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Open Face

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The Progress of Truth in Africa

David Clayton with Howard Williams

A few months ago Allen Stump and I made a visit to Europe. On the way back home I stopped briefly in West Virginia before returning home to Jamaica. It was while I was there that brother Lynnford Beachy approached me with the request that I consider visiting Africa with Howard Williams in just a months time. Both he and Allen were unable to make the trip at that time, but there was to be a campmeeting in Tanzania which would involve many of the leading believers in Africa and it was felt that there was the need of representatives from one of our ministries to be there. In addition, the growing interest in Africa would give an opportunity for us to visit other places if we elected to visit this campmeeting. I was not ready to answer because I was still, then, too full of thoughts of home and I needed also to check if I could make the time to be away for another month after having already been away for a month. However, after coming home and trying feverishly to catch up on the backlog of work, I prayed about the matter and eventually decided that I should go. It meant leaving some things undone, but we felt that the trip was urgent enough and important enough to warrant us putting some things on hold. Thus it was that on Tuesday, September 16, Howard and I flew out of Montego Bay, headed for Africa.

SOUTH AFRICA

We arrived in Johannesburg on Thursday, Sept. 18 after a wearying night flight of 10 hours. After the swiftest passage through customs and immigration which we had ever experienced, we were greeted by Charles Ndlela and Mdutshwa Zikhali who were standing in a crowd of people who were all holding

placards with names on them. They recognized us long before we even saw them and started waving and beckoning to us. After greetings and introductions we got into the car which they had borrowed for the occasion and headed for the place where we would be staying.

From the air, in the vicinity of the airport Johannesburg gave the impression of a town built in the desert because everything was brown. There was scarcely any greenery anywhere, as though there had been a long drought. It was cold (at least for a Jamaican). I had somehow expected that in Africa we would have had to contend with heat rather than cold, but Johannesburg's altitude is fairly high, and on this day which was gloomy and overcast, it was cold.

After about twenty-five minutes we arrived at an area called Belleview where a room had been rented for us to stay. Here we met some other brothers who had come to meet us. After a little discussion we had a chance to get a much-needed bath and some rest after traveling for two days. Afterwards we prepared for the first evening meeting which was to be held in a rented hall. At this first meeting there were about twenty people and I spoke on the subject of, "the God of the Bible."

Interest in the truth about God began in Johannesburg with just one brother. This brother, Onward Makeche had been introduced to the message by a sister from Zimbabwe, sister Fathima Ngwenya. He saw the truthfulness of the message and began to cautiously introduce it to his friends in the local SDA Church. By the time we arrived in Johannesburg, there were perhaps one hundred and fifty persons in that church who acknowledged the truth of the mes-



Mdu, Onward & Mphathisi with Howard

sage, while there was a group of about thirty young people who were very aggressively working to spread it and who were in imminent danger of being disfellowshipped from the church.

We found these brethren in South Africa to be humble and sincere. Everyday brothers Onward, Mdu, Mphathisi and sometimes brother Charles or Sisters Shilette and Admire, would come and prepare meals for us, then they would stay for hours asking us questions and seeking to learn more. They sought only for the truth and never asked us for anything else. They were more anxious to give us whatever little they had although they are very poor. None of them has a vehicle and none of them owns his own home. Most of those who have accepted the message are living with friends or family. They are mostly people who came from Zimbabwe, but who have a hard time getting jobs because their papers are not yet finalized. However, there are also some native South Africans among those who have embraced the message.

At the meeting on the second evening we had a few more visitors who were curious about these meetings including an elder from the local S.D.A church. Howard spoke on the subject of, "the Son of God."

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Open Face is dedicated to the promotion of the truths committed to the Advent movement, as believed and taught by the early Adventist pioneers. In particular to the restoration of those truths which have been cast down to the ground and trampled underfoot by the papacy, and adopted by her daughters.

Our purpose is to motivate our readers to commit themselves wholly to the task of personal preparation for the coming of the Lord, and to the taking of the final warning message to every nation, kindred, tongue and people.

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The next day was Sabbath and we went to visit the local SDA church along with the brethren who are still members there. There were about 300 people present. They meet in the auditorium of a school which they rent on Sabbaths. There was a lot of singing during the service which we greatly enjoyed. The entire congregation sang lustily. Africans have a natural ability to sing in the various parts, bass, tenor soprano etc., and the harmony was rich and melodious. I really enjoyed it and I regret that my recording equipment could not do justice to it.

During the lunch break one of the elders invited me to have lunch with them and I agreed. However, I was not happy with the arrangement when I realized what it was. The elders ate by themselves in a corner, the ordinary people sat in another area, and the ladies stayed and ate in the kitchen area. At first nobody spoke to me and I wondered, "why did they ask me to eat with them?" After about five minutes of me sitting in silence, one of them broke the ice and asked me about Jamaica. However, they only made small talk and I was happy when I finished eating to excuse myself and to join my friends in the other section.

The elder who had invited me to eat with them had earlier spoken to me and told

me that he believed in what we were teaching, but he was not happy with our methods. His idea was that if we worked in a more disguised manner and were not so open in condemning error and promoting the truth, then eventually we could get the whole church over to the truth. He said that he would never ever leave the SDA church. When I asked, "what if the SDA church leaves the truth?" He said that could not happen, because the holy spirit would lead it back. I wanted to talk to him some more, but unfortunately, when I sat beside him at lunch, he hardly spoke a word.

That night was to be an all night meeting. We were sure that the people would be very tired and sleepy and after a sermon or two most of them would be fast asleep. We also felt that after a full day at church they would be worn out and just not able to bear the strain involved in an all night meeting. However, the brethren insisted that all would be well and so, rather reluctantly we submitted to their programme. We, however, knew our limitations and stayed at home in the afternoon and tried to get some sleep to prepare for it.

The meeting was not what we expected. Howard and I were very pleasantly surprised. About 50 people were there when we started at 9.00 o'clock, and by the time we ended at 5.00 the following morning, there were still about 30 of us. The people held up like champions. A few were fighting sleep, yes, but the majority were very alert right through. They were thrilled with the messages as we spoke about "The Holy Spirit", "God on trial", and also told of our experiences with the church and how we were disfellowshipped, and discussed the problems with the church. I have never seen people so eager and receptive to the truth, and so anxious to learn more. In between presentations we had real African singing. The congregational singing was wonderful, but there were also some special items by a group called "Unshaken." These were especially delightful.

