My First Trip Across the Atlantic
By Yvonne Karl

South Africa

My First Trip Across the Atlantic

Destination

Somerset West, is politically part of the City of Cape Town metropolitan municipality. In the Western Cape, South Africa, it is situated in the Helderberg area (formerly called Hottentots Holland), about 50 kilometres (30 mi) east of Cape Town and 10 kilometres (6 mi) from Strand. The town is overlooked by the imposing Helderberg (meaning "clear mountain"), a part of the Hottentots-Holland range of mountains.

Tuesday, June 22, 1999
Day 1 of S.A. trip

Robert dropped me off at NW door at 9:15 am. Checked in. Found departure gate (to Miami). Met lady from Lansing who now lives in Fort Lauderdale. Talked about her life, decision to move from Michigan to Florida and how much she loves it there. Has been visiting her daughter for a week. Flew to Detroit from Lansing to get plane back to Miami. Will shuttle to Florida.

Boarded plane at 10 am. Took off on time; actually about five minutes early. Plane full but not crowded. Had window seat; empty seat between me and lady who sat in aisle seat. Greeted her before she ever sat down: what a big, beautiful smile. We quickly got acquainted. Her name was Effie--a beautiful Christian (black) lady from Detroit who works in management for Detroit Edison and was flying to Miami for a conference. What precious fellowship as we shared about the love, grace, and mercy of God in our lives, in our families, etc. We exchanged names and addresses and will be in touch!!!! At one point, the pilot announced that we were flying over Charleston, WV!! Arrived in Miami about 10 min. early.

Miami terminal is very easy to get around in. Found South African Airlines counter easily and checked in. Ticket gal looked at my ticket and said, "I am going to change your seat!" With that, she tore up my ticked and issued me a new one. (As it turned out, instead of being in the back of the plane I was in the middle--just about 4 rows from the ladies' restroom, and I had all three seats to myself!!) Had a yogurt. Met a Christian couple from New Orleans in lobby. Talked with them briefly; they had been to Jamaica to a family member's wedding and stayed an additional week for vacation.

Found departure gate and met Jean White from Marietta, GA who is returning to her native Johannesburg to visit her mother; she goes about every 6 months now. She has lived in Georgia for 34 years and is now applying for citizenship. She married an American, Tom White, who died a year ago in April. Was nice talking with her and helped pass the time since our flight was delayed due to severe thunderstorms. Boarded at 5 PM (were scheduled to leave at that time). TV monitor in plane says 7678 miles to Cape Town (12,356 Km). Huge plane--4 seats in middle aisle, 3 seats on each side; 60+ rows; could seat at least 600 people; but plane only about half full. We began to pull away at 5:40 PM. Pilot announced flight time would be 13 hrs. 15 min.

All of the notes are scanned from the journal I kept while in So. Africa. I did not try to correct errors. -Yvonne

Wednesday, June 23, 1999
Day 2 of S.A. trip

Almost 12 hrs. later. It's 5:20 AM EST. We had a nice dinner of salad, chicken, rice, pecan tart, and diet coke, after which they put the lights out and asked that all window shutters be closed. I was able to lie down across the three seats and yes, sleep! It was quiet all night. Nice group of people! No disturbances. The Lord is good. Projected arrival time is 13:20 pm Cape Town time (1:20 PM) which is 7:20 AM EST. I wondered if Ruth would think to call the airport to verify our arrival time--especially since we would be about an hour late.

We flew over the Atlantic Ocean all the way from Miami to Cape Town. Beautiful landing. Mountains all around the coast; little houses all nestled in around the base of mountains. On one mountain particularly the clouds were laying on top like a tablecloth. Nice, soft landing. Cape Town International airport is about the size of Yaegar in Charleston, WV yet jumbo jets fly in regularly. No linkage from plane to terminal. Have to disembark via portable stairway. Shuttle met us to take us to terminal.

At the terminal I had to stand in line to show my passport and my return ticket--which were stamped by the agent; then picked up my luggage from the carousel. Did not have to go through customs as I had only brought small gifts to my hostess and they were under the amount that had to be claimed. Walked into terminal and there was Ruth with the same radiant smile I remembered from the one and only time I met her about six years earlier. How is it that such a bond could take place between us except by the precious Spirit of God. Here I was eager to visit someone I barely knew yet felt I knew so well. There was easy access to car and parking lot.

Alas, they drive on the wrong side here!!! We seat belted in and were on our way. We stopped at a coffee shop for coffee/tea and a muffin, then headed toward Ruth's place. About three miles from her house, a car ran across the highway in front of us (we had the right-of-way) and we could not avoid ramming into it. The impact spun us around and into the path of a truck coming from the north. The truck was not damaged. The other car was totaled; missing a side. Ruth's front end is badly damaged. It is doubtful that it can be repaired; was definitely not driveable.

So here I was welcomed to South Africa by the Somerset West police department, the fire department, and numerous other curious people along the roadside. Nice police lady came and took specifics. Ruth's head was

We flew this route from Miami over the Atlantic Ocean all the way to Cape Town. I saw Table Mountain from the plane as we circled to land.

Somerset West Policeman

bleeding. She had come in contact with the windshield and shattered it in one spot. Hit had been hard but cuts were superficial and would not need stitches. For a few moments I found it difficult to breath but kept thanking Jesus for His mercy. Someone drove us to Ruth's, while her car was towed away to the repair shop.

Once at Ruth's place, I realized my wrist was badly sprained and my rib cage and sternum are very painful; surely from the seat belt that hindered my forward motion and prevented more serious injury. One lady from the other car was taken to the hospital but EMS tech told Ruth she was not seriously injured. Thank God!

I took nice hot shower, unpacked suitcase; hung up wet things to dry (somehow one suitcase had gotten wet and soaked a few pieces in the bottom), put ice on my wrist. Will try to take a nap. Ruth took some dispirin (aspirin) and is resting. Winds are blowing; it's raining now; about 50 degrees--good day to stay inside for the evening. The devil cannot steal my joy! THE LORD HAS BEEN MINDFUL OF US;HE WILL BLESS US; (Ps. 115:12).

10 PM (4 PM Detroit Time). Rested a bit in the evening. Robert called about 7 PM. Chest and wrist reminding me of my humanness. Thanking the Lord for His grace and protection and remembering Penny Dale's hospitalization in China and Tante Olga's in Germany. Ruth says Cape Town hospitals are to be avoided. We enjoyed some nice spicy hot Thai soup and good bread for supper; and talked and talked and talked. What a precious lady she is.

Some things I learned today: The white people's language here is AFRIKAANZ. Ruth has twins; they are 42 yrs. old. Debbie lives in Johannesburg--about 600 miles north and has one daughter Danielle (Dani). Peter lives in Cape Town and manages a restaurant. A fellowship group meets at Ruth's on Sunday afternoons and watche Warren Litzman's videos and discusses them. She is a part of the Christ-Life Fellowship. She sells Barley Green. Moved to South Africa from Michigan in 1979 and to Cape Town area in 1990.

It's 10:30 PM--seems early, but it's bedtime. Lord will do some healing during the night's rest. Ruth is a sweetheart--enjoys a real experience of the grace of God in her life. How precious!

Sunset over Somerset West and Table Mountain

This lovely bouquet of "greens and yellows" in my room stayed so fresh and lovely the whole two weeks I was there.

Dear Yvonne
The warmest welcome possible!
So glad to have you – welcome to Africa! Love Ruth –

Ruth left this note on the desk in "my" room.

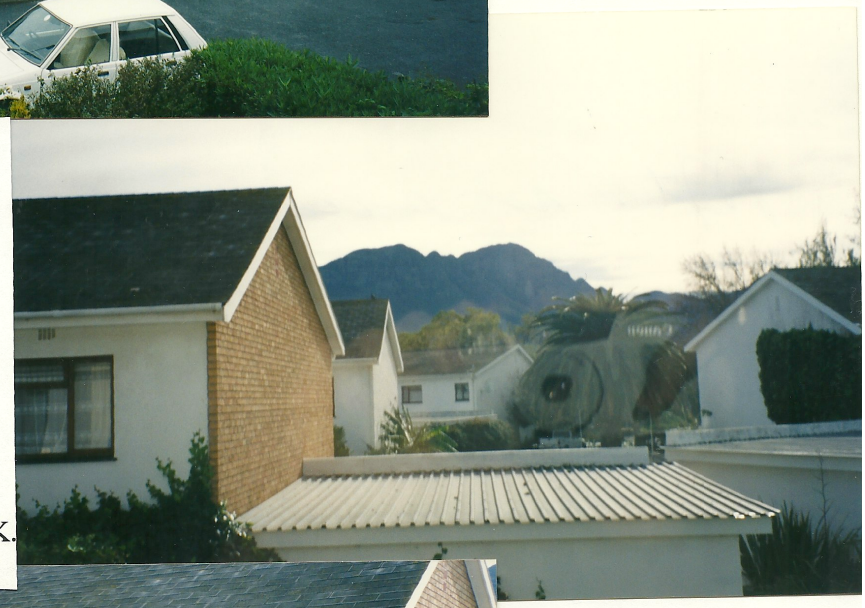
Ruth had the guest room especially prepared for me with lovely desk and chair--and empty drawers!! in which I placed my belongings. Note the nice make-up mirror on the desk along with the comfy chair.

Oh, how comfortable was the bed! Nice toasty electric blanket under the bottom sheet--loved it! Easy on-off reading light...and note the night stand which was filled with delightful reading material.

Ruth's friend painted these pictures which adorned the walls of my room.

When I looked out my bedroom window this is what I saw across the street.

Looking out Ruth's office window straight ahead we could see this mountain which I called Mt. Sinai and daily expected To see Moses coming down. The aura around it changed every day...sometimes it was enveloped in clouds, sometimes in mist, and other times in the warm reds of the sun's rays--but always a symbol of THE ROCK.



Looking out Ruth's office window to the left: another duplex. A duplex in S.A. is a two-story flat.

Thursday, June 24, 1999

AM, very sore. Wrist is now blue and swollen. Rib cage no worse; PTL! **Ruth's eyes are a shocking purple today**. Her daughter, Debbie, insisted she call a Dr. She called Dr. Caywood who came to the house (he is a Christian --AOG). Gave her a muscle relaxant and wrote a requisition for me to get an x-ray of wrist. He thinks bone is cracked, sternum is bruised, and probably cracked rib joints but nothing to do about it. He said it will take 6 weeks or so for all to heal; in the meantime he said I should not sneeze, cough, or laugh!! Can you imagine???!!! I will go for x-ray tomorrow AM. In the meantime, I thank the Lord for giving me grace not to give in to the soreness of my chest.

