

BIBLES FOR AFRICA OUTREACH (AUGUST 2014)

(FRIDAY, 8 AUGUST 2013 through to SUNDAY, 24 AUGUST 2014)

What a privilege it was once again to have been part of the outreach into Southern Africa. The air was ripe with so much promise.... After many months of planning and preparation, the day had finally arrived. We were going on the 2014 Bibles for Africa outreach to complete the mandate that God had given to Mount Zion Ministries in 2012 (the distribution of a 1,000 Bibles in Southern Africa). Our planned routes had been changed so many times that we did not think we might still go to Zambia and Zimbabwe. But God opened the right doors and changed our plans in order to fit His perfect Plan.

On Friday, 8 August, all the team members met in Okahandja at Gert & Eleonor's home, and shared a lovely dinner whilst getting to know each other. We also celebrated Sakkie's birthday ... A team of 9 who had met the previous evening... people from different walks of life and parts of the country, set out on a journey of hope. Gert & Eleanor from Mount Zion Ministries, Frans & Martha – cattle farmers from the Waterberg near Otjiwarongo towards the North, Sakkie & Lenita – sheep farmers from Bethany in the South, Susan from Aroab in the deep South, Lynette & Nadine from Johannesburg & Pretoria in South Africa.

After a delicious, warm cup of coffee & Susan's yummy rusks, the backbone of any travelers' journey, we left Okahandja for the Kavango in the early hours of a beautiful sunny Saturday, with crisp morning air filling our lungs, the vehicles and trailer all packed to the brim and ready to go. Our resident miracle worker, Frans, packed the truck and trailer with such amazing resourcefulness, that we could not believe that everything fitted in, and would fit in again every time he re-packed the truck and trailer...

Another cup of deliciously brewed coffee in Otjiwarongo set the tone for our journey. We lost Frans as he experienced a problem with one of the wheels on his vehicle, but it was worth the wait despite the time it took as we didn't plan on having any breakdowns on our journey into Africa. For those of you who have been involved in planning a project of this magnitude, you would know how both costly and time consuming it is. We had broken bread together and shared communion, asking God to protect us on our journey and guide our every step of the way. We could feel the spiritual battle raging around us from the time we left Okahandja, and it proved to be a test we had to withstand, we have also subsequently realized that the Body does not know how to test the spirits.

To test the spirit you have to know the Spirit, in order to be able to discern when you are dealing with the wrong spirits. You have to test the spirit against the one true Spirit. Without discernment, you'll follow blindly, not knowing where you are being led to, a very dangerous spiritual situation to be in and the fastest route to deceit and disillusionment for a new Christian. It is only once you are in the spiritual battle that you start to realize the importance of those who are left behind praying, interceding and looking after the baggage in our absence. Spiritual warfare is not for the faint-hearted. It is a dangerous place to stand around naked and unprotected, you are a perfect target for destruction when you are left exposed. We could feel the tugging of conflict, the constant subtle attacks to divide and conquer our little team of soldiers. Our enemy is not very original or innovative, it's just that he knows that as in the days of Noah, ignorance of both the Word and our role and responsibility to rule over creation, still

permeates the world today. Unfortunately we were no exception. Not all of those left behind understood the brief and the importance of standing in the gap for us...

We were finally on our way. The thrill and excitement of being a part of such a group of selected people to do our Father's work can never be fully explained or understood by anyone until you have had the privilege to be a part of the sum of many. Watching the then familiar dry landscape passing us by we were still caught up in our own thoughts and mulling over the time ahead. Otjiwarongo signaled a coffee break. .. The fuel station had some of the most divine filtered coffees that hits the spot perfectly.

Frans had discovered a slow puncture in the one front tyre and it was best to have it resolved and fixed before we really got underway with our journey. We also had some time for a couple of last minute purchases before continuing on our journey. We found a beautiful, shady big Manjadi / Diospyros Mespiliformis / Jackalberry / African Ebony / Jakkalsbessieboom along the way under which we had our brunch, soaking in the sounds of nature whilst communing with God. The trip was a mere 800 km to the Kavango – a long haul on an insanely straight stretch of road that stretched out before us.... kilometer after kilometer.

Just outside Rundu we met up with Hesmarie, where she was enjoying the last light of sunset on the back of her truck, playing her guitar, praising and worshiping while soaking in the beauty and peace of the bush-veld. Looking for game along the way, the warthogs and monkeys did not disappoint. The buck was scarce but there was more veld than last year, which bode well for the game. Last year many of the animals came right onto the roadside in search of food and they were thin and almost gaunt from hunger but this year they were well fed and glossy which was such a blessing to see.

