



The Morrows in Zambia

Special points of interest:

- Thomas takes an 8 day trip into the African Bush.

Thousands of people watch the Jesus Film and come to Christ.

Tom sleeps under the stars, braves the waves of large lakes, and eats all manner of strange foods.

The Mutomboko Ceremony is revisited. See what happened this year!

Also in this issue:

Amy plans a trip to the States

Orphanage research and plans continue

Order African handicrafts from our website.

Aug-Sep, 2005

An unforgettable bush trip!

The 24th of July was the day when our 8 day journey to the Luapula province would begin. To undertake such a trip here in Zambia takes a lot of planning and prayer; as in any developing countries, unpredictable circumstances can and often do happen. This year I wanted to accom-



Job translating a Gospel tract into Bemba. We printed 10,000 copies

plish twice as much so I proposed seven goals which our team should achieve:

1. Showing of the Jesus film seven times,
2. Ministering to the Chiefs and Headmen,
3. Seeking out pastors who want to go to Bible school,
4. Giving bilharzia medication to the island of Isokwe,
5. Distributing 10,000 Gospel tracts,
6. Praying and counseling with those who need Christ,
7. Documenting and collecting useful data for future trips.

To help meet these goals I assembled 6 team members from

different walks of life. We collected all of the necessary equipment, baggage, and food for our trip, packed them and had a good prayer.

We left the house by 5:30 am. Our first camp would be approximately six hours away at the small town of Samfya, a lakeshore fishing spot.

After a few hours of travel I noticed we started to reduce speed. The driver pulled over and said his pedal was to the floor but just couldn't get any speed! We looked over the engine but couldn't find any noticeable problem. We tried a few times in vain to travel but the truck would

just lose power and shut off. After assessing the problem, we came to the conclusion that the fuel filter must be clogged. Here we were on a deserted road in the middle of Zambia. I prayed. Shortly after, a man drove up who just happened to know about engines. He was able to diagnose the problem and make a small adjustment. Thirty minutes later we reached Samfya. Praise God!

As we entered the town we saw Pastor Zachariah and some church members waiting patiently for our arrival. We found out that the ferry *The Friendship* that was running weekly on Mondays now traveled on Thursdays. So I sent some local pastors to find a boat that could carry at least 6 pas-

sengers with baggage. While that was being worked out, we went to the local church to set up the Jesus Film. Once the darkness fell upon us, and the projector lights went on, swarms of lake gnats invaded us. When I swallowed some of the bugs the pastors said that was a sign that we were being blessed. HA!

While the two hour film was showing, we went to a traditional Bangweulu restaurant by the lake for a plate of 3 lumps of nshima, chopped rape, and 2 medium sized bream fish--all for 7,000 Kwacha (\$1.50). Yum yum!

About 9 p.m. the other team arrived in the truck with the rest of the Jesus Film equipment. They announced that around 1000 people attended! The souls were about 400 and about 500 gospel tracts were distributed.



Our team members
From left to right:: Elijah (Campus Crusade volunteer), Chaplain Lukwesa, John Mumbi, Elijah (our truck driver from Campus Crusade), and Tom.

Another team member, Zechariah, is not shown.



John loading our boat up with supplies!



The island of Mbabala is thin and long. Not many visitors!



The entrance to the Chief's Palace. John with the Induna.



Chief Mulongwe proudly displaying his cane and scepter.



Canoes are around the island.

Traveling to the Islands

The next morning we went to the shore and found a 25 foot fiberglass boat that would take us all the way to the island of Chilubi and take us back to the mainland the next morning. He said it should take around 3 to 4 hours each way. We started off at 9:30 a.m. and we went about 16 km. (30 miles) per hour. We had to go slow because we had choppy waters and water started to splash into the boat and on the team. Then we got to a spot on the lake where the Luapula River flows through. Things got a bit scary. Our boat was tipping back and forth and water continued to splash all over. We had to go under our blankets to keep from getting wet. I was at the front of our boat and when the boat would slam down it gave a good thump to my behind parts! That went on for about another hour.

