

# MY MISSION TRIP TO

## THE ROBERT MOFFAT MISSION



OCTOBER 2021

By: Bishop Warwick Cole-Edwardes

Trip 67

## BACKGROUND

Having had a glorious time in Zambia with my past students in October last year, it was time to be on the march again. With some of the countries still closed I decided to go and visit a mission station I have wanted to visit all my life - the missionary station of Robert Moffat in Kuruman. Ruth Tucker in her book, "From Jerusalem to Irian Jaya" summarizes the life of this amazing man. Enjoy the read on the 'PATRIARCH OF SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONARIES'.



**ROBERT MOFFAT** was the patriarch of South African missions, a man who had a significant influence in that section of the world for more than half a century. Yet, even during his own lifetime he was overshadowed by his famous son-in-law, often being referred to as 'the father-in-law of David Livingstone.' Moffat, nevertheless, was the far greater missionary of the two. He was an evangelist, a translator, an educator, a diplomat, and an explorer, and he effectively combined those roles to become one of Africa's greatest missionaries of all time.

Born in Scotland in 1795, Moffat was raised in humble circumstances that afforded him a very limited education and no formal biblical training. His parents were Presbyterians with a strong missionary zeal, and on cold winter evenings his mother gathered the children around her while she read aloud stories of missionary heroes. But Moffat was not inclined toward spiritual things. He 'ran off to sea' for a time, and at the age of fourteen he became apprenticed to a gardener, learning a skill he carried with him the rest of his life.

At the age of seventeen, Moffat moved to Cheshire, England, to begin his career in gardening. It was here in 1814 that he joined a small Methodist society that met in a nearby farmhouse. This association warmed his heart even as Wesley's heart had been strangely warmed nearly a century before at Aldersgate Street, and it gave him a harmonious blend of Scottish Calvinism and Methodist 'enthusiasm.' The following year, after hearing a missionary message delivered by Rev. William Roby, a director of the London Missionary Society, Moffat applied to that board for missionary service. Though he was recommended by Roby, the society responded by saying that they could not 'receive all who offered their services for missionary work' and were thus 'obligated to select those who possess the most promising acquirements,' which in their view apparently did not include Moffat. He was turned down.

Undaunted by his rejection, Moffat secured a new gardening position near Roby's home and began studying theology with him on a private basis. After a year Moffat again applied to the LMS, and this time he was accepted. The LMS, founded in 1795, the year of Moffat's birth, was an interdenominational evangelical mission board. In its twenty years it had seen steady growth and had missionaries stationed all over the globe. Moffat was sent to South Africa with four other novice missionaries, and after eighty-five days at sea they arrived in Cape Town to launch their missionary careers.

Moffat had hoped to begin his life as a missionary as a married man. During his last year as a gardener in England he has become interested in his employer's daughter, Mary Smith, whom he perceived as having a 'a warm missionary heart.' Though Smith was enthusiastic about Moffat's missionary plans, he was less excited about sending his only



daughter to a distant foreign field. So, Moffat went to South Africa single, waiting more than three years before Mary's parents relented and agreed to let their twenty-four-year-old daughter join him.

In the meantime, Moffat was introduced to the realities of missionary work and African culture. He was disturbed by the strong prejudice against missionaries by both the English and the Dutch colonists, and he was impatient when, for that very reason, government officials stood in the way of evangelism of the interior. But if he was disturbed by government policy, he was shocked by the open immorality and dissension among the missionaries themselves. Writing to the LMS secretary in London, Moffat lamented that '... never was there a period when a body of a missionaries were in such a confused and deplorable (& awful to add) degraded condition.'

While the LMS had seen its share of problems (included moral lapses) with some of its Cape Colony missionaries, there were many who served honourably. The first missionary to South Africa was John T. Van der Kemp, a physician from Holland. Though the son of a Dutch Reformed pastor, the well-educated young van der Kemp had become a religious sceptic and remained so until the tragic deaths of his wife and daughter in a boating accident, which he himself witnessed, turned his life around and brought him to Christ. Van der Kemp arrived in the Cape Colony in 1799 when he was past the age of fifty. He worked mainly among the Hottentots, where, despite discouraging setbacks, he won hundreds of converts. He was greatly distressed by the slave trade he daily witnessed and spent thousands of dollars in freeing slaves, including a seventeen-year-old Malagasy slave girl whom he married at the age of sixty - an act which created an uproar among the colonist and missionaries as well. Van der Kemp died in 1811 after only twelve years of missionary service, but he was recognised then and in the year that followed as one of the great pioneers of the LMS. Had Moffat looked closely he would have seen many faithful, hard-working missionaries, but unfortunately the unfaithful ones (as generally is the case) were the most conspicuous.

