



The

Good News

International Magazine of The Church of God

INSIDE BLACK AFRICA

MARCH-APRIL 1972

DIARY of the AFRICAN BAPTIZING TOUR

For the second consecutive year God has made it possible for a team of His ministers to tour Africa and reach those few people He is calling on the "dark continent." This year Mr. Harold Jackson and Mr. Robert Morton traveled twenty-five thousand miles, reaching the capitals of sixteen different countries throughout Africa and the Mediterranean!

Not all who requested visits, however, were contacted. In many places transport runs only weekly — *maybe*. Even letters take weeks, and sometimes months, to reach their destination. Some live hundreds of miles from the towns where they were to be met. And it takes a long time in Africa to save enough money to cover a journey of hundreds of miles and back.

Yet it is sobering to realize the great personal sacrifice some were willing to make in order to meet with two of Mr. Armstrong's representatives. Some even sold their possessions to raise enough money to make the journey to meet God's ministers.

In the following DIARY, Mr. Harold Jackson gives us a vivid, descriptive, picturesque and sobering account of the African baptizing tour.

by Harold L. Jackson

September 5, 1971:

I LEFT International Airport in Los Angeles for London, supposedly a polar flight, but aerial disaster of a previous flight a few days before caused a change in the flight path.

We crossed the United States to Detroit, then flew northeast across Canada, and after eleven hours in the air non-stop reached the British Isles and London Airport.

We became aware of trouble when the plane circled the field for twenty minutes after arrival. We were finally told we were going in. On landing the brakes seemed not to hold, but somehow we stopped. Fire engines were waiting and ran alongside the plane until we came to a stop. Then we were told we would await a tow-tractor to pull us into the terminal.

I left the plane, cleared customs and rushed to the home of Mr. Bob Morton. Then I made a hasty trip to the bank to change currency, and went on to Ambassador College at Bricket Wood for a brief tour before returning to the air-

port for our flight across the Channel to Paris.

September 7:

After staying in a side-street hotel in a room with seventeenth century furnishings and a pub below, we went out to the airport to await the flight to Douala, Camerouns.

I'd like to forget that stop except for the people we met. Accommodations were good, but service left much to be desired. Everyone it seemed was out to "take us."

On inquiring about a rent-a-car agency, we were told there was none. But as we sat down to eat at a sidewalk cafe the following morning, to our amazement we found ourselves staring at a rent-a-car sign directly across the street!

Five people met with us the first day, giving us a good start. Two were teachers. Next morning a married couple met us. He is an ecology professor at a wildlife reservation, with a master's degree, and she is an elementary school teacher. Upon learning that our next visitor was French-speaking, she volun-

teered to interpret for us if needed. Sure enough she was needed, and handled the situation very well. The prospective member turned out to be an industrial chemist in an aluminum plant.

September 10-17:

Off to Ghana and the capital city of Accra, a sprawling metropolis. We arrived at the airport, cleared customs and made necessary exchange in currency. This is a beautiful airport.

We went to the Continental Hotel where international flavor is strong. Then we spent the day touring the city, a mixture of ultramodern buildings amidst old dilapidated and deteriorated ones.

There are three major problems here: (1) economics, (2) health and welfare, and (3) education.

The gigantic indebtedness inherited from former regimes will burden the children's children of Accra.

Filth and squalor are a constant concern. A health inspector stated, "Dope, VD and leprosy run rampant throughout the city of Accra."

Between prospective member visits, we visited the Superintendent of the Ministry of Agriculture in Accra. One of our members works in his department. The Superintendent is a highly educated person and was curious to learn our business. He was in Oklahoma and Kansas last year, and liked our country very much. Also visiting him in his office was a local magistrate who gave me his number and asked me to correspond on my return to the states.

We also visited the Parliament House, enshrined in its pomp and dignity. The Prime Minister was not present, but everyone else was. After securing passes, we were ushered to a balcony where all can look down on the proceedings, which were much like those one sees in all governments — debates, lengthy speeches, but strict protocol.

