

A personal letter from Herbert W. Armstrong

TELLING OF HIS VISIT TO SOUTHERN AFRICA



ARRIVAL — Dignitaries greet Herbert W. Armstrong at the airport in the southern African nation of Swaziland.

Dear Plain Truth Reader:

I have been virtually a prisoner in my hotel suite here at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, in the Elizabeth Hotel for one week with a seriously sprained ankle. I can hobble around a little, but if I must go as far as across the room I go in a wheelchair. It's the first time in my life I can remember using a wheelchair.

It happened a week ago tonight, on Thursday, November 11. I was having a one-night public campaign in the "Great Room" of this hotel (which seats about 700 or 800 people). The room was virtually packed. I was in fine shape for it and spoke for an hour and a half —

one of the strongest sermons of my life (no punches pulled).

Extra Strength

I was feeling that God had given me extra strength and power beside a spirit of deep conviction that held the audience spellbound and *moved* them emotionally. I know the sermon did not seem long to the audience because it contained a fast-moving story flow from the **BEGINNING** when only the "WORD" and "GOD" existed, right on through all creation to **NOW**, showing **WHY** God put humanity on the earth and the **CAUSE** of all world troubles and **HOW** God finally will bring us world **PEACE** — and the **GLORY** that shall

yet be man's human potential, **FINISHING THE CREATION OF BEAUTY AND GLORY OVER THE ENTIRE LIMITLESS UNIVERSE!**

It truly is the most **EXCITING, INTERESTING, MEANINGFUL** and **IMPORTANT** story that could possibly be told — and it's all **TRUE!**

Sitting in two of the three chairs to the left of the pulpit were Mr. Stanley R. Rader and Mr. Robert Fahey, manager of the South African office and the Work in this part of the world.

The meeting had been opened by Mr. Fahey, followed by remarks introducing me by Mr. Rader. I had been sitting in the middle of the three chairs. As I finished, Mr.

Fahey, sitting next to the pulpit, rose and started to move backwards so I could walk in front of him to my seat in the middle. So without thinking I started to walk around behind him. I guess it seemed at the instant impolite to walk in front of him. At any rate, with my one blind eye and very poor eyesight in the other, I did not notice that we were on a platform that did not extend all the way back to the rear wall.

Actually it extended only a couple of steps backward from the pulpit. It was a rather BIG two steps

up to the platform or three shorter steps. Anyway, without seeing the back end of the platform, I stepped into thin AIR — and fell down to the floor — some sixteen to eighteen inches.

It all happened so suddenly I hardly realized what had happened, but both Mr. Rader and Mr. Fahey and other men were there instantly to pick me up. I had fallen full weight on my left ankle while twisted inward.

It was a bad sprain.

Next morning the doctor came. I

was taken in an ambulance to a hospital which seemed to be about three cities away. I was taken on a stretcher. The ambulance was COVERED so we could see only out through one or two very small openings — with a big red cross on each side and the rear of the outside of the ambulance. Both Stan and Bob went along, sitting on a side seat, while my stretcher filled the remainder of the interior.

The attendants lifted me on the stretcher stairs up to the second story of the building and into a



ROYAL AUDIENCE — Mr. Armstrong presents a gift of Steuben crystal to King Sobhuza II of Swaziland, while Mr. Stanley Rader, who accompanies Mr. Armstrong on his travels, looks on. The king, 76, has ruled the 6,700-square-mile kingdom for 55 years. He is attired in his nation's traditional tribal costume.

room equipped with X-ray apparatus.

No bones were broken, just a very severe sprain, but a severe sprain, I found, can be a VERY PAINFUL EXPERIENCE. I was returned to my hotel suite in the ambulance after the foot was wrapped in bandages. Soon a wheelchair and a pair of crutches arrived at my room.

Fortunately for me, since I have been literally imprisoned here for a week — so far — they provided me with what I suppose is the presidential suite. It contains one fairly

large, L-shaped living room with a guest bedroom and large bedroom with two bathrooms, one with tub only and the other with shower.

But, even though I was unable to carry on with the heavy schedule, Messrs. Rader and Fahey, along with others from the Johannesburg office, have tried to carry out much of the planned schedule for me, leaving one of the other men to be with me day and night in my hotel suite.

