

Taita Hills Teacher - a Year in East Africa

Mbale-Dabida, Taita Hills, Kenya:
Part 3: May 1974 to August 1974



Adrian Hall

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CHAPTER 9: ZAMBIA AND BACK TO THE TAITA HILLS

May 1974

The conference went well...

From a letter to my parents from Mbale, Thursday 2 May 1974

The Conference went well and I felt it was really worthwhile. It was held at Lenana School, between Nairobi and Ngong, in a beautiful setting of forest, flowers and green fields. However it was very cold at times! We had rain most evenings, and they were really no different from April evenings in England! There were a lot of young people there: American, Canadian and British... One of the VSO volunteers was John M, who has just completed Engineering at Cambridge, so we had some long conversations, and he gave me some useful tips about Cambridge life. There were also overseas missionaries from other parts of the country.

The Conference was run by the Trinity Fellowship, an inter-denominational organisation based near Kisumu, so the staff were for the most part African. The spiritual side was valuable. The talks were given by a variety of people – one a missionary from Dar-es-Salaam, another on tour from America. Their purpose was to instruct as well as to inspire – and I think they did both. It was certainly good to hear uncompromising and clearly reasoned teaching, related both to the Scriptures and to present-day Christian experience. It was also exciting to see, in times of corporate worship, and the Communion itself, denominational, social, national and colour barriers almost completely broken down. This, I felt, was the much desired 'Ecumenism' – not so much preached in theory as actually put into practice...

Miracle journey to Zambia

Based on my diary notes:

Wednesday 1 May 1974 – returned to the Taita Hills in the 'Pink Panther' with the W's, to collect mail. We called in at Kibera New Flats to see Harold and Gladys M (Gladys had formerly been teaching at St Mary's Lushangoni) – who had just had a daughter named 'Asante'. This means 'Thank you' – an expression of appreciation for her safe arrival, as their previous offspring had died in infancy. I called in at the C's to see if mail had arrived from Luanshya, but they were out. Pleasant arrival in the Hills, looking luxuriously green and well-forested in the late evening sun.

Thursday 2 May 1974 – Jackson arrived early with the mail. The long-awaited letter from Luanshya to inform me of travel arrangements was at last in my hands. Eagerly I opened it and read:

Dear Adrian, Thank you so much for your welcome letter dated 1st April, which reached me only on the 9th. I went straight to the local travel agent, and this is what he came up with:

Depart Nairobi 2/5/74 at 14:25 hrs on QZ 511
 Arrive Lusaka 2/5/74 at 17:30...
 Arrive N'dola...

But "2/5/74" was today, so I thought all was lost! However, Andrew saw my predicament and advised me to make a telephone call to the Zambian Airways Office as soon as possible, to have my flight changed.

Why had the letter taken so long to reach me? Well, it had arrived at Iriwa on April 19th. It was then unexpectedly collected and retained by Rhoda, the School Secretary. When I came to collect the mail on April 23rd, the Post Mistress gave me to understand that *all* my mail had been collected by the W's. In fact only two letters, received on request, came

into their hands, the rest being with Rhoda. I was not aware of this, and had assumed that no other letters had arrived.

So I went up to Wundanyi with Andrew, who had some shopping to do (Catharine was in bed, down with malaria). I tried to book a call through to Nairobi, only to be told by the operator that all the telephone lines were down. Andrew saw the absolute necessity of informing the Zambian Airways Office of my cancellation before the time of departure, so he very kindly took me on to Voi. After two attempts, taking nearly 2 hours (and when Andrew was about to give it up as a lost cause), I *finally* managed to contact the office and book a reservation for the next possible Zambian Airways flight to Lusaka: May 8th. Then I sent a cable to Luanshya; and resolved to return to Nairobi the next day, and carry out full negotiations with the airline office, to see if I could get an earlier flight.

Friday 3 May 1974 – Lift to Voi, as Andrew and the Rev John N were on their way to Mombasa for a conference. I began hitch-hiking at 07:30, and within 15 minutes, some Asians in a Peugeot 404 picked me up, taking me as far as Mtito Andei (though, not being very communicative, they never said this and I assumed they were going to Nairobi). The early morning views of Mount Kilimanjaro were superb. After waiting another half hour, I managed to 'pick up' a Mercedes (one of my ambitions fulfilled!), and thus met Mr and Mrs Rudra de Z, who were returning to Nairobi after a holiday in Kenya, hiring a Mercedes, and were booked to fly to Lusaka and N'dola, Zambia, where they lived (= my destination) the very next day! Amazing! They were able to give me some useful information about the frequency of flights from Lusaka to N'dola and the relative locations of N'dola and Luanshya! The rest of the journey was whiled away in a fascinating conversation about the 'usefulness' of missionary work in African countries – though Mr de Z was convinced that they had failed, because the people of Africa were much more effectively ministered to by the indigenous Church (which is mainly true). I pointed out that the strong indigenous Church which exists today (certainly in Kenya) would not be possible without a history of foreign missionary activity – and that the role of the missionary in Africa today was as much to enrich and instruct the Church, as to preach the Gospel to Africans directly.

I was in Nairobi by 12 noon, for the second time running! Within the space of an hour, I met six other YSAs, including Laetitia and Howard who had returned from a blissful six days in Lamu. I was in the Zambian Airways Office at 2 o'clock, when it opened. Much to my relief I found that cholera inoculations (which were liable to delay me some time) were not necessary for Zambia; and although they had nothing to offer in the way of flights until May 6th at the earliest, East African Airways (EAA) had room for me on a flight leaving for Lusaka at 09:30 the very next morning! So, I made reservations, got my tickets, and, after collecting the permission letter from the Central Bank at the CMS office, managed to buy some travellers' cheques a few minutes before the commercial banks closed.

I reached the C's just in time for a children's Sunday school party. I remember they sang; "Stand up, clap hands, shout 'Thank you Lord, thank you for the world I'm in'... for happiness and peace within..." and I spent an interesting evening with CMS missionaries from Uganda who were staying. The missionaries said they had no time for President Idi Amin – living in Uganda they suffered the constant insecurity of being ruled by a 'dreamer'.

Saturday 4 May 1974 – Mrs C ran me into Nairobi in time to catch the Airport bus from the EAA terminal in Koinange Street. There I met the de Z's again, who had spent the night in the Panafric Hotel. The bus left at 07:30 in order to be at Embakasi Airport by 08.00. Five miles from the airport, we slowed down, drew into the side and came to an ominous standstill. We were out of petrol! I'd hate to think what would happen if EAA were as careless with their planes as they are with their buses! Eventually another vehicle was flagged down and we arrived in plenty of time.

We took off around 10 o'clock, bound for Dar-es-Salaam and Lusaka. Our view of the Athi plains, where we crossed the Mombasa road and railway, was soon obscured by cloud. However, a few moments later Mount Meru, rising above the cloud level could be seen on the horizon on our right, and finally the familiar shape of Mount Kilimanjaro came

into full and spectacular view. Kibo, Mawenzi, and the saddle between were all clearly visible, as was the Kibo crater itself. I made a mental note of the relative positions of Gilman's Point and Uhuru peak – the highest point in the whole of Africa.

The next excitement was the coast, which we seemed to follow from Tanga down to Dar-es-Salaam. We had a fine view of the harbour and historical part of the city, until we came into land amid palm trees and in overwhelming heat. For the next part of the journey, from Dar-es-Salaam to Lusaka, we flew over vast stretches of forest and bush, cut by occasional tracks and rivers overflowing their banks, and we crossed over Lake Malawi, before coming into land at Lusaka at 13:15, Zambian time. First formality, health check: I was afraid they would ask to see cholera certificates, which I had not had time to renew; I was just getting prepared for explanations, when the health official informed me that he only wanted to see the smallpox certificate. The passport check and immigration questionnaire were also accepted with little comment. I was then passed through customs without challenge, even though the people before me had every part of their baggage checked. I rounded a corner, and found myself in the main hall of Lusaka Airport, and so I entered ZAMBIA.

There was a three-hour wait until the next flight to N'dola, which was fortunately not yet full. After watching the sun set over the Zambian bush, we took to the air once again, and enjoyed the unusual sensation of seeing the sun 'un-set', and the vivid orange glow increase as we gained height. 20 minutes after take-off we were told to fasten our seat-belts for landing at N'dola – on the Copperbelt, near the border with Zaire. 19:00 – I walked to the airport shed, to find there was no one to meet me. My latest Telex message from Nairobi, to say that I was due on this flight, had evidently failed to get through. As I was discussing the possibilities of taxis with the de Z's, fortunately someone who was going to Kitwe offered to drive me to Luanshya (which was almost on his way). When we reached the township, he very kindly found Funyama Avenue, and left me at No 90.

So I had arrived – only to find that the H's were out! Since the lights were on and the dog was at large in their backyard, I could be sure that they had only gone out for the evening; so I waited... and waited... and waited... as it seemed the whole of Luanshya passed by – either in cars, or on motorbikes, or in buses, or as pedestrians chatting and holding lighted cigarettes. Alone, in a strange country, at night, and forewarned that the crime rate in this area was high – and yet, for hardly a moment did I really feel lonely or afraid...

Then just after midnight, cold and exhausted, a Mercedes drew up, with Maurice and Elaine H and their 15 year old son Graeme! I was duly swept into a hot bath, followed by a very welcome hot meal, and much conversation and explanations, and eventually got into bed at about half past one!

Zambia reflections

(from 'The Real Africa', written a few years later)

Perhaps the highlight of the Easter Vacation was a trip to Zambia – though its real value lay not so much in the holiday itself as in the incredible journey out there, and the vivid impressions on return...

[Then follows an account of the journey that closely follows the diary entries recorded above. Picking up the story...]

The domestic flight to N'dola left some three hours later, after I watched the sun go down over the Zambian bush. When we took to the air again, we enjoyed the unusual sensation of seeing the sun 'unset', and the orange glow in the west increase as we gained height. Then it was only a few minutes before we saw the lights of the Copperbelt towns, near the border with Zaire – a chain of civilization amid the dark expanse of the African bush. Finally N'dola airport – no one to meet me, but after some discussion with the holidaymakers I had met in Kenya, a kind man (God's helper!) who was going to Kitwe came up and offered to take me

into Luanshya (which was sort of on the way) and even helped me find the house on Funyama Avenue – but the H's were out, and for four hours I was left sitting on the front door step – watching, it seemed, the whole of Luanshya go by – in cars and buses, or as pedestrians with cigarettes...

...alone, in a strange country at night. I read Psalm 27, written by David when he was running away from Saul, and was not a little comforted:

The LORD is my light and my salvation;
whom shall I fear?
The LORD is the stronghold of my life;
of whom shall I be afraid?

²When evildoers assail me
to eat up my flesh,
my adversaries and foes,
it is they who stumble and fall.

³Though an army encamp against me,
my heart shall not fear;
though war arise against me,
yet I will be confident.

¹³I believe that I shall look upon the goodness of the LORD
in the land of the living!

¹⁴Wait for the LORD;
be strong, and let your heart take courage;
wait for the LORD!

(Psalm 27 v 1 to 3, 13 to 14)

Luanshya and copper mines

The diary continued:

Sunday 5 May 1974 – Breakfast around 10 am. Maurice took Graeme and me on a quick tour of the copper mines around Luanshya. We saw places where the land had completely subsided, because copper sulphide ore had been extracted from the boat-shaped ore-body beneath. At Baluba shaft we saw electrically operated ore and personnel lifts in operation. We also passed one of the longest conveyor belts in the world, for transporting freshly mined copper ore to the smelters in the industrial area of Luanshya. We took a close look at slime settling tanks, close to the smelters. After lunch I was completely flat out, waking up in time for tea, and looking at H family photographs, including ones of Whatton Manor in Nottinghamshire, where Thomas Dickinson H, our common ancestor had lived in the eighteenth century. I took part in a long-drawn-out conversation on African politics, in particular: a comparison of life in Zambia during Federal days and after Independence; the relationship between Zambia and Rhodesia [now Zimbabwe]; Britain's 'misguided' financial support of anti-Rhodesian freedom fighters; South Africa and the Apartheid regime.

Monday 6 May 1974 – I spent the morning in the township of Luanshya, choosing some *kitengi* material to take back to my family back home. Maurice took me round the industrial and mining sections of the town, and I observed that the African miners' compound was in the direct path of the smelter fumes, except during the rains, when the wind blows the other way and it is the Europeans' turn to 'enjoy' industrially polluted air! In the afternoon we took a trip to Kitwe, one of the largest towns on the Copperbelt, and very European in architectural style. In the evening we took Digory, the black Labrador, for a walk on a nearby golf course. The moon rose as dusk fell; and I observed that the face we are used to seeing in Britain was now completely on its side, so that we now saw a sadder, gentler face – the Zambians say they can see a rabbit-in-the-moon! The

Southern Cross was unexpectedly high, and I was able to plot a rough position of the astral South Pole, by bisecting the angle between the upright of the Cross and a line joining the pointers. In this respect I was quite surprised to be able to see the Plough, upside-down, its pointers leading the observer towards the North Pole, now about 15° below the horizon. We made preparations for an early departure for Livingstone.

Musi-oa-Tunya (Victoria Falls)

The next day Maurice took Graeme and me on a trip to Livingstone and the world-famous Victoria Falls. We left Luanshya at 06:45, making good time down the main N'dola road, through Broken Hill (where the first mining in Zambia took place), and reaching Lusaka, the capital of Zambia, by 10 o'clock. We passed through dense and unvarying bush, whose trees were much higher and fuller than those of the Kenyan bush. We did a quick tour of the city, which looked similar to Nairobi, but not as impressive, and containing many architectural 'follies', such as blocks of flats with circular windows! We had lunch with the V's, bankers from England and Luanshya. To get to their house, we had to pass President Kaunda's residence, which was built in an English style, with its entrance ominously guarded by armed troops.

Then we were on our way to Livingstone, passing through the township of Kafue, which derives its name from the second largest river in Zambia, which we crossed before winding through hill country, and levelling out on to more plains of bushland. Darkness fell before we reached the 'Tourist Capital of Zambia'. We proceeded 5 miles south, to the Musi-oa-Tunya Hotel, located within a few hundred yards of the Victoria Falls. We caught fleeting glimpses of the Zambezi river as we approached, and within a few minutes we were able to see a bank of mist rising up out of the river: spray from the Victoria Falls, called by the Zambians, 'Musi-oa-Tunya', the 'smoke that thunders'. After checking in at the hotel, we walked to the East Cataract and saw, for the first time, the Victoria Falls by night, sideways-on and brilliantly floodlit. Because there had been heavy rains in West Africa two months previously, the river was now in full spate. Colossal volumes of bright blue-green luminous water cascaded over the edge of the gorge, disappearing in a deep thunderous roar, partly re-emerging as mist clouds so dense that it was possible only to see a section of the Falls at any one time. The view, upstream, of pale water falling against the deeper background of the night, was most dramatic. We had dinner, then early bed – I was sharing a room with Graeme, which contained an *en-suite* bathroom.

Next day we spent the entire morning looking at this amazing geological phenomenon, where for 360 feet, the great Zambesi river, nearly a mile wide, suddenly becomes vertical, and emerges through a narrow system of gorges, not more than 100 yards in width. The Victoria Falls looked very spectacular in daylight because of the rainbow, which became especially distinct when the sun came out. In the other direction, downstream, was the famous single-span railway bridge that connects Zambia to Rhodesia, though for scandalous political reasons the border was officially closed. I took an incriminating photograph of a stationary train that was carrying illegal Rhodesian coal into Zambia!

Graeme and I crossed the 'knife-edge' pedestrian bridge, having to pass through a rain-cloud of spray, on to an island in the middle of the river, enabling us to obtain a complete, though indistinct view of the Victoria Falls. We then made our way through dense tropical rain forest (infested with black widow spiders) down to the water's edge to see the so-called 'boiling pot'. This was where the fast-moving waters of the gorge rebound from obstructing cliffs to create a violent system of whirlpools and eddy currents. From here we obtained a more detailed view of the Rhodesian railway bridge, and heard the train begin to move away, supposedly bound for Zaire, from where freight can legally be re-shuttled back into the Republic of Zambia! As the train passed near the hotel, on its

way to Livingstone, Maurice saw that many of the trucks were full of copper mining equipment, sure to be discharged before crossing the Zairean border.

We enjoyed a refreshing midday swim in the hotel pool, while Maurice mended the generator of the Mercedes. Then we drove through the township of Livingstone, now a ghost town, as the Europeans had left and there was little tourist trade. We went on to the game-park, close to the Zambezi riverside. Animals such as crocodiles, snakes, lions, cheetahs and leopards were sadly confined to cages and fenced areas, which destroyed the effect of seeing animals 'in the wild'. However, the main park, small as it was, proved to be well stocked with buck, wildebeest, zebra, marabou storks and baboons, which we fed with bananas and oranges. We returned at dusk, and took the car to the Fourth Gorge, some way downstream of the Falls. From there we could look across to the ill-famed power station, on the side of the Third Gorge, from which two Canadian tourists on the Rhodesian side were maliciously shot. In reply to worldwide indignation, President Kaunda had replied that these girls (along with an American couple who were shot at, but got away) were dressed in diving suits, and intended to cross the turbulent Zambesi river in a 'silent pool', to sabotage the all-Zambian power station! What our unbiased papers (in the free world) failed to tell us was that this power station also supplied power to the Rhodesian side – we could see clearly two sets of power lines crossing over the gorge. We looked long and hard for the 'silent pool', through which it was allegedly possible to cross the raging river waters. As we returned, the mists rising in a line above the plains turned purple as the sun sank.

The following morning we had an early breakfast, and reached Lusaka at half past two, calling in once again at the V's. I remember sitting in the back of the car, looking out of the back window, and having a long season of silent prayer for many ex-Haileybury friends. We ran into heavy rain and darkness on the N'dola road, reaching Luanshya by half past seven.

Copperbelt and return to Kenya

The diary notes continue:

Friday 10 May 1974 – this turned out to be a very 'technical' day, in which Maurice took us down the Baluba mine shaft. We kitted up at Irwin – the weather outside was cold, rainy and misty, typical May weather for Britain, but quite unheard-of in Zambia during winter! We walked down to the 80 m level, and saw the top of a raise-borer, a hydraulic machine for boring holes in rock, 6 ft in diameter, and over 100 ft deep. From the base, a pilot hole 12 inches in diameter is bored downwards to the 120 m ore-pass. A circular cutting ring (6 ft in diameter) is fitted on to the rods, and the machine both raises and rotates the cutter, until the 80 m level is reached and the hole is complete. We proceeded to the 120 m level, to see that the miners had detached the pilot drill, and were preparing to affix the cutting reamer. It was all extremely interesting from an engineering point of view. We also saw a rail-shoveler at work, operated entirely by compressed air – which helps to lower the mine temperature, and reduces air pollution by exhaust fumes. We came back up 'into the land of the living', by Benford truck, with other miners, very many of whom were European.