Our arrival at the Kavango was late at night and our camping grounds were covered in the dark blanket of the night, with no moon to guide us. It was quite a challenge to set up camp in the dark but we managed well. On Sunday morning, after a quick breakfast and our coffee and rusks, we packed up camp and departed the Kavango to Katima Mulilo on the banks of the great Zambezi river. We camped at the Protea Hotel. Not such a long stretch, but a good sit nonetheless.

On arrival there, we set up camp, and then we went for dinner at the Baobab Restaurant with Elda and Janneman, a treat for the taste buds and a wonderful celebration of life with friends. These reunions with our brothers and sisters in Christ really strengthens the bonds of family and purpose. The men spent Monday morning getting the paperwork sorted out for all our vehicles and the trailer, in order to provide for our proposed visit to Zambia and Zimbabwe. In the afternoon we went to visit Travis and Lorna at the Mount Zion Village Orphanage, we met them on our trip last year. They have about 55 little mites, 3 babies, a little girl and twin boys. What precious people, both the adults and the children.

Then we met up with Linda again (from Mahahe last year) as she is now based in Katima Mulilo and moving like a fresh breeze through the community, especially with her focus on Taxis for Jesus. It's so nice to connect with all the links that were previously made and we are amazed every time we realize just how perfectly God planned every connection we made the last time.

Upon entering Zambia on Tuesday morning, once we had cleared customs successfully and confirmed we weren't infected with the dreaded Ebola, we looked around for a nice camping spot, and eventually spotted a perfect Baobab set slightly off the road, with a beautiful view of the valley spread out beneath it and the river curving in a broad silver stroke through the valley below. We took out our brunch and enjoyed it whilst savoring the scenery, kids from further down in the valley had seen us pull off, and they came running up with such joyous abandon only to see what we were busy doing. Hesmarie started playing games with them and they had such fun, running around and crowing with laughter. Sharing the gospel one game at a time.

We arrived at Gavin and Penny Johnson's lodge later in the day, having taken a slow cruise to enjoy the sights and sounds. Gavin was off on a fishing trip about 600 km away, but Penny and the girls were keeping the fort. Penny home schools their 3 young daughters. They are approximately 40 km from the Namibian border, or 60 km from Katima Mulilo, or 600 km from Livingstone. So if they want to shop, they can choose between Katima Mulilo and Livingstone. They have stunning tented camps available for visitors with views to die for, and we camped on a secluded part of the property in the heart of nature, with no electricity, which was a rather overwhelming experience for us city slickers. But after a while we started to enjoy the absolute quietness, listening to the call of the fish eagle (the real one, not the one on TV), the snort of the hippos and the chatter of the many bird species in the area. A veritable chorus of sounds that merge into the pulse, the ebb and flow of life.

We were privileged to have had a nice big camp fire every evening around which we sat at night and where Piet Fluit made an indelible impression on us as he conscientiously heated the water and would then whistle distinctly to call us when the temperature rose to perfect coffee/tea temperature. The donkey, which was diligently fed with wood by Eric, heated the water for our open air ablution facilities, our shower and our toilet. The stars were a sight to behold whilst we were performing our cleansing rituals in the reed enclosures under the open heavens at night. Millions of sparkling lights lit up the heavens, steadily progressing in its journey across our heavens. The lights of the city dulls the vastly spread treasure of heavenly lights, and we could stare at the heavens for hours in amazement without becoming bored at all.

On the down side, it tended to cool off in the evenings, which cut our shower times in half.... There was only one toilet, which was connected to the shower, and if the men got caught up in conversation, it was a deadly wait for the ladies who were desperate to go.... Sitting like wallflowers on the tree stump outside the enclosure, we would encourage them to make haste, but alas, the boys could talk. The memory that comes to mind is that of the ladies sitting in a row on the tree stump one night, waiting patiently whilst Sakkie and Frans were busy sorting out all the global problems facing mankind today. Without easing the pressure on our bladders for a moment. But they had an absolute bonding moment. Lovely old trees cast some shade over the campsite and we were blessed with some of the most beautiful sunrises and sunsets. Even the moon rose red on the horizon every night, before becoming lighter as it journeyed across the sky.