While continuing to cruise at a more pleasant pace, we spotted 2 more islands that I didn't know about. One on the east is called Mbabala with over 6,000 people on it. Another on the west is Chishi also with 6,000 people. These islands are so out of communication with the rest of Zambia that most Zambians don't even know they exist!

As we passed the island of Mbabala, the boat driver pointed to a patch of tall trees on a small hill. "There," he said, "is where Chief Mulongwe's palace is. He is chief of the Ngumbo tribe." I sat there in the boat just staring for some reason at that site. Something burning inside me was urging me to

visit the chief, like this was an opportunity that could not be missed. So I asked the driver to bring us to the shore of Mbabala to see the chief. My other team members were confused as this was not part of the plan. But sometimes, this is how God works, not letting us know all the answers before it is time.

We cut our engine and drifted silently through the short reeds. There was a canal cut through from frequent fishing canoes, so we paddled our way down the path filled with lily pads. As we came to the shore, there were about 3 women with a few kids washing some clothes and dishes. They stood up and stared not knowing what to think of us. The driver got out in the mud and pulled our boat to shore. The place was exceptionally quiet. We all got out and started walking up the path. As we got to the top of the hill, an old man was standing in the middle of the path as if he was expecting us. I somehow knew this was the induna (the chief's messenger) sent by his Chief to find out why we had come. I explained through our translator that I was here to offer Christian education for the Chief and his royal family. I put a donation in an envelope and handed it to the induna to give to the chief. You see, it is customary to do that or to give something when presenting yourself to the chief. Our translator, John, is from a royal family but has decided to give his full life over to the Lord to become an evangelist. So when it comes to

dealing with traditional rulers he was our spokesman as he knew the protocols. As we approached the palace a bench was pointed out for us to sit while the induna went in to present our case. Within a few minutes, we were invited into the room where the chief sat. We did the usual greetings by kneeling down on one or two legs and clapping 3 times and waiting for his response. He was a short thin man who seemed to be in his 70's and had a big grin. He didn't speak English so my presentation was translated into Bemba.

I told him that I wanted to offer our Christian education in 4 different ways:

1. Chief training which includes Christian leadership and Bible knowledge.
2. Teaching the Royal children Bible stories.
3. Teaching his wives and other female relatives the role of the Christian woman.
4. Teaching the indunas, capassos, and other male relatives Bible knowledge and how to serve others in a Christian way.

He was overjoyed to hear our proposal. He commended us for our courage to brave the rough lake and for taking time out to visit him. He said most boats just pass by heading toward the big island of Chilubi which is more developed and has a population of 15,000 people. The last time a missionary had dropped by was over a year ago. The chief pleaded us to return soon and not to forget him. He also outlined some of his needs and those of his people. They need mosquito nets and clean

Bathing in Public and Two Breakfasts

drinking water to combat the malaria and diarrhea. The chief also needs a bicycle to be able to travel around the island. After saying a good prayer for him and his tribe, we returned to our boat feeling satisfied that we had made a friend for life.

We then traveled on to Chilubi Island. Upon arrival at the beach we got out, took our personal things to a church member's house, and then set up the Jesus film equipment on the school grounds. We announced through a loud speaker that there was going to be a Jesus film showing at 6 p.m.

It was now about 5 p.m. so I asked to take a sponge bath and while the water was being boiled, we set up the tents. The sponge bath was an experience. Imagine, if you can, the bathing place being a grass wall held up by a few sticks measuring 1 meter by 1 meter (3' x 3') with no roof and a few worn out pan bricks to balance on. Being white and butt naked, washing behind some sticks, surrounded by natives on an island gave a sort of comical feeling to the situation. HA!