We worked on Ruth's computer; worked on a design for her stationery for her business. Her maid, Caroline, was here. She's precious. Ruth and I had a had a delicious broccoli soup for lunch--I think someone brought it in for us.

At 3 PM some of Ruth's lady friends came for tea: Julia (a part-time radio announcer with a special Wednesday evening radio interview program) Rosemary (a parent-toddler teacher--she teaches parents how to deal with their toddlers), and Tina, a nurse. Interesting ladies. Shared for a couple of hours. After they left, Ruth and I had some fruit, watched South African News on TV, and the movie, "Steel Magnolias" (accompanied with popcorn). Bedtime 11:10 PM. Thank you Lord for quiet, peaceful day.

Reading today: *PLEASURES FOREVERMORE* by Phillip Keller, Harvest House Publishers, Eugene, OR 97402, 1991; author *of A Shepherd looks at the 23rd Psalm.* Good book for light meditation.

RBS
Recommended Book Service
P O Box 1793
Somerset West
7129 RSA

Friday, June 25, 1999

Up at 8:30 am. Thank Lord for good night's rest. Shower. Talk a bit with Ruth and we walk to Clinic for x-ray--about 15 minute walk. Beautiful area. Houses are mostly stucco (white or yellow) with red tile roofs, though some roofs are heavy thatch. Some have brick sides;white or yellow or gray). Most driveways are lovely brick work in yellow, red, or gray. The Poinsettia trees are something to see! Tall, full, and gorgeous blooms.

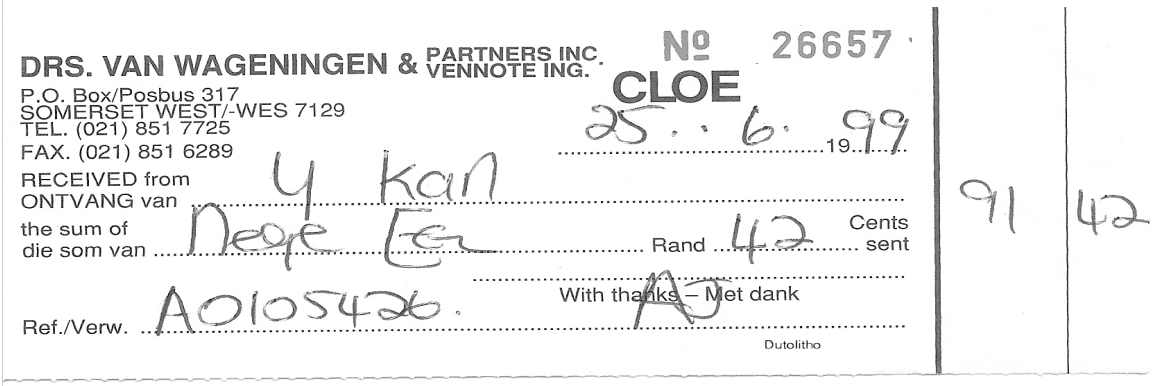
X-ray shows fracture in wrist but there is no Dr. present in the clinic to put cast on and we have no transportation to the city. Stopped in the clinic deli and had a cheese and spinach muffin and a sprite. Walked back to Ruth's and realized I hadn't paid for x-ray. Didn't want Ruth to be billed (and I had to give her address) so walked back to clinic to pay. Cost R91.47 ($15.25). Now my rib cage hurts even more; likely due to walking, but the exercise should be good for healing, no? We found an ace bandage in Ruth's first-aid kit and I wrapped by wrist tightly. It felt better.

Marcel, Christoff, Ursula, and Ian (?) came by for a short while in the afternoon; they are Ruth's AIM friends, and are also Christians. Was interesting to talk to the teenagers (Chris and Ursul) about their government school. More about this later.

In the evening Julia picked up Ruth and me at 6 PM to go to Paddy's for dinner. Beautiful flat on top of hill overlooking Somerset West. Menu: Stroganoff, new potatoes, and variety of veggies, plus butternut soup (brought by Julia) and black forest cherry cake roll (not her name for it). Delicious meal. Beautiful evening. Paddy is an artist and her artwork is tasteful and excellent. Back to Ruth's by 11 PM.

Bless Ruth; her eyes just get more and more purple and her spirit continues to be joyful! The insurance company is writing off her car. Sto repair it would cost R25,000, and it may be worth R15,000. Lord will provide a car in His time. Washed up. Time to go to bed. Good night! Thank you Lord for another wonderful day.

Reading today: *World Map* magazines (1410 N. San Fernando Blvd, Burbank, CA 91504-4104). Note: I remember meeting the Mahoneys in Toronto. Also read *JOY* magazines from S. A.


DRS. VAN WAGENINGEN & PARTNERS INC.
VENNOTE ING.
P.O. Box/Posbus 317
SOMERSET WEST/-WES 7129
TEL. (021) 851 7725
FAX. (021) 851 6289
Nº 26657
CLOE
25. 6. 99
19...
RECEIVED from
ONTVANG van
4 Kan
the sum of
die som van
Rand 42 Cents sent
91 42
With thanks – Met dank
Ref./Verw. A0105426.
Dutolitho

Emergency Clinic

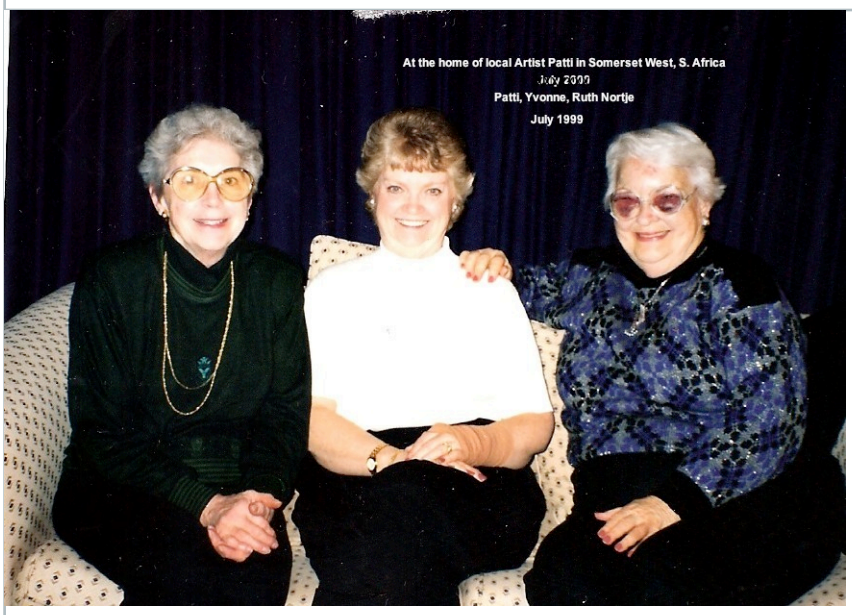
The creek/pond beside the Emergency Clinic

Radiology unit of Clinic where I had the x-ray taken

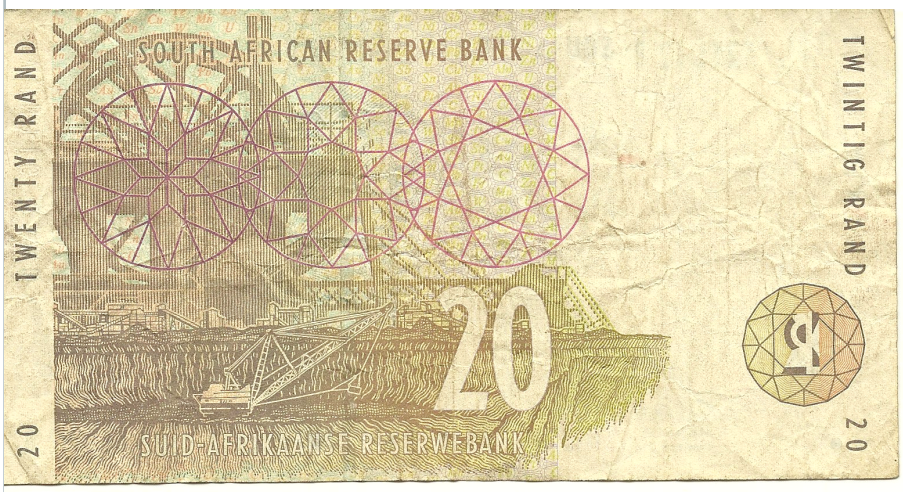
Yvonne and Ruth at artist Paddy's home showing off our injuries.

Left- Lovely poinsettia bushes/trees lined the streets I walked from Ruth's to the mall.

Ready for dinner: Julia, Paddy (our hostess), and Ruth. Paddy did all of the artwork on the walls. She is quite a famous artist in the area.



Another photo from artist Paddy's home: L-R: Paddy, Yvonne, Ruth



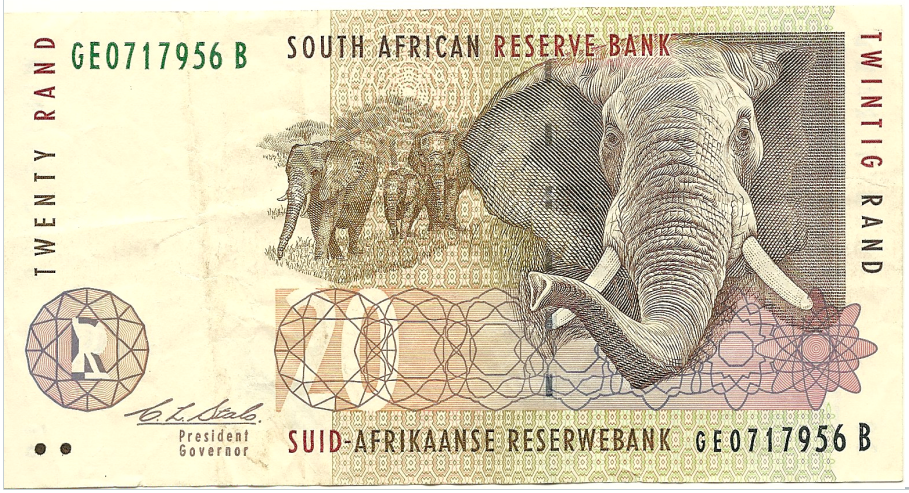
South African Currency

The Rand

20 South African Rand +

$2.85 US Dollar

These are the two sides of the bill



South African Rand is known as ZAR

During the time I was there, the currency exchange varied from 5.5 to 7.2—depending on the day and the place of exchange.