One of the ladies who belongs to this group had come to the meetings on the previous two nights. She was so thrilled that she wanted the rest of her friends to hear, so in order to get them to come she decided to ask them to sing some

items. After the items, some of them went home, but others stayed until morning. One young lady was being urged by her sister to leave so they could go home, but she refused and eventually her sister had to leave her. She stayed until morning and never once closed her eyes.

The day before this all night meeting, Howard had started complaining of a headache This continued during the all night meeting, but he was able to hold up. By morning he was feeling much worse, with a throbbing headache and a sore throat. He found it difficult to sleep because of the pain. At about 10.00 o'clock that Sunday morning one of the brothers gave him a, "one day flu cure" which was some kind of herbal tea. After the first dose and an ice-cold shower he felt a little better, but the stuffiness and a minor headache remained. That Sunday evening a meeting was scheduled at Brother Charles' house (since the meeting hall was no longer available). Howard was unable to attend, but I spoke on, "God's Administration." Those who came were very happy with what they learned.

Monday was our last day in South Africa. Howard was feeling much better except for a cold and periodic sneezing. We went around town with some of the young men looking for a used photocopier, which we were told, could be had for a small sum. After seeing the work they were doing with very little resources, we were anxious to help them to find a way to reproduce literature. After visiting a few places we realized that the copiers were more expensive than we thought. The cheapest second hand one which we saw cost about \$400.00 (US) so we returned home without purchasing one. However, before we left Johannesburg we made sure that they had the funds for this photocopy machine and since returning home we have received news from brother Onward that they have obtained this machine and that it is doing a great work for the truth.

As we searched for this copier we passed through some of the more wealthy areas of Johannesburg and we realized that some parts of the city were very modern and like some of the best cities in the United States. However, the area where we stayed was one of the

poorer areas and in many ways reminded us of some parts of downtown Kingston, Jamaica.

That day we had lunch at Brother Charles' home. His wife had made "Pap" for us. Pap is made from ground corn (maize) and is Africa's main staple food. In South Africa it is called "Pap" but in Kenya and Tanzania it is called Ugali. It was my first experience eating "pap," but Howard was accustomed to the taste having been to Africa before. This "pap," is made without any salt or seasoning. The consistency of it is somewhat like turned cornmeal, but more firm. It is eaten with the fingers, usually with some other food which is salty such as chinese cabbage or something similar. We enjoyed this meal and Howard made arrangements to buy a few pounds of this white cornmeal so that he could try to make pap when he went home.

That evening we went to see Mdu's sister who had really come to appreciate this truth and is photocopying pages and passing them out to friends to study and read. She was delighted to have us in her home. We had a lovely discussion and then a wonderful meal. It was hard to say good-bye and we did not eventually leave until about 10.00 p.m.

Tuesday morning came too quickly and it was time for us to leave South Africa. Our next stop would be Nairobi, Kenya.

NAIROBI, KENYA

Our flight to Kenya was three hours and thirty five minutes. On arrival we had a rather speedy and quiet customs clearance. As we looked at the persons waiting for passengers with placards bearing names, we did not see our names, so we decided to wait on the inside. Later on I walked on the outside to see if anyone would recognize us, but no one did. Finally I made a phone call to the brother whom we were to meet and discovered that he was on a bus on the way to the airport. A few minutes later he arrived. He was Pastor Moses Nyamora, our contact person. It was the first time on our trip that we would be taking public transportation with our entire luggage. However we had to wait for another group of brethren who were also coming by bus to meet us. So we waited, and waited. After a long wait

and a few phone calls back and forth we were told that they had already arrived at the airport, but had gotten lost as they had gone to the wrong section. Eventually they found us, the wait was over, and they arrived overjoyed to meet us. We got a bus and headed for the city of Nairobi.

The drive to Nairobi was similar to what it might have been on a bus in Jamaica. The driver drove like he was the only one on the road and all the traffic in his way had to pull over when he decided to overtake. It was not too strange to two Jamaicans. However, when we got to Nairobi itself, it was a different story for me. Here the traffic was jam-packed with just inches between each vehicle. Pedestrians crossed the road at their own peril as the drivers did not seem to be aware of their existence. It seemed that at any moment there would be a crash and an impossible pile up, but miraculously, we got to our destination unscathed.

From Nairobi, an ancient taxi took us to the area where Moses lived. From there, we got into two smaller taxis and finally after a bumpy ride over some very bad roads, we arrived at the small, but cheerful home of Moses.

Brother Moses Nyamora lives in a small two bedroom house with his wife and 11 children. Four of his own and the others adopted. They are very nice people and his wife, Prisca is a pleasant hard working woman. I was amazed to think that so many people could hold in one house but the children sleep three to a bed in one room. While I was there, I was greatly impressed with brother Moses' household. First of all, though the tiny house was heavily overworked while we were there (at times there were more than 20 people in the house as there was a constant stream of visitors coming to see us), Sister Prisca never once seemed to be annoyed or flustered. Though she was constantly busy cleaning up or preparing food or other-

wise entertaining the guests, she was full of cheerfulness and a hospitality which was remarkable. We also had conversations with the children and were impressed with their mannerly, forthright yet hospitable and relaxed attitude.

Moses wife was a reflection of many women in Africa. I must confess that I have never seen women work so hard, so cheerfully. They accept the idea that it is their duty to bear the heaviest burdens and we often saw women (especially in Ghana later) carrying loads on their heads which seemed to be almost taller than they were. In addition to these loads many of these women often had a baby strapped to their backs in the customary African way.

We were scheduled to spend only one night in Nairobi before leaving for the town of Arusha in Tanzania, where we would be attending a campmeeting. After the campmeeting, we would return to Kenya to spend a few more days and at that time we would hold some meetings there. We were hoping to leave early the next morning (Wednesday). However, there was a bit of a delay because Sister Esther McDaniel from



Smyrna (the editor of *Hearth to Hearth* newsletter) was scheduled to arrive that morning from the USA as she also would be attending the campmeeting, and visiting some places in Kenya. Her flight was delayed for two hours, so by the time she arrived, got cleaned up and had some food, we were significantly later than we had anticipated.

