



My dear friends

After a whirlwind second term celebrating the 40th anniversary of my Bible College and then my 80th mission trip into Africa, to Rwanda, it is good to be able to catch my breath again. My Newsletter this month is different and longer, because I want to highlight 2 wonderful events for you all.

1. **VOLUME 3 OF MY "AFRICAN DREAM"** is now being printed. Should any of you ever want a copy of Voume 1, 2 or 3, please contact Charmaine on 073 2340367

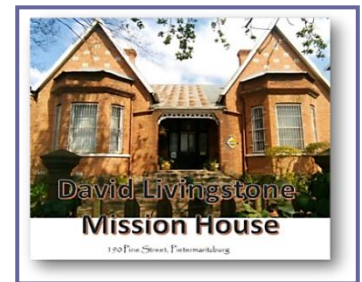
2. **OUR NEXT MMM MEETING:**

Date: Saturday, 22 August 2026

Time: 9:30 for Tea, Coffee & refreshments

10:00: **ROBERT MOFFAT** - "The father of Missions in Africa"

Venue : Back home at the David Livingstone Mission House, 190 Pine Street, Pietermaritzburg



Don't miss another great missionary morning, cancel any other meeting you may have and come and be encouraged. RSVP KMBC office / Heidi / Charmaine

Please pray for us. With these horrendous Xenophobia attacks, 3 of our students have already fled the country, so please pray for God's hand upon our work. You my friends, are all so very special to me.

In the following pages you will read the preface to Volume 3 of my African Dream.

*In the love of the Lamb
Warwick*

PREFACE

Who would ever have dreamt that when Bishop Stephen Bradley sent me up to Ondangwa and Oshakati in Ovamboland, Northern Namibia way back in 1986, to conduct a week-long Bible School for all our Churches out there, it would lead me to where I am today. That week was to change my life forever. I developed a deep love for Africa and her people and had a longing to train up pastors and missionaries for Mama Africa, knowing that 85% of her pastors have had no formal theological training, **MY AFRICAN DREAM began.**



The Bible Institute, Kalk Bay

But I was young and very inexperienced so my training to become a missionary to Africa began, a journey that was to take almost 40 years. After studying at the **Bible Institute** in SA for 4 years, (London for 1 year), then going on to obtain my Masters in Theology and later my Doctorate in Theology from USA, I was on my way.

Bishop Bradley then sent me to KwaZulu Natal where Rev. Ken Terhoven had just started a new work in Pietermaritzburg, but was then called to Hillbrow after a year.

So, I came to this new work with a converted dry-cleaning business changed into a Church building. As I began to preach verse by verse through the Bible, hundreds of people were converted, the building was enlarged 4 times until a new 1000 seat sanctuary was erected.



My greatest joy was seeing the Church grow into the denomination's leading missionary sending Church, as missionaries were sent out all over the world. After 30 years I was then sent to **Christ Church Pinetown** to be further trained for 6 years. I developed friendships there that were to last for a lifetime and a shorter blessed time was had. The final preparation for **MY AFRICAN DREAM** was completed.

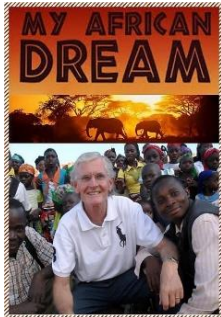
While in Pietermaritzburg I launched **The KwaZulu-Natal Missionary and Bible College** with no money and no buildings but with a huge heart for Africa, in 1986. To date over 500 pastors and missionaries and church workers have now been trained and sent to all parts of Africa; to Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania, DRC, Rwanda, Mozambique, Malawi, Botswana, Zambia, Zimbabwe, Namibia and right across South Africa. Some of our students have also been sent as far as Pakistan, Indonesia, Cambodia, Paraguay, England, Australia and New Zealand.

A miracle has been the financial provision for our every need over these 40 years. Truly beyond my wildest dreams.



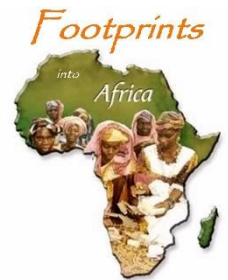
The KwaZulu-Natal Missionary & Bible College

Then in 2011, while kneeling at the altar in the Cathedral in Lubumbashi, it became clear that the Lord was saying *"you are now ready—go back and stand down as the Bishop and launch out as a missionary to Africa"*



"It was a case of "let your heart be strangely drawn by the stronger pull of what you truly love."

