to enlist their cooperation in setting up our own medical facility in the bush.

Mrs. Meta Hoenecke was well qualified to carry out this assignment. She understood the needs and limitations which had to be taken into account in keeping with the synod's authorization and the limited amount of money available from the voluntary contributions. She also understood the plan to involve the African people as early and as much as possible in staffing and supporting

the medical facility. Mrs. Hoenecke was a charter member of the Wayne County Health Department, had finished courses on communicable diseases in the School of Public Health at the University of Michigan and had co-authored several manuals on communicable diseases for Wayne County (Detroit). Earlier in her career she had been with the Visiting Nurses' Association, had served as registered nurse at the Wayne County Training School and had been called into service as nurse in charge of first aid at a large munitions plant during the Second World War.

With this background of training and experience she was the logical person to carry out the assignment of the mission board. It was most important that the negotiations with the Ministry of Health be conducted by a person of recognized medical standing. Without this it would be very difficult to cut through the red tape involved in securing a full license and the grants in aid for medical equipment and supplies. As in the case of Hilda Wacker the same reasons applied for arranging for referrals and transportation of patients to the Lusaka government hospital.

The wisdom of this choice of the person to make the survey was amply demonstrated by the remark of Mr. A. Geysler, the supervisor of health for the Sala district after he had carefully observed the development of our dispensary as "the finest health facility in all of Rhodesia!"

#### Faithful Earlier Nurses

The arrival of Mrs. Hilda Wacker as the first registered nurse with experience in charge of her own private hospital marked the beginning of a succession of registered nurses who were the wives of missionaries.

One of these nurses was Mrs. Edgar (Helen) Greve. She came to the Mwembezi compound with her husband in 1959 and immediately began an informal, but most active, primary care activity at the front door of her home. She was so besieged with patients that she hardly had time to do her housework to say nothing about giving her two little girls their primary education by means of a correspondence course. The native schools were simply not adequate

to give the girls the elementary foundation for later stateside schooling. During one especially busy month Mrs. Greve counted over 300 people who came to her door for some kind of illness or trouble! At the same time she met once a week with the African girls of the boarding school on our verandah to teach them how to sew!

Clearly we needed to provide some kind of primary medical care to relieve these Christian women of this heavy responsibility! This was shown especially in the case of Mrs. Robert (Charlene) Sawall. She, too, was a registered nurse. She had five little children who required her full attention and she was expecting another baby. Still, she never turned a deaf ear to the many sick who came to her door for help! The opening of the dispensary represented a most welcome reprieve for her.

One must remember that this situation was aggravated by the proximity of the Martin Luther boarding school on our compound. The students ranged in age from about ten to seventeen. They made a practice of asking to be excused from their studies to go "to see the nursing sister" about some ailment. This developed into a double problem. They disturbed their classes and lost valuable learning time. And they also took the time of the nurse which she would rather have devoted to someone seriously ill at her door.

We put an end to this disturbance by placing first aid kits with full instructions into the classrooms so that the teachers could attend to cuts and bruises, colds and coughs without involving the busy nurse, both in the home and later at the clinic. In serious cases the students were required to get a note from the teacher before they were permitted to go "to see the nursing sister."

#### 1949 Dispensary Contacts

Little thought was given to the possible need for a medical care program when the first visit was made to Central Africa by Pastors Wacker and Hoenecke in 1949. Still the need for such a facility in connection with an isolated mission was brought to their attention impressively on two separate occasions. The report which they submitted to the mission board made no mention of this. One reason for this omission was the continuing opposition of some of the synod's leaders to the planned overseas mission itself.

The other related reason for their silence on the matter was the fear that the projected budget for the new mission was already too high for the synod to adopt.

The two occasions when the need for some form of medical care program was broached to the 1949 exploratory team occurred on opposite sides of the vast African continent. One was near the Atlantic Ocean on the Ovambo Reserve in South West Africa. The other was almost at the end of their long quest for a promising mission opening at Broken Hill in Northern Rhodesia (Zambia.)

#### Doctor Anni Melander

During the long week while their caravan was being repaired at Windhoek several pastors of the Rheinische Mission urged the two Michigan pastors to be sure to visit the work of the Finnish Lutheran Mission in Ovamboland about 120 miles north of Windhoek. We had to contact Bishop Alho, the superintendent of the mission, for an invitation to visit his field. The government was making every effort to keep persons out who might disturb the progress of the work or who might exploit the people with business schemes.

The headquarters of the mission at Ondangua was just south of the Angola border. This was the route which had been chosen as the most easily negotiable itinerary, even though it was longer than the trail through the Kaprivi Swamp. We were warmly welcomed by the staff at Ondangua and after a brief visit we pushed on to the hospital station Onandjokwe. Here Doctor Anni Melander, a veteran Finnish physician/surgeon was in charge with a staff of two Finnish registered nurses and several Ovambo assistants. On first appearance the sprawling medical establishment was not impressive. It consisted of a number of rondavels, round adobe thatched huts. But our admiration increased steadily as Doctor Melander took us on a tour of her hospital and introduced us to her staff. She was a most genial vivacious hostess who displayed much warmth and devotion to her patients.

She proudly took us to her small operating "theatre" in a spotlessly clean rondavel. The furnishing and equipment were clearly not the most modern - she was performing delicate eye surgery by the light of a discarded auto headlamp which someone

had wired to a gas generator for her! - but she was clearly very happy in her surroundings. Her chief concern appeared to be what she could do for the people in this remote area.

She explained as we entered one rondavel that she had done extensive repair surgery on this poor farmer who had been badly mauled by a lioness that morning. We had been told about this incident when we came to Ondangua. In fact we had been asked to join the party which had gone out after the lion with our heavy gun, but we had declined. The lioness was destroyed because the farmer's companion was found dead at the scene of the attack. Now Doctor Melander gently stroked the man and spoke a few words of encouragement to him in his language.

When we left this hut a very old man came forward, kneeled down and took hold of Anni Melander's hands. His eyes were heavily bandaged. She explained that the removal of a loaloo worm from the man's eye had saved his sight. He came once more to thank her.

While we sat at dinner in her modest home that evening with some of her staff she told us her life's story. After her medical training and practice in one of Finland's larger hospitals she, like Dr. Albert Schweitzer, had felt the call to go to Ovamboland in response to a plea from the Lutheran mission there. When Russia attacked Finland in the Second World War she and her colleagues had been called back home. As soon as the war was over they determined to return to Africa. Since they lacked the means to pay for a flight or passage on a steamer, they leased an old sailing vessel and engaged its aged owner to sail them back.

She and her medical staff were in charge of the health of about 85,000 Ovambos! Much of the work was being done by native trainees who were placed in charge of the outlying villages. She explained to us that a mission in rural Africa could hardly avoid conducting some form of medical care and training program since the modern facilities were over a hundred miles away. She urged us not to overlook this opportunity to show Christian love in action and so to win access to the hearts of the people with the Word of God when we opened our African mission.

This advice was not forgotten! This was apparent when we heard some beautiful choral singing just outside of her window

after dinner. It was the native choir which had been trained by her, but was now in the care of an Ovambo Christian. As we left for our beds in the caravan after we had taped many of the hymns, we felt greatly encouraged in our quest for a similar mission in this great land of opportunity for the Gospel.

Only two years after our visit to Onandjokwe this dedicated little lady doctor was called home by her Lord. She succumbed to cancer. The letter which reported her death also told of the deep loss and great grief of her Ovambo people.

#### Doctor Anne Temple

A little more than a month later Wacker and I found ourselves on the other side of Africa. We had left the Belgian Congo (Zaire) and had just come to the little town Broken Hill in the Copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia (Zambia). Here we made the acquaintance of another dedicated woman doctor who also left an indelible impression on us. The date was July 4th, 1949.

We did not have the time to visit her actual field of activity but met her at the home of her parents, Pastor and Mrs. Douglas Gray. He was a retired Methodist missionary who had served in Zambia since his youth. Their daughter Anne and her husband, another Methodist missionary, were stationed in an out-of-the-way place near Mumbwa called Namwala just northeast of the Hook of the Kafue River. Pastor Temple later was in charge of the Christian Book Store at Lusaka and we saw him frequently, also as our guest at Lumano in 1960 and 1961.

We had stopped at the home of Pastor Gray on the advice of Major Williams of the Salvation Army who had given us directions just the day before. The two pastors were delighted to think that our church was contemplating opening a new mission in an area not as yet occupied by a Christian mission. They advised us to speak with another good friend, Mr. John Moffatt, Commissioner for Native Development at Lusaka. They called him by telephone while we were there and we were assured of a friendly reception at the capital. This led to a warm invitation by the Northern Rhodesian government to take advantage of a new native development in the Hook of the

Kafue region which was just being begun under the direction of Mr. John Moffatt.

During our conversation in the home of the Grays over a cup of tea we expressed an interest in the work which Mrs. Temple was carrying on as a medical doctor. She pointed out that they had found their station without a nearby government dispensary and far too remote from the Lusaka hospital to be accessible to the seriously sick in their district.

For this reason she had received a license to open a primary care dispensary which took care of the matter and relieved the other missionaries and their wives of the unfair responsibility. She had found that their modest dispensary was entirely adequate for the first aid needs and for teaching the people simple nutrition and hygiene. The Ministry of Health was helping with subsidies for medicines, supplies and even for transportation of seriously ill to Lusaka.

The experience and counsel of these two very successful medical doctors was very valuable. We felt that we would not have to plan with an elaborate hospital and medical staff when we were ready to open our mission, as had been done in Nigeria. The work which Mrs. Arthur Wacker had begun in her little trailer clinic in 1955 might serve as a fair model of what we would need.

#### The Medical Survey of 1960

Our Medical Mission Committee was on the right track, it appeared, in following the guidelines which had been indicated by the Board for World Missions in the Handbook. In planning the survey in Africa these general principles would be incorporated.

The important thing at the outset would be to insure a dependable source of income since the largest part of this would have to be raised through appeals for voluntary extrabudgetary contributions. A one-time appeal and response would not suffice to sustain the program which would involve some buildings and a continuing fund for salaries and operating expenses. The synod had authorized an appeal to all the congregations and the committee decided that it would be well served if all the women of our

synod were simply thought of as partens in the great project to provide the need medical help in Africa instead of creating another women's organization for the purpose.

This program had been started at St. Matthew congregation at Winona, Minnesota. Under the inspiring leadership of its pastor, Arnold Mennicke, chairman of the Central African executive committee, his ladies' societies and those of neighboring churches undertook the mailing of informative and recruiting literature. Mrs. Arnold (Thea) Mennicke willingly accepted the big responsibility as secretary. For years she took care of all correspondence, acknowledged the thousands of contributions and kept a faithful account of all the transaction of the Medical Mission Fund.

The whole effort was put into effect with enough money for its implementation in a very short time. This was largely due to the tireless labors of Pastor and Mrs. Mennicke. The Medical Mission Committee, under the direction of the Mennickes, organized the entire synod into circuits of women who assumed the work of passing on the information and appealing for funds for its continuing support. Through them the film which depicted the need and the opportunity it offered for Christian service was circulated throughout the synod.

Mrs. Edgar (Meta) Hoenecke was engaged to make the survey of other medical mission facilities in Africa in connection with the extended visit of her husband for the Board for World Missions.

#### Arrival On The Sala Reserve in 1960

The schedule which I had set up for the African visit was difficult to keep. There were many unforeseen matters in the other world mission fields which also demanded attention. Their executive committees would have to wait until the African visit had been made. Contact would have to be maintained by slow mail from the bush station in Africa during my long absence.

But we arrived at Lusaka on February 7th and, after a one-night stop and consultation with our two missionaries, we continued on to Lumano/Mwembezhi on the next day. There were serious problems in both fields, at Matero, a suburb of Lusaka, and on



the Sala Reserve. Although the board had asked our two missionaries to carry on, the missionary at the bush station remained almost inactive because of the strained relationship which had developed in his field because of a school management matter and the resulting disinterest of Paramount Chief Shakumbila.

Because the continuation of our Sala mission was in the balance, I felt constrained to take over the Sunday services and daily evening chapel devotions at our Martin Luther boarding school and, eventually, also the instruction of our "sermon boys." This was an arrangement which had been set up to make use of some older school boys for reading sermonettes to the villagers at the eight schools which were under our management. It was hardly a satisfactory solution. The sermon and instructional material was supplied from our Nigerian mission. The "sermon boys" were not mature enough, - some had not been confirmed, - either to grasp the Scriptural truths. And they were not able to present clearly enough what they had on their "sermon" sheets, to say nothing about their inability to represent it to their elders.

This was shown clearly at a meeting which I called of the village headmen to win their support for our mission. One old man stood up to say, "Don't send boys to us to tell us that our fathers were wrong! Send us men with white hair and wisdom!" Mr. Robert Mulundika, our boarding school headmaster, provided both the translations and the understanding contact with these people. They respected him also as cousin of their chief.

#### Village Church and Dispensary Services

It was a very difficult time! Even with the good help of Mr. Mulundika I found myself bogged down with responsibility. On Saturday evenings the written sermon had to be studied with Mr. Mulundika so that he could translate it accurately on Sunday. It often proved difficult because of the cultural differences. For example, he questioned my use of the Good Shepherd story without careful explanation that in the Holy Land Jesus could call His followers sheep without slighting them. Among the Salas the sheep, Mr. Mulundika said, sheep are thought of as the most stupid of the animals. Perhaps I ought to compare the people with cows?

During the services on Sundays and at chapel Mr. Mulundika always appeared in a spotlessly clean light suit and stood beside me to interpret the service and sermon. He added dignity to the worship. Even during hot weather he treated his office with great respect also in his attire and demeanor.

This was also true of our other teachers, Mr. Chanda and Mr. Mwambwa. At evening chapel the teachers and I could speak to our young people in a more relaxed way and answer their many questions. I always prepared carefully for these devotions and tried to broach things related to their lives. After all, here we had a golden opportunity to mold these young Christians!

The setting of the religious services may have seemed rather relaxed in the large double schoolroom. But the worship never lacked dignity. This was true even though Fanny, our graceful brown Dobermann, and Max, the feisty English male bull dog, also attended, lying near the door next to me in quiet meditation until we returned home. They were always ready, falling into step behind me as we walked to the school. The boys and girls accepted them and did not let them disturb their devotion. When for some unknown canine reason Fanny disapproved of Max, perhaps because of his snoring, and gave a polite, lady-like bark which evoked a low growl from Max and a scuffle appeared imminent, one of the boys would quietly usher the two friends from the room. When he returned to his bench there was not even a flicker of a raised eyelash in the group and the service went on undisturbed!

Services were also held at the villages on Sunday afternoon or other convenient days of the week. These were always announced in advance. Still, it was not until we appeared and made a bell-like racket by pounding on the heavy steel bar suspended from a tree that the people started out from their huts. Time and schedules are thought of differently in Africa!

These village services were always attended by the pastor, the interpreter, the nurse and some young man who served as medical helper and interpreter. After church the nurse set up her kit out of doors and the people lined up for treatment. It was quite informal, this beginning of a mobile clinic, but also important. I took several movies of this very interesting outdoor clinic. One

of the young men who served as helper and interpreter for Meta, Alfred McCondiwera, remained in our clinic after some formal training for over twenty years!

Some of the outdoor clinic scenes, shown in my motion picture "Healing In His Wings" are priceless to us as we view them twenty-five years later! It shows how the clinic was moved into the Volkswagen Minibus during a sudden shower. This mobile dispensary service after church was continued even after the Lumano/Mwembezi clinic was in operation.

### "We Would Like Such A Book!"

A mention of our evening chapel would not be complete if I failed to recall an occurrence which led to the creation of the "Books for Missions" fund in 1960. As we walked to chapel one evening two young boys of our school stopped me and said very shyly, "We would like such a book." They pointed to my Bible.

First I asked them whether they would be able to read the book if they had one. One lad replied, "Oh yes, we can read English." To test him I turned quite at random to the Gospel of Mark and found that he read the text without hesitation. I assured them that I would get them a Bible. At the same time I said, "This book is a very valuable book. It cost the life of God's own Son so that we might be told by it how He brought us salvation. And many of those whom God told what to write in the Bible lost their lives so that we might have it. Think about that and what you would like to do to show your appreciation." They said, "What can we do?" Then I got an idea. We were standing next to our big garden and it was covered with weeds. I said, "Perhaps you would like to chop some weeds? I must go to Lusaka to get a Bible next week and you could help Simon to get rid of the weeds."

They agreed. And when I came back from Lusaka a week later with their Bibles they had faithfully kept their promise. Every afternoon after school we saw them chopping weeds and on the day when I had the Bibles for them all the weeds were gone! There was a good understanding between us and the students of Martin Luther school and we found them quite dependable.

Although I was criticized for failing to carry out the indigenous church policy in giving these boys Bibles without charge, I felt that they had certainly earned their reward and would treasure "that Book" the more for having shown their appreciation.

I might have known that as soon as word was passed among the other students that these two boys had received a Bible, all the others would hope to receive one also. And so it was. After that evening chapel a group of boys and girls surrounded me and asked what they could do to earn a Bible.

The Bibles were not expensive at Reverend Merfyn Temple's Lusaka Bible Store. I believe the student edition was available for about 85 cents at that time. But I had no funds to buy Bibles for over a hundred students. So I told them that I would try to get Bibles for all of them. If they were willing to show their appreciation, I suggested that they follow Mr. Mwambwa's advice to clean up the campus and to plant bushes and trees so that it would be more beautiful.

They all went to work with a will. For quite a few days Mr. Mwambwa who had been teaching them all about plant growth in his botany class took them into the surrounding country to look for trees and shrubs to plant on the school grounds. This involved digging deep holes through the hard top clay and to haul good soil in on barrows. But day by day the compound looked more cared for and the buildings no longer stood out so starkly.

And I turned to that good friend of missions, President Oscar J. Naumann, in an airmail letter asking him to appeal to our people at home for a "Books for Missions Fund." His enthusiastic reply came back within a few weeks with the first check which was enough to buy the Bible for our students. Mr. Mulundika and I made a ceremony of the distribution of these Bibles and of our reminder to them to make use of them daily and to take good care of them.

How happy I was to thank President Naumann and the kind donors for their gift and to tell them that now, at our evening chapel, all of us read the lesson from our own Bibles! It was very hard to see that we had violated the indigenous church policy by making the Word of God available to these future Christians!

## Debates and Concerts

There was no time for boredom during our stay at Lumano. Our schedule was so full that we found it difficult to take care of everything. At first the old radio which we found in the big house was able during the time when we had electric power to reach a few stations. But this meant stopping during the busy day and fiddling with the dials. There were far more interesting things to do.

The house was large, but it was also quite conveniently arranged. We also found that several people were eager to earn a little money to do the difficult work like gardening and cleaning. We did our own cooking and baking. The kitchen was practically planned. The bottled gas gave us no problem. The stove, oven and refrigerator were run by benzine, our kerosene. A trip to Lusaka once a week was enough to supply whatever staples, meat and other food items we needed. Meta baked her own bread and on occasion would share a loaf with the men and boys who helped us.

The routine was interrupted too often with meetings concerning the problems in the field, trips to try to make contact with Chief Shakumbila and longer journeys to carry out our assignment to make the survey for the Medical Mission Committee to allow us to become bored. The conferences with the Ministry of Health required much time.

But we always tried to be at home on Saturday evenings, if at all possible. The conferences with Mr. Mulundika and the "sermon boys" to instruct them in the Sunday sermon were very important.

But there were other attractions on Saturday evenings which we were loathe to miss. These were the weekly concerts and debates which the students of our Martin Luther School presented every Saturday after chapel.

The concerts were entertaining. The student chorus under the direction of Mr. Mwambwa rendered very fine religious numbers. There was a harmony which we felt is seldom achieved in our own culture. And Mr. Mwambwa was a kindly, but strict, director. This was as true of his choir as it was of the precision marching and manual of arms which he taught all the members of the student body.