Seventeen miles west of Accra, on the east side of a mountain range overlooking the city, stands the palatial residence of the Prime Minister of Ghana. Built by the former leader Kwame Nkrumah, it is an ever-present reminder of those days of lavish spending and good times and gargantuan economic mistakes. Still we could not but admire this beautiful edifice — a citadel of pomp and splendor. Guards dressed in red and black uniforms stood erect with rifles at attention, seeming to reflect the strict discipline of the mansion's occupant over those whom he governs.

September 11 was to be a big day. Mr. Morton had previously notified several in Nigeria of our inability to get visas, so they were asked to meet us in Accra. We had reserved a room for a Bible study and question and answer session. Others in the local area were also invited. We eagerly awaited their arrival, but none came. So while we waited, we spent the time learning something about the proverbs of that country.

Ghana is an interesting nation, with proverbs and Biblical slogans evidenced everywhere — on trucks, highways, clothing and what-have-you. There were nineteen figures similar to Egyptian hieroglyphics mounted atop scepters carved in a wall, each symbolic of a proverb or principle. We could not understand the significance of some, but we learned that the figures act out the

proverb. A man with a lighted cigar in mouth and a keg of gunpowder on his head meant: "A fool is as a fool does." Another one — a man with an egg falling from his hand — exemplified the principle that "Life is like an egg, when you die there is no more." Another — a man holding a snake's head firmly by the neck: "The snake or man is harmless when his head is controlled." Another — a proud and colorful parrot atop a scepter: "A new king — new laws." Unfortunately, we could not find the interpretation of them all.

After we had retired, near midnight, the desk clerk called to say that three men from Nigeria were in the lobby

desiring to see us. So we rolled out of bed, got dressed, and brought them up to our room for counseling.

We learned that eight had left together to come to see us. Four borders had to be crossed. Five of the eight turned back at the first border, having forgotten to bring the letter sent to them by Mr. Morton. Three continued by bus, though encountering many obstacles which would have discouraged most.

They could only travel during the day, because of robbers on the roads at night. Lodging in hotels, they were continually harassed by room bandits, who gained entrance by putting a small person through the transom. They also

INTREPID TRIO — Three zealous Nigerian school teachers surmounted many obstacles to reach Mr. Harold Jackson (second from left) in Accra, Ghana, to counsel about baptism.

Morton — Ambassador College



had immigration problems. Nigeria does not permit free crossing of its borders. It is reported that one must have a tax receipt showing that his taxes are paid to date before being permitted to leave the country.

But these three men were determined, and make it they did! The three were baptized. All three are teachers.

By letter we had arranged a simple way to recognize those who had asked for counsel: They were to meet us on the steps of the local post office, and were to have a PLAIN TRUTH magazine in hand as identification.

One morning I walked to the post office and, seeing a young man with a PLAIN TRUTH displayed, I introduced myself. But I received only a quizzical expression in return. Thinking he may not have understood English too well, I pointed to the magazine, telling him I was a representative of the editor. He finally recovered, saying, "I don't believe you." He could not believe a representative from the United States could be in Accra. Then I knew I had the wrong man. After apologies, we left and found our man about one-half hour later and departed wiser and determined to be more cautious in the future.

On September 17, we had to go to Kumasi, some hundred and sixty-five miles northwest of Accra. We decided to go by car so we could see some of the villages en route.

We passed through many small villages, each one specializing in products of some kind, such as vegetables, fruits and meats for marketing. Their wares were on display along the roadside. Others included colorful locally hand-woven baskets, artwork and pottery.

Their colorful dress was very attractive. Women's hair styles were a work of art, braided in long braids running from front to back, and wrapped with hair instead of strings. Others had short braids about two inches in length, standing straight up from the head and wrapped in an unusual pattern or embossed design.

Villages generally are families grouped together under one leader who has formed a governing body to assist him, composed mainly of the more prosperous men. There is a communal life to which all contribute and all benefit.



Above, Kilburn; right, Jackson — Ambassador College

Above: Rhodesian lady cheerfully displays her market produce for photographer. Right: Proverbs and slogans are seen on vehicles and other places throughout the country of Ghana.

The laws are highly respected. The people also recognize the authority of their leaders, as they are taught from childhood, and see the example of their elders.

