

Wesleyan Missionary Hero Series



Ethel Jordan

Zambia

by Alberta R. Metz

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THE WESLEYAN PUBLISHING HOUSE

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Early Years

The Jordans lived in a log house. Nellie, age five, and Ethel, age three, had been born there. Grandpa Jordan had homesteaded the farm back in 1854. He brought his family from Ohio to this place in Vernon County, Wisconsin.

One day Mrs. Jordan said to her husband, "Charles, we need to move closer to a school. Nellie is ready to start to school, and Ethel will soon be old enough."

"You're right, Mary," said Mr. Jordan. "I'll look for a place."

The farm where they moved was two miles from the log house. The new place was near Valton in Sauk County. What a small house it was. Just two rooms downstairs and two upstairs.

The Jordan family was soon busy on their new place. Cows had to be milked morning and evening. The cream had to be churned into butter. Eggs must be gathered from the hen house. The butter and eggs were taken to town to be sold. The money was used to buy things they could not raise on the farm.

At first Nellie and Ethel were too small to help with the work very much. They spent hours playing house with their dolls and toy dishes. Sometimes they played like they were somebody else.

"I'll play that I'm a storekeeper," Nellie would say. So they played store awhile. Then perhaps Ethel



would say, "I'll play that I'm a teacher." And they would play school.

Sometimes Ethel was naughty. She wanted her own way and would get mad if she didn't get it. Nellie wasn't like that. She gave in to Ethel — which probably made her worse!

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan were not Christians. But they taught Nellie and Ethel to pray. Every night before they went to bed, they knelt down and said their prayers.

For awhile they went to the Wesleyan Sunday school. Then when Ethel was eight years old, they began going to the Friends church. There were more boys and girls in that church.

Then it was time for Nellie to go to school. "I want to go, too!" Ethel said. She was only four, but children could go to school before they were six in those days.

"Let her go if she wants to," her father said.

So Nellie and Ethel both walked to the log schoolhouse near their farm. Sometimes they walked with the teacher. The teacher always stayed at the Jordan house. That was because their farm was closest to the school.

The log school had homemade seats and desks. The blackboard was really a blackboard. It was made of boards painted black. The erasers were pieces of wood with sheepskin tacked onto them.

Their first teacher was Drucilla Cook. Ethel called her Drucie. She always liked her teachers. She hoped she could be a teacher someday.

Ethel loved the stories in her *Sander's Union Reader*. Each story taught a lesson. One story was about being kind. Another was about being honest. Another was about loving our country or about obeying our parents. There were poems in the read-

er, too. The boys and girls had to learn to say the poems by heart.

Ethel enjoyed recess when the children played games. Sometimes they played ante over or baseball. Other times they played hide-and-seek or pom-pom-pullaway.

One day Ethel saw one of the older girls laughing at her. It made Ethel mad.

"I'll just show her!" Ethel thought to herself. She went to the teacher and told on the other girl. She made it sound like the girl had done something very bad. The teacher punished the older girl.

But later Ethel felt bad. She knew in her heart that she had done a naughty thing. She cried and cried and told God she was sorry. She decided she would never tell another lie about someone.

When Nellie and Ethel left for school each morning, Mother was churning butter. And when they came home from school, she was still churning. But she also found time to spin yarn. The girls learned to knit. They helped to knit stockings and mittens for the family.

Mrs. Jordan also taught the girls to sew. As Ethel grew older, she learned to make dresses. In those days the ladies wore dresses with long, full skirts.

The girls also had chores to do. Ethel learned to milk the cows. Sometimes she milked eight cows in the morning and again in the evening.

At that time the children went to school for three months in the winter. Then they went for three months in the spring.

In the winter they sometimes had a special program in the evening. All the people came to the school. The children sometimes said poems they had learned. The grown-ups took part, too. Sometimes they had a spelling bee.



"He is your new brother."

Winter was also the time for sliding downhill in the snow. They had homemade sleds.

It was December! The boys and girls had a party at the school. One of the men brought in a big Christmas tree. The young people popped corn and made long strings of it to put on the tree. Little candles were fastened to the branches.

Hardly anyone had a tree in their house. The big tree at the school was the Christmas tree for everyone to enjoy.

Nellie and Ethel didn't get toys for Christmas. They got clothes or something else they needed. But they did get stick candy and sometimes an orange.

Ethel liked the summertime, too. The Fourth of July was a big day. It was like a big picnic for the town of Valton. The storekeepers set up booths. There were races and contests and a tug-of-war. Someone always stood up before the crowd and read the Declaration of Independence.

Ethel also liked summer because her birthday came then. She had been born on August 24, 1882.

Nellie was 12, and Ethel was 10. One day Mr. Jordan said to Nellie and Ethel, "Get ready. I'm going to take you to your aunt's today."

The girls didn't know what was happening. Mother was in bed, and they were going to their aunt's house for the day. When they came home, they went in to see their mother. Lying beside her was a tiny baby boy.

"His name is Harry," Mother told them. "He is your new brother."

What a surprise!



A Change of Heart

Nellie and Ethel were in their teens. One day Father said, "Why don't you girls have a party? You can invite the other boys and girls."

So they invited their friends to come one evening. They played charades. One group would act out something. The others had to guess what they were doing. Ethel's father bought stick candy for the party. That was a big treat!

When Ethel was 14, she was through school. She had graduated from the ninth grade. She was a young lady now.

A revival meeting was going on at the Friends church. One day the pastor came to see the Jordans. He was talking to them about God.

The preacher turned to Ethel and said, "Would you like to be a Christian?"

She said she would. The pastor prayed for her, and after that she said she was a Christian. But nothing had really happened in her heart. She was a worker in the church. But she didn't really know Jesus as her Savior.

When Ethel was 18, she decided to teach school. All she had to do was pass a test. After she did this, she taught school for three months. Then she taught at another school. But after two months she became very sick. She had to go back home. She earned \$25.00 a month as a teacher.

Her father said, "I don't want you to teach anymore, Ethel."

Instead she worked in a little general store in the town of Valton. Jars of candy were on the shelves. Ethel weighed the candy on scales when she sold it. Often she took a piece and ate it. The owner saw her do it and didn't care. But some more expensive candy was kept in a showcase. She liked that candy even better. Sometimes she took a piece of it when the owner wasn't looking.