He put on a grand show for our visitors, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pletscher, the American consul at Lusaka, and Mr. Kees de Jong. The Pletschers enjoyed coming out to visit us, sometimes going with us to one of our services and clinics out in the bush. We had benches molded from the native clay. He had quite a time removing the white powder from his trousers after one of the services. I recall that he advised us to paint a red or white cross on our dispensary roof, so that the planes could spot our mission in the event of unrest and the need of prompt evacuation.

Young Kees de Jong was studying hotel management at the Ridgeway Hotel in Lusaka. He also derived much pleasure from his visits to our mission and school. He was interested in the great interest for learning in the African students. They were fascinated when on one of his visits he brought out several pieces of dry ice and they watched it smoke, although it was cold to the touch, and burned when they touched it. They had never seen ice and snow!

On the day when both Pletschers and Kees de Jong observed his marching corps of students Mr. Mwambwa was in extra fine fettle and put his "troops" through all their drill with military aplomb. His huge voice carried over the whole compound when he barked out his orders. The students were well aware of their precision in performing intricate formations as they marched by in review with their colorful group pennants carried above their curly heads all adorned with grey caps with the word "Lutheran" on their front. It was thrilling to see as well as to hear the muffled sound of their bare feet on the hard clay in perfect time with the throb of home-made drums. Their khaki shirts and shorts blended beautifully with their healthy young brown bodies and faces. My color movie of this day, "Marching Feet," is still a thrilling thing to see 25 years later!

#### More Concerts and Debates

Those Saturday evenings at the Martin Luther school were unforgettable! Our students were ingenious. They whittled and put together twanging instruments not unlike our banjos or zithers. They made music by clicking together in unison home-made dumb-bells. When they played they always caused a sympathetic vibration in their student audience. Soon the entire room was full of swaying bodies.

One skinny young lad was especially supple. He would put his slim body and loose-jointed limbs through the most incredible gyrations all to be beat and click-click-click of his own set of dumb-bells. We have never seen or heard such perfect coordination of movement! The Program at these concerts was always interspersed with numbers sung by Mr. Mwambwa's hand-picked chorus. They sometimes sang the old spirituals with so much spirit and harmony that one imagined that they had come from our own deep South.

Just as exciting as the concerts were the Saturday evening debates. They were held on alternate Saturdays both for the training and the entertainment of the students and teachers. We never missed the opportunity to attend them, if we could stay at Lumano. These were priceless moments for us to learn to understand these promising young Christians! We wondered why our people were not more interested in attending these debates. Just the mere mention of some of the topics debated will tell the story. Remember that these students were quite mature at seventeen and were very serious about their education as well as their own future and that of their developing country. One or two teachers were always present chiefly to act as umpires and to sum up the lessons which were learned. This was clearly far more important than the verdict as to which team had showed the greatest skill in verbalizing and debating.

The topics were never merely academic; they related closely to the lives of the students and their culture. Consider a sampling of them: "Rapid civilisation has done damage to Africa." - "European colonial control has helped develop Africa." - "Lobola (the bride price) should be abolished." We were always amazed at the maturity and sound judgment of our young African students. It was difficult to realize that the fathers of many of these youngsters had enjoyed no formal education and that many of the mothers were unable to speak English! The debates were carefully prepared and rehearsed under the guidance of the teachers and the debaters invariably appeared in neat attire and spoke a good English.

We recall a few points which were made during some of these debates. Referring to the damage which Europeans had caused, one mature girl said solemnly, "Before the Europeans came African children were more obedient." This gave us something to think

about. We remembered the student gatherings back at home and compared them with what we were witnessing every day among these Sala children and young people. Then we realized the truth of what the young woman had said. We had seen the African children in the homes of people like the Mulundikas and Chandas. Although these teachers occupied only small three-room huts and the Mulundikas had at least six children, the homes were quiet and orderly and the children were respectful and obedient.

The same was true of the students of our Martin Luther boarding school. It was evident that they considered their schooling a great privilege. It was difficult for the parents of many of them to pay the small amount which was required for board and tuition. Many children of the villages could not even attend elementary school to say nothing about going on to boarding school. The good behavior was always a pleasure to behold when they assembled for church and chapel.

The students always arrived a little early and quietly took their places in the benches in the big double classroom. When the villagers and teachers arrived with their families the older boys and girls made room for them in the rear benches. This meant a re-shuffling of all the seating several times. The younger students were gradually pushed toward the front until several rows of them had to sit on the floor very close to our feet. All this changing of places went on without a scuffle or whisper! If for some reason someone had to leave the room during the service, as in the case of the occasional disagreement between Fanny the fancy Dobermann and Max the unmannerly bull dog, the removal of the unruly pair was carried out firmly but quietly by an older student with nary a giggle or noticeable distraction on the part of even the younger boys!

There were several humorous incidents during the very frank debates. One occurred during the debate on the abolition of lobola. One rather matronly young lady became quite upset and stated very soberly, "We should not abolish lobola! It is a good custom from our forefathers. If a girl is lazy in her work she will bring only a small bride price, maybe two or three cows. But we who have an education are worth perhaps ten or twelve cows. If lobola is not kept, then a boy will take a girl in the bush and will not respect her. Now she is respected. We should not abolish lobola!" At this



point there was wild applause and loud cries of "Sense!" especially from all the girls.

During this same debate one of the young women turned to Meta and asked her, "Could you tell us, do you have a bride price in America." Meta explained that in our culture a young man goes to the girl's parents to ask their blessing on their marriage. Then he buys the girl a ring to pledge his faithfulness to her. He must also go with her to the magistrate to get a license. The girl asked what the license would cost for a marriage and Meta told her that our marriage license was two dollars. This information was picked up by one of the debating girls in the summing up of the arguments. She said, "We see that lobola is a good thing because in America they also must pay a bride price. Only in America lobola is much cheaper than in Africa."

At this point we must explain the African custom of crying "Sense!" During a debate. The students, not only the debating teams, are all very attentive and very much involved. Everyone is dressed in good clean clothes, especially the debaters. As they step forward to present their arguments, it is evident that they are very conscious of the honor which has been conferred on them. They present their speeches with carefully chosen words and elaborate gestures. When a good point is made the entire audience shouts loudly, "Sense!" If the opposite is the case and the point is unconvincing they all cry with even more vehemence, "Nonsense!"

These African debates differed from our debates in another important feature, the participation of the teacher in charge. The teacher in charge is truly in charge! He is not only expected to name the winners, but also to add a few words expressing his opinion. When a position seemed to be developing from the debate which was not tenable in his judgment, he is expected to say so and to present his reasons for his dissenting opinion.

A situation of this kind developed in the debate on the benefit of the influence of the Europeans on the African culture. Mr. Chanda, a very popular teacher, was in charge. We were unable to see what he did when the last rebuttal had been made. But we did see him as he slowly shuffled down the center aisle to make his final remarks. The laughter became louder and louder as he stood

before his students in his weird costume. Mr. Chanda was always well dressed. But now he had his sport jacket on inside out and the orange lining was very funny to see on him. His shirt was also hanging out over his belt, his collar was open and the tie stuck out. His trousers were rolled up to his knees and the socks were messed up over the shoes which were on the wrong feet. An old crumpled hat completed the costume. As soon as the group was quiet he said, "You laugh at me. Am I really so funny? But our people looked worse before the Europeans came. And they taught us much more than how to dress properly. They taught us to read, to write and to do sums. They taught us to use and sell the copper, tin and gold which were buried in our land, to extract rubber from our trees, to find diamonds and to sell lumber from our forests. They showed our people how to travel on wheels in trains and cars, and to fly through the air. They brought us better medicine than our medicine men ever made after hundreds of years of all kinds of jujus and charms. They conquered many diseases, even the terrible tsetse fly. But best of all they brought us God's Book, the Bible, to tell us that God loves us and has sent His Son to save us from our sins and from the fear of death. When you think of all these benefits, do you still think that the coming of the Europeans was not good for Africa?"

Mr. Chanda then asked one of the older young men to sum up what his positive team had presented. It was a good speech which ended with the words, "We see that we are not yet ready to carry on in Africa without help. We have a little education, but we must learn much more before our friends from Europe and America leave us. We are thankful for what they have taught us, especially about our Savior."

#### Contact With the Ministry of Health

It was very important for us to begin the assignment from the Medical Mission Committee by making an appointment with the doctors in charge of the Ministry of Health at Lusaka. The medical director, Dr. Harold Dunn, received us very cordially and expressed his complete satisfaction with Meta's credentials. He as-

sured us that he and his staff would be happy to help us establish the medical care unit at our mission compound among the Salas. He called in his other staff men, Dr. N. Webster and Mr. Andre Geysler, the field supervisor for the Sala district, who was to prove such a stalwart friend and counselor during the entire building process. We gave them our assurance that we had been instructed to comply with all the local regulations and would welcome their frequent visits since we were very inexperienced.

The doctors acquainted us with prevalent health problems, with the program of the Ministry of Health in coping with them and with the treatments which were recommended in bush clinics. They also stated that it was most important to impart simple health, nutrition and sanitation practices, especially to the village women. This would lead to increased self-reliance which would be far more valuable than treating preventable maladies after they showed up at the treatment center. We were told that we would qualify for subsidized medicines and equipment and for referral and transport of serious cases to the native hospital at Lusaka.

While the licensing and visitation of our facility would be provided by the Ministry of Health, our mission would have to gain the approval for establishing a treatment center from Chief Shakumbila and his council of village headmen.

#### First Attempt to Visit Chief Shakumbila

Following Dr. Dunn's suggestion we made immediate plans to call on Chief Shakumbila at his residence near Mumbwa. Because of the tense situation District Commissioner McClellan suggested to us to meet with the chief at his office at Mumbwa instead. We agreed and the two missionaries and I drove out to Mumbwa on February 25th, two weeks after our arrival at Lusaka. It was over 100 miles for me to drive from Mwembezhi over Lusaka to Mumbwa!

We went to the District Commissioner's office and waited until after noon. The chief did not show up! Mr. McClellan then informed us that the chief was greatly dissatisfied with our attitude toward the villagers, especially those of one school who had been unfairly criticized for not cooperating in taking care of

their obligations in maintaining the building. Mr. McClellan told me that the chief was in no mood to encourage us to continue our mission among his people. He had dealt with Pastor Wm. Schweppe on his earlier visit and insisted that we return Pastor Schweppe to the Lumano compound. Only in this way could he give us any assurance that confidence could be restored. I tried to debate the matter with the District Commissioner, but he insisted that it would be futile to try to change Chief Shakumbila's mind until he had definite assurance that Pastor Schweppe would take over.

We left the office after I had given Mr. McClellan this assurance and he promised to try to arrange another meeting with the chief for the next Monday. But on Monday morning I had a call from the District Commissioner canceling the meeting and promising to arrange another one for March 10th. This meeting was also canceled due to bad roads. Mr. McClellan encouraged me to draw plans for the medical facility for their approval. He would continue to negotiate with Chief Shakumbila. At this point it was a most discouraging prospect for the future of our mission and the dispensary.

Constance Howard, R.N. - Kafue

We decided that we would have to attend to other matters of our assignment, that is, to visit other medical care establishments so that we could present them to the committee with our proposal. Dr. Dunn had strongly urged us to visit the bush clinic at Kafue, a Methodist establishment under the care of Miss Constance Howard, R.N. Mr. Nightingale of the Legislative Assembly had also suggested that we do this. He was the president of the assembly who had asked Pastor Wacker and me to present our plea for a mission site in 1949.

Mr. Nightingale was very happy that we had established our mission in his country, even though we had not been able to enter the Hook of the Kafue area, as had been planned in 1949. He gave me his assurance that he would use his influence in inducing Chief Shakumbila to cooperate with me in the matter of the mission and the granting of a suitable site for the dispensary.

We were warmly received by Miss Howard and Meta was invited to arrange for a longer stay to become better acquainted. Because of scheduled meetings, we arranged for Mrs. Hoenecke to return

to the Kafue clinic to work and observe it in operation for a week.

It was a most instructive medical facility to observe. A European and African nurse were on the staff with an African medical assistant who did all the laboratory procedures out on the verandah where all could see him looking at his slides with his microscope. The examination and treatment of patients were also conducted out in the open, if they were merely superficial and did not involve embarrassing exposure of the patient.

Miss Howard was strong on preventive medicine. Classes in hygiene, simple health care and nutrition were held regularly and were translated into the vernacular by Miss Lillian, the African nursing sister. I filmed the demonstration on the safe removal of a foreign object from a child's ear. Miss Howard tapped on a small drum to illustrate the eardrum's function. Then she pierced the drum-head with a pin and showed that now the drum no longer produced a clear sound. To avoid damage to the eardrum she now took a little warm oil and gently poured a little into the ear. Tilting the baby's head, she showed the mothers how the foreign object floated out without any damage to the ear and hearing. Her audience looked and listened entranced. Her baby clinic was most effective!

Miss Howard explained to us that she did collect fees for all procedures from the patients. But she left the handling of the money entirely in the hands of the Africans. She said, "This works very well. We have not had any problem, although I have stated that I would be ready to listen to any just complaint." Her kindly manner clearly had won the hearts of her people. She always added a few words of Christian instruction before she knelt for prayer before them all to give glory to the Savior for His love and healing power. She had dedicated over twenty years to her Savior in this remote area to help these simple folk far from her native England to find both physical and spiritual healing, as we had observed Dr. Anni Melander and Dr. Anne Temple over eleven years earlier.

#### More Futile Attempts To See Chief Shakumbila

We made two further efforts to visit and appeal to Chief

Shakumbila for authorization to open a dispensary and the grant of three acres next to our compound. We were told that he would be at home in mid-March.

We took advantage of the offer of Mr. Philipp Box, the administrator for native education, to take us to the chief's home near Mumbwa on March 16th in his British Land Rover. He had some matters relating to the Sala schools to discuss with Chief Shakumbila and would help us present our cause. It was only 42 miles as the crow flies and we were sure to be able to go there and return to Lumano in time for dinner. We were mistaken.

It had rained for several days and the dirt trail, we soon found, was now a set of parallel muddy ruts, especially in the swampy lowland about thirty miles from our station. A large lorry was already hopelessly bogged down right on the trail. We had to slow down so that Mr. Box's experienced driver could try to break out of the rut to pass the lorry. With our sturdy motor in creeper gear we cut through the slippery grass and mud for about a car-length. Then the Land Rover settled down into the mud with its wheels spinning. Before the motor was shut off we were in to our hubs, only the top half of the wheels still visible!

We all got out and scratched our heads as to what could be done to extricate the car from the grip of that mud. Mr. Box and Mr. Mulundika tried with several others to push the vehicle, only to expose themselves to the muddy water which spun off the wheels. The car did not budge an inch. A farmer had been called to help the lorry by hitching four oxen to it. Since we were in the way these were hooked with chains to our front bumper while five men pushed from behind. It was all to no avail. Then the men accepted the suggestion to cut down a few small trees and to place the smaller branches and foliage under the wheels while they were pried up with the tree trunks. This worked. The Land Rover now had enough purchase to be eased slowly onto more solid ground and we were finally on our way.

We had not traveled a mile before we noticed heavy black clouds approaching us from the west. The better part of valor under the circumstances, we all agreed, was to beat a hasty re-

treat back thirty miles to Lumano. When we came in sight of our twin palms the rain came down in torrents. Mr. Box accepted our invitation to stay the night, but we again had failed to get together with Chief Shakumbila.

We were becoming quite concerned about this failure. So, when we learned four days later that the chief would be at Shi-byungi dispensary, about seven miles from Lumano, to pick up his son Banta who had come home from Nyasaland (Malawi), we lost no time in driving there. The road was still very muddy, but we finally made it, albeit an hour late. Mr. Benjamin Chindongo, the medical assistant in charge of the clinic, told us that the chief had been there but had left because of the flooded roads.

Two days later, a Saturday, I was scheduled to consult at our boarding school with all the rural school teachers of the Sala Reserve and to impress them with the need for greater self-sufficiency. As the leaders of the "New Africa," as the current movement was called, they were to lead their children in building greater self-esteem and working to make their land strong by exploiting their natural resources. The chief had been invited to this important meeting, but again failed to appear.

#### The Nigeria Visit Interrupts Our Efforts

During the week following our last two attempts to meet with the chief, I was deeply engrossed in the problems we had at the Matero church in a location, or suburb, of Lusaka. This consumed all the time with meetings late into the night and the dispensary matter had to be put off until after our return from Nigeria. This visit was an important part of our assignment.

We left Lusaka on March 28th to carry out our assignment to visit our Lutheran mission hospital at Eket and to consult with the people in charge of the Synodical Conference Mission concerning the matter of their position in view of the imminent dissolution of the Synodical Conference. It was a matter of three days of zigzag flying to reach Nigeria from Lusaka. Professor Norbert Reim of the seminary and Superintendent Robert Stade welcomed us and were more than happy to discuss the matter which

would so seriously affect the future of us all. Professor Reim had been called to Nigeria from the Wisconsin Synod. Superintendent Stade, a Missourian, had succeeded Pastor William Schweppe after the latter had accepted the call to Central Africa. I was acquainted with both men, having met them at St. Louis at the meetings of the Missionary Board of the Synodical Conference.

### Our Nigeria Mission

Indeed, at that time it was still also our mission. In fact, during these years it was suggested that our synod would take over the Nigerian field, if the Synodical Conference were dissolved. This dissolution came to pass in 1963, only three years after we visited the field. Thus our visit also had the purpose of speaking with the missionaries about their position in the matter. For this reason we spent almost two weeks in Nigeria.

Superintendent Stade called a special meeting of the native board of directors which I had been invited to attend. It was a very colorful gathering! Some of the district delegates appeared in their brilliant loincloths. These are pieces of brightly illustrated or figured cotton about four yards long, draped over the shoulder and wrapped around the body down to the ankle. Some of the men wore turbans, others crocheted caps. Some sported alarm clocks suspended from chains. Some of them spoke some English. But many had to have the proceedings translated into their native Effik, Ibo or Hausa vernacular.

During the hot day matters pertaining to the mission, the hospital and the schools were discussed while most of those present kept palm-frond fans in motion furiously to combat the humid heat. Dr. Henry Nau, the man who began the mission for the Synodical Conference in 1936, called the climate of southern Nigeria "murderous." In his book he enumerates the many casualties among the early missionaries, quoting an old couplet which describes the climate and warns would-be missionaries:

"Beware, oh, beware of the Bight of Benin,  
where only one comes out of the five who went in!"

We thought about our missionaries and their families in



Northern Rhodesia (Zambia) and our airy house at Lumano with its wide verandah and invigorating cross-ventilation!

But we had a job to do and were determined to stay until we had finished it. Superintendent Stade had our week planned very carefully so that we might gain a complete insight into the entire program.

### Brief History

Sixteen congregations in southern Nigeria had appealed for help from the Lutheran Synodical Conference in 1935. A committee found that they were members of a federation, called the Ibesikpo United Church, which had been formed from the Scottish Presbyterian, Qua Iboe and Methodist missions. These missions had strongly emphasized education, medical care and social improvement and had failed. The primary purpose of a Christian mission seems gradually to have been crowded out with these secondary goals.

When our Lutheran Synodical Conference took over the work in 1936 we inherited a number of elementary schools and a central boys' and girls' boarding school. We also inherited an attitude of great dependency on an outside church for support and guidance.

Although we had now worked twenty-four years with the stated objective of making the Nigerian church self-reliant and independent of foreign support, we found on our visit in 1960 that the great concern for expanding the secondary services, education and medical care, was still very strong. It is simply a proven fact that once a pattern has been set in a mission for providing all kinds of services beyond the Gospel, it is almost impossible to reverse the trend.

Having delayed the process of gradually withdrawing our support to make the Nigerian church strong and self-reliant, it became increasingly difficult to expect the people to be satisfied with a program which they could support with their own means.

At the same time it was clear that progress had been made and that certain congregations in outlying areas were ap-

proaching self-government and self-support. It was a great unexpected pleasure to see this in action in the church of Pastor Jonathan Ekong. Jonathan Ekong was the first native Nigerian to be trained for the ministry in his homeland. After being graduated in our mission among the blacks at Selma, Alabama, he returned to Nigeria as a pastor in 1938 to work with Pastor William Schweppe, the only white missionary on the field at the time.

