

# AFRICAN LITERATURE ODYSSEY



**Leaving A Footprint  
Of Words Across Africa**

**DICKSON**

# African Literature Odyssey

Roger E. Dickson

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rdickson@mweb.co.za

[www.africainternational.org](http://www.africainternational.org)

[www.blog.africainternational.org](http://www.blog.africainternational.org)

Facebook: Africa International.org

Philadelphia, Western Cape, South Africa

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Scripture quotations from *International King James Version*

Cover Photo: At one time we were sending out this number of mail bags a month.

## The Drive About

For years Martha and I have occasionally done what we call a “drive about.” Taken after the concept of the Australian aborigines, we simply get in our vehicle with no plans as to where we are going. We throw in the tent and enough supplies to survive, and head out into Africa. We have certain rules. (1) Don’t determine where you are going until the morning of the day you leave. Each day of the drive about, you can only determine where you are going the next day in the morning of that day. (2) If at all possible, stay at a different place every night. We used to stay at a different campsite every night, but then, after age set in, we would occasionally stay at a cottage to treat ourselves. (3) If possible, we would eat at some obscure restaurant in order to investigate local food, as well as stay in contact with civilization. (4) You are to drive only four or five hours in one day. (5) You must take either reading or writing projects along for spiritual upliftment. (6) You must take a different road for every drive about. (7) If there is an obscure road not on the map, it is to be considered. Don’t worry about where you will end up, the road ends somewhere. Sometimes they don’t, but you can always turn around and go back. (8) Engage the people and culture along the way. People are people and are looking for a friend with whom they can share their lives. You will be surprised how much you learn.



They are everywhere, everywhere. You cannot escape Africa’s road wanderers.

(9) Take cash, not plastic. Plastic travelers absolutely cannot do this type of traveling in Africa. (10) The drive about must be for more than three days. Psychiatrist say that you must be out of your natural environment for at least this amount of time to de-stress. (11) You must shut off your cellphone, period. No exceptions unless you are attacked by a lion. (12) Just pray and wander, and then, wonder at God’s creation. (13) Don’t feel that you have to get back for some appointment. You can plan the number of days for the drive about, but always leave two or three days after your planned return just in case you discover some uncharted road that must be explored. Who knows, you might drive about more than you thought you would. (14) Just remember to go nowhere slowly. When I drive Africa, I am on an extended drive about. (15) Don’t worry about violating any of the preceding rules.

We promise you, if you do this once, once will lead to twice. Then again, maybe God has placed you on a continent that does not offer something as this.

# AFRICAN LITERATURE ODYSSEY

## COME CAMP WITH ME

There is some sanity in what many people call madness in traveling Africa alone. It is a sanity that is difficult to explain, for when you seek to do God's will you often receive the pronouncement of Felix upon you. *"Paul, you are beside yourself. Much learning is driving you mad"* (At 26:24). So maybe we are mad for Christ.

On some expeditions out of Cape Town I plan the trip the best I can several weeks in advance. It takes a good two to three months to plan a successful trip. I usually get the first week or two of the trek down on paper and presume it is finalized. And when I get on the road, God often takes it from there and drives me right off my spreadsheet. I am a planner, but I think God is still trying to teach me that He can plan better. This past journey through Africa was another day in God's school of practical leading.

I must confess that there is an exhilarating experience about throwing oneself into the planning hand of God. You take the leap into what can become an endless journey with God, and then you let go. It's like leaping into His tender hand, and then He takes it from there. This was Jesus' challenge to His disciples in Luke 9:3. This past trek was only another proof, evidence, confirmation, witness, or whatever synonym you might choose, of God taking over when you let go of the rudder. He really does do His thing, just as He promised. He will drive you off your planning program every time if you are doing His work.



## HOME SWEET HOME

I had one police officer look in the back of my vehicle, then he looked at me. I knew what he was thinking. "Does this old man really sleep in this thing?" Yes, this is home sweet home on the road. I can pull into a campsite, throw down the tailgate for a table that is covered with formica, prepare dinner, and then cozy up into that cocoon for a peaceful night's sleep. It can then rain at will. Is this what Jesus meant when He said, *"Take nothing for your journey, neither staffs, nor bag, nor bread, nor money; and do not even have two tunics apiece"* (Lk 9:3)?



It cooks well, or maybe I should say that it warms up canned food to a delicious temperature for a nice evening meal. When it comes to mixing different cans of different foods, I should write a cookbook.



I know. You think I am maybe in the category of a “religious fanatic” on this. And you are right. There is no other way to be a Christian. But along the way, you sometimes get a reality check. For example, throughout Africa there are police check points everywhere to check documents and whatever. I asked one officer what he was looking for when searching through my vehicle. He said, “We don’t have anything to do out here.” He then kindly laid his on my shoulder, and with a smile on his face, he said, “All we have to do out here is just look through vehicles and see what people have.”

And then there are those encounters that abruptly remind you how old you really are. On this last trip I pulled slowly up to a police check point. I rolled down my window, and as usual, smiled. In a very low and gentle voice, the officer said, “Hello, Papa,” and then he simply waved me on without checking anything. But as I drove off, a younger officer standing beside him, when he saw my sunburned face and the white hair, said to the older officer, “Shame.” It would not have been so bad except I noticed that the older officer was also gray headed. Do I really look that old?

Anyway, Africa is gracious with old white-haired geysers. I have found that when traveling alone in Africa, Africa has a very gracious manner by which it looks after its elders. It may be God working through them, but I have always been overwhelmed by the special care I have received from complete strangers whom I have encountered. There is always a helping hand when I am in need. It is a characteristic of respect in Africa that runs deep in Africa’s care for the aged. So if you are having a difficult time getting any respect, welcome to Africa. I will put you on the road until you feel better.



**HEY! You spent all afternoon peeling the potatoes, cutting the carrots, picking the peas, and pulling the heads off chickens, which thing my mother always made my brother James and I do on the Kansas farm. (She never pulled the head off one chicken. Couldn’t kill the little critters.) So all I have to do on the road is pop a can of delicious Heinz cuisine of the above ingredients, pour in a pot, and heat. It doesn’t get any better than this. Maybe better than yours.**



**When the cat realizes that you are leaving, he does funny things. He is looking for a special scratch for a goodbye. But when Martha starts to see that I am itching to go, she might scratch until I get on the road. OK, OK. I am a restless breed who has deep feelings about being out there with the people, doing what evangelists are supposed to be doing, going about preaching to the people. I don’t have to be told twice. I do what I do because of who I am. God just made me that way.**

## THE WAY IT ALWAYS IS

So fasten your seat belt and let's go, as Paul said to Barnabas, *"Let us go again and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord, and see how they are doing"* (At 15:36). Get ready for the ride of your life. We're headed out through Africa again, and this time, I promise that you will have the ride of your life. After all, this is Africa and there is no better place in the world to experience God.

I have been doing mission trips from wherever I have lived in the world since 1972. There is something always consistent about the few days just before I leave. On this occasion it was the usual chaos and calamity. So if nothing happened before I left on this excursion across Africa it would have been quite unusual.

The week before, the printer had crossed his heart and said that the new book on baptism that was coming off the press, which I needed on this trip, would be delivered five days before departure. Now we know that can't happen. It finally arrived at 3:00<sup>pm</sup> the afternoon of the day before I left. The day before departure consisted of two meetings, one three hours long and the other shortened to one hour. I called Martha during one of the frantic moments during the day because one of the two cellphones I was taking on the trip abruptly reminded me that I was out of air time. Bzzzzzzz! I had to go to the office supply store, and go by the food store for the remaining supplies. I came home and tried to shut the automatic garage door. Not a chance. There were problems. I loaded out one half ton of material in the Ranger, and then received a request in the afternoon via email that one of the Short Term Bible Schools (STBS) immediately needed twelve more certificates printed



**I am no "duck commander," but I do know how to say goodbye to my ducks. They huddle around mother duck for final farewells.**



**One of the great joys of driving Africa is the beauty around every turn. It is a continent that has thousands of environments of beauty. You are never bored.**



**One of the marvels of nature that is just north of Cape Town is the Namaqualand blooming of flowers during the spring time of the year. It is a wonder of nature as the entire landscape comes alive with beauty as hundreds of different flowers come into bloom.**

since they had worked their students through ten courses for graduation. I received another email confirming an added 10-hour journey to Rundu, Namibia to review a STBS. I bribed Martha with a pizza if she would take care of the cellphone air time. Are you tried of this? So am I. Let's get out of town and on the road for some peace of mind. I did get to sleep in to 4:00<sup>am</sup>. I scratched the cat, and kiss the wife. In that order, I think, it was early. I climbed into my christened White Rhino (Ford Ranger), and got out of town before anything else happened. (Unfortunately, the day after I left the automatic gate to the campus premises ceased working.)

One sweet thing that Martha did was to bring back from the store some cans of Dr. Pepper. It's a tradition. There are "Dr. Pepper moments" on every journey, times to celebrate the victories of God along the way.

## YEAR-END CELEBRATION

This trek was a reward. 2013 was our best year for world evangelism and church edification through the ministry of Africa International Missions (AIM). It was the best year Martha and I have enjoyed for the more than four decades we have been world evangelists. In 2012 we sent out over 100 tons of material in six 20-foot shipping containers. We thought we would never realize that victory again the rest of our lives. But never finalize God's wonders in your life. If you are in His business and doing His will, He will surprise you every time. So 2013 was a marvelous surprise.

In 2013 we sent out a whopping **NINE 20-FOOT SHIPPING CONTAINERS** of *Teacher's Bibles*, *Biblical Research Libraries*, *Biblical Research Library* dvds, and an



**Loading out for Africa. *Teacher's Bibles*, *Biblical Research Libraries*, and *BRL* disk by the thousands are loaded for preachers and Bible teachers throughout a continent that is thirsting for the truth.**



**All the printing of the *Teacher's Bibles* and *Biblical Research Libraries* begins with tons of paper from Finland.**



**Presses turn rolls of paper into dynamic tools for evangelism and church edification.**

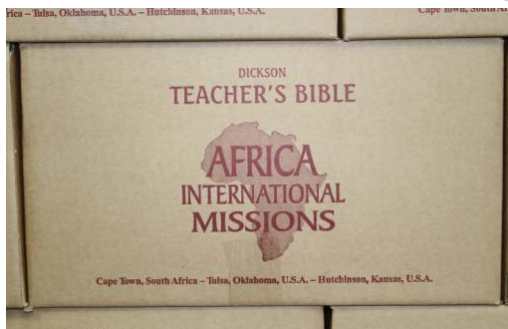


assortment of other books. **It was again a 100 ton plus year.** God worked heartily through us, far beyond what we had planned for the year.

It takes months of planning to set up the destinations to make shipments as this. It is not an easy six-month planning task for printing and shipping. But when one of those big containers leaves the campus of AIM, **it is a emotional experience of accomplishment.** You know that when it arrives at its destination there will be great rejoicing in the Lord. I wish we could send you all the letters we have received from those who have been blessed with these books that they never dreamed they would receive. Praise God for dedicated supporters who share the dream! Thank you for using us as your servants through whom you have desired to accomplish your mission to the world.

2013 will go down in history as the “container year.” When that last container went out the middle of November, I felt a great sense of satisfaction mixed with relief. The printing of the material is no hassle. Someone else, Ronnie Taylor, my beloved printing agent, endures all the sleepless nights in organizing printing and binding. The shipping is no hassle, for our shipping agent, Econo Trans, assumes all these headaches. All I do is write the material and make sure the bills are paid when the containers are loaded. The greatest challenges are planning the shipments, and the distribution on the other end by the African folks. When working with so many different nations, dreams can easily turn into nightmares. But once that 20-foot container is trucked out of AIM, it feels so good. It is indeed a spiritual experience.

The hard work begins on the receiving



**Thousands of boxes of *Teacher's Bibles* and *Biblical Research Libraries* have been scattered to 25 countries across Africa. This is an awesome power against the kingdom of darkness.**



**Though the printing of the books is outsourced to commercial printers, smaller printing jobs are printed in house.**



**Once printed, the *Teacher's Bibles* and *Biblical Research Libraries* are palletized for delivery to Africa International Missions.**



end. Distribution is a six-month labor by the receivers. They conduct seminars, make special visits to regions, provinces and states, and send out boxes in taxis, buses and trucks. Some go out on bicycles. I thank the Lord for such faithful partners, but am relieved that I do not have those worries. Only Africans in their culture can do such distributions with me totally out of the picture.

Now most people who read about all this have a difficult time understanding what the mission is all about and the amount of printed material that actually goes out. Consider first the prospective recipient. He is this young, or old, dedicated Bible teacher or preacher in some distant and remote village in Africa. He usually has his own Bible, though some share Bibles as they take turns teaching or preaching. He is doing the best he can with what he knows and has. Then one day a stranger comes through the village signing up all the preachers of all religious groups of the village. The stranger says that someone in a far country is sending study Bibles and Bible library books for the preachers. You can imagine the response. What a preacher in an isolated village could never imagine even seeing, he may have the possibility of receiving. He could possibly get a study Bible that included a commentary of the whole Bible. And besides that, he might be able to receive over fifty books for Bible study, called the *Biblical Research Library*.