After several months of delays, Moffat and a married couple were granted permission to journey into the bleak arid regions of Namaqualand, hundreds of miles north of Cape Town. It was here that Moffat first met *Afrikaner*, a fearsome Hottentot chief who had only recently been tamed by a Dutch missionary who left the area after Moffat arrived. Moffat spent nearly two years at *Afrikaner*'s camp and then invited him to travel to Cape Town so that the white colonists could see for themselves the dramatic change Christianity had wrought in this outlaw, whose reputation for raiding colonist's farms was known far and wide, it worked. Everywhere Moffat went people were impressed with his trophy, and Moffat's star as a missionary statesman began to rise.



Showing off *Afrikaner* was not Moffat's only reason for travelling back to Cape Town. In December of 1819 Mary Smith arrived from England, and three weeks later they were married, it was a happy union from the start and remained so for fifty-three years. Their honeymoon, a six-hundred-mile wagon trek northeast to Kuruman, was not all romance. There were parched deserts, dense forests, quagmire swamps, and raging rivers to be crossed, which no doubt made them grateful they were not alone. With them throughout their honeymoon was a single male missionary.

Kuruman was, in Moffat's eyes, a choice spot for a mission station. He had hoped *Afrikaner* and his people could move to the location, but regrettably, *Afrikaner* died before the move could transpire. The mission compound was situated at the mouth of the

Kuruman River, fed by an underground spring that gushed forth crystal clear water. As a gardener, Moffat envisioned bountiful fruit and vegetable gardens watered by irrigating canals and tilled and harvested by industrious natives. Christianity and civilization could develop hand in hand. His ideals were high, and eventually, after many years of struggle, Kuruman became a model station.

The Moffat's early years in Kuruman were filled with hardships. They lived in primitive conditions, their first home being a mud hut, with the kitchen separate from the house. Although Mary was not used to doing heavy domestic work, she adapted to African life remarkably well. She washed clothes by hand in the river and cooked on an open fireplace. She soon overcame her aversion to cleaning the floors with cow dung and even recommended it: 'It lays the dust better than anything and kills the fleas which would otherwise breed abundantly.'

The greater hardship at Kuruman related to their ministry. The Bechuanas, with whom the Moffat's worked, were not at all receptive to Moffat's message. Tribal superstitions prevailed, and when the official rainmaker could not prevent long periods of drought, Moffat was blamed. Theft also was common among the people, and the Moffat's house was ransacked on many occasions. 'Our labours,' wrote Moffat, 'might be compared to the attempts of ... a husbandman labouring to transform the surface of a granite rock into arable land ...'

As time passed, however, Moffat's prestige among the Bechuanas grew. In 1823, after only a few years at Kuruman, the tribal situation in the area began to change. Waves of nomadic tribes began sweeping across the arid plains, and the very existence of the Bechuanas was in danger. It was at this time that Moffat exercised his diplomatic prowess; and through compromise efforts and military arrangements with another tribe he was able to avert the impending destruction of the Bechuanas. Moffat became a civilian general of sorts and rode out to meet the enemy. Though his peace efforts failed, and a fierce battle ensued, the invading Mantatee tribe was severely weakened and driven back.

From this point on, Moffat's leadership role at Kuruman was secure. As a diplomat and military leader, he commanded the highest respect. Unfortunately, there was little corresponding success in his evangelistic efforts. His converts were few. Polygamy was a nagging problem for him as it has been for African missionaries since. What is the solution for a convert who comes into this new-found faith with many wives? There was and is no easy answer, and consequently church membership remained small. It was a discouraging situation, and Mary, particularly, was inclined to periods of despondence: 'Could we but see the smallest fruit, we could rejoice midst the privations and toils which we bear; but as it is, our hands do often hang down.'