We did not know what Father had planned for us in Zambia, other than cutting off all contact with the outside world, but after some discussions with Penny, it became clear that we were going to be meeting

some of the local villagers who lived about 5 km away. Penny contacted Joseph and Matomi and they came over to meet us on the first afternoon. We were immediately struck by their hunger and passion for the Lord and the Word, and their humbleness and reverence for God.

ZAMBIA – SEEDS OF FAITH:

60 km from Katima Mulilo, hidden just off the main road, a short dirt entrance leads to one of many tiny scattered Zambian villages. Unmarked, save for two towering trees, the village where Joseph and Matomi lives is neatly set with little homes of wood and clay, and roofs of straw. Hens and chickens scratch around in the sand looking for bugs and scraps to eat. Simplicity nestled in nature's beauty.

Easily mistaken for two young village boys, Joseph and Matomi gladly greet with open faces and ready smiles. But these young men are already fathers with wives and children of their own. We were introduced to them by Gavin and Penny Johnson, who manages a lodge in Zambia. They have identified these precious warriors of the Lord a couple of kilometers away, and have been assisting them spiritually. Sold out for the Kingdom, Joseph and Matomi desire to learn more and to share the gospel with all who are lost. Their passion and conviction is humbling. They are spiritual beings who both thirst for the Word and desperately want to share it with others. We spent the morning with the children, teaching them Bible stories in the language they understand best: Play. Through the process play acting we trained Joseph and Matomi how to plant the seeds of the Gospel within the children over the longer term through performance and role playing. They thoroughly enjoyed the role playing, and as they began to understand who the various characters were and the type of people they represented, there was a greater demand to be David or Saul or Noah rather than Goliath or the Philistines. We started with the village children, but pretty soon the group had grown quite large. Children had come from the nearby villages to join in on the fun and celebrations. They were beaming with joy and enjoying every moment of victory and defeat.

Joseph and Matomi are totally sold out to the Lord, and their greatest desire is to spread the gospel to the furthest borders of their country, reaching all their brothers and sisters and guiding them on the road to victory in Christ. In the afternoon, we ministered and shared with the adults, and as the day progressed the group steadily grew with members from neighboring villages making the journey to Joseph and Matomi's village, having heard that we were there. Every time we looked up, another straw mat would be spread out for new arrivals to join. They were like sponges soaking up the Word and desiring to hear more about the Lord. Many came forward for prayer and wonderful miracles took place.

What stands out as a beacon of hope, is an old woman who had very limited hearing and sight. Probably close to Methuselah's age, she somehow seemed to sense every time we were at the village, and would laboriously make her way across the sand, sidestepping and sometimes stumbling over rocks and underbrush, with the chickens and children coming underfoot. Then she would sit down on the outside of the circle as though, just by being present, she found peace and comfort in her soul. After praying for all those who requested prayer for illness and disease, the Lord showed me that I had to pray for her. They brought her forward, and although she was standing right in front of me, she did not hear or

see a thing. To see the Lord restore her sight and hearing, and the wonder in her eyes when she looked up at the trees and skies as if seeing them for the first time, was such a glorious experience. I realized once again, that if your heart is calling out to the Lord, and you hold steadfastly to your faith, He will not disappoint you. The spirit calling out in her knew to reach out to the Spirit operating in our meeting, and she just knew that this was where her pleas would be answered.

After we had concluded the meeting, we blessed them with Bibles, to have been able to see the ecstatic look on their faces when they received a Bible they could call their own for the first time, tightly clasped to their chests and the tears of thankfulness streaming down many faces, was absolutely incredible. Then they brought out a little pot of kaboom mealies, piping hot from the fire, and offered it around to all of us to enjoy.... We each took a handful from the little pot of large white, succulent, flavorsome mealies. One handful, and then another, each of us savoring the wonderful juicy taste of perfectly cooked kaboom mealies, the Lord then asked me if I really understood that they were giving us the very best they had to offer? That little pot of kaboom mealies was the food that they had prepared, that would feed their entire little community that night. They really gave us their very best, as they shared most of the food with us, the strangers in their midst, with such humble, joyful hearts.