By this time Ethel and Nellie and Harry had a new sister named Nira.

When Ethel was 16, she was asked to read the Declaration of Independence at the Fourth of July celebration. This was quite an honor.

She told them, "I would rather speak it than read it." So she learned it by heart. She stood on the platform and said it from memory while the whole town listened.

Nearly every September the Jordan family went to the county fair at Hillsboro, Wisconsin. It was always an exciting time.

Ethel never forgot the fair the year she was 19. She and her father were the only ones who went from their family. When the fair was over, they started to leave.

Suddenly they heard someone yelling, "McKinley's been shot!" The President of the United States had been shot. He died a few days later.

When Ethel was 22 years old, a tent meeting was held in Valton. A big tent was put up near the church. The preacher who came was a holiness preacher. He preached about being saved. He also preached about being sanctified.

"I want to be sanctified," Ethel decided. So she went forward and prayed to be sanctified. God did

something very wonderful in her heart.

At that time there was a special young man who often visited Ethel. They loved each other and hoped to get married someday.

Ethel wanted to get ready to work for God. She hoped that someday she could be a missionary or some other kind of worker.

Soon after the tent meeting she left home and went to school. She traveled by train to God's Bible School in Cincinnati, Ohio. She earned money for school by sewing for people. She was glad her mother had taught her to sew. She sewed for five hours each day.

Ethel loved it at the school. She studied hard. She listened to the teachers and preachers. Soon she began to understand better. She found out she hadn't been saved when she was 14. She had really been saved at the tent meeting.

So at God's Bible School she prayed to be sanctified. She gave herself to God. He came in and filled her with His Spirit.

She often heard missionaries talk about Africa. Charles Slater was one she heard.

One day she was praying. She suddenly remembered the candy in the showcase in Valton. She knew she must make it right. She didn't have any money. But she wrote a letter to the storekeeper and said she was sorry. "I will pay for it when I come home," she told him. The man and his wife said it was all right. Later Ethel bought a nice gift for the storekeeper's wife.

She had been in school three months. She got a call to come home. Her brother Harry was very sick. She went back on the train to help her parents.

While she was at home, something happened that made Ethel very sad. The friendship with the

special young man came to an end. She often talked to God about it.

She kept praying to know what God wanted her to do. One day God spoke to her very clearly. It seemed like a voice spoke out loud to her. "Ethel, I want you to go to Africa."

How excited she was! She would be so happy to work for God in Africa.

She hurried in to tell her parents. "Oh, Mother and Father! God has spoken to me. He wants me to go to Africa!"

Her parents looked at her in surprise.

"Oh, no, Ethel! Not Africa!" said her mother.

Father shook his head. "You will never go while I am alive."

Ethel knew she could not go against her parents' wishes. But she did go back to school. She wanted to learn to be a missionary. When the time came for her to go to Africa, she would be ready.

The students at the school were sent out into the city. They visited in homes of very poor people. They talked to them about Jesus.

God's Bible School had a rescue home in the city. It was for girls who were in trouble and needed help. After Ethel finished school, she was asked to work at the rescue home. It was not easy work, but Ethel did her best.

She worked at the rescue home for several years. They were hard years for Ethel. She knew God had called her to Africa. But He had not opened the way for her to go.

The time came when she was so tired she knew she must get away for a rest. She went to live with some Christian people. She wanted time to think and pray and rest. She prayed, "God, show me what I am to do."

"The poor have the gospel preached to them."
What a strange verse. Was this God's answer?

Another day she was praying and the same words came to her. What was God saying to her?

Then the third time God said the same words.
"The poor have the gospel preached to them."

"Lord, I'm willing to preach to the poor," she said. "But who are they and where are they?"

"Didn't I call you to Africa?" God asked.

"Yes, Lord, and I am ready to go right now."

But how? The Church did not send anyone out as a missionary who was more than 30 years old. Ethel was past 40! Her parents were now both dead. She had stayed at home for 18 months to take care of them before they died. They had left her some money. Now she could go to Africa and pay her own way.

The devil began talking to Ethel. "You won't like the people in Africa," he said. "And they won't like you." What if it was true?

But Ethel began making plans to go to Africa. When she was 45 years old, she was ready. At last her dream was coming true.





Off to Africa

Ethel Jordan left for Africa from God's Bible School. She had many friends there. They fixed a big lunch for her and took her to the train.

She stood on the rear platform of the train and waved to her friends as long as they could see each other.

Suddenly she felt all alone. She was going so far away from friends and family. But God spoke to her. "You are not alone. I'm going right along with you."

On the way to New York she opened the lunch her friends had fixed. She enjoyed the sandwiches and other good things. But most of all she enjoyed the Bible verses in her lunch! Her friends had put verses on pieces of paper. Ethel found them hiding here and there. The verse she liked best was: "Thou shalt see now whether my word will come to pass unto thee or not."

In February 1928 Ethel was on board a ship heading for South Africa. It took five weeks to get there.

Rev. and Mrs. Rodway met her at the city of Durban. They took her to Mt. Frere. That is where she would begin her work in Africa. A church and school were there. Ethel was going to teach grades six, seven, and eight. She lived in a room of Rodways' house.

How different school was in Africa! The boys and girls were so noisy. They studied out loud. It was

hard to explain the lessons. The children did not know English very well. And Miss Jordan did not know their language.

When Christmas came, Mrs. Rodway and Miss Jordan took a vacation. They rode 105 miles in a truck. It took ten hours! It was dark when they got there. The huts were dirty, the water was muddy, and there were a lot of snakes. The only nice thing was they were near the ocean.

They tried to relax and enjoy their vacation. But one day two poisonous snakes were found in one of the rooms. That was enough! They called for the truck to come and take them back to Mt. Frere.

Miss Jordan enjoyed teaching. She loved the black children just like she did the children at home.

One day Ethel remembered what the devil had told her. He had lied to her! She did love the African people. Then one day Mrs. Rodway said, "You surely have won the hearts of the African people!" So Ethel knew the devil had told her another lie. The people did like her after all.

But Miss Jordan was sad about many things. The African people drank a lot of beer. Sometimes she had to send children home from school because they were drunk!

If a baby got its upper front teeth first, that was unlucky. The mother tied the baby onto her back. Then she went out into the forest or to a river. There she untied the blanket. The baby fell to the ground. The mother put her fingers in her ears. She ran away as fast as she could so she couldn't hear the baby cry.