While some team members showed the film one of the headmasters (principals) of the school invited us for dinner. So we went to his home and ate nshima, kapenta, and rape. We then prayed for him and his family and blessed his home. Then we went back to the showing where about 3,000 people were present and 1,500 raised their hands to receive Christ. Praise God!

The next morning we had a breakfast of rice and

eggs. (We actually ate twice because two different families wanted us to bless them; so as not to offend any we ate in two different houses)

We then packed up the boat and started off. The weather was perfect, no choppy waves and no wind. The lake was flat as a pancake.

We arrived back on the main land a few hours later and started off on the next stage of our journey around 1:40 p.m. It was a late start but it wasn't far to our next destination which was Kashikishi.

We passed Kazembe, then Nchelenge, and finally arrived in Kashikishi. It is a lakeshore town like Samfya. We rolled in at 7:30 p.m. so the school grounds were pitch-black. Within 30 minutes the film was showing and being that Kashikishi has an active night life 4000 people were there to see it. Around half raised their hands to rededicate themselves to the Lord!

Then we met some church members who offered their property for us to set up our tents. We ate dinner at a local restaurant. It consisted of a large lump of nshima, some green stuff I could not identify even after I tasted some, and some bream fish.

We set up our tents and went to bed by midnight. I think by this time all of us were feeling the weight of this tight schedule. But thank God that He gave us extra supernatural strength during this trip!

The next morning we got

up and had tea and a few of us went to talk to the boat people. We negotiated the price for the boat and driver to take our team first to the island of Kilwa where we would spend the night, and then take us to the next island of Isokwe, to spend another night, and then return us to the mainland. This next boat was small for a wooden boat, but bigger than our previous one. It had the same type of motor: a 25 HP Mercury engine.

As we packed up only what was essential for the two islands, I decided to bring my inflatable raft. I had done some research and found that the lake of Mweru can be violent at times and people have drowned because of it. While gathering our team around the boat I asked who could swim and out of the 10 only 3 were able. This was a bit of concern to me so I instructed them that if anything should happen, to hold onto the rubber raft and pray.

While waiting for departure, I put on a small puppet/magic show for the local children, leading about 30 children to the Lord. We finally shoved off at around 11 a.m. The water was very choppy and water was splashing into the boat so we got out our blankets and hid under them again. Kilwa here we come.



Church members were so helpful on the island of Chilubi



Tom helping to set up the Jesus film equipment.



Our wooden boat with some of our supplies.



Zachariah testing out our life raft. It worked perfectly!



Children gathering around our boat to hear a story!



Grass huts on the rocky island of Kilwa.



An unfinished Church building. The hope of something big.



Tom trying out the slit drums before the performance.



These children will benefit from the Bilharzia medicine that we brought to the island of Isokwe.

“Most children had never seen a white man”

After many hours, we could see, on the tip of the island, about 50 grass huts. It is a very rocky place. We circled around to the other end of the island where another group of huts were. As we entered, a large group of villagers came down a slope singing and running to greet us. What a welcome! As our boat came to the shore, we took out our life boat, placed it in the water and we were brought 2-by-2 onto the shore. The villagers hugged us and shook our hands. Our boat was unloaded and our luggage was distributed for the people to carry. We went up a small enclosure to a village.

We started off by going to see the head man over the village and to let him know of our program. I presented him with a Christian book as a gift. The headman filled us in on the health needs of the village. We thanked him and left. We then went to see a new church which had brick walls but no roof. We walked around and took some pictures of village life. Then we went to the Jesus film. I counted 1,200 people at this point.

Children were always following me as they never met a white person before. After the Jesus Film showing we went to sleep--dead tired.

The next morning we got up and broke camp. We went to the church where they played their drums and sang for us. We ate breakfast, saw the head man, and said our goodbyes. Then we went and put our things in the boat and as a treat for

the kids I bought about 200 sweets (candies) for the children and threw them in the air. All the children were scampering about like when a piñata is broken.

