



Malawi for Jesus

05-08 October 2018

Oct 2018

TO BOLDLY GO IN THE NAME OF JESUS AND PROCLAIM THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST!

OCTOBER 2018

On Friday the 5th of October 2018, I went to the airport to board my flight to Lilongwe. I was very excited to eventually be travelling to Malawi again for my 25th outreach to Malawi.

The flight was really relaxing, and I spent time looking out the window as we flew over some beautiful scenery.

Soon we landed at Kamutzu International airport and I met up with Pastors Sam, Edwina and George. I was so good to see them all again and soon we were chatting as if we had never been apart.

Edwin stayed at the airport to meet some other friends whom he would drive up to Mzuzu that afternoon.

While Pastors Sam, George and I drove to Sana to have some lunch and discuss the weekend's plans.

During lunch, it was decided that we would not travel to Ngombe that same day as it was too far to travel to that afternoon and the plan was that we would leave Lilongwe at around 8 am and travel to Ngombe to minister.

After lunch, we exchange the money I took with to pay for everything and I also went to Shoprite to buy some things for my food while in the village.

After this, I was taken to my guesthouse for the evening and I was left alone to rest and relax till the next morning.

Ngombe

The next morning, I was up just after 5 am and got ready for my day's travel and ministry.

First, I had a nice warm shower and next, I got dressed and went through my messages and then there was a little time to have a quick nap before my breakfast arrived.

As soon as I have finished breakfast, pastor Sam and George came to fetch me for our trip to Ngombe.

On the way out of Lilongwe, we picked Edwin up on the Salima road and drove to Ngombe.

The tarred road portion was relaxing, and we chatted and laughed all the way.

Just after the roadblock near Salima, we turned off to the left and soon we were on gravel roads.

We stopped at the first village and I bought some sweets for the children and we also got some cold cokes for our journey.



On the way to Ngombe

Pastor Sam and I taking a short leg stretch

The road to Ngombe was very hot, rough and long, we drove 35 kilometres and it took us over two and a half hours.

We drove through village after village and up and over many mountains and through many ravines and valley's and even crossing two small rivers.

It really was very pretty, and the houses of these villages were very neat and well decorated.



This picture was taken at George's new guest house in Salima, left to right, Pastors Sam, George, Edwin, Martin and one of George's workers in the

We even passed some huge baobab trees and even stopped at a group three huge baobab trees to take some photos and just stretch our legs.

Not long after this stop, we arrived at the school where we met the James the Zone pastor who would drive on a motorbike ahead of us to show us the way to the village.

A few places during this last stretch was very difficult to cross with the cars and many times we got out to walk while George drove the car over the obstacles.

Soon we arrived in the village of Ngombe and the people were so happy that we have come to this area.

Once again, I was the first white person in living memory to come to this remote area of Malawi.

After a few choruses, it was time for me to preach my first session. As I got us to preach the Holy Spirit gave me a message to preach and so I did a salvation message and many people responded and asked Jesus Christ to come in their hearts.

It is difficult to count the number of people who gave their hearts to Jesus, but it was well over 400 people.

another short break while the people sang a few choruses and once again I was asked to preach.

As I went to start my message, the Holy Spirit prompted me to speak about my book the new Believes guide and so I taught the new believers and existing believers what a new believer needs to do to grow in their walk with God and how to develop a personal relationship with God.

Once again, the people responded and recommitted their lives to God and promised to follow Him and to build a personal relationship with Him.

Again we sang a few choruses and I was asked again to preach. Now although I had prepared a few messages, so far, I had not preached one and when I got up to preach I was prompted by the Holy Spirit to preach on Psalm 91.

I taught that we need to dwell in the presence of God, not just visit but dwell. I explained that Moses had written this Psalm and most of us know what Moses went through in his life.

Yet he was confident in God and His protection and that he was convinced God would save his life and as I explained this was all because of a relationship where he dwelled on a continual basis in the presence of God.

Again, I did an altar call and asked people to recommit their lives to God and many did.

After this we had lunch, it was now 2:30 pm, and during lunch, we realised that we would need to leave after lunch because we needed light to navigate out of these mountains back to Salima.

So, after lunch, we said goodbye to the people and we started our trip to Salima.

Not even 5 kilometres from Ngombe we faced our first challenge.

The Nissan we had could not drive up the mountain out of the first dry river bed because there was a lot of loose sand and the car skidded and could not climb up the mountain.



River crossing

One of the small rivers we crossed to get to Ngombe

We got out of the car and tried many times to get up the mountain, praying as we tried. Then God answered our prayers and we got enough grip on the tyres and give enough momentum to get out of the raven and travel up the mountain, unfortunately, we, Pastor Sam, Edwina and I had to walk about 600 metres at a 40-degree slope, up the mountain.

And at the top, exhausted we got back into the car and drive further.

About another 5 kilometres we face an even worse uphill and this time the bridge was damaged, so we had to drive through the drive river bed and up another 40-degree slope.



Baobab trees

These were three of many baobab trees in these mountains

After a few tried we managed to get the car to the top and Pastor Sam, Edwina and I walk another 500 metres up the slope again!

