

Stories that happened in Africa and the sermon “--- you must be born again---”.

It would be far better to write about “we” or “they”; but in many of these “stories”; are experiences I had; only sometimes “we had” or “they had”. Very often there is a comical side, but it’s what these experiences taught me, which I would like others to benefit from. More than once I was challenged to write a book with my experiences; a few times I began but it became too complicated for me and I stopped. As I proceed, I’ll try to pass on ‘hard learned’ experience.

It is heartbreaking to see young people, often even older ones, go headstrong into something one knows by experience to always fail; even Governments do so, costing the taxpayer millions. Mark Twain said that people with an open mouth, don’t seem to hear with their ears” (many a time I could have spared myself much heart-sore by “listening”).

Today I am an old man, of many years, most of which I lived on a farm, in rough and mountainous country in the hinterland about 52 km from the nearest town with a Bank, a railway station etc. Much has ‘come’ and much has ‘gone’ during those years; one of such are computers; I only began using one at about 79 years old. My grammar; and the language I use, is also a bit rusty so please excuse the mistakes and I hope you enjoy reading.

The first car in my memory was a ‘28 Chrysler with a ‘tent roof’ (canvas) and wooden spokes on its ‘19 inch’ wheels. I was told that my first two words as an infant were; “brr—brr in gazaat” (garage) the other was imitating a bird. My parents did however still have and use a horse drawn, two wheel [buggy] cart on some occasions; also with a ‘tent roof’ and a ‘dickie’ seat at the rear where three could sit facing back. In 1938 father bought a ‘36 Nash and the horse drawn vehicle fell into disuse; roads were also being improved. During WW 2 and a year or two thereafter cars were virtually unobtainable and the Nash just had to be kept going. (It comes up in the story).

(1) What would scare a pre-teen, far rural, farm boy more than a van-full of Police?

When the war began in 1939 my father’s elder brother was in Germany. He had decided to visit our relatives on the original family farm from whence my grandparents immigrated to South Africa in 1883. The war began and he barely got out; by making haste to get into Norway which was neutral at the time. One of the ships in the 21 ship convoy he was travelling in was torpedoed and sunk in the channel between Britain and Belgium. On arrival back at home he told us that the matter with Hitler will never succeed and that it was not a good matter; some believed him, others not. Our community was basically German speaking; it was also taught in the junior school. Further towards town were mostly Afrikaans speakers whose sentiment was still very anti British as a result of the Boer-war some four decades earlier.

It then came about that a wedding took place and the reception was in the School hall. The German –speaking School Principal was the MC. As it goes at weddings where there is wine etc; the Principal became rather “loose tongued” and he got onto the stage and sang the “Heil - Hitler” out “full throttle” (or throat). Two days later, on the Monday morning the Police arrived there to arrest him (at school) and it cost him quite a few years in concentration camp. The SA Government of the time was pro-British, there was obviously a “spy” at the wedding.

The moral of this story: Do not take sides nor open your mouth; before considering the consequences very carefully, and knowing the facts of the matter first-hand and without any doubt.

(2) Led by a horse.

For my sixth birthday my parents gave me a young red-brown gelding horse which was already trained for riding. From their side there was wisdom in this. Seeing that the School was some kilometers away, they had decided for me to begin School about a year later than city dwellers do; just before my seventh birthday; and they wanted me to learn to ride. (At school I soon skipped a year, which made up for that; I had some training at home already, by my mother).

In 1936 my father bought his own farm which was about 14 kilometers away from the one we lived on, which was my grandfathers; and which father later inherited. The road to father’s purchased farm was extremely primitive; almost impassable by car. Even fathers two ox-wagons sometimes got

stuck. There was however a short-cut which could only be taken by foot or on horseback; but it involved going over a high hill which separated the farms. It was however quite dangerous because there was a stretch where it went along a ledge between two high cliffs, one up and the other down. It was harvest time; I had the horse named Jelly, (though it looked more like very ripe red-brown pepper) for about three months, and was already quite familiar with riding it. On this day we rode to the new farm early at dawn because it was reaping time for the maize (corn). It then happened that the reaping and then the paying of the reapers wages, only finished at onset of darkness. By the time we had our horses saddled it was completely dark and there was no moonlight that night, nor can I remember any stars or starlight.

Before we left, taking the short-cut, my father gave me very strict instructions; to cling to the saddle and to let the horse find its own way home. I could only hear but not see him on his black horse ahead of me. Again and again he warned me that we would soon be at the very dangerous stretch on the ledge between the two precipices and that I dared not fall asleep. After a time the two horses stopped and I heard my father dismount, strike a match for light, and open a gate; whereupon I knew that we were past the very dangerous stretch. After three more gates and about another 45 minutes we arrived safe at home.

The lesson here is: Life is difficult; but we can get to know the One who can, and wants to, lead us the least difficult way through life and into a glorious eternity; and to let Him lead us; for every day and for every night. More about that as we go along.

(3) When you take a dangerous risk.

While we are talking about horses; the following incident happened when I was about grade 8 at school. I was the much older; and only boy, of our two child family and loved to invite friends for the weekend. On that particular Saturday we decided to ride to a mountain stream about 10 km from our home to try to catch some fish. To accommodate us four boys; I borrowed my father's horse also, which, at that time, was a black stallion.

My father warned me that under some circumstances his stallion was difficult to control; especially when there were mares [female horses] around. I let two friends ride on my horse Jelly; the rear passenger rides 'pillion" behind the saddle on the horse's back. Being the rider with most experience I rode on the stallion's posterior. Our fishing was unsuccessful and we commenced our journey back. It took me completely by surprise when the stallion suddenly shied and sprang into a gallop. As I slid off the back I grabbed the stallion's tail, a most unwise reaction from me. Newton said that all that goes up has to come down (sometime or other) well I did and was somehow still in one piece; which "piece" however was too sore to walk and terribly sore and afraid to ride up there again. An aggravating circumstance was that it was still about 9 km from home, most of which was uphill. To work on a horse you can lift its tail, and it does not kick as long as its tail is lifted. My advice however is; leave a stallions tail untouched.

The moral of the story is: avoid dangerous situations for just unnecessary doings but especially in wrong things; and also, take the good advice of your parents, or seniors, serious.

Last but far from least: do not be a stallion (or a mare). Horses are created with body and soul; we humans have body soul and spirit and for us there is a better way than to just obey nature. With the horses; when the mare sees a nice strong stallion and she is anywhere near her time to be covered, she makes attempts to "make friends" with that stallion and that is just what the stallion is looking for. For us humans there is a far better way (more about that later).

(4) The obstinate donkey.

Let us round off this beast-of-burden matter with a donkey. This happened many years later; I married at 30 years old and I was already married when this happened. My father taught me that a donkey always kicks straight back. If it does kick you, you will never want to be behind a donkey again (they have a mean and very painful kick). He showed me that it was quite easy to stand next to the donkey and then to tickle him a little which causes him to kick out. You can then quite easily

catch the leg closest to you before it comes down again (there is no power in their down stroke). A donkey just does not manage to do anything while on three legs.

We had neighbors about two kilometers away, who kept donkeys and one of their donkeys was on our yard every day; doing mischief like eating vegetables or flowers from our garden. Though a donkey is an obstinate, lazy and “thick skinned” animal (if you hit him he just pulls in his tail and turns in a circle). They are however diligent to do mischief in your yard and garden. All complaining about this mischievous donkey to its owners bore no fruit.

One morning a thought came (like an inspiration). I called my wife and asked her to find me an empty jam tin (can) and I looked for a short piece (about a meter) of thin but very strong ski-rope. I pierced the tin near the top and tied the one end of the rope firmly onto the tin; then I put about half a dozen pebbles (about the size of walnuts) into the tin and firmly bent the top of it together so that the stones can't fall out. It resulted in a noisy rattle.

Everything was then ready and as there was a boy on the yard, I called him; showing him where to stand; to hold up the donkey's leg once I had caught it. The rest was easy (for us but not for the donkey). It took just a tickle on the side and as he kicked out with both legs I caught the one nearest, and let the boy hold it up. Soon the ski-rope (with the tin) was firmly tied onto its tail. It was hanging in about the region just below what would be the knees in a human. (A donkey's “knees” face to the back, not the front).

We let go and stepped back, and the circus was on. With the first step it took, trying to get away from the strange object hanging against his legs, the tin began rattling and the donkey running. Within a few paces he was in a frantic gallop (when both front and back legs move in co-ordination). The rattling tin was flying in all directions and coming back just to get the next kick from donkey's legs. No one even needed to hint to it which direction “home” was. The first 400 meters were uphill, then through a gate (which was open), then downhill and to the right (and in “no time” it disappeared round a bend to the left about 500 meters down; still going “flat out”. Never before, or after, did I behold a donkey run like that. (In such a case donkeys even streamline themselves by laying their large ears flat down backwards).

A day or so later I was standing on our veranda (about a meter higher than the ground) leaning against the parapet; when a man came onto the yard and headed straight in my direction looking upward to me; straight into my eyes. He had a very serious expression on his face and he asked: “What did you do to your neighbors' donkey; it arrived home almost dying with exhaustion”?

According to this man's further description it became clear that there was quite serious consternation at the neighbors”. (Some people do not really believe in God but are superstitious and have fear for witchcraft and spells).

Never did that donkey troubled us again.

This story has a very important lesson: Is not ease and laziness in us humans a prime evil? And does not obstinacy follows close on its heels? Donkey learned the hard way (for him). Do not let it get you into serious trouble; there is a way out. We will soon get to more about that.

(5) The crocodile. (alligator)

In my father's workshop on our farm there was a crocodile skin pinned to the wall with nails. As I grew up he had to repeat the crocodile story to me over and over again.

He was already 37 when he married (he passed away with 94 years, 4 months). One of the arts the people of those years were really good at; was shooting (both target and hunting). He had a friend who was a few years younger than himself.

One day the two decided that they wanted to shoot a crocodile. The crocodiles were known to be present in about the last 70 km of the Tugela River, before it enters the Indian Ocean. They prepared all they needed including a tent and their rifles, also one or two pack horses.

Early one morning they left, riding cross-country towards the stretch of the Tugela where those reptiles were found. It involved traversing about 120 km of very difficult terrain, including crossing the Qudeni (translated = Rooster) range at about 1500 meters above sea level. It took about 3 days

to get to a place on the river (an island in the river) named Shu-shu hot springs (situated North of the village of Kranskop). Upon arrival they prepared themselves a camp-site near the hot springs (the island is wooded and overgrown with undergrowth. Crossing the river on the north side of the island (from which direction they arrived) was in itself quite dangerous, but the population; which were very widespread in those times; were most likely helpful in pointing out a fairly safe place to cross. A day or two after arriving they inquired from the local people; where the crocodiles were being sighted. A spot upriver was indicated. It meant riding across a mountain for about 7 km (the river there makes a huge U-bend and this was the short-cut way).

They tied their horses to trees when they were still a distance from the river and stealthily crept closer till they could observe the actual river and its banks and rocks. And sure enough, there were two crocodile on a flat rock/ boulder which protruded from the water in about the center of the river.

As they prepared to take aim, one of the two slithered into the water but the other remained. They took aim and at a previously agreed upon signal, they both fired. Father's friend was very nervous and noticed the water splash just short of the boulder, and the crocodile; while the bullet out of father's rifle struck the crocodile and it remained motionless.