In religion, which plays a major part in village life, Christo-pagan tribal customs predominate. The mixture is quite apparent in black Africa, although there are strong ties with the major denominations who have sent missionaries into the area.

The laws of marriage are of long standing. For example, parents promise their eight or nine-year-old daughter to a teen-age boy, and he will wait for her until she becomes of age, or until he has the price of her dowry. Then, according to custom, he can claim her. However, in many cases he selects another girl with whom he lives until the one promised develops into womanhood. Then he makes the change.

On arriving at Kumasi, we found it smaller than Accra, but more up to date. It has wider streets, shopping centers are much cleaner and more inviting, and we found the people more friendly and more direct in a positive way.

One man was baptized there — he was deaf, so we had to write out whatever we wanted to say and what we were going to do and place it before him to read. After he understood what

we were asking him, he would nod his approval, then we would proceed to the next sentence. This process was continued until he fully understood; then he was baptized.

We look forward to more baptisms in Kumasi next year.

We later baptized a woman in her seventies who could neither speak nor understand English. Her nephew, a baptized young man age 22, had to interpret for her. We would tell him what to ask her, and he would speak to her in her dialect and she would answer, after which he would interpret. She was in a hurry to be baptized and receive the Holy Spirit, wanting to ban the preliminaries and get on with the job! I believe these people are more zealous in a way because they have to go through much more than we do, even for the simplest things of life.

Fortunately, this woman is able to read the Bible in her native tongue, and her nephew translates articles and booklets for her.

September 19:

Back once more in Accra, we had a number of people scheduled to see us at 8:00 a.m. They began arriving shortly afterward for a question and answer period, after which those desiring to be counseled for baptism were counseled privately.

After about two hours, we called an intermission. Shortly after we had reconvened in the large room, the door opened, but I could not see who came in. However, about twenty minutes later, as we finished answering questions on the Sabbath and Holy Days, the armed policeman who normally guards the bank upstairs stepped from seclusion in the shadows of the door and walked out.

Later, when the meeting broke up, he took the first opportunity to engage us in conversation, and asked: "What sort of meeting is this? Can anybody attend? You mentioned *The PLAIN TRUTH* — are you representatives?" We smiled and did our best to answer his questions in a way that would raise no hostility, praying God would give us favor in his eyes.

It turned out that he had been receiving *The PLAIN TRUTH* for nearly three years and was very happy to meet us. Then we had quite a laugh, because in talking to those serving us, we found that one of them had also been receiving *The PLAIN TRUTH* for over two years. And one of his relatives had referred *The PLAIN TRUTH* to him.

September 20 — The Feast of Trumpets:

We spent the Feast of Trumpets quietly studying, and discussing the people with whom we had visited,



Faces of Africa



Kilburn — Ambassador College

September 21:
 evaluating their situations and trying to determine the future course of growth and development of these people. Their plight is a most unusual one — what with Christo-paganism and heathenistic tribal customs. The African that God calls today is one who has been exposed to opportunities not generally accessible to the majority of his fellowmen.

After sundown we went down to have dinner in the beautiful dining room of our hotel. After a light meal, we retired for the evening.

On to Monrovia, Liberia. A curving peninsula shore of the South Atlantic provides a beautiful, breath-taking lo-

cation for the city.

Liberia's late president, Mr. Tubman, had died in July. The city was still in mourning. His policies, which invited foreign investments, had stimulated the economy. This was well illustrated by the hotel in which we stayed. It was beautiful, a one and one-half million dollar super establishment built on the

September 22:
 We felt some apprehension about the next leg of our trip — Johannesburg, Union of South Africa. We knew of the *apartheid* system which has called forth much adverse criticism, both national and international. A black man from another country was hardly wanted! But we had an assignment, a visa had been secured, and well-formulated plans were in action on our arrival.

The flight took ten and one-half hours. We were very tired when we arrived about 9:00 p.m. Immigration authorities, as we expected, took about

highest point in the city. Providing its daily services creates regular income for many of the local people.