Ethel knew God could change all this. That was why she was in Africa.

Teaching school was fine, but Miss Jordan wanted to go out into the villages. She now had another



lady missionary to work with her. She was Mary Loew.

Ethel and Mary held meetings in some of the homes. They had to stoop down to get in the low door. The mud huts were round and had grass roofs. They were dark inside, for there were no windows.

One weekend they walked a few miles to another mission station. Mr. Reynolds was the missionary there. Up and down the steep hills they went. After supper they walked through the rain to go to church. They walked up another tall hill and right through a cornfield. They used flashlights to see where they were going. They walked and walked. Ethel's legs felt like she had been stooping down and picking strawberries the whole time!

On another weekend trip they went with a missionary named Brother Schoombie. When they came to a kraal, they stopped. A kraal was a group of huts where a family lived.

At one kraal they were all drinking beer. But the missionaries held a meeting and told them about Jesus.

In one night meeting the people were packed into the room. When Miss Jordan was preaching, she couldn't move for fear she would step on someone. It was so dark in the hut. All she could see was the whites of their eyes.

Ethel loved to visit the villages. But she kept thinking, "I hope someday I can do pioneer work." She wanted to help start a mission in a new place.



Lion Trouble

In 1929 the Pilgrim Holiness Church (now The Wesleyan Church) had three main mission stations in South Africa. One of these was Mt. Frere where Miss Jordan and Miss Loew had been working.

North and west of this were thousands of people who had never heard of Jesus. The Church wanted to get mission work started there. The country was then called Northern Rhodesia. Now it is Zambia.

Rev. and Mrs. Ray Miller and Mary Loew were sent to find a place to begin. How Ethel longed to join them! This is something she had been wanting to do.

But first she prayed to be sure that was where God wanted her. When she knew it was God's will, she began packing for the trip. She would go 1,400 miles by train.

In November 1930 Ethel was on her way. The train began its long journey northward. The second day she went along the edge of a desert. Thornbushes were the only green things growing there. Sand blew into the train all day. It got very hot.

A few days later she saw Victoria Falls. The spray blew over the train. The waterfalls were 350 feet high and roared like thunder.



That same afternoon the train reached a town named Choma. The Millers met her at the train station.

"We are looking for a place for the new mission," they told her. "The government men are helping us find the best place."

Miss Jordan was so happy to think that she could help start the new mission. But suddenly everything changed. Brother Miller got very sick. The Miller family had to leave Africa.

What could Ethel and Mary do? They would have to wait until another missionary couple was sent.

The two women moved to Sikalongo to help another church at their mission. It was 24 miles from Choma. They moved their things in a tall cart pulled by six oxen.

The missionaries at Sikalongo were the Taylors. Ethel and Mary did a lot of traveling to the villages.

One trip they made was down into a large valley. Mr. Taylor had been working in the valley. He helped give the people food. There had been no rain, and the crops were not good. He also told the people about Jesus.

One day a big lion was caught in a trap. It broke loose. The men asked Mr. Taylor to take his gun and go find it. He took some men with him. But when they found the lion, the gun did not work. The lion attacked Mr. Taylor and hurt him badly.

The men carried him back and called the doctor. But nothing could be done. Mr. Taylor died.

Ethel and Mary helped get the body ready to be buried. The doctor became the undertaker.

Lions came around quite often at Sikalongo. One night a lion came and left claw marks on one of the cows at the mission. Lion tracks were seen next

morning. Then another night a lion came and killed a donkey.

The men decided to kill the lion. They fixed a place to hide near the dead donkey. The full moon was shining brightly. Soon a lion and a lioness came walking up to the donkey.

The men fired their guns. The lioness was killed, but the lion ran away. The next morning the men brought the dead lioness to the mission house. They were singing as they came.

Not only were there lions, there were locusts. The insects flew in big swarms. One large swarm was ten miles long!

Ethel and Mary worked at Sikalongo for two years. They kept praying for a missionary couple to come. When would the Church at home send someone? Then they could start the new mission.



A Spear and a Necktie

The good news came at last. "A letter from Brother Rees in America!" Ethel and Mary read the letter quickly. Rev. and Mrs. Harry Reynolds were coming.

"Praise the Lord!" they cried. What a happy day it was. They would be able to move back to their own mission.

There was one problem. There really was no mission yet. They did not have any land to build on.

In July 1933 the Reynolds family left Natal where they had been living. They went to Northern Rhodesia. Soon Ethel and Mary left Sikalongo to be with them.

They were in the middle of the Batonga tribe. It was a large tribe and hardly any of them knew about Jesus. They were poor people. A man thought he was rich if he had a few goats, a small piece of land, some stools, some cooking pots, a blanket, and a hoe.

The Batonga people were afraid. They worshiped people who had died. They often got drunk. There did not seem to be much happiness in the tribe.

The missionaries went to see Chief Moyo. He was chief over a large district. Many huts were on the hills of his tribe. The people had good gardens where they grew mealies (corn), pumpkins, and monkey nuts (peanuts).

The missionaries told the chief what they wanted to do. "We will teach your people about God. We want to help you."

Chief Moyo thought about this. Then he said, "No one has ever asked to come to help us before. We are so happy you have come."

But how could they get land? They talked to the Governor.

"We need to know more about you," he said. "We do not want troublemakers in our land. You can stay at Pemba for now. We will decide later about land for you."

So the Reynolds family and Ethel and Mary lived at Pemba. It was a tiny town with only a few huts. There was a small trading post. A road passed by Pemba, but it was only a trail.

They could hear the train go south once a day. Mail came from America once a week. It was a lonely place. At night they could hear the jackals howl and the drums beat.

The missionaries began going out and visiting villages. They told the Batonga people about Jesus.

One day they came to a large village.

"Come and preach to us!" the people begged. "We will build you a church."

"No, you can't build a church. The Governor has not given permission yet," Mr. Reynolds told them. "But we will come and preach to you."

The next Sunday they went back to the village. What a surprise! The people had put up poles. They had fixed a grass roof. Under the roof they put poles across forked sticks. These were for seats. They even had an old piece of iron hanging up. They used the iron for a bell. When they hit the iron, the people came to the service.