In the afternoon we made a trip to N'dola to confirm air ticket bookings. We saw Mr Z at Eagle Travel – a very helpful travel agent, who had arranged my outward flight. In the evening I got involved in a conversation that gravitated around mysticism, clairvoyance, theosophy and Christianity! Elaine also supplied me with various medicines, and gave me due warning that I was physically run-down, and advice that I should try to recover my normal state of health before returning to Britain...

Saturday 11 May 1974 – Early start and drive to N'dola airport. The flight to Lusaka was late, due to fog. There were scores of schoolchildren all on their way to Rhodesia, having to go through Blantyre (Malawi) because of the border closure. Sad farewells to Maurice,

Elaine and Graeme, thanking them for an enjoyable and extremely interesting stay in Zambia.

We boarded the plane which was propeller-powered, and took an unsteady hour to get to Lusaka, never effectively rising above the clouds. We saw some of the school students off on to the Blantyre flight, on arrival. We then waited 4 or 5 hours in Lusaka until take-off at 15:30 for Dar-es-Salaam and Nairobi in an East African Airways VC10 jet. Just before descending into Dar-es-Salaam we witnessed the most beautiful spectacle imaginable. The earth beneath was almost completely dark, as the local time was 18:30; the sun however was still visible from the air, sinking fast below the level of the clouds – which were arrayed in complex formations, so that towering grey masses of storm clouds were raised above the main cloud layer; and as the sun drew level, they were like islands in a lake of fire. Just before 9 pm, a mass of lights below and to our left revealed the City of Nairobi, and a few minutes later the wheels touched the tarmac and we re-entered Kenya. Out through immigration formalities in 15 minutes, and bus into town, where I was met by Harry C.

Sunday 12 May 1974 – I awoke at a quarter to seven, the alarm having failed to go off! I had a ‘panic breakfast’ – that is, Harry very kindly fixed me a ‘banana sandwich’, after which he managed to get me on to the OTC bus to Wundanyi, which left at 5 minutes past seven! So I returned to the green coolness of the Taita Hills, and reached Wundanyi around 5 pm where I met the S’s, who had just returned from Mombasa with the baby. They took my rucksack with them in the car, while I walked back to Mbale and received a warm welcome from Peter, and then later the W’s.

Though Zambia was a fascinating experience, and I very much enjoyed staying with the H cousins, I nevertheless felt it really good to be back in the Taita Hills. While I never had the chance really to meet the Zambian people, I got the impression that their culture was less ‘Christian’, more true to the original tribal culture of Africa, than is the case here in Kenya; and that native traits of character lie closer to the surface there. It is possible that infiltration by Europeans, including some inevitable exploitation and unsuccessful missionary activity, had caused some of the bitterness amongst themselves, and a clear lack of friendliness (if not hostility) towards strangers. Here in the Taita Hills of Kenya, very little of this was apparent, and I felt a real warmth and sense of welcome on my return...

Letter from Elaine H to my mother, 13 May 1974

Letter from Mrs Elaine H, written from 90 Funyama Avenue, Luanshya, Zambia, to my mother dated 13 May 1974:

My dear Mary, As I sit down to write this to you, your very charming son should be back at his bush school deep in the turmoil that usually accompanies the beginning of a new term, as I believe school started for the Kenya children today, as it has done for ours here. I hope he is not too tired after his whirlwind visit to us – achieved after a series of crossed messages, postal delays that can hardly be credible, and undelivered telexes and telegrams – added to all these obstacles was the fact that the school secretary played it ultra-safe with Adrian's post, and he did not receive his air ticket till a fortnight after it had arrived at the school and so did not know what arrangements had been made for his travelling to Zambia. When Adrian had finally caught up with affairs it was impossible for him to leave Nairobi as arranged, so he had the trouble of contacting the Zambian airline office in Nairobi to re-arrange the times and dates of his journey, and sent us a telegram to say he would be arriving on the 8th instead of the 2nd as expected. As he was due to return on the 11th to be back in time for the first day of term, it did not give him much time to be with us, or to see much of Zambia as the distances here are calculated in hundreds of miles quite literally.

On the night of the 4th we had arranged a small dinner party with friends in the expectation of Adrian being with us, to look at some of the slides our friends had taken on their many travels overseas and in Africa, as we thought this was a way of giving Adrian an impression of the country – albeit second-hand – and a basis for comparison

between the totally different ways of life. We carried on with the arrangement in spite of the fact that Adrian was not to be with us after all, although we had met the plane he should have been on in N'Dola the night of the 2nd; and again the first plane in from Lusaka the following morning in case he had been left behind there, hung up by Customs and Immigration formalities which is a frequent occurrence here – so we had resigned ourselves to seeing him on the 8th as stated in his telegram which arrived much later on the 3rd, but not before Zambia Airways had sent off signals to Nairobi enquiring about Adrian and his whereabouts. So, as I said, we went off to our dinner party on the 4th and returned about midnight with the temperature falling rapidly as a prelude to a spell of rain and cold – most unusual for this part of the world as our rainy season ended long ago.

To our surprise (which is putting it mildly), a long shadow untangled itself from the pillar near the front door, and seemed to be rising out of a haversack on the ground. It was Adrian who had been waiting on the doorstep for about four hours for our return, having arrived earlier than his telegram indicated, and been fortunate enough to find a kind stranger at the airport who was travelling to Kitwe (some 32 miles west of Luanshya), who was willing to take a 16 mile detour into Luanshya and find the house before dropping Adrian off and going on his way! There are no buses at that time of night and taxis are not easily found either, nor are they very safe for a variety of reasons – so I am very grateful to Adrian's unknown benefactor who knew local conditions better than Adrian could have imagined, as he is still very idealistic and trusting of humanity. I fear he will think us beyond redemption with our views on local politics and practical living in the circumstances of Africa in rapid change and transition. However, he will have much to think about this last term in the Hills, which he says he is looking forward to as a grand finale to his African experience prior to his going up to Cambridge in September.

Maurice and Graeme took him to Livingstone to see the Falls and at least have a look at the border between us and Rhodesia, and to see the spot where two Canadian girls were shot and killed by trigger happy Zambian troops, and their American companions kept under probing fire for four hours till night fell and they could be rescued. The day before Maurice left the Zambians shot and killed a Rhodesian policeman in a police launch patrolling the Rhodesian waters of the Zambesi river and well within his territorial waters. This is not the first time this has happened – in fact this is the fourth incident that we know of, but Rhodesians are expendable, so not much is said in the press, and the local paper says the authorities have no official report, so it did not happen!

You will be glad to know that Adrian is well and seems happy – longing to get back to the family in due time, but seems to have made the most of his time in these parts lest he should not return for a long time. We were so glad he could spare us the time to cram in this hurried visit to us, and to have had the opportunity of meeting him – the only member of your family I have met so far! Space once again defeats, but I hope all is well with you and yours, and the coming of spring will put a new and more cheerful complexion on things. Love and best wishes, Elaine.

New term and new teachers

The new term began with three members of staff present, including a new teacher Evelyn, and about 30 to 40 students. I supervised the sweeping of classrooms and obtaining benches from the church for the Form I's. I drew up a temporary time-table for the next day's teaching, and noted that there had been yet another complete staff turn-over, barring Peter and myself.

The following day teaching started, with an emphasis on Mathematics. In the afternoon a new teacher arrived, Rastor N, from Kanamai, Kilifi District. He was an mGiriama (from a coast tribe). As Aggrey was not allowed to return, due to his irresponsible behaviour last term, Rastor shared the Diocesan House with me, sleeping in Aggrey's old room. I spent the evening cleaning the place and helping Rastor get settled in. Last term he was at Rabai Harambee School, near Mombasa. After leaving school, he spent three years at

the Pentecostal Bible College in Nairobi, and had been teaching since then. We both went up to the Fellowship meeting at the W's – at which there were many folk present.

On Wednesday I drew up a full time-table with the four of us, assuming the other teachers would soon be arriving. Archdeacon Jeremiah K and Don S came round, and the Archdeacon addressed the staff and students in words of welcome, encouragement and advice. However, I began to feel pretty sick with exhaustion around 3 pm, so I went home to recover – the result, I suspected, of last term's endeavours followed immediately by a month of almost non-stop travelling and activities!

The next day I was feeling only a little better, so I spent a quiet day of recovery, and was up and about during the evening. This letter arrived:

CHALA KLAB, PO BOX 3, TAVETA, 8 MAY 1974

Dear Sir, I am very glad to have this opportunity of writing this letter of greetings to you. With me I am physically and mentally fit. No wonder I am on the way coming.

What only I want to put forward to you is to ask an excuse and to say sorry about, because I came with cupboard keys. But so far I have posted them and I think you will receive them soon.

By FREDERICK M.

On Friday I was able to teach once again. The new subject allocation arrangements left me teaching Maths IA, Maths III, Chemistry IA, and RE IV – much the same as last term. A new teacher, who arrived on Thursday, was able to teach Form IV English, so that I was also teaching Maths II. I would have been able to teach Physics Forms IA and IB; but this would have meant teaching 36 periods a week. Following previous advice, and realising that it's better to do a manageable amount of work well, rather than too much badly, I was able to pass on the Physics to another new teacher (who only had 12 periods), leaving me with around 30 periods per week. It was interesting to note that including Samson O, who had not yet arrived, we were now only two scientists – compared with the last term of 1973 when all five of us were Science teachers!

At first I found it difficult to settle down to proper work, as I was still experiencing the impact of the past holidays, and already becoming restless about returning home in August – a little over three months distant. I was temporarily laid low once again in the middle of the day, but felt fully recovered by the end of the afternoon, and greatly refreshed by a not-well-attended but very enthusiastic Christian Union meeting.

I was reminded, in a new way, of the Great Lesson of Africa: that people come first; and that they are more important than efficiency and punctuality. People matter more than things – whether duties, plans, time-schedules, studies, or work of any kind – even teaching preparation!

CU leaders' Training Day

Based on my diary notes:

Saturday 18 May 1974 – Christian Union Leaders' Training Day at Wundanyi, at which the guest speakers were Michael O (the Travelling Secretary for Scripture Union) and Joshua, the Travelling Secretary for KSCF. The theory that people are more important than time was well demonstrated this morning in true African style: the Conference was due to start at 10 am. It was necessary therefore for the Mgalu delegation to leave Mbale at 9 am. Rastor and I set out forthwith to find Peter M. He was still washing, and was ready by 9:15 am. Together we spent the next half hour rounding up the five students of the CU committee, and we did not get away till nearly 10 am. We arrived at Aggrey High School just before 11 am, but the meeting did not begin till about half an hour later, as everybody else was over an hour late! For the first time I did not get particularly worried

about punctuality myself, because I now realised that it is impossible to hurry Africans – it is much better to let them do things in their own time. In the end we enjoyed a successful day's teaching and discussion, meeting representatives from most of the other secondary schools in the Taita District. We walked home in the cool of the evening, entertained by Peter's reading selected passages from Pilgrim's Progress.

Sunday 19 May 1974 – Church at 10:30. Michael O preached – fortunately in English, as he is an mLuyia and knows little Swahili, and no ki-Dabida. He was very successfully interpreted by Julias R; his words explained the great importance of the work of Scripture Union in Kenya today. I spent the afternoon writing letters.

Monday 20 May 1974 – I was asked to be Teacher on Duty for the week. I had a full day's teaching, and refereed the football match between Mgalu High School and Iriwa Village Polytechnic. We welcomed a new member of staff, Mr N - who, thankfully, teaches Science.

Tuesday 21 May 1974 – Richard M [the Bishop of Mombasa's assistant] and the Diocesan Secretary, Miss Grace C, came to collect the students' school fees. My April salary was handed to me forthwith – I am literally paid by the students I teach! I spent a tiring afternoon drafting a completely new time-table. I am now teaching Forms IA and IB for Mathematics. I spent the evening with the W's, hearing about Andrew's and Joshua's ventures at Murray, Kenyatta, Aggrey and Voi Christian Unions.

Wednesday 22 May 1974 – I conducted some interesting Chemistry experiments with Form IA – to determine the proportion of air used up by burning, by placing a gas jar over a candle immersed in water, so that the water level in the jar was able to rise above that of the bowl according to the air consumed. I found that with methylated spirit burning on cotton, the water level rose by nearly half, but with other materials the level rose by the customary 1/5th. Yet another teacher arrived – a specialist in English, Swahili and History. I had to punish latecomers to yesterday's Assembly by getting them to *panga* [slash] the bushes on the football field.

Thursday 23 May 1974 – ASCENSION DAY, short service at Mbale Church led by Mr W, the Padre, the Rev John N and Peter M. We sang [in kiDabida]:

HAIL the days that sees him rise, HALLELUJAH!

To His throne above the skies...

Christ, awhile to mortals given...

Enters now the highest heaven, HALLELUJAH... (words by Charles Wesley)

Friday 24 May 1974 – I met Mr and Mrs John and Brenda F, missionary settlers from Nakuru, who had arrived the day before. Their first news was that Catharine was very ill, and Andrew, who was going to Mombasa for a meeting, took her to hospital first thing this morning. The F's, along with their youngest son Paul, took Christian Union in the evening.

Coast Province Science Teachers Seminar

The diary continued:

Saturday 25 May 1974 – Christian Union Rally at Aggrey High School, Wundanyi. I walked early up to town in order to bank some money, leaving Rastor responsible for getting the students up in time (they were again nearly an hour late!) It was a successful rally in many ways with very sound teaching from the F's, and a real atmosphere of friendliness and freedom. Again the spontaneity of singing, testimony and worship was impressive. I left around 4:30 pm, managing to be back at Mbale in time before the rains. I discussed the challenges of being a Christian in Africa, with various students during the walk home. They said that traditional tribal culture was still one of the most difficult factors.

Sunday 26 May 1974 – Church at 10:30 am, and afternoon writing letters. I went up to the W's house to return a torch, and had a long conversation with the American missionary from India who was staying. She had come over to Kenya to get away from the heat – which is a necessity during the six weeks leading up to the Indian monsoon. She was working at a hospital situated in a village of about 100 huts in Central India. India, as a mission field, sounded very different from Africa – much tougher in many respects. Andrew and the F's returned just as I was leaving, and they invited me to stay on for dinner.

Monday 27 May 1974 – I left at 06:30 for Kenyatta High School, Mwatate, to attend the Coast Province Science Teachers Seminar. I took the OTC bus, and when I arrived I met Ginny, the English teacher from the UK, who invited me in for a 'second breakfast' – as there was as yet no sign of the Mombasa folk. Finally, some minutes after 9 am, I went in to the Physics Laboratory to find Mr N making some general announcements before the assembled class. "I'm sorry I'm a bit late," I began, somewhat embarrassed. "*It's alright, Mr Hall, you're not late*", came the reply in a high-pitched, annoyingly squeaky voice! The seminar was led by Mr M, from the British Council at Nairobi, helped by an American couple who had video-tapes and close-circuit television. During the morning, we were asked to compare two Science lessons taught by Kenyans, which we watched on TV – one of which followed a traditional teaching pattern, with the other conducted along more modern lines. Some very interesting discussion ensued. At lunch time I met the other teachers: Asians at Kenyatta High School, English nuns at Bura Roman Catholic School, a Sudanese teacher at Aggrey High School, a graduate Science teacher at Murray High School. In the afternoon we plunged into the Practical, again using 'modern' methods: how to determine the calorific value of a cashew nut, given the minimum of instructions, and even less apparatus.

Mr N (British Council Mombasa) was present for some of the time. He had just delivered 150 second-hand books from the British Council library, for Mgalu – hooray! I also hoped to be able to borrow a Kenya-Science-Teachers-College Physics Demonstration Kit for the month of July. We adjourned around 4 pm, managing to get transport to Wundanyi in the form of the Aggrey High School Land Rover. Busy evening of lesson preparation – I went up to see the W's, as Catharine had just returned from hospital.

Tuesday 28 May 1974 – the Fellowship meeting took place down at our house for the first time.

Wednesday 29 May 1974 – my experiments with carbon dioxide and lime water worked beautifully – the clear liquid I had made from a precipitate of calcium hydroxide turned distinctly white when shaken with a gas jar in which a candle had burned itself out. I sorted out the new library books, which seemed to include everything from Introductory Civics and Tropical Agriculture, to Agatha Christie and Sherlock Holmes!

Thursday 30 May 1974 – I gave Jackson his salary, *kwa sababu ya mwisho mwenzi* [because of its being the end of the month], and he had to be away on Friday. Two Christian 'brothers' from Shigaro, Davis and Nathan, came to speak at Christian Union. Their message was well received.

Friday 31 May 1974 – I closed the door on the third week of the term, which seemed to have gone like a flash. Less than three months remaining: plans and preparations for my return to England were already in progress – an event which was now always at the back of my mind. A fair amount of work in the evening. Rastor N left for Mombasa to carry out personal *shauri* [business], and to take some O-level exams. I changed the calendars over to June...

CHAPTER 10: A CHRISTENING IN THE TAITA HILLS

June 1974

The first few days in June

The diary continued:

Saturday 1 June 1974 – MADARAKA DAY – Celebrations for Madaraka Day, the 11th anniversary of the day Kenya was given self-government by the British.

Sunday 2 June 1974 – WHITSUNDAY. Church at 10:30 – Holy Communion. I was invited up to tea with the S's, as it was Iain's fourth birthday. Miss Kate C had come over for the occasion, and Peter M was also there.

Tuesday 4 June 1974 – a card arrived:

To Adrian and Peter – Mbale, 4th June 1974:

You are invited to the Baptism of Robert Mark at Murray High School, Wusi at 10:30 am on June 23rd and afterwards to lunch at Kate's house.

But the first few days of June are best described in the following letter:

Letter to my parents, 5 June 1974

Letter to my parents from Mbale, Wednesday 5 June 1974:

Thank you very much for both of your letters which arrived together on May 31st. Lovely to hear all news. First, about the date for my return. I've just received news from the Marangu Hotel [in Tanzania] to say that my intended dates for starting the Kilimanjaro climb are already booked, and they can only offer me either August 10th or 17th for *starting* the climb – with a possibility of August 15th. They asked me to cable a reply. So I went up to Wundanyi first thing this morning (having received the letter yesterday), and sent a telegram asking them to book for 15 climbers to start, if possible, on August 15th, or otherwise definitely on August 17th. The 10th is no good, as we break up on August 9th. I have yet to get a reply, but assuming we start on 17th, that means 17th to 21st climbing, 22nd Marangu to Taita Hills, 23rd (if I'm packed in time), Taita to Nairobi, which means my earliest date back will be 24th. I see in my diary that that's a bank holiday weekend. CMS haven't asked me for flight dates yet, but I will probably choose August 25th or 26th (or thereabouts). Will this be OK? I'm sorry it's difficult to make an earlier return, but I expect a lot of things that need to be done can wait till after Inverpolly [holiday in North-West Scotland].