God then asked me, what are you going to give them? Are you going to give them your second or third best, or your very best? That really touched my heart, it made me realize what a tremendous responsibility we have as a ministry to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to serve our fellow man and give them our very, very best as though it was Christ we were giving it to. Do we really, honestly, give God our very best, or do we only give God our second, third and fourth best? As servants of the Lord we should only give our very best. What do we give for His kingdom? God gave His very best for us. He gave us His only begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ, who was totally sinless, blameless and innocent, took the sins of the world upon Himself and paid the ultimate price on the cross at Calvary for you and me, so that we could be saved. Do we truly always give our very best to further the Gospel? I felt a gut-wrenching twist in my stomach when I realized just exactly what God had said, that in their humbleness as servants of God, they had given us their very, very best, placing us above their own needs and desires. They treated us as though they were entertaining angels. Do we do the same, or do we hold back?

Only after we have had our fill, did they partake of the kaboom mealies. Not only are they hungry for the Word, they are also suffering with real pangs of physical hunger, their lean, sinewy bodies and dry skins bear testimony to the fact that they often go without. But not so much as a whisper of a complaint was heard. They felt privileged to share their food with us. This little community, one of so many such little communities that are scattered throughout Zambia, have a desperate need for food, basic food, the stuff we take for granted every day; for seeds to enable them to grow a larger selection of their own food such as mealies and spinach and tomatoes and cabbage; for clothing to cover their bodies and blankets to keep them warm on the cold nights when the breeze coming off the river is icy, amongst the most basic needs we identified.

Joseph and Matomi are also in need of some financial assistance in order to allow them to focus on their heart's desire of spreading the Word of God without worrying about where the next bit of food is going

to come from to feed their families and community; to keep the wolf of starvation from their doors. Joseph and Matomi do some woodwork, they make beautiful wooden doors and door frames, for people who have need thereof such as lodges and homes that are being built, in order to provide for their families. But there is not always a demand for the work they do, and some months are much leaner than others. Their thin, wiry bodies bear testimony to the hunger they suffer, and the children's little pot bellies confirm the lack of nutrition and the devastating effects their limited access to a balanced diet is having on their health.

We at Mount Zion Ministries, have felt the urge of the Lord to take some responsibility for this little community and to take them under our covering. We would like to provide them with a small monthly income (the minimum wage in Zambia is around 650 Kwacha's, which is approximately N\$/R1,000 per month). Many of the members of the group who took part in the outreach, have committed to assist financially in some way every month, and we would also like to assist them with some of the basics such as food (staples like rice and pasta), seeds to plant and generate their own food going forward, some clothing and blankets (the nights can get really cold), basic medical supplies and whatever else the Lord lays on our hearts to help them with. If we are able to assist these men with N\$/R500 to N\$/R1,000 each a month, it would make a world of difference to their lives. It would allow them to spend more time with growing the seeds of their faith, and give them just that little bit of support that is so desperately needed when your daily circumstances are so delicate and fragile.

Gavin and Penny, who will remain their spiritual parents on a daily basis, have undertaken to buy whatever is necessary for the village to survive from whatever we are able to bless them with. Please, if you feel the urging of the Spirit, would you consider assisting this little village who is going to spread the gospel one village at a time, so that they can grow and become stronger in their faith in the Lord, whilst growing more self-sufficient and healthy in both body and spirit? TOGETHER we can help set Africa alight with the gospel.

On Lenita's birthday the Thursday, less than a week after Sakkie's, we visited the Ngonya Falls in Siona, one of the local attractions. They are currently busy building a hydro-electric scheme in the river/dam, which means that the unsophisticated and unspoilt beauty of the falls will be changing in the future. The road we took suddenly ended in the middle of nowhere, as it had not yet been completed, and we then took the dirt road which led to a construction site. An intrepid Zambian was selling cement in the middle of the road. Just imagine, nothing to your left and nothing to your right, nothing as far as the eye can see, but in the middle of the road an entrepreneur had stocked up on cement to supply the contractors up ahead should their stocks run low or out.

We had to turn around to find the road that led to the falls, but were eventually navigated there. At the Ngonya Falls, we parked and hit the track with a guide. A rocky little bush road that wound upwards, we climbed up and over rocks and things to reach the falls. Lovely, cascading waters suddenly surrounded us after the climb. We spotted a freshwater otter playing in the waters, and after enjoying the beautiful surroundings for a while, we had to turn around and find the way back. Despite the simple explanation it is a bit of a walk with surface challenges that added some spice to the excitement of the journey. The falls were beautiful, but nothing could prepare us for the Victoria Falls we would be visiting later on. We

finished after lunch, and almost drowned ourselves in water (it's hot during the day, and the thirst is a beast you often underestimate), savoring the cool relief as we greedily drank the water.