I have done what I could. Unable to travel and carry on the arduous

speaking engagements, I have made the best of the time to WRITE. I have sent in seven or eight articles for *The Plain Truth*, beside co-worker letters, getting caught up on my writing.

On this trip we left Van Nuys Airport in California, home base for our G-II jet aircraft, at 7:05 p.m. Thursday, October 21, for an overnight flight to Rome, arriving there at 8:17, Pasadena time, that is, Friday morning — only by Rome time it was already 5:17 in the evening. On the flight I had managed



HANDSHAKE — Prime Minister Maphevu Dlamini of Swaziland greets Mr. Armstrong (above). Mr. Armstrong and King Sobhuza converse during the audience at the royal palace (left).

to get a little sleep and to write a co-worker letter and part of an article.

Mr. Rader had needed to be in Washington, D.C., and so had gone on ahead by commercial flight. He and Mrs. Rader were already in Rome awaiting us. With me on this long, overnight flight were my daughter, Beverly (Mrs. Gott), and Ramona Martin.

We spent Sunday in Rome and Monday drove out to a hotel and spa, about 2½ hours' automobile drive north of Rome in a valley surrounded by mountains. It is one of the oldest spas in the world, 2,000 years or more, with sulfuric springs providing an excellent location for a health and weight-reducing spa. Beverly and I were each about 10 pounds overweight and Ramona somewhat more than that. Mr. and Mrs. Rader remained in Rome, and before we left for South Africa Mrs. Rader flew commercial back home.

From this spa I continued writing and telephoned in a co-worker letter and possibly an article for *The Plain Truth*. Ramona remained at this spa. Beverly and I joined Mr. Rader in Rome and flew on to Johannesburg.

Our schedule called for leaving Rome a few days after arrival there on October 22, but the summit meeting with heads of state at Geneva required the presence of Ian Smith, the prime minister of Rhodesia, so the four- or five-day schedule for Salisbury, Rhodesia, was canceled, and Beverly and I stayed on at the spa during those days.

Mr. Rader, Beverly and I made the long flight from Rome to Johannesburg, making fuel stops at Cairo and Nairobi on Sunday, November 7.

I was able to get more writing done on the flight. We arrived Sunday night at Johannesburg and were met at the airport, worn and fatigued, by staff members from our office.

Monday we had an open day to rest up for a very arduous four-week schedule of meetings, campaigns, speeches, dinners, etc., all over South Africa. Also, I managed to get more writing done at the hotel on articles, leaving one long article at our office to be Telexed or telephoned in to Pasadena.

On Tuesday, November 9, we



flew over to a country we had never before visited, Swaziland. Luggage call was at 7:30 a.m. (our crew picked up our luggage about 2½ hours before actual takeoff time at the airport). We (passengers) leave an hour or so later after we arrive at the airport, go through immigration and are taken to our plane. All is ready for takeoff as soon as our pilots receive the call by phone "November Triple-One Alpha Charlie cleared for takeoff."

At the airport in Swaziland we were greeted by many officials and loaded into waiting cars and driven to a very nice hotel, the Royal Swaziland Hotel and Spa. Our takeoff time at Johannesburg that morning was 9:45 a.m., arrival in Swaziland 10:30.

At 12:30 we departed for the palace. We drove through two sets of

armed gates manned by brightly uniformed guards which opened for us upon identification and drove along a beautiful, tree-lined private roadway to the palace. At a simple frame building I was ushered in, the others following behind me into the throne room, which would have been the parlor if it were a residence.

King in Tribal Dress

The king is now 76, has been king (Sobhuza) 55 years — since age 21. He was in native tribal costume, bare feet, a wraparound sort of shawl and a pair of feathers stuck into his hair at the back of his head.

It is a small country of only 454,000 population wedged in between northeast South Africa and southwestern Mozambique. It is not one of the world's richest countries,

having a per-capita income of only \$280.

The prime minister in his official dress uniform also met me at the entrance to the palace and accompanied us into the meeting with His Majesty the king. We had a real jolly visit with His Majesty. Swazi-

DINNER — Mr. Armstrong hosted and spoke at a dinner for the king and his cabinet.