Fairly eventful weekend. Saturday June 1st was MADARAKA DAY – the third of Kenya's national days, celebrating the time when Kenya first got self-government (in 1963). I went up to Wundanyi, arriving there late (in true African style) to find that the Presidential Speech had already been read! However I managed to find a printed English copy – a good speech all about the coming elections, and using local production to combat inflation. There were then the usual church choirs singing, in turn – both national and Christian songs. There was then a short demonstration of traditional tribal dancing – about 25 old ladies shuffling round in a circle to the hypnotic rhythm of drums, uttering strange wailings, and waving their arms in the air – far removed, I'm afraid, from the colourful glamour of the popular idea of national dancing. This, I was told, had tribal religious overtones, and it was all rather sinister. One woman appeared almost 'possessed' – she wouldn't stop shaking, even when friends helped her away from the shuffling circle of aged dancers. No one under about 60 was taking part – a reminder, I was told, of Africa's past. After that we were able to laugh as we watched the world-famous Taita Hills sugar-cane eating competition – to see who could chew his way through an 18 inch stick of cane fastest! One of our students came

second. Finally football: men versus women. The men had their hands tied behind their backs as a handicap. Many of the Chiefs and Government Officials were playing!

I went up to see the S's in the evening – not having really seen them since Mark's arrival. They invited me to stay for dinner, as Julius and Vivian R were coming (Julius owns the Wundanyi bookshop and is a lay reader at Mbale Church). We had a wonderful evening, with king fish steak and chips, listening to music and having long conversations while we did the washing up. The next day I came up again for tea – as it was Iain's 4th birthday. Miss Kate C and Peter M were there as well. Mark's Christening is on June 23rd at Wusi (near Murray High School). Peter and I have been invited, and to stay on to lunch with Miss C afterwards.

The weather here is bitterly cold (or am I just not used to it?) Yesterday I wore a jumper while teaching, the whole day! Even at 12 noon it was too cold to take it off. Today it has been warmer, but I am wearing a jumper now! Quite a lot of rain, plenty of mist and clouds. You'll be glad to hear that – at last – my folding piece of wood, which I took out from Britain, is doing a useful job. I have drawn squares (2½ inch x 2½ inch) with felt tip pens, and stuck drawing pins at the corners, and am using it with Maths Form I to demonstrate the principles of co-ordinate geometry, using coloured elastic bands. Great fun, and the students seemed thrilled with it! Rastor has just returned from Mombasa, with cheese, mangoes-as-big-as-melons, and flash-cubes for my camera: I hope to take some photographs of actual teaching...

Prayer Mount and beyond

On Thursday the Zambian slides arrived – some very impressive! The W's returned from Nakuru, having taken the children out for half-term. Fellowship evening at Aggrey High School – Mrs S kindly drove a group of us up to Wundanyi, including Joseph (from Maynard Primary School), Rastor and Peter and myself. Some teachers from Murray High School, and Harold and Gladness M, were there.

On Friday Mr W spoke at the Mgalu Christian Union, which was poorly attended because it was raining hard, and students were anxious to get home. The first load of desks arrived for the Form I's – about 20 in all. The building was beginning to move forward at last – a day of cementing the walls. Busy evening marking books.

On Saturday morning it rained, but I nevertheless walked to Wundanyi to bank my May salary and buy stamps. I caught the bus down, returning at about half past nine, and then took a long walk up into the hills. I started by reaching the top of the ridge (Prayer Mount), by a rather unusual route which involved plunging through thick bush set on a very steep slope, after making several wrong turns. This was the first time I had reached the Prayer Mount Summit in six months. The full extent of Mbale was spread out beneath me once again, and it was sad to think that in a couple of months I would be seeing the Hills for the last time. I then proceeded 'beyond', and round to the right, passing through a settlement with round thatched huts. The sky overhead deepened, threatening heavy rain.

I managed to traverse the 'steep valley', which hitherto I had thought to be impassable. The river could be crossed by means of a long, unsteady chain of stepping stones. I found myself on a road which passed round the back of 'Mount Kulal', and realized that I was about a thousand feet above where I wanted to be, if I was to use the Figinyi road back to Iriwa. However, the owner of a nearby house very kindly offered to show me a way down through the forest. The first part of the descent took us through deep woods, silent save for the gentle rushing of wind in the branches far above, footfalls deadened by the quiet, deep carpet of pine needles. We emerged considerably lower down, after an exhilarating descent, more akin to skiing than walking! I then bade my guide 'farewell', as I was now on familiar ground. A further 500 feet down the open slopes brought me back on to the road again, but the rain had well and truly set in as darkness fell.

I had dinner with the W's, listening to Mozart and Schubert, chatting about their trip to Nakuru, and showing my slides of Mgalu and Zambia. As I was leaving, just after 10 pm, the moon had risen so that the clouds were dappled with her pale beams. All around the air was still and clear, freshened and scented by the receding rain, and the wet grass glistened.

Sunday was a bright, hot day, in marked contrast to the day before. I introduced Rastor to the Kilili church, as he is Pentecostal by denomination. The service had plenty of life! I spent a quiet afternoon writing letters.

Peter M at the classroom door

Based on my diary notes:

Monday 10 June 1974 – I persuaded Rastor to take a flash-photograph of me as I taught Mathematics to Form IB. I managed to incorporate the co-ordinate display board, illustrating the solution to a problem in co-ordinate geometry.

Tuesday 11 June 1974 – I was not feeling my best, until after school when, on lying down, I recovered rapidly and completely.

Wednesday 12 June 1974 – I received a letter from the Marangu Hotel, confirming bookings for our ascent of Kilimanjaro to begin on August 17th – so this now seems to be settled. I spent time in the evening writing letters to inform other members of the latest plans. Full staff meeting, with our final complement: Miss Evelyn M, Mr Rastor N, Mr Jerome K, Mr K, Mr N, and Mrs W. Mr K and Mrs W are both 'Baluyia'. Peter (very gently) ticked us off for lack of punctuality, and extending our lessons in such a way as to deprive a fellow teacher of the honour and privilege of conducting a full lesson! The agenda was mainly concerned with school discipline (or concern about the lack of it), Clubs, Games Master and Mistress, and houses. Mr N and I have agreed to start a Science Club. This could be quite productive if we manage to get the KSTC Physics kit on loan to us. As it now stands, Mr N is to be President, and I am to be invited as a Guest Lecturer, from time to time! A second load of books arrived for the school library – from the 'Canadian Overseas Book Center'. As most of them are in French, I can see that their value will be limited.

Thursday 13 June 1974 – I marked between 60 and 80 Maths books. Then I went up to see the W's, as they leave for Nairobi at 03:00 tomorrow morning. Andrew has a meeting at 09:00; they hope to return with a new car. Heavy rain. Rastor left for Mombasa.

Friday 14 June 1974 – I woke up at 06:00: the alarm had just gone off. Total silence next door: I remembered Rastor had left for Mombasa the day before. Quite suddenly, I heard movements... the bed creaking... the sound of slippers on the stone floor... shuffling across the floor... Had Rastor come back? Who was it? Had Aggrey unexpectedly returned? Unmistakable now, furniture moving, hands at the door, footsteps... perhaps I should investigate... I resolved I would stir myself out of bed, and go and see who it was... it was still dark... I would just turn over, reach hold of my torch... in a minute... NOW! I came to – imperceptibly. The noises faded. Though barely asleep, I must have been dreaming... I had strained to catch the slightest sound of movement next door, but there was total silence. And on getting up, I tried the door of Rastor's room: it was locked!

Busy morning teaching Maths. Form III – after the morning break: I began the lesson, and for the first five minutes, students casually strolled in. I decided to continue regardless, and began to write high up on the board, with my back to the door: t-h-e c-o-e-f-f-i-c-i-e-n-t o-f $x = t-h-e s-u-m o-f t-h-e r-o-o-t-s w-i-t-h t-h-e s-i-g-n c-h-a-n-g-e-d$. T-h-e a-b-s-o-l-u-t-e t-e-r-m... I was aware of someone at the door: = t-h-e p-r-o-d-u-c-t "Come in!" o-f t-h-e r-o-o-t-s. The student had made no response. I was vaguely aware of the class rippling with suppressed laughter. "I said COME IN!" – and then turned round to find it was Peter M!

Christian Union at 3.30 pm, compulsory for all students, because Nelson M and Aloo, with David and Nathan, from the Trinity Fellowship, had come to address the school, and

share with us some of their very talented singing. Their theme was: 'Jesus is the Answer', conveyed in music and very direct and down-to-earth preaching, which the students enjoyed and (I hope) appreciated. One point which they tried to bring home by their testimonies was that the maxim that 'Christianity-is-just-for-the-poor-and-simple-minded' is totally wrong: it is also for the well-to-do, the academics and the intellectuals. David, Nathan and Aloo were all from Nairobi University, and it was interesting to notice that, for the rural Africans, this was a symbol of Modern Civilisation and the Great Outside World. I invited Jerome and Mr N for Milo afterwards; they had not agreed to hear them through, on the grounds that one of them had said (apparently) that neither Science nor Philosophy were able to supply an answer to the Meaning of Life...

Winter Solstice

Saturday morning was fairly sedentary, preparing lessons for the coming week. This included cutting up pieces of card for use in a demonstration to teach Form I's the meaning of decimals (in bases other than ten), and constructing a 10 cm cube in order to give the Form I's some idea of what a litre is. I walked up to Wundanyi with Mr K, to watch the Mgalu vs St Johns football match. On the way I had a long conversation with Mr K, who was studying at Makerere University, Kampala and hoped to go to Cambridge for a post-graduate course in 1976. It was a stimulating game to watch: the Mgalu forwards were really on fire; and their defence was good too. The St Johns defence was really weak, not least of all the goalie, and the final score was a triumphant 4-1.

On Sunday I attended Holy Communion at 10:30 at the Mbale church. Mr W preached, and I found that I could follow a fair amount of what he was saying – lessons from the *Hadithi* (story) was *Mtu Tajin* (Dives) *na Lazaro*. The W's had just returned from Nairobi – without the new car. In the afternoon I helped Christian Union members draft a drama production in conjunction with Aggrey High School CU for presentation at Kenyatta High School on Sunday June 23rd. I tried not to put too many ideas forward, as I wanted the students to feel that it was *their* work. I spent a busy evening informing other YSAs of the changed dates of the Kilimanjaro Ascent, and arrangements for travel, cash etc.

Monday was a full day's teaching. I went up to the S's after lessons, mainly to check on arrangements for Mark's Christening on Sunday. I stayed to tea, which we had in the guest room (now re-floored), where I had spent my first nights in the Taita Hills – with freshly made scones made (partly) by the children. I also called in on the W's, and picked up porridge oats and (at vast expense) a small tin of golden syrup.

On Tuesday we had the opening meeting of the Mgalu Scientific Society, sponsored by Mr N and myself. The election of office-bearers and an outline of activities was discussed. I received a long and very welcome letter from R-J (my Housemaster at Haileybury) which, once deciphered (as his handwriting was notoriously obscure), was mainly about the success of David Watson's Lent Mission to Haileybury. David Watson was a Charismatic Church of England Minister at York, and author of several well-known Christian books, including 'My God is Real'.

Evening fellowship at the S's; Joseph M brought along several of his colleagues – teachers of Maynard Primary School. I walked home down the hill in the darkness, alleviated only by the clear, cold stars. Then I slept under two blankets, curled up, shivering, hardly able to emerge from under the bed clothes because of the extreme cold – as it was (almost) the Winter Solstice. Getting up in the morning was not without difficulty; and I was painfully reminded of winter mornings in Britain, and of the fact that soon I would be leaving the Warmth of Africa!

On Wednesday there was much wailing over the Hills as the sub-chief of the Mbale location had died during the night.

An unfortunate staff meeting

At 12:25 pm on Thursday, immediately after morning school, we were summoned to a rather unfortunate staff meeting in which a certain member of staff led an accusation against another, certain member of staff (Jerome K). Some of it was justified, as the latter's conduct had in certain matters been questionable, and had left other staff members exasperated in one way or another. Unanimous agreement with the former's proposals led to a decision for Peter to take a Memorandum (which as staff members we had drafted and which, in the afternoon, I was asked to type) down to the Bishop at Mombasa, requesting that the accused be transferred to a different school, and that Miss Evelyn M, unfortunately due for transfer, be retained, as she had the interests of the students and the community at heart.

For some reason, I did not – in contrast to previous occasions – feel terribly involved. It happened that this term I was not really affected by staff inter-relationships: for one reason, I was hardly ever in the staff-room, as I was teaching almost exclusively Form I's and Form III, whose classrooms were located up the hill and away from the main school compound. On the one hand this meant a shallower contact with the other staff members, but it also meant that I avoided much of the tension which, from time to time, charged the (usually friendly) staff room atmosphere.

After my (not very successful) typing efforts, I performed an exciting experiment with Form I: the action of calcium with water, to produce calcium hydroxide (i.e. 'limewater', which turned milky when I breathed through it) and hydrogen gas – which ignited with a rather half-hearted 'plop', thus: $\text{Ca} + 2\text{H}_2\text{O} = \text{Ca}(\text{OH})_2 + \text{H}_2$.

On Friday (21 June 1974, mid-winter's day) I began teaching functional graphs to Form III. Jackson, after being sent to Iriwa in the morning, did not show up for the rest of the day. In the evening a student informed me he was down at Mdongo-dongo with a swollen leg, unable to move. After Mrs W had seen him, Andrew took him up to Wesu Hospital, as it was really quite serious and causing him excruciating pain. It was later diagnosed as a carbuncle or multiple boil. I spent a busy evening marking, up to the 150th book (at least) this week!

Catharine's Birthday

Saturday was Catharine's birthday. After a busy morning's shopping in Wundanyi and lesson preparation, I joined the W's at their invitation for a picnic expedition. As the weather was cold, and the cloud level low, Catharine decided we should go 'down' instead of 'up', following the Mbale road to beyond Wanganga, into the valley which could be seen from the front door and verandah of our house – a steep arid looking valley, with a stream flowing at the bottom, slopes of bare shale-rock, sparse bush and cactus plants rising up on either side. The soil looked poor, and the valley slopes were deserted except for the odd grass hut carved into the hillside. Across the valley, and slightly below us, was a cleft of vivid green, a sudden patch of grass in which a small herd of cows was grazing. A herdsman, sitting cross-legged on a rock, looking after the cows, had a one-stringed instrument in his hand. As the wind stilled, the air was haunted by a strange, three-noted melody; it filled the valley, sometimes distant, at other times distinct – a unique sound, conveying a deep impression of the true, rural Africa and possessing an almost timeless quality.

We had our picnic on a rock overlooking the valley below, and went for a walk in the afternoon. After climbing for a few minutes, we descended into a green glade of lush vegetation, with different kinds of tree and bush, and maize *shambas*. We passed houses made of grass and mud, and were greeted by fascinated onlookers – for many of the young children this might well have been the first time they had seen a 'white man' close up. A self-appointed guide brought us under trees, festooned with orchids – very indigenous and seeming to be almost as old as the hills themselves. We saw

innumerable butterflies, all brightly coloured, and some curious succulents including green geraniums, and turquoise flowers, some of which we collected on our way. We reached a high vantage point giving a fine view of the valley – its fauna and settlements – Msau village in the middle distance, the Sagalla Hills very clear in the background. Back home for tea with the S's: balloons, birthday cake, and the festive atmosphere of candle-light.

Miss Ailsa P, a retired missionary from Mombasa, arrived. She had come to stay with the S's, after (as she put it) an unintentional 'guided tour' of the Taita Hills, as she had got on the wrong bus at Voi!

Robert Mark's Christening

Sunday 23 June 1974 – This was a very special day: Robert Mark's Christening took place at Murray High School, Wusi. Catharine W, Peter and I were picked up by the S's, and we all travelled to Wusi in the one car, very tightly packed – each of holding a child, a soufflé or, in my case, the Christening cake! We arrived at Murray High School, where we met Andrew W, accompanied by the Revd Edward M and Archdeacon Jeremiah K, who was to christen Robert Mark. The O's and David J had arrived from Kaloleni. Auntie Kate was there to welcome us. In every way, it was a beautiful service, conducted in the Chapel of Murray High School, with compulsory attendance by the students. The Baptism Service was led by the Archdeacon in Swahili – but I was able to follow it in the 1662 version of 'Publick Baptism of Infants'. Auntie Kate, Ken O and David J, Mark's godparents, stood in front of the altar, together with the S family. Auntie Kate held the baby, who kept peering over her shoulder, wide-eyed, at the congregation, in a rather engaging manner! At the moment of baptism, the Archdeacon spoke the words in Ki-Taita – a wonderful detail – as he touched Mark's forehead with water three times, and made (with a flourish) the sign of the cross. The Baptism Service was followed by Holy Communion, conducted in English by Andrew.

The service was followed by lunch, fellowship and photographs for us all at Kate's house. It was a pleasant and cool afternoon, during which Peter set off with the Murray girls for Kenyatta High School, where a Christian Union Rally was in progress. We had afternoon tea, with the delicious Christening cake, by candlelight, in front of a roaring fire! I spoke a little to the Archdeacon in Swahili, and he said some kind words. I remember saying how sorry I was to be leaving the Taita Hills, and explained that a year in a place was really not long enough to make much of a contribution to the community there. I then accompanied the O's down to Voi – so that they could take David to a bus for his journey back to Taru. I was acting as navigator, to direct them to the S's house, where they were staying. We picked up Peter and one student from Kenyatta High School, to ease transport problems for the returning Mgalu and Aggrey High School students. We ascended into a thick bank of cloud, which began to clear again as we descended from Wundanyi – the hills, at dusk, with trees silhouetted against the skyline and curtains of mist had rarely looked so beautiful.

I was invited to join the O's and the S's for the evening meal, at the end of such a special day. Later we were joined by the W's, and we had a wonderful time of fellowship together. As Andrew had brought his guitar, we were able to sing. I was given a lift back with the W's, and we reached Maynard corner – only to find Peter, standing there, looking rather forlorn. The Mgalu students had *still* not returned from the CU rally at Kenyatta High School. Presently however, after deliberation and probing the gathering mist with torches, we heard voices carrying over the valley, the fog making them seem much nearer than in fact they were, and it was a good 10 minutes before the Kenyatta party arrived – some of them having walked all the way (a distance of around 12 miles), because there had been a hitch in the transport arrangements!