The problem of retrieving the carcass now remained. The friend was adamant that it was not his problem, as it involved crossing water in which they were 100% sure was at least one of those reptiles.

It was left to father to wade and swim across to the boulder. As it was dangerous he took his rifle along, holding the same up in the air with one hand to keep it dry.

When he reached the boulder he noticed that the eye of the crocodile which he could see, slowly began to open; the animal was only stunned. By the time he noticed the opening-eye phenomena he was too close to lower the rifle immediately; and to give it a shot at point blank range. He clambered onto the surface of the boulder as fast as he could and grabbed its one front leg. It had woken from the shot, which only stunned it.

Father was a strong man. When I was still a school-boy I would overhear the Zulu (African) boys talk about his strength to which they ascribed legendary proportions.

In grabbing the animal's front leg; with one hand as he was still holding up the rifle with the other; he got himself positioned over the animal while simultaneously pulling it into a sideways position. That was also the beginning of a scuffle with this writhing monster; which was now between father's legs.

It was then that father remembered that he only had two cartridges left in the rifle, one in the barrel and the other in the magazine. When the scuffle subsided for some moments he managed to flip the "safe" switch and to try to shoot; but found that, with the one hand, he could not extend the rifle far enough away so as to get the front of the barrel where it could do any damage. However the shot went off and alarmed his friend who had in the meantime got the message out that they were seeking to hire a strong donkey, some empty bags and lots of rope. When father got the second shot off, also with no direct result, the friend realized that something was not developing all that smoothly; and he came running back to see what was going on.

Father called to him to come quickly to shoot this "thing". "No ways" was his reply, "I will throw you some ammunition", which he also commenced to do. It was totally fruitless, two bullets landed short and in the water. There was in any case no way father could have reloaded his rifle while struggling with the crocodile.

The friend then realized the gravity of the situation, swam over and shot the monster. The donkey, ropes and empty bags also arrived and with no small effort they dragged the carcass over to the shore. Never did they realize that another episode of the circus would now begin.

When they placed the empty bags on the donkey and carried the carcass into view, all the donkey's docility vanished, in no way was it prepared to be near such a load, leave alone to carry it.

Fortunately, one of those present had the good idea of covering the entire carcass with bags so as to hide it from donkey's view.

That worked and finally by onset of darkness they got the carcass to their tent. Father and his friend decided to lay it right against the tent; the reason being that it was a well known fact that the practice of “muti”; potions and witchcraft; were then as now a very common practice amongst the people and crocodile body parts were considered valuable for that. It was the onset of night and darkness and all the people who had followed, left.

Sleep came easily to the two hunters. In the middle of the night father woke up to the rattle of a storm lantern (paraffin /kerosene burning torches of that time) he also became aware of people whispering. Then he quietly pushed his hand out under the tent; unseen to them as the crocodile was in between; and moved the dead animal. There was a rattling of the lamp and dead or dried twigs rustling and breaking, accompanied by the unmistakable sound of people running away.

For a time everything was quiet except for the chirping of crickets and the sounds of other insects, possibly also the cry of a night-bird and then he heard the rattling sound of the lantern which was approaching again (there are so many trees and twigs which make it sort of impossible to keep a storm-lantern from being pushed this way and that, causing it to rattle). Then a voice called out from a fairly safe distance:” Boss – Boss! The crocodile is not dead!

Just to round off: During my high school years, my father took us to the hot springs for July vacations in 1945 and in 1948. Even today still, it is very steep most of the way from the village of Kranskop, down to there (it has been said to be one of; or the most dangerous; road in South Africa. Today it is a hard-topped road and there is now a bridge over the river, below the hot-springs; and the road continues on the other side. (The bridge and the road lead to, or past, the “Nkandla-gate” buildings which have been in the SA news so much lately).

As traditionally happened; all who went there were allocated a campsite by the camp captain (always chosen by vote of the visitors for the following July when it is winter and school holidays. In 1983 the river flooded right over the entire island and everything may be different there now). Those sites, the visitors had to clear and then they could pitch their tents. Over years, pools of varying temperatures were cemented out by visitors. For our visit there in 1948 I requested, from my parents, to take along two school friends, and we had our own tent there. At that time the old type of fiber maize (corn) bags were still in use. The tents and other utensils, we transported there in such bags, and the empty bags ended up in a neat pile in our tent. Then one evening we young people were invited to a camp get-together, so we had supper and then changed into better clothing. As we boys all changed, I needed to sit down to attend to something down by my feet (putting on socks, or similar). There was nowhere to sit so I sat on the pile of bags (we had no chairs). I hope it is not rude to add that I was not yet dressed, except for a shirt.

None of us could have guessed that a large (by all standards that I knew) scorpion had crawled inside the top bag. As my posterior; which was like a prepared target just for the occasion; made acquaintance with this soft pile, something like a ‘bomb’ hit my bottom. I was placing myself foursquare onto that large scorpion. (It was “huge” compared to what I had ever viewed; and potentially deadly.) Needless to explain; it used its business end, which is on the tail, to give me a very solemn and sore “unwelcome” on my sitting end. All planned pleasure for that night vanished into thin air. (The air does seem thin when a scorpion has stung you.) With all the noise ensuing, our family (and probably the neighbor campers also) were alerted and father, after seeing the “monster” immediately began to inquire for a Dr or a nurse among the visitors.

This teaches us something: As far as I can remember, we were on the way to a social evening around a camp=fire; which can be a dangerous place for man-soul. Unless it is purely centered on bringing the participants closer to God, it so often ends up with ungodly associations, especially amongst young people; often leading to deceit just to obtain fleshly (and soul) pleasure. Do not put yourself in danger of wrongdoing. (To allow yourself to do wrong knowingly is worse than being bitten by a crocodile; or being stung by a scorpion). The African people living in crocodile area say that it is possible to overcome a crocodile; some have managed to do so; provided that the reptile is not longer than two meters. Some wrongdoings have “meters” of “extensions” (like deceit and jealousy; which brings heartbreak and pain).

As you will have noticed, I survived and soon it was healed. Sin is worse, unless the sinner finds true forgiveness and deliverance from the sin; and from the propensity of sinning; it affects the rest of the sinner's life as well as eternity thereafter. (How to find forgiveness from the sin and deliverance from the will or love to sin; described later).

(6) A snake episode.

This is another story which, as a young boy, I loved to hear from my father.

Though grandfathers farm was more suitable for animal raising (beef cattle, horses and sheep) it also produced some crops, mainly maize (corn). In those early decades of the 20th century the farmers, which farmed in the hinterland (far from town) sold their entire crops "retail" (direct to the consumer). As bartering was still "the name of the game", the farmer would travel with the ox-wagon still further into the hinterland till the road ended and there the consumers would come with their cattle, goats, or horses to barter.

When I was already a missionary I discovered that about 20 km further from town than we were; there were legendary stories about my father having saved their lives in years of drought. On the farm they had two large grain tanks where the crops could be stored for a whole year or more; the farm had higher ground with better rainfall and more chance of producing crops in dry years (drought).

One day, on such a bartering trip, a green snake, which was busy crossing the road, was caught by surprise by the wagon and it dived into a hole (probably a deserted ant-hole). Now green snakes in that area are looked upon with respect because it is most likely; in this instance; either a tree snake, crossing on the ground as there were no trees where the ox-wagon tracks were; or a green mamba; both varieties are highly poisonous. My father had a long whip in his hands; that is how an ox wagon is steered; the "driver knows just how to, and on which side to; crack his whip and what to say (usually more sing than say) for the oxen to respond. A good ox-driver is one who speaks kindly, encouragingly and urges his oxen on.

The hole was not deep enough, and the green snake's tail stuck out; and father caught it. This was way before the present time where "animal rights" often seem to exceed "human rights". Instinct taught the human to kill a highly dangerous animal; which was also what father's intention was.

To be on the safe side he tied the end of the whip onto the snake's tail and stood well clear (the "driver's whip always had a long stick; similar to a long fishing rod). He then began gently pulling, and then to apply more and more pull. Suddenly the snake released its grip and came out.

The natural thing for father to do was to swing it in a wide circle and then to alter the whip's direction to a semi circle to an arc high above his head, thereby swinging the snake with a dash to the ground. In practice it was however not all that simple. As he altered the direction of the whip; at about the time the snake was directly behind his back; expecting it to travel in an arc over his head so that it comes with force onto the ground. The snake was doing its own whipping around and writhing, possibly it was also heavier than father had reckoned with, so it did not travel/fly as expected but came "short cut" across and whipped round father's neck.

Instinct took over and in what was probably a split second the whip-stick went flying through the air (father needed both his hands for something more important) and the snake was ripped in two pieces (as I said before, he was quite strong, and tree snakes are fairly thin).

Two allegories seem to be in this story: the moment you become aware of the devil being on your back or around your neck, waste no time to get him off. God can help you/me. (By that I don't mean a human being giving you trouble, but a bad habit, or anger, recurring again and again.) If we humans would realize how much influence the devil has in and on our lives (unless we are in God's highest standard) we would undoubtedly be just as diligent to have, and to know, pure freedom, from yielding to him (the devil) as father had from being rid of the snake.

There is only one way that works; more about that to come.

(7) The run-away eight tonner truck.

It was an IH lorry (imported into South Africa from Australia; it looked, and was shaped, like a military vehicle). Without a load on it weighed in the region of five to six metric ton. The driver was a rather old man who never had a real school education. His father was married to three wives and he as the eldest child had to stay at home and herd cattle. Then he heard a missionary preach and sensed in himself that the words were for him; he responded positively. There-after, over some years, the missionaries taught him to begin and to end every day with prayer; also always to pray before doing anything. On the day when something more than unusual happened he had been sent to town to fetch a load of maize meal from the mill, for the farms' trading store. When he arrived back at the farm it was time for midday break and the workers who were to offload the load were just going off to lunch; so he parked the lorry with the load on, leaving it in first gear with the handbrake on; and also went for lunch. When he returned after an hour, to attend to the offloading, the farmer who was also a missionary was standing on the farmhouse veranda looking on and everything went smoothly; the lorry was still standing on the incline where he stopped it before offloading. Although he had no formal education, he was a faithful man and had a good record for safe driving.

Allow me to just explain the lay of the land. The truck/lorry and driver had come down a two km downhill, then over a bridge and ten meters after the bridge the road turned fairly sharply (about 70 degrees to his right hand and immediately began a +- 100 meter fairly steep uphill. Halfway up this steep incline was a gate with a motor grid (so that cattle cannot come into the yard, while cars and small vans can use it so that they do not need to open the gate. This grid was narrow and had a thick (nearly a meter wide) hard stone wall of about five feet high on the one side and a sturdy steel pole; made out of a cut off railway track/line; on the other (the gate) side.

A few weeks before this incident a missionary who lived in a town had visited on the farm. He stood with the farmer/missionary on the same veranda and observed the same lorry with the same driver, as he was removing it from there. He noticed the driver take the steering with both hands, bow his head and his lips moved (he was praying before starting the lorry). The observer remarked jokingly to the farmer: "Your lorry must have very poor brakes that he prays so long" In fact the brakes were normally good, both the handbrake and the service/foot brake.