The journey from Kenya to Tanzania was made by taxi. Seven of us including the driver were crammed into the car and although it was a fairly large car, it became a bit of an endurance trial before the journey was over. The

journey took place in two stages. First there was the stage from Nairobi to the Kenya/Tanzania border, and then from there, we got another taxi which took us from the border to Arusha. Each stage of the journey was more than three hours long, so in all, it was nearly an eight hour journey. It was mostly bush for most of the way and the road was very straight for miles and miles, but there were moments when we really got excited as we had the privilege of seeing some of the natural life of Africa. Once we saw an ostrich trying to cross the road to get to a female on the other side. When he saw us he ran off a little bit, but we got a good look and a few far off photos. He was much more colourful than they often appear in pictures that we have seen. Then later we saw a herd of about eight giraffes cross the road ahead of us. They stopped on the other side and again we got some photos. We also saw some zebras and a herd of camels. It was very interesting. We also saw many of the Masai

would be staying on the premises where the campmeeting would be held. This was in the Usa River area, at a place called Powellimav. The other brethren would be staying at a large house some distance away in an area called "Maji Ya Chai," close to where brother Kitomari lived.

The premises where the campmeeting was to be held had been rented from a religious group (I am not sure what denomination) which has established a training school there for handicapped children. While we were there these children were attending classes in shoemaking, sewing, machine shop work, welding etc. We were quite impressed with the work that was being done. The campus was quite beautiful by any standards and was quite unusual for Africa. The assembly hall had been rented for our campmeeting, while we (Howard, David, Sisters Esther and Annah), had rented a couple of rooms in one of the cottages for the duration of our time in Arusha.

Another day Howard caught sight of a tract in a woman's Bible entitled, "Mungu wa Biblia." We Borrowed this tract and looked it over. Though we could not read the words we realized that it was a translation of our tract, "The God of The Bible." Upon inquiry we discovered that this tract had been translated by pastor Adam Mambwene (also a former minister in the IMS) along with a couple of others. He has not been able to get these tracts printed in large amounts because of the expense involved, but he has been photocopying them when he can and distributing them.

I was left with no doubt that these brethren are sincere believers who love the truth and have a great interest in spreading it. Brother Alfred Mukhooli from Uganda was present along with brother Fred Musungu and a couple of others from his country. We learned that he had travelled all the way to Homa Bay in Kenya to plant the truth there. As a result of his visit Pastor Maurice Anyango, a Seventh-day Adventist minister of nine years had accepted the truth and has now become the main advocate of the truth in the Oyugis area after being put out of the SDA ministry.

Brother Ephraim Ngwenya drove for nearly 3000 miles to come from Zimbabwe with a small group from his home church, including his wife, Sibonisiwe, his sister Fathima, and a Bible worker from their group, a brother named Vusa Ncube. As with the Zimbabweans whom I met in Johannesburg, I found them to be earnest people with a love for the truth and a good understanding of the word of God.

Brother Moses Nyamora is a pastor in Nairobi and he was present along with his sister, Annah Nyambeki. He is pastor of a church of more than 60 members who all believe the truth about God.

Most of the messages at the campmeeting were done by both Howard and me. However, there were contributions from most of the others from the various countries and even one presentation by sister Esther on the subject of home-schooling.

Many of the brethren here seemed to have the same difficulties with legalism as we encountered in Europe. The same question came up about women



Setting out for Tanzania

We had come to Africa with a cautious attitude, not quite sure what to expect. We receive many letters from Africa all the time and there are so many requests for all kinds of things and so many stories that we thought it best to be cautious. We were wonderfully surprised. The brethren whom we encountered in Africa are for the most part, the best of people and they are working hard to spread the truth. We found that brother

Kitomari (a former minister in the IMS branch of the Reform SDA church) had translated several books into the Swahili language. We were amazed when he showed us several booklets such as "Who is telling the truth about God," "The Mystery Demystified," "The Omega," etc. as well as several tracts, all carefully translated into Swahili and written out by hand, preserved in notebooks, but neither typed nor published because of a lack of funds. We could see that he had put a lot of work into translating these materials. Before we left we made sure that he had the money for typesetting these books and made a commitment that we would print at least a supply of these books and ship back to them in Africa.

people along the way. Apparently there was a drought which had already been in progress for many months. Everywhere was brown and dry, and as a result many of the Masai had come in from the bush and were living a little closer to civilization. At least that is what one of them told me when we stopped at the border.

ARUSHA CAMPMEETING

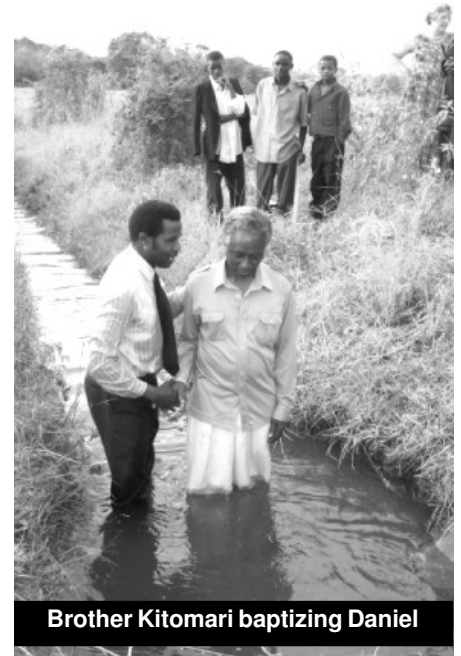
When we arrived in Arusha we found our host, Brother K. Kitomari waiting for us at the bus stop. From there we were taken by bus to the place where we would be staying. We, along with sister Esther and her travelling companion, Annah Nyambeki from Nairobi,

covering their hair and braiding their hair. Some of the brethren, especially the ministers seemed to have a good understanding of these things but some of the others seemed to have difficulty with appreciating the answers which I gave to some of these questions. Brother Mambwene whispered to me that it was because of the extreme legalism which existed in the Reform SDA church and now that they were out they still had those bad ideas in their heads.