Science Club

Tuesday 25 June 1974 – Science Club, the first meeting: two demonstrations. I performed the collection of hydrogen from the reaction of calcium with water. It was successful in nearly every way including a much more satisfactory 'plop' when the hydrogen exploded; and the lime-water really did turn milky when I blew through it using an empty ballpoint pen tube.

Excerpt from YSA newsletter:

Kilimanjaro. Adrian Hall writes as follows: "Dates for ascent are now Aug 17 – 21 (when do you come down? - Ed). Porters, guides etc. are necessary: prices are soaring: please allow at least 400/- in EA Travellers' Cheques. Final rendezvous: Marangu Swedish Mission Bible College, Aug 16th. Following are on the list: Jon A, Jo and Jacqui, Howard M, Andrew S, Francis W, Sally W, Keith B, Chris and Mark R, Jackie W, John S – and Adrian. Vacancies for two more. Please apply in writing."

Wednesday 26 June 1974 – I had to get *kali* [cross] with three students (from Form II) who rushed past the library (where I was correcting books), shouting "*Kwa sinda, Aba!*" [Good evening, Sir!], aimed for the nearest guava tree, and began to strip it bare of ripe fruit! Functional graphs with Form III. No Jackson: feeling the pressure of having to do all the domestic work. Meat, eggs and bread are hard to come by – fried bananas taste very nice.

Half-term at Mombasa

The half-term trip to Mombasa from 27 June to 1 July 1974 is best described in a letter to my parents from Mbale, dated Wednesday 3 July 1974:

Well! Talk about a rush – it's well and truly back into non-stop activity as the term launches into the second half. Half-term was fun – I stayed with Ken and Betty O down at Mombasa. On Thursday afternoon I came out of the last lesson and leaped aboard the Kireti bus, reaching Voi at 5:30 pm. I met Peter coming back from Mombasa, a bit dejected – *without* our June salaries! They are now due on July 9th – something I've learned to live with. I've written personally to the Bishop asking him to send my July *and* August salaries before the end of the month, so that I'll have enough money for a trip to Western Kenya, and for the Kilimanjaro expedition. I boarded the Mombasa bus, and reached Taru at 6:30 pm, before dark. I spent a very pleasant evening with Dave J and Granville (a Scotsman 'freelancer'). I saw a bit of the school the next morning. Though in the bush, in all respects the school is streaks ahead of Mgalu. Pre-fab buildings left by the Yugoslavs from a rail-maintenance station, Headmistress a nun, Sister Margarita. Discipline superb, resulting efficiency very apparent.

Friday to Monday in Mombasa. Not, on the whole, very active days: a lot of sleeping, conversation, reading – the emphasis was really on rest, which I felt I really needed – after seven weeks teaching without a let-up, and six more facing me now. On Friday evening, I was hauled along (very willingly) into the Cathedral Choir by Ray, the Choirmaster, and we practised the hymns for Sunday in four parts (I was bass). Just like old times!

Also, on Friday evening, Ken J, a teacher at Shimo-la-Tewa, 10 miles up the coast, and a close friend of those at CITC, had a heart-attack. A phone call came through, and we were all asked to pray for him. As a result he quite suddenly recovered, and even by the time the doctor reached Shimo-la-Tewa, he was perfectly OK. He was kept in hospital over the weekend, as a precaution though. The Saturday night Christian fellowship meeting took place at the Jones's house at Shimo-la-Tewa.

On Saturday morning I took a long walk 'round the island' or part thereof – following the coastline past the golf course and the Oceanic Hotel, and as far as the Likoni ferry, on the south side of the island. It was beautiful to watch the sea breaking on the rocks –

knowing that in two months I shall be watching the (very much colder) sea breaking on rocks in North-West Scotland!

On Sunday evening, we sang at Evensong and Holy Communion in the Cathedral. Afterwards, we spent the evening at the O's with Paul (VSO at Rabai), Di (VSO at Kaloleni) and Ki (VSO nurse at Tana River) – it was very interesting to meet others who are having similar experiences, though most VSOs are on 2 to 3 year contracts.

On Monday I picked up the KSTC Physics kit, on loan from the British Council, intending to take it with me on the Mbale bus. I reached the bus station to find that it had broken down and wasn't running. So, I spent the morning in Mombasa, and caught the OTC bus at 2 o'clock. It was a *very* slow journey, and when we reached Voi, I had missed the Kireti bus (going to Wundanyi via the Mbale way). So I stayed on board, and we got to Wundanyi at 8:30 pm (1½ hours late) – faced with a 3 mile journey, in the dark, carrying a rucksack *and* a case full of science kit! Fortunately a couple of Mgalu students were also on the bus, and they brought the kit down the next morning, and escorted me almost back to Mbale – it was a beautiful moonlit night. I went straight to the W's (by previous arrangement). I had been expected home much earlier, but they had a good meal ready for me (and very welcome it was, too!)

Yesterday Mr N and I experimented with the science kit with the Mgalu Scientific Society. Today, as Duty Master, I was involved in punishing latecomers by getting them to bring stones for the new school building...

CHAPTER 11: PRAYER WALKS IN THE TAITA HILLS

July 1974

Prayer walk towards Mgamboni

Based on my diary notes:

Tuesday 2 July 1974 – Busy day's work. I tried some practical work with the science kit during the Scientific Society club time. I investigated the behaviour of the helical spring, and the calibration of its extension when various weights were loaded on to it.

Thursday 4 July 1974 – Yet another very full day. Christian Union had 'singing' – including some new songs which Rastor taught us.

Friday 5 July 1974 – Compass work with Form IA Maths. The students were astounded as I turned the compass base around and they observed that the red North needle perpetually pointed towards the blackboard (“Aiee!”). I also drew compass directions on the floor of the classroom; and together we estimated the approximate directions of places familiar to them (e.g. Mgambonyi, Choke, Iriwa, Mdongo-dongo, Mbololo, Rong'e, Mwanganga, Voi, Kasigau, Shigaro, Wundanyi, Kungu, Mganga, Wesu and Werugha). Interesting scientific demonstration with Form II – the expansion bar: a lever arrangement showed clearly the linear expansion of a brass bar as I heated it with a Bunsen burner (Rastor N was kind enough to take a photograph at this juncture). I also demonstrated the expansion of a liquid and a gas using a U-tube manometer filled with water coloured with blue ink. The students all crowded round – clearly fascinated.

Saturday 6 July 1974 – I had a lift up to Wundanyi with Lyn S. Peter came too. I reached the bank after 11 am, when it was officially closed. However, after some persuasion they let Peter and myself in; I managed to draw 50/- to tide me through till July 9th when the June salaries are due. I spent the afternoon experimenting with the KSTC science kit, trying to rig up some electrical experiments in preparation for the Scientific Society on Tuesday next week. Dinner and relaxed evening with the W's. Sammy, their cat, had just given birth to four kittens (as small as mice).

Sunday 7 July 1974 – Holy Communion at Mbale, 10:30. There were Mgalu students in abundance, which makes a change, though not too surprising as Peter had promised that the Mgalu English student service would be resumed if attendance at the local church improved! Hymn and anthem singing by the church choir was ever beautiful. After much letter writing I managed to get away for an evening's walk – up on to the ridge, and westwards, round a fresh, fertile valley, tucked in a fold between hills, following the path which leads to the village of Mgambonyi. Some moments before setting, the sun broke through the curtains of cloud, bringing the immediate surroundings of high hedges and tall Eucalyptus trees into sudden relief, against the background of dark plains swept by storm clouds. A few moments – enough however to uplift and refresh me, before entering another week of hard school work. The W's met me at the Mdongo-dongo Bridge. They too had been for a walk in the hills, and at one point had seen me standing meditatively on the summit – my bright red shirt rising clear above the bush!

[I remember having a wonderful time of prayer during this walk – probably inspired by the news of the David Watson Mission contained in my friend Richard's letter. I remember particularly praying for certain members of my family. I also think that given my state of physical fitness at the time, it is unlikely that I contracted TB at this stage – it seems more likely this happened later, perhaps during the gruelling Kilimanjaro expedition in August.]

The diary continued:

Monday 8 July 1974 – Much rain. I managed to 'brave it' and make it to the Iriwa shops for more kerosene. Jackson had his incision. [Later, I realised that I should have taken the time to visit him in hospital.]

Tuesday 9 July 1974 – Salaries, at last. Staff meeting with Richard M and the Diocesan Accountant, to get 'a few matters straight' (such as the delay in our salaries). I managed to persuade them to let us buy the KSTC Physics kit. The Provincial Inspector had said that this is a necessity – if the school is ever to aspire to the unheard-of heights of 'Grade C'. Scientific Society – electricity: the students were thrilled.

Wednesday 10 July 1974 – Jackson was back again – which was a wonderful surprise, as we had not been expecting him till the following week.

Perilous motor-bike ride

Thursday was a hard morning: Maths Chem Maths. The Clare College Students' Guide booklet arrived in the post, which was kind of exciting – as its relevance increased with every passing day. In the late evening, as I was writing home, there was a 'boom' like thunder, the furniture creaked, and I felt slight vibrations from the floor – clearly an earth tremor, the second this year. Staff meeting with prefects.

On Friday I was able to rest after lunch, for the first time in three weeks. So I settled down to The Silver Chair, the sixth of the Narnia stories, which I was trying to finish before leaving Africa. The RE lesson lasted 70 minutes. After Evening Assembly the defaulters were punished, for the first time, by a student, the Head Boy. About 50 students were involved – partly in argument, and (to a smaller degree) in ferrying stone blocks from inside to outside one of the new classrooms. The result was controlled chaos! I returned home, pretty well exhausted. I had sent Jackson to Iriwa with a 20/- note, and (written) instructions to get 2 litres of kerosene, bread, rice, meat, salt etc. He had returned with almost nothing in the way of food, and a written note to inform me, pathetically, "*Pesa na kwisha*" [the money has all been spent!] Why? He had gone and bought – not two litres, but two gallons (=10 litres) of kerosene (at the scandalous price of 8/- per gallon, compared to 5/- a gallon at Wundanyi)! Dinner with the S's. Ray had arrived from Mombasa.

On Saturday I went up to the S's in the morning. It was already nine o'clock and they were just about to have breakfast, and Ray was still in his dressing gown! I walked up to Wundanyi, arranged to draw 400/- in Tanzanian travellers' cheques, and then walked down, preceded by Don and Ray, who were following a different route. By the time we got back to Mbale, Paul G had arrived from Mombasa, on his Yamaha 150 motor-bike. The Taru people were unable to come, because Dave J was very ill with flu; and Granville and Delores were there to look after him. I showed Paul and Ray around the school and our house, and visited Catharine (Andrew together with Peter were holding a CU Rally at Voi Secondary School).

Then we had a 'soup and picnic' lunch on the S's verandah well after 2 o'clock, intending to climb up Yale or Wesu thereafter. However we did not leave until half past three. Paul and I went up on the Yamaha to fill up with petrol. By the time we had all reached Wundanyi, Yale was in cloud, Wesu was shawled with mist, and it was beginning to rain. So we turned round and came all the way back again! We sang songs to the children, while Don and Lyn (who had been up since 4 am) rested. But around 4:30 pm Paul suddenly decided he'd like to visit a friend of his from Rabai, George M, who was now teaching at Lushangoni. It took us about ½ hour to reach St Mary's Secondary School safely, after a fairly perilous journey, during which I gained *some* confidence on the back of the Yamaha. Yale was very dramatic, as the sheer 1,500 ft cliff face loomed suddenly out of the mists. We continued almost as far as Mgange to look for George, as he wasn't in. As we turned a corner, the Vuria massif suddenly came into view, with the plains stretching out beyond, towards the distant Pare Mountains beyond – it was breathtaking in beauty! We finally met George on the road, and he ran back with us to his house, and insisted on our taking tea, eggs and bread, while we discussed the latest news of Rabai and Lushangoni. George is an mKikuyu.

Finally, we left for home around 6 pm, just as it was getting dark, and, in the middle of smooth running and animated conversation, the cloud suddenly rolled up to meet us; by the time we were through Wundanyi it was raining hard. I happen to know that friction decreases rapidly with wetness on these mud-marram roads, and I began to ask (slightly) anxious questions about the amount of tread on the tyres. Paul seemed completely unperturbed, assuring me that it could be “much worse than this” on the road to Rabai. Sure enough, passing through Mwasungia, Paul slowed down for a rough patch, the back wheel began to slew round, we slipped to the right, and (very gently) keeled right over! Not a scratch between us – only my coat was trapped underneath the back wheel. We were both covered with mud, however, and had some difficulty in getting the machine restarted, while travellers on the road began to gather round, asking if we were alright! From there it was a perilously slow crawl back through the cold, rain and darkness, but this was followed by a warm bath and recovery. Then we went over to the W’s for a ‘barbecue’ (indoors) with Harry and Liz (from FTC), who were leaving for Holland the following week, and with Peter, and all the children: Susanna, John and Margaret – just home once again from Turi. It was a very pleasant evening of conversation and music.

On Sunday morning I said goodbye to Ray and Paul, explaining that I was rather committed to going to the local church: we could hardly succeed in the current ‘get-the-students-all-to-go-to-church’ campaign, if the teachers themselves were not there! It was a service of Mattins, at which Andrew preached. I had lunch after the service with the W’s, and a happy ‘rest’ time trying to persuade John’s Lego ‘duck’ to flap its wings. We managed with the aid of cogs and tracks to get it to ‘waddle’ and its head to nod as it went along. The W’s then went, very sensibly, to persuade Aunty Kate to come away on an outing – because she seemed to have been a bit tied up (and stressed out) by the school. Fairly solid afternoon and evening’s work.

On Monday morning, a telegram addressed to the S’s, PO Box 1078, Wundanyi read: “ADRIAN COME TOGETHER NOW 27TH JULY NOT 20TH RAY”. Ray’s impeccable efficiency at work!

Tuesday – Sickness strikes again. Rastor, Mr N and Mrs W were all out of action today; and Peter and I were both feeling distinctly ‘off colour’. The Science Club meeting was spent measuring the electrical conductivities of metals, pencil lead etc. Then I went up to the ‘Helicopter’ to see Mr N and Mr K, and stayed for a meal, being joined later by Peter. No knives and forks – we just used our hands to squeeze pieces of maize and scoop up cabbage and meat. Political conversation. Late (and short) fellowship meeting at the W’s afterwards.

On Wednesday morning I had a strange dream. I was suddenly back in the middle of London: the Taita Hills, Voi and Nairobi were left far behind. I was back in England, without having said goodbye to anyone in Africa, without having ‘drunk the last deep draughts’ of the African year, and feeling sad and upset about this. It was with some relief that I woke up to discover that I still had about six weeks left in Africa! Much time in the evening was spent setting the Form I’s Maths Paper.

On Thursday there was a discussion in the Christian Union on the topic: ‘Should a Christian serve God and man, or God alone?’ This was a success because, unlike last time, the students were taking an active part. In fact, the discussion was really led and directed by the students. Rastor and I, as staff sponsors, were only there to give some assistance. I was asked to sum up the arguments at the end, bringing the Bible-based discussion to a conclusion. There was also a fellowship meeting at Wundanyi. Ambrose M was there, and Phoebe and Kate C came over from Murray. Though initially tired, we were all greatly refreshed by the end of the meeting.

Witness to students from Mwangeka

On Friday evening, Swahili Assembly was taken by the Padre, and we sang: “*Lango ndiye Yesu Bwana...*” [The door is the Lord Jesus]. I went up to the Helicopter again after assembly, and had a long talk with Mr N, and, until he left for Iriwa, Mr K. We were joined later by Cynthia, a new Maynard teacher, and also a couple of students from Mwangeka (so-called 'cousins' of M). One of them, Claude, was particularly interested in my copy of the Bible which was lying on the table. And as he started thumbing through Ezekiel and Obadiah, I asked him whether he believed the Bible. He immediately replied “Of course not”, and I asked him why. So he started at Genesis 1 verse 1, and after a bit of discussion, while Mr N prepared food, I referred him to John 3 verse 3 (“you must be born again”), stressing the need for the New Birth, before he would truly be able to understand spiritual things; a moment later and he was asking me to explain the meaning of Salvation and how it could be his – an example which shows that, as is true in very many cases, though people may attack religion fiercely on the outside, their need and wish to identify with the Christian Faith nevertheless lies not very far beneath the surface. It turned out that Claude was the Secretary of the Mwangeka Christian Union – a society which through coldness and backsliding had not met for 6 months.

Food was prepared and taken in true African style; *ugali* cooked on a charcoal *jiko* [stove] with fried eggs beaten with onion; food taken in our hands and washed down with water afterwards. I spent the rest of the evening with the W's, as it was their 10th Wedding Anniversary. I wasn't quite sure what metal was appropriate, but I gave them a 'paper-weight' lump of Zambian copper ore from the mines of Luanshya!

Visit to Jackson's house

On Saturday morning I got a lift up to Wundanyi, and collected 400/- in East African Travellers' Cheques for the coming trip to Tanzania. I walked down and managed to do some work, setting examinations, which were due to begin on Friday: 60 questions for Form III Mathematics. At 4:30 pm I made my way up to Jackson's house, as I had been bidden for 4:00 pm, but my promised 'guide' (a boy) did not turn up on time. I lost the way at first “*Nilipotea njia*”, but eventually managed to find the right path, which ended in a steep climb of 200 feet or so. Jackson welcomed me to the family compound, which consisted of about three or four houses separated by a patch of short, green grass – a distinctive feature of the higher parts of the Iriwa ridge. I presented my *zawadi* [gifts]: tea, sugar, sugar-cane and some sweets for the children.

As we crossed the 'compound' we met Jackson's *mama mkubwa* [grandmother], who was wizened and inarticulate – close to 100 years old I would think, and we then entered the house of Jackson's mother who was seriously ill. It was a small house of mud-wattle with a tin roof. Several people, mostly old women, were gathered around a wood fire, sitting on pieces of wood raised only a few inches from the ground, with smoke rising up towards a cross-work of wooden boards supported by the roof rafters, on which firewood and maize were left to dry. There was a straw bed along one of the walls with another old woman curled up in a blanket, barely able to move. I was introduced to everyone, and managed somehow to figure out the relationships: Jackson's aunts, cousins, sisters-in-law, pairs of sisters '*tumbo moja*' [literally 'from one tummy']. Milk, and then water, were allowed to boil in preparation for the great event of the afternoon: *Chai!* I left the house just before dark, and returned home, managing to do some more work setting exams.