On our return journey, we stopped and purchased some fish from a roadside vendor for Joseph and Matomi and their people. The time spent in Zambia had passed with such speed, and we had enjoyed every moment, but it was time to move on. We committed to assisting Joseph and Matomi with a small monthly financial contribution so that they can focus on the spiritual needs of the community, and after inquiring about the needs of the community, we plan to arrange seeds, dry foods, old clothes and other basic necessities to assist them with.

Victoria Falls awaited us. We were surprised to find out that the SADC meeting was taking place in Victoria Falls over the weekend we were going to be there. With all the dignitaries from Southern African converging on Victoria Falls, they were on their best behavior. No power cuts or water shortages, just smooth sailing.

Crossing the border was a breeze, although we were not allowed to take any fresh foodstuff across the border. Once we arrived in Victoria Falls, we were mesmerized by the sight of the falls, stretching across the horizon, with a misty spray going many meters into the air. The photographs do not really do the falls justice. Our minds tend to marginalize the immense size of this natural wonder, and even whilst witnessing them, it seemed we were unable to comprehend this vast, magical sight.

Our host, Fred, came to fetch us in the town and helped us settle in once we arrived at their home. Both Fred and Elfrieda are such gentle kindred spirits, seemingly untouched by the horrors of their country. They live for the Lord, and they both shine brightly in that hostile environment. We set up our tents in the garden, and had a lovely braai in the evening. The mozzie patrols were reminiscent of the flies in Australia. If you did not cover every inch of your body with repellent, you became a tasty morsel for those little bloodsuckers.

ZIMBABWE – SPIRITUAL BATTLEGROUND:

Whilst we were busy arranging our trip and all our points of call, God was busy fine-tuning the schedule for us and setting up the dominos to fall at the perfectly appointed moments. Our hosts were Fred & Elfrida Smit, who are residents of Victoria Falls with such wonderful hearts for the Lord, and their right hand lady Shelto has a true servant's heart that is humbling to experience. Between the three of them, we had a very blessed and truly wonderful time. Our timing was perfect. On Saturday morning Fred and the Boys had a Men's Breakfast, and after they had all fellow-shipped together, they prepared a delicious breakfast of bacon and eggs and sausages that hit the spot. They really are such a precious group of people, and the men had a truly blessed time.

Before departing Namibia, the Lord showed us that we were going to battle and take part in spiritual warfare. Warfare against principalities that had to be removed... and the destruction of the sacrificial altars of satan where so many human sacrifices had been made for decades. The Lord revealed three sites to us where we had to make a number of different proclamations, such as taking back the territory that had been stolen.

The first site was in the rain-forest at the Livingstone statue, on the upper edge of the thundering waters; the second site was under a bridge with an old and dry riverbed that had been cursed and the third site was at the Royal Elephant Hotel, the place where all the Presidents and Heads of State of Southern Africa were staying for the duration of the SADC conference that was taking place over the same weekend we were in Victoria Falls. The Royal Elephant Hotel is built on one of the oldest and largest satanic altars in Southern Africa, where sacrifices have been made for as far back as passed on from generation to generation. The fact that all the Presidents and Heads of State were staying at the Royal Elephant Hotel, was a declaration that they were all pawns, subject to satan's power and might.

Due to the tremendous security measures that had been implemented to protect all the foreign dignitaries, we were not able to get close to the hotel. But we could go to the Livingstone Statue as well as visit the bridge at the dry riverbed. Due to the fact that we could not gain access to the Royal Elephant Hotel, we needed to make the proclamations God had given us from Karel's farm.

Situated about 15 km outside Victoria Falls, Karel's farm is one of the few strategic sites that offers both an amazing and elevated vantage point from where Africa is literally spread out before, behind and around you. The amazing curtain of mist that covers the Victoria Falls from some angles, were clearly visible, as was Livingstone in Zambia and the airport from where the helicopters were departing at regular intervals to take tourists over the falls to view the majestic beauty. We felt like eagles with the amazing and encompassing landscape spread out before us. It was almost like looking into the future, that is how much we could see. It gave us the visual scope of the whole area as far as into Zambia.