5¢ 1¢

50¢ 20¢ 10¢

R5 R2 R1

Saturday, June 26, 1999
Somerset West, R.S.A.
Meditation

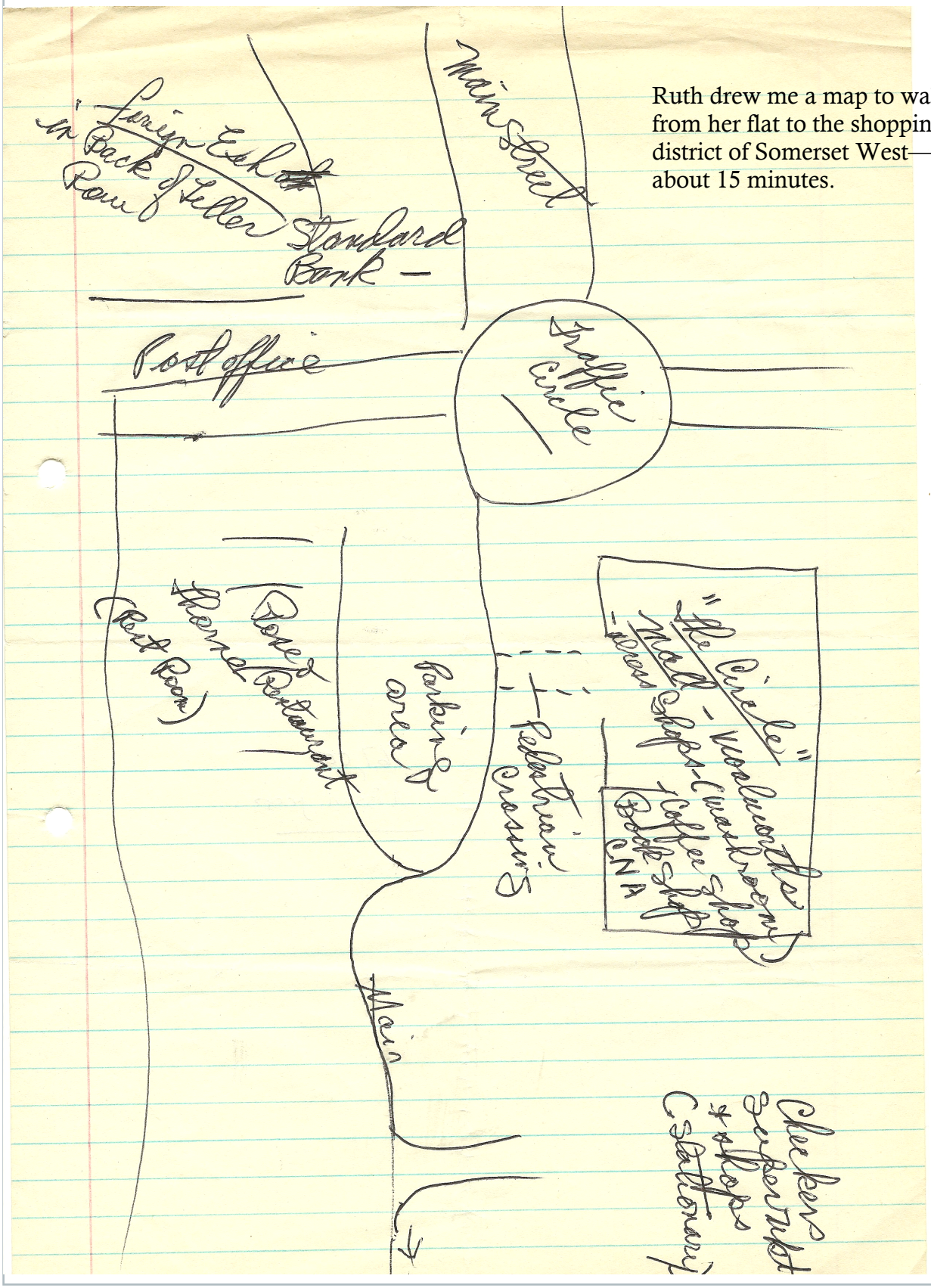
The Glory of God is as fresh as the breezes blowing in the Cape; breezes from the rains that fall from heaven; breezes from the clouds hovering over the mountains; breezes from the Spirit as Christian friends serve and fellowship. It's that freshness that comes only from a combination of the natural and the spiritual.

God's bountiful beauty is everywhere: in the unique ground, bush, and tree flowers that bloom all around; in the burly, bare trunks of trees topped with vibrant hues of green and color; in the variety of colorful bricks and stones that shape driveways and walls and the assortment of tiles and thick thatch that lay on the roofs of the homes and buildings; in the beauty of the lights of the tri-city area at night sparkling and dancing in the darkness--each unique yet together making a symphony of beauty too wondrous to describe. My heart leaps within me.

I'm nearly 8000 miles away from my home yet very much at home experiencing the same joy bubbling within me; the same peace prevailing in heart, soul (emotions) and mind. Ah, what bliss is this! My Lord goes everywhere with me just as He said*: I will be with you always even unto the end of the age.* Oh that all might know the joy and peace of having Jesus on the throne of the heart.

Jesus said, *The wind blows where it wills; you hear the sound of it, but you do not know where it comes from, or where it is going. So with everyone who is born from the spirit*. The Spirit knows (has) no boundaries. He is everywhere--in America, in South Africa and to the uttermost ends of the earth. Wherever I am, there He is. As John said (when his disciples came to him disgruntled about Jesus drawing crowds away from John), *A man can only have what God gives him; It is the bridegroom (Jesus) to whom the bride (me) belongs; This joy, this perfect joy, is now mine.* Thank you, Lord, for the privilege of experiencing fellowship with these beautiful people and appreciation for their beautiful land. - Yvonne

A Street in Somerset West



Ruth drew me a map to walk from her flat to the shopping district of Somerset West—about 15 minutes.

Sunday, June 27, 1999

Awake to another gorgeous sunny, warm day. Read. Showered., Dressed. Julia picked us up at 9:30 to go to "Straightway Head" for breakfast (see brochure and photos). Lovely country house and cottages. Had English Breakfast (scrambled eggs, Canadian bacon, fried mushrooms, tomatoes, and wheat toast (R25. ea.) Afterwards, Julia drove us to the top of the mountain where the millionaires live--overlooking the Helderberg basin which consists of Strand, Gordon Bay and Somerset West; surrounded by the Helderberg Mountains. Table Mountain, Devil's Peak, and Signal Mountain can be seen in the distance. A little mountain peering out between the others is called Lion's Head. Breathtaking view. Also saw False Bay--where ships used to come in thinking they were in Capetown Sea Port--which is on the other side of Table Mountain. Indian Ocean meets Atlantic Ocean in the Cape area--somewhere over behind Table mountain. Home at 12:30 noon.

Read. Rested. Prepared for 4:30 gathering of Christ-Life Fellowship. Some of the ladies I remember meeting were: Denise, Silka, Francoise (son of Lynda) Lynda, Doreen, Rosemary, Tina, Julia, Margaret (?) and others. No men came today. Nice snacks--including tuna pie, chocolate muffins, etc., and, of course, tea and coffee. (I was informed they don't usually have snacks--this was special because I was here.)

There was no teaching as such today; they wanted me to share about "America" and had interesting questions about our integration progress; they are now (after Aparteid) where we were in the 1960's. Also talked about Heb. 4:12: how Word of God is quick and powerful...dividing asunder of soul and spirit...and body" with illustration of my father's responses to the Lord when his mind no longer functioned in the natural--it still reflected spiritual things. Closing song: "It's no longer I that liveth, but Christ that liveth in me."

Ladies had all left by 7:30PM. Lynda (a Dr's wife) was so taken aback by Ruth's purple and blue eyes and asked if there was anything she could do to help; Ruth said, completely facetiously "well do you have an extra car?" With no hestitation Lynda said "Yes!" and that she would bring it around tomorrow. Once again God has provided every NEED.

Ruth and I watched Warren Litzman's video and shared love and assurance in Jesus, our Rock, our Anchor; sang old hymns familiar to both of us; Precious fellowship. Precious bond. 11:15 PM

View of Spanish Farms (Millionaires Homes), Strand, Gordon Bay in the Helderberg Basin.

From atop the mountain not far from Straightway Head Restaurant where we had breakfast. Overlooking the Millionaires Homes in Spanish Farms

Straightway Head Hotel & Restaurant where we had breakfast –nestled in the mountains above Somerset West—30 minutes from Cape Town.

Julia & Yvonne

Monday, June 28, 1999

Up 9 AM (This is what I call a vacation!!!) Dress. Muffin and Juice. Left 10:30 AM. Walked alone to village (Somerset West) and went into all the shops. A Nissan Jeep is R165,000. Exchange today is 5.918 R to $. Clothing mostly made in South Africa, China, and Great Britain. Looks very much like USA-- styles and all. Prices much less. Bank has neat security system. You may open the door when the green light is on; go inside a foyer square. That door must be closed before the green light comes on the next door which lets you into the bank. Security guard stands by inside. There is also a security guard at every ATM machine in town--and there are many. Cell phones everywhere...people talking as they are walking and shopping.

Beautiful day! Went into a jewelry store and "Thy Loving Kindness" was playing. Owners were Christian. All gold jewelry is 9 or 24 carat--no 10 or 14 ct) and quite inexpensive. Bought a "safari" necklace from a street vendor for R35; probably a Zulu. She was concerned about my safety and warned me that people would know I was a tourist so I should watch myself. I asked "how" they would know, and she said because of the way I walked--not my looks or my clothing! Visited every shop on both sides of the street in the village. On the way home, stopped at Checkers (supermarker) and had a blueberry muffin and an orange juice. Interesting note: the cashiers actually SIT in office-type padded chairs on wheels while they check you out. We have a lot to learn from the South Africans!

Arrived back at Ruth's around 4 PM. Lynda and Vooten Hugo (Dr. and wife) brought around their Mazda for Ruth to use for a week or so. They lived in Scotland for six years and have just recently returned to S.A. Lynda brought some lovely peach-colored roses and wonderful vegetable soup! We had the soup for supper; um,um good!!

Comments: The Berg wind was blowing today which made it unseasonably warm (it's actually winter here, now). Watched "Waiting for God"--a British TV miniseries. Neighbor Helen came by. Another neighbor Joe (owner of the flats) came and brought muffins. Nice, quiet, evening. More sharing; how can two people who grew up in a different decade, so very far apart, be so alike? Only by the Spirit of God! It's been a wonderful visit.

