

Missão de Chissamba
19 de Novembro de 1948

Dearest Mother,

We keep thinking that every week we'll at last write you a good long letter about what we have been seeing and hearing and experiencing in other ways, about our travels, our program here, and the missions work. As yet we have been too busy moving in and settling down to the study of the language to write you more than just a short note before mail time. Well, here it is within fifteen minutes of mail time again and I'm just beginning the letter. Always something is going up to interrupt our letter writing. However, we'll persist.

Did Betty tell you last week that we entertained Dr. Mary F. Cushman, the Maine doctor, born in Farmington Falls, Maine, once had her office in Farmington, here two weeks ago? Dr. Cushman is now seventy-eight years old, I think. She is at least that, for she was fifty-three when she was appointed, has spent twenty-two or three years in Angola, and was during the war in America for four or five years. She still operates, does leg amputations, performs Cæsarian births and so on. She was somewhat ill herself when she was here, but writes that she is recovering now from the streptococcus infection which had her in its grip for several weeks.

Also we entertained Alice Moreira, who lived with us for a while in Lisbon and who is one of the ABCFM missionaries in Chilessao, about seventy kilometers from here, where we may be going perhaps, although no one knows as yet just where we will be stationed. Wherever the need is, there we will be sent.

We getting some experience in here. I have spoken informally twice. Next Sunday I am to have a sermonette in Portuguese. It will be translated into Umbundu by an Umbundu teacher who speaks fluent Portuguese. Having heard him translate once before I think I can safely say that he will make a good Umbundu sermon out of anything I may care to say in Portuguese. The sermon is to deal with family life, and will be given in one of the first mission out-stations, the village of Chiyuka which was converted about seventy years ago.

Well, sorry, it's mail time. We get your letters very regularly on Saturday night, when all air mail letters arrive. It's a joy to hear from you with such regularity and the news about folks at home, Ralph Merton, and so on. We have to stop and think now and then that while we here are watching the gardens grow, you are beginning to eat things canned from last summer's garden. Now, next week, Thanksgiving week, a big letter. Until then, lots of love, our prayers and God be with you. From all the tribe hugs and kisses.

Lovingly,

Mackie

P.S. We've had two heavy thunder showers today.
One is still going on as I write.