

Wheels for God's Word & Word on Wheels



P.O. Box 6, Parow, South Africa, 7499

23rd Edition

Mozambique Outreach 2009

The Wheels team departed from Cape Town to Beira in Central Mozambique on 25 May 2009, from where we journeyed to Chimoio. In Chimoio we had discussions with Love Mozambique, the ministry of Francois and Alta Rauch, about the planned conference in Mutarara. The logistical problem that we faced is that the Shire River flooded and made it impossible for us to journey to the conference in Mutarara with a truck (with our Heart charts, bicycles and a few Bibles). Our information was that the train bridge between Mutarara and Senna could be crossed by foot. Francois had already started making plans to move the conference from Mutarara to Senna two weeks prior to our arrival, since he had foreseen that there could be a problem. All 40 pastors accepted moving the conference from Mutarara to Senna and the majority of pastors travelled from the Zambezi and Shire rivers across the Donna Anna bridge (the longest train bridge in Africa).



The morning of the 26th of May we departed from the base of Love Mozambique – 90 km outside of Chimoio – to Senna, almost a day's journey away. Wednesday, 27 May and Thursday, 28 May, the two day conference of Wheels for God's Word and Word on Wheels was held in Senna. The spiritual impact of this conference cannot be described in human words. 18 teams of preachers had ministered the gospel to 1186 people in a matter of two hours. The feedback and testimonies about what happened had a profound impact on all who attended the conference. There is great excitement among the preachers to spread the gospel with the Heart of Man chart, not just in the areas of Senna and Mutarara, but also to the areas of Morrumbala, Doa, and Chemba. The one great need that we encountered was that there are no Shona Bibles available in Mozambique. Currently the Shona

Bibles have to be purchased in Zimbabwe and South Africa. One of the wonderful things we saw was that, the day after the conference, as we were walking to the Zambezi river through the town of Senna, we saw a small group people together listening intently as a young man explained the Heart of Man chart to them and this young was not even at the conference!

In total, 40 people were trained in the use of the Heart of Man chart, 40 large Heart of Man charts were distributed, along with a few hundred Heart of Man booklets in Shona and Portuguese. 40 bicycles were also made available for pastors to take the gospel to far off places.

The Missionary and the Witch Doctors

An Inspiring Testimony from Francois Rauch

When I think back, it already started the night before. Friday evening. A terrible smell filled the air around our house in the bush that night. It was 22:00 when I was on my way to lead a late night prayer meeting in the bush. Suddenly we heard noises on the roof. As I ventured into the dark night, flash light in hand, to investigate what was going on, I saw snakes on the roof. On my way back to the house to ask my wife to keep the windows closed so that the snakes cannot enter it, I realized with a shock that someone had smeared blood over our outside doors. I am living deep in the bushes of Mozambique and have scarcely been in the bush as a full-time missionary for a few months. I immediately realized that this had to be the work of witch doctors. I was shocked and said nothing to my wife about the blood on the doors.

The prayer meeting went ahead and with what had just transpired, I asked the local church leaders to pray for me.

I got up early on the Saturday morning to clean the doors – I wanted to prevent my wife from seeing what had happened. I was busy when my translator called me, looking very surprized. He informed me that there were four witch doctors who had come to see me.

The witch doctors were clad in their traditional attire – something which was in itself an awful sight. They motioned me to come closer. When I was approximately 3 meters away from them, one of them who was clad somewhat differently – more feathers and more paint than the others – loudly uttered some strange, awful words and threw his dolosse and bones my way. He constantly made strange noises en blew black smoke in my direction. For the first time I felt alone, uncertain and afraid. I was afraid for the safety of my wife and myself. My translator stood at the back of me, scared and wide-eyed.

The three other witch doctors agreed with the main witch doctor by softly echoing his chants and speaking in a strange way. I realized that the head witch doctor most likely specialized in black magic, since his curses were aggressive. I realized that I had to do or say something but was too shocked to speak. All words that I managed to get over my dry lips (without looking the witch doctor in the eye) was: “Do you know that God loves you?” He must have seen it coming – after all, I represented the church – he laughed aloud. The witch doctors with him spurred him on by joining him in laughing loudly. My translator spoke softly behind me: “He says that he does not believe there is a God.” Now I was powerless. According to my translator, the witch doctor’s curses were that I would suffer a death sentence and curse in my life. The blood on the door was a testimony to that – my death was announced. My wife’s death was also proclaimed and sicknesses were proclaimed over the rest of my family, far away.

I was petrified by fear. I could hardly pray or remember all my Bible verses, studies, seminars or Sunday school texts. Pure fear. In this condition of helplessness, a thought suddenly flashed through my mind. God had to help me. There was no flash of lightning or thunder or even an angel to help me – just a silent word – a thought that penetrated my heart. “Tell this person his name is written in the Bible!” The thought was so strange that I did not

want to utter it. I mean – I did not know his name. The thought kept on churning in my mind and finally I decided to say it. As I was taking out my pocket Bible, I said to the witch doctor: “God told me that your name is in this Book.” He suddenly laughed out loud and gave a few steps closer. He was so full of confidence that I suddenly realized his name clearly does not appear in the Bible. Thoughts of death flew through my mind. This was my end.

“Do you know what is my name?” I stood petrified – I felt like I had betrayed God by ignorantly saying something that I believed had been from God. Did I not know the voice of God? My translator was gray overwhelmed by fear. He knew this was the end and that he would be affected by the curse as well. “My name is Alfonso,” he laughed with his big black eyes giving me a fiery gaze.

In my state of fear, even I, with my limited knowledge, realized that the name “Alfonso” does not appear in the Bible. But in milli-seconds my thoughts raced from Genesis to Revelation. There was no prophet or sinner in the Bible with the name “Alfonso.” I feel nauseous. And suddenly – another word in my heart. “Tell him his name is written in Psalm 14:1!” I did not want to say it – I had already been wrong. And I don’t know Psalm 14:1. And I don’t believe there is an “Alfonso” in the Psalms. Asaph, David – Moses there were a few who had written the Psalms, but I am unaware of an Alfonso. “There is no God,” I heard him say again.

In my inability to communicate – paralyzed with anxiety and fear (where is God?) – I addressed the witch doctor in a rather pathetic way. “God just said your name is in the Bible in Psalm 14:1.” I ask if I may read it. My translator gets his Bible and with trembling hands opens the Bible at Psalm 14:1. I also read it. Psalm 14:1: “The fool says in his heart, ‘There is no God.’”

When I read it, I realized it was God speaking. We read it twice and from nowhere there suddenly came a power (like the wind) empowering me inside. Incredible courage and power vivified my body. The witch doctor frowned when I read the verse with my translator. “So where is my name?” he asked arrogantly. “There,” I showed him – now full of courage. “The fool says in his heart, ‘There is no God.’” You are a fool! “Do you call me a fool?” he protested. “No,” I answered, “My God says so,” I now proclaimed with pride and my words filled with the power of the King. I felt it and realized it! The witch doctor and his entourage stood there dumbstruck. The black magic witch doctor stood back – speechless. And suddenly – all the verses that had evaded me, now returned. I now spoke boldly. The witch doctor grabbed his bones and walked away with his entourage, cursing. While they were walking away and I was still busy quoting John 3:16, one of the other witch doctors turned around and walked back. She is a woman. She shyly came closer. “What is this power and with what power did you speak that our leader had no words?” I share the Gospel with her in a simple way.

She knelt in the dirt without shame and I prayed for her. She gave her heart to God and invited me to burn all her witchcraft materials. We did so a few days later and placed her in a new congregation that we had planted. She is still serving God. All glory to God alone!

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