On the fateful day a stone or other object had damaged the air-pressure tank or pipe and the air pressure that assists the foot brakes, leaked out over lunch. The driver disengaged the gear to neutral, to start the engine. He then made the mistake of intending to use the foot-brake while putting it back into first; In other words, he released the handbrake too soon. The foot-brake pedal went right down to the floorboard. Before he could figure out what had, or was, happening, the lorry began running backwards, faster and faster. Here I need to admit that the driver's co-ordination was not the best, but we all understood, he grew up herding cattle and was over 50 years old when he learnt to drive.

When the truck began its backward roll the driver got such a fright that he just kept looking straight ahead; holding the steering in a vice-like grip. It has been explained that the grid gate was next to the main gate halfway up the fairly steep incline. It is difficult to put in words all that happened next. As the steering was held in such a grip with the drivers feet probably almost bending the floorboard with the flat brake and staring straight at the receding (for him) landscape ahead. It gained unpleasant speed and noise (rattling jumping). The right side wheels were leaving the road as the runaway was not heading straight to the gate, but next to it; which was toward the grid-gate.

Allow me to repeat; no lorry had ever tried to get through there, it was just too narrow and not constructed for such a big vehicle; I never thought it could fit through. That day it did fit through, so exactly; speeding in reverse. All that happened was that the railway-track pole scratched a line along the load-body (back of the lorry) from end to beginning. Here I must just explain again that the stone wall was sturdy and would undoubtedly have overturned the vehicle; nor would it have been a nice sight to see a lorry at loggerheads with a railway-track pole. What without doubt could not have been done by a genius racing driver, was that day accomplished by an old man looking the opposite way to where the vehicle was travelling.

Now back to the bridge. Below it was a flat level stone area for about 12 meters and then a waterfall of circa two meters high. Not long before this incident the farmer had cut down a tall gum tree (eucalyptus) on the yard; a section of which he towed with a tractor down to the stream, to get it out of the way. With some crowbars he and some workers rolled it off the flat level stone area and it ended up lying suspended across the stream about a meter below the waterfall and at about the same level as the stone ledge.

As the runaway truck came at speed; having gone in a straight line so far; the driver must have slightly altered the position of the steering wheel. It veered slightly to his left; crossed the road and headed for the waterfall. As trucks usually have, it had double wheels (20 inch x 10") at the back. It cannot be explained, but that day those back wheels (left hand) went perfectly for that long pole which lay across the stream and raced over. On the other side it hit a soft earth bank, of about half a meter high; which acted as an emergency brake, and with soft earth flying, it stopped the runaway. It now stood with the left-hand rear wheels beyond the stream and the front l/h wheel at the beginning of the log.

To the mind; the natural thing to happen would have been that it lands upside-down in the stream below the waterfall.

The only damage was a broken center-bolt; the bolt that keeps the axle on the center of the spring. It was quite a job to jack up the lorry and to move it a few inches at a time, to get all four wheels back onto the level stone ledge above the waterfall. The driver and the lorry were saved by that one (length of) tree, obviously arranged to be there by no one else than God.

Anyone who witnesses two such miracles happening within a few seconds would be a fool not to admit that a very high Hand had it all in control.

Apart from that; it is safer to believe in God and in all that He is than to let anger nourish doubt within you (also very much better to pray too long than not at all).

(8) The eel in the pipe.

You would of course know what an eel is?

It is a water (sea and fresh water) creature which looks much like a snake but is eaten in some civilized countries, as a food, or even a delicacy. I was once told that in the Netherlands (in the early 20th century) the "gerookte paling" (smoked eel) was available from vendors on street corners, similar to what ice-cream is today.

When I was at a Bible school (more about that later) we students would also carry co-responsibility for maintenance; and if it was an emergency, lectures would be halted till it was sorted out. The property was a small-holding with its own water supply; which came via a pipeline out of a spring with a pool or small dam, in a natural forest (indigenous trees). It was in a beautiful setting, right in that little forest with indigenous trees and undergrowth, like ferns. A picture of tranquility; which one so seldom finds nowadays. The water in the pool was so clear that you could see the bottom, and it's situation was about half a km from the school and residence buildings. It then happened that less and less water came through. We were obliged to look for the blockage.

The first thing that we noticed was that the brass strainer at the entrance to the first pipe was corroded through. We therefore decided to dig up the first pipe length which consisted of about twelve feet long sections of one and a half inch pipe. Cutting down a long stick in the forest we poked that in at the end where the broken strainer was and it refused to go in far; so we tried from the other end but got the same result. Poking again; from both sides, failed to clear the blockage. It was then that I made a mistake which makes me shudder when I am reminded about it. I was the tallest and of quite firm build; also sure of myself that I could blow the strongest and suck the strongest of the male students. This came about because of father's old Nash during W/w. 2. which existed before in-line fuel filters were invented or used. The fuel often blocked making it necessary to undo the petrol pipe at the engine and then to alternately blow and suck at the fuel-tank end, to undo that stoppage.

That is what I then did at the outlet end of the pipe; so trying to dislodge that mysterious blockage, which defied the poking with the stick.

Before I carry on I need to describe that an eel is a very slimy, slippery creature. As I blew and sucked something suddenly became undone. I was in the sucking cycle when it happened. Suddenly I had a deep mouthful of slimy eels' head; almost into my throat. The entrance to the lung felt as if it had automatically shut off while my throat entrance seemed to open at "maximum". As youngster I had marveled at what huge gulps I was able to swallow at once, possible I had even bragged about it to my schoolmates. It all happened so fast and also came out so fast again that I do not know whether the other students really followed everything that happened: a few were staring in amazed horror while some were in roaring laughter. It was very fortunate that the eel was not dead and decomposed. The creature (plus the ones to follow) must have sort of hibernated there in the pipe. Needless to say that we then fetched a piece of log and stood the pipe upright, bumping it up and down onto the log; another eel and another became dislodged and fell out; little wonder that the stick refused to go through the pipe. There remained no other alternative but to dig up all the pipes up to the School's reservoir. Altogether; on the entire stretch, we found and dislodged eleven eel and the ones nearer to the reservoir had lost color (grey) and were quite bleak already. The water flowed freely again. We also looked in the pool; the water was crystal clear and we could spot a few more eel right at the bottom.

Please take especial note of the lesson we can learn from this:

Do we not find that something like a blockage exists between us and Heaven; especially when we pray? It should then occur naturally to you; to think of how to attempt to undo the blockage between yourself and Heaven. In actual fact; there is something we can do about it but we need to do it the right way. So be absolutely certain you find the right way. That blockage is never from God's side but always from our side; He is more than keen to help us undo it, but we must co-operate with Him and our hearts must be right otherwise that in itself becomes a blockage. That is what we want to discuss a little later.

It is frightening; In "Revelation" in the Bible we find that right at the end; God tries the utmost punishment; like scorching heat; on the un-repenting, remaining humans (trying to give them "a last chance"; yet they still harden their hearts.

(9) The pick-up truck that was towed and "things" went awfully wrong.

As I mentioned in a previous story, the farms were more suited to beef cattle than to agriculture. As the years went by, conditions for beef production became more and more difficult, the beef animals were being stolen more and more. We even experienced an animal being killed and just one steak cut out of it and the rest left in the veldt to rot.

As my wife and I had a large family to look after we were obliged to produce income (For some years they were seven old people plus ourselves and our own children).

Where the following happened was on the lower portion of the farm. From the two houses where our parents and family; and we and children lived (on a patch of reasonably level ground). It was very steep, with some precipices, to the valley below where it became fairly level again with some fertile soil.

Father's brother was an engineer, and had worked for many years in the then Northern Rhodesia (When he was younger he also had a pilots' license). One day it came into his mind to peg out a road down into the valley. I immediately saw potential in that and with some men, to make a road, which twisted somewhat and for a stretch went on two ledges between some precipices above and below. There was a gully between those; causing them to lie at about a 40 degree angle to each other. This made the road take a sharp bend over a small bridge (over the gully's center) connecting the two ledges. We then planted tomatoes down in the valley where there was enough water as well as good soil. Tomatoes use a lot of water (drip irrigation did not yet exist in SA). They were then also a highly perishable crop (before the long-life tomatoes which we have today, and which are not as tasty). They needed to be harvested early in the morning and if possible taken to market the same day.

I can't remember whether it was slippery on the way down to the tomatoes or whether it rained while I was down there because on the way up again the wheels just spun; it was so slippery.

I then sent for the IH 523 tractor, driven by the same (praying) driver who, in a previous story drove the IH eight tonner truck; also asking him to bring a long rope. The reason for that was so that the tractor is past the most slippery places by the time the pickup reaches them.

The tractor was a model with large rear wheels; which helped for traction but could also move quite fast. The driver arrived and we fastened the end of the rope firmly to the pickup's front axle. In doing that I made a potential deadly mistake, I failed to figure out that the rope would take a short cut at the bend (which was the gully with a small bridge). The ledges were at an angle (the road was at a steep incline; except for a few meters on either side of the bridge). Our fairly aged but faithful and praying driver also did something unusual: The tractor had multi gear ratios and he put it into the highest he considered possible, thinking that would give him the best chance to get through; as it takes effort to pull a one tonner up such a steep hill when it is slippery.

The first stretch went beautifully, only a bit fast for my liking. As we approached the bend it suddenly dawned on me what lay ahead. The rope; because it was so long; would take a short-cut across the bridge and the bend; and wrench the truck off the road. There seemed no way to avoid disaster. Quickly I tried every conceivably way of getting the driver's attention to stop him and sort the (long rope) matter out but he was looking straight ahead, also concentrating on the road ahead. At the speed he was pulling me, it needed his concentration.

Even to my own ears the pickup's hooter sounded as not much more than the chirping of a little bird. The brakes made it seem as if it only moved easier when the wheels were skidding. Then it happened; the sturdy rope did take short-cut and wrenched the one-tonner off the road. For one moment the front end of the pick-up truck became like airborne. The terrain off the road was steep for just a few meters and then there were cliffs and it was still steeper; disaster seemed unavoidable. I could vision myself in the mangled and rolled wreck far down in the valley; time seemed to stand still. Those moments are like photographed into my memory. Then with a bang and a tremendous jerk we stood still. The back wheels were only just on the road; and the front wheels down on the few meters steep terrain; where there happened to be one flat, and even level, stone (on those few meters of steep before the cliffs and boulders). The front axle had landed foursquare on that flat stone (with the wheels just off the ground on either side of it) cutting off the rope. Beyond the bridge was the steepest section of the road and as I sat in the pickup; just looking; I saw the tractor, with belching exhaust, moving rapidly up the steepest stretch; then round a bend and out of sight; the rope following; soon also out of sight. It then seemed to dawn on me that miraculously I was still alive. I can't remember exactly, but I probably got carefully out of the truck to get back onto the road myself. The driver went round two bends and onto a fairly level stretch; then he stopped and looked back; there was only a long rope, with nothing at the end. In "no time" he came running back to see where I was.

What else than the loving saving Hand could have arranged that unusual flat topped stone just at the correct place. Most likely it would have wrenched the tractor into disaster also.

Years later something similar happened; we were looking after my parents and his siblings in their old age. They sometimes needed to be taken to town (which was 52 km away) to see a Dr or other professional.