As we discussed the task that we had been given, the Holy Spirit gave us the scriptures to declare and the places we needed to go to make the proclamations and take the authority and victory of the spiritual battle in Jesus name. The first two sites had been used for many human sacrifices in the past, and we proclaimed the Word of God, speaking life into the spirit world and declared the defeat of satan and his principalities and all the injustices that they had perpetrated there, taking authority and claiming the victory in Jesus name as we know from the Word that the battle has already been won. We could feel the battle that raged around us abate, and the pure, soothing peace of the Holy Spirit descended over us. There were 12 of us, and the Holy Spirit prompted us to stand in a circle, with our backs facing each other and each of us facing North, East, South and West as well as every variation in between. Fred as a native representative of spiritual authority in Zimbabwe, took up place in the middle of the circle, reading the scriptures aloud and proclaiming the Word God had given us over all the territories as far as the eye could see, as well as the territory continuing to the furthest reaches of Southern Africa. We all had to make the proclamations in the different directions we were facing and sprinkled the Blood of Jesus into all those directions we were facing.

The impossible heat of the day was cooled by the clouds that suddenly appeared, and a light breeze cooled us a bit and brought relief from the sweltering heat. A number of proclamations were made, amongst which one was that ALL the Presidents and Heads of State of the Southern African SADC countries WILL in the future (from that point on) do the WILL of GOD, we took authority over them and we also destroyed those altars that we could not reach at the Royal Elephant Hotel in the spirit and we sprinkled it with the Blood of Jesus and claimed it back for Him. A drizzle later in the day broke the

death grip of the weather. We planted a couple of Bibles at these sites, trusting God to send those people who need them to find and collect them.

Proclamation Scriptures:

Psalms 110:1-7

Jeremiah 5

Matthew 18:7 (Injustices)

Psalms 122

Luke 10:19 (Declare First)

2 Corinthians 10:3 (Declare First)

Psalms 144:5-8 (Declare Last)

Hebrews 12:24-25 (Sprinkled Blood)

Hebrews 10:19 (Boldness)

Whilst we were on the higher ground on Karel's farm, the Lord told us to make 2 proclamations with regards to the SADC meeting that was taking place. The first was that ALL the presidents who were involved in the SADC meeting would do the Will of God from that day, going forward. When you battle principalities, God will always give you a sign that the battle has been won and that there was a victory in the spirit world.

Sunday morning was spent fellow-shipping with the congregation at Victoria Falls and we were really touched by this precious group of souls. God is doing amazing things everywhere, and they have each been chosen to be a flaming torch in the night for God. After the service, everybody stayed for lunch, a bring and braai for all to enjoy. It's always so amazing to realize that, unlike the little congregation in Zambia, these people know the Word and they have living relationships with God, it's just the spiritual aspects, including warfare, that they don't have. And as the world outside is changing, the need to be well equipped to battle the spiritual war has become very important if we as Christians are to survive. God gave us a reference manual, the Bible, which we need to study and know intimately. He gave us the Holy Spirit to guide us and open up and reveal the scriptures so that we might gain deeper understanding of the word. But it's up to us to study it, build our relationship with the Holy Spirit, and apply the knowledge gained in our daily lives in order to live our lives in victory. If we fail to do so, we battle in vain, and we will only witness the destruction around us instead of the victory promised in the word.

Later in the afternoon we went to the Safari Lodge to see the sunset at the waterhole. The animals arrived in all their kinds to drink of the water, buffaloes, giraffes, elephants, etc. Thereafter we went to the Victoria Falls Hotel, which is such a beautifully rich piece of Zimbabwean history. We walked through it and it felt like we were stepping back in time. The view from the hotel is truly awesome, and we were spoilt for choice. Back home, Fred spoiled us with his favorite ice cream, which ended up being everybody's favorite ice cream. Fred also blessed me with the most delightfully flavorsome and aromatic coffee. I always thought Namibia had the best coffee, but the amazing blend that Fred is privileged to enjoy, is truly a heavenly blessing. He blessed me with a kilogram of the gold to take home, which I still enjoy every day whilst fondly remembering our visit to Zimbabwe.

We woke up early on Monday to visit the Victoria Falls, and with the heat intensifying during the day, the best time to do this is just before sunrise or closer to sunset. Breathing in the cool, moist air, we headed out on the route and were pleasantly surprised to see Bambi on the side of the footpath, grazing away. The scenery is something that words can't really do justice to – the lush tropical rain forest, the cascading mass of water, the mist bouncing up in the air, the serenity of nature, is so amazing, such a wonderful, humbling time to commune with the Creator. It seemed like all the dignitaries from the SADC conference had the same idea, and they were walking the paths with us, gob smacked at the sight before them. We greeted all the foreign dignitaries as they passed us, but they all ignored us flatly and almost mowed us down in their singularly focused approach that they were entitled to be there and we were pesky flies obstructing their approach. Only the Mauritian delegation of three, responded to our friendly hello, when we were all assembled around the same lookout point.