Perhaps the great reason for the slow progress of Christianity among the Bechuanas was simply a lack of understanding. Neither Moffat nor the Bechuanas fully comprehended the other's beliefs in spiritual matters. Moffat had little interest in the Bechuana religious traditions, and he sought to evangelize them with the mistaken impression that the tribe had no concept of God or word for 'God' in their language. But an even greater handicap to his ministry was his failure to learn their language. For several years his sole means of communication was Cape Dutch, a trade language that some of the Bechuanas understood for rudimentary business transaction, but hardly suitable for presenting a clear picture of the gospel. Moffat wasted years of precious time trying to squeeze by on this short cut, but he finally realized that learning the language as difficult as it was, was the only solution to communicating the gospel. So convinced was he of this necessity that in 1827 he left Mary with their little ones, turned his back on his gardens, and went out into the

bush with several tribesmen, and for eleven weeks he immersed himself in language study.

On his return, Moffat was ready to begin the translation of the Bible, a task that began very slowly and took him twenty-nine years to complete. Beginning with the gospel of Luke, he agonized over each sentence, and even then, he was painfully aware that his translation was filled with errors. (In one instance, the natives were shocked to learn that the apostle Paul insisted on being armed with guns.) Only the patience of continual revising made the translation comprehensible. But translating was not the only problem Moffat faced in bringing the written Word to the Bechuanas. Printing the text also became a complicated ordeal. After travelling all the way to Cape Town in 1830, he found printers unwilling to print Scripture to a tribal tongue, fearing the equalizing tendencies it might have on the “inferior” race. Thus, Moffat, with the use of the government press, was forced to print the Gospel of Luke himself, which in the long run proved to be a valuable experience. On his return trip to Kuruman, he brought an iron press donated by the mission for use in printing the rest of the Bible.

Translation and printing the Bible often seemed like a fruitless, thankless task, but it also had its rewards. In 1836, while conducting a service in outlying areas, Moffat was astonished when a young man stood up and began quoting passages from the Gospel of Luke. To Mary he wrote: *“You would weep tears of joy to see what I had seen.”*

But even before he was able to make his translation available to the people, Moffat was seeing positive results from his language study. His ability to speak the language of the people brought a new understanding of his teaching. He started a school with forty pupils, and soon his message began to take hold and a religious awakening followed. The first baptisms took place in 1829, nearly a decade after the Moffat’s arrival in Kuruman. In 1838 a great stone church was built that still stands today.

Although Moffat’s career is generally associated with Kuruman, his work extended far beyond that area. In fact, the nucleus of believers at Kuruman never exceeded two hundred, but his influence was felt hundreds of miles around. Chiefs or their representatives from distant tribes came to Kuruman to hear Moffat’s message. The most notable instance of this occurred in 1829 when the great and fearsome Moselekatse, one of Africa’s most infamous tribal chiefs, sent five representatives to visit Moffat and to bring him back with them on their return journey. The meeting of Moffat and Moselekatse was an unforgettable encounter. The naked Moselekatse was overwhelmed that the great white “chief” would come so far to visit him, and so began a thirty-year friendship built on a deep respect of one man for the other. Though Moselekatse himself was never converted to Christianity, in later years he did allow missionaries, including Moffat’s son and daughter-in-law, John and Emily, to establish a mission station among his tribe.

As far away as Moffat often travelled, his thoughts were never far from Kuruman. Kuruman, over the years, had become a show place of African civilization, where Moffat’s philosophy of “Bible and plough” was practiced. The man-made canal was lined with some five hundred acres of garden plots cultivated by Africans. The Moffat’s own home consisted of a stone house and a large, enclosed back yard where their five servants did domestic chores around a huge open brick oven. It was a homely atmosphere with children always at play. (The Moffat’s had ten children, though only seven survived to adulthood, and of those, five became actively involved in African missions.) Though Kuruman was an out-of-the-way settlement, not on the main route to the interior, it attracted so many visitors that Moffat sometimes regretted the circus atmosphere that interfered with his Bible translation and revisions.



