

the church of Christ in MALAWI

the warm heart of Africa!

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Doug's Report

We have just passed through winter here in Malawi. Maybe I should say cooler weather because most of you as Americans would probably not call what we went through winter. Sometimes we have to wear long sleeved shirts and even jackets! Seriously, there are times when it does feel cool. June and July bring a weather condition called chipironi, which is a bone-chilling cool drizzle that floats in from Mount Chipironi in Mozambique. Local folks bundle up like it is winter in Alaska. We have no heater in the house so we bundle up pretty good ourselves.

I decided to camp at one of the preachers' studies this month. Most of the studies here in the southern area are close enough for me to drive back and forth every day. When I go to the central or northern regions I have stayed in rest houses or lodges. July 3-5 I had a study at a place called Zenje in the Phalombe district in southern Malawi. The roads are so bad going to that place that I decided to sleep there rather than commuting daily. I came up with the bright idea that I would sleep at night in the back seat of the Nissan. I found a piece of foam that would serve as a mattress that would fit in the back seat. Debbie made some chili which we put in a thermos bottle, some cinnamon muffins for breakfast, chicken and other delicacies. It was cold and windy at Zenje when we arrived and it stayed that way throughout the week. Fortunately, the brethren had built me a grass enclosure next to the church building to get out of the elements. I have to admit that hot bowl of chili I had that afternoon was probably some of the best

Roughing it . . .

I have ever eaten in my life. Brethren provided me lunch and supper while there so I really didn't need to bring as much food as I did. However, I did enjoy the muffins for breakfast.

When night came the real adventure started. Darkness comes early here during the winter, between 5:00 and 5:30 in the afternoon. I had purchased a large rechargeable flashlight like the guards use at night when they walk the grounds at our house. The first night I thought I would turn it on and read for a little bit until it lost its charge. To my disappointment it lasted less than a minute before it went out. The brethren felt sorry for me



and brought me an old kerosene lamp. So I was able to read a John Grisham thriller in the middle of the African bush.

By 8:00 pm it was time for bed. I don't know what it is about Africa but one gets tired quicker and goes to bed earlier than the U.S. Another factor may be that there is nothing else to do. I jumped into my sleeping bag laying on my foam mattress in the back seat. It was pretty cold outside, but I

felt pretty cozy all bundled up. I am not a very tall person but even I could not fully stretch out in the seat. I started off sleeping in a fetal position and immediately drifted off to sleep. At some point during the night I was awakened by some pretty severe pain in the legs. Cramps had hit me. No matter how I tossed or turned, or positioned myself I could only find temporary relief. As soon as I drifted back to sleep the cramps would come back with a vengeance. It was a relief when the sun finally started peeking over the horizon about 5:30 am. I was awake to greet it when it decided to show up.

The study went well. This was my first time to go to this place and for many of the brethren it was their first study. Plans are already being made for a return study next year.

I conducted two other studies this month. One was at a town called Balaka, about an hour and a half north of Blantyre. This was my third year to go to this place. These brethren have done well in the first two studies and this time was no exception. They did have a few "preacher" problems that we tried to deal with while there. Some preachers think they are pretty important and want to boss others around. We try to deal with that as we can.

I also had a study at Wendewende this month. This is the area where our work started back in 1952 when Paul and Wilma Nichols first came to Africa. So it has a lot of historical significance to our work. About 60 preachers came out for the study.

Thank you for your prayers and support of this work. We could do nothing without your help. May God bless you.



THE MALAWI BRETHREN

"How beautiful are the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace . . ." Rom. 10:15

My name is M. Evance

Kambara I was born in 1952 in the village of Kalimo, T/A Chikowi Zomba District. I am

married to Magret in 1974 and we have 8 children. I was raised by my grandmother and she was a member of the Church of Providence Industrial Mission and at that time I was also in the same church. In 1968 I heard the gospel preached by late Preacher T. Jhana and the same week was baptized. I read the Bible very often. In 1974 I went to Blantyre for employment. I started looking for the Church of Christ but did not find it. Therefore I

began preaching the gospel at the home I was sleeping in and people understood the message. The following week I called Preacher R. Robeni to come and baptize seventeen people. Now years later as a full time preacher, I work with three churches. I have an opportunity to preach every Sunday and to visit lazy Christians at their homes and also to encourage them, even to visit the sick. Each church is having a good number about 95 per Sunday.