Long walk to Mgamboni

Sunday 21 July 1974 – I got up luxuriously late, and was just about to set to with breakfast of fresh paw-paw in the sunshine, when John W came past with the post. Sunday breakfast with letters! All I needed was the Sunday papers! Mattins was at

10:30, and Julius R preached, with some of his sermon in KiDabida, and other parts in Swahili.

In the afternoon I went for a long walk in the Hills, making the village of Mgambonyi my objective. I went haring up the Iriwa ridge in record time, going literally straight up, and following a water pipeline which had an almost vertical path running alongside it. I felt the need for a cable car!

I reached the top of the ridge very hot and sweaty, and spent several minutes talking to a lady, who was a member of Kilili Pentecostal church, and who was sitting near the edge of the cliff weaving baskets. I persuaded her to make me one for about 3/-. All the time a fierce east wind and grey clouds were blowing. I walked on, into the heart of the hills, wrapping a coat about me because of the cold. I descended into Mgambonyi, a small settlement on a long hill set in the middle of a valley, with the ridge behind, Ngangao rising up to the left, and the last line of hills beyond a broad and fertile plain, directly ahead of me.

Mgambonyi is set on a kind of spur, thrust out from the ridge 'massif', and covered with trees which made walking more beautiful, but bereft of good views for much of the time. Distinctive were the round huts made of pinkish-brown mud and thatch. The village 'pub' appeared to play a prominent part in community life, particularly, it would seem, on a Sunday afternoon. I walked back, surprised that there was so much 'civilisation' beyond the Iriwa ridge, where I had thought the countryside was, for the most part, virtually uninhabited.

[A sketch-map in my diary, with north up the page, shows Iriwa and the ridge at the bottom, the 'Prayer Mount' summit and 'Kulal' to the right, the Yale/Wesu mountain, the town of Werugha and Ngangao forest to the left. The village of Mgambonyi is near the centre of the sketch, slightly over to the left, on the northern side of the ridge; further to the north is the 'broad valley', with views towards Tsavo East and the Yatta Plateau to the north-east, Choke and the Mbololo hills due east; at the top of the sketch (i.e. north) is the 'last line of hills'.]

I spent a busy evening doing some work, and writing at length to a close school friend. Rastor returned from Kilifi after an all-night Pentecostal rally. He had fallen asleep on the Kireti bus, and they had to wake him up by shouting: "Iriwa, Iriwa!"

On Monday I pushed my way through the morning's teaching, even though in the last lessons before lunch I was feeling pretty low. I went to bed after lunch, remaining there till evening.

On Tuesday morning I was woken up at 05:30 by something obviously stirring in my room. On investigation I eventually found a mouse inside a plastic carrier bag! I spent part of the day setting exams. Otherwise it was a quiet day, with a much needed afternoon sleep – as I was still feeling unwell.

Poised between two worlds

Based on my diary notes:

Wednesday 24 July 1974 – The W's had returned from Mombasa last night, so Catharine came down to see me, having heard from the S's that I was ill. Jackson made me some delicious fresh orange juice. We are now in the middle of the orange season, and almost every day Jezreel, a three-year old boy, comes by with a basket: "*Nimeleta machungwa*" [I have brought oranges]. Plenty of fluids; I slept for almost the whole morning. In the evening Catharine brought down a cassette tape recorder with tapes of Scripture-in-Song, swinging Bible verses set to music, which made for very pleasant listening.

Thursday 25 July 1974 – Up, but not teaching. I went along to the school, and scratched out some difficult mathematical diagrams on stencil for the Maths III exams. Christian Union at 4:30 pm, in which Francis taught members some choruses in English, ki-Dabida

and ki-Swahili, and Joseph M, the Kikuyu teacher from Maynard, preached. Dinner with the W's, who had guests: two graduates from Cambridge (Jesus College) out in Kenya for a holiday. One of them was going on to teach for a year in Ethiopia. I made arrangements for leaving for Mombasa the next day with the S's at 11:30 am, with Peter as well. Exams were to begin the next day, so there was very little for me to do at the school until the papers began flooding in, for marking.

As recorded in my diary:

I have felt, recently, almost 'poised between two worlds': a future of England and Cambridge drawing ever nearer; a year of Mgalu and the Taita Hills and Africa beginning to draw to a close. With a last trip to Mombasa, incorporating the wonderful experience of the 'Come Together' musical, the last two weeks of school work, examinations, final teaching, reports, an African-style birthday, a hopeful trip to see some of Western Kenya and the Rift Valley (Nakuru, Kericho, and Maseno) and then the climax of the year, the five-day ordeal on Africa's highest mountain – it will be nice to feel the year not only well spent, but well rounded off.

'Come Together' weekend

Based on my diary notes:

Friday 26 July 1974 – Feeling much better. I had to change the gas cylinder in order to get breakfast cooked. Exams started, and I found myself invigilating Form IVs, until 11 am. I went up to the S's, and after a delayed start (during which I had to run back to the W's to fetch Peter), we were off by 5 minutes to 12, hoping to reach Wundanyi Bank before it closed at 12! We re-packed at Wundanyi as it was quite a tight fit with Werugha vegetables, plenty of luggage, Don, Lyn, Peter, myself, and the children Anne and Iain, and baby Mark with his carry cot! Lunch at 2:30 pm with Dave at Taru Secondary School; then on into Mombasa, stopping again at Port Reitz, near the airport, to see Miss Ailsa P, the retired CMS missionary.

We reached CITC by mid-afternoon, and after seeing everyone briefly, the S's left to stay with the Provost. I chatted with the F's, observing that in comparison with Mbale, the Mombasa CITC campus (especially on this 'Come Together' weekend) was an incredibly busy place – a car would arrive, or leave, every few minutes! During the course of an hour or so I felt I had shaken hands with most of the Mombasa people I knew – including Ken J, who was looking much better, having recovered from a heart-attack followed by several relapses. With preparations for 'Come Together' mostly completed, I spent a quiet evening with Chris, and with Mary F's parents who had arrived for a holiday from the UK. The O's arrived back from Nairobi, by bus, later that evening. Ken O had been renewing their passports and obtaining a single visa in order to get up into the Sudan to assess the situation there.

Saturday 27 July 1974 – Early start and into Town. I took a long, last look at the sea, near State House, watching fierce wind-torn rollers breaking on the coral cliffs. Only as I left was the grey severity brightened into rich blue and shining white, as the sun emerged for a moment from behind the storm clouds. *Shauri* [business] at the Diocesan office, where I was assured that I would be given both my July and August salaries when the Management came to the school on August 2nd. Lunch with the O's.

The notice (copied by duplicator, with purple ink and smelling of methylated spirits) read:

Come Together in Jesus Name

Come and join us in this time of Christian love and worship

Mombasa Anglican Cathedral, Saturday 27th July 8 pm

St Margaret's Presbyterian Church, Sunday 28th July 9 am

Elim Evangelistic Church, Sunday 28th July 2 pm

To be performed by members of Nairobi Baptist Church

We awaited the arrival of the Nairobi party, who eventually came (by private coach) at 4:30 pm. We ushered them into tea with the F's – catering for 60 meant quite a bit of preparation! Jonathan A (YSA, Nairobi), Ann P (who had been on the Mount Kenya expedition), and Mr and Mrs T (Trinity Fellowship Conference, Lenana) were among those I knew. Afterwards members of Nairobi Baptist Church were taken by their hosts to places of accommodation, while Tom F and ourselves (at CITC) spent the early evening commuting between the Centre and the Cathedral setting up speakers, amplifiers, drums etc. We all assembled at 7 pm. It was a 'mixed choir', predominantly *wazungu* [white people] – Americans, Canadians, British – but some Africans and Asians too. There was a tremendous 'one-ness', for we were really to 'Come Together in Jesus' name'. I asked if I could join in the singing with the choir, as I had heard the tape several times, and many of the songs had been used in our fellowship meetings – and I was made most welcome!

At the beginning of the performance I felt worried, and regretted having asked to join the choir, as my knowledge of the music was way below that of the rest of the choir (whose fourteenth performance it was), and the congregation that had assembled, and was beginning to fill the Cathedral to overflowing, looked as grim as at an English Public School Speech Day, or a funeral! However, within 10 minutes of lively, rhythmical singing "Da-de-de-deh COME T'GETHER!" I realised that what mattered was not so much musical exactness, as the 'spirit' – in other words, if in doubt, sing anything, only loudly! It really was an act of worship, bringing the message of the Gospel in an idiom geared perhaps mostly to young people (though we were all ages) – but full of life and freedom. Twice during the performance the choir 'descended' upon the congregation – from the front to the very back – first to shake hands with everybody, greeting them in the name of Jesus, and secondly to share in small groups, in conversation and prayer. I found myself, during the time of ministry, talking with Timothy D, who planned to come on the Kilimanjaro expedition, and Michael M-T, an ex-YSA from Mwaghogho in the Taita Hills!

The difference in the congregation as the service proceeded was exciting. At times everyone was clapping, as in 'Clap your hands, all you people!' (Psalm 47 v 1), raising their arms in worship, or holding hands in fellowship – all with expressions of gladness and openness, from a release brought about, surely, by a wonderful movement of the Holy Spirit in the service. At the end I asked Desmond G, the Provost, what he thought of it all: he replied, "Well, I didn't awfully care for the music... er, when you get a bit long in the tooth like me, you tend to like the things you know..." But he agreed that 'Come Together' had been used in a remarkable way to make the Gospel truths more alive and meaningful to those who had truly come – together!

It was 10:30 pm by the time we had all finished saying goodbyes. After a very welcome late dinner of scrambled eggs at the F's, some of the Nairobi folk suggested going for a midnight swim! Many declined because of tiredness or other reasons, but I was keen to accept the invitation, as I wanted a last swim before leaving the coast. We took the CITC car to Nyali Beach, and had a lovely time swimming in the cool, dark waters, away from crabs scuttling across the pale sands, and under palm trees swaying against the moon. We not get to bed till 2:30 am, and then found that in Chris' house there were only four beds for five people, so I spent a rather painful 'night' on the cold, hard floor – waking at 5 am in time to see the sun rising up over Mombasa Creek!

Sunday 28 July 1974 – I was feeling, I confess, pretty washed out for most of the day. After an early breakfast we took all the equipment over to St Margaret's Presbyterian Church – which is predominantly Kikuyu, and thus personally favoured by the President of Kenya. The congregation was a little more inhibited than the previous night, as most of the people were not used to this kind of thing. But once again, it was encouraging to see the change during the course of the service, and the Padre at the end expressed his hope that the fellowship of this church would continue, in the days to come, in the true spirit of 'Come Together'.

Lunch with Chris, Nate (the conductor), Jonathan and others. Sad farewells to all, particularly to Chris, the O's and the F's. I was taken into Town to catch the 1:30 pm

Malindi bus back to Voi – a very *safi* [smart, high-class] Asian bus, which brought me comfortably to Voi in under 2 hours. Then I took the Kireti bus at 6:30 pm (1 hour late), and sat next to the Padre of Kishamba Church, who was on his way back from Nairobi. I had an amusing conversation with the bus driver, mainly in Swahili, but with some ki-Dabida, as we wound up into the moonlit hills...

Exams

The diary notes continued:

Monday 29 July 1974 – Exams. A day full of marking, invigilation, duplicating – and type-writing during 'off' hours in order to help Rhoda with her tasks, and also to get some practice in preparation for Cambridge. I said goodbye to the W's, as they were to leave for Dodoma, Tanzania tomorrow. As they were not returning until August 10th, I would not see them again until I returned from Kilimanjaro.

Tuesday 30 July 1974 – The examination program was jeopardised, because one of the springs in the duplicator got overstretched and destroyed! Eventually, after deliberations, we managed to secure it with a piece of string. More typing practice. Evening with Rastor and Joseph M, though I felt feverish during the evening.

Wednesday 31 July 1974 – Full day of examinations and marking. Busy evening helping with some typing, and trying to get the last exam papers off the press. I turned the pages of my calendar for the last time in Africa...

CHAPTER 12: THE LAST MOUNTAIN

August 1974

Exams and marking

On Thursday 1 August 1974 we had the last examinations. I pushed Form III through Biology (1½ hours) and Maths Paper 2 (2½ hours), bringing them up to 1 o' clock. The room seemed flooded with multiple choice questionnaires and bits of graph paper!

One of the teachers had organised a kind of staff get-together at our house, for Mgalu staff, plus Mr N's cousins and some students. The food prepared included tea, bread, butter and jam. Once we had assembled and the meal began, I noticed that Peter was absent, and I wondered why. I was sent to his house to bid him come, but his expression indicated that something was wrong. His final words were, "Tell them I'll think about it." When I returned, the first beer bottle was on the table. After a few more minutes (and a couple of sandwiches) other bottles mysteriously appeared, and a curious mixture of commercial beer and vodka began to take the place of tea – among the more wayward members of staff. I myself had begun – with a now almost totally Africanised attitude to alcohol – to feel uneasy as soon as the first bottle had appeared. The fact that students were present did not improve the situation. As the 'tea-party' gradually degenerated into an alcoholic carouse, I withdrew – first from the room, and then from the house itself, spending the rest of the evening with Peter.

On Friday the Diocese came at length, and gave us our salaries. I received pay for both July and August, a total of 1,140/- (approximately £70), which made me feel very rich, and I wondered how, or whether, I could reasonably get through it all by the date of my departure! Mr N then 'upped and went', having obtained a scholarship to study for a BSc overseas. He had given – in true African style – no warning to the Diocese of his pending departure, so that he could receive pay for July and August. Other staff members explained to me that the pay they were currently receiving from the Diocese was not enough to keep anyone at the Harambee schools for long, and that as soon as they were offered a better paid job, they too would (in the normal way) leave. 600/- per month or thereabouts, they said, was inadequate to cover rent, travel, and the needs of their families (e.g. younger siblings still studying, as is the African custom), and that teachers with other organisations (such as the Government) were paid substantially more. This explained why Mgalu and other Diocesan Harambee schools had such high staff turnover rates, and it also served as a warning that gradually the schools would lose all their good teachers, and the standard of their education would decline. Dinner with the S's and Jesse H, CMS Secretary for the whole of Africa, on tour. He planned to speak with President Idi Amin [of Uganda] the following week!

Last walk in the Taita Hills

Saturday was a busy day's marking, by and large. But during the afternoon I managed to get out for what I reckoned would be my last walk here in the Taita Hills – I felt very, very sad. It was a case of 'once round the block', as I started out after 5 pm, and evening rain clouds were already gathering.

[A sketch-map in my diary shows the route: from the Mdongo-dongo River bridge, straight up to the top of the nearest ridge, then round to the north and east, around the 'upper valley' and back on to the 'summit' (Prayer Mount), then down along the eastern ridge, and down westwards into Iriwa village.]

From 'The Real Africa', written a few years later:

I end my treatise entitled 'The Real Africa' (Cambridge, May 1978) by recalling one of the saddest experiences of my life. I had enjoyed a final weekend at

Mombasa singing in 'Come Together', and going for a last swim at Nyali Beach – in cool, dark waters, under the palm trees swaying in the moonlight.

Then, after a busy week of exams, I set out, late on a Saturday afternoon, for what I knew would be my last walk in the hills above Mbale. About half way round the 'upper valley', at its highest point, I just stopped, and felt the cool wind sighing in the bracken and the trees. It was so quiet and peaceful, as it always was – an invincible stillness, out of reach of the clamour of the world outside. Why must I go back? Why not stay here for a while? I turned and looked out over the valley – over the world I had come to know so well and love so much. I knew I was looking at it for the last time.

Now, in idle moments, back in England, I dream of how I would return to the Taita Hills. It would be – oh so simple! Step into a car and drive to London Airport – catch the next plane to Nairobi – take the OTC bus to Wundanyi – and then just walk down the hill to Mbale... But it could never be the same. I was looking at a world I was going to leave behind forever. With a sigh of resignation and acceptance, I turned round and started back down the path...

Mbale Church Choir

On Sunday I went to church for the last time in the Taita Hills – Holy Communion at Mbale. The service ended with a presentation of singing by the Mbale Church Choir led by Miss Rhoda N [the Mgalu School Secretary, and the daughter of the Padre, the Revd John N]. This was a recital of the songs they had sung at the Voi singing competition the day before. They had come second, beaten (by one mark) by Shigaro! While the first two songs were very 'English', and not very inspiring for them, the last songs were truly African, and were accompanied by drums, and bells on their feet; and as they sang they twisted and swayed in time – it was evident from their radiant expressions that this was really their music-style. My, they let themselves go!

Last Christian Union meeting in the afternoon, where, after singing and some preaching by others, I was asked to be the main speaker. After teaching those present a chorus from Psalm 63, "Thy loving kindness is better than life", which they seemed to enjoy very much, I preached for about ¾ hour: the substance of my address was advice to the Christians as leaders of the Christian Union, relating Bible teaching to the part they had to play in the school and the community.

Monday was a busy day's marking exam papers and writing reports. I felt distinctly unwell after lunch.

Tuesday was a day of furious marking, and writing school reports. I had to go to Wundanyi to close my bank account. It was a hot, overcast, sultry day; but I was considerably refreshed by taking part in a long game of football of staff versus students. One or two spectacular and cheer-stirring 'heads' made up for my definite inadequacy in the face of determined opposition! Rastor and Peter experienced the same difficulties. The other staff members turned out to be rather good.

Nineteenth birthday

Wednesday 7 August 1974 – the day I turned 19 years old. After a birthday breakfast which included a boiled egg, I was faced with a hard, last day of teaching. I managed to give back many of the exam papers and discuss various difficulties. My very last lesson was Maths with a depleted Form IB. The lesson was interrupted, and eventually broken up half way through, by a relayed order from Jerome K, who wanted the entire school on the football pitch to help prepare for the afternoon match. Then much time was spent furiously marking Mr N's Form IV Maths papers – which was difficult, as I had not set them.

There was an African-style birthday party at our house at 6 pm, attended by Peter M, Jerome K, Elvis N, Joseph M (from Maynard), Mrs W, Miss Rhoda N and a friend, and Jackson (who helped prepare the food), and hosted by Rastor N and myself. Tea made with hot milk, buttered rolls, biscuits and scones from Lyn S – to the opening of various presents: an embroidered handkerchief from Rhoda, two eggs from Jerome, a red garnet (semi-precious stone from the Taita Hills) from Joseph, the record of 'Come Together' from the W's, a wooden bowl from the Wundanyi market from the S's, and some presents from England that had arrived by air mail! Altogether it was a very enjoyable and successful evening, taken in a different spirit from the drinking binge of the previous Thursday night.