It is just too good to be true. But for over 100,000 preachers and Bible teachers throughout the years that dream has become a reality in receiving either the *Teacher's New Testament* or the complete *Teacher's Bible*, plus the distribution of well over 65,000 *BRLs*. This is missions at its best. Those volumes are now in the hands of Bible



**AND HERE THEY COME! Volumes are delivered to the AIM campus, both for storage for the future and for immediate shipments.**



**Malvin Kivedo (right) and Denville Willie (Left), know what working like a slave means. We can load a container of 4,000 *TBs* and *BRLs* in 45 minutes. We send an average of five (5) containers out a month during the 1990s, with thirteen (13) going out in one busy month.**

teachers who are leading the people through a better knowledge of the word of God.

**(Now it is time for all the supporters out there to hold up their right hand. Stretch it high. Then bend your arm back to your back. Give yourself a little pat on the back. You can then read *Philippians 4:17*.)**

## PRACTICAL TRIVIA

Here is some trivia information you need to know about what we do. It has always been difficult for people to understand the magnitude of this type of mission writing, for we measure in tonnage as opposed to individual books. The reason for this is that most of the tonnage is in books that weight almost six pounds each. That is a lot of print on pages. So here is something that might communicate better what God is doing. Take the average size paperback book off the shelf and weight it. Depending on the paper that was used to print the book, **one ton of paper will print about 10,000 copies of the average paperback book of about 125 pages.** Take 10,000 times 100 (tons) and you will get the amount of written pages that are shipped out in 100 tons of paper. This is about **1,000,000 books** if the material were printed in 125-page paperback books. So in the last two years we have sent out over 2,000,000 books of writing throughout Africa and other countries of the world.

Now you must forgive me for a moment. You must understand that this is a God thing. He preserved a Kansas farm boy, gifted him with a passion for writing—not the ability, mind you (that came with struggle that is by far incomplete)—and instilled within him a love for Bible study. How he instilled a love for Bible study was through a Kansas mother. I never remember our living room area of the old farm house in Kansas without a table on which Wanda Dickson had her open Bible and copyist notes on books that were laid out in preparing lessons for classes. Every book was marked from beginning to end with marginal notes and underlining. Her old worn Bible, with loose pages, was scribbled with scribal notes from one end to another. Somehow, a bare-



**This is a great feeling! It is great to see six to nine months of printing materials and planning destinations finally being loaded on a 20-foot shipping container that is destined for some very excited preachers and Bible teachers in Africa. This is the reward of the scribe.**



**This is a spiritual experience. Denville (right) and Malvin (left) seal the destiny of God's power that is to be dropped in the middle of Africa with nuclear effect. We think about what is about to be shipped and unleashed in a particular part of the world through what is in these containers. In 2013 we caused NINE SPIRITUAL NUCLEAR EXPLOSIONS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE KINGDOM OF DARKNESS. Listen, as a world evangelist for over 40 years, it doesn't get any better than this. When Malvin sealed this container, he set the "timer" for a "big bang" to come.**

foot, bald shaven farm boy passed by that scribal corner daily and fell under the influence of one who did what Christians should be, obsessive and compulsive Bible students and teachers. And so, when that ninth container headed out for Africa, little did anyone know that a Kansas farm mother would rear up a scribe who would be sending out tons of his writings across a continent. Thank God for Bible-student mothers. Somehow Acts 16:1-3 comes to mind.

## WORK OF THE SCRIBE

Someone recently asked me, “Roger, how long does it take for you to write a book of 100 pages?” I replied, “About a week.” He seemed somewhat surprised. Writing the initial draft is not that difficult. It’s the before and after that is the challenge. I may take a month doing the research and getting all the notes together. And then I sit down before the sacred instrument of all writers, that beautiful two-screened computer, and go to work. Oh, it is so sweet. It all just comes together with the punch of a key. Afterwards, the real struggle begins. Revisions and proofreading. Oh my! There is no end to revisions. To keep your sanity about revisions, you must become fatalistic, assuming that the manuscript will never be complete. I go through a manuscript at least ten times. Martha goes through it once or twice. Faithful proofreaders go through it and find mistakes after I have tried my best. But still . . . the utter agony of it all.

One of the challenges of writing is determining and perfecting each style of writing in which you want to set a particular document. A good writer will have at least two styles of writing. My two are analytical and conversation. I struggle at prose and always embarrass myself in attempting



There is nothing more awesome to a writer than to see a 20-foot shipping container of his writings headed for its destiny, right to the heart of Africa. As these containers are trucked out of the AIM campus, headed for a ship, we offered prayers of thanksgivings to God for every partner we have had throughout the years who stayed faithful to the dream. These are “fruit-bearing containers,” the fruit of which goes to the account of those who have supported this unique ministry.



And this is really where it all started. We do not know where Grandmother Browning, who was born in 1894, was converted and baptized into the Lord. We believe it was somewhere in a gospel meeting in Ohio in the early part of the nineteenth century. But she had a genuine faith that she passed on to her daughter, Wanda. Though she had an unbelieving husband until his baptism in his latter years, she remained faithful to the Lord in bringing up her children in the Lord.



such, so that department is a work in progress. Elspeth Huxley, one of the famous writers of Africa, was a masterful writer, being comfortable in analytical material for manuals, and excellent in prose. She was truly a gifted writer, one that all other writers envy for her mastery of prose. *The Flame Trees of Thika* was one of her brilliant works. But for the rest of us, we seem to be able to master only two styles, and then, struggle at that.

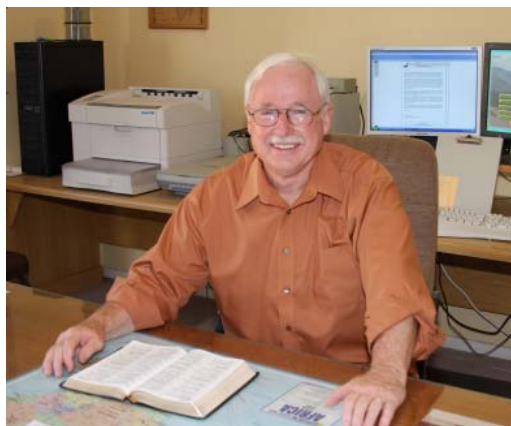
In the analytical style I have a definite mission. I do not write to write books. I write for posterity for a specific target. Martha and I know that printed materials have always had a difficult time finding their way into the hands of dedicated Bible teachers in the developing world. We are in the business of teaching others to observe all things that Jesus has taught us (Mt 28:20). Therefore, we are in the business of **mission writing**, which writings are distributed through the following outlets:

**1. E-books:** Once the struggle has ended for producing a particular document, the initial release goes out as an e-book. There are over 2,000 initial recipients on our email list. Many of these recipients are secondary distributors. Once the secondary distributors receive an e-book, they in turn forward it on to everyone on their email list. And around the world it goes, thousands upon thousands forwarded into all the world. We have no idea how many recipients receive the e-books. I know that we have received some incredible emails from some very distant lands. Therefore, we want to especially thank our secondary distributors for being so faithful in helping us distribute the material through this electronic means of communication.

**2. African Chronicles:** The document



**The genuine faith of Grandmother Browning was passed on to her daughter, Wanda Dickson, who was an avid Bible student and Bible teacher in central Kansas.**



**Though having an unbelieving husband, Wanda Dickson passed her genuine faith on to her son. Remember Acts 16:1-3.**



**And Roger Dickson grew up on a farm six miles south and two east of Stafford, Kansas, in a house of many memories.**

material is then printed in a series of *African Chronicles*. This is a printed journal sent to serious Bible students and teachers throughout the world. It takes two days to print two issues and one day to stuff them in envelopes and get them to the post office. Of course, one can never truly judge the readership of written journals, but in developing world societies it is high. It is for this reason that we give a “preacher’s count” of a readership of about 100,000 for each issue of the *African Chronicles*.

**3. Special printings:** Sometimes a subject of a book is written for a special need or we want to use it in a special ministry. For example, co-workers Malvin Kivedo, Denville Willie and I conduct all sorts of special seminars among all religious groups. We particularly conduct Restoration Seminars. For these seminars we printed 10,000 copies of the book on Restoration. We printed an extra 10,000 of the *Chronicles* that was on the same subject. We printed 20,000 copies of the book, *The Faith, The Cross and The Baptism* (three e-books combined into one), for a special mission of P.O. Box distribution for the Southwest church in Amarillo, Texas. For public schools we printed at least 100,000 copies of the book *Adventures In Life*. As a Bible correspondence course, we printed over 200,000 *Adventures Into Eternal Life*. And the list goes on, but you get the idea. We are involved in mass evangelism with mission printing.

The reason we can work in these numbers is because of a vast network of faithful church leaders throughout Africa. This is a network that has been set up for over twenty years, and without them, we could do very little in distribution. You see, the key to the success of literature distribution, is not in the production and printing, but in the faith-



**And Roger and Martha Dickson grew a clan and headed into all the world.**



**Now Roger and Martha Dickson seek to pass the genuine faith of Grandmother Browning on to their grandchildren who will continue their spiritual lineage of the family on into eternity.**

ful receiving brethren who are established as a network of distributors.

**4. Biblical Research Library disk:** All the book material goes on the *BRL* disk. With every new edition of the *BRL* disk, there are added books. When someone writes in for a particular e-book, we usually send the *BRL* disks which contains the material. In 2012 we put out over 200,000 *BRL* disks. **In 2013, we put out another 200,000.**

Together, since this ministry began in 2006, we have put out over **650,000 BRL disks**.

### 5. *Biblical Research Library:*

Twenty-five years ago I started the *Biblical Research Library* Project. The initial books were printed individually. Many were used as textbooks for the International Bible Institute. The prime mission of the *BRL* is to bring a printed resource of Bible research materials to the developing world Bible teacher. It is a Kansas farmer's mothers effort to lay books on living room tables.

I have stayed with that objective throughout the years, going through several printings of each book that has been added to the library. The printing started with individual volumes in which all the books were included, then it went to a series of seven volumes, and then to two large volumes. And now, it has gone to one massive volume of over 2,500 pages with more than 50 books. The reason for printing in one massive volume as this is that it is about a fifth the price to print all the books in one volume instead of individual volumes. And as far as distribution is concerned, it is far less difficult to container out the large volumes. At least we know that each recipient church is getting all the material of all the books.

So when I said that I write for posterity, not to write books, I mean that it is the mission of the writing to build a biblical resource library for Bible students with both the *Teacher's Bible* and the *BRL*. Once these two volumes are in the hands of preachers and Bible students, they are there for years, teaching every time a Bible teacher stands before a group of hungry disciples. Only God knows the millions who will be touched in the decades to come.

And so, I write.

If one day you are wondering what



**Denville Willie (left) leads a house church in packing the *Biblical Research Library* dvds for tens of thousands of recipients.**



**Ninety boxes of the *BRL* disk ready to go to Aba, Nigeria in a shipping container. We could tell you some most incredible stories about people coming to Jesus through the *BRL* disk. We distributed over 200,000 in 2013. In total, over 650,000 have been distributed throughout the world. This is a unique minstry since the *BRL* disk is a library of thousands of study materials. One *BRL* disk is purchased, duplicated and distributed for only 25 cents. It is indeed “cheap” evangelism and a tool that is being used every day by thousands of people throughout the world. We buy the blank disks from Taiwn. We have eleven duplicators where we can duplicate up to 10,000 a day if needed.**



Dickson is doing off somewhere camped in the middle of Africa, where if he died, they would probably never find him, just be assured that he was writing for the world.

So when that ninth container departed from the campus of AIM, I felt a great sense of fulfillment for God working through us to impact the masses. But, I was ready also to depart. Martha was wearied by my restlessness, and thus, she gave the command, "Go!" Or maybe it was, "Go NOW!" And so I went to Africa. I am not the one about whom some elder must have written several years ago.

He wasn't much for stirrin' out,  
it wasn't his desire.  
No matter what the others did,  
He was sittin' by the fire.

Same ole habit, day by day,  
He never seemed to tire.  
While others help to build the church,  
He was sittin' by the fire.

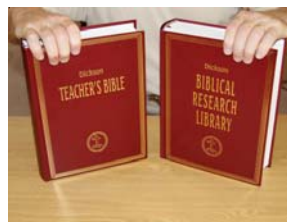
And when he died, as all must do,  
They said he went up higher.  
But if he's doin' what he always did,  
He's still sittin' by the fire.

OK, I'm gone!

## TRANQUILITY ON THE ORANGE

*It's thanksgiving and I am here with God on the banks of the lazy Orange River that is the southern border of Namibia, with South Africa on the south side of the river. After its initial beginnings several hundred miles away high up in the Drakensberg Mountains of the country of Lesotho, the waters of this historical flow have finally made their way past my campsite. They lazily make their way by my feet, headed for their final resting. It will be there that the*

This is the "university" in biblical studies. The companion volumes of the *Teacher's Bible* and *Biblical Research library* offer Bible teachers



a complete commentary of the Bible, as well as over 50 research books for study and preaching of the word of God. Thousands of these have been distributed in 25 years.



When the containers arrive at their destination, it is a time of great celebration and praise on the part of Bible teachers.



We wish we could be there upon the arrival of a container. We have personally handed the *TBs* and *BRLs* to preachers and they have been overwhelmed.



waters of this mighty river lose their identity in the great Atlantic Ocean.