One day I was taking my father. It had rained, so I used the 4x4 one tonner which we then had. We had made it up the hill and were on fairly level ground. In the first 12 km the road had some nasty bends because it was built in an age when the smaller roads did not cut across a farm but followed the farm boundaries. Ahead of us was one of such bends, which was not all that sharp, as corners had been removed over time; yet all told it meant changing direction by almost a right-angle. The bend did however have another problem; the area next to the road had trees on the left side, making it a blind corner and large stones on the outside which had been bulldozed there when the bend was improved. I was not really idling along; yet in normal circumstances, could have stopped in time. As mentioned it had rained and there were some slippery stretches. As we were in the middle

of the bend I suddenly saw a herd of cattle, being driven in the same direction we were going; by a farmer's employees. They had neglected to have someone go before and someone after the herd, carrying a red flag (which was required by law).

I footed the brakes immediately and the vehicle just skidded on towards the herd. The normal thing to happen would have been that we skid straight ahead, because of momentum, and into the stones on the outside of the bend. In this instance we skidded broadside with the front facing the inside of the bend. A few meters on we got onto some firmer ground and the wheels suddenly gripped again and the pickup shot forward at a tangent; then suddenly it spun almost 180 degrees round facing towards the road again. The invisible Hand had prepared a semi submerged stone with a flat top, about a meter off the road and the diff of the front axle swiveled on that (breaking its momentum) while the back wheels slid/skidded right round and we were facing almost directly onto the road again. This saved the man walking behind the cattle; the cattle; the vehicle and the two of us, the passengers.

Again, two similar miraculous incidences happening to one person; even though some years apart; can hardly be a co-incidence.

The lesson again: Be in faith always and pray before every new move. If you get into a car, you are, as it were, getting into a potential coffin (in some countries more so than in others).

SEE THE KINGDOM OF GOD" (John 3 v 3).

Would you, the reader, allow me at this stage to tell you how I became a farmer; then a missionary

(10) Hearing a sermon; " MOST ASSUREDLY --- UNLESS ONE IS BORN AGAIN, HE CAN NOT SEE THE KINGDOM OF GOD" (John 3 v 3).

Would you, the reader, allow me at this stage to tell you how I became a farmer; then a missionary and a farmer; now in ripe age, only a missionary.

In high school I was pretty lazy, preferring, during prep time, to rather read a comic under the table edge than to do my homework (how stupid a human can be). My mind was also unable to sort out that there was the farm waiting for me; as well as my aging parents to look after. At that time we were still living in an age when parents were cared for at home. Nowadays they are so often "pushed off" into an old age home. There are also families where such 'cat and dog' conditions prevail in the home, or between children and their parents, that the parents prefer to go to an old age home. Usually those are also the families that are unsuccessful in life: there is no blessing.

My main interest was to become a mechanic. Then I noticed that the mechanics of that time were usually boys who had dropped out of school before grade 12; so I considered becoming a lawyer. Of that my mother disapproved; saying: "lawyers do a horrible work, they prove bad guys guiltless". It did not dawn on her that they also need to defend the guiltless from the bad guys.

Somehow I passed grade 12 reasonably well at school end.

After some time on a farm I did two years in a trading store and was then offered employment as a manager of three farms (for which I was really still too young at that time). The three farms were on much more level ground, far better situated ; near town and a railway station; than my father's two were. That resulted in far more intensive farming, with agriculture, dairy, forest and a beef herd of red brown "Afrikander" cattle with fairly long horns. (Also pigs with the dairy).

The owner of the farms where I became manager was a missionary's son. My grandfather came out to South Africa in 1883 as a farmer with the missionaries from northern Germany. It was from about 40 km south of Hamburg where they were experiencing a revival at that time under a teacher and minister, Louis Harms.

As a third generation, I considered; that to be a Christian; involved being infant Christened (baptized) and going to church most of the Sundays. Over time many members seemed to have changed that line of thought to: "some Sundays".

As I had grown up being taught honesty, and had a good interest in mechanical work as well as in farming and in trading; I was in good standing with the employer (where I worked) and also with his family.

It was then that I heard a preacher preach; that he went onto a mountain to seek God and that there he had an experience. He was certain that God met with him and he was “born again”. He also read out of the Bible that to enter the kingdom of God, it is necessary for a believer to be born again. He must have mentioned forgiveness of sin also; whichever way; I became aware that it involves not to sin, and that bothered me, as I was sinking deeper and deeper into self gratification, of which I thought smoking must be the most impossible to “give up”.

I had managed the farms for four years and some months and I was earning a salary plus a percentage of the profits. Then on a certain day, as I was travelling along a straight stretch of road just opposite the main farm (of the three) a thought came to me: You have begun to condone your sinful lifestyle by arguing that there cannot be a hell; what if there is a hell; even if the chances of there being one are; one to a thousand; or even one in a million; can you; I afford to take that risk? My answer was: No! Because it is, or will be for all eternity; so I prayed to God that if He would help me to stop smoking; “then I will serve you Lord”. Little did I realize that I was making God a promise. Nor did I realize that He would answer within a few days. It also did not occur to me that there is hardly a sin we can overcome on our own; without Gods’ help. If we suppress a sin it usually lives on in our mind and we have sinful thoughts. May I interrupt with a short story how we can’t overcome a being which is stronger than we ourselves.

It was mentioned already that the one farm (of the three that I managed) had a beef herd. Among those animals were a few large mature but untrained oxen with sharp crescent shaped horns. My boss just loved those and I dared not sell them. He had made his “fortune” by leasing some wagons with their spans of oxen to the British army during the Boer war (at turn of 19-20) century. It so happens that such a mature ox becomes aggressive to other animals and begins poking them, often piercing their skin and seriously injuring them (one of those had killed a cow). The remedy is to use a hack-saw (which is normally used for cutting steel) and to saw off the tip of their horns, thereby making them blunt. Bulls and oxen actually rub their horn-tips against the ground to sharpen them, but once they become too blunt (by the cut-off) they stop trying.

At that time we had not yet constructed a crush-pen where they are in a narrow passage and can’t move much, this way or that. Thinking that I could save time by forcing it into a corner of the square enclosure with the help of a few men and with the pick-up truck; and then to catch its horns with all my might, like handle-bars, while one of the workers saws off the horn-tips. It went reasonably well till I reached out and caught the horns. With one seemingly effortless flip it poked me almost direct under my chin (probably up to the chin-bone/jaw). The scar, though now more felt than seen is (60 years later) still there. That is what happens if we think we are strong; we can do things. It did not even end there; in may-be a second it damaged the front of the pick-up truck and then sprang over the bonnet (leaving a sized dent) and ran away.

That God answered my prayer for help to stop smoking happened as follows; My boss had purchased a new diesel lorry (without consulting with me. I had just spent a small fortune getting the petrol lorry into tip-top order, even fitting longer springs with my own hands to make it more comfortable). In later years they were manufactured with longer springs.

As I was taking the new lorry to Durban (about 150 km away) for its first service; driving early; about three in the morning; and in the mist (fog) I suddenly saw a shining cross ahead. The first thought that came was: *What if that is the Lord returning?* With a few rapid turns of the handle my window went open and my smoking cigarette flew out; then I realized; it was the sign for a level-crossing over a railway line. The next thought was: Oh, so you can light up again; but somewhere out of the depth of my heart came the warning: what if it was the Lord who planned that! My reply was: I cannot afford to take a chance. That was the end of smoking.

Years later the Lord confirmed that it was His voice; therefore also His planning.

The lesson so far is: Never take chances with matters concerning eternity; always give the Lord the benefit of the doubt.

From that day on it troubled me deep within; that I had made God a promise to serve Him. Not many weeks later, I was in a service in our (my parent’s) traditional church on a Sunday; when the

pastor, instead of expounding on the Scripture he had read; became red in the face, condemning another pastor who left the denomination after having a similar experience as the one I had heard; preaching about the need to be born again.

The pastor being condemned had preached this need to be born again; plus a few points that did not match with their doctrine which taught re-birth at christening/baptism. They had hurriedly issued a pamphlet with restrictions. He felt he could not obey such a rule or rules; so he left and began a Bible school. It was a "faith" Bible school; where the students did not pay a fee; but they were all co-responsible to trust God to supply all the needs. He also taught that before God we are not a registered denomination with a membership list; but we work inter-denominationally. However for legal reasons; it soon had to register with a list of its preachers.

As I listened to this highly critical sermon it began to crystallize in my heart that the safest to do would be to apply at that Bible school to become a student there; thus keeping my promise to God. It was a faith-work; you did not pay but carried corporate responsibility to pray for all the needs. Within a day after hearing the seriously criticizing preacher, I did apply and was miraculously accepted. It was one month short of my twenty-fifth birthday.

Only two weeks were left to give notice at work and a week to spend with my parents before beginning at that School. My boss was furious and from his side I lost the bonus (for a year almost completed). I had taken very little annual leave during those four years and a few months. His family however gave me a 'thank you' present wherewith I could buy an elderly used car.

The pastor who was the founder and director of the Bible school had taken a giant step of faith in beginning and in running such an institution.

As a student at the Bible school I took it serious to have the highest aim spiritually (to be as near to God as possible) it had cost me an awfully high price to take the faith step into that direction.

Once again; may I interrupt the testimony; to talk about being near to God.

In the New Testament the Lord himself as well as His followers who authored the NT, quote Scripture which is not found in the canonized Bible; most of it is out of the book of Enoch which did not become one of the books canonized into the Old Testament. The reason could be that the scholars appointed by Justinian (the council of Nicea) to choose the books for the Bible (old and New Testaments; in the early fourth century) probably did not understand or believe that; what Enoch experienced and talks about could actually happen to a human being.

In one chapter Enoch mentions that he and his family lived on a high mountaintop, so near to Heaven, (or to God) that they could hear the angels singing a few meters above them. Further Enoch mentions that his children then went to the edge to watch the children of the world play far below and they began sliding down and could never find the way up again. The Bible tells us that Enoch, "was no more". So he was the first human being to be taken direct to heaven (to God). Elijah was the second human to be taken up.

An important lesson: If God can do it for two different persons, then for Himself as a person; why should He be unable to do it for more people and why not for me/you also? Now you may be able to form a better idea where and to what conclusion the stories are meant to lead us/you. Let me release another clue: can a human being experience Heaven while still here on earth and then hereafter? We want to hear how it is possible; but Let us rest our minds a little with "a Story" before we consider such an important and serious matter.

(11) Why it is the best; and the way that works out (if we read or study it the correct way) to choose the Bible. This chapter is for beginners; if you know about, or know, the Bible you may skip reading it.

Should there be any doubt in your mind why I recommend the Bible as THE book for you to find the way to Heaven; allow me just to compare a little. In fact we find the Way [To Heaven/to God] because it is revealed to us by the invisible author, through and by the Bible. If God reveals it direct to a person, it will never contradict the Bible and mostly even be together with words we find in the Bible.

Do we not find anger and revenge or hating of our enemies in all the religions we come across? In the Bible we only find anger (of God) to the sinful deed but love to the sinner and hope that he/she will repent. To defend one's self (or to run from danger) is allowed because of things being as they are; it will become clear just now. "Revenge belongs to God", and he is well able to defend Him-self. As a Bible-believer we are there to love, not to show anger to each other; or (our) anger to the other. (James 1:20, in the Bible).

There are more numerous ways and aspects in which the Bible itself proves that: whoever reads/studies it without prejudice (pre-existing thoughts against it) and with a seeking heart, will find that it begins to speak to you/him/her/me deep within one-self.

It also reveals to human-kind, sometimes speaking directly; then again a little here and a little there; what has been so far, what is happening now and what is to come (some future matters, "as in a mirror"). Also, all the matters affecting man/woman; from before man was created. Some matters can only be put into human words as far as the expounder is given the grace and think-ability (and speak-ability) to do so.