God told me to go to them and thank them for being willing to communicate with us. I asked them where they were from and they said Mauritius, and the President of Mauritius personally invited us to come and visit Mauritius, this was a sign that God gave us. We were instructed to proclaim and instruct the spirits that all the presidents will do Gods will going forward in the future, and this President from Mauritius personally invited us to come and visit Mauritius. Just a week after our return, in the first week of September, President Jacob Zuma personally declared that Jesus Christ had to come back to South Africa to save the many unbelievers. In the end, two presidents had invited Jesus into their countries. When this happened, God asked me if I actually really understood what had just happened? The president of Mauritius had invited Mount Zion Ministries into his country, a spiritual invitation, which I immediately accepted on the spot and asked God to reveal to me at the appointed time when this invitation will come to fruition. Interestingly the SADC delegations were staying at one of the famous landmark hotels that was a historic offering site, and we know the dangers of association. One of our team members voiced the question of the Namibian President, who is a Christian, he was obviously at risk associating with the group of evil doers.

After walking the distance of the Victoria Falls, we returned to the Rainforest Café to enjoy a traditional cup of coffee. Our next stop was the Victoria Falls Gorge. There is so much to do, that you needn't be concerned. White river rafting, tree top/canopy tours, crossing the gorge on a bungee rope or bungee jumping at the bridge. The tree top tours seemed to be the most popular, but I must admit the gorge crossing is not for the faint hearted. You jump off the platform and when the bungee rope is fully

extended, you swing across the gorge, from left to right. Not as smooth as the tree top tour, where you simply fly across the treetops...

In the evening we were blessed with a huge turnout to hear the message about the Bride and the Marriage. The Holy Spirit felt tangible, so many were anointed and Word spoken to them. Afterwards we shared a curry and rice. Fred and Elfrida have a helper called Shelto, an angel in disguise with a true servant's heart. Shelto works with an energy that is inspiring, and manages to get everything done before anybody can think to ask for it. But sadly, all good things came to an end, and we had to start our return journey.

DEPARTURE:

On Tuesday morning we departed Zimbabwe through Botswana to Namibia. After saying goodbye, we were on our way. The border posts were a source of great amusement as the monkeys and baboons ran around freely, those tiny little beady eyes peeled on potential treasures they could score from the innocent travelers. They moved at the speed of light, up and down, over and under vehicles, trucks, trees, anything in their way. And if one of them were successful, the others would hound him till they got a bit of the spoils.

We filled up after entering Botswana, as the fuel is cheaper there, and we were blessed witnessing a huge parade of elephants crossing the road right in front of us. They are like big babies, and despite their docile appearance, not animals to be toyed with. But like typical tourists we sat with mouths agape, watching these gorgeous creatures thunderously proceeding with their babies across the road, tearing bark of the trees and simply ruling over their environment. A bit further, a troop of giraffes crossed the road in their languid, eccentric way. They tower over the trees, and with smoothly awkward movements they moved, seemingly defying gravity. Looking at them, they just look like they are too lopsided and should fall over easily, but they graciously moved through the bush, across the road and onto greener pastures. The dense brush and trees covering the landscape challenged our sense of awareness and observation.

At the Ngoma border post, crossing into Namibia, another parade of elephants were coming down the hill, pulling strips of bark from a baobab tree and chewing it the way we would chew gum. They are fearless creatures, as they flatten fences, crossing the road, proceeding to the water in the Chobe river. We stopped at the Chobe River Lodge in the hopes of seeing Daniela again, but she had moved on, so we enjoyed an icy cool drink whilst soaking up the spectacular view and peacefulness of nature. The river boat at the lodge, was one we had passed on the road on our way to Zimbabwe. Amazing how so many things are interlinked in life.

Back at the Protea Hotel in Katima Mulilo, we met Alex, a Czechoslovakian and he told us about how they forgot to book accommodation for the Namibian President to attend the SADC conference. We set up camp, and in the evening we were serenaded by the hippos in the Zambezi. On Wednesday we departed for Mahangu River Lodge in the Kavango after a quick visit to Janneman and Elda. Mahangu, on the bank of the Kavango, boasts schools of Hippopotamus and at night they would feed on the grass right by the bank where we were camping. Frans called us to come see a beauty grazing in front of their

tent in the evening. Languorously, she took bites of grass, chewing with the water running into her mouth as she moved about for the next mouthful.

