



Mt Kilimanjaro

# TANZANIA

## More Notes from the WORSLEYS 5

Hello Everyone - if you're still with us.

Thank you for news from home. It's lovely to read about things that are happening half a world away, and somehow, it gives us a real joy. Of course, we were sad to read of Rev Tom Burgin's passing in Kaikoura – but we knew he had little time left and he'll have no more pain now.

The other night we were invited to Phanael's house for the evening meal. I can almost hear you saying, "Not another party!" Well, no. The new 'kids on the block' (that's us) have been organised

into a group who are invited to local homes about two to three times a week, with the main intention of helping us get to know the rest of the staff. At first we were overwhelmed – how could we reciprocate? But that isn't the idea. They simply want us to feel at home with people and feel very welcome.

Phanuel is a lovely man. He's also a theologian who teaches senior degree students, with a great story to tell about his four-day-old 'grandson'. Apparently, this little boy's father was born with two holes in his heart and his biological father abandoned him.

Phanuel, the uncle of the sick boy, and his wife took the sick child in as one of their own. Phanuel prayed for healing, then he heard what he described as an audible voice saying, "Take the child to the hospital." Phanuel wanted to do what he was told, but how could he pay the fees? (Tanzanian hospitals always require payment up front.) However, a few years before, Phanuel's local church had supported Phanuel while he studied in England, and there were TZ 600,000 shillings left in the account. The church gave this money to Phanuel for the boy's operation. Wonderful, but what about the thousands of other TZ shillings still needed to complete the payment?

When Phanuel reached the hospital the authorities told him to take the boy to a nearby clinic. Phanuel did what he was told and to his delight he found several foreign physicians who had just attended a medical conference. They said the operation would need to be done immediately or the boy would die. They were quite happy to operate. Seven days later, Phanuel was told to collect the boy and take him home.

"But," Phanuel replied, "surely he must recover in hospital!"

"No. He's fine now and you can have him at home," they said. Phanuel threw up his arms in praise and thanks. What a mighty God!

The remainder of the money was raised in England by the church Phanuel attended while he studied there. This came as a complete surprise.

A few years later, that young boy asked Phanuel if he could call him "Father" as his own father had died. This was the way the boy wanted to show his huge gratitude to his uncle. Now, that boy has grown to be a man and become a father himself ... and he's named his four-day-old son, Phanuel. No wonder our staff member, Phanuel, is a very proud 'grandad', and what a brilliant witness to his family and friends.

During the week, I seemed to be a great target for mossies in this place. One morning I discovered three big red bites on my left leg – nasty. Fortunately, we'd remembered to buy some anti-histamine ointment at a chemist shop in Dodoma. That night I couldn't sleep for ages. I crept out of bed trying not to wake Charles and reached for the ointment. Great. Two hours later my leg was still itchy - I grabbed some more ointment. Eventually the morning came and my leg looked horrible. Just what was in that ointment? Well, it turned out to be Charles' shaving cream ... and I'm embarrassed! What a nitwit! Next time I'll remember that the anti-histamine ointment is on the shelf in the bathroom, not on the tallboy in the bedroom! The bites are slowly fading now.

Most of us were intending to visit Zanzibar at mid-term break - about two days travel by bus. Iri and Kate Mato were looking at a 13 seater plane but the price is prohibitive. The cost was simply

'over the top', so we'll do something else ... like catch up on lost sleep and perhaps paint the inside of our unit. It would look really nice with a fresh coat. No doubt someone will come up with an interesting alternative. There's so much to see, give or take the rough roads.

Classes are going nicely, especially Diploma 3 Theology. It's good to see Foundation English starting to take off now as well. English is vital to all other subjects here and if the groundwork is lacking it's painfully obvious in the results at exam time.

One day we gave a slideshow on Mt Kilimanjaro and other National Parks in Tanzania. (Charles found photos on the internet.) The students were delighted as most have never been far from Dodoma. The wild animals were a great hit too. There were photos of Zanzibar as well. It's really sad that they have so little opportunity to see their own country ... and few ever travel overseas unless they win a scholarship.

One of my students is totally blind. He has a little braille machine which he uses to take notes with, and Jo Rogers and I take turns to help him individually in class. It's a whole new dimension and gives the other students a better appreciation of their own gift of sight.