The Bible shows us that at one-time (time is temporal; eternity is before, during and after time) something went wrong in Heaven. Satan (also called Lucifer and Beelzebub) became proud and claimed to be equal to God. A third of the angels sided with him and God needed to (and did) set in motion: a casting them out; from Heaven. We know from Paul's writing in the letter to the Corinthians that there is a third Heaven (where God is). If you compare all the Scripture about it we/you are/will be able to make out that the second heaven and the third still need to be cleansed and the rebels thrown out (towards the end). The second and the third heaven then seem to become one heaven) which are/is eventually destroyed ("let it pass away") and a new heaven and a new earth created (Revelation 21:1 also 2 Peter 3:10 and Hebrews 12:26-27). We can expect the third Heaven not to be removed because: that is where the Throne of God is.

To do this cleansing-out God wants to use "The truth of their (saints/believers) testimony" (Revelation and Peter). Both have to be to God's standard. "Be ye perfect, therefore, as your heavenly Father ---" (Matt. 5:48).

Such is the plan which God worked out before creating the world; and then creating man thereon; to do just that and at the same time to populate Heaven (that plan is what we want to get to know; and to know without doubt). How can we be without doubt unless we see/experience it?

He designed man, then woman; then holiness (perfection) for man/woman, plus a way to get man/woman into that; then He created the earth (Ephesians 1:4). Thereafter He made man according to his plan; now he is yearning to "install" that Holiness (the "ball is in our court"). Further: to achieve that He would have to become man, as "the Son of man" die an indescribable cruel and painful death; for the imperfection of man/woman which came in through the disobedience of Adam and Eve (and to rise again) to remove the imperfection for us. We need to completely respond to accept and to live it.

To show us, and to offer us such a blessing, He through humans, gave us the Old and the New Testaments of the Bible. The Old Testament is really a picture of what is coming in the New Testament and of what it means. In other words: it speaks of the Savior, the Lord, who is to come; and of what and how it will happen. In the very present time and age we live in, many of those predictions are being fulfilled. The beauty is that many of them are named as: "In the end [or latter] times or days". (In our terms that almost certainly translates into another thousand and a few years; at least seven years) of end-time. We however seem to be ever so near to entering; and in another way; we have entered into: "the latter; the end time; days".

The Bible itself tells us that there is only one way to heaven; that is the way we find in it (Acts 4:12). These are just a few of the points which indicate the Bible. One strong point is; for you to read and consider the life described for a believer, Somewhere deep within you find an "echo" of what you read. It is exactly what you are "made for" and it "fits". (It is the beginning of God revealing himself to you).

(12) Twenty five years old and in School again: Testimony continued.

It was not an easy matter to take such a step, and it soon occurred to me that somewhere very deep within me a decision had taken on reality: For myself; the only issue of paramount importance in life was now; to know, and to be on, the way to Heaven; it did not matter how much I needed to humble myself and to bow. At that time it did not really dawn on me that our feeble human mind is not in itself able to make such a firm decision; but that God had set in motion a process to include me in His Salvation, and given me the grace to respond. *Everyone may ask God; out of one's heart; for Him to do so for you; then you must listen and respond.* A few incidences had in the meantime happened which left me in no doubt that God was real and that He was involved.

If or when such a decision comes to you, please let yourself be advised now; It's not in the first place a decision of your mind but is like an implant from Heaven itself; nurture that and do not reject it. Allow me to use a short story to illustrate the feebleness of the human mind; even in very clever people.

When I was employed on the three farms; a professor and his wife once visited there. The professor was an adopted son of my boss. The grandson of my boss was with them and from him came this information:

It had rained and the road was a little slippery. When they were already near the farm; with the professor driving; the car skidded and hit the embankment with the front end, and there was probably quite some damage to the front end. The professor and his wife jumped simultaneously out of the stationary car; both rushed to the back, and inspected the back. The grandson overheard both saying "No damage". The lesson is: Do not be a professor who inspects the back of the car while it has bumped the front end. Avoid your/our intellect from overriding your/our faith; always give faith the benefit of any doubt.

At about the first lecture at the School, we were taught that we were not there to study for any certificate but for us to get to know God. (A University is more, or altogether, concentrated on knowing about God). All of the students were satisfied with that, and we were aware of it right from before applying to be accepted. (As mentioned; it soon registered as a religious institute).

On the Lord's day we students would attend an early service; have a shared lunch with all the visitors who came for that day and then we drove to the city about 10 kilometers away where some spots had been identified for us to speak or preach to passers-by; who would stop, or gather, to listen.

The main venue however was a park-like block where many Africans gathered on a Sunday. It was during the unfortunate and unpleasant "apartheid" (race segregation days) which, by the way, we were soon taught to obey in letter only but not to have in our hearts. After spending about an hour at other venues we all headed to this park.

Our director had approached the municipality of the city for permission to preach there. Different African preachers would place themselves in different spots inside the park. As the director had his experience while being the pastor of a "whites" church (he had served in a "color/blacks" church before that) we were all "whites", most of them having left his/their church with him. We were therefore only allowed to stand on the pavement outside the perimeter fence. It was actually a fairly good makeshift pulpit there, as the ground within the park had, over time worn down and was lower. That was from the many people who came there on Sundays, when they had their work-free day of the week.

In those times there were very few unemployed people except for those who lived in the rural areas and who cultivated their own fields. Some of those chose to rather live on a farmer's land where they would make a verbal or written contract with the farmer to render service. They usually felt more protected. It was rather rough out on the communal land, which, in their tradition, belongs to their King (the Europeans call him Chief) and in some areas faction fights; mostly over land but sometimes over women; happened almost yearly. It was usually just after harvest time (could it be because there was corn to brew alcohol?)

Judging by the reaction, we did rather well at those services. The speaker was mostly the one who had been most exposed to two of the dialects of the African languages; as he had worked in farming and in trading for seven years (you may guess who). So often it happened that all of the people in the park would come to the fence to listen to these, "white people" speaking; and the response would be very positive.

I remember once looking over the crowd (the pavement was higher) and seeing two chairs, way at the opposite side of the park; of which only one was occupied by a preacher who had lost his audience. Listening to sermons was the "pass-time" for many people there.

It made our heads "swell" exceedingly for the rest of the day. We thought that it was sure proof that "we had it all" and "knew it all". Our director; who was also our main lecturer, was a brilliant man who had stood out as a student overseas.

The problem would come the next morning; I would wake up with my heart empty and with a thought: 'what you preached also involved that your sins are forgiven; so what if your own sins are not forgiven. Deep within me I sensed and knew that there is still something lacking.

It also happened at that time that one of our four lecturers, who had studied at Honor Oak in England, was teaching on the book of Acts (of the Apostles) in the New Testament; and said: "That outpouring of the Spirit of God; about which we are reading (in Acts 2) is what we are benefiting from and are experiencing" (the wording may have been slightly different). As if automatically, my hand shot up, the lecturer stopped speaking, and out of my mouth came; "No; it is not the same today". There was a deadly silence, then the reaction came from the lecturer; "yes it is", so I kept quiet. (Later I received the unpleasant feedback that this lecturer was, "afraid of that student"). The Monday-morning thought troubled me more and more and then one day towards the end of our second year (the 1957-'58 class) I woke up at about two in the morning with a decision that the matter of the doubt had to be resolved. Quickly I got dressed (we were four young men in a room near the boundary of the School property). I climbed through the fence. It was a beautiful wind-still night with a little moon or star light. As I began slowly walking towards a patch of natural forest, I prayed like this: 'Dear Lord; Jacob in the old testament wrestled with a man at night and overcame him only to find out that he had wrestled with You Lord; I don't see a man to wrestle with; so I am going to wrestle with this tree in front of me". I was just reaching the first of the (indigenous) trees, and I grabbed it firmly (it could have been ten inches thick). Before I began praying a thought came; The Lord taught his disciples not to 'make many words like the heathen do' and I thought: Hm-m-m-that means I must not repeat the same thought more than two times, or at the most, three times. I then firmly clung onto the tree and prayed all for me conceivable thoughts; till there were no more thoughts over to pray.

It could have been 4 am when a last thought came; 'why don't you just believe". I decided that it could be an answer from the Lord; and it probable was; to get me off the tree; to let go of it. By then I had no more doubt that He existed and that He "is a rewarder of those who diligently seek him Heb. 11:6) So I went back to the fence; climbed carefully through (it was barbed wire) got to my bed; prayed: 'I just believe" and slept.

It seemed only a short while, and the 6 o'clock gong went off for rising. Upon waking, my first thought was: 'Are your sins now really forgiven?' followed by deep disappointment that the matter remained unresolved; there was still a question.

As we went to breakfast at about 7:30 (and from there to lectures) another young man from other quarters joined us. I lagged a bit behind the other four (as we were now five) because I was deep in thought as to what else I could do to get certainty. We were about half way of the 50 meters odd, to the dining hall, when suddenly a still small/quiet comfortable voice came (it seemed to be just all over in me) saying: "What does the Bible say". I stopped; swung 90 degrees to face away from everybody (I can't say whether in mind only, or physically) and answered: 'Confess your sins'. Then the voice again: "and what else". I thought a bit and answered: 'humble your-self'. Then the voice yet again: "what would be humbling to you"? In that flash I knew the answer: To speak out my sins before a believing human being whom I could trust completely. In my life I had done many shameful,

untrue, even deceptive, things; leave—alone what all went on in my mind, and I was always sort of glad that I did not need to tell anyone; least of all the director.

We were taught by the director and by the other lecturers that we should confess our sins to the Lord, in our own bedroom. In my mind there was now no doubt that my next move was to speak out my sins; before someone to represent God (whom I could not see with my own eyes) to me; thereby humbling myself.

As the old saying is: “Hit an iron (with the hammer) while it is red-hot”; I went right past the breakfast hall to the principal’s office which was attached to his house about 50 meters beyond the dining hall. On the way there I realized that it was very likely that he was at breakfast, in the house; but I wanted to try anyway. He was in his office so I went in, greeted, sat down and told him that I wished to confess my sins. He looked at me for some time and then said: “that you do in your bedroom, you may only get in trouble if you speak it out before a person, he/she may talk to others about it”. In a way he was right, if you speak your sins out before someone who does not, or has not spoken his own out before someone, he/she may tell others; “do you know what so and so has done in the past and what he/she thinks about?” There is another aspect to confessing; if you are part of a live; or revival; group it should be someone transparent in the group (who does not hide his own state from the group).

Deeply disappointed that I had again reached a “dead end”; I got up and went out the door.

There was another young man, a few years younger than myself; who began at Bible school right after school; and who was already doing missionary work. The director and his brother (who joined him from the beginning) had made this young man a co-trustee and he had a room at the School. Someone bought him quite a fair sized tent (and a pick-up truck) and he would pitch it near trading stores of people who supported the Bible School/Mission from the beginning. There he would preach the gospel. (Translation of gospel is: “good news”). It had come to my ears that listeners to his preaching often came to him after the service; to speak out their sins. One day I approached him (because we were being taught otherwise) and asked him about it. His reply was that it is only natural. I then thought: “well, after all, that is his trouble; if he is disobedient to the teaching of the work of which he is even a trustee.

As I was about two or three paces from the office door (in deep disappointment) I heard a vehicle on the driveway, which ran parallel to the paved path I was on. It was that same young preacher, and it occurred to me that it may be God’s opportunity for me to speak out my sins.