After fifty-three years in Africa with only one furlough (1839-1843) the Moffat's were ready to retire. They had suffered some severe tragedies, particularly the deaths of their two oldest children within the space of a few months in 1862, but the work was moving ahead.



So, I am off on a 2000 km trip to Kuruman to see the mission station established by Robert Moffat, the PATRIARCH of South African missions. It will also be the final piece of the jigsaw, where I have now visited every place where David Livingstone went to in Africa ... wow ... a dream come true for me ... it has been an amazing journey following in his footsteps.

### MONDAY 25 OCTOBER

The most important part of each day is to start the day with the Lord. Following Robert Murray McCheyne I read from 2 Kings, Daniel, Palms and 1 Timothy, soaking my mind and heart with the precious Word of God. In my time of prayer, it was important to continue praying for the unreached people in our world, so today I prayed for the MACHMI people in India. Then as he has done for the past 54 years, Oswald Chambers mentors me, and this is what he said in "My Utmost for His Highest":



"A Christian worker has to learn how to be God's and or woman of great worth and excellence in the midst of a multitude of meagre and worthless thing."

What a reminder!!! We are surrounded by multitudes of worthless things, it is critical to stay focussed and rise above these worthless things - I long to become a man of great worth ... above all else, and not chase after worthless things.

Now I am on my way to the mission stations of Robert Moffat and to spend time in the David Livingstone house. Leaving Pietermaritzburg we drove through Estcourt, Harrismith, and Bethlehem arriving at our first stop over at LINDLEY. Mary had booked us into the Lindley Hotel in this small, out of the ordinary place. There were no traffic lights, no tar roads just a beautiful little "dorp" in the Free State.



Left: David Lindley

Right: Inanda Seminary



The reason I wanted to visit Lindley was because it was the home of David Lindley who came out as a missionary from the USA with his wife Lucy. In 1869 they established the Inanda Seminary and from there went to work among the Boers becoming the first D.R.C. minister in the Orange Free State.



A magnificent church (see photos below) has been built in his memory. It was so funny because when we got there it was all closed. Not being deterred I found a hole in the fence, crawled through, and looked over this magnificent church. Later in the old hotel we stayed in for the night, I was told that Winston Churchill had stayed there many years ago! We also paid a visit to the Danie Craven Museum because his early years were spent in this little dorp. After real 'Free State' hospitality, we left, but what a fantastic visit to see the work one of our early missionaries David Lindley, but sadly a man the world has forgotten about.



## TUESDAY 26 OCTOBER

It really was amazing being in this historical Afrikaans little town. But, as always, I must begin the day with my devotion. My Bible readings continued in 2 Kings, Daniel, Psalms and 1 Timothy and then it was time to pray. Joshua Project this morning urged us to pray for NURISTANI people who live in Afghanistan, another of the most unreached people in the world. **Oswald Chambers** then reminded me:



*A missionary is someone sent by Jesus Christ just as He was sent by God. The great controlling factor is not the needs of the people, but the command of Jesus. The source of our inspiration is in our service for God is behind us, not ahead of us."*

I also finished reading the first commentary on Ruth I have ever read, written by David Atkinson; it really warmed my heart and stretched my mind. So, I'm now ready to drive another six hours and enjoy travelling through the Free-State and Northern Cape, a beautiful part of our country I have not been to for years.

From Lindley, we drove through Kroonstad, Welkom, Wesselsbron, Hoopstad, Bloemhof, Schweizer-Reneke, Vryburg and finally arrived in Kuruman, beautiful roads and scenery all along the way, but Kuruman was dirty.

On arriving in Kuruman, we went immediately past Livingstone Street to visit the EYE. This is a spring in the centre of town known as the largest natural spring in the southern hemisphere, delivering an astounding 20-30 million litres of fresh water every day. The water is clear and cool, and this was the main reason why Moffat established his mission here in Kuruman.