However, not three hundred yards away, between the hotel and the clear sandy beach, are wood and tin shacks — hovels — housing the poor of the city. Taxis cruise the area, picking up and discharging passengers between the hotel and the shacks.

September 23:
 I had to send my visa to Pretoria for confirmation. But I was given a receipt for the visa and papers stating the circumstances, also the assurance that I could travel throughout the Republic without any trouble.

But in the meantime we made a trip to Lesotho. Lesotho is a black-ruled country, one of two located inside the larger country of South Africa. Upon returning to the border of South Africa, as you may guess, I could not get back across, being without the visa itself. Apologies were given, but no exception was made. Finally, we induced them to send a telex message to confirm what I said, and after a three and one-half hour delay, I was re-admitted.

One gets a bleak picture and feels completely forsaken when cut off from all outside communications. However, we knew all would work out and it did.

When we had first checked into the beautiful Intercontinental Hotel in Johannesburg, there had been some raised eyebrows. After a good night's rest, we went down the next morning to the dining room for breakfast. Immediately as I entered the door, three blacks rushed up with the obvious intention of putting me out. The assistant manager, sitting at a table a short distance away, rushed from his seat to my aid, and assured them I could enter. There were puzzled faces at the tables, but an International Hotel is intended to accommodate *all* peoples of *all* races.

After order was restored, we got our meal. While eating I suggested that the management instruct the employees that blacks coming into the hotel should be accorded the same treatment as others. And to please inform them of my residence there. I was assured that would be done. We proceeded back to our room feeling better in one way, but worse in another.

On the trip to Lesotho, I was accompanied by Mr. Sydney Hull, head of the mailing department of Ambassador College Agency in Johannesburg. He was reared in this country. We had a visit with the Minister of Education, and he told us about the country's economic and commercial interests and its residential areas.

We made an appointment to see the Prime Minister about three o'clock that afternoon. But because he had not returned, we were ushered in to see the Minister of Education, who spoke with us until the Prime Minister arrived about forty-five minutes later.

The Prime Minister was very tired, so we only stayed one-half hour. He told us that Lesotho is friendly with South Africa, whereas the other black countries are not. Since Lesotho is located completely within the boundaries of South Africa, there is extensive trade between the two countries. We discussed various other aspects of government, and the relationship of Lesotho with the other black nations. Both ministers stated their desires to receive *The PLAIN TRUTH* and the Prime Minister re-

quested a copy of the *ENVOY*, but we did not have one to present at the time.

The Prime Minister made an appointment to see us again. He was very congenial, a wise man, one who knows his country well. He is aware of its potential, yet at the same time, he recognizes that education is a very essential thing for his people.

September 29 — The Day of Atonement:

Mr. Fahey, the head of our South African office in Johannesburg, had arranged a meeting with all our blacks in the Johannesburg area for the afternoon of the Day of Atonement. We had rented a conference room on the main floor of the hotel and facilities were set up to conduct a study.

By about 1:00 p.m. everyone had arrived. Since this was my first meeting with blacks of South Africa, the one thing that struck me was their shyness. Soft voices and a sincere humility struck me as being very extraordinary. Then I realized they were awed by *my* presence!

After introductions, the first question asked was concerning the welfare of the American blacks. Their interest runs high, but after a short time I realized they were laboring under a misconception of long standing. They were judging all foreign blacks by the standards of the American black *entertainers* booked in the country.

Their enthusiasm was so great that they kept us until 6:00 p.m. They were indeed thirsty for the Word of God! Answers were given to the many questions that they had. They all were deeply grateful for the service that we were able to render.

After a dinner held that evening for all the area ministers and their wives, we all retired to the suite of Mr. Gerald Waterhouse to discuss the various Feast sites to which we would be going. We all departed the following morning.

I met Mr. Russel Johnson, our minister in Salisbury, at the airport. We flew to Bulawayo, Rhodesia, arriving at 12:30 p.m., secured a car and proceeded to drive 275 miles to Victoria Falls, the Zambezi River camp site for the first Feast of Tabernacles in Rhodesian history!

(to be continued)

Reader's Say . . .