The young preacher stopped his van near the breakfast hall entrance at the same moment that I arrived there. Without any doubt it was perfectly timed by the Hand of the Lord; who takes complete interest in saving from sin. It was just my opportunity and I greeted; then told him that I would like to confess my sins. He replied: All-right; let us then go to my room; which we did.

Unfortunately I compromised that day, obeying both voices’, the directors and the co-workers; which agreed with what I had just been so wonderfully shown, on the way to breakfast.

Over the years God persisted with His voice in various ways. He continued when I was back on my parents farm (by God’s leading) to help them in their old age, and to do missionary work from there. That is also how I became missionary and farmer.

What I did find out was that God persists as long as we persist to be saved completely; or in other words; to the uttermost. May I assure the reader that one really needs God’s help all the way, especially when He has drawn us.

Should we not maybe have another allegory before we say what then comes about and how that happens?

(13) The bad boys who swapped the shoes.

As I have mentioned before; my wife and I are now married for five decades and some six years. Our firstborn child is a daughter. When she went to high-school they had some bad boys there at the school, and two times they had an incident. The first happened something like this: a few boys found a building, to which they had entrance, and from which they could see the entrance to the town

mosque. On a Friday when they did not have school they went into this building shortly before lunchtime and observed the mosque from there. Once they were quite sure that all the people were inside and had left all their shoes next to the entrance they carefully went closer till they reached there. Whenever a car passed they looked in the opposite direction, at the same time also observing carefully that nobody was watching them. The mosque was in a quiet area and for them it all worked out; the doors of the nearby businesses' were all closed and locked. They then took one of almost all the pairs of the shoes and swapped it with a similar shoe in another pair so that the pairs ended up all having two left hand or two right hand shoes. The same careful strategy they had used to get there they again applied to get back to their hiding place. From there they watched the consternation that followed when the prayers' came out and tried to put on their shoes.

It is hard to imagine that all those affected people found this to be a joke.

To complicate matters further; in the same town, and not too far separated in dates, there were also bad boys who went to their homes by school bus. Our daughter was in such a school-bus which picked up scholars over a distance of about 40 km. (Her journey was even further; those were taken to the bus by car). Then a day arrived on which the bus was able to leave rather early on the homeward trip which happened to pass near the mosque just at the time when the prayers' were coming out. The bad boys stuck their heads out of open windows and shouted the name of the prayers' prophet, out aloud, followed by "eats pork".

This time the reaction was far more than just consternation; and the bus got quite a few angry runners-after; nearly catching up with it. The good guys on the bus sweated in anticipation of what the outcome could or would be; but the bus which was past the robot (traffic lights) picked up speed and began gaining on the angry runners. It was probably end-of-term therefore the school bus was early that day. During the vacation that followed; time and the wind covered the anger of those runners-after.

Let's be wise and learn from that: To live for and to serve the living God we need to know God; who is love. He loves the sinner but hates the sin. Even our lives should and need to be so; that sinners (angry people) feel uncomfortable and are coaxed into either; confessing and forsaking their sin; or to hating and persecuting us. The God of all gods is also well able to defend His own name. We need to live the Word found in James 1:20 in the Bible; that human anger does not please Him; we can, and should, leave anger over to God. Revenge belongs to God.

Shall we now prepare ourselves for what happened to the young Bible student, at the School; and how God thereafter dealt with him; all for the best.

(14) The testimony continued: Finding the key.

Father passed on (away) at age 94 in 1989. Two of the aunts outlived him passed away at age 96 and 97 respectively. One aunt passed at 83 and mother who was the youngest of them was only 73 and died eight years before father (also before the aunts).

My work and my quest for Gods' very highest for man continued. Over the years and with God using different Christians to be a help to me; new "heights were reached". He can save a human in one day or over a long lifetime. The third person of the Trinity (God; Father, Son and Holy Spirit) the Holy Spirit; can introduce you to God in less than a day; so, as long as you are still alive continue in your quest to find and to be in God's will. Of the seekers it is only those who want to be as great (or to know even better) than God, who miss their chance; because of wanting to be "great".

Father passed away in August 1989. (Two aunts were still alive). Because of the spiritual work we continued there on the farm (during my early quest for the Lords' best, father had sold the second farm).

The trading business and the farm came to a bumpy halt. A land –claim which stretched over years, aggravated; or even brought on; that "halt". At the time I felt very sore about it; not being able to understand why God allowed such to happen even though we served Him. Today I can only thank Him. Unaware to myself; because of difficulties and because I had not yet realized the perfection (maturity) mentioned in Hebrews 6:1; and did not know the "rest" spoken of in Heb. 4:1; I was

moving away from instead of towards God's highest for me. (It is there; for any man/woman who wants God with a whole heart; and daily). God needed to coax me back.

The court-messenger (sheriff) came to us. A day later a relative; who we can't remember ever having visited us before, and who was oblivious to what had happened; visited. When we heard that she was coming, we quickly borrowed the most necessary lounge furniture from a neighbor. We had a blessed time together and were able to point out eternal truths and to pray with her. That happened on a Saturday; two days later, that Monday, she passed on to Eternity. My wife and I thereby had our first lesson not to become despondent when God has to "hit hard" to get us back "into line" and we were encouraged.

The farm had four portions and a portion was bought by friends (at a price determined by a valuator) so that we could stay and continue with the work there; the rest went to the land-claim. It saved us from having to go through an embarrassing sale of execution.

Then in 2006 my back gave in; now and again I experienced total loss of feeling in my legs and would just collapse in a heap. The specialist Dr I was sent to, advised; an operation without delay. He asked me whether I would be able to pay the hospital; pay him and also other specialists who would be involved.

I explained to him that I had no medical aid insurance but that I worked for God and that I would pray for the funds; adding that I believed it should work out, (I believed that God would answer). It was to me a huge sum and most of it had to be deposited before the operation. There was one month for me to prepare, and I visited the same Christian missionary who helped me the very first time with my first session of confessing my sin (and so often after that). He prayed earnestly with me. God heard and supplied; even for the accounts which still arrived over and above the specialist's first calculation.

The operation took place. After the operation I had to spend six months lying in bed; during which I had to be visited by a Dr every week.

It was God's way of making my quest for Him to become even more earnest. He had planned this before creating the world by working out the sanctification (before the creation) as mentioned already and found in Ephesians 1 v 4.

Over the next twelve years my work involved mainly counseling people and while doing so I often had the experience of knowing that God was present (while I was listening to Individuals; praying with them; giving them advice, or explaining His way and plan to them). It hardly occurred to me that there can be another "step" towards God. I knew up to: "confess and make right (restitution where possible) all your sins".

One matter however bothered me; that was that old Christians who had realized the better way; of confessing their sin before a believing person; would come again and again with the same sins. Even I myself was subject to experiencing such in myself (Like: "I was irritated with so and so" or "I had wrong feelings of such and such a nature when seeing so and so") and it bothered me. I did try my very best to work on it and to reduce the incidences; but not being quite sure that I was succeeding. For a long time I thought; "We must try harder". (I did not reveal to those who came for help that I myself was not completely sure that I was without a problem; because they would have thought: "How can a hypocrite help me?") Now this is how God helped me myself:

(15) Proven Mathematically; "Foursquare without Error, Demonstrated" QED (Quad Errata Demonstrandum).

Fairly recently a man who had come to me a few years ago and a few times thereafter till recently (and had also asked for my contact details) sent me an e-mail: He and his wife both had a dream in the same night and he wrote me those dreams asking whether I could tell him what they meant. His dream was that he was at the Mission; which is still like a continuation; or was born out of the Bible school Mission but which had/has experienced revival in the meantime and has spread to different countries.

In the dream the man was being taught at the Mission on a blackboard: "Bible mathematics", out of the book of Job. His wife's dream was that she also was at the Mission and was being taught "wisdom".

(On the Island of Timor in Indonesia God also granted revival in the same decade, with similar manifestations as described in the Biblical revival of the followers of Jesus in Acts 2. I am not aware that the Timor revival spread much; the reason could be; that people calling themselves Christians, with jealousy in their hearts, did (and are doing) their best to destroy it. That most likely resulted in the revival church or mission self-protecting from the outside attacks. Another reason of that movement appearing not to spread widely; could be the lack of communication methods; it is in the mountains).

As I looked at the dreams and started praying; what they meant; it suddenly came clearly to my mind:

Both these Christians were hungering and thirsting for revival, and in the dream they were at the Mission, where they were being taught such. The mathematics in the book of Job also stood out clear.

As I carry on I pray that God may give us the correct heart attitude, and that He may bless the words that I write, which includes the quoting of His Word; the Bible.

This is what I replied: Job was a righteous and greatly blessed man (Chapter 1: 1-3 in the book of Job). The devil then suggested to God that he was only righteous because God had given him so much in wealth, goods and family. God answered; allowing the devil to take away what Job had. By that God wanted to test Job so that He could bestow still greater blessing on him.

When the devil had destroyed everything, even Job's children; Job still worshipped, saying that God has given and has the right to take again. The devil thereupon tried further; saying that it was because Job was still strong (had his health). Thereupon God allowed the devil to take that also. We find Job's reaction to that in Job 1: 21-22; he did not sin nor charge God with wrong.

It resulted in Job sitting on an ash heap and scraping his wounds which he had from top to toe (open; that the puss can come out). His four friends heard about it and visited him. For seven days they sat there, stunned. All Job said; though in many words; was that he could not understand why all this came upon him. In job 19:25-26, he also adds: "I know that my redeemer lives and ----- I shall see God".

His friends had sat stunned for seven days, when one of the friends began speaking and said that God punishes unrighteousness, Job should confess his sin, and God would heal him.

Job's answer was a firm; No! He had not sinned.

The second friend said the same and received the same response.

When the third friend also said the same; Job got angry and answered that God is punishing, without cause/reason.

Upon that Job's fourth friend spoke; saying that though he was the youngest, he could no longer keep quiet, he was bursting with what he felt should be said. To begin with he addressed the first three; telling them that they had grievously sinned. What was their sin? They were not as righteous as Job and they did not draw forth revival in Job; if they had, he would have either confessed or told them to leave. (God was not in it, or with them, in what they spoke).

Later on God confirms that they had sinned seriously; they had to sacrifice seven rams; not even lambs; and seven cattle and had to ask Job to pray for them to be forgiven by God. (Job 42:8)

Then to Job the fourth friend spoke like this: "Job you have sinned in that you have depicted God as unrighteous", and Job acknowledged: "I have sinned" (Job 40:2).

God's love is so great, He also says in the book of Luke, "He who causes one of the least of my children to stumble; it were better for him if a millstone were tied to his neck and he were thrown into the deep ocean" (A millstone was a formidable stone). To me that seems to imply that it's more serious to accuse his child than to accuse (or be angry to) Him. God's love is so great.

When Job had made this confession, God answered by sending a whirlwind. (Job 38:1)

Can we even imagine what that meant to Job? There he was sitting on the ash heap with scraped open wounds on his entire body; now the ash is whirled into those as well as into his mouth, eyes, ears, nose; everywhere. The result was however good; Job stops complaining and sits in stunned quietness; directing his heart towards God and He can begin speaking to Him; revealing Himself "In everything".

When man becomes quiet, and directs his heart towards Him; then God can speak. We should even aim to be; where we are not just quiet in the troubles God sends; but where we are thankful to God for allowing the troubles.