In the spring of 1934 the missionaries were busy

getting ready for a visitor. The missions "boss" from America was coming. His name was Paul W. Thomas.

It was exciting to have Brother Thomas with them in that lonely place. One of the first things he did was go out to see a piece of land. It was a place they hoped to get for the mission. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Reynolds walked through tall grass.

"There are 200 acres here," said Mr. Reynolds. "A good place for a mission farm."

"Yes, it looks good," Mr. Thomas said.

Nearby was a village. Some of the chiefs were going to meet Mr. Thomas and Mr. Reynolds there. They wanted to talk about the new mission.

When the two men got to the village, they were surprised. A lot of people were there. They had fixed up a grass roof. There were seats for the visitors. The rest of the people sat on the ground.

People from nine other villages were also there. Brother Thomas enjoyed preaching to them. The leaders said to the missionaries, "We want you to start a mission here. Come and preach in our towns. Start a school for our children."

"We hope the Governor will let us do that," Mr. Thomas told them. He noticed the long spears the men had. They were eight or ten feet long. He wanted one to take with him back to America. One of the men sold him his spear.

Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Thomas said good-bye and were leaving the village. Suddenly they heard someone shouting. They turned around. The old chief was running down the path. He carried two spears. Bowing to Mr. Thomas, he gave him the two spears as a gift.

Quickly Mr. Thomas took off his necktie. He gave it to the chief as a gift. He tied it around the old man's neck for him. The chief shook hands with Mr.



Quickly Mr. Thomas took off his necktie. He gave it to the chief as a gift.

Thomas. Then he hooked his thumb with Mr. Thomas's thumb. And they did a thumbshake! This was a sign they were friends.

Mr. Thomas visited the four large villages where the missionaries had been working. In each place were people who had been saved. They hoped to build churches soon.

They visited many villages. In one town the old Batonga chief begged for the story of Jesus to be told to his people.

In another village after Mr. Thomas preached, he said, "Does anyone have any questions?"

One man called out, "We have no questions. We only want Jesus!"

In still another village the headman said, "You must come again. You must send someone to tell us about Jesus."

"I will," promised Mr. Thomas.

"Write your promise on a paper. Leave it here with me," said the chief.

Mr. Thomas wrote it on a piece of paper and gave it to the man. How he hoped he could keep that promise very soon!

Before Mr. Thomas left, he talked to Ethel Jordan. "The new mission is beginning. What work do you want to do here?"

"I love to go out and visit the villages," she told him. "I also want to help teach the men to be preachers."

Then it was time for Mr. Thomas to leave. He had written down the plans for the new mission. All the missionaries met together to hear him read his plan.

When Ethel heard her name, she listened carefully. "Ethel Jordan will be visiting in the villages. She also will help teach the men to be preachers." Miss

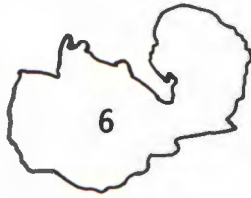
Jordan smiled. She would get to do what she loved most!

Mr. Thomas's visit was over. He and Mr. Reynolds took the train to Livingstone. There they talked to the government men.

"We want to buy the land," Mr. Reynolds told them.

"No, we cannot sell it to you," the man said. "We want to see what kind of mission you will have. But we will rent the land to you for five years. It will cost \$5.00 each year."

Mr. Thomas and Mr. Reynolds went away praising God. Now they really could begin the mission in Northern Rhodesia.



Beautiful Feet

The new mission station would be built 13 miles from Pemba. Mr. Reynolds and some of the African boys made hundreds of bricks. They put mud into wooden forms. Then the mud dried and was hard.

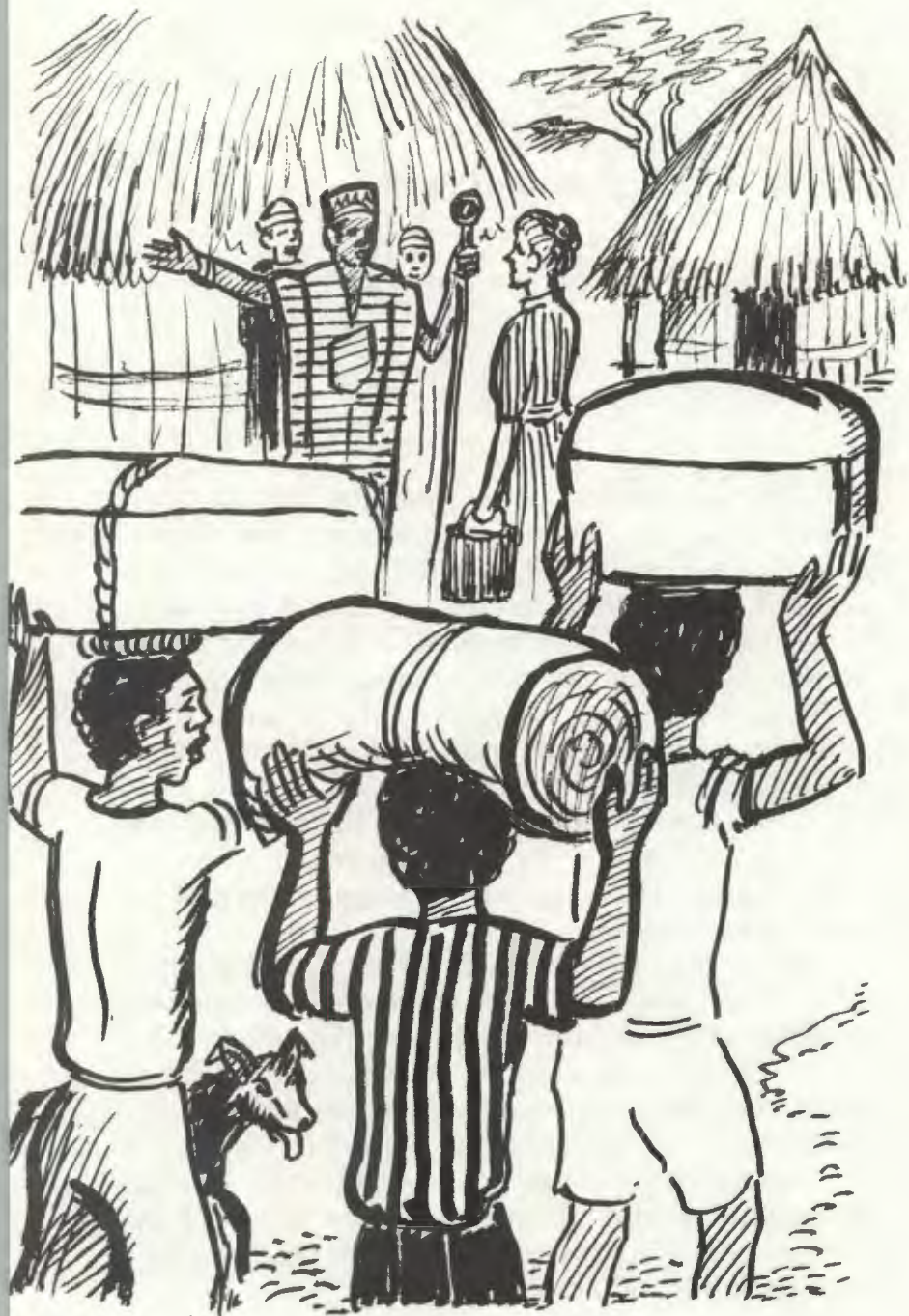
But it would take awhile to build the brick houses. So the people put up grass houses for the missionaries. They stuck poles in the ground. They fastened the poles together at the top. Then bunches of grass were tied to the poles.