Memories of tranquility fade slow. Life should be an adventure where precious experiences of existence are stored up for old age. God did a wonderful thing when He allowed all those bad experiences of life to easily vanish into the deep crevices of the mind to be forgotten forever. In our latter years He blessed us with the ability to easily recall only the good and warm feelings of the past. As the waters of the Orange calmly make their way over my feet and into the oblivion of the Atlantic, it is always a time to remember the sweet past. Martha and I have lived at least two lifetimes with our moving and residence on three continents, and my travels to almost one hundred countries. We have no

“bucket lists.” If it had to be done, we just did it. Our blessed children, who have trailed with us everywhere, have always reminded us that they would not have traded the adventure of their lives for anything. And adventure they had, living in Brazil, then flying around the West Indies, and finally, two, Cindy and Lisa, pulling up stakes in West Monroe in their high school days and venturing to a far away land at the bottom of the world, South Africa. It was hard at times, but the end result has been a warehouse of great memories and discussions of past adventures. We have no regrets. Both Martha and I feel that in our insufficiency, we can still say in the end that we gave it our best shot. So I am at peace here on the Orange. We have lived a life of ministry for the One who



Camping on the Orange River is a place to see God's work. I always think of how the earth groaned immediately after the flood of Noah's day. The oceans were forming in order to contain all the water that was unleashed from the fountains of heaven. The yet unsolidified sediment twisted and then solidified. And just in case we forget, maybe God left the sculpture of a tree embedded in these rocks just to the right of this picture.

*gave it all for us, and thus, we feel that we have given all that we have to Him.*

## ESCAPE INTO THOUGHT

I am a farm boy eternally trapped in a city. Throughout my years of ministry, I could never seemed to escape the concrete jungles of cars and skyscrapers, schedules and the frustration of just getting from one appointment to another. It was first Dallas, then Gulfport, and then the pinnacle of urban hysteria, Sao Paulo, Brazil. Then came Antigua of the West Indies, and finally the city life of San Juan, Puerto Rico. And then the Lord was gracious to land us in Cape Town. And here He placed us on four and a half acres where we could rise in the mornings and escape in mind by gazing upon the mountains of the Hottentot Holland Mountains. Thank you, Lord Jesus.

However, I can thank the Lord that I was never imprisoned in the bondage of cities as Mumbai, India, or Lagos, Nigeria, and worse, Mexico City, Mexico. I think on those who may have committed something unpardonable, and subsequently, were condemned to such cities. I speak not of God's servants in these sociological meat grinders of human civilization, but for those, who through their jobs or families, must reside in such cities. Those servants of God who have chosen to evangelize in such cities should be highly esteem for their work's sake.

Now don't get me wrong. I like some city stuff, too. In fact, the functionality of Africa International Missions (AIM) would not happen outside the city. There are few printing presses in the campsites of the bush. So here, or there, I am condemned to the city with a farmer's yearning for the wild. But you see, God has given me an escape. I



**AND FINALLY THERE IS PEACE:** There is nothing like being camped in the wild of Africa, listening to the roars of the lions and the orchestra of birds. It is a tranquility that few will ever experience, but a "call of the wild" that keeps drawing me back to be there with God's creatures and creation.



**LOCKED AND LOADED:** This is how an English person prepares for teaching. The hair will not curl correctly if the tea is not just right. It is all in how you prepare the morning tea. If the tea is not right, then forget the good lesson.

can bundle up in my White Rhino and be gone to the bush.

Something marvelous always happens about a hundred miles out of my urban jungle. The indigestion goes away. There is a certain euphoric presence of mind that sweeps over me and speaks to my inner soul.



It whispers, “It’s OK, now. Just keep driving as far away as you can.” And then there is peace, the peace one experiences while walking in a quiet forest, standing amongst quiet snowflakes falling from heaven, or walking alone along a beach being serenaded by the ocean of waves as they lap at your feet. You know that I mean.

OK, back to work.

## WASTED HEALTH

Why is it they say that good health is wasted on youth? If you have traveled Africa you will wonder about this. But if you are a youth, you won’t understand. When we get older our experiences of a lifetime thunder ideas into our minds that are trapped in a physical body that is soon to collapse. Martha and I were walking together somewhere the other day and this “old thing” came up in our conversation. She was limping. I was limping. She had her hand on her sore back. I felt a crick in my neck. She said, “If they took all the good parts from both of our bodies, they could probably make one good body.” And indeed that would be true, except for both our right feet, on which both of us were limping. She said, “My right foot is like walking on a broken foot—bad arthritis.” My right foot has brought me “old foot” problems from my walking over the years. At least the doctor said I had some tendon screws loose or something there gone wrong. “It happens in old people,” he said. Well, he really didn’t need to say that. But like I said, health is wasted on youth.

## INTO OPEN DOORS

Here is what I mean by an open door. I came across Zezito Epifanio over a year ago. He is a former child soldier. He was a child soldier for the South African military from



Sometimes when you grow old, you are sometimes overlooked. But the key is that you never lose your usefulness. People always ask Martha and me, “When are you going to retire?” Give us a break! How can you retire from being Christian? How can you retire from your destiny? However, if we do not have enough sense about us that we have been discarded, then we’re good. You can call us retired, but really, we will be worn out for Jesus.



**RETIRED!** Traveling along African roads continually reminds one that you need to stay alert. Something is always happening along the roads of Africa. We do not have clean up crews who haul away our disasters.



**Not to worry.** Martha and I already have our retirement home figured out.

the age of eight to fourteen. In the bush war with the Angolans across the border from Namibia, they used these young boys to look for land mines. They would give them a stick and send them first down a trail. The boys would poke the stick in the ground, looking for something solid, possibly a land mine. Zezito said, "They thought it best for a small boy to be blown up than a trained soldier."

Once Zezito was grown, as a young man he was trained in the Assembly of God seminary. He broke away from the suffocating organizational structure of the Assemblies church, and then started an English-speaking independent church in an Afrikaans-speaking town. Now the church he started is now well over 300. It has become a center for training youth. Zezito and I have the type of friendship that I can drive unannounced into town any time and find a bed in his house. Do we agree on every Bible subject. Certainly not! I do not seek to clone, but to offer literary road maps for Bible students with which to be guided in order to encounter a greater knowledge of the word of God. The tens of thousands to whom we distribute the road maps can do this on their own time. We simply deliver road maps to the truth and move on.

God has been very gracious to set us before so many open doors of the religious world. As Jesus, God has made it possible for us to go from house to house among those who are religiously leading the people, and seriously studying their Bibles. Instead of being confined and coveted by one particular group, Martha and I are now in a ministry to those who need the physician. Once we stepped inside the realm of God's work among the nations, God threw open the door beyond our wildest dreams. And because our ministry is through writing, God has



**EXPERIENCE AFRICA:** Driving Africa is filled with excitement. Just driving down the road is an opportunity for some awesome experiences just around the corner.



**WAIT A MINUTE:** And then there are those times when one just sits and waits. It is a common sight to wait for road repair works. However, the more one has to wait, the better it is. It is better because you know that the road is being repaired, for Africa is well-known for pothole-ridden roads.

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given us the masses of Africa.

A year ago I passed by Zezito when he started using the STBS curriculum to teach his young leaders. When I went by for this second visit, it was going very, very well. What was happening with this group is an example of how the STBS curriculum works among the religiously minded people in or-

der to lead thirsty Bible students to a greater knowledge of the word of God. We introduce the curriculum to local churches, explaining that they do not have to agree with everything in the material, for if they did, then they would become a denomination after the “creed” of the textbook. The textbook was not written to be a creed book. Since they have no curriculum for training leaders, we have just never had a negative response. (If you want a copy of the curriculum, send for the *BRL* disk on which is all the material.)

On this last trip, I had only a short time to visit with Zezito before making my way on north. He had just come from Walvis Bay, eight hours away. He was headed for Angola to his father’s farm, fifteen hours to the north. He said, “I want this church to carry on as if I were not here at all times.” Get the picture? Those of this young church who are studying the STBS curriculum will eventually become as their leader. They too will be going about preaching and teaching the word of God. And what do you think they will be preaching and teaching?

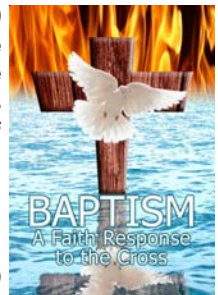
I wonder about all those young men and women who are studying the STBS material, and who would eventually follow the example of leaders as Zezito. Are you listening? They are studying our road maps and will have their graduation in February/March 2014. If they follow their dynamic leader into all the world, only God knows what will happen. Open doors! Now you can understand why we are so excited about offering the road map of the STBS curriculum to religious groups throughout Africa. The concept of the STBS is working beyond our wildest imagination. It is a concept of teaching whose time has come.

It is my personal opinion that an evan-



The Short Term Bible School curriculum is a **CONCEPT**. The concept is to offer to independent churches a Bible curriculum with which they can train their own leaders. The first term of courses consists of ten fundamental courses. The second term focuses on Old Testament studies, with the *Teacher’s Bible* as the textbook. The third term focuses on using the New Testament as the textbook for learning practical studies in discipleship. The *Biblical Research Library* is the textbook the third term.

With the printing of 20,000 books on baptism, we are seeking to bring people out of confusion on this subject through a study of the cross, our faith, and obedience to the gospel by immersion into Christ. This project is just getting started. (email for a copy.)





evangelist must work with all the people, especially those who are religious. Some say we work “outside the box.” We wonder whoever made the box in the first place. The evangelist must find the leaders of the synagogues. Relationships need to be established with those with whom you do not agree on every subpoint. Once the initial point is agreed upon and obeyed (the gospel), then we need to learn to make friendships with those who affect the lives of the masses. It’s great to pick off singles out of the camp of the “enemy.” But keep in mind that our own attitude may be making enemies where there really are no enemies. I have found it much more fruitful to patiently work with the whole camp by first making friends with the leaders. The leaders of independent churches across Africa are looking for a friend. They have been independent for so long that they are pleading for someone just be a friend and discuss the Bible without a debate. They have enough enemies. If you think that every point of “doctrine” must be sorted out and agreed upon before friendship can exist, then God will not open as many doors for you.

Conservative African independent church leaders are looking for friends. They already have a friend in Jesus. Most are doing the best they can with what they know. We need not throw out the sincere ones with those who are obsessed with miracles and money, and who propagate all sorts of foolishness. On this particular trip I met Bruce Mulder in Windhoek who networks with churches throughout Africa. He made a very interesting statement with which I fully agree. “Young African preachers are getting fed up with the miracle-working fakes of Africa. They are wanting to study and preach the Bible.”



**When we talk about baptism, we are talking about much water. And when one needs to find much water, he can go to the Augrabies Falls in South Africa for a good immersion.**



**But if you want something more peaceful for your baptism, we can take you beside the still waters of the river that runs gently through the Cedarberg Valley.**



**Have you ever wondered how we find water in the desert in order to baptize people? This is why we must search for “much water” when we baptize people in Namibia.**

My quest on all my trips is to find friends who are trying to find their way out of religious chaos. Take my word for it, it is really exciting to find people as Zezito, and Festus, and Ignatius, and Joseph, leaders from a different heritage whose paths have crossed mine at some “coincidental” encounter along the way. And now you know why I truly like to travel Africa. This continent is full of Apollos leaders out there in some synagogue preaching his heart out with what he knows, but is looking for something more. Truly, an open door! If you get hung up with only those of your heritage, preaching inside four walls to the same people every Sunday, then God cannot open this door for you.

OK, you did not ask for it, but here it comes away. This is for all those preachers in America who have made those “mission trips” throughout the world. They are usually about two weeks. Have you ever set back and evaluated your audience to whom you go? It’s usually always the brethren. Right? It’s the church going to the church. There is nothing “mission” about the effort. Local brethren at the “mission point” are hosting the American brethren to come to minister to them. Is this missions, or is this church edification? A great deal of good comes from such meetings, but remember your local hosting leaders, because of their possible sectarian thinking, probably never focused on bringing other religious leaders to the feast. I have found that many local brethren seek to focus on themselves, feeling somewhat uncomfortable about inviting “outsiders” to their feast. Is this really what Jesus did during His ministry?

Would that we had those come our way who had the gift of Marvin Bryant fifty years ago. He could easily speak exclusively to



**What would you do if you were invited to the annual meeting of a particular religious group in order to distribute the *Teacher's Bible* among all the attending preachers?**



**Over 300 delegates of all the preachers, elders, deacons and regional women's groups came together for the annual African Methodist Episcopal Church. This was one of their five annual national meetings that they conduct throughout southern African countries, to which I was given an invitation to come.**

the leaders of all religious groups about restoration. If your local representative could organize five or ten meetings of the preachers of all religious groups throughout your country of interest, wouldn't this be fantastic. The visiting preacher would speak on restoring New Testament Christianity. This would be a real mission trip. If your local worker in a particular mission area has not made everyone mad at him through his possible cantankerous attitude, then he could

arrange such a meeting. (Sorry, these are not meetings for young people. These are meetings for older preachers and elders. Young people should come only as observers, for African elders are not that receptive to the counsel of young people. The present young generation of America has a very difficult time culturally relating with developing world cultures. They are a parallel culture in America, but they are a counter culture in Africa.)

## GOD COVERS OUR DEBT

I had counted my money wrong. As I figured anxiously on the Orange River, I had \$1,440 for the P.O. Box stuffing of the 48,050 pamphlets on the baptism book for twenty-three cities across Namibia. We were stuffing the P.O. Boxes with the pamphlets of what we called the “Cross-Faith-Baptism Project.” But when I figured for gas money

on this trip, plus the stuffing, I had enough money to get to Rundu, and about half way back home. Something was wrong, somewhere.

So there I was counting and recounting money on the Orange, kicking myself as to how I could have made such a foolish mistake, not that I am known for being a good accountant.