Tuesday, June 29, 1999

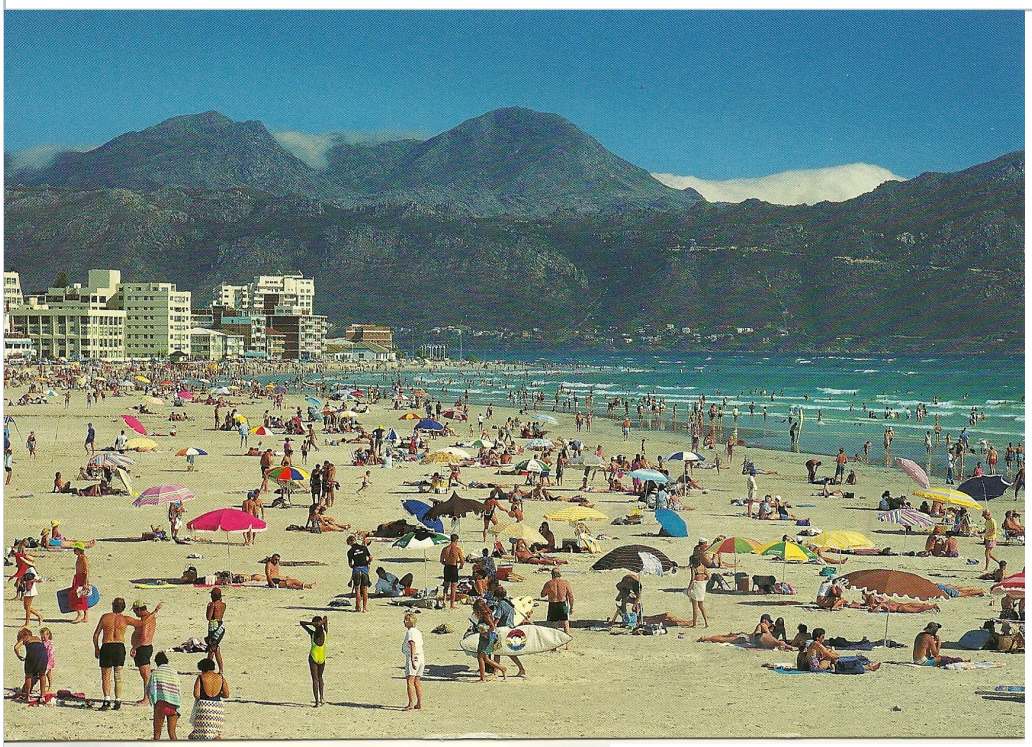
Up at 7:30 am meditating on the greatness of God. Good night's sleep. Awakened momentarily in the middle of the night with "singing" going on in the midst of me. I have such joy and peace to be here. For breakfast, had some orange juice and a couple of muffins (brought over last night by Ruth's Jewish-Italian landlord) and a banana. Read a bit. Spent a couple of hours with Ruth working on computer. Dressed.

Went with Ruth in Mazda loaner to the village to pick up her mail and then we drove over to Strand. This section of the 3km beach at Milk Bay (in False Bay) is nestled between the peaks of the Hottentots range in the distance; and on the other side is Gordon's Bay--a harbor and fishing village. After walking out on the pier and taking in the ocean waves, I picked up a few little gifts in one of the shops, and we had dinner in the restaurant of the Strand Pavilion Hotel (see postcard). I had chicken curry with baby potatoes, rice, sliced bananas, and a finely diced mixture of tomato, onion and peppers with hot spices; Ruth had a cod platter with salad. We both had Sprite..then topped off dinner with Earl Grey Tea (for me) and Capuccino (for Ruth).

Afterward, we shopped in another little hotel shop picked up a few more "little" gifts and some postcards, and we returned home. Although the winds continued to blow all day, the sun and rain came intermittently. We arrived back at Ruth's about 4:15 PM. While she rested, I read the book about her father's life and account of the early Pentecostal Days as written by her mother. (See review in separate file.)

Evening: watched, "All in a Day", an American sitcom .. and a S. A.. Town Meeting Format on Tourism in S.A. Saw M. W. Etter's book which contained a letter from Howard Goss--Ruth's father. (I had read her book years ago when Lee Jordan loaned it to me.)

I have fallen in love with the Cape area. Scriptures just flow to voice my feelings about this place, about my new friend, and about my physical condition:
I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty and of thy wondrous works (Ps.145:5).
All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord (Ps.145:10)
The Lord is that Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty (2 Cor. 3:17).



Views from the hotel on The Strand—In the 1970's during Apartheid, all non-whites were evacuated from The Strand and it became a "whites only" city. It sits on False Bay.

The Strand Pavilion Hotel on False Bay. The name "False Bay" was applied early on (at least three hundred years ago) by sailors who confused the bay with Table Bay to the north. According to Schirmer, the confusion arose because sailors returning from the east (The Dutch East Indies) initially confused Cape Point and Cape Hangklip, which are somewhat similar in form.

TAX INVOICE
BELASTINGFAKTUUR

Date / Datum 29/6/1967

To/Aan M _____

Supplied by / Verskaf deur: COTTAGE CRAZY GIFT SHOP
Address / Adres: 4 Strand Pavilion Mall, Beach Road, Strand
V.A.T. Reg. No. / B.T.W. Reg. Nr. _____
Tel: (021) 853-6113
VAT Reg. No. 4430152017

Postcards + Books.	182 —
V.A.T. inclusive % B.T.W. ingesluit	25 48
TOTAL TOTAAL	207 48

Terms / Terme

Delete as applicable
Skrap waar nie van toepassing nie

J.D.16BO

Receipt for my souvenirs from The Strand…

$207.48 rand equals

$29.70 USA

Above – False Bay at Strand. See the Mountains in the distance.

Below – Somerset West is between Strand and the Mountain Range.

Wednesday, June 30, 1999

Awakened about 7 AM; meditation on goodness of God. Watched the sunrise; GLORIOUS MORNING! Ruth shared her Father's Bible and various other older editions of some Bibles and translations. Gave me a Bible in Afrikaans to bring home. Also gave me adhesive-backed decals of flag of South Africa. The colors represent the various political parties. And she gave me several magnetic bookmarks which her friend makes and markets; we saw them in specialty shop yesterday in Strand.

Showered. Dressed. Left in Mazda for Checkers (grocery store) where we picked up a few items. Visited Doreen's Second Hand store--a nice up-scale shop. Went to Yvonne's Salon to get our nails done. Ruth had made appointment for me, too. (Ruth also was able to get a physical therapy treatment for her neck). Faith did my nails and told me about herself, her family (son and daughter 10 and 8), the public school system here, her perspective on religion (the new generation wants to go to the churches that have loud, fast music, bass guitars, and can wear their jeans and still smoke and drink;when asked what some of these churches were she said Abundant Life, etc.). School year is from Jan. through Dec. Three week vacation in June, 3 week vacation in December, a week at Easter, and several national holidays throughout the year. They also go to grade 12, although most students stop at grade 10 and go to trade schools. Private schools are more popular than government schools. All wear uniforms except in poor, black areas. School day is usually from 8 Am to 3 PM, 5 days a week. They don't make grades of A, B, C, etc. but percentages. An 80% would be considered an A - 60% a B - 40% is the lowest average you can have and still pass. Senior year, is not called "senior" or "grade 12" but rather "matrics". They have to do "matrics" (matriculation) classes and exams for university/college in order to pass. Faith's only question about America was if we have any problems with blacks and whites.

Ruth later told me that Faith was "colored." I didn't pick this up. In Africa there are basically four groups trying to integrate: The white Afrikaaners who are native; the white British who are immigrants; the blacks--who are tribal natives; and the coloreds--who are descendants of black/white parents from various places.

After getting our nails done we drove to Strand again; Ruth did her banking and I cashed some traveler's checks. We went to lunch in the

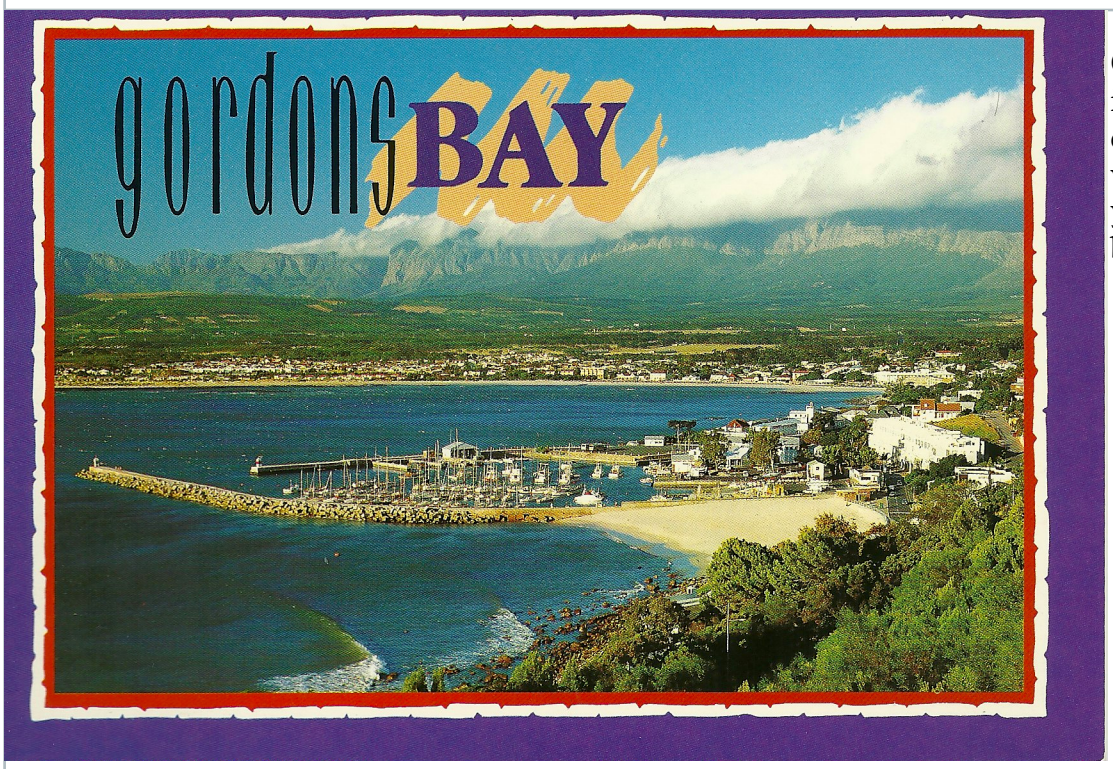
restaurant on the top floor of the Friedman and Cohen department store overlooking False Bay and watched the waves come in. Ruth had a tuna salad; I had a steak pie. Checked out prices of Estee Lauder: Pink toner bottle was R210 ($35) In US it is around $25.

