

HOLDING DOWN THE FORT

December 14, 2009

Good morning!

Dave has been in Mozambique this past week and due to return Tuesday evening. Holiday for me, yes!

No. He made sure I would miss him properly by having me coordinate his teaching responsibilities while he was gone, making sure all class materials were ready and distributed, and substitute teachers were given lifts for each class. And then of course getting myself to all three of my own classes. Picture lots of rain, long distance travel and muddy slip-sliding roads. And, always, when Dave is unavailable, my traveling carries additional tension about breaking down on the road.

But best of all, this past week contained two baptisms at our house. (swim baths are well-used for this purpose!) Let me see if I can describe the evening. It was 6pm. The phone rang and a neighbour said, "There is someone at your gate!" Enter two men . . . and Sophie! And her brother. "We have come for baptize."

Oh, how very pleased I was for this surprise. I have known Sophie Nemaname for many years, and all this time she had never indicated she was ready to give her life to Jesus. Oh, what a wonderful day! But, it had been raining hard and the pool cover was heavy with water. So we sat down for tea while the water was being siphoned off the pool, and her uncle gave a revision with the Bible concerning the commitment these two were making.

All this time this granny was flitting (of course I can flit!) from making tea, locating a Venda Bible, checking on the pool water, getting towels, fetching the key for the guest cottage, finding Dave's clothes for the brother to wear, instructing all three men how to release the pool cover – "Nooo, don't let goooo!" And then back into the house . . . to discover Sophie actually undressing in the lounge in full view of everyone! I quickly put my arm around her and took her to one of the bathrooms. When I walked back outside, there was her brother down to his skivies – so I just gave up. Somewhere along the way I had failed to convey exactly where the two were welcome to prepare themselves for the baptism. Well, this flitting granny missed a priority or two! (Ah, but he was a fine specimen of a man :)

Today, it is still raining. The rains arrived a month later than normal and everyone is scrambling to get their fields prepared and planted. One man told me yesterday that he has hired four Zimbabwean men to help break of the ground and several women to go behind and drop in the mealie seeds. I am thankful for their joyful work, but I did not offer to help. Actually a flitting granny would be absolutely useless!

Have a lovely holiday time with your families. Your joy becomes my joy.

Love, Joanne