During my trip to Europe a few weeks earlier, I had seen three areas in which the people seemed to need the greatest instruction. It was the same in South Africa and also at the camp meeting. These areas are: The Godhead, Biblical Church Organization, and the issues related to the law and Christ our Righteousness. For this reason, the messages were focused on these three areas. Our messages included topics such as "God's Administration," "Sons

that the representatives from there were not altogether straightforward in their report and activities.

The camp meeting ended with a baptism where six precious souls gave their lives to the Lord. This baptism took place in what seemed to me to be an irrigation ditch, where the water was just about at the knee of brother Kitomari, who conducted the baptism. I was made to understand that this water was from the Usa river, but it must have been just a part of it that was diverted for irrigation because the channel in which it ran was clearly man-made and was very narrow and shallow. It was a real challenge to brother Kitomari to lift up the candidates after he had put them under the water and there were a couple of near disasters when he stumbled, but by the grace of God there was no mishap. The singing, in the open air was exhilarating. It was a lovely scene and in the distance, towering over the



Brother Kitomari baptizing Daniel

brother named Chinyemba Mafo who came from a different part of Zambia than the ones who had left.

During the meetings, we looked at various issues such as:

- (1) The need to recognize who was translating what and in which language, so as to avoid repetitions of the same work.
- (2) To identify the cheapest ways of working in carrying our message to new places.
- (3) Ways in which we could keep our newsletter lists up to date so that literature and News letters will not be sent to people who don't appreciate them.
- (4) The possibility of maintaining communication with each country through one recognized person. This especially as a means of coping with the many requests for assistance which often come to overseas ministries from unknown individuals.
- (5) We also discussed the question of whether or not there should be a common name for all those who are involved in propagating this message. This idea at first was appealing to a few, however, it was rapidly discouraged as we were mostly of the opinion that we did not want another



Campmeeting Group

and Not Servants," "The God of The Bible," and others of a similar nature.

Beginning on Sabbath afternoon, we had reports from the various countries represented and were informed of how the work was progressing. The starting point of most of these experiences had been the visit of Howard and Lynnford to Africa two years ago when they visited Zimbabwe, Zambia, and Tanzania. We were especially blessed by the testimonies from Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania and Zimbabwe. Later some information came to light which led us to believe that all was not well in Zambia and

landscape we could make out the dim outline of the snow capped peak of mount Kilimanjaro. Nearer at hand and covered in clouds was mount Meru.

The camp meeting was scheduled to conclude with a workers meeting, where an effort would be made to bring some kind of organization to the work in Africa. There were representatives from all the countries present except for Zambia, whose elected representatives left before the workers' meetings started, for reasons which seemed to be very suspicious. The only remaining person from Zambia was a young

monolithic denomination with centralized control. This was eventually the happy consensus of all present.

(6) We also discussed the idea of formulating a statement of beliefs to which we could all subscribe. There was a bit of discussion on this and some were also of the opinion that we needed this to ensure that we have a uniform faith. However, other factors were looked at. Some were of the opinion that a statement of beliefs would not so much serve to unify us, as to become a means of separating us from others. It was also pointed out that we might make a statement with which we could agree, but what was to stop our children from adding to, or changing that statement? This was felt to be an open door by which corporate apostasy could be introduced as has been the case with the SDA denomination. Eventually we agreed to leave that matter alone and to continue to make the Bible our sole authority,



Esther with Kenyan Group at Campmeeting in Arusha

even though we did not have one hundred percent agreement on this point.

TARANGIRE WILDLIFE PARK

The end of the workers meeting brought an end to the meetings in Arusha, with one day to spare, so the brethren decided to take us to one of their national parks. We decided to go to Tarangire because it was the best of those which was nearby (only two and a half hours away), and it was also much less expensive than Serengeti and Ngorongoro.

The morning of the trip during prepara-

tions, Howard hurt his back seriously, so he was unable to visit the park, and missed a whole lot of excitement. At the park we saw lots of zebras, wildebeeste, giraffes, elephants, gazelle, antelope, meerkats, ostriches, etc. and even a few lions, all in the wild. We managed to come very close to them but we stayed in the vehicle. It was a real thrill for us to see these animals living in their natural environment.

Along the way to the park, we also got to see a lot of the natural life of the grasslands of Tanzania. There were many Masai along the way herding cattle or just walking along the roadside. Some of them had spears, but every single one of them, even the little boys carries a stick. It is a trademark of the Masai. All the men wear a red robe with blue stripes. This robe is just basically a piece of cloth draped around them.

THE MASAI

The Masai is a tribe which lives in Kenya and Tanzania. It is a nomadic tribe which has never succumbed to the ways of civilization. Once we saw a Masai riding a motorbike and it was a source of amazement to our African friends. However, once we even saw one in an internet cafe sending an email, dressed up in all his Masai regalia! These Masai live by their cattle. They have herds of cows mingled with goats and sheep. Over and over we passed solitary Masai men or boys (some perhaps as young as seven or eight years old), alone out in the bush watching over a herd of maybe fifty or a hundred cows mingled with sheep. Each one had his trademark stick and some had spears. This was their job all day.

These Masai drink the milk from the cows. However, they also periodically pierce a vein in the neck of their cows from which they will draw blood which also forms a part of their diet. They are closely bonded to their cows and depend on them for their livelihood. We passed many Masai villages. These are mainly temporary mud huts which are covered with thatch. In the centre of each village there is often an enclosure

of thorns in which they keep their cattle at night. For centuries Masai young men have proven their manhood by killing lions with nothing but a spear. Brother Moses told me, "if a lion sees a Masai, he will run away at a very fast speed."

While we were in Kenya, a report appeared in the newspapers that the Masai had killed ten lions which had wandered out of one of the National parks. These lions had killed some of the Masai cows and in revenge the Masai had killed ten of them. The conservationists were incensed at the killing of the lions, however, a spokesman for the Masai said, "when the lions kill one hundred of our cows nobody says a word, but as soon as we kill a single lion everybody is upset." These Masai are not required to have passports or to pass through immigration or customs when they move from one country to another. The officials leave them alone and do not attempt to subject them to the same regulations which govern the movement of ordinary people.