Ruth drove me along the shore line from Strand into Gordon's Bay area. It is a picturesque harbor, a fishing village and holiday resort on False Bay. Calm waters allow for year-round safe boating. Marina's are built on the bay with quarters for docking boats underneath. The Helderberg range and Hottentots (Mountains) can be seen rising above the village all around the bay. Along the rural road outside Gordon's bay, we saw some Zulu-type huts (See picture), and some of the wine farms--one of the most common exports of S.A.

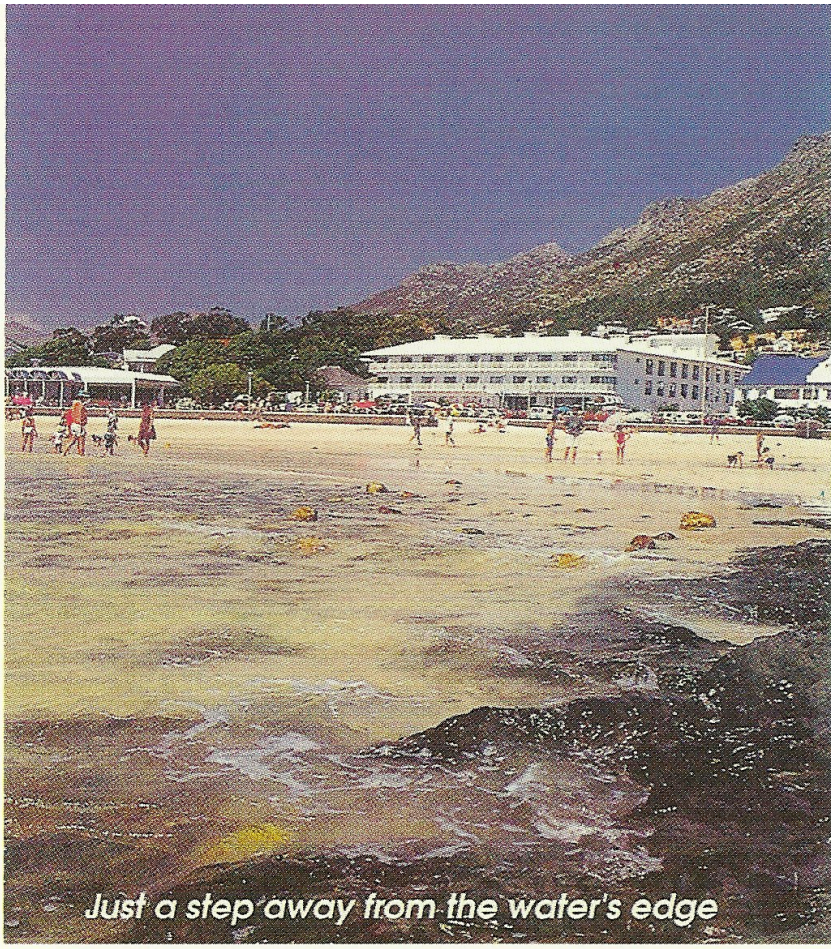
Arrived back to Ruth's around 4 PM. Did some laundry by hand and hung it out to dry. Read. Rested. Soup for dinner with fruit and whole grain bread. (Am I gaining weight? Haven't eaten breads for two years and now I'm eating bread and muffins everyday!!! No wonder my pants feel tighter around the waist.).

In the evening, Ruth and I talked and talked and talked. I'm sure she has heard every story I tell from someone else before, but she listens as intently as if she is eager to hear it for the first time. How precious. Time to go to bed. Tomorrow is another day of exploration.

Finished reading today: *The Winds of God* (Ruth's mother wrote the book about her daddy);excellent insight into the beginnings of the Pentecostal movement in the early part of the 1900's. He was instrumental in beginning the United Pentecostal Church in the USA and the Assemblies of God in Canada.



Gordon's Bay is famous for its calm waters which allow year around boating.



Gordon's Bay is six minutes' drive away from the Strand and ten minutes to Somerset West. The village is an important link with the rest of the Winelands in that it is one of two coastal resorts which forms part of this special region.

Homes on the side of the mountain in Gordon's Bay.

Thursday, July 1, 1999

Discussed Ruth's daddy's book which I finished reading yesterday. We were to meet her son, Peter, in Cape Town today at 10:30 to tour the castle; but canceled the castle tour because it's too windy and rainy. Instead, Andre came to work on Ruth's printer and computer.

About noon, we left and drove to Cape Town and met Peter. Lovely drive along nice four-lane "freeway" type highway--just like driving in the USA except on the reverse side of the road. Along the way, there was a section of squatter huts that seemed to go for miles: just another unique element here. Because the Cape is in the shape of (two) horseshoes--mountains were on three sides of us--and even though it could not always be seen, you knew the Ocean was on the other side.

The city of Cape Town is built on tiers--each main road seems to be one hill higher than the previous main road. In many ways the streets in the residential section reminded me of Nitro--(well, maybe a little more like Morgantown) except the little streets were a bit steeper and they ended at the bottom of huge mountains rising above them. The cultural pattern may be more British than anything else, but dress styles, etc. are like U.S.A. (They call it America).

We went to the BLUES at Sea Point for lunch: lovely, first class, elegant restaurant overlooking the bay with it's rapids that rival Niagara Falls. I had gazpacho and Cob (local fish) with baby potatoes and veggies; excellent! Peter had calzone--it was huge! Ruth had lamb.

Excellent visit with Peter--a warm, loving, insightful, informed, young single man of 42 with a brilliant mind; just exactly as I had expected him to be. Really enjoyed his company. Leisurely lunch; then drove Peter by the cleaners to pick up his laundry, then to his flat to get dressed for work (he doesn't own a car); and drove him to work (in his restaurant on the coast). This gave us an opportunity to drive all through the city of Cape Town proper. The restaurant where Peter works is at the waterfront in Cape Town--the Victoria and Alfred Waterfront in the vicinity of Table Bay.

It is just too beautiful to describe adequately; the two extremes: ocean and mountains. The Cape area is for all practical purposes just like any big city in the U.S.; same traffic problems at rush hour, good highways that are well marked, service areas for petro, rest stops and snacks. Ruth and I

stopped at one on the way back to Somerset West from Cape Town to go to the rest room (the "loo") and, what else, get a muffin!

As we continued our trip back to Somerset West from Cape Town, Ruth and I sang the old hymns we remembered from our childhood as we watched the awesome sight of the mountains in the distance. *Oh Lord, my Lord, how majestic is your name in all the earth!!!!*

Once home, I entered my diary into the computer while Ruth rested; and then we talked and talked...

Today's Reading: *Come out of her my people*, written by Peter Whyte, a friend of Ruth (she gave me the book to bring home with me). Also began to read *Discover Life*--about eating healthy.

The highway from Somerset West to Cape Town

Rest Stop on Highway

Cape Town: Victoria & Alfred Waterfront

The BLUES at Sea Point. Lovely, first class, elegant restaurant overlooking the bay.

The largest Shanty Town in Africa is Khayelitsha in Cape Town, South Africa, along the main road going from Cape Town to Somerset West.

Cape Town is in the shape of two horseshoes. Here you can see the bowl from Lion's Head Mt

Robben Island (Afrikaans: *Robbeneiland*) is an island in Table Bay, 6.9 km west of the coast of Bloubergstrand, Cape Town, South Africa. The name is Dutch for "seal island". Robben Island is roughly oval in shape, 3.3 km long north-south, and 1.9 km wide, with an area of 5.07 km².[1] It is flat and only a few metres above sea level, as a result of an ancient erosion event. The island is composed of Precambrian metamorphic rocks belonging to the Malmesbury Group. It is of particular note as it was here that past President of South Africa and Nobel Laureate Nelson Mandela and past South African President Kgalema Motlanthe,[2] alongside many other political prisoners, spent decades imprisoned during the apartheid era.

On a clear day, the island can be seen from the Cape Town Victoria and Alfred Water Front.

Friday, July 2, 1999

Watched the sun rise over the mountain in Ruth's office. The scenery is breathtaking--showing forth the majesty and splendor of God: *The "Earth" IS the Lord's and the fullest thereof!*

We worked on computer much of the morning getting Ruth's article on Disappointments out on e-mail to several people. Beautiful day; warm, sunny. Then we got dressed and Eben (her AIM manager) picked us up for lunch. Went into town and ate at the Rose and Thorn restaurant. I had vegetarian quiche;and as always, it was excellent. Got my first roll of film developed so Ruth could see what her eyes looked like a few days ago; she looks so much better now, but is still happy to have her sunglasses to help cover the bruises. PTL! The discoloration is moving down and out of her into her cheeks. She'll still find bruises here and there she didn't know she had; but it's a marvelous thing to see how the abiding life of Christ brings healing and health!

Once home, I worked on computer and finally managed to get our "incoming" e-mail. We worked a short time on designing Ruth a stationery master; she really needs a "decent" printer! While Ruth was resting, Rosemary came back with her jewelry to see if I would like to buy some. I bought an emerald & diamond bracelet and ring.

I cooked up some miscellaneous veggies and fresh fruit for supper; watched a couple of TV programs. Ruth went to bed early, and I came back to the computer to enter some more notes. Bed about 10:30 PM.

L to R: Yvonne, Ruth, & Peter, owner of Rose & Thorn Restaurant in Somerset West

L to R: Joy, co-owner of restaurant; Yvonne,, Ruth

Below: Yvonne & waitress Angela

Saturday, July 3, 1999

Awakened at 6:30 am. Meditated. Read. Joined Ruth downstairs about 8 AM; talked and shared. Showered. Walked to town alone. Beautiful, sunny day. Purchased switch to repair Ruth's lamp, and a few groceries at Checkers (lettuce, tomatoes, bananas, apples, a package of cookies made in S.A. to bring home!). Visited with lady from Swaziland at her stand. Purchased 2 giraffes and 3 souvenir necklaces. She gave me a necklace made from the seeds of a tree.

Walked back to Ruth's. Neighbor, Paul, was here. Had purchased new bass guitar for R1500 (about $250); beautiful carvings on face of it. No frets; certainly very valuable. His picture is in local paper with his wife, Helen and "Big Red"--a popular guitarist. He repaired light switch for Ruth. Had also replaced outdoor light bulb for her.