At the end of the counting nightmare, I decided to forego stuffing some of the P.O. Boxes in order to have enough cash on hand to make the return trip home. I lacked faith.

So I was up in the morning and off to the Post Office, wondering which cities would not have the gospel preached to them on this trip. I went into the Post Office and met the Postmaster, whom I had met the year before when I passed this way with another mailing. He remembered me, and so we had a good conversation concerning what we



**I still think Africa is sometimes like driving through a postcard. I took this photo during the beginning of the raining season in central Namibia. Yes, it was as surreal as it looks.**



were doing. I showed him the pamphlet we wanted to stuff in the boxes. He call the area supervisor and they had this lengthy conversation in Afrikaans which I did not understand, though it seemed that they were having a good time talking with one another. He hung up the phone and said, “We will charge only two cents a box instead of the normal three cents.” That figured out to be more than \$500.00 off the bill and I immediately ascended into the third heaven on cloud 9. Does God work? I said, “Thank you, Lord Jesus,” over and over when I walked out of that Post Office. It is great to walk in the realm of God’s planning (accounting), especially because He makes up for our debt.

As it worked out on this trek, the Southwest church in Amarillo was saved over \$500.00, for they did this ministry. People along the way on this trip gave money in order for me to make it here and there, plus the savings in the P.O. Box stuffing. What can I say. God takes care of His evangelists on the road, especially the old forgetful ones.

## ENCOUNTERS ON THE ROAD

Previous P.O. Box stuffings of the *Biblical Research Library* disk has resulted in some of the most incredible stories, those of which books on the work of God could be written. It is such a unique project, one that few are doing in any mission area of the world. People send out their dvds of sermons, but these are usually video lessons. Once they are played, their mission is finished. But the *BRL* disk is about providing books and study materials to encourage Bible study. It is as many people have commented, “There is a lifetime of study on the *BRL* disk.”

Rana Weigang, with her Dutch hus-



**Finding water in desert places is hard, even in desert cities. One does not realize the preciousness of water until he has a desert experience as in the Namib Desert above.**

band, retired to a very exclusive complex in Swakopmund, Namibia. If you could not speak German, you were not allowed to live in this complex. Rana’s husband had made his millions in the import/export business. And he had done very well. They were now retired and traveling the world to different luxury destinations.

Rana, on the other hand, was a very spiritually oriented person. She had made her way through all the religious groups, reasoning from her study of the Bible that each group had gone astray in some way, for they were either based on experiential religiosity or the traditions of men. She left her last

group when everyone assembled together to raise some member from the dead. So she was gone from that group and confused, thinking there must be someone out there who still believed the Bible.

She was initially sprinkled as a baby and her parents called it “baptism.” As she grew in her personal Bible studies, she discovered that sprinkling was not baptism at all, simply a tradition of men. She then went from one religious group to another throughout her searching journey. She was eventually ceremonially baptized by burial by another group. But she kept searching, knowing that according to her Bible studies, almost all religious groups did not focus on the Bible. Rana said to me, “I kept studying my Bible.” That was her only hope to survive the religious confusion of her adult life.

And then one day several months ago I was in my office. I received an email that read, “Hello, my name is Rana and I received your *BRL* disk in my P.O. Box some time ago. I have been studying it ever since, and truly I have learned a great deal. I think I need to be baptized.” (And how many times must one be baptized, I thought. Until you get it right.)

I tried to connect Rana with some Christians who lived far away from her. But they could not make a connection. I told her that I was coming to Namibia in about three months, and wanted to meet her.

On this trek through Africa, I encountered Rana by chance in Windhoek at the Wimpy Restaurant, my traditional office in the city. She was such an exciting and spiritually driven woman. She was a real Phoebe. She said, “My husband makes money and I give it away.” She was caring for orphans. Her daughter, who lived in Pretoria, S.A., was caring for over thirty orphans. These are

people of which the kingdom is made. I had said to her on the phone before I personally met her, “Rana, I’m going to make you a missionary.” Little did I know that she was already such, traveling the world with her husband and talking at every opportunity with the rich and famous about Jesus, our Savior. She was not an inhibited personality.

I was fascinated with her story. I had other people coming for appointments at the Wimpy office, so we had only an hour and a half. She just exploded with joy as she explained her life. I must confess that I had met few Phoebes as this. As we were about to depart from one another, she said, “What about my baptism? When can we do this?” Thinking she had already been rebaptized, I said, “Well ... let’s find some water and we will do it.” Finding water was not an easy task in a dry town, but a search for water was determined when we departed from one another. I loaded her up with two boxes of the *BRL* disk and the book on *The Cross, The Faith and The Baptism*. She then drove off in her BMW to find some water.

As she drove away, I stood there thinking that for a 30-cent *BRL* disk this encounter was made. Some supporter of the *BRL* disk ministry will have some special gem placed in their crown for contributing 30 cents to make contact with Rana. Someone will have a great time in heaven going around and searching for Rana and talking with her about her spiritual lineage after she was encountered through a piece of circular plastic in a P.O. Box.

So the next day we found water. I was staying at a campsite south of Windhoek. And would you believe it, they had a small swimming pool there. I called Rana and said, “I have found water! Come!” She climbed into that BMW and made her way

to the wilderness and much water. I was standing in the road at the gate, and here she came, ready to complete something in her life about which she had discovered in her study of the *BRL* disk.

“Are you ready?” I inquired.

“I sure am,” was the immediate response.

While standing in the water, I said to Rana, “When Jesus came to John the Baptist to be baptized by John in the wilderness, He said to John, ‘We must fulfill all righteousness.’ The baptism of Jesus was a partnership, for Jesus said ‘we.’ The one being baptized and the one doing the baptism are joining in a spiritual partnership to fulfill all the righteousness of God.”

So down into the water she went with my hands, and out she came with that glow that seems to always be on the faces of those who know that they have done the right thing. I made my way back to the vehicles while she dried and dressed. After she came out of the bathroom, she walked over to a small group of people at the campsite who were there for some other reason. She talked to them about Jesus.

“Rana,” I said. “You just can’t wait, can you?”

She responded, “It’s so natural to talk about Jesus, isn’t it? It’s just so natural.”

And so it is. She got into that BMW chariot and drove off rejoicing in the Lord. I went on my way to the desert, thinking, we will probably never encounter one another again. Both of us were filled with the surreality of God’s work at the moment, for it was a time of memory making, an event that neither of us will ever forget the rest of our lives. If you want to have fun in life, this is fun.



***Now as they went along the road they came to some water. And the eunuch said, “See, here is water! What hinders me from being baptized.” And so, Rana and Roger went down into the water and he baptized her.***



**Rana said, “If we cannot find water in Windhoek, then we can go to the cold waters of the Atlantic in Swakopmund, four hours away.” This woman was determined to be baptized. (Picture: Martha standing by the cold waters of the Atlantic Ocean.)**

## **DIVIDE AND CONQUER**

For our western readers I need to explain something about December and half way through January in our part of the world. Businesses close down. Schools close. Houses close and people are gone. It is a real and mental thing. Minds close down for holidays and everyone who can vacate



their premises, vacate. It is estimated that one million people leave Cape Town during this time of the year. No one knows how many tourists come in. But it is a time when you can do little evangelistic outreach. The same goes for Namibia and the other countries in southern Africa. I particularly like the time, since it is a writer's reprieve. There are no telephones ringing and no visitors.

So now you can understand why Denville, Malvin and I decided to divide and conquer the land just before this time of shutdown. They planned meetings east of Cape Town and I planned for the north, to as far as the Angolan border. All of us scurried about working meetings and contacts before everything shut down for the holidays. We knew that after the first week of December, everyone would change gears to a holiday mood and people would be gone. After the last container left the campus of AIM, it was my time to go north to take advantage of the window of opportunity before the country of Namibia shut down.

## CHANGING COURSE

Two days into my journey north, Festus Thomas called from Ongwediva. "My uncle just died and my wife and I must leave immediately for the funeral. We will not be back for a week." So there went those plans and a soft bed in Ongwediva. However, I would plan to be back this way again in 2014 because Festus has a network of over 25 groups meeting throughout the northern part of Namibia, 48 of the leaders of which have gone through all ten courses of the STBS. They are now crying out for the next term of ten courses, with the promise I made that we could take them to a third term, which would mean a diploma for graduating from thirty courses.



**Even though Denville, Malvin and I just love to travel and work together in doing seminars, sometimes there is just too much work to be done in too short a time. And for this reason it is best to "go our separate ways." But evangelists are sometimes like manure. Keep it piled up in one place and it causes stink. Spread it out and it causes growth. (Kansas farmer logic.)**

I had planned to answer the call of the folks at the head office of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Independent Namibia (ELCIN) in Punyu, which was near where Festus lived. This is the largest religious group in Namibia that was started in 1870 when the European missionaries returned to Europe. They had called me to meet with them, a call for which I prayed throughout the last year. There are no campsites in this region, but there is a good hotel owned and operated by a Portuguese chap from Angola. So there was no real problem in making this journey to the north other than not being able to meet with Festus. I had two boxes of textbooks for him and no idea where I would leave them for his collection. On the phone, we both agreed that I should just send them by mail up from Cape Town when I returned.

I was now in Windhoek, up in the morning, and on my way to a meeting with someone who was very spiritual oriented and interested in starting some type of Bible school. Her name was Mara Booyesen who knew Connie and Zelda, whom I had met a

year before. Connie and Zelda knew that Mara was interested in starting a Bible school, so they introduced me to her.

During the meeting, Connie, Zelda and Mara wanted to do a nationwide distribution of the *Teacher's Bible*. I had been wanting something like this to happen for over three years, but could not find anyone to head up the charge. But maybe God had provided these three zealous people of faith to get the job done. We will see.

In finalizing our plans, I said I was now headed about eight hours north to meet with Eeva Liisa Shitundeni and Eliakim Shaanika at the head office of the ELCIN church. Mara said, "My sister and brother-in-law live in Ongwediva and he is working with the Gideons in the region. Would you like to stay with them?"

Now how does God do that? Before I even had the phone call from Fetus saying that they had to rush across the country to a funeral, God was preparing a bed for me in Ongwediva, just five minutes from the ELCIN headquarters. I will never be able to understand God's work behind the confusion of life in order to provide for His evangelists.

## A WORD TO EVANGELISTS

It has indeed been rewarding throughout the years to work with some truly dedicated evangelists, most of whom work on their own, supporting themselves in tentmaking as they work themselves from one unbeliever to another. These are some of the most dedicated men, some of whom have left relatives, and family if needed, forsaken lands and houses in order to get the job done of preaching the gospel to the world.

I have had the privilege of working with

some of these men here in Cape Town. Of these is Willie Flynn. Before he became incapacitated with arthritis, Willie was every week into five prisons in the Cape Peninsula. He was with unbelievers on a daily basis, teaching them a better way of life. When we were pioneering the work in northern Namibia in the early 90s, Willie caught a ride with whoever was going that way. At least two times in his frustration of not finding a way north, he bought a bus ticket and made the three-day journey by himself. He was a great evangelist who needed no one but God to hold his hand. Willie's legacy will be commitment to evangelism, wherever it needs to be done.

Before Willie, Peter Manual was of this breed. Peter first led the Athlone church to look to the east in establishing the church in the old homeland of Transkei in southern South Africa. Once that mission was accomplished, he started looking around for another mission, which is characteristic of any true evangelist. I was in his office in 1993. that I spoke to him about Namibia. Those of us who were going to Namibia could cover the northern part of the country. But someone had to take the south.

I will always remember being in Peter's office and talking with him about this mission. I asked if he would consider taking southern Namibia. I remember that Peter looked around in his office, found a broom, and then measured the distance with the handle from where he had gone in the Transkei to do the same fourteen-hour trip to the north. He swung the broom handle from the east to the north and it landed squarely in the heart of southern Namibia. I will always remember what he said. He enthusiastically responded, "I can do that!" And that he did, even into his old age.

Since that first commitment, Peter never turned back. At first he was driving up for two weeks about every month and a half. He would take others from Cape Town. Peter Manuel will always go down in history as one of the most self-motivated evangelists of South Africa.

## THE BROOM-HANDLE CHURCH

On my way back to Cape Town on this last journey, I was able to pass through the heart of where Peter focused his work, the place where the broom handle landed. I had left Windhoek on Sunday Morning, and four hours later arrived at the “broom handle church” a few minutes after they started their assembly. I went in quietly and sat down. At the time, there was only one brother there who recognized me by face. After we had all gone through the proceedings, the song leader could not contain himself. He got up before everyone and said, “Brother Dickson, I have read all your books in the library and this is the first time I have met you. Please speak to us.” And so I did. You never know where you go in writing.

I had not been to one of the groups Peter started for many years. I wanted to report to them some of the exciting things that God was doing in their country of which they were completely unaware. And they responded according to how Christians should when told of the great things that God is doing. They were so excited when I told them that the ELCIN headquarters in Punyu had invited me to come to the north and talk to them about getting the *Teacher's Bibles* into the hands of each of their preachers. They were thrilled that I had been invited and met with over three hundred delegates of the African Methodist Episcopal Church for the same reason. These delegates had

come from all over Namibia for their annual meeting. I was right there to hand out to them the *Teacher's Bible*. Some of our folks meet in very isolated places, and thus need encouragement by hearing that God is not inactive in the work of reaching the world with the gospel.

## THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

... old age times, that is. One time I was on the road in Africa and I just kept forgetting my toothbrush, toothpaste and shaver. Don't know what the problem was. I camped before reaching my first destination, got up in the morning, brushed my teeth, shaved, and left on my journey. When I arrived at the next stop for overnight, there was no toothbrush to be found, and no shaver. So it was to the store to resupply. About four days later, the same program happened, and again, it was to the store. By now I was bringing myself into consultation that sometime might be degenerating between the ears. But I rationalized that I had not yet lost it, and proceeded on my journey. But the same program played itself out again for the third time. Now I was worried. As I write this, the sad thing is that this all transpired **ten years ago!**

Gus Nichols once told a group of us young preachers about forty-five years ago, “Boys, I knew when I was losing it—he was about 70 at the time—when I realized after about a week that I was getting up in the morning, tying on one shoe and slipping on the other.”

So now, had anything changed on this most recent trip? Let me say it this way. I am ten years older than the time of the “lost toothbrush trip.” Not much has changed. At my second camp I was up in the morning and on my way. I arrived at the next camp



by the end of the day. I started setting up camp, and looking around for my “American” towel that I had spirited out of the house unbeknownst to Martha. It was nowhere to be found. My heart just sunk into frustrated despair. I had left that “American” towel at the last campsite. It was like lightning flashing through my inner soul as I thought, “When I get home, I am in deep, deep trouble!” That was one of Martha’s “American” towels, fully imported from where good stuff is made and purchased. Not only that, it was one of the best towels she had—that’s why I took it you see.

Martha had always warned me not to take those good towels on camping trips. But I kept reassuring her that I would never, ever forget them. Like I said, I was in deep, deep trouble, one return trip away from losing my confidence that I would never forget those towels at a campsite. I was so frustrated with myself. I was feeling so despondent about the matter, that I thought of myself sometime in the future getting up from a campsite in the morning, heading out down the road as fast as I could, but still being passed by cars and men on donkeys. And then I would remember, “I forgot my vehicle.”

As I relinquished myself to despair for forgetting one of Martha’s “American” towels, I consoled myself by thinking it will certainly be a blessing to some poor African soul. I organized my apologetic conversation with her upon my return. “It will all burn up anyway in the Great Bomb Fire in the end.” At least that was the story I was rationalizing in my mind when I returned ... nevertheless ... I was in deep, deep trouble.

Now “as it happened,” my appointments on this trip brought me back to that very campsite where I had lost my soul ... I mean, forgotten Martha’s towel. When I



**Oh yes, it was my ticket to return. Martha’s found towel finally made its way safely back to Cape Town, she being completely unaware of this saga until she read this manuscript. African folks who take care of forgetful “Papas” are just great.**



**My Himba angel who got me out of deep, deep trouble.**

came into the campsite, the young Himba woman who managed the camp came up to me and said, “Mr. Dickson, I have your blue towel and your chair you left. They are in the storage room and I will get them for you.” HALLELUJAH! HALLELUJAH! It rang in my ears. Thank you, Jesus! I can now go home in peace. Can I use this passage: “*And the peace of God that surpasses all understanding will keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.*” Can I?

The crazy thing about it all is that I did not remember that I had also forgotten my camp chair. Oh well, when you forget that you forget, then I guess you are OK.

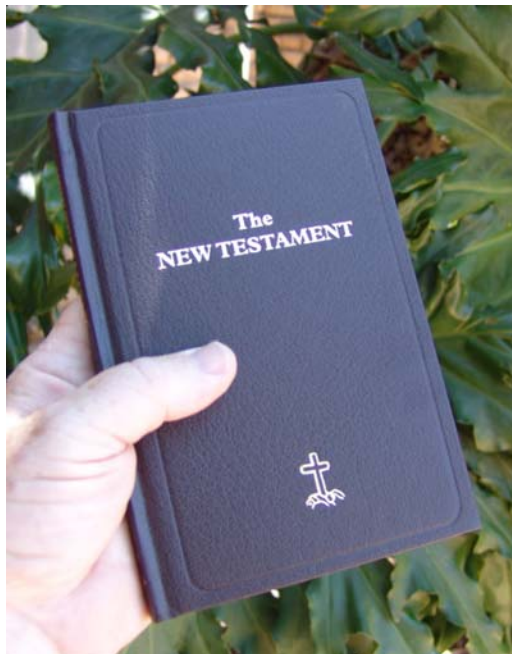
Now this may be crazy. I kept thinking of the line in the old song by the Kingston Trio,

*Did he ever returned, no he never returned,  
He's lost forever beneath the streets of Boston,  
He's the man who never returned.*

The man lost beneath the streets of Boston did not have a nickel to get off the subway, so he road forever beneath the streets of Boston. But I had my “nickel” (Martha’s towel) and I could return.

## MAN ON A MISSION

Please allow me the opportunity to explain myself. People like me are often misunderstood, just as Jesus, Paul, Peter and a host of other early revolutionaries who had a message of change. Jesus initiated a revolution in the first century, and the early disciples grew that which He started. It was a revolution to Jesus and grace that was totally contrary to all man-made religions that existed during the initial beginning of this age. Not unlike the religions today, Jesus came into a world of man-made religions that were es-



Herein is the power and the manual for the revolution we are continuing. This **Study New Testament** is the third most asked for gem that we distribute. The first two requests are for the **Teacher’s Bible** and **Biblical Research Library**. We have distributed over 500,000 **Study New Testaments** in print, and 1,300,000 if you want to count distribution through the **BRL disk**.

tablished on the foundation of traditions, emotional experientialism, man-made dictates, or all the preceding. When the grace of God was revealed through Jesus, the call went out into all the world that men must respond by faith to what God required of men to do in order to accept the free gift of grace. It was indeed a revolutionary concept, not a restoration. While the religions of men were based on a meritorious relationship between gods and men, Christianity was based on grace and faith. One system produced doubt, the other produced assurance. One system trusted in man, the other in God who would have mercy on repentant believers.

So because it was a revolution against all existing religions of the day, including the Jews' religion (See Gl 1:14), we can only involve ourselves as part of the revolution to encourage restoration. It is our task to restore the principles of the early revolutionaries of Jesus. This is necessary because the principles of Jesus' revolution have already been inscribed and sealed in Holy Writ. We cannot change the inscriptions. And because we cannot change the Inscription, we can only call for a restoration to its principles. How is this done? It is accomplished only by calling people to the word of God as the sole authority in matters of faith and behavior. And that is what we are doing. We are calling people back to the New Testament principles of revolution that are against the religious forces of darkness in our world today.

I know how this works. I know how Jesus did it throughout His ministry. If you want to know what we are doing, then the "system" of generating a restoration to the revolution of Jesus is right there in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Use Acts only to find examples of how it was continued. I say continued, because you need to take a look at Acts 2:47 in the Greek text. The word "church" is just not there. It isn't! The text simply says, "The Lord added to them." The revolution had already started with 120 in an upper room. That number exploded to over 3,000 on the A.D. 30 Pentecost, and was about to go nuclear in the months and years that followed.

The evangelistic efforts of every disciple since that initial explosion in Acts 2 has been to call people from serving their "unknown gods" back to the one true and living God who sent forth into the world His Son who is now resurrected and reigning.

The **only** way to this God is through His Son. And the **only** way to get to His Son is through the written word of God. Without the Bible, mankind, including all Christians, are doomed to creating gods after their own imaginations, and a concept of Jesus that is corrupted (See Lk 1:1-4).

During His ministry, Jesus sent His disciples out on countless teaching tours. These early disciples had no printed Bibles. The message of Jesus' fulfillment of the prophecies had to be verbally communicated. The disciples themselves were the Bibles and commentary on the Messiah who had arrived. After Acts 2, it was the suffering Servant who had arrived and paid the ransom price for our sins. But now, we have the tremendous advantage of a "printed teacher" in the Bible. The early restorationists dealt with a world population of a few million. We deal with billions. Therefore, **the Teacher's Bible/Biblical Research Library project is our sending out "disciples" to tell the world that the Savior has arrived and is now reigning.**

It is for this reason that we focus primarily on distributing the *TB/BRL* to those who are struggling to be delivered out of the bondage of religious confusion. We do not want to focus on distributing the *TB/BRL* to those who have already heard. If we did such, it would be like preaching to the choir. We are not an inbred bunch of introverted narcissists, thinking only of ourselves. We are evangelists for the Master, evangelists who are good news to those walking aimlessly in the darkness of misguided religiosity, just as it was during the days of Jesus and the early disciples.

No one has a patent on restoration. If we think we are a unique group because we initiated a restoration in our own country or



culture, then we will often set ourselves up as judges and lawgivers of others who are on their own journey back to Jerusalem. If we think we are unique, we may develop arrogant attitudes, if not be impatient toward those who are struggling as a whole to restore New Testament Christianity in their area. We do not, therefore, force folks to huddle under our selected names, nor comply with our behavior or expressions of worship. If we do this, we will end up producing clones, not Christians. Therefore, it is our mission to pick up others who are somewhere on this restoration journey in order to aid them along the way. In order to aid others on their journey—the same journey we are on—we thought it wise to produce and give them some road maps we have used on our journey to Jesus. And now you know why there are so many of us working with the *TB/BRL* project. If you want to join in, welcome to one of the most comprehensive evangelistic efforts since the first century. I'm telling you, it is an adventure. Climb on and enjoy the ride. (You should be grabbing for your check book at about this time.)

## FELLOWSHIP ALONG THE WAY

On this trek, as others, I search to encounter those of a similar spiritual kind, to contact those who are struggling on their journey to Jesus and the restoration of His word in their lives. You need to know of a group I met on the Atlantic coast of Namibia in the city of Walvis Bay.

Two years ago someone gave me the phone number of Bennie Smit in Walvis. So I called Bennie and made a four-hour drive to meet with him at the only place I knew in Walvis Bay, a German bakery in the middle of town that I experienced in the early 90s.

Sometimes you meet people in which

## FELLOWSHIP AT THE AFRICAN CAMPSITE



**You can't stay at campsites in Africa if you do not like all sorts of wild African animals. They are there to keep you company.**



you know dwells the love of God. Our meeting was magic. At that time we were working exclusively with the *TB/BRL* projects in the country. So Bennie, later on my next trip, called together the religious leaders he knew in the area, which was a great number of men, since he was well known throughout the land.

On this last trip I wanted to speak specifically with this unique church group. It is indeed a group of people on their way to restoration, in more ways than just doctrinally. The church building in which they were meeting was over sixty years old. You are probably not familiar with building structures in coastal sandy regions. Two things happen to the buildings over the years. First, the sand moves, and thus, brick structures crack. (Just remember what Jesus said about building on the sand.) Second, and even more devastating to the structure, over the years salt in the sea, and thus in the sand under the buildings, begins to creep up into the foundations of brick and mortar of a building. So the building is terminal. Such was the case where Bennie and his group were meeting.

So the church of about 175 in attendance decided to totally renovate a hall that was next to the building. When I visited on this last journey, they had just moved into the hall two weeks before my arrival. They had accomplished a marvelous job of renovating the hall. Inside, you would have felt that you were inside one of the best carpeted halls anywhere in America. Carpets, padded chairs, indirect lighting, coffee/tea bar, the works. Bennie said, “We did it all on our own, incurring no debt whatsoever.” You don’t hear that often in Africa.

Now concerning the old building, they had plans to take it down completely and built a new facility that would seat at least



**They are all there, friends known and unknown, eager to eat what you throw away. And sometimes, they keep watch over you at night so there are no unwanted visitors to come in and disturb your sleep. They are there just watching ... watching ... watching.**



**Remember that song, “There’s an all-seeing eye watching over you”?**

400. And Bennie said, “We want to do it within two years, and also without any debt.” (Maybe we should bring some other brethren from Africa to talk with this group.)

This is not some wealthy group. **The trick is that they decided they would never again build a church building.** They would build a Christian civic center where everyone in the community could come instead of going to the local bars. They wanted the people in the community not to think of the building as a “church building,” but a place to come to play games, play pool, organize benevolent programs, teach computers, etc., etc., etc. They wanted to minister to the community by using their structure as a place of meeting to stir up good works and encourage love. There was restoration in the air. When churches stop thinking about themselves in building a building for themselves, then God starts working among these people. We must remember that it is not a contribution if we benefit from it.

This is an independent church. They support Bennie. The building has a house “joined hard unto the synagogue” where Bennie, his wife and family live.

I was with this group for a Sunday morning to talk to everyone about going through the STBS curriculum. It was great being with them and experiencing their excitement about Bible study. One very elderly lady came up to me afterwards and said, “I have been studying the Bible all my life. It is just great to hear that you have a guided curriculum. I will be the first student.”

The word of God is taught to this group. The people worship God from their hearts. They poured out their hearts in spiritual songs. There was worshipful energy in the assembly. You could tell that these people were alive for Jesus.

I really appreciated the way they worked through their fellowship of the Lord’s Supper. The table was very prepared, indicating that these folks viewed the Supper more than just a ceremony, or some “act” of worship. There was a large goblet filled with the fruit of the vine that was set in the middle of the table. Individual cups were in trays that were situated around the one goblet. The bread was laid out in two plates. Flowers surrounded the entire presentation which was overlaid with a net covering.

When the servers came to the table, they made a semicircle around the table. The one directing the event, opened the Bible and spoke to the servers about what the Supper was about. After speaking, the leader of the group handed the bread to each of those in the group while one spoke of Jesus doing the same with the disciples at the last Supper. After serving the bread, the leader of the event handed the large goblet to the servers and each drank from it. At the same time they were drinking, one of the servers spoke concerning Jesus giving “the cup” to His disciples, from which they all drank. What they did was act out what Jesus did in instituting the Supper with His disciples. The rest of us were all watching on.