Ethel and Mary took some of the bricks. They put them together with mud and made a sort of stove. A piece of tin was the top. Another piece of tin made the chimney.

When they baked bread, they built a fire in the stove. Then they took the ashes out and put the bread in. The heat from the bricks baked the bread.

It was like camping out. They used a box for a table. Corn husks were put in a big bag and used for a mattress. They carried water from the river.

But the missionaries didn't mind. They were so happy to be starting their own mission. Besides they were in a beautiful place. Nearby were big trees. Farther away they could see the hills.



Wind blew dust and dirt into the grass houses. But the missionaries were glad it was still dry. The rains would be coming soon. They hoped to be in the brick houses by then.

At last the brick walls were done. The grass roofs were on. There was a larger house for the Reynolds family. There was a smaller one for Ethel and Mary. Behind each house was a little house. It was the kitchen. The houses had dirt floors. The dirt was pounded smooth. Then a floor covering was put down.

One night the rains came. The grass roof leaked. Ethel put up an umbrella and slept under it.

Mr. Reynolds also built a small church house. Services had already started outdoors. The first Sunday 300 people came.

While Mr. Reynolds built the houses, his wife helped the sick people. She was a nurse.

Miss Loew started a school out under a tree. There were 50 students to start with. The boys and girls decided to build their own school. The boys brought poles, and the girls brought bunches of grass. Soon they had made a grass school!

Ethel Jordan was soon doing what she loved to do — go out to the villages. She always had a boy with her to help her. Sometimes she had other boys who helped carry things.

Ethel was getting ready for another trip. She put small bowls and pans in a bag. She put rice, cornmeal, oatmeal, salt, tea, and other things in her food box. She got her camp cot (bed) and blanket roll ready. The boys picked up the bundles, and they started out.

Ethel went to a large village. The headman gave her an empty hut to stay in. The boys swept it out for her. Soon she was settled.

She went to small villages nearby and preached during the day. Then she came back to the big village at night. A fire was built near her hut. She cooked her supper and washed the dishes. Then she talked to the people about Jesus.

In one month Ethel made 80 visits to villages. She walked many, many miles. Sometimes she had five meetings in one day.

The villages were very dirty. Sometimes the people were drinking beer. It was hard to make them understand the good news about Jesus.

In one village an old woman sat smoking her big water pipe. The woman was almost blind. Ethel talked to the people about two ways. One way leads to Jesus. The other way leads to the devil. She told them about heaven and hell. The old blind woman shook her head. "We are lost and cannot find our way to God," she said.

On one trip the boys tried to take Miss Jordan on a shortcut. They went through fields. They started climbing up a steep hill. At the top of the hill it looked like a pile of rocks.

"I can't get over that," she said.

"We will pull you over," the boys said.

But Ethel said no. She was too old to climb such a steep place. They went back down the hill. Ethel was afraid to look so far down over the edge.

At last they reached the village. Only a few people were there to hear about Jesus. But Ethel told them how to be saved.

The old headman said, "We don't understand these things that you talk to us about."

Ethel was sad as she went to bed that night. She was so tired. When would she ever get back to that village again? They needed to hear the good news over and over. Then they would understand.

In the summer of 1935 Ethel set out on a long trip. She had been planning it for a long time. She needed five boys to carry food and supplies. The path went over hills, and there were many rocks and stones. She got very tired and wanted to rest.

One boy who was with her said, "Don't sit down! If you do, you will be too tired to go on!" She wanted to reach the chief's village that night. But they didn't get that far.

They stopped in a little village. The boy asked if there was a place for Miss Jordan to sleep. The headman said there was a goat house she could use. The boy went to tell her.

"The goats may have slept there last night. But I'll sleep there tonight!" she said.

It was just some poles with a grass roof. The boys swept it out with tree branches. They set up her bed and hung the mosquito net over it. How glad she was to be able to lie down.

The next day they went on to the chief's village. He gave her a hut to sleep in. But it didn't have a door.

The boys put a wide board over the doorway. They took it away when she called to them.

Miss Jordan asked the chief if she could tell his people about Jesus. He didn't know what she meant but said it was all right. She hoped she could visit each village three times.

These people had never heard about Jesus. Ethel was both happy and sad. She was happy they were hearing about Jesus. She was sad because many did not understand. And when would a missionary visit there again? She tried to make the story easy to understand.

Day after day she went out to the villages. She came back to the chief's village each evening.

Late one afternoon she came back with her feet hurting. The paths were so rough and stony. She took her Bible and sat down in the shade by her hut. She opened the Bible and began reading. Soon she came to a verse that said, "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel."

Tears came to her eyes. She looked up and said to God, "Thank You, Lord. My feet do hurt so much. But You say they are beautiful!"

Then she moved to another valley. Here the women and children had never seen a white woman. They got excited when they saw Ethel's white skin and blue eyes. They wanted to feel her to see if she felt like they did.

One day they visited the village of Chibai. He was the headman. They met him on the way and told him they were coming to his village. He hurried back a shorter way and told the people of his village the news.