Last month I received a report that a certain deacon was not caring well for his family, so I went there and we had discussions and now the family is doing good. This month I have received a letter that this coming Sunday on 5th August I should go to Bangwe to preach the gospel.

May the Lord bless all members in Christ throughout the whole world.

Winnowing the Rice

While winnowing the rice Gladys had a little rhythm going and on the last toss she seemed to jerk the rice and basket out from under the chaff so that it floated away to form a pile on the ground in front of her.



Jerry's Report

As far as I can determine, the work here in the Northern Province of Malawi is going as scheduled. We are now in the heart of the Study season and for this northern area, the studies end November 1st.

What exactly does a Study involve? As with gospel meetings in America, we go to different locations by invitation only to preach. All brethren in each location are invited to come to the study. What is different here is that we don't just "lecture" (preach sermons), but we use printed materials. Most of my

lessons are in a booklet with questions at the end of each lesson. I do not go past a lesson until every question is answered and understood. But how do I know the brethren understand? Even though they are written questions, they are answered orally, and "spot reviewed" through the study. Some of the brethren have attended other studies of mine that were near enough to travel. Those who do this understand the questions and can answer them. Also, with my lessons, the preachers and

teachers are expected to teach them wherever they go. For instance, my translator teaches some in every study now, and will completely teach two studies later on this study season. By the lessons being in booklet form, the

brethren are able to develop a little "library." As mentioned in previous reports, they have virtually no study helps, other than the Bible. Few, if any, helps are available in Chichewa, and no one has mentioned having any study guides. Living in Malawi in many ways is not easy, but what makes living here worthwhile is the desire of the brethren to learn. And the trouble many go to in order to be at a study is unreal. In this area (it is winter now) it gets below 50 degrees F., and these people traditionally sleep on mats on the ground, often in



Cooks who prepared meals for 40 preachers at Kasungu study.

open areas. Some brethren walk many, many miles to be at these studies. No one has a vehicle although some do have a bicycle.

Brethren, you in America and Australia are making this work possible by your prayers and

Work in Mzimba District



Stephenson Mpita was born in March 1955 in Chiradzulu District in southern Malawi. He was baptized in 1966, and his parents were Christians, and his father a preacher. Bro Mpita was ordained as a preacher in 1989, worked in southern Malawi until August 2006 when he was sent to Mzimba, a district in northern Malawi, to develop the work there. He has established 3 churches in the Mzimba District, and the church in Mzimba town meets in his home with 20+ members, not counting children. Bro Mpita is a very good translator, and I use him occasionally in my Preachers' Studies.

financial support. Without this, many of the foreign works would be impossible. Without a doubt, you are "ministering seed to the sower." May the Lord bless and keep you all.

LINDA'S EXPERIENCE

Since the robbery attempt, we knew we needed to get another dog for protection. Debbie found some Boerboel pups in Blantyre, and she and Doug bought one and we bought one, named LucyLou. LucyLou is a ball of fire. When we first arrived in Mzuzu with her, Buster was not fond of her at all. He would trap her with his paws and bite on her neck. But even at 6 weeks, she held her own with Buster. Now they are best of friends. Many times I will look out the window and see them both asleep, Buster on bottom and LucyLou asleep stretched out on his back. We make our own dog food here because it would be cost prohibitive to buy dog food. The food consists of pet mince and bone meal, both of which we can buy at the store, peelings from vegetables, and cornmeal. We cook this until it is very thick and then give it



to the dogs when it is cool. I make my pressure cooker pan full every day, and LucyLou is only a baby. When she gets bigger, either I will have to get a bigger pan or make food twice a day. I feed Buster and LucyLou separately, but she doesn't like her food because I add egg and butter; she only wants Buster's food. Of course, when Buster gets the chance, he eats LucyLou's food. These two dogs are just like children. If

LucyLou gets one of Buster's bones, he will take it away from her. I buy bones at the store, cook them, freeze them, and give each a bone most every day. I have to put LucyLou in the garage with her bone because Buster would take it away. But he shares everything else, just not his bones. I guess these pups are my grandchildren over here because we get such delight out of them.

NOTE: New email addresses

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