Mgalu farewells

On Thursday morning I walked into Assembly to find only half of the school present. Peter refused to conduct it until, after half an hour chasing up by the prefects, everyone was there. Reports, results, and clerical work until – though none of this was finished – we called the Final Assembly at 4 pm. After the hymn, I was asked to take a short reading (I chose Romans 12, last part), and to say a few words of farewell, and comments on my experience of my year at the school. I tried to sum up in the words of Paul's exhortation given in Romans 12 v 12: "Rejoice in your hope; be patient in tribulation; be constant in prayer." After the Assembly, I had the novel and unusual experience of shaking hands with 180 students as they tumbled out of the Form IV classroom! Some I was to see again in the evening, when we went up to the hostel for a 'last dinner'. This was preceded by a kind of 'military' operation, attempting to track down some local youths who had been seen ominously 'hanging around' the girls' hostel. Manoeuvres were effected in almost total darkness, my torch having completely failed. Eventually, after a fruitless expedition to the school, our party overtook them on the Maynard corner, and after a not very conclusive 'interrogation' we let them go. Dinner for all at the hostel: rice, meat and cabbage, with orange squash. Speeches afterwards by all staff members.

Friday 9 August 1974 – I finished the Form IV reports, and set to work clearing, sorting and packing, preparing for a rapid departure on return from Kilimanjaro. There was heavy rain for the entire day. I walked over to the S's for dinner, in the pouring rain; the path seemed to follow the roar of water cascading down channels carved into the embankment. Some of the evening was spent listening to the overseas news, as President Nixon had resigned, and Vice-President Gerald Ford had been sworn in to take his place. Farewells, as I would not see Don again – when I returned he would be at Nyeri.

The 'Real Africa' – Part 3

(from 'The Real Africa', written a few years later)

What I contributed during my year was probably very little. But what I learned was of immense importance. For this was the year in which I was able to learn the fundamental lessons of faith – the year in which real foundations were laid. And for me Africa was the foundation for the future...

Once again, I had to ask, 'Where did the Real Africa lie? What were the most important lessons I learned, and in a sense have to learn time after time again?' A few of the deepest truths emerged from events that happened later in the year. Particular experiences are the means by which spiritual truths are discovered and applied; and the three principles that follow are no exception. They were all discovered and illustrated by events that took place during the last few months – after I had let go of my past, and my problems, and had learned to be more receptive to the qualities of indigenous African culture.

(a) Firstly, *submission* – learning to accept the situation as it is, not as you would like it to be. There are two possible ways of responding to any given situation:

- the way of the world – criticism and rebellion, which leads to bitterness; and
- the way of the Lord – humble submission, which leads to praise.

This was a principle I did not appreciate in my early days at Mgalu, where the prevailing attitude towards the school was one of cynicism and despair. But when Peter M took over as Headmaster everything changed. And so, when Peter called me out of class one morning to tell me that a new teacher had arrived from Kituri, I made a definite resolution not to complain or be critical, even though the transfer (by order of the Bishop) was against all our wishes, and really against all common sense. It was a situation that affected me personally because the new teacher, Venant M, was physically handicapped – he had a wooden leg and had to move about on crutches. And as ours was the nearest house to the school, that meant he would have to move in with us. And that would have meant sharing my room with him, or one of us (probably me) moving up into Crispin's old house – African-style and miles up the hill. But I was prepared to accept anything that came my way, determined to do my best in the circumstances. And as nothing more was said that day I saw no point in answering unasked questions, and resolved not to speculate on what the future might hold. For I learned that speculation was useless. Life in Africa was so full of uncertainty – situations could change so suddenly, for better or for worse. I found that acceptance was the key – not allowing myself to fall into the trap of wishing things – situations over which I had no control – to be otherwise. As it turned out, Venant stayed with Peter, whose house was a little further away from the school than ours, and a week later he left us again – transferred to Mwangeka High School by order of the Bishop!

This principle of submission does not conflict with the principle of tenacity – the determination not to let go and give up. The one is an attitude of humble submission before the Lord and joyful acceptance of the situation He gives you; the other is a determination to do your very best in the given circumstances. In other words, when confronted with a difficult situation: (i) if you can do something about it (e.g. flight to Zambia), do it and then don't worry about it; and (ii) if you can't do anything about it (e.g. the arrival of Venant M), then don't worry about it. Accept what you cannot change; change what you can.

(b) Secondly, *it's people that matter*. People come first. People are more important than things. People matter more than plans. They are more important than time-tables and schedules and duties and quotas. This is such a basic principle of life – and yet so easily forgotten in the rush of the West with our obsession with punctuality and efficiency. We can forget this in our Christian lives as well, and adopt a fundamentally 'western' approach: in our efforts to serve the Lord efficiently people can become dehumanised – we think of them as numbers at a meeting, or names on a prayer list, rather than real people to love and care about.

There are so many people. We are forever meeting new people, and their numbers can overwhelm us. But Jesus had compassion on the multitudes who came to Him. And we are to love as He loves us. We cannot always commit time and resources to everyone we meet – but we can love and

welcome each person who comes to us, and that is the most important thing.

People come first. The principle was illustrated very neatly by a situation I often found myself in, and which to begin with was always a dilemma. You come home after school and have dinner. Then you sit down at your desk with the evening before you. On your left is a time-table showing tomorrow's lessons which you have to prepare; and on your right is a pile of books waiting to be marked. And then there's a knock at the door...

What do you do? Turn the visitors away and get the work done? Or welcome them in, and blow the work? The western attitude is often, "Go away, I'm busy." But this is Africa, and people must come first. So you invite them in and entertain them – for they have done you the great honour of calling at your house. And when they choose to get up and go – only then may you resume your tasks. (And the next day you go to school overtired, or inadequately prepared...)

(c) Thirdly, in Africa I learned something of *the power of praise*, or positively thanking God in and for all circumstances, knowing that "in everything God works for good with those who love Him, who are called according to His purpose" (Romans 8 v 28). In the final analysis there are just two languages in this world:

- the language of criticism and resentment, spoken by the majority of people you meet; and
- the language of thankfulness and praise, which should be spoken by all of God's children.

Paul wrote to the Thessalonians: "Rejoice always, pray constantly, give thanks in all circumstances" (1 Thessalonians 5 v 16 to 18). In practice this meant thanking God not only for breath-taking mountain scenery or a beautiful sunrise – but when there was no chalk in the classroom, or the board duster was broken, or half the class was missing.

This lesson was brought home to me in an unforgettable way, over half term at the end of June. I was on my way back from Mombasa after a quiet weekend with the O's – trying to relax and recover from the rigours of the term. I was still pretty tired as the decrepit old bus, which had left Mombasa late, crawled painfully towards Voi. But I had been reading Merlin Carother's book *Power in Praise*. So when I reached Voi at six pm and the Mbale bus had already left, I decided that God had allowed this to happen on purpose, and I started to thank him for it. "Thank you Lord that I missed the Mbale bus. Thank you that I have a three mile walk from Wundanyi – in the dark, with a heavy rucksack and a bulky KSTC Science Kit." And in view of the black clouds hovering around the Taita Hills, "Thank you Lord that it's probably raining at Wundanyi."

And then the Lord did a remarkable thing. When I stepped out of the bus at Wundanyi, it was a brilliant, clear moonlit night. Then a couple of students (who had travelled with me on the bus) offered not only to keep the Science Kit at Wundanyi until the next morning, but to walk with me all the way back to Mbale! And I was able to witness to them on the way...

Then followed the most amazing week of the year. I was Duty Master for that week; I had a full quota of periods to teach; and Jackson was in hospital, so we had no domestic help. There was no time to do anything – not even to read a long-awaited letter that had just arrived (from a school

friend, about the David Watson Mission at Haileybury). I was under tremendous pressure, but I just thanked Jesus hour by hour for everything – even the little, trivial things like walks between the classrooms, preparing food, washing up. And so I discovered the power of praise, and a week that had promised to be so difficult was transformed by the language of praise, and became the best and happiest week of the year!

For to praise God is to forget self; to praise God is to take delight in Him...

Delight yourself in the Lord,
and he will give you the desires of your heart. (Psalm 37 v 4)

Rejoice always, pray without ceasing, give thanks in all circumstances;
for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you. (1 Thessalonians 5 v 16 to 18)

Trip to Western Kenya

Based on my diary notes:

Saturday 10 August 1974 – Rise at 05:00, for a walk up to the tarmac. I said goodbye to Peter – who called by just as I was leaving, and to Rastor. It was a hard, uphill climb through the mist; and I was surprised to find that the mist did not clear until we reached Voi, after a 1,000 ft descent from Mwatate. I hitch-hiked unsuccessfully for over an hour – dismayed to see car after car going the other way – obviously game-park tourists from Tsavo on their way to the coast! Eventually I flagged down a taxi, which got me into the city in 4 hours for 30/-. I spent that night with the R's – Church Commissioners for Kenya, who lived in State House Avenue, next door to the Archbishop of Kenya, and half a mile from State House. I discussed Kilimanjaro plans with Mark and Chris, and also with the D's who lived next door, who were also on the Kilimanjaro expedition.

Sunday 11 August 1974 – 09:00 Youth Service at Nairobi Baptist Church, which was very much 'alive' in many ways. At the end of the service, someone was baptised by total immersion. I met many people that I knew – mainly from the choir of 'Come Together' at Mombasa. Then I set out, from the R's house, for Nakuru, and met the C's (John and Crystal), just driving out from their flat. They drove me out to the Kikuyu turn-off to Nakuru, while we arranged to see each other again during the few days before my departure. We were stopped by police who booked John for not having a horn that worked! After ten minutes of waiting, I was picked up by a Japanese person on his way to Kericho via Nakuru. The journey was spent in amusing conversation, as we descended the escarpment into the Rift Valley. We headed north through hot arid country, and were rewarded by wonderful views of the lakes – Lake Naivasha, Lake Elmentaita, and after a stop at Gilgil, Lake Nakuru. Time, after arrival, to walk up the slopes of Menengai Crater, a climb that I was unable to complete, as my rucksack was extremely heavy. However I obtained a fine view of the town spread below me, and the azure lake, lined with forest green and a suggestion of flamingo pink. Sunflowers and brightly coloured sunbirds. The evening and night were spent with friends of the O's, who worked at the Bethany Bookshop in Nakuru.

Monday 12 August 1974 – I visited the Bethany Bookshop, and bought farewell gifts for the W's and the S's. The Assistant Manager invited me to accompany him to the Lakeside National Park. Employees at the bookshop were granted passes for the Park, as part of their recognised profession was to collect moulted flamingo feathers, from which they made their world-famous 'flamingo-feather-flowers' – which overseas visitors would buy and send as gifts. We drove through the Rift Valley forests filled with brightly coloured birds – bee-eaters, rollers, hoopoes – until we reached a point where we approached the lakeside by foot to see greater and lesser flamingos, looking particularly beautiful in flight – as well as pelicans, ibises, waterbuck and hippopotami, which kind of 'flopped' into the water. We returned around 12 noon, as it was getting pretty hot.

I then hitch-hiked on to Kericho, being picked up by an Asian in an extremely dirty Renault. We passed Jomo Kenyatta's private farm – wheat fields, complete with combine harvesters and straw bales! About 10 minutes later the driver pointed to the right and said, "Is still President's farm." Another 10 minutes, and he pointed to the left: "Is President's daughter's farm." The fact that the President has found it necessary to take so much land for his own family's use had caused much scandal, and was termed by some as 'the Watergate of Kenya!' We climbed out of the Rift Valley and into the Mau Hills, which were very high, forested and fertile, looking a bit like Wales or Scotland, except that the trees (pine, gum and eucalyptus) were characteristic of East Africa (though imported from Australia). We drove through Molo, passing near St Andrew's School Turi, where the W children went to school, and then on to Kericho, alighting at the turn off to the Kenya Highlands Bible College, set amid rolling green hills and tea plantations.

I reached the B's, an American family (again friends of the O's) just as the thunder clouds were gathering and rain was beginning to fall. I had a fascinating conversation with Earle about tribal differences between the Kipsigis (of Mau) and the waTaita; and about climatic differences between the two districts. We also discussed differences between English and American educational systems and principles, of which there appeared to be many.

Tuesday 13 August 1974 – I left Kericho after lunch (and before the rain), getting a quick lift to Kisumu; as we descended from the Mau hills we caught an exciting glimpse of the Great Lake. We reached Kisumu in pouring rain, after several miles of flat sisal and sugar-cane estates. On arrival I met Bidy, a VSO, who took me out to see the lake on her motorbike. I then took a taxi westwards to Maseno. Not knowing where the D's (Trinity Fellowship) lived, I overshot and, for the first time this year, crossed the EQUATOR.

When I had arrived, Godfrey D took me round Maseno before sundown – a strange place, for it had the makings of a sizeable town: it had a Mission School and Hospital; a Government Training Centre; a famous Government Secondary School, one of the oldest in the country; a Teachers' Training College; a Cathedral; Diocesan Headquarters; several missionary families; and Trinity Fellowship Headquarters. And yet, the business centre consisted of about three shops (and six 'pubs'), and there seemed to have been very little development towards creating some kind of Township. I remember Godfrey showing me an old and large tree, which was famous among the missionaries as the Gospel was first preached under that tree – Godfrey described it as 'a sacred place'. I also had a much clearer and more extensive view of Lake Victoria. I spent the evening with Godfrey and Elizabeth D, and other expatriates and African members of the Trinity Fellowship.

Wednesday 14 August 1974 – I spent the morning in Maseno, and then travelled as far as Nakuru in the Trinity Fellowship van, as members of the fellowship were driving to Njoro (near Nakuru) to prepare for a secondary school camp. I had lunch at the famous Tea Hotel in Kericho, and arrived in Nakuru around 4 pm. I then had a long wait for a Rift-Valley-Peugeot taxi into Nairobi, leaving at 5:30 pm. It was very beautiful seeing the Rift Valley at sunset, and dramatic as the stark shape of the volcanic Mount Longonot reared up black against the blazing red sky. Into Nairobi at 8:00 pm and – saving me a walk through the city in the dark – the driver kindly dropped me literally at the R's front door in State House Avenue! We spent a busy evening sorting out mountains of corned beef, coffee, biscuits, bread, margarine, tinned fish, porridge oats, matches, oranges, primus stoves and kerosene for the Kilimanjaro expedition, and loading them into cardboard boxes for transportation to 'base camp'...

Kilimanjaro

Thursday 15 August 1974 – It was an early start to board the OTC bus bound for Dar-es-Salaam, scheduled to arrive at Moshi at 4 pm. I travelled with the R's, the D's and John S, together responsible for handling all food and necessary supplies – and ready with detailed invoices in case we had to pay duty at the Kenya-Tanzania border. It was a long

haul down through Maasai territory and the Amboselli Game Park to Namanga – and we saw several giraffes standing in the middle of the road! Kenyan customs passed off our boxes of food with limited interest. The Tanzanian authorities took no interest at all: they didn't order everything to be taken off the bus, and didn't even bother to look inside – so, no complaints there!

Hours passed, and as we approached Mount Meru, we enjoyed our first view of the crater of Kilimanjaro rising in a blue haze above cloud level. Soon we reached the Towns of Arusha and Moshi. After some delay, we eventually found a local bus to take us from Moshi to Marangu. The bus held 18 officially, but on this particular journey, as it was the last bus of the day, it carried 45! We arrived at the plantations of Marangu at dusk; we alighted at the Marangu Hotel, and after a slight panic (as someone told us it was five miles off the beaten track), we found the Pentecostal Swedish Mission, the K's and the Bible School, about ¼ mile away. We were welcomed, once again, to 'civilisation': mattressed bunks in the dormitory, showers, running water, and a place for us to cook!

Friday 16 August 1974 – This turned out to be a fairly sedentary day at Marangu, as we thought it would take two days to make the journey from Nairobi, and it only took one. The other member of our party arrived from Mombasa in the evening: Jackie W, John M (VSO, Kisumu), John P (the famous 7-year YSA headmaster), Richard W, David L and Jon A. They had actually landed up at the other 'Bible School' we had been told about – the one that actually was five miles away!

[I have a very clear memory of this day, as I had a special time of prayer for members of my family. I prayed as I walked around a nearby Lutheran school oval, the grass vivid green and shaded by tall trees. In the distance two chapel bells tolled in harmony – a beautiful sound, distinctive and memorable because the chord struck by the two bells was a perfect sixth – a very unusual sound, which is why I remember it so clearly.]

DAY 1: Saturday 17 August 1974 – Early in the morning we sorted out baggage into loads for the porters, and after a rather austere briefing from the Manageress of the Marangu Hotel, who told us the sobering story of a climber who had pulmonary oedema: (“and he paid for it with his life, I am sorry to say”), we set out on the long climb to the summit – 15 young volunteers, 10 porters and one guide. Ever since our arrival the upper slopes of Kilimanjaro were lost in a dense blanket of cloud – which added to the sense of mystery and expectation – as we marched through the banana plantations and rich coffee *shambas* of the lower slopes. The journey through the Lower Forest to Mandara Hut passed in a long and fascinating conversation with John P, who was the Headmaster of the Butonge Harambee School. Mandara Hut gave us the opportunity to refresh ourselves with much-needed cans of ice-cold Coca-Cola, and afforded fine views over the Lower Forest towards the North Pare Mountains, and lakes; and round to the left, beyond the plains, we could see the familiar, unmistakable outlines of the Taita Hills – now looking strangely small and insignificant compared to the vast upward slopes ahead of us.

[A sketch-map in my diary shows the 5-day route up and down the mountain. There are now many routes to the summit, some starting from Tanzania, and some from Kenya (west and north of the mountain). I understand that the route we took is now called 'the Coca-Cola route', deriving its name from the refreshments to be found at Mandara Hut. But in August 1974, this was the only tourist route possible.]

DAY 2: Sunday 18 August 1974 – The next morning we climbed through the Upper Forest, enjoying the first, fresh rays of morning sunlight filtering through curtains of foliage and lichens. A high and silent forest of a thousand different greens, with a magical quality as if it had come out of Lord of the Rings. But the

beauty of the forest passed all too quickly, and in a while we emerged on to open moorland that stretched away gently upwards. We had time to appreciate the extremely varied flora – different kinds of heather and everlasting flowers, and as we began to notice the first effects of high altitude, our pace became steadier and we talked less.