By now we were tired of walking and God was merciful because that was the last of the treacherous roads.

We eventually got to Daverson and then to the Nkotakota/Salima road and we drove another hour before we got to Salima, the total time was well over four hours.

After settling in our rooms, we had a join supper and said our goodnights and we were soon all asleep.

Sunday

Sunday morning at 4:30 am the local mosque started singing their prayers and everyone was awake.

I just lay in bed and tried to get a few more hours of sleep but eventually, I got up and started preparing for the Sunday service.

After a quick shower and packing of my bags, I went to join everyone for breakfast.

During breakfast Edwin arrived, he went home after we ate supper because he needed to get clean clothes because the clothes he had on were too dirty from the previous day's travel.

After breakfast, we started our trip to Ngombe around 8 am.

Once again, we stopped in the first village to get some sweets for the children and some cool drinks for the trip and then off we went into the mountains of DOWA region.

On our way, George took a wrong turn, and no one noticed until we started travelling in a strange area that we were not familiar with, so we turn around and found our way back on to the correct road to Ngombe.



Using Motorcycles

Pastor Martin on the back of a motorbike which we used to travel the last 5 kilometres to Ngombe

Once we arrived at the closes trade centre near the village we were driven the last 5 kilometres to the Ngombe village by motorcycle.

This was a real treat, but my weight was causing the pastor driving a lot of difficulties and I need to still walk up the hills and through the streams.

Soon Edwin and I arrived in Ngombe village, it was now 12:30 pm so the church sang one praise song and I was preaching again.

Once again, the message I had prepared was not preached as I was led to continue the previous day's message thread.

I preach about King Asa that trusted God for 36 years and then he stopped trusting in God which eventually cost him his life.

The message was not to trust in one's self but to focus and trust in the Lord for everything.

During my message, George and Sam arrive by motorbike and then it was time for all the thank you's.



Ngombe Town

This is a small village where we parked our car and used the motorbikes to get to Ngombe

There were many chiefs in attendance and they thanked us for coming to their village and area. Especially me a white man coming to their village showed them that they were special.

After the message and the thanks, we went to eat lunch, during this time I had the attention of all the children who were waiting for some sweets.

I was also considering our trip back to the car and me travelling on the back of the motorbike and I decided to walk back to the car because it would be very difficult for the pastor to drive with me on the back up the mountain roads.

So, while the pastors were having a few last talks with their pastors and I walked with another pastor and all the children.

I soon started handing our sweets which caused utter pandemonium and children just rushed to grab sweets.



Ngombe Church

These are some of the people who attended our services, many are sitting outside in the sun.

So, I started taking handfuls of the sweets and scattering them behind me so that the children could pick them up.

As we walked further and further the children started turning back and by the time I had crossed the first stream only 10 children were still following me.

So, I turned around and gave them the last few sweets I had and walked up the first mountain.

As I went higher and higher the children became less and less eager to follow me and by the time I got to the top, it was just me and the pastor who accompanied me.

When we were about 50 minutes into our walk the first motorbike with Pastor George on passed us.

We caught up with them at the next mountain as the motorbike could not drive up the mountain with both of them so George started walking up the mountain.



Pastors

Here are some of the pastors attending, the Ngombe church is behind us.

When I got to the motorbike the pastor said hop on and I did, and we drove up the last mountain and all the way into the village where the car was parked and then I was left

there while they brought Pastors Sam, Edina and George to the village.

My presence in the village caused quite a bit of interest in the people, everyone was staring at me, because they had not seen a white man in their village.

Soon everyone else was with us and we were on our way back to Lilongwe and two and a half hours later we got to the tarred road and drove the remaining 100 kilometres to Lilongwe.

When we got to Lilongwe we ate supper together and then we drove to the guesthouse where I was staying and during our trip, we had our feedback session of the merits of our trip.

Everyone agreed that this was our most difficult outreach yet and that although we could not spend much time in Ngombe just our presence had encouraged the local church and meant so much to the pastors and people.

We all agreed that the outreach was a huge success and we praised God for this.

Johannesburg

The following morning George and Sam fetch me and drove me along the "road of tears", the name we call the road back to the airport after an outreach.

Soon we were shaking hands and hugging one another and saying our goodbyes before Sam and George left and I checked in on my flight back to Johannesburg.

Soon it was time to board our flight to Johannesburg and we landed 15 minutes early and soon I was waiting on the curb for Suzette to fetch me.

Final Comments

This was by far the most difficult place we have gone to preach the Gospel in Malawi. The terrain was very difficult to navigate even with a 4x4 we got stuck multiple times in ravines and in loose sand.

We also spent most of our time driving in an out of the ministry area a task that took over three hours each way to accomplish.

In closing, I just want to thank a few people who made this trip possible and without whom it would have not been possible.

Ds Abrie and Ds JZ of the NG Church Welbekend, Cornè and Elizabeth Botha, Daiel and Lettie Erasmus, Martin, Suzette, Shannon De Villiers and all my prayer partners.

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