

June 24.

I set out with Roy Wallace Pastor of Outreach Namibia to Osire to speak to the mission leaders at a refugee camp for refugees from the Congo. The language here is French. It was quite a long drive and we got to the camp in the dark so I was not able to see much. There was not a lot of electricity here but I am told the camp hold thousands of refugees. No one dozed off for two hours of speaking so I guess the encouragement was good for them to hear.



We then drove to a nearby Bible College called Imkerhof and spent the night. I started a 6 hour series in two parts on World View and changing the mindset of the culture the next morning with the students. The best part was the 1 1/2 hour discussion at the end of the second session out under the trees in the garden IN THE SUN!! Man it is cold this year to be indoors.



We returned to Windhoek on Thursday morning to get some washing done dry it on the line in the dry air and get ready to go to the north with Immanuel Church to an outreach in Oshakati starting out at 5AM Friday morning. It is a 10 hour bus ride and further north than I have ever been in Namibia. It is called Ovamboland where the majority tribe of Namibia live. It is quite a different territory than any I have seen before. The sand is pure white like salt and homes are built in a circle comprising small huts called rooms encircled by a fence in the middle of enough land for that family to farm for their food. There are not many modern structures in this area but the road side once you get there is just lined with bars called Shabeens. Witchcraft, alcohol and Islamic infiltration is very high here. There are now 5 mosques in this area and all kinds of speculation given for numbers of converts between 30 to 50,000.



We arrived just before sundown so we had a short time of light to set up the tents and the kitchen. Guess where I was assigned. We got the fire going for coals for the braai for 64 people and set up for tea and coffee and bread etc. That was sooo nice because it is even more cold here. However when the idea of a nice hot shower came up I got these strange looks like 'didn't anyone tell you?' O well, three days no shower to look forward to at least not one with hot water and lucky you if there was even water.

The outreach was held in the local stadium in the evenings and football and net ball clinics were offered to the youngsters in the surrounding villages all day at the stadium. We walked a large area inviting people from door to door and in the open marketplace. Shabeen after Shabeen with people with very slurred words exclaiming how Christian they were and how we should go to those who were foolish not to be. The stadium was about 1/3 filled on both nights and for the wind up on Sunday morning. Let me tell you people, I have seen some stuff I would never have thought I would ever have been exposed to in this life. The enemy is well and fighting back. Let your imagination run wild right here and I mean wild.



The trip was great even if there was little sleep and no hot water. There was a dance session on the camp site until 3 AM the first night and a wedding until the same time the next night. The two roosters started at 4 AM and the Mosques at 4.30 AM. Then time to get up to start heating a big pot of water on the fire for the coffee at 5 AM. One more night and the roosters would have been in Poitjie pot with the stew. This is a large three legged pot you could cook at least two missionaries in which we slow cooked meat all day for the dinner hour.

We set out for home on Sunday after lunch and had a much better time on the bus. By now I have met all the people who went on the outreach trip and we had the best time riding home sharing stories of praises, challenges and victories over the devil. If God was only an idea and the devil an imaginary little guy in a red suit with a fork to stick you with that is all gone. Evil is real and personified and God is good and he is all powerful. Trust me, I have seen it all now up front and personal.