It was during lunch by the side of a stream that we enjoyed our first view of the rocky summit of Mawenzi, the eastern peak of Kilimanjaro, as it began to free itself at last from cloud and mist. Horombo 'Hut' – a veritable encampment – and the end of the second day. Early bed, sleeping two to a bunk (because of the crowds), and enjoying the spectacle (from the topmost bunk level) of a party of very large Eastern European tourists who had just come down from the Summit, and were being served with soup, roast chicken, peaches and cream, and coffee – course after course, it seemed, and a poor contrast to our frugal corned-beef-and-spaghetti! A cold night, tossing and turning...

DAY 3: Monday 19 August 1974 – First light came with a sense of relief. We awoke to find that the cloud level had dropped below us during the night, so that it seemed we were on the shore of some Great White Sea – which later turned to pink, and then to orange and gold, as the sun came up behind a slope on our left. We were rewarded too with our first view of the snow-capped Kibo crater, rising up over the horizon, brilliant white in the early morning sunshine. With a wonderful sense of elation stemming from the fresh mountain air, clear blue sky above, and spectacular scenery, we started on the gradual climb towards the saddle. The jagged peaks of Mawenzi, rising clear above the slopes of groundsel on our right, began to swirl in gathering cloud as the day wore on. Presently we reached a spring, which was sign-posted, ominously, LAST WATER – where we rested and filled up our water bottles for the last time.

As we continued, the vegetation became smaller and more sparse, and the hillsides more arid, until on reaching the top of a ridge, we were faced with the most amazing and awe-inspiring sight imaginable. For an agonizing distance, desolate land, bare and featured only by volcanic outcrops, stretched away until it fell precipitously into cloud on either side of us. Directly ahead, some five miles distant, the desert began to rise sharply to meet the massive snow-capped ridge of Kibo crater. We had an uneasy lunch – our last full meal, and we became aware, for the first time, of the sheer vastness of the mountain we had undertaken to climb. Just a short rest, before we dressed up warmly, and then committed ourselves to the cold, glaring, barren, windswept desert expanse ahead.

One hour, two hours... The crater rose higher: the sun came down to meet it. A reckless wind from our right blew clouds on to the saddle, to be carried up and away by convection currents – the same wind that for thousands of years had carved intricate patterns of waves and furrows in the sand. After three hours we reached some rocks – our first landmark – and from there on, the ground began to rise steeply, making our progress more difficult, until at last we reached the lonely encampment of Kibo Hut. The sun fell below the crater wall, the temperature dropped further still, and soon it was dark. After a mug of soup (which was all our stomachs would allow), we lay down on mattresses and listened to the wind – which tore relentlessly at the iron huts, piling up sand against the windward walls.

DAY 4: Tuesday 20 August 1974 – We were called up by our Guide at 1.00 am – having, surprisingly, managed a few hours of untroubled sleep. The wind had dropped, and the night was clear and still. A mug of tea, and then we launched out into the night for the cold, steep climb to the Summit. Back across the valley, behind us like a sentinel, stood the dark shape of Mawenzi, like a giant version of

Stac Pollaidh. Above its black silhouette, Orion, on its side, began to rise – to a considerable height, it seemed, before the stars began to pale with first light. The climb wore on, each step more breathless than the last – sinking into loose scree, buffeted by the wind, which now seemed to be coming from several directions at once. We reached some caves, sat down exhausted, and then noticed the first brightening in the east. We were exactly half way, our Guide told us – only the final crater slope to the Summit remained. Then the Guide began to sing: “*Jua imekuja! Baridi imekwisha!*” [The sun has come! The cold has finished!] And as we sat and watched, a streak of orange, then yellow, lined the horizon behind Mawenzi, and suddenly the dawn exploded out of the East.

For the next two hours we zig-zagged up the scree, slowly gaining height. Presently we were able to see the rock called Gillman’s Point, with a red flag flying from the top. After countless traverses, each more breathless and exhausting than the last, I looked up – the rock was still there, above the scree, this time a little nearer. It was then that I began to feel perhaps the most dangerous effects of high altitude. For by the time we reached the rocks at the top of the scree slope, I had got beyond breathlessness and exhaustion – to a strange feeling of intoxication and light-headedness. It was as if I was watching myself in a film. Somebody shouted something as I neared the top. In a daze, I could hear myself replying... Over a rise, and then quite suddenly I could see over the crater rim and there was ice below me. With a last frantic effort I struggled to the top of Gillman’s Point. Others were there ahead of me. People, voices... “Well done! You’ve made it!” I struggled again – to keep my head upright and my eyes open. The Summit – great steps of rock and ice – the clear blue sky above...

Looking at photographs afterwards, I realize that what I saw must have been fantastic. We were on top of the highest crater in Africa, looking down across a great, shallow bowl of ice which covered the crater floor. In places the rock had deformed and the ice had weathered into incredible formations. But, as I say, the visual beauty and splendour were surmised later, from photographs. At the time it was all I could do to lie down and try to overcome my headache and feelings of dizziness. Vaguely, I could hear talk of proceeding to Uhuru Peak, the highest point in Africa, and about another two hours journey around the crater rim to the left. Then I heard myself deciding definitely NOT to go on – which was probably just as well, as in my mental state I could quite happily have disappeared over the edge of a cliff! Presently we began the descent – and the long homeward journey. One step down, and about three more feet of sliding down with the loose scree...

A couple of hours much needed rest at Kibo Hut, and then back down to Horombo Hut, taking it very slowly, as I had a splitting headache and my stomach felt unusually weak. The Guide, William, had to escort me for the last part of the journey, as I had to rest every few minutes, drinking cold water in sips to clear my head. I managed to get to Horombo before dark, and was able to have a good evening meal.

DAY 5: Wednesday 21 August 1974 – I was feeling well once again. We made rapid progress down through the moorland, picking everlasting flowers, and then marched back down through the Great Forest. At about 3 pm we reached Marangu once again – hot, tired, and dirty. The Swedish Mission had no water, as the plumbing had gone wrong. However Mrs K advised us to wash in the nearby river, whose waters came straight from the snows of Kilimanjaro. The water was cool, clean and fast flowing. Throwing inhibition to the winds, we stripped everything off apart from our underclothes, chose a fairly deep part of the river, and just plunged in, wallowing blissfully in the cool, cleansing, soothing

waters – while three astonished African ladies watched the strange antics of the *wazungu* from a nearby bridge!

Then we proceeded with a long *shauri* at the Marangu Hotel, settling finances. [The Marangu Hotel itemised account came to total of 2,041.50 Tsh (Tanzanian shillings; 16 Tsh = £1), and included items such as hut fees and park entry fees; the most expensive item was 1 Guide @ 150/- and 8 porters @ 120/- = 960/-!] We also received our Certificates of the Ascent of Mount Kilimanjaro. Dinner, by invitation, at the K's – the first good meal since our departure five days previously.

Return to Mbale, Nairobi and England

Based on my diary notes:

Thursday 22 August 1974 – Up and away. Bus to Himo, to find that the bus from Moshi to Voi had just passed, and (said our potential taxi-driver) there would not be another one till the afternoon. In fact the OTC bus passed about ½ hour later. But we accepted a lift at 5/- a head to take us out to the border at Taveta, in an attempt to catch up with the bus. This we did – the Tanzanian and Kenyan authorities hurried us through formalities for this reason. Mwatate, and an eventual lift to Wundanyi with Harold M – the Manager of the Kenya Commercial Bank. As he saw I was exhausted, he very kindly ran me down to Mbale. The afternoon was spent packing, and then I said goodbye to Lyn S. Evening with the W's – unfortunately the children were for down with tonsillitis, but they had all thoroughly enjoyed their *safari* to Dodoma in central Tanzania. A very happy last meal of chicken and pulao rice and home-made ice-cream; conversations and discussion on the highlights of this past year, and my probable reactions on returning to the UK.

Friday 23 August 1974 – Andrew W drove me and baggage to the OTC bus at Wundanyi. Very sad farewells, seeing the last of the Taita Hills and Voi. Slow, meditative journey up to Nairobi, arriving at the EARS [East African Road Service] bus station where I was met by Harry C – as at the first time, in October 1973. Evening: Keswick Convention (which happened every year, like a Lent Mission, only in August) at Lenana High School on the Ngong Road. The Keswick Speaker was the Revd Philip H from Sheffield. It was a powerful address, and a chance to catch up with many of those who had been on the Kilimanjaro expedition (and survived!)

Saturday 24 August 1974 – I confirmed my flight at the Ndege Brokers in Kaunda Street, had lunch with John and Crystal C, and spent the afternoon going round Nairobi Game Park with them, along with some Asian friends. Thunderstorm and very wet: Thompson's gazelle, gerenuk, wildebeest, secretary birds, reticulated giraffe and zebras; two lionesses, rather inactive. We proceeded to Hippo Point, and on our way spotted a solitary lioness, sitting upright like a giant cat, and then prowling forward, evidently 'up to something'. About a mile further on there were large herds of zebra and gazelle. On our return from Hippo Point, where we saw only one pair of hippopotamus nostrils, we noticed that the lioness was beginning to stalk her prey. Other cars converged – which might have put her off, as after crossing the line of vehicles she seemed to become disinterested, and began walking down the road. We followed her for about half an hour, until she gave a great yawn, lay down, and went to sleep on the side of the road, while we all filed past taking photographs! A still, dramatic sunset in the silence that followed the storm. Keswick in the evening.

Sunday 25 August 1974 – Nairobi Baptist Church Youth Service at 9 am. The preacher was a Minister from Ghana. Mattins at the Cathedral with the C's. Sunday lunch and reasonably quiet afternoon. Visited the R's and the D's in State House Avenue, and said goodbyes.

Monday 26 August 1974 – My last day in Kenya. The morning and part of the afternoon were spent shopping in Nairobi for presents. Most purchases were made after hard bargaining in Biashara Street. I managed to change 301/50 to £18 in cash at Barclays Bank. Last evening with the C's – film at the Drive-in on Thika Road: 'The Three Musketeers'.

Tuesday 27 August 1974 – John C collected me from the C's at 07:30. A sad goodbye: the C's leave for Australia in November. We had a short but meaningful time of prayer together on their front doorstep. Arrival at Nairobi Airport for checking-in baggage. Even when another YSA held one of my pieces of hand luggage, I was still 7 kg overweight and had to pay 70/-, conveniently using up all my remaining Kenya currency!

Take-off at 10:00 am. Athi plains, hills, and suddenly we were over the Rift Valley Escarpment, looking back towards Mount Longonot and the satellite tracking station. Lake Naivasha, Elmentaita and Nakuru, shaped like a map. The Town of Nakuru and the interior of Menengai crater were clearly visible. Others were able to observe the peaks of Mount Kenya on the right hand side, but soon, it seemed, we left civilisation far behind; gradually the vegetation turned into scrub, and as we passed from the NFD [Northern Frontier District] into the Sudan, the scrub dwindled to semi-desert. After the swamps of the Sudd came landscape which remained with us for four hours – the vast, empty expanse of the Sahara Desert. Glaring sands, scarred and pitted with gullies or rocks, blurring into a blue haze in the distance. At times the glare was so intense we had to pull the blinds down over the windows. At length the burning land gave way to sea, and we crossed the North African coast near Benghazi, Libya. Then we were over the Mediterranean, and we could make out the uncertain shape of Sicily. Keeping the Italian coast on our right, we reached southern Europe and flew over France.

Suddenly, it seemed, the tropical heat subsided, and the land became much clearer once the glare was gone. At last we crossed the north coast of France, and for the first time I realised that Britain was not far away. The sun was reflected like bronze in the smooth waters of the English Channel, contrasting with the dark shape of French coast. Then the Captain announced that we were beginning our descent into London Heathrow. Sussex and Brighton Pier; quiet, green English fields, villages, towns, factories, a circle over central London, until our turn came to land at Heathrow Airport. As I disembarked I felt once again the cool, clear English evening sunshine.

I was met by my sister Virginia, and my brother and sister-in-law Nick and Ewa at Heathrow, and later by my father at our Bayswater flat; then I caught a train at dusk from Kings Cross. Twilit meadows, villages with orange neon lights, and the moon beginning to set, reassuringly turned the right way up at last. Lincoln Cathedral rose above the Steep, fantastically floodlit. My mother met me off the train at Lincoln – home and bed! But for hours I lay awake, finding it impossible to reconcile the fact that in a single day I had seen Nairobi Conference Tower and Lincoln Cathedral; Uhuru Highway and Bayswater; Nairobi Airport and Kings Cross Railway Station; the Rift Valley and Brighton Pier; Lake Naivasha and the Thames; the Sahara Desert and the quiet Sussex harvest fields. I realised my head was spinning with incredulity and excitement – and it was not until the next morning's light that I could fully convince myself that I was truly back in England...

Last words...

Faith in God can move a mighty mountain; faith in God can calm a troubled sea.

Faith in God makes sweet the bitter fountain; faith can give the victory.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me, all the days, all the days of my life.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me, all the days, all the days of my life.

And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever; and I shall feast at the table spread for me.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me, all the days, all the days of my life...

(from a chorus we often sang in the Taita Hills)

For thy steadfast love is great to the heavens,
thy faithfulness to the clouds.

(Psalm 57 v 10)

But thou, O Lord, art a God merciful and gracious,
slow to anger and abounding in steadfast love and faithfulness.

(Psalm 86 v 15)

I will sing of thy steadfast love, O LORD, for ever;
with my mouth I will proclaim thy faithfulness to all generations.

(Psalm 89 v 1)

The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases,
his mercies never come to an end;
they are new every morning;
great is thy faithfulness.

(Lamentations 3 v 22, 23)

*Great is Thy faithfulness, O God my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with Thee.
Thou changest not, Thy compassions, they fail not;
As Thou hast been, Thou forever will be.*

Summer and winter and springtime and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their courses above.
Join with all nature in manifold witness,
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy and love.

*Great is Thy faithfulness
Great is Thy faithfulness,
Morning by morning new mercies I see.
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided;
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.*

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth;
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide.
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand beside...

*Great is Thy faithfulness
Great is Thy faithfulness
Morning by morning new mercies I see.
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided;
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord, unto me.*

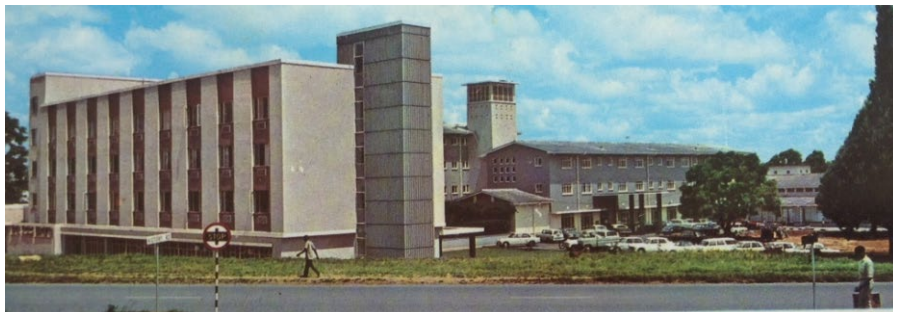
ILLUSTRATIONS

Illustrations to follow Chapter 9

Kilimanjaro from the air, looking south, during the flight from Nairobi to Dar-es-Salaam (4 May 1974)



Zambia stamps, Luanshya postmark



Lusaka-scape...



Lusaka-scape...

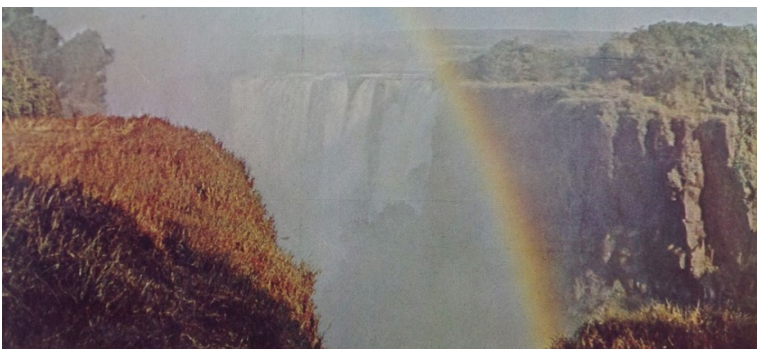


Cathedral, Lusaka



Left: Victoria Falls looking over the top

Right: Rhodes Railway Bridge, linking Zambia (left) to Rhodesia (right) – notice the train on top



Above and left: Victoria Falls, Zambia

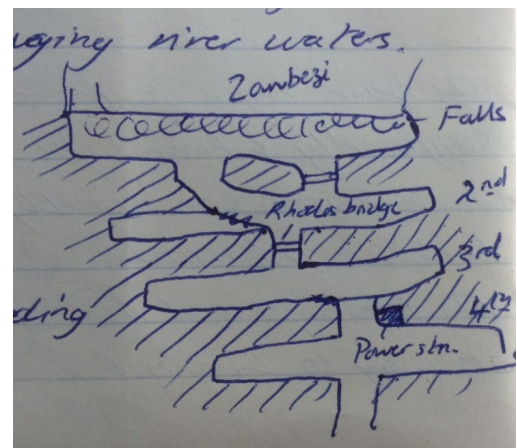


Victoria Falls
(Source: Google images)



Left: Rhodes Railway Bridge, with 'boiling pot' in foreground

Below: Diagram showing succession of parallel gorges downstream of Victoria Falls (excerpt from diary)



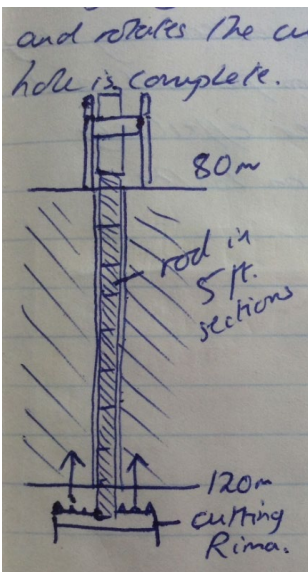
Left: Musi-oo-Tunya hotel

Right: Lions at Livingstone zoo





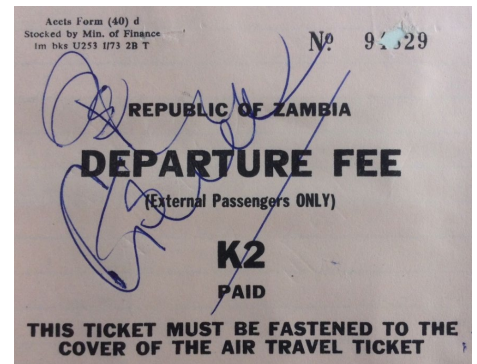
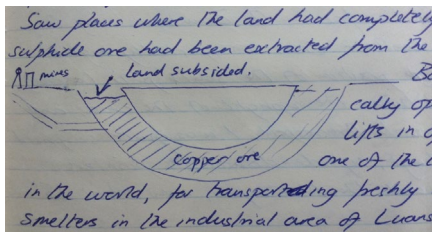
“... the sun however was still visible from the air, sinking fast below the level of the clouds – which were arrayed in complex formations, so that towering grey masses of storm clouds were raised above the main cloud layer; and as the sun drew level, they were like islands in a lake of fire...” (11 May 1974)