KENYA AGAIN

On Friday, the day after our visit to Tarangire, we returned to Nairobi. After another wearying drive we arrived at about 3:30 in the afternoon. We shopped around to find a monitor for a computer which was being donated to the orphanage in Oyugis before returning to Moses home on the outskirts of Nairobi

On Sabbath we had a good meeting in Nairobi with maybe 80 people there who have accepted the message. These were mostly members of Brother Moses' church, but there were also some who had come from Kisii, many miles away. Some of them such as Brother Evans Magare and Richard Mogendi had been Sunday keeping



With Masai women in Tanzania

preachers. However, they had accepted the Sabbath and were thrilled to learn the truth about God. They were anxious that we should come to Kisii also to spend some time teaching their people there. Unfortunately our programme was too tight to allow us to do so and we had to promise that we would pray about the possibility of doing so sometime in the future.

Also present were some who were refugees from the Congo and their condition was heartrending. Their clothes were ill-fitting and the children were ragged. They have been living on charity for 18 months now because the government of Kenya has not accepted them. They sang a song about their condition in Swahili and somebody translated for us. The song said,

*Our Father in heaven, hear us as we are praying for you to bless us father, we are in a corrupt world.
O God where are we going, with our loads on our backs
Children are dying because of hunger, O where are you God?
We are now asking you God to bless us.
Mothers are running, Father will you help them?
Fathers are running, Father will you help them?
Children are running, Father will you help them?
What mistake have we made, Rwanda and Burundi?
People are being killed like animals, God, where are you?
Churches are empty, Christians are being separated, Rwanda people and Ugandans are running, God, please help them.
Sudanese people are running, God please help them,
Burundi people are running, God please help them
Congo people are running, God please help them*

It was deeply touching. They sang with feeling from their own experience. These people had been Pentecostals, but then when they heard the message about God, through Moses, they accepted the truth.

Of course, there is a glaring need here



for all kinds of things. After seeing the condition here, I am more sympathetic towards the "hands stretched out" attitude of some Africans even though we had the bad experiences too. But I have to say, these cases were the exception. The people for the most part displayed an unexpected nobility.

While we were in Tanzania at the campmeeting, Sister Esther received a message from brothers Allen Stump and Lynnford Beachy back at Smyrna, to be careful about visiting the orphanage in Kenya, because there was a man in the area who had threatened that he was going to kill her. This man had previously been in charge of an orphanage which received a lot of support from persons who subscribed to Sister Esther's newsletter, "Hearth to Hearth." However, when it was discovered that this man was a fraud who was misusing the funds sent to him, sister Esther had arranged for all support to him to be cut off, and in fact, his orphanage had been shut down by the authorities and he was banned from entering the United States. It was because of this that he had threatened to kill Esther. Pastor Maurice Anyango is presently in charge of another orphanage which is now being supported by "Hearth to Hearth" and its readers, and it was this orphanage that Sister Esther especially wished to visit. The problem was that it was fairly close to the area where the disgruntled man lived. Nevertheless, after prayer and encouragement by Pastor Maurice, we all decided to go to the orphanage and to leave the matter in the hands of God.

The drive to the orphanage was another long and wearying one. On the way through Nairobi to catch a bus I was

forced to run with two suitcases and as a result, my back started giving me problems. Both Howard and I were now suffering from the same problem and I hoped that the brethren would not conclude that Jamaicans had weak backs! The bus ride was not helpful to our backs, especially since we were sitting over the rear wheels of the bus and could feel every bump and pothole in the road. The bus which we travelled on was one of those large old buses (in Jamaica we would call it a country bus). Every few miles somebody would get up and start preaching in a shrill strident voice. This was sometimes punctuated by the crowing of a rooster which was apparently also a passenger on the bus a few seats ahead of us.

The scenery was fascinating, although Howard saw very little of it. He was again not feeling well. He had left Nairobi with a high fever and was of the opinion that he had contracted malaria. However, I did not think it was malaria, because we had been reassured by everyone that there was no malaria in the area of Nairobi. The brethren in Nairobi got him some malaria pills which he duly took, but for most of the trip to Kisii, on the way to the orphanage, he was sleeping off whatever bug had gotten into his system.

A man was sitting beside me on the bus and we soon struck up a conversation. I discovered that he was a policeman, and one of the security officers responsible for guarding the president of Kenya. However, he was on holiday and on his way home to visit his wife and child in a place called Kericho, because the president was at that time away on a visit to the USA. This man gave me a running commentary and pointed out all the places of interest along the way. At one point we passed by a turning to a place called Eldoret, and he told me that this was the place where all the great runners from Kenya originated. They all belonged to a particular tribe which lived in that region called Eldoret.

When we approached Kericho where this man lived, we came upon miles and miles of carefully cultivated tea plants.

There were hundreds of thousands of acres of it and all carefully cut to the same level. From a distance these tea fields appeared like the most carefully manicured golf courses, so level and smooth was the surface of the tea plants. However, at close range you could see that these were actually fair sized plants which had had all the tops cut to exactly the same level. My friend told me that this was one of the important techniques about harvesting tea. For some reason it all had to be cut to exactly the same level. There were so many of these tea plants that it seemed to me that there was enough to satisfy all the tea drinkers in the world and still leave a lot to spare!

One curious custom which I noticed as we drove along was the tendency of the Kenyan people to lie on the grass. Everywhere there were people lying on the grass, some face down, others with faces upturned, some in the shade, others in the blazing sun. It was the most amazing thing. I called Howard's attention to it. In Jamaica and I suppose in most countries people will sit on the grass and sometimes lie on it if it is cool and clean, but usually with some kind of cloth as a mat to lie on. Here, the people just seemed to enjoy lying on the grass and we saw people of all ages and from both sexes and seemingly from all walks of life, just lying on the grass, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos and sometimes in groups.

THE ORPHANAGE IN OYUGIS

Finally, we arrived in the town of Kisii from where we got a minibus which took us to Oyugis where the orphanage is. As soon as we arrived at the gate an explosion of laughing shouting children erupted around us. We were swarmed by children of all sizes and ages and hugged and kissed; it was a bit overwhelming. Later in the evening they burst into a song which almost took off the rafters. They seemed very happy and here, we also had to recognize that God is doing a real work. While we were there, there was worship each morning at 5.00 o'clock and each morning a different one of the children there would lead out in the lesson and prayer.