(Continued from inside front cover)

of *The GOOD NEWS* magazines we've received in the past (that I recall) been so strong and helpful in personal overcoming and praying for this Work. I sat down to read it, deciding to mark the "important" points in each article in red. When I finished it looked like I'd painted EVERY page!

Mr. & Mrs. N. F.,
Long Beach, Calif.

Answered Their Questions

I haven't ever written in about *The GOOD NEWS* magazine before, but this time I really felt I wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed the November-December issue.

The whole issue was fantastic, but I wanted to say thank you for the article on the Foreign Work by Mr. Dart. We really don't get to hear much in this area and I learned a lot and hope you continue it. Also would like something on what's happening at Headquarters. Things like this really make us feel a closer part in God's Work.

Louis A., Affton, Missouri

For the time in which I have been associated with this great Work, there is absolutely no doubt in my mind that God is using this Work mightily to carry forth His Gospel of truth to the world. I am indeed privileged to be associated with the very Work of God. Thank you so very much for informing us of the tremendous scope of the Foreign Work in the last issue of *The GOOD NEWS*. It really revealed the extent to which God's Gospel is going to the world.

Mr. G. H., Bronx, New York

I want to thank you for the last issue of *The GOOD NEWS*. It was really an answer to my prayer to learn more about the Work and how to pray more effectively. I didn't realize the vastness of our magazine circulation and to what extent they reached the world. Thank you so much.

Laurie L.,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

The latest *GOOD NEWS* is the best yet. Would like to see an article like the one by Mr. Dart in every issue. I had wondered about many of those things.

Mrs. L. N., Panama City, Florida

"Fight of the Century"

I would like to comment on a particular article in the November-December issue of *The GOOD NEWS*. The article, "Fight of the Century," by Hugh E. Wilson was extremely vivid, and I especially like the way it was written. I have heard Mr. Wilson give a sermon at Sabbath services and as I read this article, I could almost hear him giving it. I certainly can apply this article to my life because it was a real "eye-opener." The comparisons in this article were fantastic and let me add — I've read the article three times!

Mary S., Augusta, Georgia

False Religion— CURSE of BLACK AFRICA

by Robert G. Morton

THE greatest SINGLE factor that holds much of black Africa back is *false religion*. False religion is the major cause of Africa's problems, even as it is the cause of *most* of the world's problems today.

The Bantus (the black Africans south of the Sudan) worship two things: Their gods and their ancestors. All their gods, except two, are regarded as evil and are usually pictured as white. Thus the Bantus believed the white men were gods when they landed in Africa. Even in modern times, one South African tribe worshipped the Prime Minister! And in many areas whites are *still* considered to be gods, illustrating the pitiful ignorance of many of these people.

What accounts for such gross misconceptions? False religion and false education. For the African Bantu a god had at least two prerogatives: First, innovation and, second, beauty.

Only the gods could invent anything new. Said one author, himself a Bantu from Natal of the Zulu tribe: "Their [the Bantus'] creed is, and always has been, as rigidly inflexible as the shaft of the lance; it demands blind, unquestioning obedience, and its influence extends to all fields of human action. It is also a religion which resists change of any sort, especially to itself.

"One of the chief tenets of this faith is that any man or woman who tries to invent something new is assuming powers that only God can possess. Such inventions must be destroyed no matter how useful they might be to the community, as they breed irreverence for the holy creations of God, and encourage spiritual pride in their inventors and users" (Credo Vusa'mazulu Mutwa, *My People*, p. 177).



"It was this stubborn resistance to new ideas which caused the ancient Bantu to kill men and women who dared invent things that could have made their life less rigorous" (*ibid.*, p. 108).

So only the gods (which seems to include the white man in some cases) have the prerogative of inventing new things! As a result African society remained extremely primitive until the whites arrived. "... the Bantu depended on alien invaders to show them, first, how to use firearms . . . when the Portuguese arrived in our country only a matter of seven hundred years ago, we had still not discovered the wheel. It certainly cannot be denied that the Bantu have shown little mechanical ability" (*ibid.*, p. 173).