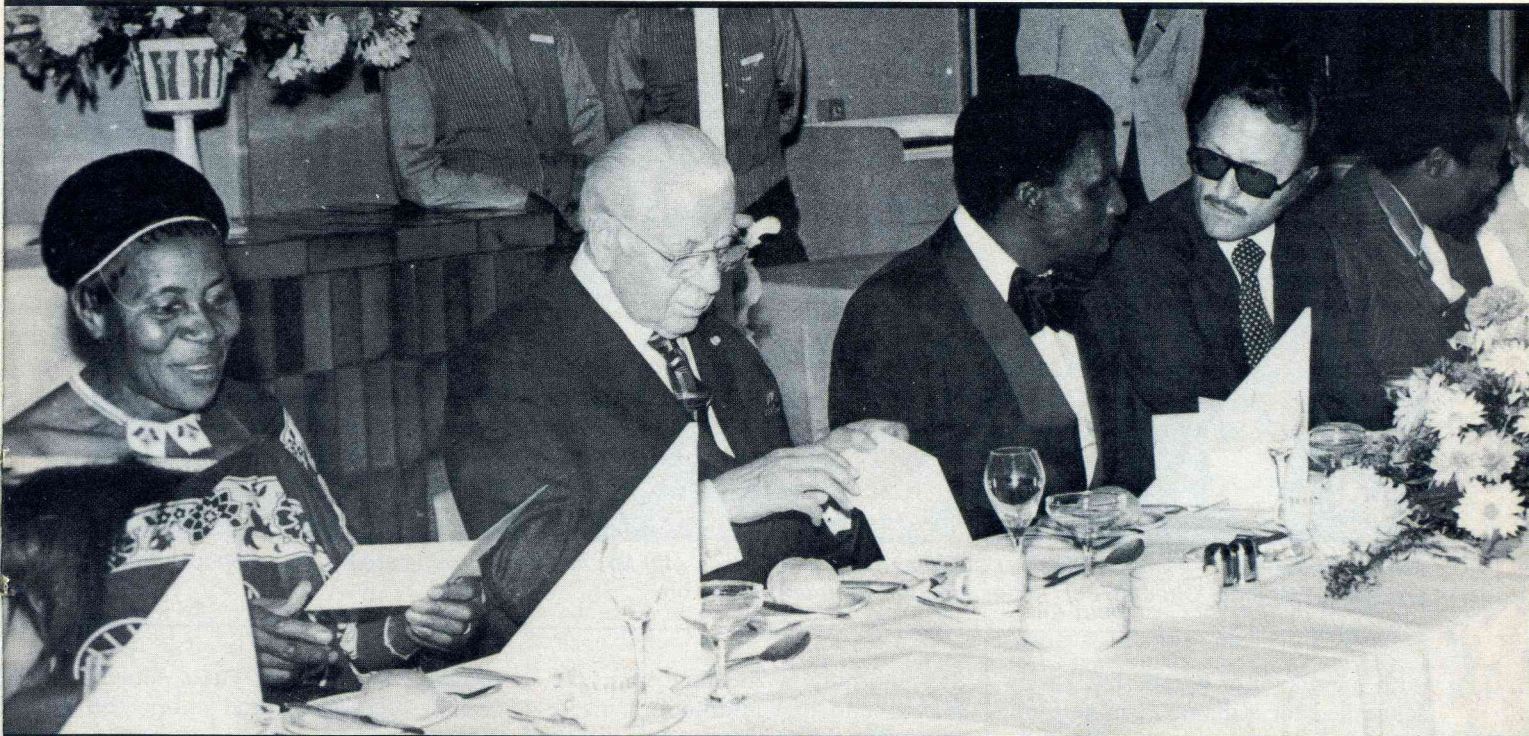
worn. However, we had all dressed in dark suits and semiformal attire, which was quite all right for the occasion.

Speech on Radio

The prime minister made a very short introductory speech, perhaps two minutes. Then Mr. Rader spoke on the AICF and introduced me, and I spoke exactly 30 minutes. It was taped and will be used as a

We flew on to Port Elizabeth, having to make a stop at Durban to clear immigration and customs on reentering the Republic of South Africa. Here we all had to leave the plane and go inside the airport to clear immigration with our passports.

At this point in my writing I was interrupted by a visit from the doctor. I'd hoped that by tomorrow, Friday, I would be able to put the



land's independence has been guaranteed by Great Britain since 1881.