We found a delightful bed and breakfast run by a lovely Afrikaans couple who gave us a scrumptious supper and comfortable accommodation. How better to end this day, right here in the place of Moffat and Livingstone, than to read my book on missions? This is how **David Platt** put it for me:



*"With the mammoth needs of a world without Christ in front of us, and the glory of Christ in us, we face two options. We can retreat from this mission into a land of religious formalism and wasted opportunity, or we can risk everything to fulfil the divine purpose for which we have been created. And I say let's risk it all for those who have not heard."*

## WEDNESDAY 27 OCTOBER

Today is the day I have been dreaming of for years, to visit the famous mission station of Robert Moffat and see where David Livingstone and all the other pioneer missionaries set out from. But first, my devotions. My Bible readings continued in 2 Kings, Daniel, Psalms and 1 Timothy, after which time I was able to pray. This morning I remembered, especially, the Sudanese people living in Saudi Arabia.

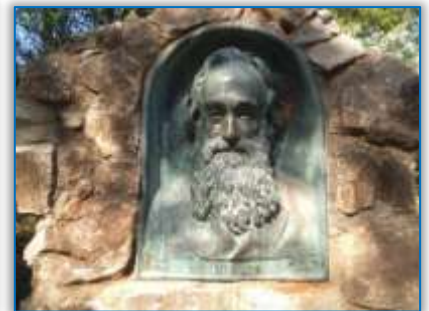
It was again time for **Oswald Chambers** to disciple me and this was his reminder on a very crucial issue of the Method of Missions:





*Jesus Christ did not say, 'go and save souls.' The salvation of souls is the supernatural work of God, but He did say, 'go and make disciples of all nations.' Yet you cannot make disciples where you are a disciple yourself."*

After a lovely breakfast, we headed out of Kuruman for about 20kms and arrived at the Robert Moffat Mission. Enjoy the pictures of my visit to the Mission.



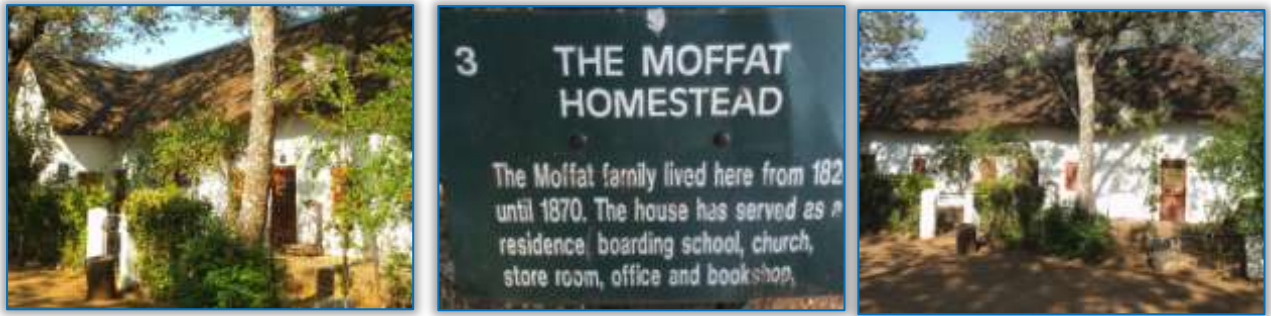
I had telephoned the mission every morning to make sure there would be someone to open for me, because I had heard it was often closed. But the gate was open, and I entered into my little world, lost to everything that was around me. Here are the photos of the Mission. First stop was the Livingstone Rooms, where my hero used to stay in between his trips.



There were rooms where David Livingstone would often return to and rest and where, of course, he met Robert and Mary, Moffat's daughter, Mary, whom he later married. I loved just being alone in the rooms for some time.

After such a brilliant time, I slowly moved to the Robert and Mary Moffat home which they built themselves and which became the home for all the missionaries travelling up

North. As I have said, Moffat was the Patriarch, and this home was home from home for all the other missionaries.



Having soaked this all in and gone from room to room, I slowly made my way to the Church which Moffat built and wonderfully is still used every Sunday for services providing seating for about five hundred people. A magnificent building centred around the pulpit.



Day by day, this amazing man would teach the Bible, many were converted, and the Church became the focal point of his incredible work. I then, slowly, moved to the **Printing Room**. Remember that when Moffat arrived here, he was a gardener by trade, but with a passion to reach these people for Christ. So, he learned the language (Sechoana) and for the next 29 years, he translated the Bible into the language of the people; perhaps his greatest ever achievement. What a moment it was to visit the printing room and see the old printing press he used to print the Bibles.