Then we left. The waves were bad--worse than ever. I thought the boat was going to capsize at times. Our team members were praying aloud for the Lord to save us. Then after about 45 minutes it became calm. The Lord does it every time!

We then arrived on the island of Isokwe which has a population of 3000! We landed on the other side of the island from where we were last year. As we walked through the village, there was a creepy atmosphere. When talking to the Headman, and explaining our mission, he told us to go on the other side of the island to show our Jesus film. We were glad to depart from that place. Something was just not right.

This is fairly common when traveling to new places. The local people can be very suspicious of newcomers. They may be trying to protect their people or just not aware of things outside their area of the world.

In times like this we are reminded that we are not 'of this world' We do not fight against carnal weapons but against spiritual weapons in high places.

When arriving on the other side to the school area, immediately people received us with open arms. Children came running up to greet us. We unloaded the boat and took our things to the school grounds where we would set up our tents. I met the

headmaster (principal) again and he said he had a dream that some visitors would be arriving soon. So he was glad it was us. I presented to him 1000 doses of Praziquantel medication to cure the Bilharzia that most of the islanders are suffering from. He was so thankful and appreciative. We agreed that health education is very important and that the people need to be taught how to live healthy lives. He said he would send us one person that speaks English well, and is able to teach, so we can give some basic health and nutrition education. He would then be able to go around the island teaching the right thing. We will be in contact with the headmaster about this idea.

The Jesus film was set up and around 2000 people showed up. Most of them received the Lord.

After we ate dinner of nshima, rape and fish, we had a good united prayer together with our team and went to sleep or at least tried to. That night, our tents flapped back and forth, and up and down so much I thought we were going to fly away. This went on most of the night. The next morning we got reports that 8 villagers who were out in their canoes fishing for kapenta were drowned.

We then packed up our things and said our farewells. The boat ride back to the main land was quiet and safe.

We arrived back in Kashi-kishi and unloaded the boat. Then we loaded up the truck and started toward the town of Kazembe.

Mwata Kazembe and the Mutomboko

After some time as we approached the town we saw over 1,000 people assembled on the road blocking it. On both sides were ditches and there in the midst was Mwata Kazembe, with his witches, wearing his full white attire. He was celebrating the hiding place where the first Mwata hid to conquer his enemies. Since our truck could not pass we got out to see what was going on.

As I watched them shoot off two 100 year old ceremonial guns, somehow a woman fell down bleeding and unconscious. We weren't sure if there were only blanks in the gun or what but since our truck was nearby we placed the woman in the back buzzed down to the mission hospital 15 minutes away. Within a few hours we got another report that another person was shot in the leg. Obviously the Lord is not happy with the Chief and is continuing to send strong signals to him. (Note: Both people who were shot recovered fully.)

After setting up our tents, we got in touch with the capaso (Chief's messenger) and asked what happened to the chief. He said after we had come last year, he started to change for the better but after some time with the influence of evil men he reverted back to his old self. I told him we wanted an audience with the chief after the ceremony was done and to warn him that 2 people were shot and that God was not done with his judgments.

That afternoon we held

graduations for 17 people who had attended a Bible school in that area.

The next morning, we woke up early to observe the ceremony. As far as we could see nothing had changed. By the end of the day we were exhausted. The capaso came to us to report that the Mwata had agreed to see us at 10 a.m. at the palace. I asked what his reaction was to the shootings and of my opinion that it was judgments but the capaso said he wasn't able to tell the chief.

We next went to the school grounds and showed the Jesus film. Around 3000 showed up and many were brought to Christ.

On an encouraging note, one teenage student came up to us and told us that last year when we showed the film he dedicated his life to Jesus and had been going to church ever since. He thanked us for bringing the film and helping to change his life.

When the film ended, we packed up our equipment and went back to the house where our tents were and went to sleep.