We attended his service in Effik on the first Sunday of our visit. His was a large and very modest church, seating perhaps 600 people. The church was crowded to the very doors with men, women and many children. Pastor Jonathan told us later that in the early days the noise of little children was taken care of when the women simply nursed their babies when they became restless. He deplored the modern "progress" which considered this simple solution unseemly.

The service lasted almost two hours. During that time the regular liturgy was followed with a few variations, the choir sang a few numbers, the Lord's Supper was celebrated, one couple was married, eight individuals were baptized and seventeen were confirmed. The congregation's singing was loud and enhanced by the natural harmonizing which we had already heard in 1949 in the various missions which we visited. We could not understand the language, but we were pleased with the happy fervor of the worshippers.

As we left the church with him, Pastor Jonathan suddenly shouted, "Stop!" We had not noticed that a procession of driver ants about a foot wide was just crossing our path ahead of us. We could not see an end of the procession or its beginning. The pastor told us that to step on these ants would mean to have them swarm up one's legs and bite, causing terrible itching. It seems that nothing is spared that gets into their way.

#### The Theological Seminary

Another bright spot during our Nigerian visit was the theological seminary at Obot Idim. Professor Reim was director at the time. Again we were impressed by the quality of theolo-

gical training which was achieved. Here, we felt, the full emphasis was being laid on the thing that was most important, a solid grounding of the future pastors in the Truth of Holy Scripture. The objective of the faculty was clearly to train a spiritually self-reliant leadership. This was most important in Nigeria because of the government's restriction of a foreign mission to twenty-three expatriate missionaries.

The follow-up of the graduate pastors was also taken very seriously. The seminary had been opened in 1949. Still, in only ten years of its work it had 17 African pastors active in the congregations. They were frequently assembled for seminars and theological conferences to make certain that they remained in faithful harmony with Scriptural doctrine and practice.

The screening of applicants was done by means of pre-theological courses which in 1960 were to be incorporated in a formal Bible Institute. Where this training of native pastors is carried on conscientiously the national church will be built in keeping with the Lord's will and it must prosper.

#### Visit To Calabar

Before we could leave Nigeria we felt constrained to respond with a visit to the request of another of our Wisconsin Synod pastors, William Winter, who was stationed in the river delta area at Calabar. He was also deeply concerned about the intersynodical situation and how it would affect his ministry.

We found his stations deep in the heavy jungle not far from the coast near the Bight of Biafra. His was a most difficult post as far as climate was concerned and his accessibility to his several preaching places. Some of them could not be reached except by boat or ferry. The region was full of rubber and banana plantations which employed the people whom he served.

Pastor Winter showed us the great rubber plantations. His people were eking out a meagre living taking care of the trees and the gathering of the latex which constantly dripped from little spiggots in the trees into the pails which hung from them. The latex pails were emptied into portable tanks and taken

to the processing sheds.

Pastor Winter's work was difficult and isolated, but he was determined to carry on as long as the Lord wanted him there. Little did I realize in 1960 that twenty years later I would be on the other side of the border very near to Calabar in Buea, Cameroon, responding to the call to bring the saving Gospel to the Bakossi tribe at Nyandong, north of Douala and Kumba. In fact, our three pastors in Cameroon came back to Nigeria to attend a seminar at the church of one of our former pastors.

It occurred to me while we were in Calabar Province, if one could only take our comfortable Christians back at home just once to one of these mission outposts! What an effect the visit would have on them as witnesses of the Lord Jesus, on their witness, their living and praying and giving!

#### The Eket Hospital

Not too far from Calabar and also near the coast at Eket we visited the 75-bed hospital of the mission. Mrs. Hoenecke had been instructed to take a good look at this institution as a part of her medical care survey. We were acquainted with this hospital only from reports of the executive secretary of the Synodical Conference Missionary Board. It constituted a considerable part of the annual budget. Someone had suggested that we aim for a similar facility in Central Africa, even though it was far out of sight with the limited funds at our disposal in 1960.

We were very warmly received by the man in charge, Dr. Holm and his American nurse, Miss Gertrude Bluemel, R.N. The hospital was a sprawling building set into a clearing in the jungle. It had several wings which were interconnected to one another by a wide covered corridor. We did not see any other expatriate nurses, but Miss Bluemel was assisted by several Nigerian nurses in cap and uniform. We did not know to what extent they had received formal training.

The Eket Hospital had evolved somewhat differently than had been planned by the mission staff and the Missionary Board. In 1936 Dr. Henry Nau, the first resident missionary, had re-

ported, "Fortunately, two neighboring hospitals were at our disposal. Thus the lack of a hospital of our own was not keenly felt. The doctors of the Methodist Hospital at Ituk Mbam and of the Qua Iboe Hospital at Etinan were ever ready to accommodate our patients and to give them the same care which they would give to others. When at last our own nurse arrived, she helped at the Methodist Hospital when their own nurse had to be transferred up country. Thus she received valuable training during the first three months of her service in Africa and we could repay the hospital in a small way for the service it had rendered us."

The nurse mentioned had been sent out by the Missionary Board to supply primary care to relieve our missionaries and their wives of this heavy responsibility.

But it was not long before pleas were received from the field for a hospital facility at our own mission. This was understandable because the number of American personnel and families had increased and the local hospitals were not always able to supply the accustomed medical care.

It was definitely thought to locate this hospital at Obot Idim where it would serve both our staff as well as the Nigerian sick in the area. The plea produced results. In 1952 a member of the Wisconsin Synod made a grand gift of \$ 70,000 for the Nigerian Mission hospital. Contributors from the other synods added to the fund. There was enough money to build a very fine modern facility.

But when the mission applied for government authority the health officials designated Eket in the bush down near the coast as the place where they wanted the next hospital to be located. This decision was mitigated only by the \$ 25,000 which the Nigerian government supplied for the hospital. The rest of the cost of \$ 115,000 was from the United States. And there was still no hospital at our mission headquarters!

"He's Not Too Heavy, - He's My Brother!"

During our stay at the hospital something happened which will remain forever in our memory. We had become well acquainted with hospital routine and were not prepared for what Dr. Holm

came to show us one day. He had used every free minute to make us acquainted with the hospital and we thought it was another activity he wanted to show us.

He took us out to one of the cement porches on which the relatives usually made their visits to patients. There at the very edge of the porch two scantily clad little boys sat huddled together. It was obvious that they were starving. The rags which hung from their thin shoulders left their swollen bellies fully exposed. Their arms and legs were nothing but skin and bones and the smaller lad could not hold up his head but leaned it against the older boy who might have been five. The little one was hardly three.

The nurse told us that she had seen them staggering out of the undergrowth, the older boy supporting his little companion. At last the older boy had struggled the last few yards to the hospital carrying the little one in his arms. The five-year-old said that they were hungry. The nurse got them something, but the little one could not keep anything down. He was suffering from kwashiorkor, a malignant malnutrition, and could not be saved.

She found out from the older lad that their mother had died and that they had run away from the woman who was to take care of them because they were hungry. The nurse told the boy that it was a wonderful thing that he had carried his brother when he fell down. She said he was much too heavy for him. Then the brave little lad looked up at her and said, "He is not too heavy for me. He is my brother!"

Because this little heathen lad had carried his dying brother to our mission hospital he was baptized before he died on the next day.

We felt put to shame by this little heathen boy. Although he had never heard of Jesus who constrains us to bring little ones to Him, he was used as the Lord's helper to bring his dying brother to Jesus for baptism. How often we fail to respond to Jesus' admonition to seek and to save the lost! After this example, could we ever turn a deaf ear to those in this world who cry to us for the Water of Life? Could we respond in any other way than in the words of this little boy when we are entreated to help bring lost souls to Jesus, "Of course, we'll help!"

This heathen in his helpless lost condition, - he's not too heavy for me, - because he is my brother!"

#### We Learn Several Lessons

It was hard for us to see how Dr. Holm and Miss Bluemel ever found time to take care of all of their manifold duties. They were responsible for all the wards, for examining the many patients, - the outpatient load in 1958 had been 28,300, plus 2,826 in the wards -, doing minor surgery, monitoring all medications, plus training a Nigerian staff to help and take over part of the work.

Still, one early morning we found Miss Gertrude Bluemel, R.N., busy at a table sorting medicine samples which had been sent from the States. She said that she had to attend to this personally because the pills and capsules had to be properly labeled with expiration dates and prescribed dosage. Also, some of the common medications in the States were poorly tolerated by Africans and had to be kept separate. The gift of these samples, sent over with good intentions, actually prevented her from doing other important things and in the final analysis saved no money.

This taught us some valuable lessons. Since there is a great difference between African and American diseases, - an attack of our common measles could prove fatal to African children -, and since the tolerance of drugs is also different in Africa, we determined to insist on tropical medicine courses for our staff before they were sent to take care of the sick in Africa.

Also, we were convinced that we would warn our mission board against any plans of setting up a full-scale hospital in Africa. It simply involved too much expense and a continual problem of finding adequate medical staff. Also, we observed that our supplying hospital service with mission money would simply provide something which the governments themselves ought to take care of and were, in fact, already providing.

The Nigerian experience also served to confirm our conviction that the great emphasis on educational and medical programs supplied through the budget gradually tends to shift the emphasis from the real spiritual purpose of the mission. This was

the obvious reason for the indifference toward even our modest medical care program on the part of the missionaries who came to Central Africa from Nigeria in 1959 and 1960.

#### An Old Man With White Hair!

Another lesson was brought home to us on the second, our last, Sunday in Nigeria. Professor Hein had invited me to attend one of his services in a small village in the bush. After the Iboe service he asked me to come forward to say a few words to the congregation. As I went toward the front I noticed that the people were laughing and that they continued to laugh after I was being introduced.

I thought they were laughing because I might have picked up some of the white-colored dirt out of which the pews were made. Professor Hein hastened to explain that they were indeed laughing over me. They were expressing their joy over having a missionary with white hair speak to them!

The same thing happened at a meeting I had with the twelve headmen of the Sala villages with whom I met at Lumano. One headman asked Mr. Mulundika to tell me that they wished that I would send them "old men with white hair" to preach to them. This, because in 1960 the missionaries who had not learned the Sala language made a practice of sending school boys out to the villages with printed sermons which they would read to the village groups.

#### Another Important Lesson

Before we left Nigeria we also attended the tenth anniversary of the central high school at Obot Idim. After the celebration Mr. Obut, the principal, invited us to his house for dinner. His Nigerian wife cooked the meal and did not appear to speak to her guests. Her husband explained that she could not speak English and felt embarrassed.

Then he told us that he had studied for three years in the United States and when he returned to Nigeria his wife was so "bush" that he had difficulty adjusting to her ways and her cooking and housekeeping. He felt that, although he had learned



very much in America, it would be better to educate pastors and teachers in Nigeria. It would be better not to expose them for a short time to an entirely different life style, but to train them to become good Christian leaders within the framework of their accustomed way of life.

The Nigerian Lutheran Church had done this. Since 1951 the normal school had been training Nigerian teachers and 593 of its graduates were now active as teachers in the schools of the Lutheran church.

We resolved to keep this lesson well in mind for our own church in Central Africa. Not only would this save much expense, but it would do much to advance the cause of self-sufficiency in the national church.

#### Farewell To Nigeria

Professor Reim drove us to Port Harcourt on April 11th for our flight to Lagos. We arrived on time and hoped to join the southbound flight back to Northern Rhodesia (Zambia). But we soon learned that in Africa "the best-laid plans gang oft agley" (awry), as Bobbie Burns put it.

The flight had not been canceled. There just was no plane to fly it and the Lagos office had no word as to what had happened or when the plane would arrive. The best they could do for us was to put us up at a hotel for the night and to hope for the best.

We hailed a taxi and started out for the hotel. On the way there we suddenly felt a severe jolt as from some object over which we must have driven. The driver stopped the cab, took a look back through his mirror and backed up his car to give us the same jolt. Again he stopped. Then we saw that we had driven over a huge snake which lay writhing on the tarmac. Once more our driver drove over the snake, as he told us, to make sure that he had killed it. It was a big python.

Our hotel was also something else! Rooms were scarce, but we were assigned to a room, such as it was. It had bare walls, a narrow bed, one straight chair and a naked electric

bulb dangling from the ceiling. The washroom and toilet were out back behind a storage shed. When night came we crawled into our cot and tried to sleep. A swarm of flying ants and hungry Nigerian mosquitoes determined otherwise. The badly torn mosquito net which lay on the chair covered all but those parts of our anatomies which the mosquitoes had selected as their target. I got up and dressed and went to the office to find a solution for our predicament. I returned with a big can of foul-smelling insect repellent with which we were to douse ourselves. Gradually the buzzing of the bloodthirsty little varmints diminished. By this time we were too tired to be kept awake even by the blaring racket of the dance-band in the hotel's dining room. Our bodies provided mute evidence in the morning of the fact that we had not outsmarted the mosquitoes by any means.

#### Doctor Adenya Jones

After breakfast we learned that our plane had not arrived and our flight would not be called until at least noon. So we had a free morning to make a call on a Dr. Adenya Jones of the Department of Health who had been recommended to us by Doctor Holm. We also learned that our flight south would make a stop at Port Gentil so that we could visit the bush hospital of Dr. Albert Schweitzer without going out of our way.

Dr. Jones invited us to his office in downtown Lagos. He had a veritable gold mine of sound advice to give us for our medical care venture. He understood the black African since he had his roots in a black village in the Nigerian interior.

Among many other gems he told us that he was concerned about the practice of Europeans who gave the care and raising of their children into the hands of African servants without thorough physical examinations. These Europeans were often entirely oblivious of the fact that many workers had tuberculosis, parasitic, communicable infestations and the like which were easily transmitted through close contact. Although the Health Department was making a concerted effort to educate the African families, it met with strong resistance to any program of screening, isolation and other precautionary measures.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed. We knew very well that we could use the gems of wisdom which we were given by Dr. Jones. It was clear that even this chance meeting would redound to the benefit of our own program in Central Africa.

It was a matter of another brief stop at the Consulate of France to secure two visas for French Equatorial Africa for our visit to the world-renowned bush establishment of Dr. Albert Schweitzer. His was the third type of medical care facility we had planned to study before we made a final determination as to the nature of our own medical care unit at Lumano.

#### Via Douala to Lambarene

Without apology for the delay or any explanation we were told that our plane had arrived at Lagos and would be ready to take off at sometime that afternoon. We sat in the terminal lounge for hours before we heard that the departure would be within fifteen minutes. Again we waited, standing in line with the other passengers.

The flight to Douala, our next stop, was without incident, but it was now too late to take off over the dense equatorial jungle for Port Gentil. Again we were told that we would be put up at a hotel at the airline's expense, also for dinner. By comparison with our quarters at Lagos this hotel was truly posh. Our room was on the fifth floor, light and airy, with an ocean breeze blowing the real lace curtains.

We were confined to the hotel for the night because the Cameroon militia were patrolling the grounds in view of a strike and the threat of a bombing. We did not mind. We went down to a lavish dinner. The entree was a tender entrecote served with a piquant flaming sauce. A flambé fruit dessert followed, served in style by a uniformed maitre d'hotel. All in all, we found that Air France knew how to take care of its stranded passengers.

At dinner we sat next to an American public health doctor, Dr. de Vault. Again, we had the good fortune to receive information and words of caution from a man who knew Africa and its health problems. Dr. de Vault was with the U.S. public health

service on assignment to West Africa.

Our southbound plane took off from Douala at seven the next morning. It made two scheduled and one emergency stop en route to Lambarene. The entire flight was over a dense jungle. Only when we crossed a river were we able to see the ground. As soon as we had left Bata in Rio Muni our air speed decreased noticeably. Meta was sitting at the window. Without blinking an eyelash she turned to me and said, "Don't look now, but the motor right next to the window has stopped." It was true. Soon the voice of the captain came over the P.A. system, "Folks, we're having a little trouble with an engine and we plan to land to take care of it. Don't be alarmed; this plane is built to fly on only three motors."

We looked down to the interminable sea of green, but we failed to find a break in the trees for the landing. But there was one. It proved almost too short for our big plane, but we made it. Instead of taxiing to the tiny terminal, we parked out on the field. Another large plane took up all the clear space at the terminal. Several men with umbrellas came out and escorted us to the terminal in the heavy downpour after one of our passengers had lighted a cigarette while we stood under the wings.

It was very wet and very hot outside, but it was much worse in the crowded terminal. Many of the people were already at the little bar clamoring for drinks. Then the thirsty hundred from our plane came in and demanded equal consideration. It was bedlam! And we soon found that there was only one washroom in operation! We stayed near the window to get a little fresh air.

From this vantage point we watched what was happening with our plane. A trio of mechanics had gone out and now stood with the crew under the right wing, looking at the motor and propeller. Very soon one of the ground crew came running back to the terminal and returned with a huge service manual under his arm. We watched as the little group under the wing paged through the manual with apparently no happy result. Within a few minutes we heard the announcement, "All passengers bound south are asked to board their plane; we're about to take off." Full of apprehension about the prospect of taking off with only

three engines we joined the umbrella procession out to our airplane. It was still raining when we boarded. The captain spoke a few words about their inability to trace the trouble, gunned his three functioning engines, we sped down the runway and, - lifted off just clearing the treetops.

#### By Dug-out To Lambarene

We were far behind schedule when we landed at the town of Lambarene on the Ogowe River. The airport manager had been alerted about our coming by Dr. Schweitzer and took us with our luggage to the little shuttle-bus which carried visitors to the boat landing. Here a pirogue, a dug-out canoe, manned by two oarsmen, was waiting for us. After a few words in French from the bus driver we were loaded luggage and all into the frail-looking craft with a Yale University student who had come out to work at the hospital.

The boat ride was all upstream and took over an hour. The sun beat down on the bare backs of the rowers, but they kept up a steady rythm which they accompanied with a native chant. During a more placid stretch of water as they swung their canoe around a bend they seemed to change their singing into a kind of loud dialogue. Now we had our first view of the hospital sprawling over a large clearing. At the water's edge, dressed in white and wearing a pith helmet stood the "man of the century," Dr. Albert Schweitzer, with several of his assistants.

We introduced ourselves as we stepped ashore and indicated our surprise at seeing him at the boat landing. Laughingly he told us in German that he knew that we were approaching. His two oarsmen had not only announced our approach but had also sung a complete description of us in their loud singing as they neared the settlement to give him time to come down to the dock to greet his guests.

Two of the ladies with him were introduced as Sister Mathilde and Sister Ali Silver. He described them as his "right hand helpers." Deaconess Mathilde Kottmann was, like Schweitzer, a native of Alsace who had been with him since 1924. And Sister Ali Silver was a Dutch nursing sister who carried on much of

his desk work and correspondence. We had a letter from her dictated by Dr. Schweitzer in reply to our request to stop for a quick visit enroute to Nigeria. Her letter of welcome was written in English. Dr. Schweitzer had added a postscript in German:

"Lieber Herr Hoenecke, Tausend Dank fuer die Nachricht, dass Sie gedenken zu uns zu kommen. Sie sind uns herzlich willkommen. Hoffentlich erreicht Sie dieser Brief.  
Herzlich, Ihr ergebener Albert Schweitzer"

This is written in Schweitzer's own neat hand. Translated it reads,

"Dear Mr. Hoenecke, A thousand thanks for the news that you intend to come to visit us. You are heartily welcome! Hopefully, this letter will reach you.

Cordially, your devoted Albert Schweitzer."

Sister Ali Silver had joined his staff in 1948. A number of doctors and nurses had been attracted to Lambarene because of the world renowned doctor's "reverence of life" philosophy and remained for decades in his service, accepting only token remuneration.

Although he lived in this French colony and spoke a fluent French, "Le Docteur," as the people of Gabon called him, was delighted to see us, very likely because Meta and I both spoke German. He led us from the boat landing up the path to the hut where we were to stay. On the path he paused briefly in front of two white crosses, one at the grave of his wife and the other at the grave of Fraeulein Emma Hausknecht, his former secretary. She had written to Wacker and me in 1949 when we thought we would stop to visit his hospital.