It is important that we don't miss what God tells and shows him. He is shown that God is in everything; even the monsters of the sea (the biggest of which have probably died out by now) as well as the monsters of the land. In fact GOD IS IN EVERYTHING.

Suddenly Job realized: "I knew you by hearing but now I can see you with my eyes". (Job 42:6) Now job sees himself as; and confesses to be; a "dust and ashes" sinner. (Job 42:6)

This is an awfully important statement. So often we who have become aware of the presence of God and have thought, or have spoken out: "I have seen Him", are the most difficult to convince.

Should we carefully consider how it was in between our "believing we will see"; and "seeing" God; we would undoubtedly remember that we often had the thought: "I think I will be OK because there and there and there I "saw" (experienced) Him. Job also knew Him so well that he was able to say so. The matter becomes even more understandable when we read in the first chapter (Job 1) that he regularly sacrificed in case his children had sinned; which I presume he also did for himself. In the New Testament sacrificing is replaced by confessing of sins and accepting His sacrifice of Himself for us (the sinless lamb sacrificed for us; Jesus") so that His forgiveness becomes reality in our lives. We have come to the first practical step we can take; but to do so we have to keep in mind what we find in Hebrews 11:6 that "Without faith it is impossible to please God".

We also find in Proverbs that the beginning of wisdom is to fear God (we can't have the end if we don't have the beginning). There is a third aspect which we can improve (or have improved, divinely) as we go along; that is to hear his voice; "My sheep know my voice and they follow me". In a way; to be the least, is a fourth requirement, and also requires a conscious decision.

(16) What it means in actual practice; to "see You" (God; Job 42:5).

The following is what helped me. I took a conscious decision to believe His Word (the Bible) word for word (which includes: to fear Him; to hear Him and to be the least). I then I consciously "sent" that decision to God as a prayer. It was as if an answer of approval came back. Then I prayed; "Lord I have to be able to see you as Job said". It then came to my mind to add that Jesus said; John the Baptist was the greatest prophet ever born of woman (Matthew 11:11-12) and that from John's time "the Kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force" (Matt. 11:12).

At first I was timid to say: "Lord you have to do it" and immediately when I did; it came to me to add that; because I am "less than the least"; "grace given to me", only (Eph1:4). We can add to that; it helps to remind us; I pray this for all the other totally committed Christians (to need to see Him) and Lord: "because of your promise in your Word". (For me; I think especially of those in the work in which I am the least; which is a revival work). I added something like this; "and Lord you have to push me in with the gate (last) you have committed yourself thereto in your Word".

Let us not try to figure it out with our minds, lest we become like the two professors who inspected the back of the car when the front had the damage.

There is something I would like to add here. The light suddenly floods in (not necessarily immediately).

It then dawned on me that revival needs to begin in my own house; how otherwise can I expect it to spread like a fire (John 7:37 and 38) which it needs to do. (The fruitless tree will be chopped off Matthew 3:10.)

With my wife it happened as follows: We made right between us and we discussed this method. It took a little time till she fully grasped it. Then as she went out of our room to make us some tea; she

suddenly came back without the tea; her face beaming; and said, "God has met with me". Since then we have gone to bed in oneness and with the prayer that I have described. She has after that experienced seeing (the wonderful Name).

God knows our recurring sins and so does our counselor/helper know them. It is our sinful nature which we need to identify/recognize and to confess; requesting prayer (by another completely committed person). When we know that has been dealt with; we can testify in truth with Paul (Eph. 3:8) that we are "nothing" but "grace given to me". That amounts to; "the grace given to me", under my old name. Our faith now believes "word for word" of the Word of God.

That is the same as faith to accept that we are crucified with Him; and accept it in such a way that it works out. We can then suddenly realize that our sinful nature; together with all our sins; hung there with Him; dead. And we rose again; in Him as "grace given to me".

It helps to continue to pray this prayer when you go to bed and when you wake up, or get up in the morning; and to add; "I hand over all responsibility for the night/the day, anew to you Lord" (In a way; such includes the entire prayer to remain in Him).

Never despair with a thought that you are not clever enough; more on that just now.

In the beginning you may see Him as a bright (white) light in a dream which comes and goes like a flash; but it is real and often you hear words from God/Heaven with it. Then you may see it as a golden shining light, again as a flash with a Word. It is as if He puts His Hand over your eyes again (lest we as humans begin to think that; "Now I have got it"). There is nothing sweeter than to hear the voice of God. You may also "see" Him by suddenly knowing (QED) that He has met with you (expect to experience more later on; or, as time goes by).

It is of paramount importance that once you have experienced God not to ever turn back again to allowing sin in your life. Never put yourself in danger of sinning. Begin the day, and the night also, with the prayer already mentioned; prayed in one form or the other (if there is no time, then in a quick thought can be enough). Your prayer could be: "Lord now I give the responsibility to lead and to carry me through this day/this night, over to you".

It may also be too complicated for some to pray through such a long prayer. The most important is to remember to "give over" to the Lord when you go to bed and again when you wake up.

You can then add to that as God guides you. Please read Isaiah 35:8, taking especial note of the end of v 8, "although a fool, (you) Shall not go astray".

The entire chapter (Is 35) speaks of revival. We need not to be clever; if we try to figure it out with our minds we may do as the professor and his professor wife did; to simultaneously inspect the back of the car when the front bumped and got the damage.

If you are married and your wife/husband is a believer with you, then it is good if you commit yourselves together to the Lord; praying together.

His presence in you changes from theory to reality and it becomes the normal "thing" for you to commit the responsibility to take you through the night, protecting you from the devils whiles; I like to add, "and remind me to pray likewise in the morning Lord". Then do so in the morning again; sending the "reminder" forward, day by day.

All fear for the devil and for his demons ceases; they are bound and can only do that which God allows them and which turns out to be the best for helping you on. In Revelation 2:13 we find a church with victorious Christians "where Satan dwells" and even his throne is there.

You have "ceased from your own works". (Hebrews 4:1; 4:10-11).

To re-cap: Remain a bad/serious/ awful sinner till He meets with you or you see Him. If it is as a flash; then do not be disappointed if it disappears again, as if He puts his hand over your eyes and hides it. We are still humans and God himself said to Moses; who spoke to Him as man to his friend and requested to see His glory (Ex 33: 18-22) "I will make all My goodness pass before you ---- you cannot see My face --- and live ---- you shall stand on the rock (Jesus Christ) – will put you in the cleft of the rock (His body pierced for us) – will cover you with my hand – and you shall see my back". He needs to hide it again lest we become proud in our mind.

You need, and should, have no more doubt or guessing about it.

(17) Can we “take chances”?

It now needs to be mentioned that this is a more than “dead” serious matter. In Hebr. 6:4-6 God tells us that if we fall away; the Word of God will not rouse you again to repentance. From your side however; rouse yourself to repentance as long as there is breath in you. MAINLY: TAKE NO CHANCES; allow no perimeter for sin from your side.

If at all possible; do not let a day pass without prayerfully reading in the Bible, the more the better. In my own terms again; He wants to “un-install” your old nature and set “grace given to me/you” more and more at liberty. There may still be restitution outstanding for which you have not yet found His leading as to how you can go about it; then keep it in prayer and in your mind and ask your prayer partner to pray with you about it.

Should your mind not be able to grasp all this (old age or disability) then do your best towards seeing Him on a daily basis and leave the rest over to God. Remember that we want to see him in eternity; eternally.

It is all impossible to the Human mind; but nothing is too difficult for Him to work out. We also need to remember that our walk here is only for a short, short, time in comparison to eternal glory. (Romans 8:18). Once you are on God’s way; “resist the devil and he will flee from you” (James 4:7). Is it not our aim to be as priests and kings with God (as His word promises us Revelation 1:6) therefore endure to the end. How then can we be priests and kings if we can-not endure His light which burns sin (or the love of sin) and expect to soon dwell in that light?

See to it therefore that you have spoken out, or are busy speaking out your sins (before a trustworthy person) and have made (or are making) restitution wherever you can (apologize where you have wronged someone; refund where you can). Be diligent about that. Another aspect to it is that it is no light matter to make restitution and we need prayer for God to be with us in it.

If you encounter a manifestation (Luke 1:41-44; Acts 2) then keep the following in mind: If the person falls over (especially backwards) or writhes on the floor like a snake; then beware. If the person feels; as if a child jumped, or is jumping inside; or in the area where a woman’s womb is situated; also together with joy; it is most probably very good. (Luke 1:41) The devil is a crafty deceiver therefore we need God’s help.

If the manifestation, you meet up with; is “tongues” (angels’ tongues; 1 Cor 13:1) then be very careful. I was once present when a Christian professor spoke on that subject. There was a good audience (plentiful). He then made a statement like this: “Of all the tongues (Gr. “glossa”) found in the world; 99 percent is not of (or from) God. There was a group of “Pentecostals” present, and they jumped up and rapidly left the hall. At the following meeting they returned and apologized. I thought at the time that, “he put it on a bit thick”. (Later God convicted me that my thought was not from Him). If one uses such to edify him/her self then it is all-right; but if it is used in a Christian meeting it is all-right if there are (or is a) dedicated Christians present including one who has the gift of interpretation; who interprets; and others with the gift of discernment. The same applies to prophecy (unless it is only a prediction).

All this is said because it is a “life and death” serious matter; in Hebrews 6:5 we read that “It is impossible to receive forgiveness if once we have tasted His goodness and we sin again”. From your side; do never give up coming to Him, as has already been explained. Ruth the Moabites was from a nation which was; by the Word of God; not allowed into the Hebrew nation for ten generations. Yet she chose to come in and she became a not too distant ancestor of David; and therefore of Jesus the “son of David”.

As with Job, Satan will accuse us; saying that we have sinned. God also has the right to test us. If that happens, turn your mind immediately to what your first impressions were just after the incident happened. You should find that you did not sense guilt (you may have nearly sinned). If you can’t remember, then at very least see to it that you stay clear of that and other sin and you should find that such incidences become less.

With man it is impossible, with God it is the normal ‘thing’.

Pray much for the others and for yourself. (God wants a spotless bride, not just an individual)
Secondly, God wants to clean out the first and the second Heaven by the blood of the Lamb and by, "truth (word) of their testimony" (His sanctified ones; Revelation 12:11).
Many are called but few are chosen (Matt. 22:14) you have been given the opportunity to choose to be a chosen one.
Forgive me repeating points again and again; allow that to serve to clarify the matter more and more.

Here are two encouraging Words; Revelations 3: 10 and 21.

So far I have seen beautiful results with this "method" (for example: a person testifying that he/she was never completely certain of being "born again" now having certainty).
If you can access revival Christians/mission/church; where the laying on of hands for the fire baptism is practiced; that is even better than if you remain on your own (Acts 8:17 and other verses). Be very careful however, that you do not give yourself to the "laying on of hands"; where it could be "a strange fire" (Leviticus 10:1 and 1 Timothy 5:22). On the other hand; I would not delay beginning as described; although you can't; or are unable to immediately reach such a place of help. The same applies to a Christian who is not tasting God's goodness and experiencing His rest on a regular basis.
I had already begun to review this document finally when I got a phone call from a dear Christian widow to whom I had explained this way of getting onto The Way. She was in a hospital where her son (himself a professional) was operated on in the morning. It was a serious operation. She was allowed to stand a distance away and watch as he gained consciousness. Then two of the nursing staff came to her and asked, "Who are you, and why are you shining; there is a glory about you". Those two then went to the Dr (I presume it was the surgeon) and spoke to him; whereupon he came to her and asked whether she is a Christian.