The next morning we got all dressed up to see the Mwata. Then we heard some news that the day before one of the most prominent chiefs under Mwata died-- Chief Kanyembo! According to tradition, when a sub chief dies, for 3 days no one is allowed to speak to the Mwata. We went to the palace to try to speak with him, but weren't able so I instructed one of the pastors to see the Mwata after his mourning period and ask

him if he would be willing to have Bible classes on a weekly basis.

We packed up our things and went our way back to Samfya. After a small rest at the beach we showed the Jesus Film one last time. I estimate about 2000 were present. Again, most of them received the Lord. We ate dinner at the Bangwelu restaurant and then went back to our tents for the last time.

We said a united prayer praising the Lord for all that he has done and for His protection.



This is the fruit of one of our Pastors who came to our training center and is now teaching others in the northern area of Zambia. He taught 17 students who all went through a three month basic Christian curriculum. Here they are displaying their hard earned certificates.



It is now up to these new Christians to put into action what they have learned.



Chief Lukwesa arrives to pay respects to Mwata Kazembe.



With sword in one hand and an axe in the other, Mwata Kazembe goes on stage to perform the dance of victory, the Mutomboko

Other Happenings

- Jennifer, Jessica, and Jasmine assisted in hosting a tea party for 15 orphan girls. They had a very good time.
- We held another pastor's training session for two pastors. They are now teaching others.

Coming to America

Amy will be traveling in the States from the end of September to the end of November. She will be available for meetings, church services or wherever the opportunity might arise for her to speak of all the Lord is doing here and what is yet to come. If you would like to book her for your church, Sunday school class, or small gathering e-mail us at aeszambia@yahoo.com or call Joanne Leppo at (281) 471-0164. Please phone or write soon as the dates will fill quickly.

One of the big needs Amy will have while in the States is transportation to be able to visit everyone and do the necessary supply gathering. If you or anyone you know have a vehicle you can donate the use of, please let us know. Thank you!

If you would like to send a gift to help our work, you can make the check out to **Thomas Morrow**. On the other hand, if you'd like a tax receipt, **African Educational Services** is a project under the umbrella of a 501 [c](3) charitable foundation. Therefore, you can make gifts payable to **Family Care Foundation**, designating it for **African Educational Services (02F19)** in the memo section of the check. Mail it to: **Family Care Foundation**, P.O. Box 1039, Spring Valley, CA 91979-1039. **THANK YOU!**

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To find the page on our website listing the African Art, simply go to www.missionaryfamily.com and look for the **NEW** box on the homepage. There is a link saying **African Art**. Click on that and there you are!

We're on the Web!
www.missionaryfamily.com



African Art

If there is anything you would like Amy to bring from the States we have a page up on our website where you can view local handicrafts and choose what you like. Then simply e-mail us at aeszambia@yahoo.com with your selection by September 18.

Not shown on the website but also available is cloth produced locally which they call chitenge. The patterns vary quite a lot so if you have certain colors you like or certain patterns we can try and bring some with us.

Orphanage Research

The main thing that has kept us busy this month has been research for the orphanage we will be starting next year.

We have visited nearly every orphanage in town and spoken with all sorts of professionals to get a good idea of all the things needed to run a good home.

We were aware that caring for the children was going to be a big job but as we research we are finding out that caring for our employees will be just as big a job if not more. This has been a bit of an eye-opener because as missionaries we thought we would be over here simply to share Jesus' love and help others. We never considered the idea that one day we would be employers and have to think about

things like pensions and worker's compensation.

As Christians it is our responsibility to take good care of staff members and those who work with and for us. Finding out how to do that is part of our challenge here.

We have also learned (and are learning) more about the local culture as we go and are working on a plan to pull east and west, as it were, together.

We have to have a place for children to learn and grow and develop in the best way possible while still holding onto their heritage and their roots. We have to give them a family and love them while bringing them up in a disciplined Godly way. Please pray for us!

We love you all!!