On Thursday, Gert, Eleonor and Frans went fishing... for tiger fish. And late afternoon we all went on a sunset cruise, the houseboat slowly making its way up and down the Kavango. We were spoilt with elephants, hippos, crocodiles, kingfishers and a gazillion other beautiful bird species flying overhead or nesting in the wall of the bank or on the wetlands just off the river. It felt surreal as we watched the sunset change from yellow to orange to red to a dusky pink/purple.... Coloring the world with brush of softness contrary to the dangers lurking in the waters surrounding us.

On Friday we went to the little game reserve and were fortunate to see many wild animals, ostriches with their babies (both their own and those they had abducted from other ostriches), zebras, blue wildebeest, kudus, impalas, gazelle, hippos, elephants.... As a result of the fuel shortages, we filled up the diesel trucks, but had to wait for the petrol to arrive. On our way back to Mahangu, we saw two girls busy stamping mahangu in the traditional manner, and Frans stopped to show Nadine how they did it. Young girls in their early teens were stamping away, back breaking work, and they explained that they repeated it four times for the most refined result. One of the girls had a hunchback, she was born that way. Frans shared the gospel with them, and then asked if he could pray for her because she said her back was really aching. Frans is one of those precious people who fearlessly and continuously reaches out to every soul he meets, making us aware of just how much more we can still do if we were to become more sensitive to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. She thanked him for his prayer, feeling better already, and vigorously continued stamping the mahangu, a tiny little seed that is one of their staples.

GOING HOME:

The petrol arrived the Saturday, and we could fill up and continue our journey. We stopped at Riverdance, a beautiful place we had heard about from others along the way, maybe a potential stop for next year? The owners, Timo and Karen are such warm and inviting people, they immediately felt like friends we had known all our lives. They showed us around, and shared their dreams around the development, confirming all the miracles God had done for them. The greatest of them all, is their little daughter, after years of infertility and saying goodbye to the dream of becoming parents, the impossible became reality. With God, nothing is impossible.

We started the 800 km journey back to Okahandja. Between Divindu and Rundu we stopped for brunch under a beautiful tree with little yellow flowers, and again just after Rundu when Frans collected a parcel for one of his coal makers. We arrived back home, tired but fulfilled with the many people who had crossed our paths and in whose lives we were able to make a difference. Everywhere we went, we shared the gospel and gave Bibles to all who needed it, and seeing the tears of joy when they held their own Bible for the first time, was payment enough.

CONCLUSION:

The main purpose of this outreach was to make new specific spiritual connections. We really made the most amazing spiritual connections all along our journey and previous connections were strengthened. We will be returning on the same route again in August next year as God has clearly shown us that we at Mount Zion Ministries, must follow the same journey every year to encourage and strengthen our brothers and sisters in Christ. The basic route is laid out now, and we look forward to experiencing the fullness of the route in the years to come. We believe that stronger spiritual connections will grow from this point going forward, and we are excited to see what God has planned for the future and to be a part of it.

THANK YOU:

Once again we would like to say a big Thank You to all of you who made this journey possible through your loyal sowing of seed into Mount Zion Ministries, the financial support, through loyally keeping us in your prayers and through physically contributing on various levels to assist the ministry. Your seed have brought the Word of God to so many who are now proud owners of their very own Bibles, something we tend to take for granted. We would like to share this feedback with all of you and we would like you to know where your seed is being planted and also take the opportunity to thank you all for your faithfulness and loyalty. Thank you to all of you who stayed behind and looked after everything whilst we were gone, who prayed and interceded for us, who loyally manned the fort in our absence. Without your support, we would not have been able to go on this journey. Every one of you are vitally important in the success of Mount Zion Ministries, even though you could not physically share with us, we will all share in the spiritual harvest of the seeds that have been planted.

Be blessed

Shalom

2 PROCLAMATIONS:

2 presidents – Macedonia called again to visit countries – Perfect Timing:

When we returned to our campsite at Katima Mulilo in Namibia, we met with Alexander, a well seasoned traveler who had just returned from a long journey, and he just happened to mention that they cleanly forgot to book the Namibian President into the hotel at Victoria Falls, and as a result he had to fly through to Zimbabwe every day for the duration of the conference.

Isn't it wonderful just how God protects His own from unintentional association?