And so, **Footprints into Africa** was born, my missionary organization, enabling me to travel into Africa, visit my past students and lead pastors' and missionary conferences. Again, by the grace of God, I have just returned from Rwanda which was my 80th mission trip into Africa.



That amazing missionary to Africa, **Helen Blakeslee** once wrote:

"I go to Africa, not for fame and prominence, but because I am attached to Jesus Christ in a love that knows no sacrifice too great to be made — that men and women everywhere throughout Africa may know of and come to possess the wonderful inheritance He has won for them on the Cross. I go to Africa because I believe her people are worthy of the most heroic effort that can be put forth to save them."

I loved driving 2500 km to Alice in order to visit the grave and monument to **Dr. James Stewart**.

He once wrote:

"I shall never be satisfied till I am in Africa with a Bible in my pocket."



And **Floyd McClung** also wrote such relevant words for me:



'We need to build our work among the people we want to reach and mobilize. There are hundreds and thousands of teachable, dedicated, emerging leaders in Africa who are crying out for training and mentoring.'

In this volume 3, I have included the following for your interest:

1. The **Journals** of my missionary trips into Africa — (numbers 62-80)
2. The **4 Sentinel** points of my life
3. The **5 Men** who shaped my life
4. My **newsletters** written during the **covid** pandemic, when I tried to follow the principles of the benedictine monks while living in **lockdown**.



1 Being made an Elder in Kenya

As you read this Volume 3, please remember that they are not works of great literary writing but are very simply journals written from the heart during my journeys across Africa. I also make no claim either to originality or to scholarship. I am just a missionary trying to make available to my friends what I experienced, read, learnt from Mama Africa. Travelling across Africa in ram-shackled mini-bus taxis, on bicycle taxis, dodging the traffic on boda-bodas, wading across rivers in Malawi after cyclone Freddie, sleeping in the bush with hippos snorting nearby, sailing down the Shire River in a dugout canoe facing crocodiles wanting me to fall in, going up as the first white man to Gange-Gange in Tanzania, visiting the spot in Ujiji where Stanley met Livingstone and said those famous words "**Dr. Livingstone I presume**," all have left indelible marks on my life. But the sheer thrill of being in Africa, eating her food, enjoying her music, loving the smell of the bush after a thunderstorm has simply been out of this world, truly my **African Dream**.



Tanzania



Rwanda

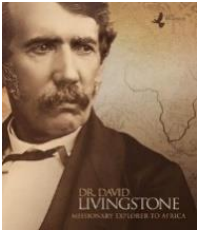


Cyclone Freddie, Malawi



Wasa in Zambia

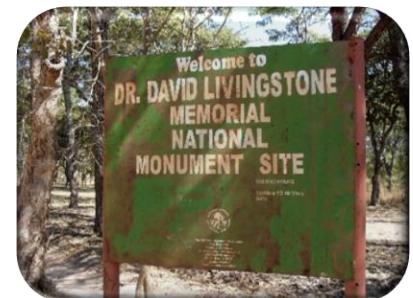
I relate so much to what was said of **David Livingstone**:



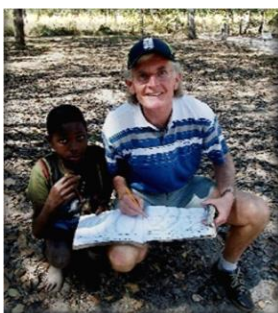
"he was dedicated to AFRICA, its heat and fever and this future. There could be no going back on Africa. He had married Africa on that March day in 1841 when he first set foot on its soil and now 30 years later, there could be no divorce."