Ruth had done a load of laundry so I hung it out to dry. Guests arrived for lunch: Phil and Priscilla. Beautiful people. Left about 3 PM. Ruth made croissants; split in half and covered with cooked bacon, chopped tomatoes (canned), some spices, topped with shredded cheddar cheese; put under broiler until cheese melted; quite delicious!

Audrey (a young neighbor from other side) came by while Ruth was resting. Visited with her briefly. Read a few chapters of Jeff Harkin's book, *Grace plus Nothing*. I must remember to purchase it when I get back home.

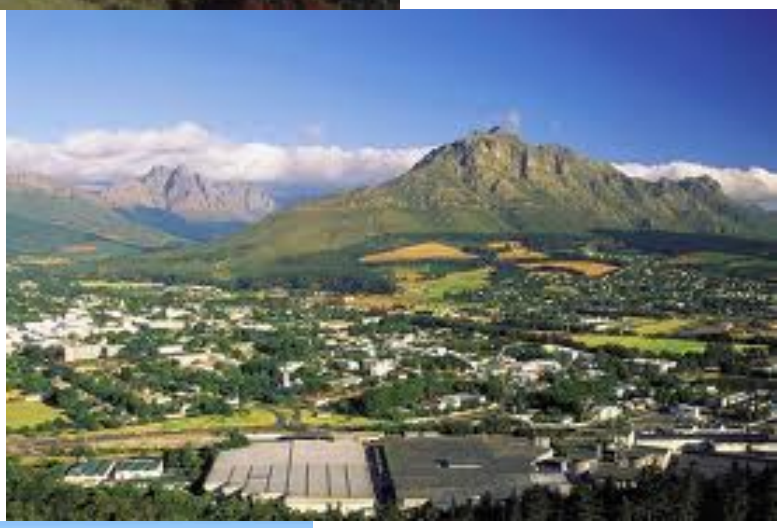
Julia picked us up at 6 PM for go for dinner. We drove into Stollenbosch, a university town much like the atmosphere in Ann Arbor, for dinner at an Italian restaurant--the Decameron. After dinner, we drove around the town and surveyed the beautiful architecture--especially the Dutch gables, and some Victorian buildings; lovely churches. Delightful time. Julia is a real sweetheart--as is Ruth.

In Stollenbosch there were drains on the sides of the road where water from the mountain is allowed to flow at various times for people to irrigate their lawns and flowers. They alternate sides of the road each evening.

Arrived home around 10 PM. Prepared for bed. Lights out!!!

Above – Stellenbosch University

Right – View of the town

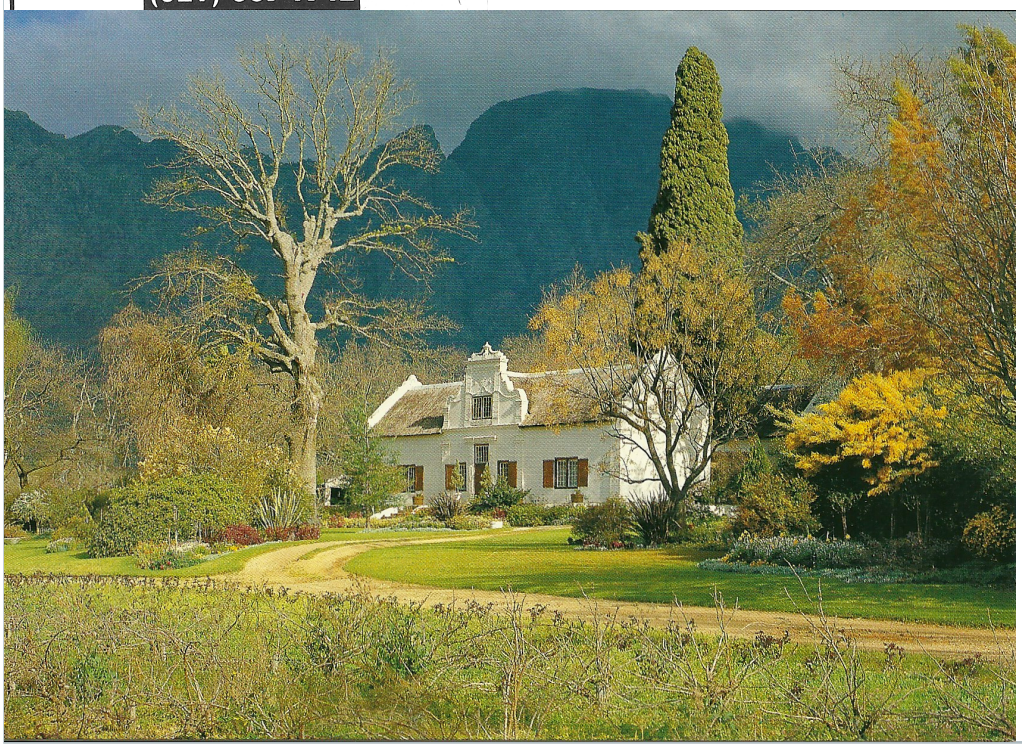


Below -View of the Stellenbosch Mountains from the town

GEMSTONE PARADISE
CURIOS FOR AFRICA
145 DORP STREET
THE SHOP WITH A DIFFERENCE
MICHAEL & PETRA SCHMIDT
STELLENBOSCH
(021) 883-9542

Above: Postcard of Boschendal Manor in the Cape Dutch architecture so prevalent in and around Stellenbosch. The vineyards at Boschendal cover 2.54 km² between Groot Drakenstein and Simonsberg, and include substantial plantings of Chardonnay and Sauvignon Blanc, together with recent plantings of Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot and Shiraz. The winery is noted particularly for its white wines.

Below: Same manor but showing its surroundings.



Sunday, July 4, 1999

Awake at 5:20 AM; didn't go back to sleep. Reflecting on my nearly two weeks here; the similarities in my life and Ruth's; the similarities in "theology"; simply translated: our system of belief in God has been so similiar yet the differences we have in denominational and cultural backgrounds are vast. It's so obvious how the "Spiritual" experiences supercede all natural experiences. *How can two walk together unless they agree?* The agreement comes in resting in the knowledge of Christ--the Messiah, the anointed one...the Lord.

It should not be surprising then to note our similarities in "natural" things as well. This has been a precious time of fellowship in the Lord; a real spiritual union as opposed to the pseudo feelings people try to generate in various circles of fellowship. Thank you, Lord, for the blessing you gave me to come all the way to South Africa! You are an awesome God! My love for You continues to overwhelm me.

All are still sleeping in Westland/Livonia; but soon you will all be up and getting ready for service. I'm sure Lavenders will be a blessing to whoever is in town this weekend.

Another gorgeous day on the Cape! Beautiful, sunny. It's now 2pm. Julia picked me up at 10 AM to go to the gift shop and see the Helderberg Nature Reserve. It's a beautiful area nestled at the base of the Helderberg Mountains. Found several gifts there for friends back home (t-shirts for the kids; gift tags, note cards, pot holders, and some place mats for me). Julia is on the committee that "runs" the preserve. We walked the boardwalk trail around the pond, looked up the mountain trails--of which there are two that hikers enjoy following.

On our return to Ruth's, Julia gave me a tour of her lovely home and a notecard sketch of it. Very nice and nearly restored to resemble an original Dutch house inside and out--with the unique Dutch gable. Pickied up "Goldie"--Julia's poodle. Returned to Ruth's and met Gordon and Stephanie Forrester who had come for tea; Julia came in and stayed a while also (and Goldie enjoyed the visit also: a really cute white poodle named after Golda Maier.

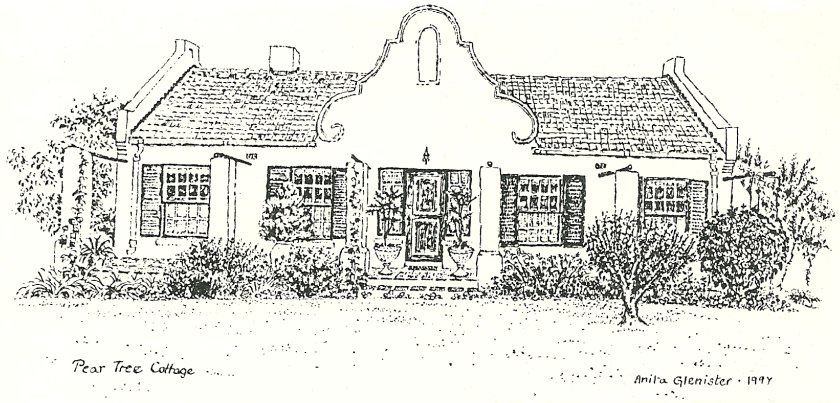
I had seen some "net" covers on the Swaziland lady's stand, then noticed that Ruth also had one. I asked what they were for and she explained they were to cover containers (like sugar) on the table so flies etc. culdn't get in. She mentioned that Tina made them so called her for me to see if she had any. Tina came by several of them and I bought 8 for friends (well, maybe one or two for me!). She makes them especially for her daughter who leads safaris and uses them regularly for meals out under their tent.

Got a call that trip scheduled to Cape Pointe tomorrow has been cancelled because Silka has car problems. I'm thankful. Need to spend some time with Ruth on the computer..and just absorb what all has been going on and try to sort out some of the things I've seen and heard. It's rest time now.

At 5 PM the group began arriving for the fellowship meeting. Crustless pumpkin pie brought by Julia was exquisite. I begged for the recipe which she kindly wrote down for me. Their pumpkins are wide and squashy fat with white skin. Interesting. We fellowshiped together and watched Litzman video--super teaching! See notes in journal. Denise will will get my address from Ruth and send me an e-mail. Several of the ladies thought to say, "Happy 4th of July" to me. Interesting--they know so much about our country; we know so little about theirs. All were gone by 7:30 PM.

Once again, Ruth and I talked and talked. I got these notes in computer and am on my way to bed. 10 pm.

Tina and Yvonne with the decorated net coverings to put over dishes—especially on safaris and picnics. Made by Tina.



Julia's house in Somerset West. She had note cards made with the sketch.

Pear Tree Cottage
15 Libertas street
Somerset West
7130

4-7-99

To dear Yvonne,
It has been such a blessing meeting you & getting to know you at least a little!
I enjoyed our little trips for shopping & eating – and eating & shopping! I'll miss you.
Love, Julia
xxx

Left-Friends of Ruth, Stephanie and Gordon Forrester, came by and joined us Julia, Yvonne, Tina for the afternoon tea at Ruth's.

Right: Julia and I having fun with the dish covers. (P.S. They are NOT for heads!) Tina got a kick out of the joke. She is a nurse, but also made the covers.