My admiration for Moffat and Livingstone is beyond measure - oh for grace to follow way behind in their footsteps. The world is not worthy of these missionary heroes.

I then went to the **canal** which Moffat, again, built bringing fresh, clear water from the EYE. Being a gardener, he planted fruit trees and plants and made Kuruman the most beautiful mission station and provided with an abundance of water. He envisioned bountiful fruit and vegetable gardens watered by irrigation canals... an amazing dream.





My mind was blown away by what Moffat achieved here in Kuruman. From the canal carrying all the water from the Eye, I then went to look at the Wagon used by Moffat and these missionaries to get from place to place.



We must remember that after spending 85 days at sea travelling from England, Moffat had to then load up the wagons and slowly, for up to six months, make his way to Kuruman. It reminded me of the time I spent in Namibia where I saw the wagon which Martin Rautenen used to travel up to Onadangua. They were amazing people! I loved seeing his wagon, the only mode of transport in those days.

Having carefully planned this visit, there was one more place to go and see - the Road into the Interior.



Just outside the Moffat home is the Main Missionary Road which led to all the departing missionaries into the interior. Today, for our interest, there are signs to different cities all over. For me, I just stood there and tried to picture Livingstone leaving for central Africa with his wagons fully loaded. I prayed this beautiful prayer by **Robert Kalley** as I pondered these things over. Not only Livingstone but also Holloway Helmore, Roger Price, Bishop McKenzie, Scuddermore, Dickinson, Thornton, all departed from here into Central Africa, and I have visited their graves.

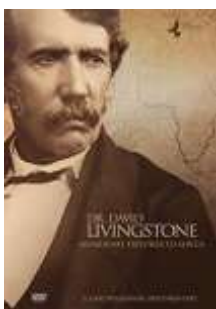


*Robert Kalley...*

*"Lord, thou knowest all my weakness, my folly, my sin, my utter insufficiency. But here I am. Oh, do take me, make me what Thou wilt, send me where Thou pleasest, do with me what Thou seeist fit, only let me feel Thou art with me."*

What a day, one of the greatest days in my life seeing the works done by Robert and Mary Moffat. He was an evangelist, a translator, and educator, a diplomat, and an explorer, and he effectively combined these roles to become one of Africa's greatest missionaries of all time, giving 50 years of his life to Africa! I did not want to leave, but the curator said that she must lock up, so reluctantly, I began to depart. I gave one last glance to etch the mission on my mind forever.

I slowly made my way back to Kuruman with the prayer of **David Livingstone** ringing in my ears:



*"My Jesus, my King, my life, my all, I again dedicate my life to Thee. Accept me and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my task, in Jesus' name."*

## THURSDAY 28 OCTOBER

After being on such a high yesterday, it was important, again, to begin the new day with my devotion. My Bible readings continued in 2 Kings, Hosea, Psalms, and I finished 1 Timothy after which I could pray. This morning I prayed for the Khatik people, another unreached people living in India. **Oswald Chambers** then reminded me of the gospel in his reading from 'My Utmost for His Highest.' *We must always keep the Gospel the main thing.*



*I am not saved by believing. And it is not repentance that saves me - repentance is only the sign that I realise what God has done through Christ Jesus. The danger here is putting the emphasis on the effect instead of the cause. I am made right with God because prior to all - Christ died."*

Just before breakfast, I finished 'Challenging Western Christians' by S. Pam, an excellent, short book on missions. After a lovely breakfast and filled with amazing memories, we headed for home. Passing by Vryburg, Bloemhof, Hoopstad, Wesselbron, Welkom and



Bethlehem, we arrived for our final night in [Bothaville](#), another lovely town in the Free-State. Again, it was clean with no litter, just beautifully run. One felt like you were in another country compared to the mess we live in here in Pietermaritzburg.



Falling asleep for the last time on this trip, I remembered what [David Livingstone](#) wrote on being a missionary and so longed to follow in his footsteps:



*"I am a missionary heart and soul. God had an only Son, and he was a missionary and a physician. A poor, poor imitation of Him I am or rather wish to be. In this service I hope to live, in it I wish to die."*

A beautiful quote to end my 67<sup>th</sup> mission trip. How good the Lord has been to me, and this trip now means I have followed Livingstone wherever he went.