#### The Schweitzer Hospital

The visit to the sprawling Schweitzer bush hospital was a revelation. We had just left the very modern Lutheran hospital at Eket, Nigeria. This hospital was the very opposite.

We were shown to a small room with two iron beds, a chair and a small table with a wash basin and an oil lamp. There was no electricity except only in the operating theater. An electric

generator, the gift of Prince Rainier of Monaco, powered the flood lamp for surgery. There was no hot, in fact, no running water. There was a toilet hut for the staff, a wooden bench in a hut above a reeking open cesspit. This latter was open to view because the hut was perched on the edge of a small slope. There was no latrine of any kind for the 500 patients and the thousand visitors and relatives on the big compound with its forty or more low buildings. There were also no bathing facilities aside from an open shower whose tank had to be filled with buckets.

On the second day of our visit I came upon a German engineer and an American who were building the first privy. My suggestion that they place the wooden structure on some timbers for easy moving won great praise from them. The Doctor had taken a dim view of their efforts, they told me, because the people would continue to use the bush as they always had.

As a result the water and air were infested with disease. Dr. Grete von der Kreek, the attractive young Dutch surgeon, insisted that Meta wear long stockings despite the heat because the grass was infested with all kinds of material. This was due to the fact that a variety of animals freely roamed the compound, even straying at will into the wards to pick up morsels of food. We saw a number of goats, chickens, dogs, monkeys and even a young gorilla named Peter. He was tied to a post but his leash gave him enough slack to make a wild dash for the nurses' legs when they came down the path to the dining hall. There was also Parsifal, the pelican who was always at the Doctor's heels. And there was Cecilie, the fawn who had her pen under the living rooms of Doctor Schweitzer. Then there was Sisi, the Doctor's red cat, who often disputed the place on the Doctor's desk when he was writing with Eloise, the mischievous pet monkey. As we were leaving his study one day with Schweitzer Meta remarked that Eloise was still on the desk among his papers. He went on, only remarking, "Ja, die hat hier Hausrecht." (She has the run of the house.)

Meta worked for three days in the wards and out on the paved alleyway between the buildings. These were low rambling

sheds with double roofs. The second roof was built above the other roof with a layer of air circulating between them to provide insulation from the tropical sun. These wards were sheds which were open on both sides for constant cross-ventilation. The beds were placed quite closely together on either side of a wide central aisle. Since members of the patients' families were expected to take care of their sick, to feed them and to keep them clean and their clothes and bedding washed, a number of people were constantly milling about on the alleyway between the wards. Here they prepared food over small fires, the trench taking care of their offal. The doctors also did some of the examinations on this alleyway, the patients being brought to them on crude wooden stretchers.

Although everything thus seemed to be wide open to all kinds of dust-laden material, the Doctor and his staff reported a very low incidence of post-operative infection and a surprisingly rapid and easy recuperation. The leprosy cases were confined to a series of ward buildings on the other side of the hill, although there seemed to be no restriction about visiting back and forth. A genial Japanese man, Doctor Takahashi, was in charge of the leper colony. Doctor Schweitzer also told us that the many tumors which they removed had rarely been malignant. This seemed to be the case especially with patients who came from the interior where the diet was very low in salt. This led him to the conclusion that there was a definite relationship between salt and cancer. The surgical procedures were limited to three days a week, perhaps because of the lack of electrical power. If emergencies came up or the generator failed, Doctor van der Kreek told us she had to operate with flashlights held over her patient.

Relatives of the patients not only took care of the needs of their sick, such as feeding and washing, but also were expected to work on the hospital compound for their rations of food. To qualify for these they were given a yellow card which they carried. After their daily work assignments - and Dr. Schweitzer took care of this personally - they had their cards checked for so many hours which entitled them to so much food.

The Doctor himself went out with the work parties on



major repairs or new installations. On Saturday morning I had planned to make a film of him with his workmen and looked for him all over the compound, but failed to find him. As we sat at table at noon I mentioned this to him. He replied, "Ja, da haetten Sie lange suchen muessen. Ich stand den ganzen Morgen im Wasser bis ueber die Hueften." (Yes, you would have had to look a long time for me. You see, I was standing in the water over my hips.) Although he had not revealed this to me earlier, he was supervising the rebuilding of a landing dock for freight that came to the hospital. At eighty-five he did not delegate this to any of his many helpers like the two engineers who had constructed the new latrine! It seemed that he was finding an outlet for his energy in these physical projects since he was no longer active as a surgeon.

Mention of the Saturday noon meal brings to mind that the Schweitzer hospital followed the German custom of serving the main meal at noon. This "Mittagessen" consisted of meat and potatoes and vegetables and some kind of dessert, prepared very appetizingly by the Swiss cook and her staff. The food was served "family-style" with very little salt, and no salt appeared on the table. Our early request to "please, pass the salt" was met with a shocked silence!

The Doctor sat at the center of the long table which usually seated twenty-eight doctors, nurses, orderlies and other white helpers on the grounds. At the Doctor's right and left sat his "right hand helpers," Sister Ali Silver and Sister Matthilde. The meals were opened by the Doctor with the familiar German table prayer, "Komm' Herr Jesu, sei Du unser Gast und segne was Du uns aus Gnaden bescheret hast. Amen." (Come, Lord Jesus, be Thou our guest and bless what you have graciously provided for us. Amen.) The conversation was mostly in German, which Dr. Schweitzer told me he preferred. But all around the table one constantly caught snatches of French and English also.

The conversation was always held in rather subdued voices so that everyone could hear what the Doctor was saying. Some people made notes of these "table-talks." The Doctor was very much interested in what we were planning in Central Africa and he took special delight in drawing out Meta, greatly pleased

that she spoke German without effort or accent and was well informed on matters of public health from her background of experience and training. He made a point of his conviction that modern medical science and treatment should disturb the native way of life and diet as little as ever possible. It was a part of his reverence of life philosophy which he at times carried to ludicrous extremes. A visiting clergyman once brushed an ant from Schweitzer's face as a matter of courtesy. To this the Doctor replied with the words, "Don't do that! You might hurt it!"

After supper someone set an old beat-up record player on the table and played some of Schweitzer's recordings of organ compositions by Johann Sebastian Bach. All the people at the table listened in hushed silence as the poor recording droned on. But Dr. Schweitzer asked us to move our chairs closer to the open window for a little air and to continue our conversation at table.

We had discussed one of his favorite topics at the time, the threat of the atomic bomb on the future peace and safety of the world. He denounced the United States for having developed it and for having dropped it on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. He was busy writing articles and going on lecture tours throughout the western hemisphere to arouse public opinion for banning the atomic research. Finally he said, "Die Kirche hat versagt! Sie haette die ganze Atomwissenschaft verbieten muessen." (The Church has failed! It should have forbidden the whole atomic science.)

#### Dr. Schweitzer's Good Friday

For some reason Dr. Schweitzer had been asked not to conduct the church services at Lambarene by the Paris Missionary Society. When we were at Lambarene the deaconesses carried on this duty and expounded the Bible with the help of several interpreters while the Doctor stood in the group of attending staff and patients. We thought that the action of the missionary society may have occurred following Schweitzer's publication of his book, A Quest for the Historical Jesus.

But at the meals he was still in charge. On Good Friday he read the accounts of the death and burial of Jesus from the synoptic Gospels. This was in German. Closing the Bible, he con-

tinued in German, "Wenn jemand behauptet, dass Jesus nicht gelebt, gestorben und auferstanden ist, der versteht entweder keine klare Sprache, oder er leugnet mutwillig, was ich eben gelesen habe." (Whoever claims that Jesus did not live, die and rise from the dead, either does not understand clear language or wilfully denies what I have just read.) I was happy to hear this confession in view of Dr. Schweitzer's published writings on the subject.

After these few remarks Dr. Schweitzer walked around the long table and sat down at the old piano. Then he began softly to play wellknown German Lenten hymns, arrangements by Bach. At last he broke into the solemn strains of "O Lamm Gottes unschuldig am Stamme des Kreuzes geschlachtet." (O Lamb of God, most holy, upon the cursed tree slain.) There was a hushed silence in the room! Despite the poor condition of the piano, these few moments were the high point of our visit to Lambarene!

#### The Lepresarium - Dr. Takahashi

After dinner on Easter Sunday Dr. Schweitzer led us across the hill to the leper colony which was in charge of the very genial Japanese Doctor Takahashi. We found him blowing up colorful balloons for the children of the lepers. The entire atmosphere reflected joy from his happy personality. Even the adults with advanced leprosy were in good spirits, although some were terribly disfigured.

The arrested cases were being employed for useful tasks here and on the hospital compound. The oarsmen whom Dr. Schweitzer had sent to row us to his landing in the pirogue were among these. We had noticed scars on their backs, but did not realize until later that these men who rowed without apparent fatigue against a strong current for an hour were men who had been leprosy.

#### Farewell to Lambarene

Returning to his home and office, Dr. Schweitzer took us on another path over the hill. We sat down on his favorite bench with him and he showed us the entire complex of buildings, spread out before us, pointing to each one and explaining its function. This must have brought a high degree of gratitude and satisfaction to

the old doctor. He spoke with tender feeling about the early days when he arrived at the old Lambarene Mission with his wife in 1913. He pointed out that the hospital had actually been begun in an abandoned chicken coop under great hardship because of the lack of equipment and medications. The work always suffered in those days because of a lack of funds. Now it had grown to over forty buildings with a large, competent staff.

He pointed to the many initials which had been carved into the bench on which we were sitting by those who had faithfully responded to his needs over the years. He remembered them all!

As we came to the compound he invited us into his office, a very modest airy room next to his bedroom. Eloise, his pet monkey, sat on his big messy desk and looked from one to the other as we talked. Dr. Schweitzer rummaged through his drawers and files and assembled a number of printed publications which he had written during the years. He autographed them all and wrote a few words of appreciation for our visit on each of them.

Among these is a picture of Dr. Schweitzer at his desk. On this he wrote in a clear hand,

"Herrn Pfarrer Hoenecke und Gattin  
zum Gedenken an die Tage in  
Lambarene zur Osterzeit 1960  
Albert Schweitzer"

(To Pastor Hoenecke and Wife in memory of the days in Lambarene at Eastertime 1960. Albert Schweitzer.) On another picture of the hospital he wrote, "Der Blick von meinem Fenster aus. A. Schweitzer) (The view from my window. A. Schweitzer)

Another autographed pamphlet is of an address which he presented at Frankfurt just before he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1953 for his efforts toward preserving world peace. Then there is one of the three radio appeals which he made over the Oslo Radio in 1958 to halt the production of atomic weapons by all the world powers. He spoke to us at great length about this matter. It spelled the end of civilization in his opinion. At that time there was still a hope that the proliferation of the atom bomb could be halted. Schweitzer felt constrained to speak out. This was the topic which engrossed his almost uninterrupted concentration during

the last years before his death in 1965. He expressed great hope that the Soviet Union would take the lead in this determination to ban the atom bomb from the world arsenals, a hope which he saw dashed in the mad scramble of the Communists to outstrip the United States in every form of atomic missile.

#### Return to Lumano

During the mid-afternoon with the thermometer at almost 100 degrees in the shade we were escorted to our dug-out by the Doctor. Our rowers were already in the pirogue waiting for us. A last picture was taken of us with Dr. Schweitzer at the dock and we were off down the current to the place where we were to meet the airport shuttle-bus. We made this run in about fifteen minutes and inquired of someone about the bus. We were told that it had already gone to the airport!

There was no other way; we simply had to distribute our luggage between us and Meta and I set out for the airport. With several stops to catch our breath and wipe the perspiration from our dripping faces we approached the road leading into the terminal. Just then the bus caught up with us. Although we signaled the driver to stop, he drove right on and left us to drag ourselves up the long lane.

Our plane to Brazzaville was on time. We slept almost all the way. The ride across the wide Congo in a motor launch at nightfall was refreshing. But we had to spend another night at Leopoldville on the Congo side. Our plane would not leave until noon on Tuesday. Again it was on time and we landed at Livingstone before evening. A short visit to the majestic Victoria Falls in the morning and we were off again on a smaller plane to Lusaka, where Pastor Richard Mueller met us. We arrived at our big comfortable house in the bush just before supper, exhausted and ready for rest.

#### Bees In The Fireplace

When we entered our bedroom we found it swarming with honey bees. During our absence a swarm had settled in the fire-

place chimney. The bees must have come before we had left for Nigeria. Our faithful Simon built a hot wood fire in the fireplace and we saw many bees escaping out of the chimney. The incident developed into a big boon for Simon and his friends when suddenly a heavy mass of comb honey fell into the fireplace with a loud plop.

We inquired about the progress that had been made to win the approval of Chief Shakumbila for our medical mission unit. We called on Doctor Dunn at Lusaka. He had no definite word from the chief, but he thought the chief might be stalling because we had not kept our promise to send out Doctor William Schweppe to take over at Lumano. We had told him about Schweppe's surgery for gall bladder removal. Dr. Dunn suggested that we redouble our efforts to have Schweppe on the field soon and also to confer with Chief Shakumbila again. We could not move until we had his approval and the five acres which we needed for the dispensary and the medical assistant's house.

At this same time we were concluding negotiations to secure the site for our future seminary and Bible school near Lusaka. The missionary at Lumano had completed his instructions of two teachers and several students and had confirmed them during our absence. But I still had responsibility for the Sunday services, the weekday chapel exercises and the preaching places with Mr. Mulundika. This kept me more than busy.

Meta and I also made several trips in to the Ministry of Health to make sure that the items ordered would be on hand when at last the clinic could be opened. This was still planned for early 1961, if Dr. Schweppe and the new missionary at Lumano, Pastor Robert Sawall, could carry on when I had left the field.

#### Meeting with Chief Shakumbila

Finally, on Sunday, April 24th, Mr. Mulundika and his son Samuel, Meta and I drove to Mumbwa to place our matter before the chief at his home. He received us cordially but still withheld his final approval because we had not kept our promise to have Doctor Schweppe take over the Lumano station. He said the headman and villagers were urging him to grant the five acres. But the Shamolima people were still very highly disturbed. We left the chief's home

very much discouraged. I had written to Dr. Schweppe in Wisconsin describing the situation, but I did not want to urge him to come to Africa before he had recovered from his surgery.

Mr. Mulundika, the chief's cousin, proved to be of great help during this time. He not only interceded for us but he assured us that the chief would change his attitude as soon as Dr. Schweppe was actually on the field. Mr. Mulundika knew that the people and their village headmen needed and wanted the medical care unit at Lumano because it would be a more modern facility than the one at Shibyungi. They knew that many serious cases of accident or illness could not be transported either to the Shibyungi dispensary or to the native hospital at Lusaka in time for treatment without adverse results. Mr. Mulundika, our headmaster, enjoyed the confidence of the villagers and of the chief. And he, finally, succeeded in his quiet Christian way to solve the problem. We could not have achieved this without his patient help.

#### Plans for a Dispensary

Our frequent contacts with Dr. Dunn and Dr. Webster, the visits to the efficient bush dispensary of Constance Howard, R.N. at Kafue, the modern American hospital of Dr. Holm at Eket, Nigeria, and, finally, the sprawling bush hospital of Dr. Albert Schweitzer at Lambarene, Gabon, French Equatorial Africa, brought both of us to the decision that we would recommend a primary care bush dispensary to the Medical Mission Committee.

The modern American-type hospital, we felt sure, would be placed where the Ministry of Health felt the need of such a facility and would most likely not be under our control on the Sala Reserve. Also, we knew that the cost of a hospital would not meet with the approval of our synod and the Board for World Missions. Finally, we were unwilling to involve our mission in the constant problem of finding adequate staff for a hospital.

The Schweitzer bush hospital visit confirmed the above objections. It also demonstrated the fact that it is unwise to create an elaborate facility with modern equipment which must be in the hands of trained doctors and specialists, even if one could afford it financially. The compelling reason for this lies in the

sound, basic mission philosophy which frowns on setting the goals so high that the young national church cannot at some early date take it over. This policy has guided all our programs in building homes as well as churches and training schools in foreign fields. It applies with at least equal emphasis to a medical facility because these primary care units should never become more than temporary transitional establishments. Like our mission staff and entire organization the goal must always remain the eventual takeover by the local national church.

We had found that some medical facilities like the one at Lambarene had a tendency to develop chiefly curative, rather than preventive teaching programs which would emphasize hygiene, good diet and self-help. We were determined to set up a program which would be close to the people, the family and the village. It would provide only primary care and would refer serious cases to the Lusaka hospital. It would also encourage the utilization of available self-care, such as trained native midwives. It would also exploit locally grown food sources instead of introducing a diet of foreign foods which were hard to obtain. Professor Adele Beeuwkes of the School of Public Health at the University of Michigan had told Meta to teach the Africans "to look into their own back yards first for nutritious food sources."

The British-trained nurse, Constance Howard, demonstrated this at her Kafue clinic. She was much concerned about training native nurses and technicians. Lillian, her African nurse, was from the Kafue area herself and what she told her people in their own language and terms of reference weighed far more than what the foreign nurse could impart. The young African technician who carried on simple diagnoses with his microscope, examining bloods, tissues and urines, did far more to disabuse his people of their superstition than a foreign preacher. He was able to show them the minute organisms which caused schistosomiasis. Miss Howard also believed in practical demonstrations to teach her people self-reliance and to lighten her own work load.

The Howard dispensary also recommended itself to us because Miss Howard combined good spiritual guidance and teaching



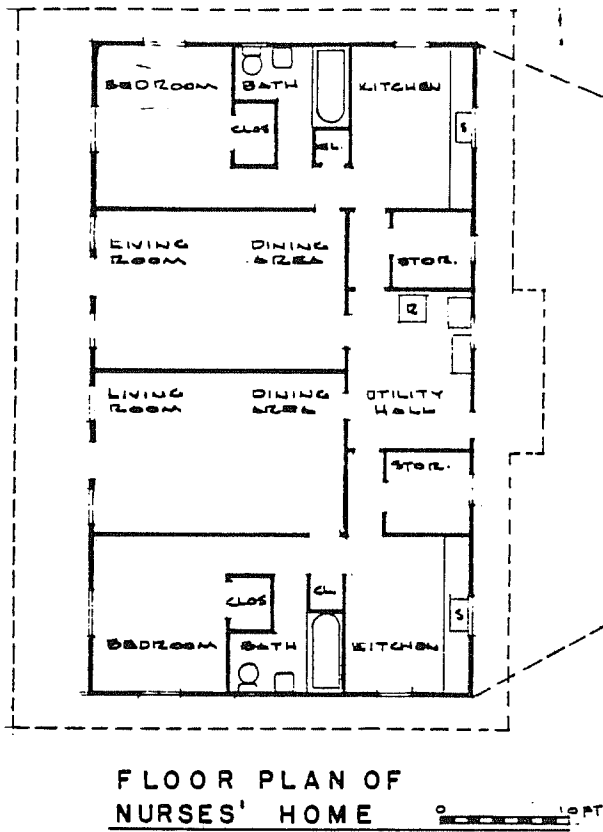
with her ministrations. This flowed so naturally from her own humble faith that it seemed quite self-evident. This appears graphically in the Kafue sequence of the film "Healing In His Wings."