#### Comments from Charles

On Friday we had a power cut for about two hours. It was scheduled for Saturday, but the power company decided to do it on Friday, catching everyone by surprise. They picked their time nicely. Right over breakfast for most people! Meusli and a drink of water had to suffice until morning tea, which is at 11am. Then – another power cut for about two hours today. Now we keep the thermos full, so at least we can get a hot drink. It is surprising how much we depend on electricity. Meanwhile, the locals carry on as though nothing had happened, as they use charcoal for cooking and heating water.

At the moment the garden is having a drink. Robyn Appleby planted shrubs etc around this unit and they need watering. Everything is so dry. Grass is sparse and tinder dry. Dry leaves litter the ground. It is a wonder there are not more fires, particularly with so much cooking done outside. One whiff of fire and it could spread everywhere. Many people have their own veg garden. With plenty of water, they grow great veges. We even bought some berry fruit two days ago. The man had strawberries, raspberries (a different variety from those at home), blackberries and mulberries. We bought raspberries and mulberries – yippee! They also grow very nice tomatoes year-round. It seems strange having outdoor tomatoes ripening in mid winter. There are a few things from home that we can't buy, but most things we can get at a reasonable cost. Indeed money goes a long way here. It needs to. Having to pay everything in cash takes some getting used to. Having twenty 1,000 shilling notes, plus a handful of smaller denominations puts quite a bulge in the wallet, yet it is less than NZ\$200. As we get into a cash machine just once a week we have to keep well stocked.

We understand that it is only in the last few years there has been hot water on tap in any of the residences. We are sure pleased it is here now. A cold shower at 6am each day doesn't thrill me. However the shower is the only hot water tap we have. We boil water for the dishes and use cold water for washing our hands. On the other side of the coin, we get the sun in the afternoons at the back of the house, where our kitchen is. Then we have hot water from the cold tap! Incidentally,

we also use boiled water to clean our teeth.

The houses here are well designed for the weather. Where NZ houses are designed for the sunshine, here it's for shade. It is only for the first half hour or so that we have any direct sunlight into the house. The eaves hang out like mini-verandahs. All the windows are louvres and most don't shut properly. As this is quite a windy place, there is constant air movement inside. In the evening we get used to the curtain billowing over us.

The college is spread over quite a big area and the surrounding farms are criss-crossed by numerous paths. Mid week we went for our usual walk and must have been so busy talking we missed our turning. Well, not to worry, there are so many paths, there has to be another heading in the right direction – or so we thought. We knew where we had to get to, but we couldn't figure the 'how' part and it was too far to back track as we had a dinner appointment. Eventually we found a young man standing beside his bike sending a text. We asked him if he spoke English – he did! We explained our problem. He immediately volunteered to take us. He said that he was on his way home and it didn't matter much which way he went. Just as well we had a guide as we set off moving away from the direction we needed. Gradually the path turned back and eventually he delivered us to the college entrance. He was a chatty fellow and it turned out to be quite entertaining. We gave him something for his help, had a quick cold shower and arrived right on time for our meal. I was still perspiring!

During the week I arrived at my class with a student. We were the first. I had noticed that the little finger on his right hand is permanently closed, so I asked him what had happened. He's a Kenyan and a really nice fellow. He said that his home is between two big national parks and the wild animals often walk over their farm while moving from one park to the other. He said they are used to it and learn how to cope. One day as he was looking after the goats he walked under a tree. As he did this, there was a movement above him. He put up his right hand to protect himself as a reflex action. Too late – a leopard ripped into his hand and arm, mauling him up to the shoulder. His hand was badly torn, with the blood vessels left hanging. His dogs helped to drive the animal off. Somehow he tied a make-shift tourniquet around his wrist. Eventually an ambulance took him to a hospital. They patched him up well, but because of the time delay they could not join up the ligaments in his finger, so he was left with permanent damage. I asked him to tell the class, then we prayed for a miraculous healing – no change yet, but we're still waiting. It is amazing the stories people have to tell. He is a quiet, humble fellow with a deep faith in God.

At night time we often hear dogs barking all over the place. When we asked why this was happening we were told that they bark when they get the scent of the hyenas. The barking drives the hyenas away. We asked, 'Do we have hyenas near the college?' 'Oh yes,' came the casual reply. 'There's a pack of them.' Thank God for the dogs!

Enough for now. Have a good day/night/week and we send our love  
God bless you all  
Charles and Mary