All the people came out to see the white woman. After they greeted her, she said, "Now we are going to pray. Get down on your knees."

The people knelt down right there in the dust and dirt. She asked one of her boys to pray.

"Bless the headman and his people," the boy prayed. That made Chibai happy.

They traveled to some other villages. At last they were back in the town where she slept in the goat house. It was several miles from Chibai's place. But he heard the teacher would be there. So he went to see her, and they talked awhile.

"What is your name?" Chibai asked.

"The people call me Jordani," she said.

"I am going to name my boy Jordani," Chibai said.

The people often did that. They named their

baby for something that happened soon after the child was born.

On one Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and Ethel walked several miles to a village. A little boy followed them around. He listened when they told about Jesus.

The boy came to Mr. Reynolds and said, "I want to go to school."

The missionaries did not know what to say. He lived too far away to walk to school. There was no boarding school — a school where the students lived at the school.

How could they take a little boy home with them? The missionaries hardly had enough food for themselves. But they said he could come. That was the beginning of the boarding school in 1934. The boy's name was Jack Munsaka.

Jack went to school. He worked around the mission. Miss Jordan taught him from first grade on up. Years later she was glad they had let him come to the mission. He became a strong leader of the church.

Mr. Reynolds and his helpers were busy making bricks for a new church. These bricks were burned in an oven. They were better than sun-dried bricks. They worked many long hours and made 33,000 bricks.

At last in February 1936 they held a service to dedicate the new church. People came in from the village churches all around. Over 500 people were there. They stood outside the new building.

Then Miss Jordan was given the key to the new church. She opened the door. Then the people marched into the building. They had a service and took an offering. The people gave money, mealies (cornmeal), eggs, and peanuts.

A few months later the first yearly conference



How could they take a little boy home with them?

was held in Northern Rhodesia. Mr. Reynolds took 59 people into the church as new members.

Mary Loew had gone home. Ethel missed her, but she was very busy. She could not go out to the villages very much. There was work to do at the mission station.

Ethel had a war on ants! First, she found a bunch of red ants on the floor of her bedroom. She poured boiling water on them. She found another bunch and poured kerosene on them.

Then she pulled back the floor covering. There was a hole about a foot across. In it were millions of red ants. She called Mr. Reynolds to come. They put dry grass in the hole and burned it. Mr. Reynolds used a blowtorch on them.

But a few hours later there were as many ants as ever! Ethel poured gallons of boiling water on them.

The next morning the hole was full of ants again. She poured on more boiling water. Then they filled the hole with ashes. But nothing stopped the ants. So Ethel just let them have that corner of the room!

In March 1937 Mr. Reynolds got very sick with fever. Mrs. Reynolds and Ethel did their best to care for him. But in three days he was dead. They buried him near the church.

In November Ethel became very sick. Her temperature was 105 degrees. The other missionaries prayed for her. They knew she would die if God did not make her well.

The next morning many of her students from the school came to see her. She was too weak to talk. One of the teachers stood by her bed and cried. He said she had been like a mother to him. It was several days before she could work again.

Mr. and Mrs. Strickland came to take the Reynolds' place.

In January 1938 Miss Jordan got a letter from Brother Thomas. They wanted her to come home for awhile.

Ethel thought she must be dreaming. She would be going home in April. She had been in Africa for ten years. What would it be like to see Nellie and Harry and Nira again?



Ants Everywhere

It was wonderful to be back in Wisconsin. Ethel and her family had so much to tell each other. She also traveled to many churches. She talked to them about Africa. She met many people who had been praying for her.

In the summer of 1938 she went to Owosso, Michigan, for general conference. People from many states were there. How Ethel enjoyed being with so many Christians! Her heart was thrilled when the great crowd sang together. The lonely times in Africa seemed very far away.

Mary Loew was at the conference, too. One day Mary and Ethel were asked to come forward. They stood on the platform in front of the big crowd. Each one told how God had taken care of them in Africa.

Ethel was home for two years. By this time she was almost 58 years old. She was needed in Africa. So she got ready to go back. This time the Church would pay her way. After five weeks on board the ship, she was in South Africa.

She found the Stricklands were busy at the mission. They had a large farm. They had 300 sick people each month in their little hospital. Besides the mission station there were 13 "outstations." All these outstations had schools. They had to keep making bricks to build new buildings.

The African people called it Jembo Mission.

Miss Jordan was soon busy doing the work she loved. She visited out in the villages. And she was a teacher.

It was time for the teachers to come to the mission station. They came from the outstation schools. They stayed at the mission for two weeks. In the mornings they studied. In the afternoons Ethel preached to them.

One evening she invited the teachers to her house. They listened to the radio. It was a real treat for them. Then they played some games. They were like the games Ethel played in Wisconsin when she was young. She enjoyed having a good time with the teachers. Before they left, she served them corn-bread and tea.

One day Ethel found that ants had eaten holes in some of her dresses. She felt bad because it was hard for her to sew there. She hoped she would have enough dresses!

Someone made a "bush cart" for Miss Jordan. It was harder for her to walk than it used to be. The cart had two wheels. One boy pushed and another one pulled.

Miss Jordan had been back in Africa about one year. Mrs. Strickland became very sick. She had to go to the hospital in Livingstone 175 miles away. She got worse instead of better.

Ethel was at Jembo Mission alone. Then Mr. Strickland sent word for her to come to Livingstone. She rode on the train all night.

"My wife is not getting better," he said to Ethel. "If she dies, shall we bury her here or take her back to Jembo?"

"Take her back to Jembo," said Ethel.

Mr. Strickland wrote a letter to another mis-

sionary. He asked him to go to Jembo to get the grave ready and to have the funeral.

Then he sent a telegram to America asking people to pray for Mrs. Strickland. That was on Monday. On Wednesday she began to get better and soon she was all right.

But just a few months later things did not turn out so well. Mr. and Mrs. Schoombie, Mr. Keith, and Mr. Turner all came to Jembo. The men were going to help Mr. Strickland build a new schoolhouse.

One day Mrs. Schoombie got sick. The missionaries often had fever. No one thought very much about it. But she did not get better. They sent for the doctor. But he could not do anything for her, and she died. She left a little boy almost two years old.