The group then turned to face the audience who had been looking on as if they were witnessing Jesus in the original Passover. The servers then went among the audience and served everyone the Supper. It was just beautiful. It was an experience, not a ceremony. It is one of those blessings that one receives from being opened minded to how people do things differently.

I have visited thousands of churches throughout the years. I have learned to read an audience of people whom I have met for the first time. And in reading this audience



I could feel that the Spirit of God was moving among these people in order to be true disciples. I spoke about Rana Weigang coming out to the “wilderness” to my campsite in her BMW to be baptized. They all cheered and rejoiced. Yep, they are on their way.

There are groups as the Walvis Bay church out there everywhere. We are in a “finding ministry.” When Paul came into Corinth, the text says that he “found” Aquila and Priscilla (At 18:1). When he went to Ephesus, the text again says that he “found” certain disciples (At 19:1). We are searching for seekers who want to go on to perfection in continuing their study of the word of God.

I will be honest with you. I grew up in an atmosphere of debate and conquer. If one found someone with whom they could discuss the Bible, it was not discussion. It was debate. God has since worked my case to get me back to discussion. It is not my mission to “win over” people. It is my mission as a disciple to teach what I believe the Bible says with a smile on my face, love in heart, and a finger on the passage. “Winning over” is God’s business. Therefore, don’t ask me how many people I have “won over” in baptisms. That is God’s work. We plant and water, but God gives the increase. And that increase may come many, many years after we have long gone on to glory.

## FINDING DISCIPLES

And what would we say of Bruce Mulder. Bruce moved from South Africa to Namibia in 1989, the same year Martha and I showed up in Cape Town. Bruce moved to Namibia with a mission of networking churches throughout Africa and developing trade schools by which they could support themselves as they went on their way teaching the word of God. He built a conference

center in Windhoek where African leaders could be brought in for vocational and Bible training. He needed a curriculum for teaching the Bible. And so, I showed up.

You can imagine the possibilities in situations as this. I left the curriculum with Bruce with the parting words, “Please read through the course textbooks, remembering that you do not have to agree with everything.” I continued, “If you do agree with everything, then that would not be good, for you would start another denominational church. And we do not want that.” These words I say to every religious group who wants to consider the curriculum. And surprisingly, almost all independent religious groups understand and accept this. They are very patient and free with one another as they all study the word of God. And it is because of this freedom of thinking that they have with one another that will allow many of them to study themselves out of confusion, for they all realize that there is a lot of confusion among them.

So I move on from such encounters as the one I had with Bruce. I pray that highly organized and dedicated people as Bruce Mulder will make the call to use the curriculum. These encounters illustrate the open door that is in Africa among many religious leaders. It is a very exciting thing. Just writing about it stirs excitement in my heart. These folks are out there. Martha and I are willing to give the rest of our lives to find them. We have a curriculum for Bible training. We just need to “market” the product to as many churches as possible, praying that the concept of a Bible study curriculum will find fertile soil as it did with Festus Thomas who has a network of 25 groups throughout northern Namibia

God often crosses our paths with

people as Bruce who have a great impact on the continent. When I was meeting with him, he asked for French material, for most of his networks of churches were in French-speaking countries. So I am looking for French material. Did any of our French-speaking brethren out there hear this? And “coincidentally,” a week before I left on this trip I had a brother in my office pleading for French material because he was working with French-speaking refugees.

Here is another interesting point that Bruce and I discussed. Bruce also wants to distribute the *Teacher's Bible* throughout Namibia. He wants to take the *Teacher's Bible* into Angola and the other five nations where he has networked churches and annually conducts seminars for the preachers. So he said he will look through the *Teacher's Bible*. He told me, “I am a conservative church of God person.” We will see if the material is more conservative than he claims to be.

## ARRIVAL IN THE NORTH

When one journeys into southern Angola and northern Namibia, he has stepped into Ovamboland. The Ovambo tribal group was divided by a border between Angola and Namibia that was drawn by colonial powers in Europe in the nineteenth century. Once among this ethnic group that speaks seven dialects of Oshivambo, you begin to understand why Jesus said in Matthew 28:19, to go make disciples of “*ta ethna*” (ethnic group).

And there I was again on this trek. I don't know a word that I could use to explain why I was there. It was not in my original itinerary. But then I am often very surprised as to how God works things together for His mission, not mine.

I need to explain. I had been on the road for about a week, sleeping in by cocoon in the back of the White Rhino in the wilderness. Don't get me wrong. I have consigned myself to being somewhat comfortable to my fate in tents and truck beds. The folks with whom we work often ask why we sleep in such conditions. They are only acquainted with “high powered” preachers who come through and hold up in the big hotels. They just cannot understand why we sleep in tents. We tell them that our Lord did not have a fox hole in which to sleep. Why would we think we are any better? But after about a week of such “grasshopper living,” I have this inner urge to again taste the sweet life-style of the fluffed world. God knows this, even though I will not admit it to you. So He plans sometimes on my journeys to call me up to the fine life of luxury.

Now allow me to backtrack to Windhoek and about a year ago. It was then that I first met Connie and Zelda. Now remember the conversation I had with them when I was passing through Windhoek on this trip. They knew Bruce Mulder, to whom they introduced me. They knew Mara Booyesen, to whom they also introduced me. And in the conversation I had with Mara, God was preparing a bed for me in Ongwediva. After passing through the west coast of Namibia, having driven through the desert twice on the journey, I was ready for a change in life-style.

Mara called her sister Helene in Ongwediva and said she should be looking out for a wandering man of God coming her way. So after a day and a half of wilderness wandering, I drove into Ongwediva. I called Helene. “This is Mr. Dickson,” I hopefully stated. She responded, “Hello, Doc (folks call me that here). Rolus my husband will

meet you at the Shell station and you will stay with us.” He did, and subsequently brought this complete stranger into their home. Folks, there are people with the love of God out there, those who are willing to take in those who are going about preaching the word of God. Rolus later told me, “I didn’t want to stand before the Lord and hear the statement, ‘I was a stranger and you did not take me in.’” Some people still live their Bibles.

So now I was in “hog heaven,” as a good Kansas farmer would say. Rolus oriented me in the house. I said to him, “I think I just checked into the Hilton Inn.” Their maid washed my thoroughly brewed week of old dirty clothes. They fed me. My room—now listen to this—had an air conditioner! Oh, glory HALLELUJAH! It was so wonderful after scorching through the desert. I turned it on, collapsed across the bed, and went deep into a soothing coma. It was a “Dr. Pepper moment.”

I was eventually revived by the cellphone ringing. It was Eeva Liisa of the ELCIN group. “It’s good to have you in the area, Doc. When can we meet?” The Holy Spirit must wear a watch. I just cannot figure out how He does these things. Hey, don’t argue with me about being “led by the Spirit.” I have absolutely no other explanation for these “coincidences.” When you work for God, things happen.

## HOW ITS DONE

Rolus and Helene Cloete are an Aquila and Priscilla mission team. They uprooted in the capital city of Windhoek six years ago and moved to a mission area where they started a church. They have no support, for such is unheard of in their thinking. They believe that one is to support himself. If one



**Those who minister in the northern region of Namibia, where three-fourths of the people live, must work among the villages. Here is where the people are.**



**How would you like to live in houses as these when it is 95 degrees in the heat of the day?**





wants to be a missionary, then you grab your tools to support yourself, and then, go into all the world. And they did.

When I encountered them in Ongwediva, they had been working hard in the establishment of a church. They continued to support themselves, working day and night to provide for their family. They were at a time in their ministry where they needed help with Bible studies. Rolus was an avid Bible student. There were open Bibles throughout his house. And then I showed up with the curriculum that we were distributing. When Rolus saw the curriculum textbooks, he was overwhelmed. The second night I was there, he was off to a birthday party in another town to talk to everyone about starting a Bible school. Really!

We are searching for situations as this to take dedicated workers and those they influence on to a greater knowledge of the Bible. We need not send any evangelist to Ongwediva. The “missionary” is sent as the *Teacher’s Bible* and *Biblical Research Library*, textbooks. It doesn’t get more mass mission than this. We just need to believe that God has people out there doing the best they can with what they have and know. And if they want what we have to offer, glory to God.

We need to change our prayers. Be praying, “God lead me to cross the paths of more Aquilas and Priscillas just like Paul in Corinth” (At 18:1-3).

I need to again mention the objective of the *African Chronicles* in reference to the ministry of Rolus and Helene in their struggle to teach the people. Rolus works at a full-time job supporting himself. He has little time to prepare lessons for the people, though he studies until 1:00 or 2:00 in the morning on Friday and Saturday for



**The local place to wash clothes and body. Villagers here wash in the Okavango River in Angola, the home also of crocodiles.**

Sunday. He is a target student for the *Chronicles*. The only complaint we have received from the distribution of the *Chronicles* is, “Brother Dickson, you need to send more *Chronicles*. We need more material to teach.” One group of elders wrote an official letter signed by all the elders. “Brother Dickson, the elders are taking the church through the series of issues on *Experiential Religion*, but we did not receive issue number 4.” Issue 4 is gone, so what do you do? One thing about Africa is that there is never enough literature to be used by those who are hungering and thirsting after the word of God, both to study and teach.

## A SURREAL ENCOUNTER

Please sit back and allow me to explain in incredible encounter. I came from a surreal experience for which I can only give God the credit. As I squeezed my emotions out through the tip of a Bic pen on the Okavango River, I was moved with wonder at the awesomeness of our God who moves among the people for His work to bring humble souls into His eternal presence.

This spiritual rendezvous began with

a *BRL* disc that was randomly placed in a P.O. Box in the remote village of Opuwo, Namibia. It was received by a dedicated Nazarene preacher, to whom I sent ten copies of the *Teacher's Bible* after he had requested them for preacher friends. One was passed on to Festus Thomas, who in turn called on me two years ago to come and talk to an association of independent churches in Ovamboland. After some time, one of these *Teacher's Bibles* eventually found its way into the hands of Eliakim Shaanika, who is the director of education of the largest religious group in Namibia, the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Independent Namibia (ELCIN). The roots of this group date back to the early eighteenth century in Namibia. Eeva-Liisa Shitundeni, a sixty plus year old worker at the head office of the ELCIN group in Punyu, Namibia, and graduate of their seminary in Windhoek, read page after page of the *Teacher's Bible*. She said, "I was so amazed. Scriptures were explained contextually and historically. I said to myself, 'I must find this man Dickson. If this man can write these things, then we must meet him.'"

So this dedicated Ovambo woman googled Dickson from the remote village of Punyu, Namibia. (God bless the internet.)

I went to my office about two months before this trip, checked my email, and Eeva-Liisa's most interesting email popped up. It read, "You must come to us. We need this book among our pastors throughout the nation." Not knowing who or where, I said I would probably come to northern Namibia in about two months, for the journey was a 26-hour drive from Cape Town.

But I eventually found my way there. We encountered. All three of us, Eeva, Eliakim, and myself, just sat there in the room of our initial encounter and wondered.

How could God do this? I explained the *Teacher's Bible* Project that we are trying to implement in giving free copies to all the preachers of Namibia. I said, "There are people in America who care about helping your preachers teach the word of God to the people." Eeva and Eliakim, as myself, still wondered how God could have brought us together at this time in history and in this room. Eliakim eventually said, "This meeting has to be the work of God. We thus have no choice but to go with Him on this."

Eeva asked about the Bible curriculum. After I explained the curriculum and program, Eliakim said, "Oh, this is wonderful." I said the magic words, "It's free for the same reason as the *Teacher's Bible*. We just want to help those who are helping others to better know the Bible."

During all our discussions, all of us kept commenting that God was doing something wonderful here. We were emotionally moved on the same page, desiring to help those who were their ordained pastors, their preachers, and their deacons who teach the people. I wish each one of you could have been looking on such a surreal meeting as this. If there was ever a call to print and distribute the *Teacher's Bible*, this is it. I knew that God would not bring me to an opportunity as this without making it possible to get the *Teacher's Bible* into the hands of all the preachers of the largest church of all Namibia.

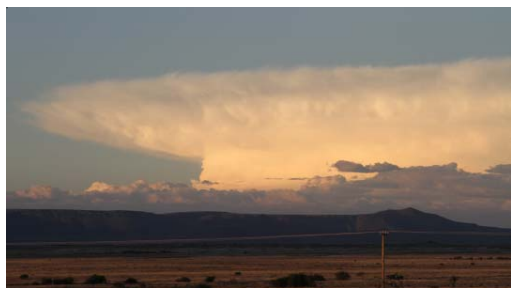
After the meeting, I just went to a large department store and paced the floor. I needed to embrace what I had just experienced. I was overwhelmed with emotion. I felt guilty for my doubt in our God who can do exceedingly abundantly above all our feeble spreadsheets. He is the God who says trash your analytical understanding of My

work and come follow Me. And when we do, we are continually humbled by His leading. Would that I could live another lifetime to continually experience His wonders.

## FROM CLOUD 9 TO 10

It was to be a laborious drive from Ondangwa to Rundu. Driving forty miles out of the way after being lost did not help. My destination was the Nkawsi Lodge on the lazy Okavango River that established the border between Angola and Namibia in that part of the country. Since on this trip I was passing by to “see how they fair,” I had been to the lodge about a year before, meeting Valorie the owner of the lodge.