One of the highlights of this trip to the orphanage was the singing. Pastor Maurice has done a great job with these

children and young people. They have a lovely choir which sang several times while we were there and each time, I was deeply thrilled by the singing. The children range in age from about three years to about nineteen. There is a mixture of both boys and girls. Each child seems to know his duties very well and carries out his or her task willingly and cheerfully. One noticeable feature was the way the older children looked after and supervised the younger ones. The atmosphere of a family was very real.

The rented facilities at the orphanage are not too bad by African standards, however, there are only two toilets to serve nearly ninety persons, and these toilets are in the African style, simply a hole cut into the concrete floor with a pit underneath. Many of the other facilities would also be inadequate by western standards. The cooking is done on wood fires in a small log building and the dishes are washed outside in the open air. However the children cooperate in making the best of what they have and they seemed to be quite happy.

While we were at the orphanage in Kenya, two of the orphans, young women, maybe 16 or 17 years old, were sent home from school by the teacher to have their hair trimmed. Before they trimmed they had about a sixteenth of an inch of hair on their heads! I was horrified and so sorry for the poor things. After they got their haircut, their heads looked like Michael Jordan's. Girls have to keep their hair very short while they are in school and that is probably the reason why so many of the African women have such low hair.

While at the orphanage we were able to meet a few of the persons from the area who have accepted the truth about God. One of these persons was brother James Ogot. James had been a minister in the SDA Church, but like Maurice, he had lost his job when he accepted the truth about God. He had many questions concerning the godhead and other issues which, I did my best to answer. Meeting him was a good experience, for him, as well as for us and I think that by the grace of God we were able to answer most of his questions. There was also a man present from the "Jesus only" belief who was quite enthusiastic when he discovered that we did not believe in the Trinity. However, we soon

got into a discussion on the subject where we began to look more closely at the problems with the "Jesus Only" belief. To his credit this man listened carefully and at the end admitted that there were some things which he had not thought about and which he needed to look into more carefully.

After two days at the orphanage, we departed for the journey back to Nairobi, from where we would be leaving for Ghana. We left sister Esther behind as she was scheduled to spend two more weeks in Oyugis at the orphanage. This was really where her heart was and she was so happy to be there that it seemed she would cheerfully have spent six weeks there. Later we discovered that she had to leave after one week as the



Some of the younger orphans

threat on her life was very real, and in fact, three assassins had been hired to kill her. When she heard of this and decided to leave Oyugis to return to Nairobi, she left just in time as the assassins arrived the very morning she left for Nairobi. Later on the police were able to find out where these assassins were staying. As they approached the house one of the men who was drunk fired on them and was shot dead by the police. The other two escaped.

After arriving back in Nairobi, we spent the night packing our things and saying goodbye to Moses' family. They were sweet to the end and sang a few songs for us before we turned in to bed on this final night. We left at 7:30 the following morning but were at the airport from 4:40. It was one step nearer to home and you can be sure we did not want to take a chance on missing any flights. Howard and I were even thinking of sleeping at the airport on the night before we left, however, Moses persuaded us not to, and chartered a taxi to take us there very early. We took off from Kenya full of memories and a

little sad to leave so many good friends behind. However, we were getting really homesick and the thought that we were one step closer to home mitigated our sorrow at leaving.

GHANA

After a five hour flight, we arrived at the airport at Accra with some measure of misgivings. Our contact in Ghana, the person who had arranged the meetings was brother Paul Osei Agyeman. We had first heard of this brother through Erwin Zoor from Germany who had told us of a brother from Ghana who had shared the truth about God with 18 churches which had accepted the message. We had made contact with this brother, brother Agyeman, but we had no clear information as to whether or not we would be met at the airport. We had received an email simply giving us instructions as to which buses would take us the 450 kilometers from Accra where we would land, to Berekum where the meetings would be taking place.

The passage through the airport at Accra was smooth and quick. It is a very small airport by today's standards and everything was relaxed and low key. In fact, it was like this generally all over Africa. As soon as we had collected our baggage and stepped out of the restricted area, our fears were allayed. Four young men were standing there holding up placards on which our names (and photographs!) were prominently displayed. After enthusiastic introductions we got into a minivan on the side of which was a logo of the three angels of Revelation 14, with "Remnant International Missionary School," written in bold letters along each side of the van.

From the airport we were taken to a home in Accra where we met brother Paul. He had visitors with him from Germany, so his attention had to be divided between us and them. However, this gave us an opportunity as we ate a meal, to observe quietly. This home was the home of Paul's brother and after eating we set out on the journey to Berekum which would take us the rest of the day. It was an exhausting trip which took even longer than anticipated because of a boiling radiator on the van which caused us to stop regularly to refill with water. We arrived at about 9.00 p.m. that night, weary, and glad to find

a room with two beds waiting for us.

The next morning after breakfast brother Paul explained to us that we would not be having any meetings that first day, but we would have the opportunity to rest and to do some sight-seeing. In fact, he had arranged for us to be taken to a village three hours away where we would see monkeys living in perfect harmony with humans. The meetings would begin the following day and would consist of four meetings each day for five days, all of which would be taken by Howard and myself. This was a rough schedule, but we were prepared for it.

The visit to the monkey sanctuary was interesting. We had the usual trauma with the van, stopping every few miles to refill, otherwise everything went well. When we arrived, all we saw was a village with people. There was not a monkey in sight. However, I soon spotted one in a nearby tree and after we procured some corn which we held out to them (unknown to the ranger who was our guide) they started to appear by the dozen. Soon we had them all around us. Monkeys of all sizes. They walked about all over the cars and the houses and calmly sat beside us eating from our hands.

The ranger had taken some of the visitors on a tour but both Howard and I were suffering from back problems and we declined to go on the tour. When the ranger came back and found us feeding the monkeys he asked us to stop and explained that they did not want the monkeys to become dependent on humans. He was very nice about it and in fact was thrilled to have Jamaicans there. He, like everybody else in Africa knew all about the Jamaican Reggae singer Bob Marley and thought that Jamaica was the greatest place on earth. This was one thing which amazed us while there. As soon as we mentioned that we were Jamaicans anywhere in Africa, immediately we became special people. Everybody wanted to tell us how wonderful Jamaica was and how they dreamed of coming there one day.