#### The Dispensary Building Plan

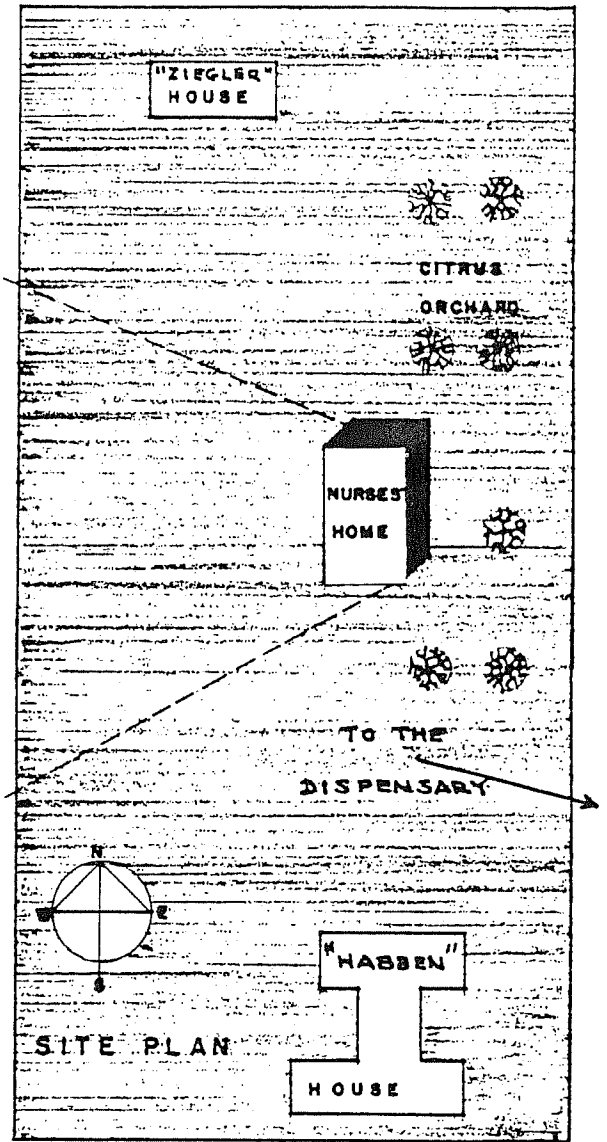
The experience I had gained during the building of our school and church at Plymouth served me well at this time. Our visit to the hospitals at Eket and Lambarene had ruled out this kind of a medical establishment. I drew up a modest dispensary plan to comply with our limited budget. This is shown on page 56. Drs. Dunn and Webster were well satisfied with it. So we sent it on to the Medical Mission Committee for their approval. Due to the difficulty we had in gaining Chief Shakumbila's support and the grant of the site, we could hardly afford to lose more time. Meetings had been scheduled for me to visit with our church in Germany and I had to meet that deadline.

These working drawings were found acceptable together with the specifications for a steel frame, cement block construction. This would be the most economical method available. The vertical steel columns at intervals of ten feet would be the frame for the outside walls. They would be firmly anchored in concrete footings. The uprights would also serve as a guide for the native block layers who would do the work. This precaution was necessary in Africa to obtain plumb walls. The steel roof rafters would be tied into the columns and to them the sheets of corrugated metal roofing would be attached with bolts. It was all designed to make it entirely possible to erect a sound structure with the native builders whom we had to employ out in the bush. The interior partitions would be non-bearing and very flexible as the need developed. A large cold water tank on the roof would supply the needed water from our pump. Outside latrines would be built of adobe, called "Rhodesian brick." Two porches would provide waiting space.

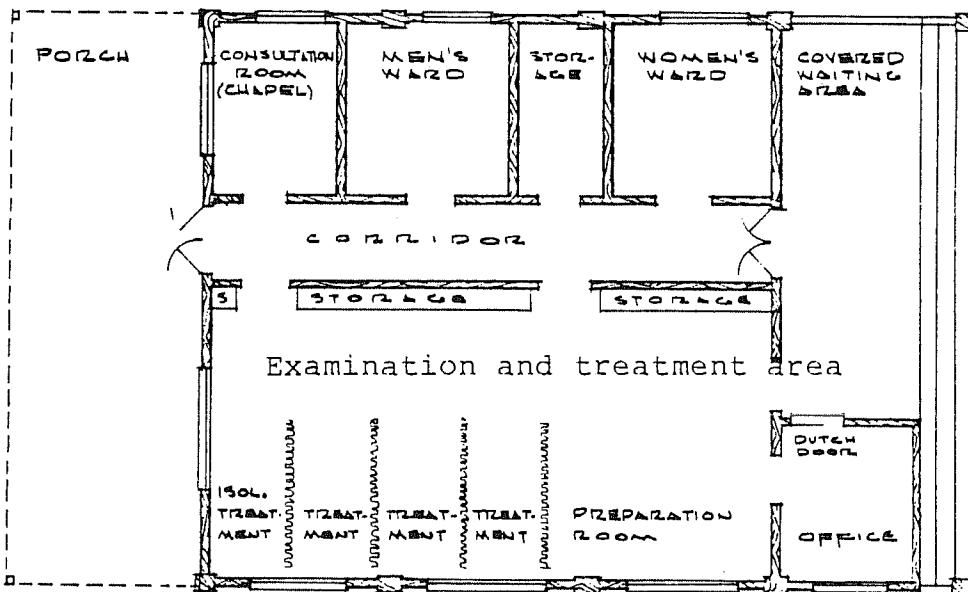
The structural steel was all standard size to effect a big saving, both for the dispensary and the nurses' home. This would be built in 1961 in time for the arrival of the first nurses. It would be placed between the two mission houses for greater safety. If at all possible the dispensary would be begun at once in 1960 and Pastor Schweppe and the new Lumano missionary would supervise its completion during the year. The next page shows the plans as agreed upon.



LUMANO LUTHERAN NURSES' HOME

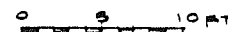


Dispensary is located to the east →



FLOOR PLAN OF DISPENSARY

E. Moenacke, '60



LUMANO DISPENSARY

### Baptism of Dinga Dinga

Isaac, my language helper, now began services at eight at Shibyungi clinic before the regular service at our school. He had instructed a number of local people and about 30 would come. May 8th was a special day! Several babies and grown-ups whom Isaac had instructed were to be baptized. We made an altar out of the "Rhodesian boiler," an outdoor barbecue for heating water for the clinic, and decorated it with lavender lantanas and a cross made of three bricks. A blooming tulip tree and kaffir bom added color.

The women lined up with their babies, then old Dinga Dinga also came, doubled over from rheumatism. I baptized him with Isaac translating. Turning his wrinkled face up to me old Dinga Dinga exclaimed, "A stone has been rolled from my heart! Twalumba!" That's thank you in Tonga. Then he hobbled to his cement block pew.

### Dr. William Schweppe Arrives!

Pastor Schweppe had been superintendent of our Nigeria Mission 23 years. He had responded to our plea for help once before with a visit to our troubled field. He now came in response to the request of Chief Shakumbila as a condition for permitting us to continue our mission. May 8th was indeed a big day. After our second service we had driven to Lusaka to welcome the Schweppes with our other missionaries. He was still weak from his surgery, but stayed up until midnight to give us all the news from home.

But early Monday Pastor Mueller had to drive him out to the bush to make sure that Chief Shakumbila would know promptly that he had indeed arrived. We briefed him on developments, also with the building of the dispensary. When the chief heard that he had come, he told me that the native council had granted us the five acres we needed. Everything was now in order. Although Schweppe had declined the post, we now had called Pastor Theodore Sauer and were quite sure that he would accept the Call. I could plan to leave for my meetings with the Bekenntniskirche in Germany.

### We Leave Lusaka May 16th

At my farewell service I introduced Pastor Schweppe as the man who would take care of the work at the station and the Sala schools and announced a meeting of all the teachers to be

held that afternoon at Martin Luther School on our compound.

An arrangement had been made by our first missionaries to take over the management of the eight rural government schools among the Salas in exchange for access to these humble buildings to hold church services with the villagers. But the matter was always fraught with problems. Our missionaries had to spend too much of their time with reports to the Ministry of Native Education and on meetings with teachers and visits to the schools. Our greatest problem, however, was that we had no control over the teachers who were placed or retained at the schools, although they did not conform to our ethical standards. Very few of them were Lutherans.

We were wondering how we could terminate this obligation without losing contact with the preaching stations which we had begun at the schools. It was a very delicate matter with the chief in his present mood toward our mission. Dr. Schweppe had been enthusiastically welcomed to Salaland by the chief and also saw eye to eye with the missionaries on the school management matter. Our teachers at Martin Luther School also appreciated our position.

Under these teachers, especially Mr. Robert Mulundika and Mr. Chanda, we were teaching graded courses in religion and developing future members of our national church among the one hundred boarding students. I had inspired them to beautify the campus with extensive plantings of trees and local shrubbery in exchange for the gift of a modest English Bible to those who could read. Meta and I faithfully attended their Saturday evening concerts and debates. These covered a range of practical topics which gave us a deep insight into their lives and thinking. It was hard to think of leaving them; they seemed like our own youngsters.

On our final evening at Lumano these children, - some of them were already mature at sixteen, - under the direction of Mr. Mwamba came to serenade us with several songs. With their beautiful lusty voices they finally sang their farewell - "Pastor Haynicky, Missus Haynicky, we have come to say good-bye!" We will never forget them!

We had been on an out-of-the-way mission compound among people who had come to mean very much to us, good folk who had become our sisters and brothers in the faith, heirs of Heaven!

## Report On The 1960 Visit

After the meetings in Germany we settled in our new home and I had to resume contact with our other world mission fields. A meeting was called for June 27th at Milwaukee to present our report and my movie film to the board and President O.J.Naumann. By God's grace the report was positive and promising in sharp contrast to our anxious meetings in the fall of 1959. At that time we were dealing with the serious request to terminate our Sala mission.

Meta presented her detailed report to the Medical Mission Committee at the same time. This had become most important as the key to our regaining the confidence of the chief and the continuation of our work in the bush. With Dr. Schweppe on the field we were assured that we could now call the two new missionaries and recover what we had lost during the past difficult year. It was hoped that the dispensary could be opened within a year since the plea for funds had been successful. The nurses' home could also be begun, as also the house for our African medical assistant.

As an important part of my report I had shown the movie footage which I had taken to produce a sound film for the medical mission effort. This afforded a clear insight to the board and I was encouraged to proceed with the sound film, Healing In His Wings.

Mrs. Hoenecke was asked to remain active, also to enroll in a tropical medicine refresher course so that she could break in our first resident nurse in 1961. This meant a return to Africa so that she could also continue the arrangements with the Ministry of Health at Lusaka, set up the dispensary and introduce the first nurse with the blessings of the health authorities.

The decision to open a modest bush dispensary had been made by the medical committee, the executive committee and the Board for World Missions on the basis of the printed reports and the film footage which showed clearly that we should not try to establish either a modern institution like the one in Nigeria or a bush hospital like that of Dr. Albert Schweitzer at Lambarene, Gabon.

At this meeting I was also asked to try to arrange for a return visit to Africa in 1961 not only for the dispensary but to be on hand for the establishment of our native worker training program near Lusaka, first with a Bible school, then a seminary.

The early building of both the dispensary as well as the nurses' home was very important, if we were going to restore and retain the confidence and cooperation of the chief and his council of headmen. The preliminary plans and arrangements for material had been made and Pastor Schweppe agreed to carry out the building as quickly with native workers as possible. Being the only missionary at the bush station he would have his hands full trying to get it all accomplished. We had done as much as we could to put our mission in Central Africa back on a sound course.

The Executive Committee for Central Africa was calling a mature pastor to act as superintendent and leader of the new Bible Institute and the Medical Mission Committee had several good leads out for the first resident nurse. Things were again looking up.

#### A Very Busy Schedule

In preparation for another long absence on the African mission field in mid-1961, the World Board assigned several other long postponed visits to me in Asia. Japan and Hong Kong were visited in August. Earlier in that month I had presented a lengthy essay on "The Extension of Our World Mission Endeavor" to the World Conclave of Lutheran Theologians at our Seminary. During the same fall I had to attend a special session of the Lutheran Synodical Conference in connection with the growing intersynodical tension which would affect our work in Nigeria and Germany. At the same time I was preparing the script for the African dispensary film "Healing In His Wings." This was to be released to our congregations early in 1961 so that the Medical Mission Society would have the funds to build the nurses' home and to pay for the ongoing operation of the clinic.

A large number of preaching and speaking assignments also had to be kept, the meetings and correspondence of the World Board had to go on during this period. Still, the new film was released in three prints in mid-February of 1961 and was booked solidly as soon as the announcements were received from Pastor Mennicke. The financial response followed and the work of the Medical Mission Committee could go forward as planned.

"Healing In His Wings"

Taking its title from Malachi's reference to the Savior-Messiah who would come with healing in His wings, the film opens with the Lord's injunction to prove our faith by showing Christian love and compassion to the sick. To demonstrate the great need of the rural Africans among whom we are working in Salaland for help it then shows a father carrying his sick boy to the witch doctor, the only medical help available. A long palaver about the fee follows. This is settled by the payment of a chicken and some extra money by the father, although he is so poor that his annual income may amount to only a few hundred dollars.

The child is carried to a remote place. Here the witch doctor gathers some sticks and grass and makes a very smoky fire. The boy is laid near the fire and a heavy blanket is spread over him while the witch doctor fans the thick smoke into his face. He applies some charms in the form of a snake's rattler and other filthy-looking items to the boy's forehead while he utters some unintelligible incantations. Finally he pours some foul-tasting liquid between his clenched lips and declares the boy healed. The father takes his boy by the hand and begins to walk off when the little fellow collapses, as sick as he was before. Although the father now shakes his fist at the witch doctor while he picks up his boy, he knows that he will do the same thing again if sickness strikes his family. It is clear that our missionaries must help with their superior knowledge of even most elementary healing skills.

The film now proceeds to investigate three forms of healing programs as they are carried on by various mission agencies in Africa. These are the modern American hospital, the rather primitive bush hospital with a staff of physicians and surgeons, and the very modest bush dispensary staffed only by a trained nurse who has taken courses in tropical medicine. This latter clinic restricts itself to only primary care and spends much time in simple healing skills which can be learned and applied by the people themselves.

For the first, the modern American hospital, we were asked to visit the operation of Dr. Holm at Eket, Nigeria, as it was supported by the Lutheran Synodical Conference Missionary Board. This type of medical care is ruled out by us because we found it far

too ambitious for our mission board to staff and maintain. Also, we felt that the large physical establishment placed it far beyond the ability of the local Africans to carry on after we have gone, both as to buildings as well as staff. This basic rule in missions is violated in such an elaborate program and it duplicates a service either already supplied by the government or one that ought to be supplied. Finally, it is something foreign in the African community and too much of a leap forward for them to accomplish. As Prime Minister Jan Christian Smuts had told us in 1949 at Capetown, "we must be careful not to bring the African up to our living standard too rapidly." Sir John Moffatt, Commissioner for Native Development had echoed the same thoughts when we met with him at Lusaka in 1949.

The second solution to the medical care problem for rural Africans was exemplified by the sprawling bush hospital of Dr. Albert Schweitzer at Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa. The film shows a number of scenes from this renowned hospital, its many modest buildings, its primitive facilities and its apparent lack of a carefully planned educational program to make the African villagers more self-reliant as to home medical care and nutrition. We found that the emphasis was placed even by the staff of five doctors from various countries on curative rather than preventive programs, making for a kind of revolving door process with the sick being treated and soon returning for more treatment. The very lack of sanitary facilities on the huge hospital grounds seemed to underscore this as did also the many animals which were allowed to roam over the compound and into the open wards at will.

The third type of medical care was seen in our several visits to the bush dispensary of Constance Howard, a British R.N., at Kafue just south of Lusaka. The film shows her in action as a compassionate middle-aged woman with a great capacity for understanding and Christian love in her simple ministrations to the needs of her people. She had achieved the ideal goal of gradually but definitely transferring the healing care to people of the same tribe as her many patients. She had trained a bright African woman, Lillian, as her assistant and worked side by side with her. Lillian taught Nurse Howard how the people lived, what their superstitions and limitations were and translated into her people's terms and



language Nurse Howard's lessons in home medical care, hygiene and nutrition. The Africans were always given to understand by Miss Howard that their physical healing was not nearly as important as the spiritual help she and the missionaries were called to give them. Very unobtrusively she is seen in the film closing her medical and health demonstration by kneeling on the ground before them all. In a very simple prayer she thanks God for the gift of healing in spite of her unworthiness and asks Him to give His blessing to her ministrations and to lead the people to accept him as their Savior from sin and death. This is a most moving scene in the film!

After a short resumé of the three approaches the film is concluded with a brief, low-key appeal to those who have seen it for prayers and help for the dispensary program. It proved very effective in inspiring our church members to support the work so that the heavy responsibility of treating the sick might be taken from our missionaries and their wives and placed into the hands of trained Christian nurses.

#### The Medical Mission "Blueprint"

Doctor Arthur Tacke, Medical Director of the Executive Committee for Central Africa, called a special meeting of the Medical Committee for March 4th to 6th in 1961 to set up guidelines for the medical dispensary program. The other members of the committee present were Mrs. Edgar Hoenecke, Executive Secretary, and Heinz R. Hoenecke, M.D. I attended to represent the World Board. This meeting was held at Mesa, Arizona. During the three days of concentrated work the committee produced the "Medical Mission Blueprint" which has been used as a guideline ever since with very minor modifications.

Since this lengthy document is in the files it will be unnecessary to include more than a rather brief summary of it in this story. It incorporated the philosophy and practical guidelines which are already referred to above with pertinent suggestions for selecting nurses, for supervision of their work and for the terms of their salary and tour of duty. In general these guidelines have been followed and have worked satisfactorily in both our dispensaries in Zambia and Malawi.

Here is a brief summary of the "Blueprint" of 1961:

"MEDICAL MISSION BLUEPRINT"

- I. The Immediate Phase
- II. The Transitional Phase
- III. The Long-range Program

I. The Immediate Phase

We plan to establish no more than what is temporarily necessary. We are determined to keep the program within the limits of first-aid and elementary health counseling, always bearing in mind that what we begin in physical plant, staff and service must be within the range of ability of the Africans to assume independently within a reasonable time. We are enlisting no help from the synodical budget but are determined to support the program through voluntary extra contributions.

From the beginning our goal will be to enlist and train indigenous African personnel who, at first, will be under the direct supervision of trained American staff. The qualifications, aside from their professional training, are that the medical personnel must be members of our church who show a wholesome initiative, sober judgment and discretion. They must also show a Christian acceptance of and consideration for the people among whom they are working and a willingness to adjust to the isolation of the mission post in the Sala Reserve. It is thought that the first medical staff will consist of two trained and registered American nurses who have had a special course in tropical medicine.

The tour of duty will be two years in the field with approximately fifteen days of vacation in Africa. The salary and fringe benefits are then spelled out as they were twenty-four years ago.

The program also provides for the engaging of African nurses and other medically trained personnel as it is needed to carry on a primary care program.

Lines of communication with the Medical Mission Committee are set up to keep this controlling group informed about the progress and possible problems as promptly as possible by means of periodic reports and statistics.

The medical staff will be responsible to the superintendent and mission council in the field. This will be achieved best through formal periodic meetings. Any unresolved difference of opinion will be resolved by having each party submit its position to the Medical Director for adjudication. In non-medical matters only the missionary at the Mwembeshi-Lumano station will exercise friendly guidance and control of the local medical staff.

To achieve good understanding and the eventual participation and take-over of the dispensary program by the African National Church the medical staff as well as the spiritual personnel will be held to establish and maintain friendly liaison with the Sala chief, his governing council and the villagers.

Because we are guests of the country and are carrying on a medical care program only under the authorization and control of the Ministry of Health, our medical staff will welcome periodic visits, inspection, counsel and control by the government health officer assigned to the Sala Reserve.

The physical plant of the dispensary will be kept to very modest proportions to comply with our restricted financial means. But, above all, we will do this to keep in mind that our program is only temporary and must be kept within the reasonable limits of what the African Christians will one day be able to assume independently both as to financial support, trained personnel and needed equipment. We are offering only primary care in this rural setting because of the crying need and Christian love and compassion. We cannot equip the dispensary with the latest sophisticated diagnostic and treatment facilities available in our country. This development must be left to the local health authorities and is, in fact, already available in part at Lusaka. The cooperative arrangement which was set up in 1960 with the Ministry of Health and the Lusaka Native Hospital is to be used by our medical staff by referring serious cases to them.

Provision is then made for smooth stateside administration, correspondence and transmission of funds through the office of the Medical Director. Other matters pertaining to housing, transportation and allowances are also covered in the "Blueprint."