The second prerogative of the gods—beauty—likewise had great influence on the life of the Bantu. For centuries the Western world has believed that deep scarring, which can sometimes cover the entire torso, was the African's attempt to make the body more beautiful. In actual fact, the opposite is the case. Only the gods could be beautiful and, tragically, in order not to appear to be in competition with the gods, African tribes in some areas deliberately horribly disfigure their bodies so no one will ever think them beautiful.

There is yet another reason for some disfigurements. Some tribes put discs in the upper and lower lips of their women. These discs can sometimes be as wide as the span of a man's hand or even more. The reason for this is that the Arab slave traders considered the women in these tribes particularly beautiful. After the tribes began disfiguring their women in this way, the slave traders didn't bother them anymore.

Ancestor Worship

The African system of ancestor worship covers two main fields. First, many believe in a continuous cycle of reincarnation of the "soul" from grass to trees, then to reptiles, birds and, finally, to the stars—then back again.

Special tribal markings (in addition to those designed deliberately to disfigure) are deeply rooted in this belief. It is essential that a "soul" be able to recognize the tribe it once belonged to,

because for the "soul" of a great leader or chief to be reincarnated into an enemy tribe would be disastrous!

The second aspect of ancestor worship is the "feeding" of the spirits of the dead. Once the individual has died and the "soul" has passed on into a reptile (a supposedly "higher" form of life) his "spirit" lives on, always hovering around the tribe, and can be consulted through a medium for advice or to intercede with the gods on behalf of the tribe. However, these "spirits" must be fed, because no "food" exists in the spirit world. Without regular sacrifices to their dead ancestors, the Bantu believe the spirits of the dead would cease to exist and the tribe itself would die out.

Ancestor worship causes one of Africa's most serious problems—the ever-burgeoning population. The Bantu believes his highest duty is to beget children, that he merely lives "to link his ancestors with his descendants." The begetting of children is not only a moral obligation, it is the means of eternal survival. You can never convince a Bantu to use birth control methods when he believes he must beget enough descendants to "feed" his spirit after his death.

For this reason, polygamy is rife in Africa. The king of Swaziland has more than 50 wives! One man from Nigeria told me his father has fourteen wives and he himself has fifty-three brothers and sisters. For a man to have one hundred children is not unusual, and for a woman to give birth to twenty children is considered to be a great honor in the fulfillment of her duty toward her tribe and her dead ancestors.

Socially, ancestor worship keeps the tribe together. No tribal member wants to be too far from or to lose contact with his ancestors. To be ostracized by one's tribe not only can mean losing one's physical livelihood and home—it can mean death forever according to their religion.

Another major aspect of tribalism and ancestor worship is the unwritten law of revenge. If someone in your tribe or family (or even race in some cases) is murdered, you and your descendants must not rest until the crime has been avenged. For this reason, blood feuds

rage all over Africa: Zulus feud with Basutus in South Africa; Zulus fight Shanganes in Portuguese East Africa—this feud has raged for over one hundred years. The Baluba have been settling old scores with their neighbors for nearly six hundred years. In Kenya, a revenge war between the Masai and the Wakambi is in its tenth century. The Bahutu-Watutsi feud, which resulted in the deaths of about one hundred thousand Watutsis in 1963, has been going on for over one thousand years!

During the slave raids into the Congo, writes Vusa'mazulu Mutwa, Zulu witch-doctor, a small figure of a human being in chains was carved for every man, woman and child taken into slavery. These in turn have been passed down from generation to generation as a reminder of the score to be settled. By these figures every growing child is made to swear an oath of revenge for the lives of fellow tribe members.

Clearly, it is impossible for peace, prosperity and real progress to come to black Africa as long as false religion shackles the ignorant masses. Such peoples are the unhappy victims of circumstance—born into the wrong religion and taught superstition from childhood.

They, as well as all others who have not had their eyes opened to God's truth, are "destroyed [margin, cut off] for lack of knowledge" (Hos. 4:6). As Paul wrote to the ancient Romans of his time, we could say of black Africa as well: "Destruction and misery are in their ways: and the WAY OF PEACE have they not known" (Rom. 3:16-17). They need the knowledge of God's Law, which would free them (James 2:12). They desperately need an opportunity to learn the truth which will make them "free" (John 8:32).