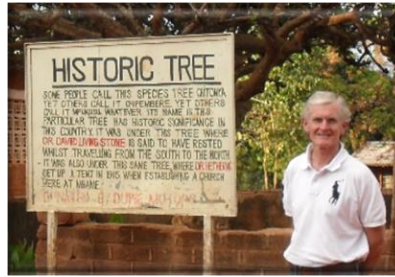
While he was lying on his litter outside, and the rain was falling, curious villagers had gathered around, each was with bow in hand, for they had been guarding their crops. This was the great chief who had come from far. His fame they loved somewhat, they could not believe that he was **"THE BEST FRIEND AFRICA EVER HAD."**

These 80 journals, written while on my missionary travels, have taken me to every place where **David Livingstone** went to in Africa. From the desk in the **Congregational Church in Cape Town** on which he wrote out his diaries, up to **Kuruman** where he often stayed with **Robert and Mary Moffat**, all the way up to **Kolobeng** where David and Mary established their first home and mission station in **Botswana**, right across **Zambia, Tanzania, Zimbabwe** and **Malawi**, then on to **Shipunga** where his wife was buried in **Mozambique**, eventually going up to **Chitambo Village** where his heart was removed from his body and buried.



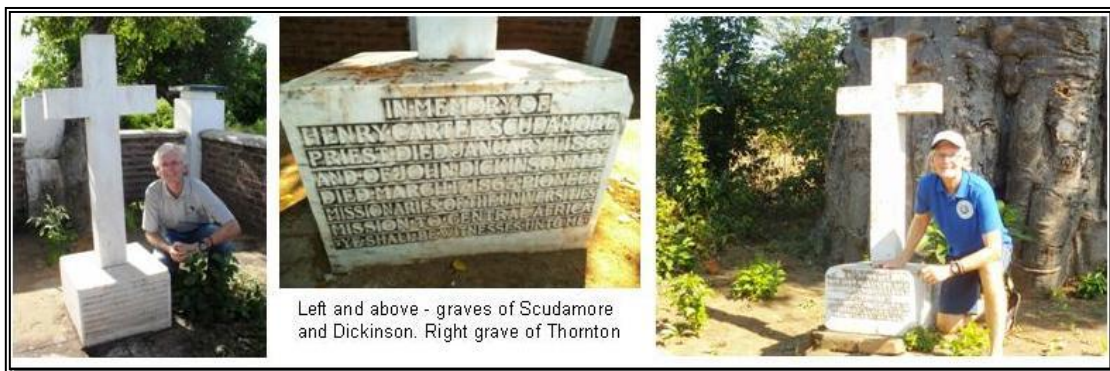
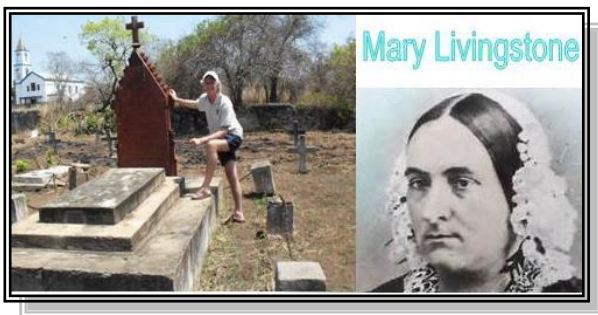
David Livingstone Memorial in Chitambo Village, Zambia, & the tree under which his heart is buried, surrounded by the 7 countries where I have been following in Livingstone's footsteps



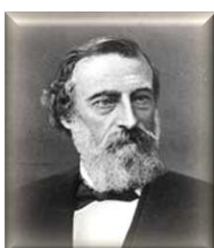


His body was then carried to the coast, spent the night in **Bagamoyo**, then on to **Zanzibar** and the famous **Livingstone House** where he would stay, eventually going to **London** and kneeling at his grave in **Westminster Abbey**. What a journey I have had over the past 40 years, unbelievable ... truly **MY AFRICAN DREAM**

If that was not enough, you will read of my visits to all my great missionary heroes across Africa: **Robert Moffat** in Kuruman, **Thornton**, **Scudermore**, **Dickinson**, **Cleland**, **Scott**, and **Henderson** in Malawi to **McKay** and **Hannington** in Uganda, **Coillard**, and **Livingstone** in Zambia, **James Stewart** in Alice, and **Bishop McKenzie** in Blantyre, and **George Schmidt** in Genadendal.

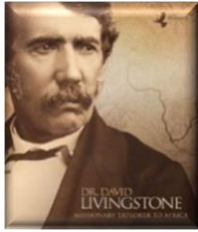


Perhaps the one question I am asked more than any other is — “now why not retire and help across the home base” ... **BUT... Dr. James Stewart** gives the perfect answer:



“Central Africa was to me what Arabia was to Paul, a retreat on which I examined my own heart, revised my life, developed the self-reliance which is based upon the reliance of faith and sought complete consecration to Christ and His service. Again, and again the longing comes over me to get back to AFRICA.”

