

Joanne Moyer Life and Ministry in Tanzania



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In October, I had a chance to attend a missionary conference in South Africa. I was surprised when the mission leader (our good friend from the years in Zambia) asked me to come forward on the first evening to be honored for my years of service in missions. While I appreciated the acknowledgement, I truly felt it was my honor to serve God for so many years in Africa.

After this conference, we drove the lovely coastal road to Capetown. As I stood on top of Table Mountain, gazing at the vast Atlantic, I remembered the many voyages to this port from early childhood until I brought my own children over to Africa. I recalled the relief and joy as I caught the first sight of land – of my African homeland after 21 days at sea. Over the years, I sailed many times, but a couple trips stand out.

One of the first clear memories of this trip was as an 11-year-old girl. The trip was made miserable by a bout with shingles but I was nonetheless thrilled to be returning to the continent of my birth. Happy to be in the Capetown port, I remember being surprised by a gift of a HUGE candy cane. A Christian man made it his mission to meet every ship and encourage missionaries arriving to work on the continent. Candy was precious and so I took my time eating it — enjoying every lick for over a year!

The next memorable experience was the sail in 1962. I was now married and eager to return to Africa with Carl to open a medical station at Tatanda – the mission my dad established in SW Tanganyika (now, Tanzania). Three days out of port, we hit the dreaded Cape Rollers – waves so violent, ships have



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been torn in two! It was a fearful storm and being pregnant with our first child didn't help matters! But God saw us through the gale and brought us to the calm waters of the Capetown port.

After the kids came along, the challenge of the crossing was keeping the kids safe. Once we spied David balancing on the top rail as the ship listed in the wind! Another time, Daniel jumped off the top deck dangling over the water held only by my hand...Each time, the Lord watched over our lives and brought us safely again to the Cape of Good Hope!

What a life I have been privileged to lead and what a blessing to think of the many African lives with whom we've been able to share the Good Hope of a loving God and Savior. And I remember – the reason my parents left their country in 1933 to answer the God's call to bring the gospel to the Congo, and finally establish a mission station in SW Tanzania in 1952. This special poem of my father's explains it well:

"REMEMBER"

REMEMBER ye afar off were,
And ye in Death's cold shadow lay,
Not chosen sheep, but cast out cur
No Blessed Hope, no light of day.

REMEMBER God, in Love and Grace REMEMBERED you, tho far astray, And sent His Son to take your place To be for you Life, Truth and Way.

REMEMBER, still in other lands
Are multitudes with blinded eyes
Bowing down with outstretched hands
To gods that cannot hear their cries.

REMEMBER, in some far off place

There still are men in darkest night,

Shall we, saved by His Matchless Grace

Refuse to go and take the Light?

Can you, partakers of His Grace
That Matchless Grace to them deny?
Can you rejoice to see His Face
If you refuse to heed their cry?

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My wish for you all this Christmas is that you can also REMEMBER the miraculous ways that God has blessed you and influenced your life – and others through you - in the past. May you gain courage and HOPE from those memories to face the seemingly uncertain future. Merry Christmas from Africa; a place I have called home since 1938!

God bless, Joanne Moyer



