

Kersfees by Kanjanji . . .

Dit was nou 'n ware ondervinding! Baie dankie vir almal wat goeie wense, sms'e, eposse, Kerskaarjies en pakkies gestuur het! Dit was regtig wonderlik om te weet julle onthou ons hier in die middel van Afrika! Eerstens moet ek om verskoning vra vir die vorige nuusbrief, want dit was vanuit ou "Leen", op my skoot in die kar oppad na SA getik. Ek kon dit nie redigeer nie, en soos julle seker gesien het, het die speltoets het nie gewerk nie.

Ja, ons het Lourie se werkspermit gaan haal, en toe lig immigrasie ons in dat ons onwettig met die kar (al vir meer as 5 maande) in die land is! Ons moes toe inderhaas oppak en terugreis SA toe om 'n ander voertuig te kry, sodat ons dit op ons naam kon kry. Nodeloos om te sê moes ons 'n goeie tweedehandse 4x4 voertuig koop. Herman by Frabama was regtig baie behulpsaam en het aangebied om al die permitte te reël terwyl ek en Lourie rondgerits het om by almal te probeer uitkom. Ons wou terugreis om betyds vir Kersfees by ons uitgebreide familie te wees.

Intussen het my moeder besluit om teen alle waarskuwings van my broers, die tog saam met ons na die noorde aan te pak! So gesê, so gedaan. So het die tog van 1500km begin. Ons het die tweede dag vanaf Nata vertrek waar ons oornag het. Oppad na die grens, het ons vroegoggend 25 olifante (waarvan party op die pad was), rooibokke en zebbras teëgekom. Ons was redelik vroeg op die grens om die pont te kry oor die magtige Zambesi. Toekoms, ons agent, het reeds vir ons daar gewag en ons ingelig dat slegs een ferry in werking is. Nodeloos om te sê was dit 2 dae voor Kersfees, en almal wou oor die rivier kom! Dit was senutergend, want behalwe karre, bussies, busse en 4x4's was daar ook goederetrokke! Die gewag en geskree het sowat 3 ure aangehou en ons was teen 2 uur aan die anderkant by die Zambie grens. Toe het die poppe eers begin dans, want ons voertuig moes nou ingevoer word as



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Christmas at Kanjanji . . .

It was a real experience! Thank you very much for all the good wishes, text messages, e-mails, Christmas cards and parcels! It is marvellous to know that you think of us here in the middle of Africa! I need to apologise for the previous newsletter, it was typed sitting in "Leen", on my lap, on the way to South Africa. I could not edit it, and as you most probably realised, the spellchecker did not work.

When we went to fetch Lourie's visa, immigration informed us that we have had the vehicle illegally in the country for the past 5 months! We had to pack up hastily and travel back to South Africa to buy another vehicle that we could register in our name. Needless to say we had to buy a good second hand 4x4. Herman at Frabama was extremely helpful, and even organised all the permits for us while Lourie and I careered around the country to try and visit everyone. We wanted to travel back to Zambia in time for Christmas so that we could spend it with our extended family.

In the meantime my mother decided, despite warnings from my brothers, to travel back up north with us. And so she did. We embarked on the 1500km journey. We left Nata on the second day after spending the night there. Early in the morning on our way to the border post we saw 25 elephant, (some of them in the road) buck and zebbras. We were at the border relatively early to catch the ferry over the mighty Zambezi River. "Toekoms" our agent was already waiting for us and informed us that only one ferry was operating. Needless to say, it was 2 days before Christmas and everyone wanted to cross the river. It was nerve-wracking, because there were not only cars, combis, busses, and 4x4's waiting to cross, but also goods vehicles. The waiting and shouting continued for about 3 hours, and we reached the other side and the border at 2pm. Then the fun started, because our vehicle needed to be imported as a new car.

'n nuwe kar. Na 'n hele middag se gewag het ons die verkeersdepartement in Livingstone teen 5uur bereik net om te hoor dat ons die voertuig NIE mag neem voordat dit deur die inspeksie was nie! Ons moes toe in Livingstone oorslaap.

Na NOG 24 uur was dit steeds 'n stryd om die voertuig geregistreer te kry. Teen die tyd het ek en my ma al hardop kersliedjies begin sing waar ons gestrand was in die gronde van die verkeersafdeling. Om ons was verskeie voertuie op skut – soos ons s'n ... Elke keer as ons dink die einde is in sig, is daar net nog iets. Uiteindelik en baie moedeloos, is ons na 6 op Oukersaand "vrygelaat" en het so vinnig as wat die senutergende pad ons toegelaat het, probeer om terug te kom by ons "familie". Ons was maar net te dankbaar dat ons nie Kersdag ook gestrand gesit het nie.