## LOOKING BACK

I so enjoyed sitting at the desk where David Livingstone wrote his sermons in the Congregational Church in Cape Town, right at the beginning of his ministry. From there I now have been to where he spent his early years in Kuruman. I then had a glorious time in [Kolobeng in Botswana](#), where I visited the ruins of the home he built, the chapel he erected and the grave where his daughter, Elizabeth, was buried. Going all over [Malawi](#) was amazing, from their Shire River, up to Blantyre was all moving to me. In [Tanzania](#) I visited [Bagamoyo](#), from where he launched out on his journeys, and was also the place where his servants kept his body soon after his death. While I was in Tanzania, I remember going in a small plane right across Tanzania to [Kigoma](#) on the shores of [Lake Tanganyika](#) from where I got a 'boda-boda' motorbike and headed for [UJJI](#). Never will I forget going to the Memorial site where Henry Morton Stanley met with Livingstone with those famous words "*Doctor Livingstone I presume.*"



Spending two nights in the poor town of **Ujiji** was unforgettable and then on the shore of Lake Tanganyika which Livingstone and Stanley explored together was never to be forgotten. It was also the place where the explorers **Speke and Burton** came in search of the source of the **Nile**. Taking a ferry, I visited the house where Livingstone and Stanley stayed a while in Zanzibar, and then went up to Zambia and Chitambo Village where he died and where his heart was buried under a tree.

A memorable visit was into **Mozambique**, where Livingstone's wife, **Mary**, was buried in **Shiponga**. Finally, one day when visiting my sons in England, I went to **Westminster Abbey** to kneel at his grave. All this has been covered and now I seek to live as a missionary to Africa, as he did.



What unbelievable sacrifices he made, like with Moffat to open up Africa, so let him close off for us with such beautiful words.

*"People talk of the sacrifices I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply acknowledging a great debt we owe to our Lord which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind and a bright hope of a glorious destiny? It is emphatically no sacrifice, rather it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering, danger, foregoing the common conveniences of life, these may make us pause and cause the spirit to waver and the soul to sink, but this only for a moment. I never made a sacrifice, of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which the He made, also left his Father's throne on high and gave Himself for us."*



Like Moffat and Livingstone, I hang on the words of **Donald McClure**:

***"I am filled with an undying ambition to do something worthwhile in this great land of AFRICA."***

You, my dear friends, made all this possible. Thank-you for your underserved love, prayers, and generous giving to my work. Now I am at my desk, the students are arriving and so I begin a new year of training pastors and missionaries for Africa. I remain the most blessed man on the planet.

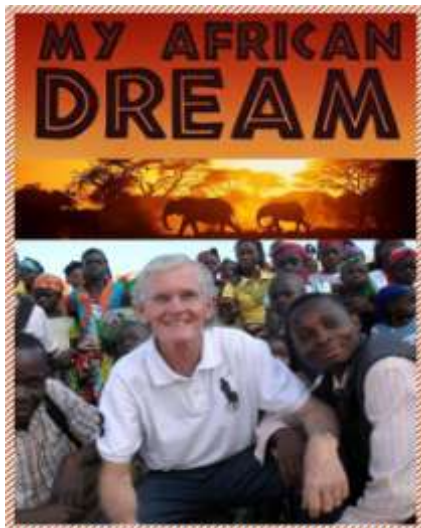
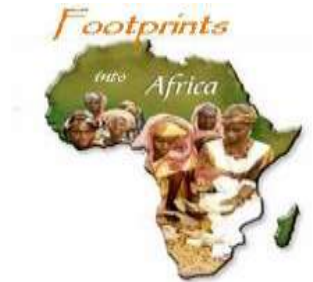
If you would like to share in, or support my work into Africa, I would value your partnership. Perhaps you may like to consider one the followings avenues:

- ☑ Pray for one of the countries and the past students who are working there
- ☑ Sponsor one of these men to come and train
- ☑ Contribute to supply the pastors with resources for their work
- ☑ Contribute towards my missionary trips into Africa
- ☑ General support

I always so enjoy and look forward to your comments and feedback on my Journals.

Yours for Africa,

Warwick



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