I long with every fibre of my being to follow what Livingstone once wrote:

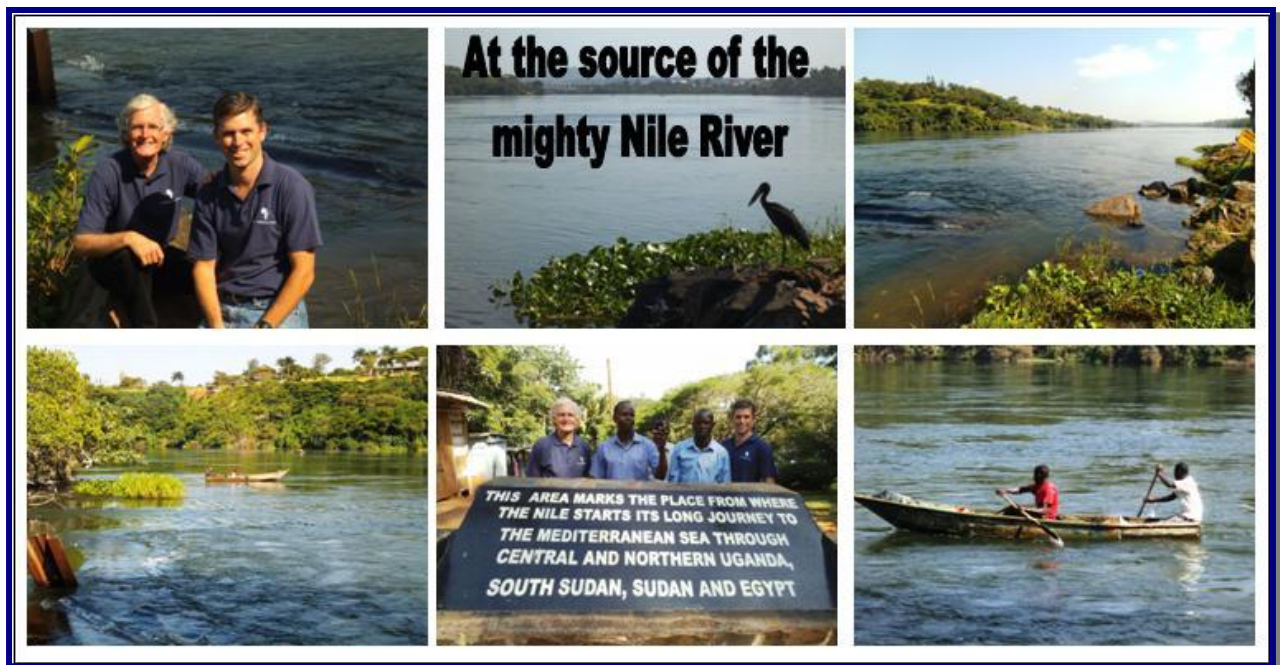


"I am a missionary heart and soul. God had an only Son and he was a missionary and a physician. A poor, poor imitation of Him or rather wish to be. In this service I hope to live, in it I wish to die."

Enjoy Volume 3 of **"MY AFRICAN DREAM"**, the journals of my missionary trips into Africa (Numbers 62-80) and learn why I see myself as the most blessed man on the planet, and why the longing keeps coming over me **TO GET BACK TO**

AFRICA

I had the privilege of seeing the one dream that Livingstone was denied, and that was to find the source of the River Nile



I hope you have enjoyed this journey with me my dear friends,

Blessings

Warwick Cole-Edwardes

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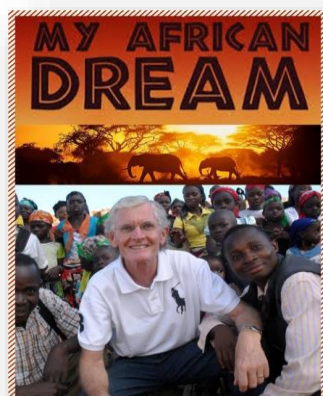
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*My heart will always
beat to the African*

