

Bug & Nona
on the go

Nona Freeman

Bug & Nona on the Go

by Nona Freeman

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The Scorched Miracle

Sandra and Fred moved into our big house in Pretoria, South Africa. We built a small cottage on the same premises, which became our home base. We did not foresee what a convenient arrangement this would be until our missionary responsibilities were increased in 1971 to include the entire continent of Africa.

But circumstances change, and by 1976 this oldest daughter of ours and her family were making plans to move back to America. One day, while packing for one of our regular visits to Madagascar, I remembered something.

“Sandra, I haven’t kept records as I should have, but I do remember keeping a diary for a few months back in 1948 when we were getting off to Africa. I’ve looked for it, but I haven’t seen that little book in years. It would really be helpful when I start writing some more adventures. Will you please look carefully as you clean out shelves and drawers? It must be here somewhere.”

“All right, Mother, I’ll look. I remember there was such a book though I can’t recall what it looked like.”

She laid her sewing in her lap and looked at me

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thoughtfully. "I can see it's important to you. I'll do more; I'll ask the Lord to help me find it. What color is it?"

"Once white, probably dingy gray by now."

When we returned from Madagascar, Sandra said, "Mother, I have a strange story to tell you. After you left, I looked everywhere for your diary, but no luck. I prayed again, and several days passed. Yesterday, I had a man cleaning out the garage where Daddy used to have his printing press. I told him to burn all those moldy samples and stacks of cut-offs and misprinted papers.

"I was sewing upstairs when suddenly the Lord spoke to me: 'Go see what has been thrown in the fire. Hurry!'

"I ran down the stairs and out to the back yard just as the African threw a book into the leaping flames. A rake lay nearby, so I grabbed it and pulled the book out of the fire."

There were tears in Sandra's eyes as she handed me the bedraggled diary.

"It's slightly scorched, but here's your miracle!"

Diary 1948 The New Year found us on our knees at the close of a precious watch night service. We had foot washing and communion. Even the children, Sandra, Dale, and Jerry, wept as they were moved by the Spirit. Five-year-old Lynda came to me with big tears in her eyes: "Mommy, my feet are also 'dutty'." So I washed them in the name of Jesus and asked Him to let those feet always walk the straight and narrow way.

The Scorched Miracle

(My mother, Carrie Eastridge, and three of my brothers, Joel, Paul, and Jerry, spent several days with us before returning to Gallup, New Mexico, where Mother is pioneering with the gospel among the Navajo Indians.)

Jan. 2nd Mother and the boys left on the long trek home. It was not a sad parting though I have no idea when we'll see each other again. If God wills that our hopes and plans materialize, we will soon depart for Africa. It will have to be a pleasant experience, for service to Him is always sweet.

Tonight ended the first week of singing school with O.C. Thompson.

Jan. 3rd The Covey Cooleys (near De Ridder) invited Brother Thompson and our family for a turkey dinner. It was like a little vacation—something we seldom have. There are so many things pressing to be ready for that long awaited sailing date. I wonder how I will feel when it actually happens. Probably it will seem like a dream.

Jan. 4th I enjoyed teaching my class of young people this Sunday morning. Bug preached a super sermon on "The Power of the Church." Sweet worship in the evening service. Fletcher Lewis sang in the Spirit, and Sister Nash danced. I preached "The Morning Cometh, Also the Night."