

Dear friends,

I am barely hanging on by the tips of my fingers here – I have spent at least 50 hours, and I think much more (no exaggeration!) trying to recoup from the computer crash. But I do want to quickly share with you some pictures of the wedding of one of the ladies in my Thursday night class. The wedding was arranged by the ladies of the congregation and was preached by one of the elders. Due to legal technicalities, preachers in the Lord’s church here do not generally have marriage licenses, so a “marriage officer” was also present to do the legal paperwork. Many of the ladies turned out in their traditional saris, and the rented hall was decorated in typical Indian fashion. Hope you enjoy the pictures!



A few weeks ago a foreign (probably illegal) shop owner killed a South African youth who was trying to rob him. This sparked a wave of xenophobic violence, mainly in the province where we live. As foreigners from the north typically have darker skin, a South African with a dark complexion was telling me how nervous he is. However, his “defence” is that he can say what “this” is in Zulu – and he pointed to his elbow. So I said, “But everyone knows that *elbow* is *indololwane!*” His wife looked at me in all seriousness and said, “But your accent is wrong,” as if my *accent* is what would cause someone to think I am not Zulu! So here we have a modern-day example of Judges 12:6 -- how amazing (and depressing).

These scenes are less than 10 miles from our house and we have been there....once! My good friend Cheryl Buchanan was visiting her brother who has an apartment on the beach front, and so we met one morning for breakfast. The waterfront was actually buzzing with morning joggers and cyclists. We arrived at 5:45 am in time for the sunrise – and to miss the traffic!



I really love my Thursday class. I thought I would do an experiment and see if the ladies would do homework and memory work ...and *tests*. These ladies come to two mid-week services per week, and virtually all of them work either outside the home or from the home. Even though it was totally outside their comfort zone, they took up the challenge and have learned so much – even the grandmothers! I also love my Sunday class – an 11-year-old boy and 3 older girls with amazingly enquiring and spiritually-tuned minds. I did not choose the topics (Job and Ecclesiastes), and it turned out to be quite a challenge! From Ecclesiastes I have learned that I must enjoy the work that God gives me every day – work is a blessing! Actually I must enjoy all the blessings of each day as there are dark days ahead for each of us. So for now, I rejoice in the work God has given us and in the ability to enjoy the many rich blessings we have received. I also rejoice in the love and friendship of each of you.

May the Lord bless you as you work for Him, raise your children for Him, and strive to be like Him wherever you are. With love, Linda Maydell