## II. The Transitional Phase.

Since this is still thought to be attainable only after a period of complete stateside control, the details of this phase of the program are not spelled out in the "Blueprint." The important thing to remember, however, is the fact that the goal and plan of the medical care program is to phase out foreign conduct and control of the facility. Even though this will be done gradually and carefully, it must always remain uppermost in our minds. Just as we are working to build an indigenous African church that is self-governing, self-propagating and, ultimately, also self-supporting, - so each part of our foreign mission operation must strive toward this goal.

In practical terms this means that our medical mission personnel must be alert to and seize upon every opportunity to engage African staff. This does not mean that the standards are to be lowered to make access for incompetent personnel, but that opportunity must be given to African qualified staff people to receive conscious training and graduated responsibility. This is the chief purpose of expecting modest fees for treatment and medication. If we continue to spoon-feed these developing people in foreign lands we are robbing them of their greatest possession, pride and self-reliance! A perpetual hand-out program will prove to be hindrance instead of progress for them because it robs them of self-esteem and strength to use their own resources!

## III. The Long-range Program.

This part of the "Blueprint" like the Transitional Phase is at present only a visionary glimpse of the eventual purpose of our mission, that is, to build a strong national church in all its various activities, including the spiritual training of pastors and leaders, the development of a church life which is compatible with the local culture and a range of services as these become necessary according to the Christian ethic.

Not to be forgotten is the importance of imbuing the converts from the beginning with a sense of mission, that is, of responsibility for those who are still not within the sound of the saving Gospel of Jesus Christ. This is the final goal.

### Tropical Medicine Course

During the week after the "Blueprint" meeting Mrs. Meta Hoenecke enrolled in a tropical medicine course which had been highly recommended to us. It was at the School of Tropical Medicine and Public Health at Loma Linda, California. We realized that it would not be convenient for the nurses who lived in the Midwest, but it offered a two-month course which provided for basic training in recognition and primary treatment and prevention of diseases and infestations prevalent in Central Africa. These were not dealt with in the regular nurses' training programs.

In the meantime Miss Barbara Welch, R.N., had been engaged as the first resident nurse. She was asked to join Mrs. Hoenecke also to imbibe the philosophy of our Medical Mission Committee. She was a recent graduate of Milwaukee County Hospital and had done general nursing there.

The course turned out to be quite comprehensive in acquainting the nurses with tropical maladies which were endemic in the area of our rural mission, such as malaria, schistosomiasis, filariasis, leprosy, many kinds of infestations of hook worms, tropical ulcers and various skin diseases. This instruction was very helpful in recognizing and teaching prevention against infestations like schistosomiasis, the common "snail disease." It is so called because its organism is frequently picked up by the people in ponds or other wet areas from snails. It enters through the skin and eventually pervades the organs of the body where it may continue to cause disorders for twenty years or for the rest of one's life. Other African diseases and infestations have similar courses which are destructive of human health. The high incidence of blindness in Africa is a case in point. Poor nutrition and sanitary practices also contribute to making the people vulnerable to the onslaughts of other diseases found in this region of Africa.

The instruction was given by people who had academic training and experience in African conditions, also the limitations. It was said that the simple precaution of imitating the cat family by covering human waste would contribute immeasurably to reducing disease and the danger of infestations. Cultural patterns needed to be studied carefully to develop better sanitation and nutrition by utilizing resources which are readily available.

An interesting feature of the tropical medicine course was the training given in making the instruction of the African villagers as graphic as possible with simple illustrations which showed the source and course of the various infestations which cause so much trouble for the people. We had observed the skill of Constance Howard, the British nurse at Kafue, in doing this to instruct her villagers in the use of simple precautions to avoid serious infections. Even the matter of instructing the sick in taking no more than the prescribed dosage of a medication was of great importance. Not being able to read they had to be told to take one pill, for instance, at sunrise, one at high noon and one at sunset and no more. Otherwise, they might come to the conclusion that, if one pill is good, then the disease would disappear more quickly, if one took the whole envelope of pills at once.

Without this course it would have been very difficult for especially a nurse who had no public health training to find her way through the pitfalls of practicing medicine in a primitive society. Without the course she would also have trouble gaining the respect of the local health authorities.

For this reason we found it necessary to have our nurses comply with the Ministry of Health suggestion that they spend time at the Native Hospital at Lusaka before they began their work at our dispensary.

#### The Summer of 1961

The Executive Committee had instructed Dr. Wm. Schweppe and Pastor Robert Sawall, the new second missionary to the Salas, to carry out the building of the dispensary. The care of the large Sala field with its eight schools to manage and as many preaching places to serve was too much for one man. We could hardly expect Pastor Schweppe to find time to supervise the dispensary building which required almost continuous availability for consultation and direction. Missionary Sawall was skilled in building and agriculture and was of great help to his fellow-missionary as soon as he arrived on the field on April 1.

The cement slab was poured and the cement blocks were laid between the steel roof supports. But it took almost the

entire summer to accomplish this. The building was still far from completion when the first resident nurse was ready to go to Africa. To make use of the time of waiting in a constructive way, Miss Barbara Welch was asked to spend some time working at the Lutheran Hospital at Eket in Nigeria to become better acquainted with conditions which she would encounter in Northern Rhodesia (Zambia).

The Board for World Missions had asked its chairman and Mrs. Hoenecke to return to Africa as soon as possible in 1961 to complete arrangements with the Ministry of Health, to finish the dispensary building, since Dr. Schweppe had to leave, and to take charge of the formal opening of the dispensary and the introduction of the new resident nurse to her work.

But other world mission matters intervened. It was a convention year and Pastor Hoenecke was required to attend this meeting in August. He also had to make a hurried trip to Germany to attend to matters pertaining to our work there in view of the situation in the Synodical Conference. A sound film on our mission in Japan had to be completed. Meetings had to be held with the African Executive Committee in the interest of securing the competent men to serve as superintendent and head of the theological training course which was to be opened as soon as possible. In addition to all the other responsibilities and correspondence with a growing number of new mission fields, the chairman was laid up for a week in the hospital with a stubborn leg infection which resulted from an insect bite in Africa in 1960.

#### We Return To Africa in September

Everything was taken care of at home when we finally arrived at Lusaka on September 25th. The three missionaries now in charge of the fields, Pastors Richard Mueller, Robert Sawall and Raymond Cox welcomed us. Pastor Cox had arrived to replace Pastor Mueller at Lusaka. Muellers' furlough was long overdue and we were eager to have his colleague, Pastor Theodore Sauer, the new superintendent, take over as soon as ever possible. They did not arrive until November 6th because we were unable to find a house for them to move into. Pastor Raymond Cox was learning the ropes at Lusaka and beginning to take over some of Mueller's

field, the preaching stations in the Lusaka vicinity.

Within two days of our arrival at Lusaka I ordered the steel framework for the nurses' home. This was to be a duplex apartment between the two missionary homes.

Although the interior of the dispensary had not been begun when we arrived, I engaged two crews to expedite the completion of both buildings so that Miss Welch could leave Nigeria to begin her work at Mwembezi. I spent early and late hours of most days keeping the crews busy. There were problems because I found that the African temperament has no understanding for the haste which we take for granted in the States. One morning I arrived on the job at eight after doing my desk work and found that there were no men at either building site. There was nothing to do but to go back to my desk work. On the day after my rather critical question about the previous day was met by John, the foreman, with the calm rejoinder, "Muluti, didn't you know that yesterday was a day for fishing?" Only later I learned that he was not being frivolous. The fish were simply running and the Africans had to take advantage of the fact to lay in a store of food.

John and I had, as I thought, come to an agreement about beginning work promptly at seven o'clock instead of wasting an hour every morning discussing the happenings of the previous night or waiting until the mortar mixers had mixed the mortar for the block layers. This changed nothing; I could have saved my breath. The latest news simply had to be exchanged and the block layers would not think of doing anything before their mortar was ready.

There were other incidents which would have been funny, if they had not cost extra wages. Leaving the workmen at four-thirty to teach a class, I told the men to be sure to place some metal over the open walls of the latrine they had just built that day since it looked like rain. The next morning the work of over a day on this large latrine was just a heap of sodden shapeless mud. It had rained and the Rhodesian brick, as adobe was called, had just returned to the mud from which they had been taken. When I pointed it out to the men they laughed uproariously because it really was a very funny sight. They went to work cleaning up the mess and we paid an extra day's wages. This amounted to about \$ 3.50 total.



### Ministry of Health Agreement Lost!

On the fourth day after we arrived Meta and I walked into the office of the Ministry of Health to resume negotiations for our working agreement, begun in 1960. We found no agreement in the files! Dr. Dunn had not informed his successor, Dr. L.H. Holroyd, and a search for the records proved futile. Meta then showed Dr. Holroyd her detailed notes. When the director saw the name of Dr. Noah Webster in the notes, he called him over from the hospital. He confirmed the notes as correct and Dr. Holroyd accepted his statement.

Fortunately, the accurate dates and facts were recorded in our diary and notes! It pays to keep a record! Now we received our license, an order for government-subsidy on drugs and equipment and authorization for transfer of patients to Lusaka Hospital including the cost of transportation!

Mr. Andre Geyser, the friendly Scottish supervisor of our district, was told to give us every assistance. He carried out his duties conscientiously and often stopped by, enjoyed Meta's good meals and gave us solid counsel. Small wonder that he declared ours to be the finest dispensary in his territory!

### Installation of Pastors Sawall and Cox

There were 849 people under the big fig tree who had come to our compound for the formal installation of our two new missionaries, Robert Sawall and Raymond Cox. Although the Sawalls had arrived on April 1st, he had not been formally installed into his office. It was a grand day! We knew from the crowd that we had won the battle for the restoration of confidence, and we were thankful to the Lord for this boon.

As usually, Mr. Mulundika translated the service into the language of the people. The other teachers helped and the choir of Mr. Mwambwa rendered some very fine anthems. The installation took place on a wooden platform which our school boys had erected under their teachers' direction. Pastor Sawall was to continue at Mwembeshi/Lumano and Pastor Cox was to work at Lusaka so that the Richard Mueller family could finally go on their delayed furlough. The work was under way also on the new nurses' home. Pastor Sawall

proved to be of great help at this time, especially since I was required to be absent so often with Meta arranging for drugs, medications, supplies and equipment for the clinic at the government warehouse. The two crews worked on under his direction and the two buildings were finally taking shape.

Then I had to carry out another assignment which took us away from our mission for over a week.

#### Visit To The Bleckmar Mission

With the help of Missionary Richard Mueller, still delaying his furlough to give me the benefit of his knowledge of living conditions in Lusaka, I finally found a suitable house for our new superintendent and his wife, Pastor Theodore Sauer, who was planning to begin his work in early November. They did arrive on November 6th, 1961, and everything was ready for them.

But I had delayed in carrying out another assignment of our World Board and the Doctrinal Commission. This was to make a visit to the work of the German Bleckmar Mission in South Africa. We were in doctrinal agreement with this mission and had on two occasions sent them \$ 10,000 as grants to help them achieve a greater measure of independence and self-support. Our visit was to strengthen our relationship and their confessional loyalty.

We flew to Durban via Johannesburg on October 14th. I preached in both German and English at the church of President Louis Wiesinger at Kirchdorf on the next day. Both services were well attended. The Lutheran church was separate from the Bleckmar Mission which worked among the blacks of the area along the coast of the Indian Ocean and as far west as Capetown at the tip of Africa. On the same Sunday afternoon we also visited a Communion service among the Zulus with Missionary Stahlmann. We found that the German influence was very strong among the congregations of the Bleckmar Mission, but that the two Lutheran bodies had only occasional contact through the pastors. The services were held strictly separate because of the Apartheid laws of the land.

During the week following we visited a number of other churches, some white and some black as far away as Johannesburg

and spent a day at both the theological seminary and the mission dispensary near Piet Retief. We found this clinic to be very similar to the one of Nurse Constance Howard at Kafue. The government was granting the clinic and staff more financial support than we would receive up in Northern Rhodesia (Zambia), but the relationship was very much the same. The staff consisted of several nursing sisters and a manager who were sent out from Germany and received partial support from the church in their homeland.

It was interesting to learn from them that they frequently had as patients the local witch doctors who recognized the superiority of their medicine.

On our return back to our own mission we stopped again briefly at the Lutheran Church in Johannesburg. Missionary Diercks and his colleague, Pastor Albers of the Lutheran congregation took us on a tour of the notorious black locations, or suburbs. I had seen these, like Sophiatown, twelve years earlier and was astonished at the progress which had been achieved in securing better living conditions and housing for the blacks. Neat new homes had been built for them and rented to them by the government for the equivalent of only five dollars a month. We spoke with several of the residents and were told by them that they were happy with their employment and living conditions. The pastors informed us of the fact that the living and educational opportunities for the blacks were more favorable in South Africa than in most other African countries and that many blacks were immigrating into the country because of this. We were also taken to a community hall where we saw the black people enjoying themselves under their own police protection and where the white population was prohibited from setting up any business for profit lest they exploit the blacks.

On the 22nd of October I preached in Pastor Albers' place of worship at the capital Pretoria and in the afternoon we flew on via Salisbury and Livingstone to Lusaka, arriving that evening ready to continue our work in readying the dispensary and nurses' home for its dedication and opening as soon as possible in mid-November. Monday was a national holiday, "Federation Day," so we had to mark time with our Lusaka mission families until Tuesday. We then learned that the water pump had again failed at Lumano and we were advised to wait until it was repaired on the next day.

### We Engage Two Medical Assistants

One of the major problems that confronted us was to engage a trained African medical Assistant to work with our nurses at the dispensary. This was essential because of the difficulty our staff would have in understanding the people, very few of whom spoke any English. The more important problem was to understand the culture, the people's living habits, their tolerance of drugs and medicines which were used with good effect in our country but sometimes produced adverse effects on Africans. We simply needed a medically informed person who would function as a knowledgeable go-between for our nurses. It proved very difficult for us to find such a person. There were very few good medical assistants like the man whom we saw at Constance Howard's clinic at Kafue reading slides with his microscope.

Then it occurred to us from one of the remarks made by Mr. Geysler that the man at Shibyungi Clinic about seven miles from our mission, a Mr. Benjamin Chindongo, was due for promotion to a larger, more responsible post. Perhaps we could engage him. We approached him on the strength of Mr. Geysler's recommendation. Mr. Chindongo expressed a great interest in having an opportunity to work in a large clinic like ours, but felt that he could not abandon his post at the small dispensary where he was now employed until the next January when a new class of medical assistants would be assigned. However, he felt that his brother Zaccheus could serve us almost immediately. Benjamin had been training him for over a year and felt that he would fill the gap. So we engaged him to work for us as soon as our dispensary would be ready.

Fortunately, we also found another young man, Albert Mc-Condawira, who had been serving as interpreter and had a great interest in things medical. We also engaged him for a very small fee to do the cleaning and scrubbing and to learn by observation until he could qualify for a formal course as medical assistant student at Lusaka. This was a very good investment in manpower. These able men have served us during all the years since 1961 faithfully and very satisfactorily, also serving to provide the continuity when our nurses left the clinic after a two or four years' tour of duty. We built a house near the clinic for Benjamin and he saved our

nurses from being called out for night-time emergency cases when the generator had been turned off and the attending medical assistant would have to work in the dispensary with only a flash-light.

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- Interim Nursing Service

Pastor Robert Sawall was of great help in supervising the two crews in finishing the dispensary and building the nurses' home. At the same time, beside his regular schedule of preaching and visting the schools, he was carrying out a project with permission of Chief Shakumbila to teach the Africans better farming methods. Their harvests of maize were very meagre because they only scratched the soil and planted their corn with little concern about its roots finding a depth of soil to get proper nourishment.

The chief had permitted Pastor Sawall to plow and prepare a large tract of land next to our mission and had found financing for purchasing certified seed and fertilizer for the corn. Although the yield on Sawall's field was phenomenal in comparison to the African maize tracts, he was disappointed that the people were not willing to dedicate the time required for hoeing and cultivating. The demonstration was a success, but the project failed to change the ingrained habits of the African farmers.

Pastor Sawall's wife was also very important during the time from April, when they arrived, to the November date when the dispensary was at last opened. She was also a registered nurse. Since they lived in the large house toward the front, the sick folk would almost invariably stop first at her kitchen door for help. This was a very difficult situation for her. She had five little children who needed her full attention, yet she did not feel right about turning the people down. Meta shared as much of this work as she could, but she was often not at hand, being busy with her duties relating to the opening and preparation of the dispensary as soon as ever possible. Miss Barbara Welch was marking time in Nigeria and we finally invited her to come to Lumano to help with the makeshift clinic. During this period she lived with us in our house on the compound.

### Samson, Our Tractor Driver, Dies of an Accident

On Thursday, November 9th, the motor which activated our water pump developed trouble. Pastor Sawall worked for hours to repair it so that our houses could be supplied and that the work could go on at the dispensary and nurses' home. On the same day the company at Lusaka which supplied our cinder block failed to make a delivery. But the work had to be completed because the nurse was on her way and the dispensary had to be opened.

It was decided to send our flat-bed lorry (truck) with our driver Mr. Sunday to pick up a load of block. On his return to the mission in the lorry Sunday had the misfortune to have the petrol tank shake loose and fall off the lorry. He was still on the black-top road about ten miles from our mission. Although he tried, there was no way for him to repair the lorry. So he walked several miles back to the roadside shop of an Indian to telephone Pastor Sawall for instructions. It was already getting dark, but Pastor Sawall prepared a strong tow rope and sent Mr. Samson out on our tractor to tow the lorry back to the mission.

When the men did not show up after several hours we were discussing what to do, when the telephone rang. It was the Indian shopkeeper who informed us of the fact that Mr. Sunday had just come to tell him that they had met with an accident. Pastor Sawall left at once to see what had happened. His report follows:

"When I arrived at the scene not far from the end of the black-top I found the tractor with the heavy lorry perched with its front end above the rear wheels and seat of the tractor. Mr. Samson was lying on the road in very bad condition. He was bleeding badly from his mouth, nose, eyes and ears. But he was still conscious. I kneeled down beside him and tried to comfort him with assurances of God's love for him. Since he was clearly fatally injured I reminded him of the fact that he should remember that Jesus had died for his sins and that He would take care of him, even though he might be called now to his heavenly home. Samson had been a faithful church goer and was soon to receive instructions for membership. I asked him, "Are you ready to give your life and soul into Jesus' hands?" He answered, "Yes, I know that Jesus is my Savior." Then he again lost consciousness."

"I had to get him to the Lusaka hospital as soon as ever possible. But Mr. Sunday had not returned from the Indian shop. So I pulled the seat out of the Volkswagen Combi. But I could not lift him alone. So I forced a bystander to loan me his raincoat on which I could lay the injured Samson and with another person could place him into the Combi. The man reluctantly parted with his raincoat. Then I realized why he was so loathe to part with it. It was all he had on! We placed him into the Combi and I drove off to Lusaka. I turned Samson over to the emergency staff and went with them to see what could be done for my friend. Within minutes of trying to determine the extent of his injuries Samson died on the examining table."

Later on we determined what had happened on the road from Mr. Sunday's description of the accident. The tractor was pulling the lorry with Sunday at the wheel. At first everything went well. Then at a very slight decline, Sunday said, the brake refused to hold and the lorry began to roll toward the tractor. Samson could not pull ahead fast enough to prevent the front bumper of the lorry from engaging the heavy lugs on the rear wheels of the tractor and being raised up by them up over the seat of the tractor and knocking Samson to the ground. We could not be sure, but thought that one of the lorry wheels must have gone over Samson lying on the road. This would account for his extensive injuries.

But to continue with Pastor Sawall's account:

"The hospital authorities could not release the body to me because in these cases an autopsy is required. This would have to wait until the next day, possibly even Saturday. I called our newly arrived superintendent, Pastor Theodore Sauer, then at Lusaka, and also Pastor Hoenecke at the mission, asking him to notify Mrs. Samson of the accident. I myself made preparations to return to Lumano."