DENOMINATIONAL MADNESS

At first we had many questions about brother Paul and his work in Ghana, but the more we learned, the more impressed we became. Brother Paul Osei

Agyeman is the successor to the position of chieftain or local king in his ancestral village. In fact, the reigning chief recently died and several delegations have been sent to brother Paul requesting that he take up his position as chief. However, he has refused, and told us that he can never accept the position because being a chief involves paying homage to dead ancestors and other spiritualistic rituals which are incompatible with his Christian convictions.

Brother Paul is the foremost leader of a group of nearly 2000 people in 19 churches who have been put out of the Seventh-day Adventist denomination. The SDA leaders have acted in an arrogant and high-handed way towards these brethren which is almost unbelievable. However, the end result is that in the Mid-west Ghana Conference of 31 churches, 17 churches have been put out of the SDA organization, while 14 have elected to submit to the tyranny of the leaders, and to remain with the conference. Two other churches from another conference have also been separated from the SDA organization.

The controversy started when the Conference organized ecumenical meetings some of which involved Sunday keeping ministers preaching in Seventh-day Adventist churches. Brother Paul who was at that time a popular lay evangelist, working hand in hand with the conference to establish new churches, raised objections to these ecumenical



Making friends in Ghana

meetings and the disagreement between him and the conference became so sharp that the conference instructed his church board to disfellowship him. When the church board refused, they instructed the church to dismantle the church board. When the church refused, they expelled the church from the sis-

terhood of churches.

They accused brother Paul of many things and made it known among other things that he was educating the churches not to return tithes to the Conference. A delegation of eleven elders from eleven churches in the conference decided to investigate the accusations of the conference and to that end they came to the Berekum District where Brother Paul operates. The first church they came to had that very week returned three million (3,000,000) Cedis (the Ghanaian unit of currency) to the conference, so the elders discovered that the allegations of the conference officials against Brother Paul were not true. They visited the conference office and stated their findings. The conference officials were so infuriated that these elders should dare to disagree with them that they drove these elders away from the conference premises and told them that if they should ever come there again without the permission of their various pastors they would be disfellowshipped. True to their word, the next time these elders returned to the conference office on the same mission, they disfellowshipped seven of them. Four of them were not disfellowshipped because they were from the Berekum District and in that District, it was not easy for the conference to disfellowship those elders.

Many other things happened which cannot be covered in such a short report. We intend to do a special report on what happened in Ghana in the near future. However, the final arrogant move of the conference was to demand that all the churches in the Conference should write a letter stating that they were Seventh-day Adventists and that they were willing to obey the Conference. 14 of the churches meekly complied with this demand, 17 of them however stated that they had always been Seventh-day Adventists and that they saw no reason to write such a letter. In addition, they were willing to obey the conference only where the conference was in obedience to God. These 17 churches consisting of approximately 2000 people were summarily dismissed from the sisterhood of churches.

These brethren have accepted the truth about God and are working to spread the message in Ghana. They have a

small radio station which broadcasts 20 hours each day and also a printing press. They also have a farm of 70 acres and also another piece of land of 80 acres where they are establishing a missionary training school. They were very happy for the message which we shared with them because, although they had come to understand that God is not a Trinity, they had many questions which needed answering and by the grace of God we were able to supply many of these answers and to give them a better understanding of the truth.

These brethren will be having a campmeeting in Berekum from December 28 to January 4. Close to 2000 people are expected to be at that meeting.

MEETINGS IN BEREKUM

Our meetings in Ghana were held on a property of 80 acres where brother Paul lives, some distance out of town. Here he is seeking to establish a missionary training school and has already constructed a building where most of



**Church of disfellowshipped
at Dwenem**

the classes will take place. This building is by no means a fancy one. It is constructed of boards and is just a framework with the bottom half boarded up and the top half open to the elements. A zinc roof and a concrete floor completes this building. However, this is the pattern for most of the schools and many of the churches which we saw in Ghana. This building will hold perhaps up to one hundred and fifty persons, and it was here that we had our meetings. The majority of those who attended camped out at brother Paul's house, or in other buildings on the property. Howard and I however, also held meetings in the church back in town each night, and so arrangements were made for us to stay at another house

closer to town. This was the house where brother Paul had formerly lived and it was on these premises that the printing press and literature store room were located.

The enthusiasm of the young men and women who attended these meetings in Berekum was a great blessing. Two things which will live in my mind was the memory of a whole roomful of them diligently taking notes and writing down every Bible verse which we mentioned. They were quick to grasp what we were saying and as brother Paul quizzed them the following morning they demonstrated that they not only understood, but also remembered very well the things which we had taught. Another thing which I will not forget is the way they said "amen." They would be very quiet during prayer, but when whoever was praying would come to the end and say, "in Jesus' name, amen," then there would be a roar of "amen" which almost raised the roof. I have never heard amen said in such an enthusiastic manner anywhere else in the world.

While I was in Berekum, during these meetings, an irritation developed in my throat which seemed to migrate to my lungs and after a while I had a constant irritating cough. Eventually my throat became very sore and one day I discovered that my voice was gone. I could only speak in a hoarse whisper and even that effort was painful. We had already had some wonderful studies on the subject of the godhead, but I was anxious to deal with some of the issues of the law and righteousness, and I was scheduled to speak on the topic, "Delivered From The Law," that day. I was not willing to put off or to leave out that subject.

Brother Paul told me of a remedy which his uncle had which had never failed to work in cases like this. This consisted of a small brown ball made from a combination of herbs. A little water is poured on concrete, then this ball is rubbed in the water until some of it mingles with the water. This mixture is wiped up by the fingers and swallowed and this is supposed to cure the problem. In my case, they did not want to use the concrete because the only concrete available was the floor. They tried to rub this herbal ball against the blade of a knife but it was too smooth and finally they

washed off a little part of the concrete floor and carried out the necessary grinding here. As I wiped the mixture from the floor and placed it in my mouth I was happy that my wife Jen was not present. She would not have been happy to see me putting stuff from the floor into my mouth.

Unfortunately, this unique remedy did not work for me. Finally, the brethren got out some public address equipment and set it up. There was no electricity but they had a generator and soon had it going. With this equipment, I preached in a whisper, but everyone heard very clearly. I was not very comfortable but God gave me strength and I had the satisfaction of seeing that the message was a great blessing to those who listened.