Above: Diagram of cutting reamer

Aerial view of Luanshya (Source: Google images)

Below, centre: Diagram of copper ore body (excerpts from diary)



Illustrations to follow Chapters 10 and 11



Left: View from the front verandah of my house on a misty day



Right: View from my bedroom window to the house across the valley



Left: View down the Mgalu valley with Rong'e in the distance

Below: Mbale bus (Voi to Wundanyi via Iriwa)



Left: Mgalu staff for Term 3, (left to right) Jerome, Rastor, Mr N, Revd John N, Evelyn

Right: New classroom with wooden roof trusses in place





Figinyi Primary School, evening walk



Rain clouds and mist in the valley below my house



Where is Kenya? Form IV students



Where are the Taita Hills? Form IV students



Iain's fourth birthday party, left to right: Anne, Aunty Kate, Robert Mark, self, Don, Peter, Iain (2 June 1974)



Above: On the path to Wundanyi



Iriwa village, with Prayer Mount above



Left: The village of Mwanguvi, on the way to Wundanyi

Right: Wundanyi town centre, with Wesu above



Robert Mark's Christening:

Standing, left to right: Ailsa, Dave, Ken and Betty, Andrew and Catharine

Seated, left to right: Iain, Archdeacon Jeremiah K, Margaret, Anne, Lyn and Mark, Julius R

(23 June 1974)



Below and right: Evening in the Taita Hills



	0800-0840	0840-0920	0920-1000	1015-1055	1055-1135	1135-1215	1400-1440	1440-1520	1525	1600-1605
MONDAY	I ENGLISH	ENGLISH								
	II ENGLISH	ENGLISH	MAT. RE.	A MATHS	C MATHS	A C. AFF.	M HIST.	M HIST.	G ENG.	
	III SWAHILI	M HIST.	M HIST.	B CHEM	G CHEM	PREP.	L ENGLISH	ENGLISH	M HIST.	
TUESDAY	I G BIOLOGY	G BIOLOGY	(G) PREP	R A MATHS	A GEOG	A GEOG	U C PHYSICS	C PHYSICS	C PHYS.	
	II A GEOGRAPHY	A GEOGRAPHY	(A) PREP	R.E.	R.E.	C AFF.	U A MATHS	A MATHS	A PHYS.	
	III PHYSICS	PHYSICS	ENG. RE.	G BIOLOGY	G BIOLOGY	C SWAHILI	ENGLISH	ENGLISH	A.H. ENG.	
WEDNESDAY	I G ENGLISH	G ENGLISH	C SWAHILI	E C MATHS	C MATHS	M HIST.	N G CHEM	G CHEM	A.H. RE.	
	II ENGLISH	ENGLISH	R.E.	G BIOLOGY	G BIOLOGY	(G) PREP	C SWAHILI	C SWAHILI	G. CHEM	
	III A MATHS	A MATHS	M HISTORY	R.E.	R.E.	C AFF.	ENGLISH	ENGLISH	C. SWAH.	
THURSDAY	I R.E.	R.E.	C MATHS	A M HIST.	G BIOLOGY	(G) ENG. LIB.	C G ENGLISH	G ENGLISH	A.O. GEOG.	
	II A MATHS	A MATHS	M HIST.	A ENGLISH	ENGLISH	A G.EOG.	C A PHYSICS	A PHYSICS	A.H. ENG.	
	III G.GEOG.	G.GEOG.	A MATHS	C SWAHILI	C SWAHILI	M HISTORY	ENGLISH	ENGLISH	G.T. GEOG.	
FRIDAY	I C MATHS	C MATHS	A GEOG.	K PREP	C SWAHILI	C SWAHILI	H G ENGLISH	G ENGLISH	C. M.F.R.E.	
	II ENGLISH	ENGLISH	G BIOLOGY	G CHEM	A MATHS	A MATHS	H R.E.	ENG. LIB.	G.	
	III G.GEOG.	MATHS	MATHS	PHYSICS	PREP	R.E.	A MATHS	(G) PREP.	A.H. (PHYS)	

Assignments: 1. Patron for Christian Union
2. Library Master.
3. Music Master.
4. Assistant for CHUR. HOUSE.

A.M.D. Mad

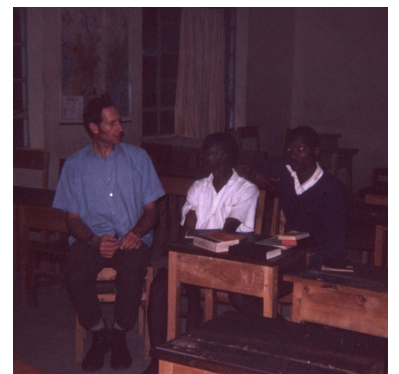
Above: Typical teaching timetable



Christian Union meeting in Form IV



Self and Peter M, Headmaster



Andrew W interviewing CU members



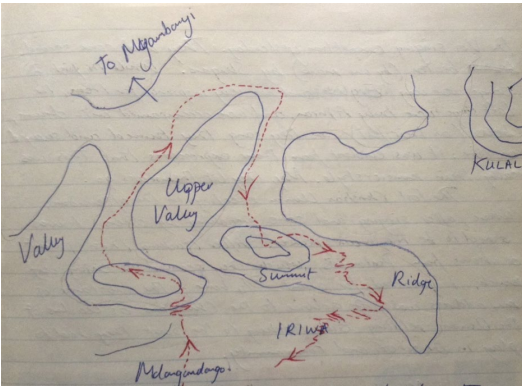
View from summit of Wesu



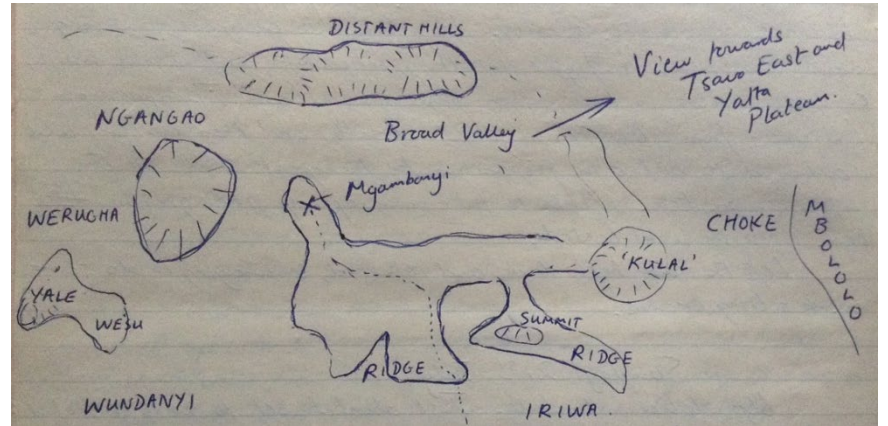
Sketch of hut at Mgambonyi



Kenya Commercial Bank, Wundanyi



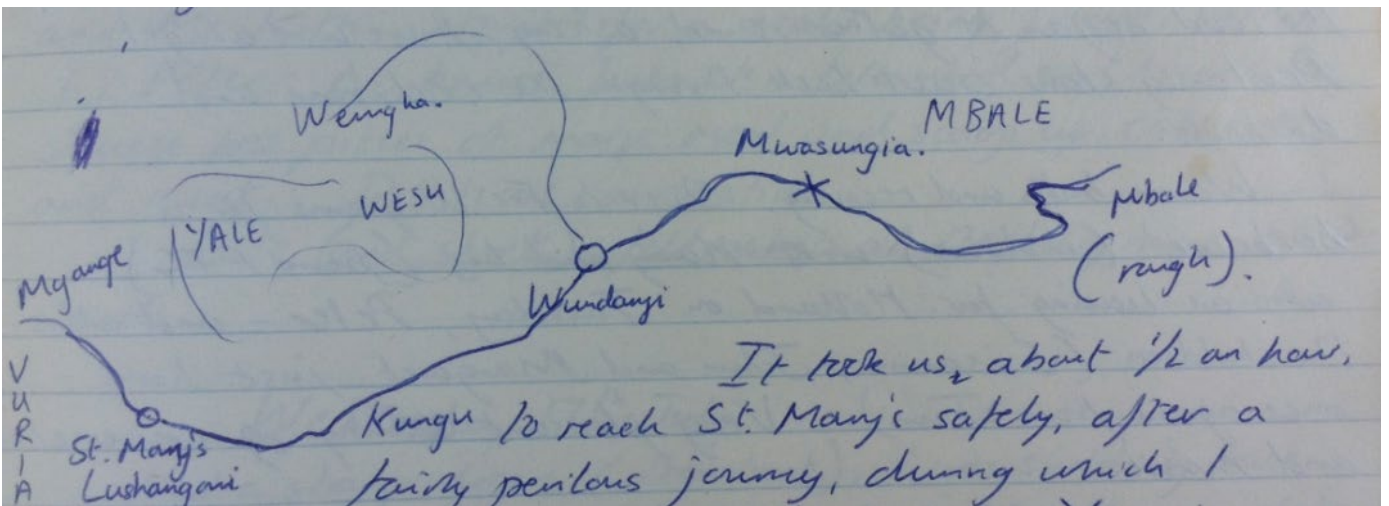
Map showing route to Prayer Mount ('Summit')



Map showing main Taita Hills around Mgambonyi



Jackson (seated near left) and his extended family at his house



Motorbike route from Mbale to Mgange and back (13 July 1974)



Favourite bird pictures on the wall...



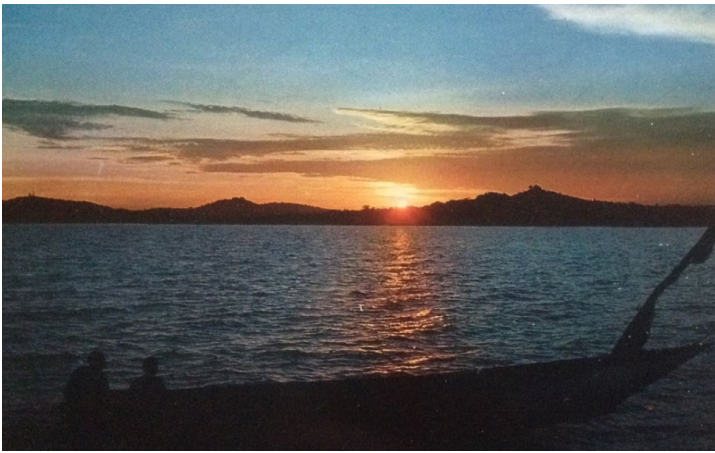
Flamboyant tree, near S's house



Christian Union meeting



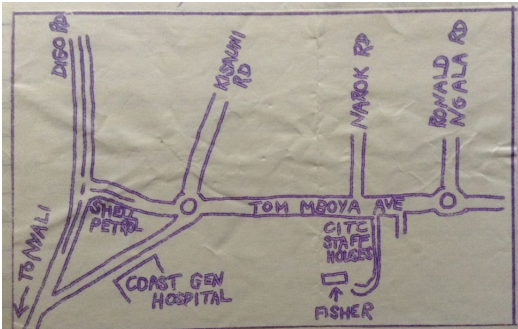
Views over North (Mombasa) Creek



MALINDI TAXIS	
Ticket No. <u>288</u> 49058	Seat No. <u>23</u>
Tel. 25441 Box 83857	Tel. 24315 Box 7960
MOMBASA.	NAIROBI.
NOT REFUNDABLE	NOT TRANSFERABLE
SAFE JOURNEY	
Name <u>Mr. R. M. M. M.</u>	
From <u>Mombasa</u> To <u> Voi</u>	
Date of Issue <u>28-7-74</u>	Shs. <u>15/-</u>
Date of Journey <u>28-7-74</u>	
Reporting Time <u>1-15 P.M.</u>	
Departure Time <u>1-30 P.M.</u>	
Luggage _____	
ISSUING OFFICE <u>Mr.</u>	MALINDI TAXIS
<small>The Company will not accept responsibility for any loss, damage or delay. Ticket money will not be refunded or ticket transferred to any other date. No refund will be made to passenger left behind. Passengers are to take care of their own luggage. Luggage is carried at owner's risk. 50 Kilo of luggage is allowed free, any additional weight will be accepted on charge if space permit. Board the Malindi Taxis 10 min. before departure time. Please produce ticket on demand.</small>	

Above: Typical East African sunset

Bus ticket



Map showing CITC

Mombasa Cathedral, venue for 'Come Together'



9. In a process called -----, a substance is broken down into the simpler substances which compose it.

10.

FIG 2 shows an experiment in which Hydrogen is made to burn in Air.
 The metal A is -----, The liquid B is -----
 The fused Calcium chloride ensures that the Hydrogen gas which burns is completely -----.

II. The following are 6 common solids:
 Calcium Hydroxide (slaked lime) ; Sodium Chloride (Salt) ; Copper sulphate ; Sodium Carbonate (Washing soda) ; Potassium Nitrate (nitre) ; Calcium Carbonate (chalk).

a) Which substance has the greatest solubility in water at a high temperature (eg. 70 °C) ? -----
 b) One of the substances forms both a suspension and a saturated solution with water. Which is it ? -----

-MWISHO-
Na Matisya wa Malu.

b) A lady is three times as old as her daughter, and 8 years ago the product of their ages was 112.
 Find their present ages.
 (Let the daughter's present age be x ...)

4. a) Find the volume (in m³) of a cylindrical water tank 1.4 m in diameter and 2 m high.
 b)

ED is the ^{arc} area of a circle of centre A, and radius 4 cm.
 Angle ABC is 90°.
 Find the area of the shaded portion in cm².

5. a) Solve simultaneously the equations
 $x + 2y = 11.$
 $2x - y = 2$

b) Using Graph paper, draw the lines $2x - y = 2$ and $x + 2y = 11$ by first making y the subject of each equation. Write down the co-ordinates of the point where the two lines intersect.
 (i) What do you notice about your answer to part a) and the co-ordinates in part b) ?
 (ii) What is the angle between the two lines you have drawn ? (N.B. Use one side of your sheet of graph paper only. Put your name clearly at the top).

Above: Self in W's garden, with poinsettias behind

Above: Typical exam papers

Below: The view over Mbale from Prayer Mount (Mgalu valley is toward the bottom right)



Illustrations to follow Chapter 12



Flamingoes at Lake Nakuru



Above: Lake Victoria, Kisumu

Right: Fellow teacher at a school near Maseno



Far right: Standing on the Equator (13 August 1974)



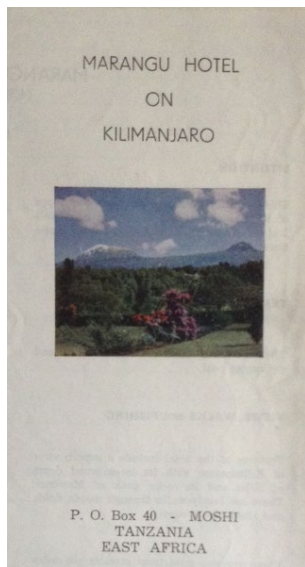
Kenya Highlands Bible College, Kericho; and typical birds of East Africa



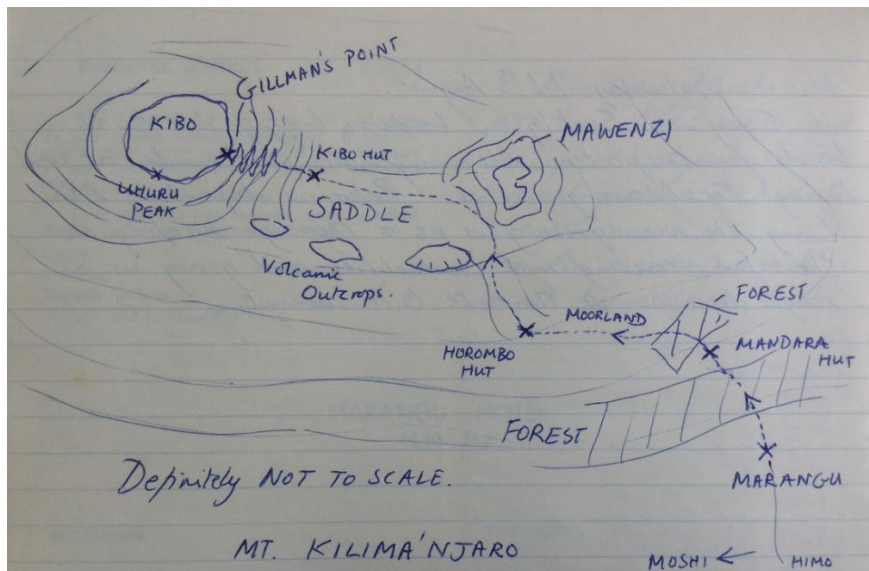
Crayon picture I drew as a child...



Kibo, Mount Kilimanjaro (Source: Google Images)



Prospectus for Marangu Hotel



Map showing the route of our ascent, from Marangu to Gillman's Point



The Great Forest...



The Great Forest between Marangu and Mandara Hut (Source: Google Images)



Mount Kilimanjaro (Source: Google Images)



View from moorland



Dawn from Horombo Hut



Kibo from Horombo Hut at dawn



Mawenzi from moorland



Last water...



Mawenzi from the saddle



Kibo from saddle...



Mawenzi from Kibo



Above: Mawenzi from Kibo (Source: Google Images)

Below: Dawn from Kibo (Source: Google Images)





The summit, Gillmans' Point
(20 August 1974)



Above: Kibo glacier at dawn (Source: Google Images)

Right: The bill from Marangu Hotel

Far right: Bathing in the fresh mountain river at Marangu

INVOICE No 5648

Marangu Hotel, P.O. Box 40, Moshi, Tanzania

Mr A. Hall & party 12 p.

Marangu 21/8/74

arrangement fee @ 20/-	240	-
Hotel fees @ 20/-	240	-
Break out day 8 p. @ 10/-	80	-
" " 4 p. @ 20/-	80	-
Cost of 1 guide	150	-
" " 8 porters @ 120/-	960	-
" " 2 of the " to the top @ 30/-	60	-
" " 1 water container	10	-
" " 2 boxes @ 5/-	10	-
	1830	-
Hire of personal items	206	50
	2041	50

Received With thanks
E. Hall & party
MARANGU HOTEL

E.&O.F.