As soon as I had received word from Pastor Sawall I went over to the home of Mr. Robert Mulundika, our headmaster, and asked him to go to Mwanamwambula, Samson's village, to inform the wife and relatives of Samson of the accident. Mrs. Samson received the shocking news almost stoically and began to weep quietly. But we had made the mistake of not arousing also the parents of Mr. Samson because it was during the night and we did not want to make

too much of a disturbance in the village.

In the meantime Mr. Sunday had returned to the mission and had reported that the police sergeant who had come to the scene of the accident had released him, declaring that it was plainly an unavoidable, no-fault accident. But Mr. Mulundika knew the African superstition and advised that we hide Mr. Sunday and remove him from our compound as soon as possible. We told him to go to our garage and to wait until Pastor Sawall had returned.

Pastor Sawall came to the compound at about six in the morning and went to tell his wife and to try to get some rest after the night's terrible happenings.

Hardly had he gone to his home when Mr. Mulundika again came to our bedroom window in great excitement. He told us that Mr. Samson's mother, several women and male relatives had come to the mission and were searching for Mr. Sunday. They were all armed with blades of auto springs and clubs. Mr. Mulundika explained that African superstition blamed the death of Samson on the evil spirits which had driven Mr. Sunday to kill him and they were come to take revenge.

Pastor Sawall came upon the scene and described it:

"At six-thirty I saw a group of many people, Samson's mother in the lead, the father following, all stripped to the waist. They had inflicted wounds on themselves with the blood running down their faces and breasts out of sorrow and rage, to take revenge. When I tried to calm them with kind words, the women became still more violent and tried to strike me with their weapons. Mrs. Hoenecke went in to my wife to help her with our children and Pastor Hoenecke and Mr. Mulundika tried to help me bring the people to some semblance of sanity. What we failed to achieve, was finally achieved by Fanny, our brown Dobermann, and Max, our English bull dog. They charged into the group, jumped up and grabbed their arms and eventually scattered them."

I had not forgotten Mr. Mulundika's advice about removing Mr. Sunday. I went into Sawalls' and asked my wife to come out and reason with Mrs. Samson. Strangely enough, when she went up to the distraught woman, she dropped her weapon and sank down at



Meta's side. Meta spoke to her in a comforting way which overcame the language barrier and stroked her head. This had a similar effect on the other women. Pastor Sawall had succeeded in getting the attention of the men of the group and was explaining the accident to them when I motioned to Mr. Mulundika to follow me to the garage where Mr. Sunday was hidden. We reached the car without being observed. I got Sunday to lie flat on the floor in back, Mr. Mulundika sat in the front and I started the motor and immediately put the car in reverse. As soon as I was out of the garage I took off over the lawn and had the car in good running order before the men realized what we were doing and tried in vain to catch up to us. We took Mr. Sunday to the next police post and placed him into protective custody with the officer on duty. The officer had already received the report of the accident and did not object when I gave Mr. Sunday some money and the advice not to show up at the mission for awhile.

When we returned to the mission we found that Pastor Sawall had also driven the ladies to the scene of the accident to buy some time for the Samson relatives to disperse. Now all was quiet and we settled down in our homes to get ready for the week-end. We knew that Pastor Sawall would have to bring the body of Samson back to the village for the burial which was set for Monday, but we could hold our church services on Sunday. I preached on the story of Jesus raising the son of the widow at Nain, showing Jesus' compassion with us in our great need and his ability to raise also our dead bodies to live with Him forever because of His payment of the punishment for our sin.

#### Pastor Sawall's First African Funeral

Monday came and with it another unforgettable experience. Pastor Sawall went in to Lusaka Hospital early to claim the body of Samson for Christian burial in his home village Mwanamwambula. Mr. Mulundika went with him. But we will let him tell the story;

"When we came to the hospital to pick up the body we found many relatives and friends of Samson waiting for us. The body was delivered to us wrapped in an old blanket. The wounds had not been sutured after the autopsy. It was placed into a rough box

and loaded into the VW Combi. As this was being done many friends and relatives from the Lusaka area crowded about, some with menacing miens on their faces and some with open threats of vengeance. Their hostile attitude toward me was a mystery to me. I had only tried to do what I could to take care of a dreadful situation. When I began to close the Combi door on the rough box with Mr. Mulundika, the whole group tried to crowd into the Combi, shouting and screaming words of grief and threat. They wanted to ride back to the mission and to Mwanamwambula with us for the burial. Mr. Mulundika did an excellent job of sorting them out so that only four of the actual relatives of Samson finally got into the vehicle and rode back the 45 miles with us to the mission and village. But they kept up a steady clamor and kept it dinning in our ears as we drove out of the city. This deafening shouting and the impact of the four-day-old body on my olfactory sense made that drive back to Lumano an unforgettably horrible experience for me. And all the while I was trying to think of what I would say at the graveside to speak God's Word to the people. The wailing continued all the way back and intensified as we approached Mwanamwambula."

Meta and I had taken our car as soon as we saw Pastor Sawall approaching on the road to the village and followed him. As we approached Mnamwambula we saw Pastor Sawall drive more slowly, then come to a complete stop. But let him tell the story as he saw it:

"When we arrived at the village about twenty-five or thirty women rushed at our car and tried to tip it over in their rage against us because of Samson's fatal accident. Only the fact that Mr. Mulundika told these women that we were carrying Samson's body for burial prevented more disturbance."

From our car Meta and I noticed that other women of the village had laid themselves on the drive that led into the village to stop Pastor Sawall from entering. They also stood up when they learned that Samson's body was in the vehicle. After speaking briefly to the people at Samson's hut we both drove on to the burial place. It was a plot of land surrounded by what Mr. Mulundika described as sacred trees which were thought to be endowed with the power to scare away evil spirits. Sawall continues,

"When we arrived at the open grave which was to receive Samson's body we saw that well over 400 people had gathered for

the burial. Where they all came from is hard to say. They gathered in smaller and larger groups all over the place. One larger group stood at the graveside. When the men took the box from the Combi these women rushed at Mr. Mulundika and me, spitting at us and yelling words which only Mr. Mulundika understood. He told me that they were shrieking that Mr. Mulundika and I should be killed, because we had removed Mr. Sunday when they had come to kill him. It was a terrifying moment! Again, only the restraint which was used by some of the men in view of Mr. Mulundika, the cousin of Chief Shakumbila, apparently saved our lives."

We were helpless. Meta and I ran from one group to another to try to calm them. Pastor Sawall was going to speak a few words of comfort to the relatives, but the noise was so great that whatever he or Mr. Mulundika said to quiet the people fell on deaf ears. Then we noticed that the body was being carried to the open grave for the burial. Again we will hear from Pastor Sawall what now happened, since he was standing at the grave.

"We had the men carry the rough-box, painted black, to the grave and they began to lower it. The din around us was deafening. It was a tense moment! Someone must have remarked that the body had not been viewed and properly prepared for burial. At this point the women again rushed toward us wailing and shrieking. The coffin was opened and it revealed that the body was still roughly wrapped in the old blanket and that it was full of blood, also from the incisions which had been made during the autopsy. The women came rushing at us again and I honestly thought that they intended to bury me with Samson. They carried the body back to the house to do what had to be done for a proper burial."

We all waited and the frenzy of the people was whipped up to a crazy pitch by some of them going from group to group holding pictures of Samson above their heads and yelling I know not what. They tore these snapshots into tiny bits and threw them into the air, keeping up their almost demented tearing at their clothes and hair. Again we went from group to group to make them stop yelling. We saw that the body was being returned to the graveside and we wanted the people to hear what Pastor Sawall had to say to them. He continues to describe what he experienced:

"After the body had been washed and placed into a clean blanket, the coffin was returned to where Mr. Mulundika and I stood waiting at the graveside. Again they lowered the coffin into the grave amid much shrieking and wailing by the women. Now the headman of the village motioned to me and said it was time for me to "pray," that is, to speak to the people. Now the people nearby became quiet enough for me to be heard, but there was still much loud wailing by the other groups. It was a good opportunity to witness the Christian's hope in Christ. Looking up, I realized that the police sergeant who had been sent for from Mumbwa was now helping Pastor and Mrs. Hoenecke to subdue the milling crowd."

Meta and I were unable to hear everything that was said by Pastor Sawall. Every little while some of the women would break out in a very loud wail ending in a shriek. But from the brief snatches of his remarks I knew that Pastor Sawall was giving a very good account of himself. I admired him for it. He had so recently arrived on the field and was meeting this severe test very well. He spoke of our dying as a consequence of our sin, but also stated that Mr. Samson had confessed his faith in Jesus before he died. He then went on to proclaim the Gospel of God's forgiveness for Jesus' sake, explaining that Jesus, God's Son, had paid for our sin and gave all who believed in His sacrifice on the cross power to overcome even death, but would live again forever with Jesus after death. For this reason we need not grieve for Samson, but believe as he believed and so join him in the new life when we died. Pastor Sawall's prayer committed all the Sala people to God's love and asked that God's Spirit might lead them to faith in Jesus.

Mr. Mulundika faithfully translated what Pastor Sawall said to the people and they began to listen more and more to what they were being told. Even the noisiest women were silent, perhaps wondering what it all meant. I do not know the real reason for their excessive mourning, but assume that it was part of their culture. I had witnessed the same loud wailing among the Apaches. And we know from the Bible that the paid wailing women were rebuked by our Lord Jesus when He came to raise the daughter of Jairus from death. The groups continued to mill about, but the loud wailing had diminished in volume when we walked to our car and drove back to the mission compound.

## We Contribute to Beer Party and Murder Charge

After the funeral I gave Mr. Mulundika five pounds to deliver to Mrs. Samson's widow in her need. During the next week a Samson relative came to invite us to the beer party which was to be held at their village in memory of Mr. Samson! I politely declined. But the man said I was entitled to come because my gift had helped greatly to prepare for the beer party. He also said that Mrs. Samson was thankful for my gift in memory of her husband. I felt there was nothing to do but ask the man to tell his people to come to church, also for the dispensary dedication. Sometimes you simply cannot win with the very best of intentions.

Pastor Sawall had a similar experience. Samson's father approached him on the day of the funeral and asked him for ten shillings for "transport" (a bus ride) to Lusaka. Pastor Sawall reports,

"Normally I would not have given the man who had been in the mob to try to kill me anything. But because it was the father and everyone was so charged with grief I gave him the ten shillings. Two weeks later I found to my great shock that the elder Samson had gone to Lusaka with my money and had filed a murder charge against me with the native criminal court! I was summoned to appear before the magistrate on a murder charge for the death of Samson! This was based on the fact that I had sent Mr. Samson out with the tractor to tow the lorry when Samson was killed. I called Pastor Sauer, our newly arrived superintendent. Fortunately, he had gone to the site of the accident on the morning after and had taken several pictures from different angles of the two vehicles still interlocked. Since these clearly showed that the lorry bumper had been caught by the tractor lugs and lifted up high enough to knock Samson out of his seat, the magistrate dismissed the murder charge with his judgment that it had been an unfortunate accident. Although a number of angry relatives were present who sought to gain at least a substantial monetary settlement, the judge exonerated me completely and I was again a free man! At this time I was almost ready to ask to be returned to the United States!"

After a few weeks things again quieted down and we could pursue the peaceful tenor of our ways.

## Happier Days

Mr. Sunday had gone away to some distant relatives and we actually resumed our services in the little school at Mwana-mwambula together with the outdoor clinic with no noticeable ill will on the part of the villagers.

One day a young man, John Malapunda, stopped in to see me. He had heard that we intended to open a Bible school for training African pastors and he wanted to be the first to enroll. Several of our school boys had expressed the same desire and I thought this indicated that we had purchased the twenty acres near Lusaka none too soon for the opening of a theological training program.

Another incident gave me much encouragement. Isaac, my interpreter-helper, asked me one day for permission to use the mission bicycle to visit his parents south of Lusaka. He would be gone a week, he said. The purpose of the visit was to tell his parents and relatives about the wonderful thing he had found in Jesus his Savior. My original scepticism was put to shame when he returned on schedule and expressed his joy over the fact that not only his parents but also his uncle and aunt and their family had come to faith and would like someone to come and preach to them!

The work on the dispensary was progressing and the furnishings and medications were beginning to pile up in our store room. Miss Barbara Welch arrived at Lusaka on November 20th and was staying for a few days at the home of Pastor and Mrs. Raymond Cox, attending some courses at Lusaka Hospital in preparation of her work at the bush clinic. The nurses' home was under roof and the walls were being laid up by our native crew.

Mr. Benjamin Chindongo, the medical assistant whom we had engaged, was winding up his work at Shibyungi and his house near the new dispensary was under construction. His brother Zacheus was giving a good account of himself in painting the whole dispensary and helping with the shipments and placement of shelving and equipment. The dispensary dedication had been set for the afternoon of November 26th.

Pastor and Mrs. Theodore Sauer had arrived on November 6th to occupy the house which we had purchased for them at Lusaka.

Although they were not completely settled with their furniture and his office equipment, Superintendent Sauer had taken over in the Lusaka area and made several trips out to our compound to become fully acquainted with the Sala field before I had to leave. Pastor Sawall and I briefed him carefully on our building plans of the nurses' home and Mr. Chindongo's house and he expressed satisfaction with our schedule. Our generator and water pump were giving us constant trouble and he took note of this to take the matter up with the executive committee.

We drove out to Mumbwa with the Sauers to pay our respects to Chief Shakumbila. Mr. Mulundika, our school headmaster, went with us and we were cordially received. We formally invited the chief to speak to the people after our dispensary dedication service and to have dinner with Meta and me as a farewell on the Saturday evening before the dedication. He accepted both invitations graciously and expressed his happiness over the way things had developed during the course of our two visits.

#### Chief Shakumbila on Religion

There was a time during the earlier days of Pastor A.B. Habben's ministry among the Salas when Chief Shakumbila had expressed his consent to attending an instruction class with the intention of becoming a member of our church. He had received some Christian instruction during his younger days but was not a professing member of any church.

On an earlier visit I had taken the opportunity of a lull in the conversation to broach the subject of his religious convictions with him in his home near Mumbwa. He told me that he had always learned that there was a great god who had made all things. His people believed that good and evil spirits influenced human lives, but they also knew that all things were under the control of the great god. They had a high respect for their older people who had taught them what was right and how they should treat one another. When the old people died their graves became sacred places where people could go and talk with their spirits. He thought this was something like the Christians speaking to a spirit whom they cannot see either.

Then Chief Shakumbila said something which both surprised and pleased me; "Before the Europeans came we did not know that the great god had sent His Son with the big book to teach people to know him. This is what the white missionaries have told our people; and it is good. And they have brought better medicine to us than our own medicine men and many other things like motor cars to make life easier."

#### Chief Shakumbila Comes to Dinner

The rains had begun and we now had to drive the long way through Mukulaikwa to go to Lusaka. Our bush trails were a sea of mud and water. The rainy season begins gradually with more and more frequent showers. The days become much warmer and the sun is higher in the heavens as Christmas draws nearer. It is a time of indescribably beautiful fleecy white clouds and also menacing black thunderheads which approach on an ever-widening front. In the clear atmosphere of Zambia they appear to be swallowing the bright blue sky while the long gray columns of rain connect heaven and earth as they approach and envelop the land.

The week before the dedication was such a week. And when Saturday dawned clear but ended in a heavy downpour we wondered whether we ought to postpone the ceremony. Preliminary preparations were made by moving cinder blocks and planks into position in front of the dispensary for seating, but we kept the planks on the porch to keep them dry. The interior of the dispensary was ready. We had stacked all our shelves during the week, Miss Welch, Zaccheus and Alfred working long hours with us.

It was raining lightly when Mr. Mulundika appeared at our house with Chief Shakumbila for dinner. He seemed to feel ill at ease, perhaps because of the weeks which he had waited before he gave us his permission to stay and to open the clinic. But he changed when we sat down to one of Meta's great beef roast meals. He ate his dinner African style. Two slices of bread were laid on his plate. On these he piled slices of beef and on these the vegetables, topping the whole mound with lots of gravy. The banana pie which followed was new to him, but he ate it with gusto. We sat awhile over our coffee, but the conversation was carried by Mr. Mulundika and us. The chief had little to say but was clearly



concerned about the increasingly heavy rain. With a few words about the dedication and his part in it the two cousins took their leave. They reassured us that the rain would stop by morning.

#### The Dispensary and Headman Shallawalla

On Sunday morning we were again concerned about the weather despite the favorable forecast of Chief Shakumbila and his cousin, Mr. Robert Mulundika. The threatening clouds loomed high on the southeastern horizon after the morning service. Many of the worshippers looked apprehensively over their shoulders as we stood and visited after church.

Especially one group appeared to be unusually agitated. The source of this agitation soon proved to be something other than the weather. It was headman Shallawalla. This old gentleman in ragged khaki shirt and tattered gray shorts always came to the Sunday service and stopped at our house just as regularly to pick up our accumulated newspapers. He was not a reader. He wanted the newsprint for rolling cigarettes. And he always said "Twalumba!"

In any case, I surmised correctly the reason for his present agitation. To make sure I asked Mr. Mulundika to walk over toward the group. It was as I had thought. The good headman was disturbed over my announcement after church that we would charge small fees for treatments at the dispensary. I had explained that these could be paid in money or in kind, such as a chicken, eggs, or mealie meal. This was no innovation. The African patients had to pay their medicine men handsomely for their voodoo nostrums. I had also explained that we were not concerned as much about the fees as we were about establishing a practice which would support the dispensary after we had turned it over to the African church.

Now I asked Mr. Mulundika to tell Headman Shallawalla to look up into the fig tree at the weaver bird which was just making its lovely basket nest. The old headman should think of what this pretty yellow mother bird did when the young fledglings were old enough but too afraid or lazy to leave the nest. Every African boy knew that the mother bird just shouldered her youngster out of the nest as though she were saying, "Now sink or swim, fly or die!" In the same way, I said, we were asking for fees to teach

our African friends to become strong enough to take over the dispensary themselves when we were gone.

I was not at all sure that I had made my point with our old friend. Be patient and you will be as happy as we were when we experienced the outcome of this little episode.

### Dedication of the Dispensary

November 26, 1961

The heavy clouds were still hovering on the horizon, but Mr. Mulundika insisted the rain would hold off until early evening. So we instructed our willing corps of student workers, far more than a hundred boys and girls, to set the planks on the cinder blocks and to dress for their parade and attendance at the dedication service. They also hauled all their school benches over to the place in front of the porch because Mr. Mulundika said that he and the chief knew that we would have a crowd.

Came the time of the service and the benches began to fill with villagers from far and near. By the time everyone was seated or standing Mr. Chanda counted over 500 persons present! And the black clouds remained away in respectful deference to the occasion. It was an impressive dedication service!

When the visitors were seated our well-drilled uniformed student corps left their dormitories to march in a body to their seats of honor in the front rows. We could hear the big voice of their drill- and choir-master, Mr. Mwambwa, barking out his orders long before they appeared in sight on the driveway. They approached in perfect step and formation, stopped at their places and sat down with military precision.

Everyone rose when the paramount chief of the Salas now appeared with his son Samuel and his four uniformed kapassos. He was wearing brown trousers and a gray jacket over a white shirt and a gay tie. Samuel, as always, was dressed like a fashion-plate all in brown. They took their places on the porch with Pastor Sawall, Mr. Mulundika, the three nurses, Mrs. Sawall, Miss Welch and Meta. Pastor Sawall conducted the service after an opening hymn by reading a brief Word of Scripture and asking the Lord's blessing on our work

in the mission, the new dispensary and its staff. Then our student choir sang a powerful anthem of praise under Mr. Mwambwa's baton. I spoke briefly on the words of Jesus, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!" In my sermonette I referred to the picture of this scene from the life of our Lord which had been painted on glass by Mrs. Raymond Cox and Mrs. Richard Mueller for the window of the small chapel and consultation room. It shows Jesus with outstretched arms welcoming the Africans and their little ones to Him. I also explained the black and red intertwined crosses which grace the front wall of the dispensary, showing the cross of Jesus as the motivating reason for the many gifts from the people of our Lutheran church in America and the red cross as the symbol of the compassion which we as followers of Jesus want to express by supplying the dispensary for our African brothers and sisters and their children. I closed by asking the people to make use of the dispensary, to cooperate with the nursing sisters and to help with their gifts to support the work until they would take it over.