Miss Jordan was sad. She had seen Mr. Taylor die at Sikalongo. She had seen Mr. Reynolds die there at Jembo. And now Mrs. Schoombie. The devil whispered to Ethel, "You will be the next one. You'd better leave while you can!"

"It would be easy to pack up and go," thought Ethel. But God helped her, and she stayed. She thought, "God can take care of me here as well as anywhere else."

The mission had to be moved! The government said the old place was not healthy. It was wet, and there were too many mosquitoes. So they built a new mission on higher land. Many of the bricks Brother Reynolds had made were used over again in the new buildings.

In 1941 they had a special time. The mission in Northern Rhodesia was seven years old. Miss Jordan was the only one present who had been there when it started. So many changes had taken place. Hundreds of people knew about Jesus now.

The government agreed to let them buy land.

The officials often visited the mission. They liked what was being done. They helped the missionaries by giving money for school buildings.

The missionaries bought 3,000 acres for \$2,050, and it was soon all paid for.

There was always a lot of work to do. Miss Jordan taught in the mission school. The boys and girls came and lived at the mission. They had to wear uniforms. The missionaries bought cloth to make the uniforms. Miss Jordan cut out 87 uniforms for the boys. A man came and sewed them. Miss Jordan cut and sewed the 25 girls' uniforms.

When school started, Miss Jordan taught classes. She was also the principal of the school. She also had to be in charge of the 14 outstation schools. There was typing to do and meetings to hold. Sometimes Miss Jordan prayed like the old woman she heard about, "Lord, lighten my burden or strengthen my back."

The boys at the mission school thought they were not getting enough to eat. They decided to go on strike! One day they would not eat.

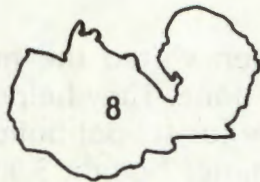
Miss Jordan went to their dormitory. She tried to talk to them. But they just sat there. "We want more food," they said.

Mr. Strickland was away. Ethel hoped he would come back before there was trouble.

The next morning the boys brought their uniforms to the schoolhouse. "We're going home," they said.

Miss Jordan talked to them some more. After while they walked slowly back to their rooms.

That evening Mr. Strickland came. He soon put an end to the strike. He made them all do extra work!



Good-bye to 20 Years in Africa

Miss Jordan looked at the letter in her hand. She was wanted in Natal. They had asked her several times to come. They needed her to start a Bible school. It would be a school for teaching people to work for God. Jack needed a school like that.

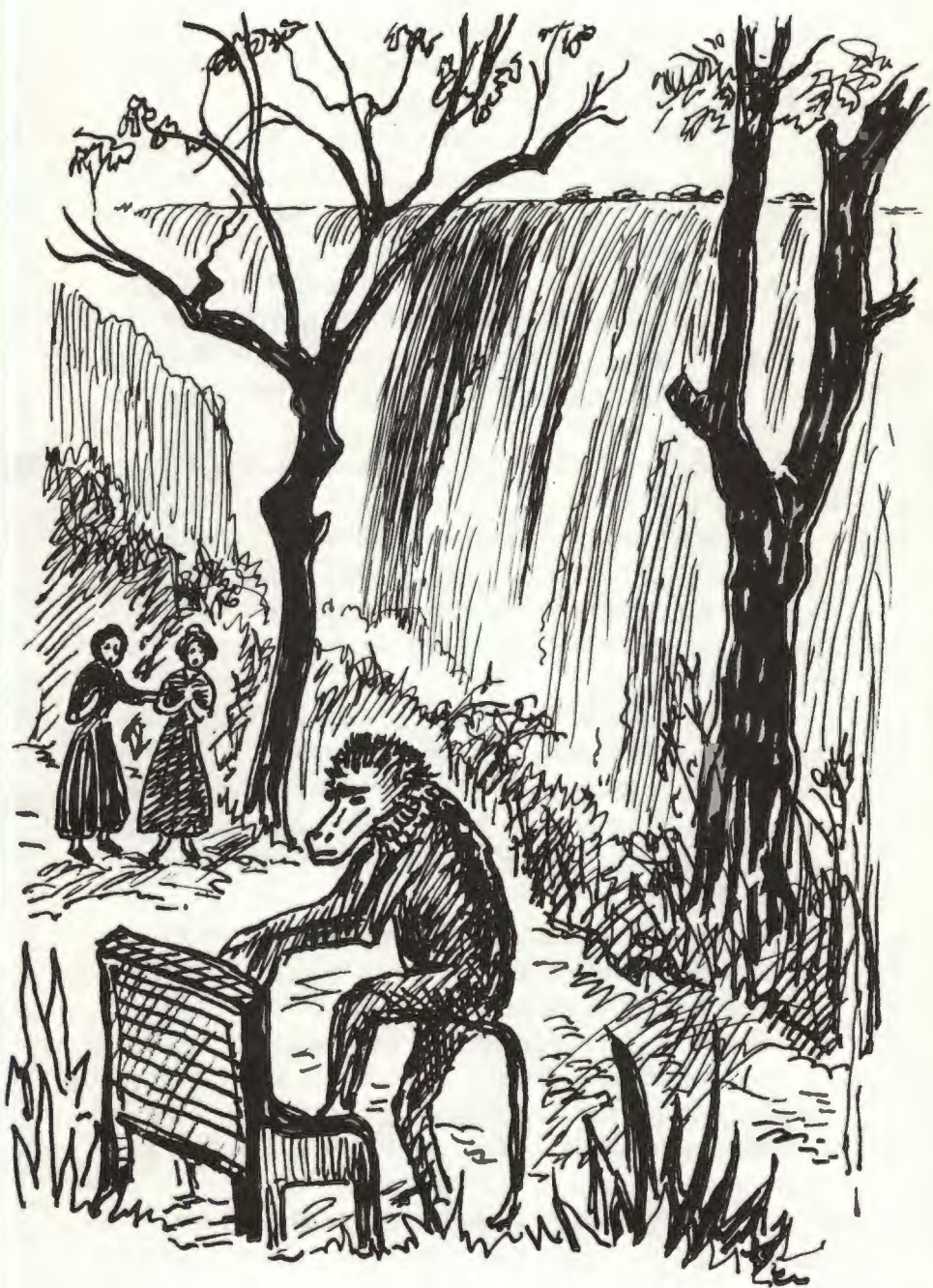
Ethel did not want to leave Jembo Mission. She loved it there. Natal was 1,600 miles away. But now she knew it was what God wanted her to do.