Julia's Pumpkin Pie

4 cups cooked, mashed pumpkin
2 eggs
1 cup milk
1 cup cream
2 Tablesp butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
2 teasp baking powder
1 teasp salt

Mix ingredients together, pour into large container or 2 smaller ones. Sprinkle the top lightly with cinnamon.
Bake at 140°C for 1-1½ hrs - test with a fork.
Serve warm with cream & a cinnamon & sugar mix.

Enjoy!!

Monday, July 5, 1999

Awake at 6:30 AM...read...meditated...up at 8:30 AM...showered...dressed...worked on computer most of the morning...talked.

Ruth and I went to village for lunch...Everyone seems to know and love Ruth and she seems to know everyone! Delightful to be with someone who has such a positive presence everywhere she goes. Her countenance shines; she carries herself like a queen...her appearance is striking with her white hair and dark skin...and pronounced features. Truly the light of Jesus in her shines out through her... Shared a Regina pizza (crispy crust, double cheese, mushrooms--no tomato sauce...) at Lemon's Restaurant. She left in the loaner car to run errands and I took one last stroll down main street.

Talked again with my "friend" from Swaziland who has the stand on a street corner--bought another giraffe and a doily...bought Petrus a pair of baby shoes from Woolworth's, and some socks for gifts for whomever. Stopped back at the Rose and Thorn Restaurant--sat out on garden patio for a cup of tea and a cheese-spinach muffin (this one had bacon in it--the Canadian type). Talked with owners who are planning to relocate in Australia in a few months. Stopped at Pick n' Pay and bought toilet paper and pop-ups (tissue refill).

Walked home slowly--past the car wash...the petro station...across the bridge (over the creek)...down Somerset ... to Marais...to Huntley...to Ruth's...past the gorgeous poinsettia trees...observing the thickly thatched roofs--with the drain pipes (different kind of gutters!) going along the top to catch the water. Ah, the refreshing of a good walk on a gorgeous, sunny and slightly windy day.

Back home, Ruth is resting...I enter more notes into computer and read ...

About 7 PM Ruth's neighbor Helen arrives with dinner...we watch "Waiting for God" on TV while "waiting" for Helen's husband Paul to get their son Travis to sleep so he can join us for dinner...about 8 PM we sat down to eat. Neighbors provided delicious yellow rice with raisins, and a mild curry chicken dish (Bryani) with chutney, of course,....and white grape juice. Ruth had chocolate chip, mint ice cream with slivered almonds and a sugar almond cookie for dessert. Talked and talked...and talked...until

midnight or later. Real sweet couple--desperately in need of "Christian" fellowship. He plays guitar and would love to visit Nashville one day.

One statistic to remember: In one province of S. Africa, 100 people are dying each day of aids. At lesat 80% of the population of this area is infected with the HIV virus. If they give the pregnant mothers medication to prevent children from contracting the HIV virus, they will have thousands of orphans...dilemma!

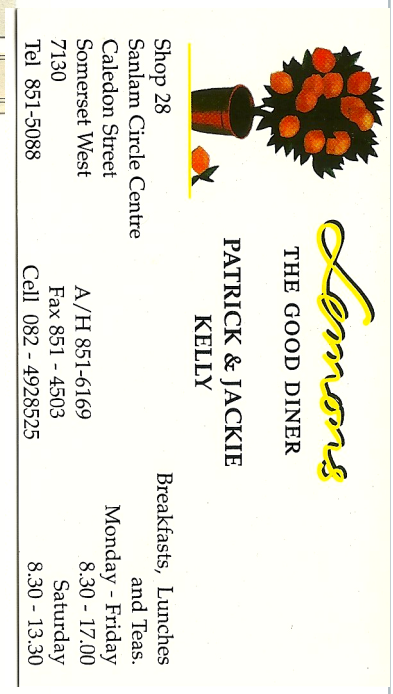
DistriksPos

SOMERSET-WES, STRAND, GORDONSBAAI, STELLENBOSCH, ELGIN, GRABOUW GESTIG 1926

VRYDAG, 2 JULIE 1999 R2,20 ☎ 8516041. INDUSTRIA WEG, SOMERSET-WES.

Friday, 2 July 1999 NEWS • NUUS

Simply Mick! Two serious Somerset West fans of the British band, Simply Red, were not content with just a live show when the band performed in Bellville last week. Helen and Paul Martin tracked down the group to the Villa Via Hotel in Granger Bay and caught them as they were preparing to leave for Durban. "They're a fantastic bunch. We spent two hours chatting," declared Helen. A cherry on top of the visit for Paul - a guitarist - was when Simply Red guitarist, Kenji Suzuki, signed his guitar. Paul has already collected the signatures of such players as Al Jarreau, George Benson and Jimmy Dludlu. In the photograph are Helen and Paul with Simply Red lead singer, Mick Hucknall (centre).



Lemons

THE GOOD DINER

PATRICK & JACKIE KELLY

Shop 28
Sanlam Circle Centre
Caledon Street
Somerset West
7130
Tel 851-5088

A/H 851-6169
Fax 851 - 4503
Cell 082 - 4928525

Breakfasts, Lunches and Teas.
Monday - Friday 8.30 - 17.00
Saturday 8.30 - 13.30

Left, Helen and husband Paul on the right – Ruth's neighbors who brought dinner.

American Swiss
JEWELLERS SINCE 1896

SOMERSET WES 01 0051 00 01 4706 01
TAX INVOICE VAT REGISTRATION NO : 4690101805

CASH INVOICE 05/07/99 15:02
NAME : _____

ADDRESS : _____

_____

Description	Qty	Original Price	Markdown	Nett Price	Charge
DIAMOND RING 1 (201366046)*		699.00	25% 174.75	524.25	524.25

**** 1 ITEM/S PURCHASED - VALUE R 524.25 ****
**** YOU HAVE SAVED R 174.75 ****

CASH TENDERED 550.00
CHANGE 25.75

EXCLUSIVE TOTAL R 459.87 TAX AT 14.00 % R 64.38

CASHIER : AILEEN

Thank You
Enkosi
Dankie

For your own protection, please produce your Gold Card when purchasing/paying.
Please retain slip as proof of purchase or payment

CUSTOMER SIGNATURE CHECKED BY

The Foschini Group (Pty) Ltd. Reg. No. 05/10893/07
340 Voortrekker Road, Parow, Cape 7500

Barlan-Simpliform UBF

On my last day of walking downtown I decided to invest in a good piece of So African jewelry – this gold ring actually housed a large pearl—not a diamond. Total price USA? About $65.

Ruth Nortjé
☎ (021) 851 1900
I invite you to *Feel the Difference!*
Call me. I care about your health

Ruth was a distributor for Barley Green.

Tuesday, July 6, 1999 And Wednesday, July 7, 1999
My last day in South Africa

The clouds are hanging thick over the mountain as I look out through Ruth's window today...it's as if any time now Moses will appear ...

Awake at 7 AM--good night's rest--ribs did not ache so much during this night. Thank you Lord. Still quite sore when I turn over, get up and down, stretch. But soreness does not interfere with my ability to function and thus I do not impose on people to be sympathetic.--the wrist brace is enough! Would prefer not to wear it, but know it's wisdom to stabilize it so it can heal properly...thank You, Lord! I know it is a burden to Ruth for her face to be blue and still have to answer the "curious" with the question, "What happened to you?!"

Never have I met a person so much like me until I got to know Ruth. It has been such privilege and joy to spend this time with her. I think she doesn't remember that I wrote her, weeks before I came, not to feel a need to plan lots of activities because, having had some foreknowledge of just a few experiences she had endured/overcome in life, I just looked forward to learning from her... Now I understand why...we have so much in common. My psychologist friend is so concerned that I'm not grieving properly...even though she's a dedicated, committed, Christian she is steeped in cultural psychology and doesn't understand the simplicity of my relationship with Christ. Here I have found in Ruth another person who simply scales the heights rather than wallowing in the swamp. As I look back over my life and see how "'the things of this earth have grown strangely dim in the light of His glory and grace"...and have at various times been confronted with my own emotionless responses--feeling somehow that I'm above all the circumstances--looking down on them but not affected by them--I marveled that God's grace was so strong in filling in my weaknesses to the point of elevating me to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus and putting all these other things under my feet. Here I have found another such person... Glory! Glory! Glory! So often I have said, "I'm not moved by what I hear, by what I know, or by what I see...I'm only moved by the Word of God..." Nothing in the kingdom is based on feelings: not love, not faith, not grace....but joyous feelings are a by-product of being in relationship with Christ.

God loved me so much that He ordered for me to come all the way to South Africa to get to know someone who experiences life much like me.

Tuesday, July 6, 1999-continued And Wednesday July 7, 1999

Phil and Priscilla are precious saints of God. They picked me up at Ruth's to take me to the airport. Julia also stopped by to say "good-bye"--and I was so happy she was there with Ruth when I left so she wouldn't be alone those first few minutes.

How very much I enjoyed talking with Phil and Priscilla on the way to the airport and in just a short while sensing that spiritual kindredship. They insisted on parking and walking me in to the check-in counter. After my luggage was checked, they bade me farewell. I took a few minutes to get oriented to the terminal, found the VAT office and went in to fill out my papers for a refund only to discover they have to inspect the items and correlate them with the receipts before they refund the money. My items were packed in my luggage that was already checked. She gave me a refund form to complete and said I could have customs examine and verify the items in Miami and return the form via mail.

I then walked though the terminal shops looking at all the magazines, newspapers, and booklets about the Cape. Bought a small map of the Cape, and had a cup of tea and – what else?!!—a carrot muffin. Sat for about one half hour and enjoyed the snack while reflecting upon the past two weeks. There would be lots more time to reflect later so I checked through the security gates. Once inside, I spent the next two hours roaming leisurely through the duty free shops and giving thanks for the gifts I had purchased in Somerset West, etc.—some of which I saw identical items for two and three times I price I paid. I did buy Robert a t-shirt there.

Johannesburg connector flight was late so our departure was delayed one-half hour--we still arrived in Miami on time!). I asked for an isle seat so I would have protection for my wrist—the middle seat was occupied by a black gal, professor of music history in Maine. She had graduated from University of Mich. School of music (same as my daughter) and did her doctorate at Indiana University Bloomington, (same as Julius and I), and had been in South Africa on a research grant for the third summer. What a time we had!!! The lady by the window was with a tour group of sociologists. She came from Colombia, Missouri and her work involves an alternate to incarceration. We three talked and talked and talked!! They both loved S.A. just as much as I. Dinner time came about 10:30 PM and thereafter the lights went out and the movies on. I fell asleep and awakened now and then, but went right back to sleep until the lights came on and Pilot announced we were 18 min. from Miami...what an easy flight. Arrived. Claimed luggage. Went through customs—no problem whatsoever. I had already written out all my

END OF JOURNEY – WEDNESDAY , JULY 8, 1999

purchases so was easy; didn't have to open any bags. Re-checked my luggage for flight to Detroit.