After another hymn by the assembled people and an anthem by the choir an offering was taken. The total did not amount to much more than thirty dollars in our money, but many a coin which was dropped into the plates was reminiscent of the widow's mite when one remembered the poverty of the people.

Pastor Sawall closed the formal service with another prayer, the Lord's Prayer and Benediction. Mr. Mulundika had been kept busy translating what was said into the language of the audience.

Now Pastor Sawall asked Chief Shakumbila to speak to his assembled people. He did a splendid job. After he had thanked the Lutherans for providing the dispensary and had assured us of his full cooperation in its operation, he took one of our hymn books in his hands and said, "When you come to the clinic, then tell the nursing sister what ails you and where you have a pain. She cannot tell what is wrong with you until you tell her. If you don't tell her, then you are like the pastor who asks the people to sing a certain song, but he does not give them the number where they can find it." Now the chief began furiously to page back and forth in the hymnal and added, "Don't make the nursing sister page through her books until she finds a sickness to fit you. You must tell her."

Having given his people that practical advice, the chief went back to his seat. Mr. Mulundika translated the Sala remarks to the audience into English for our benefit. Meta especially appreciated the chief's admonition to take the medicines as the nursing sister instructs because so often the people had their own ideas as to the dose. If one pill was good, then two would be better and the sickness might go away faster, if one took the whole lot of them.

Pastor Sawall then introduced both Meta and Miss Welch to the people, explaining that Miss Welch would be the nursing sister in charge of the clinic and that another American nursing sister would be sent out to help her. He thanked Meta for her work and announced that Mr. Benjamin Chindongo would be the medical assistant after New Year. This announcement was well received because Mr. Chindongo was well known as the person in charge of the clinic at Shibyungi and the people had confidence in him.

The people were invited to walk through the dispensary after Chief Shakumbila and his party had toured it. With that the chief and Samuel were conducted from room to room and he exclaimed over the examination and treatment alcoves and the array of medicines all neatly arranged on the shelves and labeled. There was no comparison between its appointments and that of the rural dispensaries like that at Shibyungi. He again asked me to give his and his people's thanks to our people back in America and took his leave with his entourage. The people followed and were clearly most favorably impressed with what they saw.

#### Mr. Samson's Mother

Our school students went at the dismantling of the benches with a will while we chatted with some of the teachers and people whom we knew. Meta was speaking to Mr. Mulundika when she noticed an older woman coming toward her. To her great surprise she saw that it was Mr. Samson's mother. She came and stood close to Meta and said something in her vernacular which Mr. Chanda translated as words of appreciation for what Meta had done for her! The former ill will was all gone and she had come to let Meta know it!

The blocks and planks had all been stowed away and the people had left for their homes. We locked up the building and set

out for our house when the rain began. By the time we reached the house the water came down in sheets. We remembered the forecast of the chief and Mr. Mulundika and we were impressed with their understanding of the African weather.

#### Shallawalla Remembers!

We wondered whether Headman Shallawalla had understood my reference to the weaver bird pushing its fledglings out of the nest as soon as they were old enough to fly. By the time we came over to the dispensary at seven o'clock on Monday morning we had forgotten about the old headman. But he had not forgotten!

At seven-fifteen Bessie Mulundika who had come to help us understand the patients said that a man wanted to see Mrs. Hoenecke. She went to the door, and there stood Headman Shallawalla! He said a cheerful "Mwabonwa!" (Good morning) and Meta responded. Then she told Bessie to ask Shallawalla what was troubling him. He told Bessie, "I am not sick, but I have something for the nursing sister." With that he pulled a soiled cloth out of his back pocket, unfolded it carefully and took out a half-crown piece, about 14cents, and gave it to Meta. She tried to give it back to him, but he insisted and explained to Bessie that he wanted to give a fee so that the nursing sister would not turn away any poor sick person who came to the clinic! When he saw that she understood, he clapped his hands together and kept saying "Chibotu! Chibotu!" (Good, good!)

Then I took Shallawalla to the little chapel and pointing to the colorful window with Jesus welcoming the African children to Him I explained through Bessie that Jesus wanted to heal our African friends not only of their physical sicknesses but especially of their sick hearts and souls so that they could go to Heaven when they died. When Bessie had translated it all the old gentleman just kept repeating "Chibotu, Chibotu, Muluti" and went on his way. (Muluti is the name for pastor or teacher)

And so the Lumano/Mwembezi dispensary was opened on a very positive note. The name Mwembezi was used later because the word means shepherd in Sala and the place of our dispensary was known also by that name.

Word quickly circulated in the country and villages that the new clinic was open. Some came out of curiosity, others with a variety of illnesses. The two nurses were kept busy until five o'clock when the last patients returned to their villages with the lovely evening greeting on their grateful lips, "Mwalibézyi!" (May God bring you to the sunset!) How good it was to hear our tired nurses join their African helpers in responding "Kamona!" (Sleep well!)

### Thanksgiving

There had been just three of us to sit down to our American Thanksgiving Day dinner, Meta, Barbara Welch and I. She was living with us until she could move into the new nurses' home. The rains had made a trip to Lusaka for supplies unthinkable, so we had no special dinner menu, not even the semblance of a stuffed turkey, But there was real thanksgiving in our hearts as I read Psalm 104 and gave thanks for the turn of events in Salaland.

We had invited all the missionaries to join us for a Sunday supper on the day of the dedication of the dispensary. Then the rain had come and only Sauers ventured out to our bush station by way of Mukulaikwa. The Raymond Coxes feared the hazard of the roads with their small children. Sawalls just walked to our house under the twin palms and joined us for supper. Then we sat for a long time rehearsing the events of the day.

Gradually the conversation drifted into consideration of our management of the eight government rural schools on the Sala Reserve. This, at least in part, had been the cause of our disturbance and the resultant loss of favor with Chief Shakumbila. We all agreed that we had been well advised to ask Pastor Richard Mueller when he left for his long-postponed furlough a week earlier, to alert the executive committee to the fact that the missionaries favored discontinuing this school management. It simply added to the burden of our workers without giving us any real advantage in preaching to the people. We would simply have to arrange for preaching places other than the little schools now at our disposal. In some places these were not used at all and our services were held on the open court, or plaza, between the village huts or under the shade of some spreading fig tree.

But our chief objection to managing the schools was our inability to control the selection of teachers who were sent out by the Ministry of Education. There had been cases of immorality which we were expected to overlook if the teacher was competent and acceptable otherwise. This resulted in intolerable situations as far as our missionaries were concerned. The executive committee took note of this problem in its 1963 report and Pastor William Schweppe eventually resolved the problem without any loss of our standing or access to the villages for preaching.

#### Our Final Days At Lumano

The dispensary had been operating smoothly for over a week. The two nurses encountered no serious problems. At the beginning they found that the free access of the Martin Luther boarding school students to the clinic sometimes created a problem by making sick villagers wait too long until they could be seen. Sometimes the students used permission to "go see the nursing sister" as a pretext to interrupt their study routine. Even cases of little cuts and bruises were sent over to the dispensary.

This problem was solved quite promptly by supplying the classrooms with first aid kits and instructing the teachers and the older students in simple first aid procedures. The teachers agreed that this also proved to be a valuable learning situation and an educational tool in training these young people to take care of themselves. It did not prevent more serious cases from coming under the care of the nurses.

Meta and Barbara also found themselves confronted by a few patients who may have been treated for some disease like yaws earlier at the government clinic with the demand "I want a shot!" This derived from the fact that they had witnessed the magical effect of injections that were given for certain diseases. For them this opened an entirely new and dramatically simple method for ridding themselves of disease!

The rainy season had begun! The bush roads steadily deteriorated into a chain of muddy lakes and canals which were too shallow for a boat and too thin to support a car. Even our Land Rover failed to churn itself out of this slippery morass with four-wheel drive in creeper gear! The dispensary attendance fell

off while it rained but resumed its steady surge of patients as soon as the sun slipped out from behind the clouds.

Our trips to Lusaka for medical supplies and household needs now could be made only once a week, if we undertook the longer trip by way of Mukulaikwa. But we would always make sure to be on our way home early enough to be off the bush trails long before dark! What a comfort it was to know, as we came in sight of our twin palms, that we would find a fire laid in our "Rhodesian boiler," a kind of outdoor barbecue which was also used for heating water. Our African helpers never failed to listen for our car as we made our slow way up the long lane through our compound. Then they would light the fire so that we could take a hot bath to rid ourselves of the mud or dust of the Lusaka expedition.

We had long given up our habit of reading in bed before falling asleep. We were happy to submit to the sensible old adage, "early to be and early to rise." Hardier spirits than ours would have pumped up the old Coleman lamp to extend the day, but we soon accepted Hilda Wacker's judgment that you simply cannot keep the pesky little African flying insects out with screens. The brilliant Coleman lamp flame proved irresistible to swarms of these flying creatures and the window screens presented no more than a temporary inconvenience for them to get to the light and to us. Concentration on reading proved almost impossible. The sheer size and mass of these insect swarms was demonstrated in the morning when we would find neat circular mounds of dead flying ants and their relatives under our yard lights. But just as amazing was the fact that these piles would disappear before the sun came up. Because of the general protein deficiency the African women always scooped up these dead bugs to enrich their family diet!

Mention of the Coleman lamp may have led to the question about electric light since we spoke of our electric generator. We did have electricity from dusk until nine. But the "lights out at nine" was an almost inflexible rule. We had to save Paraffin, or kerosene, as we call it, which was used to power the motor. During this short time the housewives had to do their washing and ironing! There were evenings when the poor wife had not finished all these chores. Willy-nilly, the night watchman shut off the motor at nine! Pity the hapless woman whose wash-machine stopped in



mid-cycle and whose husband was either asleep, away from home or indisposed to walk down the long dark lane to the generator shed to rouse the watchman and to ask him to run the generator for another half hour. And pity the poor nurses who were called out at night to suture the knife wounds of some revelers! At midnight the path through the tall elephant grass seemed twice as long! And the memory of the day when Meta had ridden with a big bump over the long green mamba on her bike seemed twice as vivid and scary! To suture ugly gashes by flashlight with the friends of the victim looking on was a horrible nightmare!

Meta worked with Barbara Welch for the rest of our stay. Benjamin Chindongo would not arrive for another month and his brother Zaccheus. Alfred McCondiwera and Bessie Mulundika tried their best. But it was clear that we need another nurse! It took a full year to recruit and send one out to help!

#### A Two-Chicken Farewell

On our last Saturday at the bush station where we had lived since September 25th we were pleasantly surprised when Mr. Mulundika came to our home with a live chicken from his little flock for our farewell. He and his cheerful wife had been a great help to us during our long visits. They had a large family of well-mannered children. The youngest, chubby little Martha, was a doll whom everyone adored. They lived in a humble, three-room hut on the Martin Luther compound, but Mr. Mulundika always came to church and school in a spotless light suit! His quiet understanding manner proved indispensable to us during our struggle to regain the confidence of his cousin, Chief Shakumbila! We knew that we were going to miss these good Christian friends!

We had hardly taken leave of Mr. Mulundika when John, the foreman of the building crew, also came to our door. He, too, had a live chicken for our farewell dinner! John and I may have had our disagreements about what constitutes a straight, plumb wall or a level door sill, but we were still good friends and he tried his very best within his limitations. He was taking instructions

for church membership and was a very intelligent person who could be trusted. Usually our disagreements in building had ended in a hearty laugh and a generous acknowledgment, if he had made a mistake. We would also miss him and his workmen. They had shown so much confidence in Meta that during my absence they had asked her to drive our flatbed truck down the river bank to haul a load of gravel and had cheered loudly when she managed to drive the big load up the loose bank.

The two chickens were shared with our neighbors for their Sunday dinner. It was the first Sunday in Advent, December 3rd, when I preached my farewell sermon in the big school room. There were almost two hundred people present. I preached on John 3:16 - "Christmas, the Great Festival of God's Love in Giving His Son." Our choir sang two of our favorite anthems. One of them was sung with especially lusty fervor, "Oh, Sing Praises!" I can hear it still! How they rolled their "r" and how perfectly they blended their happy young voices!

On the next morning we drove to Lusaka to pick up our tickets for the long flight home. The missionaries met at Lusaka for the final mission council meeting. But we drove back again to Lumano for the evening chapel devotions. As they had always done, our two canine friends, Fanny and Max, sedately followed us to the school and took their accustomed places near the door. They were very quiet. Clearly they also sensed that this was a solemn occasion and not a time for a quarrel.

After the Bible reading and prayer, the student choir again sang an anthem. Then, with much feeling and dignity, the headmaster, Mr. Robert Mulundika, spoke unforgettable words of appreciation and farewell to us in the name of the faculty and students, reminding them of the wonderful gift of the Gospel and asking us to carry their gratitude and blessing back to our Christian people in America. We had tears in our eyes when he announced, as he had so often done, his favorite hymn as "our theemie song, I Am Trusting." With what fervor and love we all joined in singing that song, as we took our formal farewell! Indeed, so it had been during those happy months,

"I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus, never let me fall!  
I am trusting Thee forever and for all!"

"Komshella! - Kommejém<sup>o</sup> magashí<sup>h</sup>ge!"

Our Sala friends have a rich language. Whereas we simply bid one another "Good-bye!" (God be with you!) when we separate from one another, the Salas have a separate word for those who leave and those who stay behind. So it was as we left Lumano.

The rain had let up a bit when I walked over to the nurses' home to say good-bye to John, our foreman. We were going to Lusaka to write out our final reports at the hotel in preparation for our flight home on Thursday.

But when I shook hands with John, all the workmen dropped their tools and crowded around for a handshake in the African fashion. This involves a handshake and then alternately a clasping of each other's thumb and more handshakes. As I left they called "Komshella!" (We wish you well!) My Sala response should have been "Kommejém<sup>o</sup> magashí<sup>h</sup>ge!" (We wish that you would all remain well also!) But all I could say, and I said it from the heart, was "Goodbye! God bless you all!" We got into our car to drive away.

As we passed the school Mr. Mulundika stepped out since he had seen us approach. Then Mr. Chanda also left his class and his and the headmaster's students all followed. Mr. Mulundika bid us Godspeed on our long journey home, the children all cried out their farewells, but all Mr. Chanda could say was "God bless you! God bless you!" The last we saw of these good people on our bush station was Mrs. Mulundika, standing in her doorway, as we passed, holding sweet little Martha and moving her tiny hand to wave good-bye to us all dressed up for our leaving in a pink bonnet.

#### Last Day At Lusaka

At the hotel Meta and I prepared our reports and finished our packing. Wednesday was spent with Pastor and Mrs. Sauer in their home. Meta briefed Pastor Sauer on all the things pertaining to the dispensary and I discussed the matters pertaining to the work. We had purchased the twenty acre site for the future Bible school and seminary and were hopeful for its opening within a year. This important program could now also go forward.

Pastor and Mrs. Raymond Cox were settled in the former Mueller home at Lusaka and he was making good progress learning Chinyanga. He was also succeeding in overcoming the difficulty in the Matero congregation and had taken over the various preaching stations in the Lusaka vicinity.

We had all the work under control also in the Sala field with Dr. Schweppe and Pastor Sawall covering that large territory. The whole attitude of the chief and his people was again one of confidence and cooperation, a far cry from the day in 1959 when it appeared as though that promising field would be lost to us. A brief excerpt from the report of the executive committee tells the story of the Central African Mission as it was at the close of 1961:

"Our work consists in serving an English speaking congregation in Lusaka, the urban Africans at Matero and two other stations from Lusaka, the Africans of the Sala tribe, working in the government schools and managing them from Lumano, spreading the Gospel by means of a mailing program and operating our Mwembezi dispensary.

"The teacher training schools in which we conduct instruction classes, Munali and Chalimbana, should produce candidates for the Bible School and eventually more Lutheran teachers for the schools we are managing. Some others who applied last year to Chairman Hoenecke have expressed their continued interest in studying for the native ministry. The two men who are studying at the seminary in Nigeria will soon complete their course of study and return to our field. Striving for an indigenous church it is the hope of our executive committee that the Bible School will eventually develop into a seminary." WELS Proc.1963.

#### Postscript

Our Central Africa Mission had survived its birth pains and a healthy child was developing. 1961 was the turning point. The problem of school management was soon overcome without loss of progress on our Sala field. Most likely the opening of the dispensary at just this time was a very strong influence toward a promising relationship in this field.

Several new missionaries contributed to the stability

of our African mission. After his two long visits in 1959 and 1961 Dr. William Schweppe accepted a permanent Call to Central Africa. He declined the Call as superintendent, but proved a great asset to our mission with his years of experience in the same position in the Nigerian Mission. When he expressed the wish to serve in the Sala field the executive committee was led to an excellent choice as superintendent, Pastor Theodore Sauer. He had held several important synodical positions in the States, including that of president of the Northern Wisconsin District, before he shared his gifts of organization and leadership with the Church in Central Africa.

The theological training program in Africa was also richly blessed in securing the acceptance of the Call as Director of this most important work by another experienced leader of the Michigan District, Pastor Ernst H. Wendland of Benton Harbor. He moved to Africa with Betty, his mission-minded wife, and growing family in 1962 and developed a thorough pastoral training program at the Bible School and seminary near Lusaka. All the national pastors who now serve in the congregations and as theological professors were ordained only after ten and eleven years of training. And the African church has been richly blessed!

The Central African mission has been blessed with a large number of faithful workers, some of them having spent their whole ministerial career in Central Africa. Superintendent Raymond Cox and Assistant Superintendent John Janosek have both completed twenty years of service. Dr. Ernst R. Wendland has served as language coordinator of the African church for over seventeen years. Five missionaries have completed their second three-year tour of duty in the field. Six further expatriate missionaries are finishing their first tour of duty.

This listing of missionary pastors who have responded to the Call into the difficult work in Africa is incomplete without deeply appreciative acknowledgment of the Christian service and sacrifice of their faithful wives and helpers! In most cases these Christian witnesses have not only stood faithfully at the side of their husbands, often under trying circumstances for themselves and their growing families, but they have usually taken a very active part in the work of the Gospel with their children.

They deserve the deepest gratitude of the Church, as the Lord Himself has recorded it in His Word,

"A wife of noble character who can find?

She is worth far more than rubies.

Her husband has full confidence in her  
and lacks nothing of value. -

Her children arise and call her blessed;  
her husband also, and he praises her.

Many women do noble things, but you surpass them all.

Charm is deceptive and beauty is fleeting;  
but a woman who fears the Lord is to be praised.

Give her the reward she has earned,  
and let her works bring her praise at the city gate."

Proverbs 31

The Mwembezi Dispensary played no small role in the preservation and growth of our work in Central Africa, both in Zambia and in Malawi. An impressive number of trained nurses have quietly fulfilled their roles and faithfully done their appointed tasks. When a lack of funds delayed the placement of the second nurse at Mwembezi for over a year in 1961 and 1962, Mrs. Theodore (Althea) Sauer willingly and capably jumped into the breach. Other women followed her with the same dedication.

When Mrs. Edgar (Meta) Hoenecke was unable because of distance to carry on as executive secretary of the Medical Mission Society, the Lord moved the Christian spirit of Mrs. Herbert (Erna) Speckin to accept the post of recruiting nurses, keeping loving contact with them as they served out in the African bush and helping to keep the flame of concern for the medical mission program alive over twenty-three years throughout the Wisconsin Synod.

For this reason we dedicate this short history of the first two years of the medical mission program to these faithful Christian women, those who served actively in the field and those who faithfully supported them with their prayers and gifts back at home. Our Savior who promises rich rewards to "those who lead many to righteousness," has not overlooked a gracious promise to those who show a Savior-like compassion for the physically unfortunate: "I tell you the truth, what ever you did for one of the least of these you did it for Me."