Later a sister came to me and was very solicitous about my condition. She advised me to go to the pharmacy and to ask for something named Septrin which she said would cure me. I had not been into a drug store seeking a remedy for many years and had a great antipathy to any kind of drug. However, I took her advice and on the way home we were able to get some Septrin. I took the tablets as prescribed and they seemed to help because by the next morning my voice had returned, though I still could not speak very loudly.

This illness bothered me for the rest of my time in Africa, because although the hoarseness gradually diminished, I coughed constantly whenever there was the slightest pressure on my lungs and this included whenever I sat down and leaned back, or whenever I lay down. One night I did not sleep for the entire night, because I was constantly coughing and as soon as I started to drift into sleep the coughing woke me up. I was not sure if this problem developed because of some bug which I encountered and to which my body was not accustomed, or because of the excessive dust which was prevalent everywhere in Ghana. Many of the roads are made of a combination of asphalt and dirt. This does not hold up very well and the result is that there is dust everywhere along most of the roadways. The trees, the buildings, everything is covered with

dust.

Another thing which we found challenging in Ghana was some of the food. The national staple, Fufu, is a combination of cassava and plantain. This is beaten into a paste somewhat of the consistency of kneaded white flour. This is eaten with the fingers after being dipped in soup and is supposed to be swallowed without being chewed! Howard and I found this to be more of a challenge than we could face. Banku, a similar compound but this time made with cornmeal instead of cassava was equally difficult for us. However, we discovered that Ghana has some of the



best yam in the world. We thoroughly enjoyed the yam and so we asked for yam from then on, and we did pretty well on a diet of yam and plantains. In the mornings I had bread with peanut butter, but most times while we were in Africa Howard elected to do without breakfast.

When the time came for us to leave Ghana, it was with a feeling that there was still a great deal left for us to do. It seemed that we had just barely begun to know the people and the truth is that we had only met a very few of the 2000 who had been disfellowshipped. Nevertheless, we were raring to get home. For some reason this African trip had been the most difficult of all the trips which I had taken. This was not only true physically but also emotionally for both Howard and me. By this time we both were moaning constantly for wives and families and home. This was compounded by the fact that the whole time that we were in Ghana, we were not able to make a call home as the phone system is notoriously bad. We just could not get through. Later when we

arrived in the USA and I called home, I nearly broke down when I heard Jen's voice and I had to start laughing to quench the tears which started to come to my eyes!

THE JOURNEY HOME

We left Accra on Wednesday October 15. Getting into the checking in area at the airport was a nightmare. I had never seen anything like it. There was a mass of people crowded around the outside with no discernible line or order. Security guards stood at a certain point preventing anyone from proceeding any further. When we managed to get close and told them that we had a flight to Amsterdam, we were told that there was no room inside the building so we had to wait until the crowd cleared inside. Eventually a man and a woman who were denied entrance by one of these guards started a fight with him and punched him up. After that there was some confusion and the guard left his post so Howard and I slipped inside. After we checked in we were shunted from one point to the next and we were greatly relieved when at last we found ourselves on the plane. After a night flight of nine hours, we arrived in Amsterdam at 6:10 a.m., eight hours before our flight was scheduled to leave for New York.

We walked around, chatted had something to eat and then two hours before our flight was scheduled to leave we went to the boarding area. To our dismay there was a very long line of people and most of them were having to undergo a thorough check before passing into the boarding area. We patiently waited and after maybe an hour we arrived at the front and presented our tickets. We then discovered that we had both been very careless. Though we had tickets we did not have boarding passes and we should have collected these from earlier in the day. By the time we came to this point, our seats had already been given to someone else and although the agents tried, there just was not a single seat remaining on the flight. Besides, there was no other flight to New York that day. We were sent to the transfer desk of Northwest airlines to see what options they could offer us. By this time I was praying hard. We did not have

visas to enter Amsterdam and we did not relish the thought of spending another night wandering around the Amsterdam airport without beds or baths. worse than that was the thought that we would not see our families on the following day, (Friday) as we were eagerly anticipating.

By the grace of God we fell into the hands of a lovely lady who laboured diligently to find a solution for us. Finally she told us that we could get a flight in a couple of hours which would take us to Detroit instead. This flight would arrive in time for us to get a connecting flight to New York and in fact we would arrive there only a few hours later than originally scheduled. We would still be in time to catch our morning flight to Jamaica, though it would mean that we would not be able to spend the night with brother Larkland Heath as we had originally planned. We rejoiced at this news. Later however our anxiety returned when our flight was delayed for one, then two hours as mechanics laboured to repair a fault with one of the engines of the plane. Finally we were

ready to go, but by the time we arrived in Detroit at 10.00 p.m. that night, it was too late to get to New York as the connecting flight was long gone. In addition, when the US customs officials discovered that Howard and I were returning from four African countries, they subjected us to the most thorough search and cross examination which we had ever experienced. Every item in our luggage was removed including little scraps of paper. Howard's wallet was turned inside out and we were detained long after everyone else had cleared immigration.

When finally we emerged, weary, and a little upset, we still felt a great relief to at least be in the USA and only one more flight away from home. Once more we went to the transfer desk and again God put us in the hands of a cheerful, cooperative lady. She joked with us as she roamed about on her computer trying to find our luggage and to find a way to get us home. Finally she announced cheerfully that in the morning we would take an early flight to Memphis from where we would get a

flight to Montego Bay. In actual fact this flight would get us into Montego Bay 45 minutes earlier than we would have arrived if we had arrived on our original schedule. As for our bags, they were in New York and would be duly routed to us in Jamaica. We felt like kissing this lady but restrained ourselves. She then arranged for us to book in at the Marriott hotel where we were able to get a warm bath and a comfortable sleep for the remainder of the night.

So, by the grace of God we arrived in Jamaica at mid-day on Friday, October 17, more glad than we could express to see our families again. It took a few days for us to fully recover from the rigors of the trip and my voice still is not quite back to normal. Nevertheless, it was not long after we returned home that I started missing Africa, thinking of the work that is still to be done there and hoping that the Lord will make it possible for us to return to this area of His vineyard where there is so much potential for the truth to grow.



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