Ons het na tienuur Oukersaand by Kanjanji aangeland en is begroet deur al die vriendelike gesiggies, die pastoor en mama Kalaluka. Ja, en natuurlik Spokie ook! Die pastoor het die Kersdiens gekanseleer omdat hy gedink het ons gaan op die grens bly sit (ek en die kinders het lank geoefen aan Stille Nag in Tonga en die Jesusgeboorte-toneel)! Moeg en bly het ons almal uitgeput, maar gelukkig bed toe gegaan.

Kersdag het aangebreek! Ek en my moeder het 35 pakkies opgemaak vir die kinders (behalwe al die geskenkies vir ons uitgebreide familie). Lourie en die pastoor het vir ons 'n reuse tafel gedek en mooi versier met wat ons tot ons beskikking gehad het. Dit het feestelik gelyk en almal was opgewonde. Moeder het 'n bok en 'n hoeder geskenk vir die Kersmaal, en ek en sy het 'n koekstruif gemaak – ook met wat ons tot ons beskikking gehad het. Onthou dat ons net voor 10nm by Choma aangeland het en, nodeloos om te sê was alle winkels en kafees toe. Ons kon nie eens vars brood koop nie! Die fees het teen 3 uur begin en behalwe die 25



After waiting an entire afternoon, we reached the traffic department in Livingstone at 5pm just to hear that we were not allowed to take the vehicle before it was inspected. We had to overnight in Livingstone.

After another 24 hours it continued to be a battle to register the car. By this time my mother and I were singing Christmas carols out loud stranded in the grounds of the traffic department. We were surrounded by more vehicles that were in the same predicament as us. Every time we thought that the end was in sight, there was something else. Eventually, very despondent, we were released just after 6 on Christmas Eve. We drove as fast as the crazy roads allowed us to get back to our extended family at Kanjanji. We were very grateful that we weren't stranded on Christmas day too.

We arrived at Kanjanji after 10 on Christmas Eve and were greeted by many friendly children, the pastor and mama Kalaluka. And of course "Spokie" too! The pastor had cancelled the service because he thought we would be stranded at the border. (The children and I had practised so hard to sing Silent Night in Tonga, and also to perform the Nativity play!) Tired but glad we all went to bed tired but happy.

Christmas day arrived! Mother and I made up 35 gift packs for the children (that is excluding all the presents for our extended family). Lourie and the pastor set a massive table and decorated it beautifully with what they had at hand. It looked very festive and everyone was excited. Mother also donated a goat and a chicken for lunch, and we made trifle with what we had in the cupboards. Remember, we arrived in Choma after 10pm, and it goes without saying that all the shops and cafes were closed. We couldn't even buy fresh bread! The festivities started around 3 and there were 25 adults and 34 children (most of them are

grootmense, was daar 34 kinders (waarvan die meeste natuurlik wesies is)! Moeder het 'n kort Kersboodskap gelewer en almal het haar as "ouma" aangespreek en aanvaar! Sy is verwelkom as een van die familie! Dit was 'n ware fees en die hoofman het met sy afsluitingstoespraak gesê dat dit darem wonderlik is dat ons so kan partytjie hou en feesvier, en dit sonder alkoholiese drank! Hy het ook gesê dat dit die wonderlikste Kersfees was wat hulle nog ooit beleef het en dat hy hoop dat hulle die voorbeeld wat die Muzoengoes vir hulle kom stel het, sal kan naboots (dit is om met so min as moontlik geld tot jou beskikking, die meeste daarvan te maak met eenvoudige dinge)!

Nogmaals dankie vir julle betrokkenheid by Kanjanji. Soos altyd, is daar slegte nuus ook. Ons het ons eerste HIV baba verloor vandat ons die program begin het. Ons is almal baie hartseer, maar sy was al baie verwaarloos en swak. Daar is nou 15 babas op die program en slegs die formule melk kos £20 per maand per baba. Baie, baie dankie aan die van julle wat ons ondersteun met die voedingsprogram. Onthou, elke pond kan 'n lewetjie red!

Hiermee wens ons julle 'n gelukkige, voorspoedige 2009!

Van ons almal op Kanjanji.

Leza amololeke.

(God se seën)

of course orphans)! They really enjoyed the meal, and were so grateful that we made it in time. Mother delivered a short Christmas message, and everybody called her "granny". They accepted her immediately and welcomed her as part of the family. It was a great feast and the headman said in his speech that it was amazing that we could have such a festive party, and that without alcohol! He also said that it was the greatest Christmas that they had ever experienced and that he hoped that they could imitate the good example that the Muzoengoes had set for them. That is to make the most of what you have with simple things, even if you don't have much money.

Thanks yet again for your involvement with Kanjanji. As ever, we have bad news too. We lost our first HIV baby since we started the program. We were all very sad, but she was very neglected and weak. We now have 15 babies in the program and just the formula costs £20 a month per baby. Thank you ever so much to all that support us with the feeding program. Remember, each pound can save a life!

We wish you a happy, prosperous 2009!

From all of us at Kanjanji.

Leza amololeke

(God bless)

Gisela & Lourie

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