That evening I hosted a dinner at the hotel attended by very high officials, heads of all government departments and their wives, with the prime minister sitting in the middle of the speaking table between Mr. Rader and me. About the time the dessert was being served I arose, asked for attention, mentioned my very enjoyable meeting with His Majesty the king that afternoon and proposed a toast to the king.

Incidentally, we were quite surprised on arriving in the banquet room that night. Most of the leading officials were dressed in tuxedos with black ties. A very few were in loud-colored special tribal costumes. We (our own party) all had tuxedos but had not brought them from the plane, supposing they would not be

Swaziland radio program. This was at the government's request. We were asked by the prime minister to return to the country as soon as possible on our next visit.

Next morning we were scheduled to fly to the Transkei, which gained its independence as a free black state in October. We had already met the new prime minister, who had flown in to Johannesburg to meet me in June. Our schedule called for takeoff at the airport at 9:30 a.m. Wednesday, a meeting with the prime minister at 11 a.m. and an address before service clubs at 1 p.m., with airport departure at 2:30 p.m.

However, when we learned of conditions not being overly friendly between Swaziland and the Transkei, we decided to postpone the Transkei visit.

sock and shoe on my left foot and get on with our crowded schedule. But the ankle is still swollen, and it is impossible for the shoe to go on.

The doctor suggested it would be better to put the left ankle in a cast in order that I may leave here either tomorrow, Friday, or at the latest by Sunday. I have now returned from the doctor's office with a heavy cast on the left ankle. I hope it won't last longer than two weeks.

We do have a heavy schedule ahead for the next two weeks in South Africa. Mr. Rader called me from South-West Africa by telephone yesterday. They are getting things set up for a future campaign there. He is flying on to Kimberley for a 6 p.m. press conference and to pinch-hit for me for a Rotary Club speech at 8 p.m. I was supposed to have a meeting tomorrow afternoon



PHOTO REQUEST — King Sobhuza of Swaziland, shaking hands with Mr. Armstrong, requested a group photo. Southern Africa Regional Director Bob Fahey (second from left) looks on.

with the mayor of Kimberley. I was scheduled for a diamond-mine tour tomorrow afternoon and to fly on to Johannesburg tomorrow night. I hope I can at least do that.

Next Monday I am scheduled for a meeting with Minister H. H. Smit at 11:30 and a 1 p.m. luncheon with Minister Piet Koornhof. They are, respectively, minister for public affairs and minister of education. Tuesday I speak at the Johannesburg Rotary Club, at 3 p.m., meeting with the mayor at 4:30 and a Zionist group and friends at 7 o'clock, followed by another Rotary Club meeting.

Three Appearances a Day

And so on, averaging three appearances, meetings or speeches per day for the week. The week of November 28, Monday, a Bible study is scheduled for Salisbury; Monday at 9:30, a meeting with President John Wrathall of Rhodesia and an afternoon press-TV conference; on Tues-

day morning a meeting with the mayor, and that afternoon a meeting with the prime minister, Ian Smith; Wednesday a lunch with one of the ministers of the government, and 8 o'clock a Zionist lecture.

Then we return to Johannesburg, and that is as far as I have the schedule at hand as of now. I hope I can make it all from here, with the heavy cast on my left foot.

Then back to Rome and a few days in London to check on moving my personal things from my home and things not sold with the college at Bricket Wood.

I will try to keep our *Plain Truth* readers more closely informed regarding my personal travel and experiences in the future. Hope to be back home in Pasadena early in December, for at least a few days.

But this world is MOVING FAST to its very END, and I have so MUCH to report all over! Front pages of this week's *Time* and *Newsweek* magazines are "Poland, a Dangerous Dis-

content" and "After Tito, What?" Every week more and more the news shows this world FALLING APART RAPIDLY.

I've sent in somewhere around eight to 10 articles, including co-worker letters, articles for *The Plain Truth*, and others, including this.

I am driving myself on and on harder than ever, and even though forced to be a virtual prisoner in this hotel suite for a week I have turned out a big volume of articles you will be reading. God is revealing more and more TRUTH to my mind.

I need your prayers as never before. My BIGGEST and GREATEST WORK is yet to be done. I must stay alive and be filled with youthful VIGOR, DYNAMIC POWER more and more.

With deepest love and prayers,
In Jesus' name,