Felt good to walk around again…found a TCBY that was open at 5:30 am! Had a sugar-free, non-fat strawberry yogurt. Walked and walked and walked some more. Plane left for Detroit on time. My seat mates were a delightful couple from India. Talked a while, had breakfast, after which I fell asleep and awakened as we approached Detroit--arriving about 10 minutes early.

My son, Robert, and a couple from the church (Steve and Leona) were there to greet me. That was a surprise! I had told Robert to wait for me outside. We collected my luggage and left—stopping at Jordan's on Merriman Road at Van Born for lunch…then home where I found a lovely basket of fresh flowers awaiting me (from the Parris').

Journey's ended. Thank you Lord for an absolutely glorious time!

Nearely everyone turned out to Wednesday night Bible study that night--it was a delight to watch their faces as I fielded their questions. There was an "air" of relief that I was home safely--didn't realize how heavy my absence had been to several of them (probably not so much my absence as the distance between me and them!!!!). It was a joyous time of reunion and sharing.

Friday, July 9, 1999 – At home in Livonia, Michigan

Went to see Dr. Vicenti, my doctor, and took him wrist x-ray from Somerset Clinic. He took another x-ray and compared the two..he feels wrist is beginning to heal. Instructed me to wear brace at all times except when showering…lift nothing with left hand….return in two weeks to check it. Since I had done so well with brace, he decided to forego the cast.

Also took x-rays of sternum and ribs—Sternum was cracked, still badly bruised…five ribs are cracked on right side…Instructions: don't cough, sneeze, laugh or lift anything heavy. Dr. Vincenti was in disbelief that I had not suffered greatly while in S. A. He preached to me about the necessity of resting for a few days so as not to aggravate the fractures. I came home and unpacked, did my laundry, talked on the phone, and visited.

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, LORD! Truly your GRACE is sufficient! Truly your STRENGTH once again has been made perfect in my weakness. I never cease to marvel at His mercy, grace, and love.

I'm very thankful to Ruth for making me feel so much at home-especially for not pushing the "food". It was wonderful to just eat whenever I was hungry rather than "having" to eat at a certain time. In spite of it, I did gain 8 pounds!!! From all those wonderful muffins, I'm sure. I'll work on losing them immediately.

I thoroughly enjoyed my visit. If it weren't so far away, I would make a pest of myself by going frequently.

LIST OF BOOKS READ OR SKIMMED at Ruth's

A rough listing;see my handwritten journal for some comments

You and the Constitution (booklet)-So. AFrica
MUCH simpler than U.S.A

Elsie Maree's booklets; Ruth gave these to me along with a photo of Elsie who passed away a couple of years ago. The address on the booklets was: River of Life, P.O. Box 640, Bredasdorp 7280 C.P.

Sidelines: South African Quarterly No. 8
Spring '96 -- a journal about S. A. issues. Ruth gave me this also.

My Utmost for His Highest (Oswald Chambers)
Devotional book--skimmed--to refresh my memory about it

Men who Met God by A.W. Tozer
(Have also read this before, but reread it. Interesting)

Send the Light, P.O. Box 48, Broomley Eng. BR1 3JH

A Living Sacrifice by Watchman Nee (booklet)

Exercise thyself unto godliness
1 Tim. 4:7; has been reprinted; no copyright.

Reinhold Bonnke, *Explosion of Life* and *Christ for all Nations*
Highway House, 250 Coombs Rd
Halesown, West Midlands B62 8AA
or in USA
R.B. Ministries, P.O. Box 277440, Sacramento, CA 95837

Pleasures Forevermore, by Phillip Keller
Harvest House Publishers, Eugene OR 97402, 1992

World Map (several issues of the magazine)
1419 N. San Fernando Blvd
Burbank CA 91504-4194 (Remember meeting the Mahoneys in Toronto)

The Healthy Cell Concept by Mary Ruth Swope about Barleygreen
Aim Africa Inc., P.,O. Box 3831, Northcliff 2115, S.A.

Gladness: The key to anointed living
Don Gossett
Whitaker House, 580 Pittsburgh St., Springdale, PA 15144

From the lips of Children
Richard Wurmbrand
Christian Mission to the Communist World
PO Box 19, Bromley KENT BR1 1JD

Unto the Hills: A Devotional Treasury by Billy Graham
(just leafed through it)

African Apostle: The Life of Ewzekiel Guti
By Gayle D. Erwin
P.O. Box W68
Waterfalls, Harare, Zimbabwe, Africa
or in US
Servant Qtrs. P. O. Box 219, Cathedral City, CA 92234

The Spiritual Roots of Barley
Dr. Mary Ruth Swipe, P.O. Box 2236, Melbourne Fl 32902
(see list of scriptures in my journal)

Note from her book: Check your pH balance by dipping a 2" strip of Nitrazene paper into saliva and another into your urine. Buy it in drugstore. (Barley Green will bring it into balance). Barley is firstfruit. What Jesus is to Spirit, barley is to body.

Look for
The Lord Jehovah as BioChemist--Ecclesiasticus 38:4,7.
p. 99--Barley and 7th plague (In Ruth Swope's book)

Grace plus Nothing
Jeff Larkin
(BUY THIS BOOK!!!)

Toxin (just skimmed it)
Robin Cook

Discover Life

About Ruth From her website http://www.ruthgossnortje.co.za/about/

Along the road in my spiritual journey: Raised by parents who had a personal relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ, using the Scriptures as our guide and as the respected authority for our family life; in Toronto, Canada, where I was born in 1921 and where Daddy pastored a large Pentecostal church for 16 years.

By 1938, my father, Howard A Goss, had accepted the leadership of the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance, based in Houston, Texas. There was a deep need for strong leadership among the Alliance's scattered members. Daddy was asked to travel to State Conferences across the USA, together with his family, in order to strengthen and encourage the ministers. For the next 2 years Daddy, Mother, my sisters Evangeline and Rebecca and I, lived in the back of a 1937 Buick sedan. Before settling back in Houston, we had visited and Daddy had held meetings, in over 40 states.

Almost every night Daddy was the special speaker in a new church or convention. Mother and we girls were usually asked to sing and had formed a quartet. Wash and wear clothing was not yet invented, so each night after the days trip, our clothes needed to be unpacked and ironed, ready for the evening service. This was good training for my life later, here in Africa. In a few years, the Pentecostal Church, Inc. was formed from the Pentecostal Ministerial Alliance and later amalgamated with the Pentecostal Assemblies of Jesus Christ to form the present United Pentecostal Church, International. When joint headquarters moved to St. Louis, Missouri, our family did too. Through all this, Daddy's leadership was vital to that growth and development.

When I was 6 years of age, I accepted Jesus as my Saviour. Then at nine, I was immersed and baptised in water. For the next 40 years, I was a self satisfied, happy conformist, loving church and enjoying all the blessings and privileges afforded a pastor's daughter. I became a pastor/evangelist's wife in 1956, when I married a South African.

In all those years, I had never really been challenged to stand on my own feet spiritually, but after 20 years of marriage, shaken by unfaithfulness, a mental breakdown, the marriage ended, I was devastated, then challenged, and desperate for answers. From 1973 to 1978, The Lord Himself helped me put my broken life back together, verse by precious verse from His Word! Then, in 1978, He directed my steps to Africa. That became my mid-life LIBERATION! Living now at peace, I finally had found THE JOY OF MY SALVATION!

You can share some of the experiences, articles, newsletters and booklets, written from the field, the results of years of extensive ministry throughout Southern Africa: South Africa, Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi. Rather than using a Book Publishing option, this Website has been made possible. I believe you will be encouraged to learn more about your heavenly Father's love, to deepen your own dependence on the Lord Jesus, and to always rely on the Risen Christ, Who has come to abide in the heart of every believer!

Ruth had just retired from running her own Christian Book Store in South Africa when I got a letter from her introducing herself. Some pastor from the states had read my *Handmaids* book and sent it to her. A couple of years later—in the mid-90's she came to Michigan to visit. I picked her up in Ann Arbor, brought her to our home for dinner, and took her to church with us. My husband asked her to share—which she did. A friendship was born.

Ruth came to visit us in 2000 when we lived by the church in Westland. Here we are having refreshment in the evening on our deck. Here with Robert and Caroline.

During this visit, I took Ruth to Windsor for a nostalgic tour and we had breakfast at the Hilton on the Detroit River.

Ruth wanted to take Robert, Caroline and me out to dinner at a nice restaurant. They chose LaShish in Canton.

She wanted everyone to dress up—her South African tradition.

UPC editor came to my house to interview Ruth whose father , Howard Goss, helped establish the UPC church

In 2006, Ruth was invited to Roanoke, Virginia to receive an award for her father, Howard Goss, in absentia as he had been deceased a number of years. She was unable to make the trip from South Africa and asked if I could possibly go in her place. What an honor! We tried tbut were unable to work it out for her granddaughter Dani to also attend as she was in college in the Baltimore area. The award was to her father who was the founder of the United Pentecostal Church. It worked out well for me to attend as I was in Manassas, VA, that week to attend Board Meetings for Agape Gospel Mission.

A Final Word

As I said earlier, Ruth had come to visit Julius and me in our home and at New Life in the mid-90's. We corresponded regularly after that. In December of 1998, just before he died, my husband Julius told me that after the funeral, I should get all the affairs taken care of then go on a trip. He knew I enjoyed traveling. I didn't think much of it at the time. He died on January 25, 1999, and in February 1999 Ruth called me from South Africa and asked me to seriously consider coming to visit her and to talk to some of her professional friends who were still dealing with issues resulting from the days of Apartheid as well as American evangelists who came to South Africa and went home bragging about their converts (who had been left behind to fend for themselves). I knew immediately this was something I would do and began planning my trip. In July of that year, I boarded the plane headed for Cape Town—my first trip across the Atlantic. In April of 2010, Ruth moved to live with her daughter Debra in Emmarentia (near Johannesburg) South Africa. In 2012, after falling and breaking her hip, she was moved to a nursing center, then in 2014 she got her own room in Park Care Centre in Parktown Johannesburg. That year her son Peter (Debra's twin) came for Christmas and her little family celebrated her 93rd birthday. Ruth was born on December 27, 1921 and died on July 27, 2017 at the age of 96.