The day before she left, two of the teachers came to her house. They gave her a letter. In it was money. The letter said, "A love offering for Nkosizana Jordan from Jembo students, teachers, and friends." They called her Nkosizana which means teacher.

Miss Jordan cried about leaving. Her heart was in Northern Rhodesia.

The morning came when she must go. A little boy came to her house. He had some money. "I need some change," he said. She gave him the change. He handed two small coins back to her. She thought maybe she had forgotten he owed her some money. But he said, "To give only."

At last all the good-byes were said, and Ethel left the mission. She got on the train and went to Livingstone. Claudia Peyton, another missionary, went to



Livingstone, too. They were going to take a little vacation together. Ethel and Claudia had known each other back in Cincinnati.

The two ladies enjoyed the huge Victoria Falls. They took a picnic lunch and spent the day. As they walked along one of the paths, they saw two large baboons ahead of them.

Miss Jordan and Miss Peyton didn't know what to do. They decided to pretend they were not afraid. So they walked right past the baboons. They hurried along until they came to a seat. Then they sat down to rest.

When they looked up, they saw a baboon coming toward them.

"There's one of those things now!" cried Miss Peyton. She jumped up and hurried away. Miss Jordan wasn't far behind! After while they looked back. The baboon was putting its feet up on the seat where they had been!

At last Ethel was in Natal. It was 1945. She had a big job to do — starting a Bible school at Port Shepstone. Men and women would come from Northern Rhodesia. They would come from Swaziland. They would come from Natal. That meant they would not all speak the same language.

When the school started, there were eleven students. Some of the men were already preachers. But they had only had one year of school!

Some of the students had finished eighth grade. One had finished tenth grade. Some were married and had children. Jack was one of them. He had left Northern Rhodesia with his wife Julia and their children.

All of the students were in the same class. Miss Jordan had to figure out a way to teach the Bible to all of them!



Jack Munsaka and five others each had a part in the program.

Three years went by. It was time for the first class to graduate. They had a special program. Six students had finished all three years of Bible school. Jack Munsaka and five others each had a part in the program.

Many people came to the school for the graduation. Miss Jordan felt like her heart would burst. She was sad and happy at the same time. These students would be leaving the school. How she would miss them! But how glad she was that she had a part in getting them ready to work for God.

She wrote to her family, "These have been three wonderful years in school. It almost broke my heart to leave Rhodesia, but now I feel that these three years have been the ones in which I have gotten the most done."

When school was out, Ethel was tired. She spent time working in her garden. She also went to visit in the homes of the people.

Ethel had a dog named Chum. He followed her everywhere and slept on the floor by her bed. When she came home after being gone for a day or two. Chum would go wild with joy.

Then it was time for school again. Some of the African women helped teach in the Bible school. The days flew by.

Benjamin was Miss Jordan's interpreter. One day in class she scolded him a little for something he had done. But later she felt bad about what she had said. The next day she told Benjamin she was sorry about it. The whole class heard her.

Later one of the men said he remembered what Miss Jordan had done. "White folks don't say they are sorry to black folks. But Nkosizana (Princess) did." Then Miss Jordan was glad she was willing to do what God wanted.

Rev. Charles Slater had come from America to visit. He was preaching in the different churches. Ethel had heard him talk about Africa when she was in Cincinnati. Now he and some others were making the long trip to Northern Rhodesia. How Ethel wanted to visit there again. She knew she wouldn't be in Africa much longer.

"We will take care of the Bible school," the people said. "You go ahead and take the trip."

What a thrill it was to go back to Jembo. They stopped to see her old friend, Claudia Peyton, again. They saw Kruger Park with wild animals of many kinds.

At last they were at Jembo. Her old friends came to see her. She was so happy to see how the mission had grown. She thanked God that she could have a part in getting it started so many years before. She got to see them dedicate a new hospital while she was there.

She also had an exciting jeep ride. Six people jammed into the jeep for a trip to the Zambezi River valley. Up and down the hills they went. Sometimes it seemed like one end of the jeep would fall over the other end! They drove right down into the rivers and out again. It was the dry season, so no water was in them. They spent several days in the valley. No missionaries lived there. Many, many people came to hear about Jesus. How exciting it was to be able to tell them the good news! It was Ethel's last visit to the people she loved so much.

Ethel Jordan had spent another ten years in South Africa. She had worked hard. She had often been very tired. Sometimes she had been lonely and homesick. But when she looked back, she was filled with joy. It had been wonderful to work for 20 years for God in Africa.



Miss Ethel Jordan celebrated her 100th birthday on August 24, 1982.

About the Author

Alberta R. (Bowman) Metz was educated at Marion College, Marion, Indiana, receiving her bachelor's degree in social studies. She pursued her graduate work at Ball State University, earning her master's in elementary education. After graduating, she enrolled in a correspondence course from the Institute of Children's Literature, Redding, Connecticut.

For eleven years Mrs. Metz wrote curriculum materials for the Local Church Education Department of The Wesleyan Church. She has also contributed stories for the Sunday school take-home papers.

From 1974 to 1977 Mrs. Metz was editorial assistant of *The Wesleyan Advocate* and has been office editor since 1978.

Alberta Metz taught grade four for five years and has had twenty-five years of experience as a pastor's wife. She and her husband, Floyd, have two daughters and a son. One daughter, Lydia (Metz) Hines, is a missionary to Honduras.

About the Illustrator

Aileen O. Shea studied at the National Academy of Design in New York City where she received a Pulitzer scholarship to study art in Paris. She founded the art department at Houghton College, Houghton, New York, where she taught for a number of years.

For twelve years Aileen Shea was the General Superintendent of the Young Missionary Workers' Band of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Her artistic ability was used to great advantage as she illustrated the children's stories for the publication, *Young Missionary*.

After she and her husband, Alton, had served many years on the pastorate, they were appointed as missionaries to Sierra Leone, West Africa. The Sheas have three children who are all missionaries in Africa. Jon, with his wife, works with ELWA radio station in Liberia; Eila is a nurse at Kamakwie Wesleyan Hospital in Sierra Leone; and Paul, with his wife, is involved with the youth and church planting in Sierra Leone.