I planned to stay two nights, relaxing and writing in my tent in the shaded campsite. When I arrived, it was hot, extremely hot and humid without any wind. I thought, “This is not going to be fun.” I arrived early



**Don't think that Africa cannot stir up some thunderbusters that will shake you to your inner soul. This is Africa and we know how to make big rain. (When I look at this picture, I always think of the spiritual nuclear explosion we cause in the kingdom of darkness through the distribution of the *Teacher's Bible*.)**

afternoon on Thursday, planned to stay that night, write all day the next day, and then meet with the preachers in Rundu on Friday night. I would then leave on Saturday morning for an 8-hour trek toward the south.

Upon arrival I went to the receptionist



**The beginning of the rainy season. Best advice, “Look out, here it comes in full force.”**



and announced my presence. I said to the group of three people gathered there, “Could you tell Valorie that Mr. Dickson has arrived.”

Immediately, a young gentlemen sprang to his feet and excitedly said, “Dr. Roger Dickson?”

I responded, “I am the same.”

“Oh, Dr. Dickson, I have read your books. It is so wonderful to meet you personally. Thank you so much.”

I again thought, you never know where you have gone through writing.

I then settled into my campsite, lamented the heat, but was renewed in spirit to commence my writer’s work. I grabbed a cotton sock, sat under the shade of a tree, and began to proofread one of the four books I was working on during the trip. I would read and wipe, read and wipe, cleaning some sweat from the manuscript. Sweat rolled off me in the discomfort of the moment. I convinced myself that I was having fun, so I carried on, being reminded that if hell is anything like this, I will certainly do everything to prevent going there. It was just one of those humid African afternoons after the rains of the previous day. I may have felt somewhat sorry for myself, trying to live like John the Baptist in the wilderness. But there I was, being thankful that I had not yet digressed to grasshoppers.

Now late in the afternoon, the young hostess of the lodge walked up to me in my miserable state of self-imposed persecution. She said, “Mrs. Valorie says that you will be put in one of the lodges.” (At no cost.)

After a moment of unbelief, I contained my rejoicing internally, quietly whispering to myself, “Thank you, Jesus.”

It was a lodge room with all the fluff of the modern world. I had my own shower,



**This is the all-purpose camp cloth. It can be used to wear on your feet as a sock, wipe the drenching sweat from your brow, and when you have forgotten your camp scrubber for washing dishes, it is great for that purpose also. You clean one cloth while accomplishing all three feats. When you wash the dishes you automatically clean it. (Just kidding!)**



**This is a picture of pure deliverance. God knows how to reach down in our darkest hour and put us where we belong at the right moment in time. Don’t ever question God taking care of His evangelist while he is on the road. The evangelist will come to the end of his road only when God says so. And when that end comes, he will know that he has finished his destiny.**



bathroom, twin beds, even little sweets on the pillows. It was a thatched roofed cottage right out of Africa. It even had a comfortable chair and a writing table where upon I inscribed these very words.

Once I had calmed myself down to some composure, I thought, “God, how do You do things like this?”

I have experienced many surreal events in my life, to which I would refer to as “flabbergasting experiences.” If ever one would need confirmation that God takes care of those who put the weight of their body on the foot in the water, the Nkwasi Lodge experience was one of those times.

And that’s not all. When she arrived, Valorie prepared a special table for me among the international tourists who were there. It was a cafeteria meal for breakfast and supper, all I could eat without spoiling

the meal with a bill that followed. I assure you, I did not yearn for a can of Heinz.

Once you have deducted from so many “unexplainable” experiences, that it is truly God who is working in your life to work for His good pleasure, then look out. You have just concluded that God has put His stamp of approval on what you are doing. So now all other options are gone. You are now driven by faith to do what you believe He has confirmed. Your driven faith obsesses you with an overwhelming assurance that your ministry is what He has intended for you to do. And so, you do and keep on doing, kicking Satan in the teeth and continuing on with your God-given destiny. It is a good feeling. It is fun!

You go to bed every night anticipating what He will do tomorrow.



**The rainy season begins in northern Namibia in December. It continues relentlessly for about three months. It is really a beautiful time of the year to be in the dry country.**

## COZIED IN HIS HAND

The sun slowly slithered silently over the meandering Okavango as I obsessed there in that comfortable bed of the Nkwasi Lodge. Darkness was creeping upon the landscape of my tranquil African bush surroundings. I was cozy in my gift from God, and then it began to hit.

The trees started to twist in agony. Lightning silhouetted the skies and thunder rocked the earth. I thought of Noah as the fountains of heaven gushed forth with torrential rains. It was one of those rains we “miss down in Africa.” Not a quiet trickle. Not a calming fall from heavenly skies. It was the fullest definition of a downpour that only Africa seems to conjure up after the heavens have starved the earth of moisture for so long.

Oh, it rained. The sky flashed with lightning. The heavens roared with thunder. You can only imagine how happy I was that God sent His angel to rescue me out of my tent and safely lay my head down in the comfort of a cottage on the Okavango River. I prayed, “Thank You, Jesus. Thank You, Thank You, Thank You,” and then off into a quiet slumber my mind went in thanksgiving for the cool African night. My body somehow remembered how it slept well as a youth in a Kansas farm house during thunderstorms of yesteryear. And now, it did the same.

## THE AFRICAN MORNING

At my age I struggle to sleep in to 4:00 in the morning. However, there is a serendipitous blessing of such old age realities in Africa. I am sitting here in the bush, being serenaded by the choir of Africa’s best instrumentalists. You arise before this music ensemble begins. The instruments begin to be tuned one by one as a few birds ini-

tially tune their instruments for the morning concert, making a chirp here then there. As the early instrumentalists begin, others join in, and then, something magic happens. It is as if a continent comes alive with a majestic choir that has been Divinely tuned by the finger of God Himself. Every creature joins in the symphony with its unique Creator-given instrument, some with magical chirps, some with soul-wrenching roars from a distance. It is as if our Maker meant it all to be a reminder of our origins. If nature can create such a melodious sound to my ears, then surely we would conclude that this is not all there is. I sit here captivated by the music of nature, thankful for what seemed to be those rare occasions of one of His creatures trapped in an environment of the sounds of automobiles, and horns and sirens, electronic devices and the low distant roar of the traffic on the distant freeway. I come back to bush reality that my African experience has now faded into the background. However, I am overjoyed to have been here just to be reminded how it was for thousands of years before civilization interrupted the music hall of nature with just noise. In thought I have been startled back into my real world, a country boy trapped in an urban jungle, to which I must inevitably return. Nevertheless, I leave my flickering oil lamp burning beside me as a reminder of God’s glorious choir and the way it used to be before civilization stole away the tranquility of life’s moment.

## CONTACTING AFRICAN ZEAL

On another visit, I passed by Rundu almost two years ago. This city is in the far northeastern border with Angola that is just across the Okavango River to the north. One



can look down main street in Rundu over into Angola.

When Denville, Malvin and I passed by this city we left with the thirty or so religious leaders the *BRL* disk, on which was the Bible curriculum of the STBS. I talked to these leaders about the concept of the STBS. I related to them that we were in the process of printing the first term curriculum.

Now before I left on this last trip, I was not planning on going to Rundu since it was far out of the way. But before I left on the trip I received this strange email that was so unbelievable that I thought it was one of those African exaggerations. Nevertheless, I relinquished to the plea from Macedonia and decided that I would take the 10-hour out-of-the-way trip over to Rundu.

When I visited Patrick and Joseph, the ones who wrote the email, I could not believe what they had done. They caught the vision of the STBS concept when I made a presentation of the curriculum back almost two years before. As a result, they went to work with the *BRL* disk alone. They printed out the required course material, organized classes, and went to teaching. Patrick conducted a term of ten courses in Rundu. Joseph went into the Congo and set up a class with nineteen preachers and business people of all religious groups. He taught day after day, while the students discussed the material in depth in Swahili and French.

When I arrived in Rundu, Joseph had worked out a registration form for all his students in the Congo, pictures included. I was thoroughly amazed, if not rebuked for underestimating the zeal of African young men who set themselves to the work. There are some really zealous young men in Africa who are very dedicated to teaching the word of God. When given a challenge and the

material to teach, they are GONE! It is with these dedicated young preachers of Africa to whom Martha and I have throughout the years dedicated our ministry. We are indeed grateful to supporters who have partnered with us for the long haul in providing tons of literature throughout almost forty-five years to aid local evangelists in Brazil, the West Indies, and now in Africa. The over one hundred tons of material that went out in 2013 to Africa went to young, zealous men as Patrick and Joseph.

## LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

I am greatly encouraged about the future for world evangelism. What is referred to as the G.I. Generation of America took the gospel into all the world the three decades after WWII. The zenith of the American missionary force was reached in the early 60s. It levelled off there and started to decrease throughout the 70s and 80s. The current generation does not seem to be too mission minded. It is a generation that seems to be set on bringing our “troops” back home, and thus greatly reducing the missionary force of the church. You can read the statistics on this, if you want to understand this generation. The American missionary force is so small now that there seems to be no statistics taken on which the American church can boast in sending out their own.

But regardless of the American missionary force in the world today, God is doing His work of getting the name of Jesus preached to the world. Most of His ambassadors, however, do not carry American passports. God never limited His worldwide mission force to Americans alone, and He will continue to build His force of ambassadors throughout the world. As long as we keep discovering men as Festus, Patrick,

Bennie, Joseph, Henry, and thousands of others, the work of world evangelism will be done. Our task is to find these “Apollos leaders,” empower them with a greater knowledge of the word of God, and then keep them going. The great thing about literature is that you do not have to hold up the “Apollos” people in a classroom for two or three years to make sure they are cloned correctly, before you send them out. They can read the material while riding a bus or train to a mission destination. It is as simple as that.

## UNIVERSAL ORGANIC BODY

The older I am, and the better understanding I have of the universal body of Christ that has resulted from years of Bible study, specifically in reference to the nature of the organic body of Christ, leads on to focus on the universal nature of the body. I believe we need to take another look at the nature of the body of Christ more from the viewpoint of Jesus from heaven, than from

His work on earth. I know my experience with men as Patrick and Joseph, and a host of others, has led me to believe that God is doing something outside my formalized and organized “mission program” to the world. Let me explain.

There is a small assembly of the universal body of Christ meeting on north main street in Stafford, Kansas, with a main street that is less than a mile long. The town (village) is composed of barely 1,000 people, counting maybe a few dogs and cats. The assembly of the family of God that meets on north main is composed of a small group of surrounding farmers whose existence dates back to the middle of the nineteenth century, right after the civil war. These disciples have been meeting and living in and around Stafford for over a century. Now admittedly, they will never blow the county away with any dynamic evangelistic efforts since they have reached the people over and over again for the last century that these members of the body have lived in Stafford country.



**We will not walk quietly into the night when it comes to evangelizing the world. God has those out there who are getting the job done. All we need to do is find and empower them to do a better job. They need encouragement. They need to know that we are here for them.**

I grew up in the Stafford family of disciples. Though I was assembling with this small group of disciples, I was a member of the universal body of Christ. God put me on His role of membership in heaven back when I came out of those cold Kansas waters of baptism. I have not moved my membership since. It is still in heaven, though I have attended thousands of assemblies of fellow enrolled disciples throughout the world. It is God's business to add us to His people, wherever we are in the world. He adds us to the universal church, not to individual assemblies of the church.

So here I am in the middle of another continent, 15,000 miles away from that Stafford assembly. But I am still a part of that Stafford family of disciples. In spirit, I never left this family where I grew up as a farm boy six miles south and two east of the Stafford village. So who am I in relation to these disciples who are still living as Christians in the Stafford community? Neither their membership nor mine has changed from heaven where we were all initially enrolled upon our obedience to the gospel. We are still part of the universal family of God. We are at different places in the field of the kingdom of God throughout the world, but we are still that universal organic body of Jesus that is thriving throughout the world.

When the body organically functions universally, it is alive. Though parts of the body must dwell in areas where receptivity has long passed, parts of the body are extended to virgin fields where there is great receptivity. The receptivity where parts of the body physically live may not be receptive, nevertheless, the people may be receptive where parts of the body reside in other places throughout the world. Through two preachers I had not personally known be-

fore, this body was functioning far into the Congo with Bible classes for preachers with material that was provided by that Stafford family, and a host of other disciples scattered across America. Through Martha and I, and then, men as Patrick and Joseph, the Stafford disciples are ministering the word of God far beyond that tractor driven on a farm by a disciple in central Kansas. This is the body alive, functioning organically with what every joint supplies. And so, it is exactly as Paul wrote of the organic body throughout the world:

*But speaking the truth in love, we may grow up into Him in all things, who is the [universal] head, even Christ, from whom the whole [worldwide] body being fitted and held together by what every joint supplies [throughout the world], according to the effective working of each part [wherever that part is in the world], causes growth of the [universal body], to the edifying of itself in love.*

Ephesians 4:15,16

Before you question my insertions, notice carefully that Paul used the pronoun "we" in this statement. He considered himself a part of the universal body of Christ with the Ephesians. But he was in prison in Rome and the Ephesian disciples were in the city of Ephesus. It was still "we." And when we understand that we are all members of the same body, it will always be "we." I am part of the "we" as every disciple throughout the world is a part of the same "we." The Stafford members may live and minister 15,000 miles away from me, but we are still part of the "we."