It is necessary to still add another point: If you have read very carefully you will most likely have found a word (or words) that contradict each other. The Lord Jesus is also accused by some that He contradicts Himself. There are spiritual matters that are hardly explainable in human terms. For instance: in the classic Hebrew and Greek languages there are words which are past, present and future tense. In our languages such a matter can be interpreted as; having been; being and not being; therefore a contradiction.

I had to begin in my own house, in my own bedroom between myself and my wife. Hardly any person, or even no one, had the slightest suspicion that there was anything amiss between my wife and myself; but God's standard has to be there. His standard is: wife obeying her husband in all things that are not wrong and of the husband loving his wife as the Lord loves his own.
Even now I am still busy with the second and third generation of my own home; they have to be obedient (even though our children treat us like a king and like a queen) it has to be (obedience) to God's standard.
All told: I am also receiving severe opposition and criticism. Whoever has not tasted the "rest, from own works" does not comprehend that it exists; except by revelation from above. Even of Jesus when walking on earth they said: "How can anything good come out of Nazareth" and "He has a devil".

(18) In Closing.

In the past I was challenged by different people to write a book about my experiences. A number of times I began, at first I tried to put my gospel message at the end; thereafter I thought of an allegory after every story. Each time, my mind seemed to get into knots and I gave up; this time it went much better (there was help from above). I was able to use some of my experiences.

All the time I was thinking of marketing it as a book so that I could make a few cents out of it. I am an old age pensioner and our old age pension here in our country (about the equivalent of \$ 135 per

month) does not reach far, while it costs more and more to live (and plenty to die). It is also a blessing to have something wherewith to help others materially also, Now my concern is to get the message out.

From the side of being a missionary we were taught; and also realized for ourselves; that it can weaken our testimony (that God is real and that He does, and will, supply all our need) if we asked for funding; so we refrain from doing so. There is however another aspect about giving as to the Lord; which we find in Malachi 3:10-12. What a blessing to see you blessed; how sad to see you as in Mal 3:14; what a joy to you and to us, when you are among those mentioned in Mal 3:16-18. That is not all; it is a sign of you bearing fruit.

We do accept gifts from a cheerful giver because God loves such a one (we would not like gifts from a grudging giver). We are glad when givers give; especially to the Mission; it is a sign of them bearing fruit (John the Baptist speaks of the fruitless tree being chopped off in Matthew 3:10). If a giver however specifies that we should use it for ourselves then we feel free to do that or to help beginners therewith (in the work we as individual do).

That about giving is also part of the message; because it is so important that once God is able to bless you; you need to bear fruit; and giving in something material is so easy for a beginning (easy to do). How do we want to do the more difficult if we can't do the easy?

I am now going to take a bold step, and without asking for funds, just add a bank a/c and number. As already mentioned; I was led to be shown this "key" through the dreams of a brother in the Lord and his wife. I would like to get him involved in this matter as well (and I feel I can trust him; he won't utilize funds without consulting me). There are reasons why I am using a so called private a/c; one being that; if it all goes into an organizations' a/c it may end up being used for other purposes than propagating this message; while many could be helped by this specific message. Another being; that he is not at this stage a member of the organization; though he is the man who sent me the two dreams and I would not like him to be left out of the matter; as mentioned. (You may also pray for him, a time ago he bought a carton of apples (or other fruit) and while selling the same in his village; some foreigners (immigrants) from another African country brought the police to him; with a charge of xenophobia. They were jealous as they also bought and sold. He was locked up in jail till he was found "not guilty" the next day. It has however emerged that the court officials never cleared his record; now they want him to travel to Durban; where their head-office is; to do that; there and back is about 1000 km for him.

As I said I would; here are two accounts; a/c's: Capitec Bank (capitecbank.co.za) – International clearing code; 470010 may be necessary at the end of your bank's code nr. (If, from overseas). SWIFTEX CODE: CABLZAJJ; is used. The A/c number is: N P Buthelezi, 1491674375; and, if possible "Gift" entered under": "What is it for (otherwise he needs to answer that with every gift)?

The other a/c is Pay Pal martinhstegen@gmail.com

If a gift is not marked for "Mission", (or an "M") we will pass all funds not used for this effort of explaining the way to heaven; to the Mission; except the little we use to help beginners on the way (or such who have to make a restitution) and to help sustain ourselves. It helps tremendously if "Gift" is added, which helps with our legal requirements.

(19) Finally:

We live in most serious times. Jesus said; He will come unexpectedly and at midnight. By the way (our midnight here in SA is one hour earlier; 11pm when it is 12 in Jerusalem). Is it not also midnight with all the corruption, violence, anger, revenge, twisting of God's Word; abominable "marriages" and general sin? Freak storms and rain patterns are also increasing; as the Bible foretells.

We are even foretold that it will rain in one city and not in the next, and when the latter fetch water from where it rained it will still not be enough for them.

(In Cape Town we presently have such a situation and there seems no real solution. It is also spoken of that there are running taps where the police do not dare to monitor because of the danger (townships; informal settlements; possibly/probably even universities).

In the Mid-east troops are reported to be amassing on the Israel border with Syria, especially behind the Lebanon mountain. They are Iranian assisted by Russia; and Turkey has now broken off diplomatic relations with Israel but has such with Russia. The Bible foretells that five nations will attack Israel; namely Rosh (Russia), Arabia (Turkey), Persia (Iran), Cush (Northern Sudan; with which Turkey now has relations and serious agreements) and Put (Libya; where unusual military operations have been reported to being observed). Will that not be the war that has been foretold in the Bible which also forces Israel and Palestine into a 7 year agreement; which the Palestinians break after three and a half? In another foretelling, half of Jerusalem falls; women and children are ravished and then God steps in and takes over (and will not the nations then interfere and force the agreement?) We can only ask ourselves; "Can it still take long"?

In my mind it is as if I foresee something like the following to happen: (This is not a prophecy; only a prediction of how it could be). The 7 years begin. The time of the Gentiles has begun to pass; as foretold in the Bible:

The "trump" of God sounds; in Heavenly time, for three minutes; in earthly time seven years (ratio of; "one day equals a 1000 years to God).

When it sounds and the Son of man appears in the clouds; the dead in Christ rise, then the living believing gentiles (and converted Jews) are snatched up to the clouds.

Those that see God are bypassing heaven "one" and "two"; while the others are taken to "1" and "2" by angels; to get another chance to "make it" to "3" where God's throne is.

That would be a thousand years on earth and one day there in heaven "1" and "2" (by the ratio mentioned): So that they sort their matter out.

God destroys that heaven, and God makes new ones. (Is 51:6; 2 Peter 3:7-10).

At the beginning of the seven years some of the "bride for which God prepared a place in the desert" (Rev.12:6); who have not "made" it to heaven in the "first round"; (only her "male-child" ones are snatched up) survive and are given another three and a half years to sort out their matter.

The 7 years are the chance the converting Jews get, to sort out their matter; especially the last three and a half.

During the 1000 years the devil is bound, yet there are those who still "do not make it". Possibly the posterity of those who were not killed in the seven years trial/tribulation/persecution mentioned in Rev 3:10; who do not go up to Jerusalem year by year as in Zechariah 14:16-20. Therein we can take "The Lords House" as a picture (a way of speaking about) of the church, and the horses as of power; "the bells" as churches' worship; to be holy and with power.

It is just about impossible to predict perfectly accurately; because some Scripture was fulfilled with Christ's death, resurrection and ascension; other will be fulfilled with the rapture and yet other will happen, as it were, three times; and end with the new Heaven and the new earth.

Prophecy of today is hardly the answer for a prediction, because so much of it is not genuine and very many false prophets have been predicted for the end times. We are also told in the Word that it is, "a little here and a little there".

May God bless all these words and may He bless you the reader.

Thank You Lord.

Martin St.

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(20) Post Script:

You, the reader will have noticed that in some places the computer just refused to obey me. If there are any farmers out there: It behaved like the black stallion I wrote about; or like donkeys and pigs do (indescribably obstinate) and I can't find the tail to lift or back leg to catch.

You farmers; here's some advice from an old one (I have not heard of any other farmer using this method). If you have to load away pigs to the bacon factory; say once a week: even with the best facilities you still have to do manual work to get them onto, or into a truck. The porkers and the baconers (up to 95 kg live weight) you can handle like this: catch its tail and slightly lift its rear end thereby; just so that it loses traction on its rear feet. It always tries to go in the opposite direction to what you want it to. So you catch its tail and pull back and it "zooms" forward. All you have to do is to apply a little lift also and while it loses traction, "steer it" as a ship is steered with its rudder. You will have to run with it; it goes!

With the sausage pigs (the large ones) you just have to make a plan; we used to take a sheet of corrugated roofing iron and approach with that before; our legs behind it. When it sees this shiny "thing" approaching it cannot identify what that is and rather heads away from it.

If you say that is cruel; some farmers use an electric prod. My advice however is: never use it on a large pig (nor on a horse). I had an uncle who was minus one thumb from a pig. A horse turns its kicking end in the correct (for it) direction in, "no time". It also bites.

The lesson: Is there still something obstinate; or anger, in you? There is a way out! M St.

(21) A Devotion

May God bless these words and may He bless us His Word.

In Matthew 13:1-23; we read the parable of the sower. It is interesting to note that the seed did not all fall in good ground. Our human problem is that we fail to listen with all our heart and secondly; to prepare the ground.

The stones undoubtedly speak of un-dealt with sins of our past and in our life.

When I was a young school boy I loved to spend time, often with friends to roll huge stones down the steepest portion of our farm. We would take one or two crowbars along and then dislodge the biggest stones we could find near the top of the mountain.

With a sound like thunder they rolled; flying high in the air and then again hitting other stones or boulders on the way.

Little did I realize that I would need to make or prepare a field down there one day, to plant tomatoes. It was fertile and there was water for irrigating.

Did we sweat when; many years later the workers and I had to tow away those rocks (large ones) one by one with a tractor. More than once the chain we were towing with broke; the rocks were so difficult to remove.

Are we heaping up stones (sins) in our lives by what we think is pleasure?

May we now look at the good ground. Some yielded thirtyfold; some sixtyfold and some a hundredfold.

How much of Christianity is satisfied, just as long as they believe that they are bearing fruit. Others have the attitude: well fate will determine into which category I will fall.

Beyond the ocean from us here, there are two young ladies (sisters) who I; to use Paul's expression in 2 Corinthians; "know in the Lord". From time to time, when speaking to one or the other over the phone I would ask: "How is it going at school?" The answer was usually; "Oh mathematics is so difficult" whereupon I used to think: 'Oh these poor children; posterity of a; not so clever grandpa".

In their country they have college; ending with grade 13 before they can go to University. The day arrived for the older sister to hear her Grade 13 results. She got Dux and was admitted to University on a scholarship.

The following year (the older was then one year in Uni.) her younger sister waited for her results; she got Dux and has now followed her sister to Uni.

Fortunately; though I am not clever enough; and I am not good enough; to make it to "a hundredfold": I say, "Over to You Lord; do all that is necessary; in every way so that your goodness counts and becomes and lives in reality in me. What about you?

Amen.