We can all be thankful that soon the shackles of superstition and ignorance will be loosened, the bonds of false religion will be snapped—that Christ will soon return and rescue the impoverished Bantu and all peoples of Africa from the curse of false religion. Soon "...the earth shall be[come] FULL OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Isa. 11:9). Dark superstition and ignorance all over the world will be replaced by the shining light of God's truth! □

know, by one of God's true representatives into Latin America. Describing five baptisms in Puerto Rico he wrote: "The night had fallen — it was pitch black and storming. Six of us, the five candidates for baptism and I, assembled on the river bank in complete darkness and pouring rain. Lightning flashed across the skies, and the grown mountain stream roared as it plunged to lower valleys. I asked God to give us the direction of His Holy Spirit in this act, that we might glorify Him. And one by one, each was immersed in the water, as the sounds of a tropical downpour, lightning, and rushing waters filled the night. A tremendous sight I will remember as long as I live."

From South America Dr. Rea wrote: "... The woman whom I baptized in Barranquilla, Colombia, said she had been praying for two and a half months God would send someone to baptize her. She didn't know I was coming until she received my letter (sent two weeks earlier) the same morning I arrived. She was thrilled and overjoyed at the opportunity of becoming a member of God's Church."

In all, *nine people* were baptized during that tour.

Early in 1965 Dr. Rea died. God's Church suffered real loss, missing this man who always went *above and beyond* literally. The Spanish Work suffered a slump. In Big Sandy, I was commissioned to carry on — to keep alive our mailing list of 2,000.

Stateside Beginning and Growth

By 1966 after the setback of transferring from England to Big Sandy, after the handicap of having to repeat old tapes and reorganize the department on the Texas campus, our report for July read: "This has been a good month for us! The letter count has risen over 200% compared to last month! That is the highest count since June 1963, when we received 192 letters. This has occurred in spite of such handicaps as lack of a new broadcaster, scheduled

broadcasts being played for the 4th and 5th times, lack of a steady outflow of literature."

The growth continued! The August report said: "Our 'mustard seed' is finally growing!" Again in October our report read: "Would you believe... this month establishes our *all-time HIGH RECORD* for white mail and money received! As far as we know, there is no *physical cause* keeping the list even *alive*, not to mention *growing*." November brought 212 letters and the report went: "Believe it or not — and this may sound repetitious — November was the best month we have ever had!" By the beginning of 1967 we had a mailing list of 3,200! Dr. Rea's tapes were going into the *eighth* and *ninth* repeats! *GOD was keeping the Spanish list alive!!*

Meet Señor González

Ten years since the first Spanish broadcast went out to Latin America, and *twelve* years since the department actually started, God provided us with the voice of Mr. Pablo González — now broadcasting the message of *EL MUNDO DE MANANA!*

Pablo (Paul in English) González is a native Puerto Rican with a lovely wife and two little girls. In the printing

business for fifteen years, he was called by God to come to Big Sandy to help propagate God's truth to his own people. And no sooner had God led Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong to decide on Mr. González for our Spanish broadcaster, than He opened the 200,000-watt door of Radio Antilles with a potential Spanish audience of 20,000,000 people!

Situated in the island of Monserrat among the Lesser Antilles (not to be confused with Monserrat, the monastery near Barcelona, Spain), Radio Antilles reaches all of Central America (including Panama), the Caribbean Islands and even northern South America. The interesting thing about the Antilles station is this: *the owners are also proprietors of RADIO ANDORRA* in the Pyrenees! That dual ownership may be *our wedge INTO SPAIN.*

A number of other new Spanish stations were added just since June — inside the United States itself. Serving Spanish people in New York City we have WBNX; in Miami, WFAB; and in El Paso, Texas, XEWG. This last station also reaches many Mexicans across the border in Mexico's fourth largest city, Juárez.

Another *first* is the ten-thousand-watt station of XESM in Mexico City and
(Continued on page 23)



Ambassador College

Sr. Pablo González with the guidance of Dr. Dorothy prepares a new broadcast for EL MUNDO DE MANANA.