We are extensions of one another, sup-



plying what each has to offer in order that the organic body function worldwide. The “we” part of the body in Stafford contributed wheat money to put food on my table while I, as a part of the “we” (the body), produced a piece of circular plastic (*BRL* disk) which all of us put in the hands of another part of the “we” in order to teach the Bible to folks in the Congo. The body was “fitted and held together” by the common goal and ministry of each member who reached all the way from the wheat fields of central Kansas to the villages in central Africa. The goal was accomplished by what each part supplied, some harvesting wheat, some writing, some traveling, and some harvesting souls in Africa. The body is one and functions as one. No one part of the body is more important than the whole, nor does one part of the body stand above or apart from the whole. We are “we.” “Every joint supplies” what is needed to accomplish the task of the Founder who started it all. He came, died, redeemed, and then sent the call throughout the world through His “we.” When each part supplies what is necessary for the universal body to function, then the body grows to the edification of the body. The beautiful thing about the body is that its members assemble all over the world in different places in order to unite together around the Supper of our Lord to remind ourselves that we are one.

When one views the church through the heavenly eyes of Jesus, we are one universal family extending His work throughout the world by bringing people into eternity. We are all parts of that one body. Martha and I are just parts living somewhere in the midst of the global community of God’s creation, functioning as parts of the global body. I suppose the conclusion of the matter is that

“parts is parts,” wherever they are in the world.

What is sometimes frustrating to us is that most of the parts of the body who function in God’s universal organic body do not have the euphoric experiences of personally witnessing those victories that we see as a result of everyone’s sacrifices. Writing reports that “you should have been there,” somehow seems to empty. It is easy for me to keep going because I work on the cutting edge of the kingdom and experience the victories that have been generated by all the parts working together as one body. But for those parts of the body who are far removed from the action of the front lines, and cannot personally experience the victories, our hats go off to them for their faithfulness to function as the body for over four decades of supporting their members who are living and working somewhere out there. We walk by personal contact in having the privilege of experiencing the victories first hand. Our supporters walk by faith. Thank you for your faith.

## YOU MUST GO THERE

Frequently, during His ministry, Jesus went to a solitary place (See Lk 4:42-44). It was either on a mountain top, a wilderness or somewhere that was solitary. One time He went somewhere in the wilderness for forty days. Going to such a place meant just Him and the Father. No one else. Alone. By Himself. I got the picture.

Maybe I can answer some questions that have been going through your mind. Does Dickson really like being out there in Africa on the road alone? Simple answer. YES! But I am not really alone. God is there, and if you know Africa, around every corner there are new African friends to make.

All I do is drive down the road alone. And that is precious time. It is time to think and worship.

I am a worshipful writer, that is, I worship our God through the ministry of my writing. It is my worship service. Any writer of Bible material will tell you the same thing. Writers in general need to be alone, isolated and solitary. In order for the thoughts to start flowing in the mind of a writer, and the thoughts connecting to words, a writer must be in a very uninterrupted environment (solitary). It is no different for me. The mental mechanisms of my writing mind do not start functioning until I am three or four days out of Cape Town. As I travel down the endless roads, thoughts start racing through my mind. Scriptural contexts start connecting. Lines are drawn between dots. At the next stop, it is a time to write notes, search for connecting thoughts from the Holy Writ, and an opportunity to go to the toilet. And you can't be there with me as I connect the dots, neither in the toilet. Only God and me can be there alone.

I encounter the work of God at a particular turn in the junction. A seminar is electric. A "coincidence" happens. I enjoy the thrill of a victory. It is one "mountain top" experience after another, day after day, until I explode in worship between appointments. I have encountered God on so many worshipful outpourings on the road. Tears have come and emotions have poured out at 60 miles and hour. What do you expect after witnessing day after day the guiding hand of a majestic God who keeps provoking you on with one glorious encounter after another. I need not see any burning bushes, nor dew on a fleece. God does not steal away my blessedness by some empirical miracle. It is through a growing faith that He continues



**Sometimes we go where we are reminded of home in central Kansas.**



**I know after seeing this picture a lot of women will say that they can go, knowing that the right things are there waiting for them in a department store of Africa.**



**My oldest daughter, Angella, reminded me, "Dad, don't mess with women and their purses." And so I submit this picture of the purses in a department store somewhere in Africa. You can go there, ladies.**

to build an environment of His closeness. He works so far off my spreadsheet that I would have to be spiritually inept not to know that He is always there doing His thing. It is great just to be engulfed by His work which one embraces through faith.

Nevertheless, I do wish you were there with me. This is especially true in reference to the world in which I work when I am on the road. God has landed me among the religious leaders of churches that are struggling out of religious confusion. He has not held me up by ministering to those who need no physician. He has opened a tremendous door of opportunity to those who have been crying out for years, “Come over to Macedonia and help us.” My ears will not become deaf to these pleas. Neither will I be diverted to Jerusalem to minister among



**On the road home from a rewarding worship journey throughout much of southern Africa.**

the healed. For this reason, I feel you have been cheated by not experiencing the work of God among those we have cast out because of one disagreement on a legal subpoint.

What I am saying is that I thank God for putting me alone at different times among



**Writers must go where they feel that they can connect with God. From inspiring points of contact, the thoughts come and the words flow from the point of a pen.**



the searching. Being alone with the searching continually reminds me that I am an evangelist, and that is where I belong.

You should find a mountain top somewhere to be alone with God. It is a worshipful experience that everyone should have regularly in their lives. God made us this way, and if we do not take the opportunity to be alone with Him, then we have cheated ourselves. We are not functioning according to how He made us. We try to get there with Him in a ceremonial service on Sunday morning. But generally there are no tears, no deep emotional outpourings that volcano up into a “glory hallelujah.” Sunday morning often becomes a self-inhibiting ceremony that is boxed in with two theological book ends, an opening and closing prayer.

You guessed it, the following is my favorite song:

*I traveled down the lonely road and no one seemed to care,  
The burden on my weary back had bowed me to despair,  
I oft complained to Jesus how folks were treating me,  
And then I heard Him say so tenderly,  
“My feet were also weary, upon the Calv’ry road;  
The cross became so heavy, I fell beneath the load,  
Be Faithful weary pilgrim the morning I can see,  
Just lift your cross and follow close to me.”*

Ira F. Stamphill

So before the end of a worshipful journey, I am already planning the next trek with God down some road in Africa. How can one stay away from a worshipful journey with the Father?

## EVANGELISTIC WRITING

Since the totality of our ministry is now centered around writing and printing and posting/shipping, it would be good to explain here the ministry of “mission writing.” This type of writing is probably totally foreign to



**Hang on. Did I carry this mission trip too far north? Should I have made that right turn two days ago? You never know where you will encounter northern Africa in Africa.**

your concept of writing and a writer. The normal concept of a writer involves an author struggling to write something prolific, finding a publisher/distributor to take over the manuscript which the author has spend many laborious hours to produce. The publisher/distributor then has the task of placing the printed book somewhere on a bookshelf in a bookstore, hoping it will sell.

Mission writing is totally different. There are no bookstore shelves. There are no publishers. And above all, there is no sell. You get absolutely nothing for the same struggle any writer goes through to give birth to a book. Your reward is the satisfaction that you are accomplishing the mission of God. Your writing is all free to the privileged recipients. You see, it’s **mission**, and mission means it is not for sale for any profit. The recipients may partner with you in paying the printer, but there is no profit that goes to the writers.

So how do mission writers eat and feed their families. They thank God dearly for

supporting brothers and sisters who partner with them because they too see the tremendous number of people who can be reached by a small tract, a study Bible, a Bible correspondence course, or a book. There are mission evangelists who verbally reach a limited audience. But mission writers reach millions outside their presence. One of the greatest mission writers I have known throughout the years was Glover Shipp in Brazil. He learned Portuguese so well that he could write directly in the language some very profitable Bible correspondence courses. His mission writing took place in the 60s and 70s. What he wrote is still used today throughout Brazil. Mission writers may go away and be with their Lord, but their writing continues long beyond their presence and lifetime. Remember this passage? *“By faith Abel offered to God a more excellent sacrifice .... God testifying of his gifts. And by*



**Meteorites on display at a shopping center in Windhoek, Namibia. It reminds us of Someone who will come from the sky in the future, possibly sooner than we think.**

*faith he being dead still speaks”* (Hb 11:4). And how does he still speak? We just read the writing. His more excellent sacrifice was historically written by Moses for posterity. In this passage, it was written by the Hebrew writer in order that we learn from the faithfulness of Abel. **Abel would not be**



**Driving Africa with God is filled with excitement and encouragement. Always on my return home from the north, I pass by my favorite mountain north of Cape Town. It reminds me of the awesomeness of God.**

**able to speak to us today if what he did had not been written down.**

While on this last African trek I was working on different mission writings and the revision of the Gospel Chart. Now you know another reason why I like to travel

Africa. I must be in that solitary place on the road with God. He says in a still small voice, "I got you here, so now, get writing." So on my tombstone they can inscribe the words, "He wrote."



One of our most powerful outreaches was through the Post Offices of South Africa and Namibia. We have stuffed the P.O. Boxes of the country of Namibia (125,000 boxes) six times.



One of the most exciting works about using literature for evangelism is gathering a group of Christians together for fellowship in order to sort through the materials that are to be distributed. Both at the DICKSON MISSION HOUSE, and the previous printing campus from which we worked until 2015, we assembled volunteers from several churches in order to organize materials for mission outreach. Volunteer workers express their desire to live the gospel.

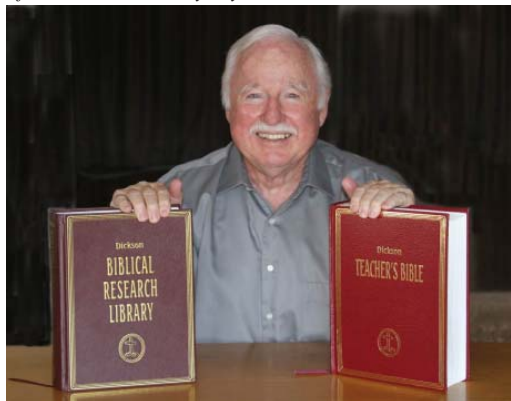


One of the most far reaching literature ministries that we conducted was the printing and distribution of the WORLD GOSPEL BOOK. The concept was to print a book with the fundamentals of the gospel and the gospel according to John. We printed and distributed almost two (2) million of these books for distribution around the world.



**A writer must write. There are those who will write a single book, but these are not obsessive writers. There are few in the ministry of writing because it is very hard work.**





Though we printed and distributed over thirteen (13) million tracts, the two “big guns” of our literature outreach were the *Teacher's Bible* and *Biblical Research Library*.



In the 1990s one of the most exciting distributions that we did was to print a special edition of the *International King James Version*, with the 85-page *Encyclopedic Study Guide*. We printed and distributed over 600,000 copies of this book, plus the DVD edition, which made the total distribution over one million.



Heidelberg stacker and folding machine. This machine would fold 100,000 tracts an hour.



For smaller shipments, we palletized tons of materials to churches throughout Africa.



When I was printing alone in the print shop, I was often running the press, the cutting machine, and folder at the same time. In a 14-hour day I could print, cut, fold and have in mail bags 100,000 tracts. The above was the curriculum of tracts.



5,000 Short Term Bible School textbooks.



The greatest move that Martha and I made was to sell our printing equipment, stop almost all printing in South Africa, and transfer printing to Amity Printing in Nanjing, China. This cut our printing cost about 50%. This move that we made in 2015 was a major shift in our literature ministry. We started printing only the *Mission Bible*, *Teacher's Bible* and *Biblical Research Library* volume. All were printed in China and shipped out in containers and pallets throughout the world. Amity did all the paper work, packing, and shipping. It was a tremendous burden lifted from my shoulders.



One of the ministries we conducted in order to continue teaching and providing news reports for those who were enrolled in the Institute was the *African Chronicle*. For several years I wrote, formatted, printed, and folded the monthly periodical. Martha addressed and stamped them for mailing.



One of the ministries that reached around the world was the Biblical Research DVD. This was a massive ministry in that we duplicated and distributed more than 700,000 BRL DVDs. The DVD contained thousands of books, charts, Bible lessons, and just about anything we could include. At one time we operated eleven duplicators and could produce about 10,000 in a good day.



Before we started ordering from Taiwan DVDs with our own labels, Martha, with the help of others, had the job of stamping a label on each of the DVDs that we sent out.



At one time we sent 100,000 Mission New Testaments to the country of Liberia.





**In our trekking across Africa, Martha and I often found ourselves in some very remote areas. It was great!**



**We learned to eat on the road. However, in our latter years we found a way to make it to some cafe along the road.**



**When we closed down the printing in South Africa, we moved all printing to Nanjing, China. We then moved to a small village north of Cape Town, named Philadelphia. This small village became our home from which I was doing the most far-reaching ministry of my life in reference to writing. All of the material that I have written is now on the internet and can be accessed at [www.africainternational.org](http://www.africainternational.org). Recipients can now download the material and print out hard copies. This is the new era of literature distribution. Printing and shipping out materials has become very expensive. In reference to the distribution of study material and books, distribution through the internet is the future. If local church leaders do not have a computer and printer, they can simply download and print out the books at a local internet cafe.**

**Other books by Roger E. Dickson**  
**Download free from The Biblical Research Library,**  
**www.africainternational.org**

- |   |   |
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| Book 2: <i>Biblical Interpretation</i>                        | Book 52: <i>His Grace – Our Faith</i>                                   |
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